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A BOSNIAN MOSLEM AT PRAYER.

*See "Customs, Races, and Religions
in the Balkans."*

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SPIRITUAL DEVELOPMENT VS. MATERIALISM
AND SOCIALISM.

BY REV. MORGAN M. SHEEDY,
Author of "Christian Unity."



THE contest that exists in the moral world between light and darkness, truth and falsehood, goes on for ever. In one form or another this struggle exists at all times and in every land, civilized or barbarous, Christian or anti-Christian, monarchical or republican, and no doubt will continue to exist until light and truth are vindicated in all the fulness of their glory and beauty and blessedness, and exercise complete control over the

minds and hearts of men.

Let us consider in its very beginning the training of the child, and endeavor to reach some sound and helpful conclusion as to the benefits to the child and to society of developing his spiritual nature as a remedy against the materialism and socialistic tendencies of the age.

It is a truth which, however frequently uttered, cannot be too constantly kept in mind, that the well-being of society depends on the well-being of the individuals composing it. The well-being of the individual begins with the principles

that should secure him happiness, and at the same time make him a useful member of society. Most of the evils of society come from the failure to realize this. The truth here stated may be accepted theoretically, but unless it enter into the core of our being, and stir into action corresponding motives, neither personal nor social happiness can be secured.

TWO OPPOSING THEORIES OF EDUCATION.

We must be certain, then, that we start with sound principles in educating the individual members that make up the state. At the outset it may be well to recall that there are two well-defined theories of education, fundamentally opposed to each other. There is the theory of Christianity, which holds that man is made up of body and soul, that he is spiritual as well as material in his being, and that consequently his spiritual as well as his material faculties must be educated; that he is made according to the image and likeness of God, destined for an immortal end: and there is the other theory, not always openly put forward, but existing nevertheless and daily put in practice, that man is not an immortal spirit made unto the likeness of his Creator and destined for immortality, but a material organism, wonderfully fashioned, it is, true, but made up of physical atoms, bone and tissue, muscle, and the gray matter of the brain. He is so constituted by nature, we are told, that he is capable of the highest degree of refinement and culture, but his interests, as his life, are confined to the narrow sphere of this world, and do not extend beyond it.

Now, education, both parties are agreed, forms men, and men form society. The individual forms the nation. The important question is this: How are we to make the nation? The answer is plain: by taking care of the individual, by fashioning him aright, by so educating the child as to secure to the individual and the nation the greatest degree of happiness. Youth is the impressionable period; youth is the assimilative period; youth stores up the physical, mental, and moral resources of a life-time, and if man is to be reached from without at all, it must be while he is still a youth.

Now, the advocates of the second theory have labored to expel Christianity from education. Hence they have claimed for education that it must be free, universal, secular, and compulsory. Men of progress in all countries have been preaching for generations that religion—that is to say, the development and training of the soul of the child—must be separated from

politics, from philosophy, from science. We are almost wearied into silence. Public opinion has been poisoned into this falsehood. As Cardinal Manning said: "The youth of these days is being reared upon a teaching and a literature which are materialistic and sensuous. What wonder, then, that so many grow up in this country to-day without any or little knowledge of God and his law; that the Christianity of many is shallow; that materialism largely controls the actions of men; and that the spectre of socialism, in its most dreaded form, is manifesting itself more and more every day?"

WHAT OF THE FUTURE OF OUR COUNTRY?

How is it going to be with America in the future? That question, of tremendous importance, is answered by this other: How are we educating the child of to-day?

Without here going into a proof of man's spirituality and his immortal destiny, let me put the matter before you on much lower considerations. Does it pay to bring up the child totally ignoring his spiritual nature and its development?

Is it to be supposed that a child who knows little or nothing of the Ten Commandments, who has never learned to know the meaning, say, of the fourth, fifth, sixth, or seventh Commandment of God, will make a better citizen, a better neighbor, a better father or mother, a better son or daughter, a better member of society, than one who does?

THE PRESENT TREND.

Let us look for a moment at the tendencies in our American life at this hour. There is unrest and social discontent. Consider the condition of the masses of the people. The average working-man is discontented not, as a rule, because a cleverer man than he, or a man who got a better start in life, has a vastly larger share of this world's goods, but because he himself holds so uncertainly his own small share.

In America he realizes his inalienable right "to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." But "conditions have changed so that thousands of men distinctly believe, and other thousands vaguely suspect, that the latest gains in civilization have clouded the title of the average man" to these rights.

Is there anything reprehensible, from the Christian standpoint, in this fight for security; "security of standing-ground; security of opportunity; security of personal recognition among the shareholders in the inheritance of the ages; security of a

man's chance to be a man; security that the mighty, impersonal power of capital and organization shall not be allowed to march masses of men rough-shod over individual men, in pursuit of schemes vast in aim, but needlessly terrific in means"?

Some one has said that it is not wise to be over-emphatic to-day with the working-man about his duties, if one is not prepared to grant with equal emphasis his rights. He has been taught to look for his heaven here, and he is trying very hard to get it. There is a mad scramble for the material things of life. The individual, sensible of his weakness, combines with other individuals. Hence we have great labor unions on the one side and great combinations of capital, or trusts and monopolies, on the other.

Between them exists a real warfare. "We talk about the coming of an era of peace when the battle-flags shall be furled, when the cannons shall be turned into plough-shares; we are waging a more terrible and more remorseless and more destructive battle than was ever waged by men who bared their breasts on the fields of conflict to the deadly shot and the thrusts of sabres. It is all the more deadly because none of us is able wholly to realize its true nature and purport. It has come to be considered as a part of the natural law. The results of this economic condition work with the inevitableness of natural law; it is a part of that great theory of evolution which is itself a phase of the wider theory of a mechanical universe, beginning with star-dust and atoms and involving in it all that we are and all that we hope to be, thrusting out God and the soul."

HOW SOCIALISTS REGARD THE CATHOLIC CLERGY.

It is a significant fact that not a single socialist of note can be named who came out of a Christian school or a Catholic educational institution. The teaching of the church is a bulwark against anarchy.

Herr Bebel, the well-known German socialist, in a recent speech, compared the attitude towards the working classes taken up respectively by the Catholic clergy and the Protestant ministers. With regret he confesses that the Catholic clergy have prevented the progress of socialism, and that this is chiefly because, unlike the Protestant ministers, they were in direct contact with the working people.

GROWTH OF CRIME.—HOW ACCOUNTED FOR.

The Italian professor, Lombroso, has an article in the *North American Review* for December on the increase of homicide in the United States. He is an authority on the subject, having a world-wide reputation as a student of mental disease and criminology. The striking fact the professor discusses is the increase of sixty per cent. in homicides in the United States in the last ten years, while there has been an increase of only twenty-five per cent. in population. He also points out that, while in all other civilized countries homicide is decreasing in number, in this country it is increasing. Thus, in 1880 the arrests for homicide were reported by the census at 4,600, and in 1890 at 7,500. Statistics gathered by a Chicago newspaper showed last year 10,000 homicides in the United States.

The National Prison Congress met this year in Austin, Texas, and began its sessions on December 2. In his address its president, General Brinkerhoff, said, when discussing methods of preventing crime: "First and foremost, what is essential is, to revolutionize our educational system from top to bottom, so that good morals, good citizenship, and ability to earn an honest living shall be its principal purposes, instead of intellectual culture, as heretofore." As another means of preventing crime General Brinkerhoff advocated religious instruction in schools. He added: "I am not asking that creeds should be taught in our public schools, but that ethics be taught, which is the science of morals, or of conduct as right or wrong, which all creeds recognize. Does any sane man object to the teachings of the Ten Commandments or the Sermon on the Mount? If there are such, I have never heard of them. Let us have a text-book that all creeds can approve. Then, with a text-book thus approved, let it have the first place in every school curriculum, from the kindergarten to the highest university."

A recent writer in one of the great New York dailies remarks that "whatever may have been the ancient orthodox views on this subject, it is a most remarkable fact that the more modern and distinguished investigators in the department of criminal statistics are opposed to the view that intellectual ignorance is the logical cause of crime. As stated in a recent English publication, and as otherwise known, the following writers have expressed themselves 'as more or less emphatically of opinion that instruction in reading and writing has

little or no effect in elevating the character and diminishing the volume of crime'; viz., in France: Guerry, Ivernes, and Haussonville; in Italy, Lombroso, Garofalo, and Ferri; in Belgium and Germany, Quatelet, Van Oettingen, Valestini, and Starcke."

DIVORCES.*

Mr. Gladstone, in acknowledging the receipt of a copy of *Christian Unity* sent him by the author of this paper, who dealt briefly with the subject of divorce in that work, wrote, as late as June, 1896, as follows: "It is deplorable to read of the state of law and facts with regard to divorce in America. But I am glad that your church gives *no countenance* to them. If we *sap the idea of the family, we destroy the divinely-given foundation both of society and of religion.*" This is very strong testimony indeed from so high a source, and shows the conservative power of the Catholic Church as a great social factor and influence.

The Hon. Amasa Thornton, a prominent lawyer and Republican, in an article in the *North American Review* for January, commenting on Rev. Josiah Strong's solution of the Twentieth Century City Problem, says: "The children and youth of today must be given such instruction in the truths of the Bible and Christian precepts, and in the duties and principles of good citizenship, as will prevent them in mature years from swinging from their moorings and being swept into the maelstrom of social and religious depravity, which threatens to engulf the civilization of the future. Such instruction can only be given successfully by an almost entire change of policy and practice on the question of religious teaching in the public schools, and the encouragement of private schools in which sound religious teaching is given."

INCREASE OF CRIME AMONG THE YOUNG.

The increase of offences against the law by young people is marked, and it is due to the lack of spiritual training of our youth.

For many years after negro emancipation the court records in the Southern States discouraged the friends of education by showing an astonishing increase in convictions for forgery of young negroes when first taught to read and write. Now all this, it may fairly be insisted, is the natural, inevitable conse-

* The increase of the number of divorces in this country has become alarming. How account for it?

quence of our false theory of education. But it has been held that men and women may lead moral lives and that upright and good nations may exist without belief in God. But, I ask, where in the pages of history can record of such a nation be found? Read the history of the ancient republics. What was their fate?

QUO VADIS?

To me the undiminished popularity of *Quo Vadis?* is matter for rejoicing. It is, by all odds, the most successful of contemporary novels, and it is being read by thousands, many of whom will probably be benefited by it. The contrast which it presents between pagan and Christian morality is very striking. To the world of to-day, which is relapsing into paganism, the author seems to say "Quo vadis?" and of the woman of the day he seems to ask, "Are you willing to fall back into the degradation from which Christianity rescued you?" One is disposed to excuse the too realistic passages in the story when one remembers the object the author evidently had in view.

Kipling gives us a picture—fairly true to life—of one of the "spoiled darlings" in his *Captains Courageous*, which represents a type of some young Americans whose number is increasing.

But what of the boy or girl who comes out of the school where spiritual development goes hand-in-hand with secular training? Are all such perfect?

There have been, as we freely admit, many failures among children educated in Christian schools. But this may be fairly accounted for on the grounds of defective home-training, bad companionship, the contamination of the streets, and not to the training received in the Christian school.

WHAT RELIGION DOES.

It is true that we often find religion disparaged by failures. False religion is accountable for this. With true religion the case is different. It makes man stronger; it enables him to conquer—to bear up bravely. In other words, it makes of him a man in the true sense of the word. Religion gives man a better chance to be what it was intended he should be. Religion takes a man from a low, superficial, selfish, worldly life and makes of him a noble, self-sacrificing, conscientious being. A man with religion works with a different spirit and a different idea of life than he who does not possess it.

Leaving out of consideration for the present positively re-

ligious acts, such as the attendance upon divine worship, daily prayer, examination of conscience, repentance and confession of sin, restitution and forgiveness of injuries, benevolence and charity, religion reveals to man his place in this world, shows to him the nobility of life, and puts before him the truth that a saint is after all manhood at its very best.

The trouble with a great many of us is, that we have lost the use of our spiritual faculties through lack of exercise. Like other faculties with which man is endowed, his spiritual capacity, in order to be at its best, needs exercise. This it secures through what we call religious acts. Without this exercise of the spiritual powers we become distorted, one-sided. They make man stronger, nobler, richer.

Christianity has one end in view—the uplifting of man. We know that the world has strange notions of Christianity. Let us show that with it we can do life's work better. Everybody is looking for the ideal young man—for one who has a lofty purpose in life, high ideals, and the consciousness that he was placed where he is in order that by his opportunities he may make the world brighter, better, happier, and stronger for his having been in it.

OUR SCHOOL SYSTEM DOES NOT GO FAR ENOUGH.

Our school system is good in so far as it is free and universal. Education is good. But our school system is radically defective inasmuch as it lays no stress on morality. What is our idea in educating our children? To make money-winners and money-getters of boys who will be able to make money enough and more than enough. We do not go down into the deep, eternal basis of man's heart and say, first, Be a man. We say, "Be smart, be shrewd, be clever." Our race will, little by little, decay under such training.

The destiny of individuals and nations is controlled by moral forces. If history teaches any lessons it is this.

SIGNS OF AWAKENING.

But men are becoming alarmed and are prepared to reconsider their views and theories of education.

The other day I read with great satisfaction an address of Dr. Harris, United States Commissioner of Education, in which he said, that "there never was a more unscientific book than Spencer's *Essay on Education*," and that Spencer's idea of education is fundamentally false, because, as Dr. Harris pointed out, Spen-

cer does not take education as the genesis of man's spiritual life, but merely as something useful for showing man how to care for his body and perform the lower social functions of life. Yet Spencer's view of education has prevailed widely.

Again, I find Dr. Edward Everett Hale, while speaking in this city a few days ago on "Morality in the Public Schools," saying: "There is danger of the managers of a great machine taking more pride in the machine and its workings than in the results it turns out. This is the danger in our public schools."

There is a good deal wrong with our modern society. But what Carlyle said years ago, in his own blunt, vigorous way, is true now and always will be true: "The beginning and the end of what is the matter with society is, that we have forgotten God." Hence, to set things right we must restore a knowledge of God and his laws. We must develop the spiritual side of man so that he be lifted above the gross and material things around him; for society founded on a purely natural and materialistic basis must perish, as all societies so established have perished.

DEVICES TO SUPPLEMENT DEFECTIVE TRAINING IN THE DAY-SCHOOL.

What are the Kindergarten system, the University Settlement system, the Protestant Sunday-school system, the Epworth League, the Society of Christian Endeavor, the Young Men's Christian Association, the Salvation Army, but means to develop the spiritual nature of man, and to restrain the grosser and materialistic tendencies of his being? The promoters of all these agencies are fully convinced that it is the moral or spiritual element that must save society. Hence, if they were consistent they would be on our side on this question of education; they would unite with us Catholics, and insist that spiritual or religious training should go hand-in-hand with secular instruction.

OUR SUMMING UP.

The problem presents itself to us in this simple form:

Shall we follow Him who is the light of the world, and who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me"; or, ignoring Him, listen to the false, materialistic philosopher who says, "Make your heaven here; live for this world and what you can get out of it; leave the next to care for itself"? Or, shall we follow the socialist, with his creed of terror and despair,

when he tells us "the idea of God is a myth; the present order and arrangement of things is unjust, and there can be no peace or rest until it is overthrown"? Over against this we set the teaching of the Christian school:

"Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just and pure and lovely, and of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." These are the thoughts which make us noble and good and Christ-like, and which, being disseminated, will make the world better.

Upon the solid pillars of intelligence and morality, patriotism and religion, the mighty superstructure of this Republic has been raised, and out of these elements have grown and developed our ideas of liberty, equality, and fraternity. To preserve our form of government, to make the nation prosperous, contented, and happy, all lovers of their country should have a care that its citizens are trained to be virtuous, conscientious men; honest in thought as well as in purpose, so that in all things they may be true to themselves, true to their fellow-men, and true to their God. In other words, we must develop the spiritual or religious nature of the child if we are to have the best type of American citizen. It remains for America, which has taught the world in so many ways during this nineteenth century, to show in the coming century how a republic founded on the intelligence and patriotism of its people can be preserved against the assaults of materialism and socialism, and this can only be done by following Him who is the Light of the world and the Saviour of society.



HAPPY MARRIAGES OF NOTED PERSONS.

BY FRANCES ALBERT DOUGHTY.



MARRIAGE is like a building with stained glass windows. An observer peering into the structure from the outside receives no idea of proportions; colors, lights, and shadows are strangely confused to his vision.

An impression prevails that persons of the marked individuality which results in eminence are necessarily difficult to live with, that the most intimate of domestic relations is likely to prove unhappy in their case. By a search into the records of the last hundred years it is quite comforting to discover that this popular notion is exaggerated and incorrect; that the proportion of well-assorted unions, so far as such delicate material can be submitted to investigation and statistics, is about the same among illustrious individuals as among the commonplace couples of our daily acquaintance.

It has been said that it would be better for society to let the lord chancellor make the matches in England; but beginning at the top, if we compare the royal marriages of Europe, which are weighed by lawgivers and made for reasons of state, with the marriages of our own presidents, the argument is certainly in favor of personal freedom of choice. Only one life among the presidents furnishes anything like proof of an ill mating.

Washington and his wife have always been accepted as models, although tiny currents of tradition have brought down a rumor that Martha managed the Father of his Country. Either he did not know that he was managed or else he was pleased with home rule, for he always wore her miniature over his heart, and the majestic man was not of a sentimental temperament.

The biographies of the two Adams presidents show that they had helpmates of great force of character who made uncommon sacrifices for their interests. Mrs. Madison reflected a light upon her husband's administration which has been a kind of beacon for the succeeding ladies of the White House. Mrs. Monroe and Mrs. Taylor were devoted wives who were content to merge their identity in the renown achieved by their

partners. The obstinacy of Andrew Jackson has become proverbial, but in the heart of Old Hickory there was always a soft spot which yielded to any wish of his cherished Rachel. There is equal evidence of harmony in the married lives of Van Buren, Harrison, Tyler, Fillmore, and Pierce.

Andrew Johnson deserves special notice, for the superior mental acquirements of his wife were a continual incentive to his ambition. He learned the alphabet and the construction of English sentences without her assistance, in the night hours at his workshop in Raleigh, but the rest of his education was obtained under her guidance. The later presidential marriages are fresh in the memory of living persons and need no comment.

Among contemporary European royalties it is easy to pick out as fortunate in their wedded lives, Victoria and Albert, their daughter and Frederick of Prussia, the late Czar Alexander and his Danish czarina, and the present kings and queens of Denmark, Italy, and Greece, but it would not be safe to add many other royal names of the century to the list of domestic felicities.

Coming into another kingdom—that of creative intellect—it is gratifying to find that a considerable number of recent partnerships have been thoroughly congenial on the mental and the affectional planes.

Philip Gilbert Hamerton, the gifted author of *The Intellectual Life*, has expressed the opinion that the best possible marriage for a man of genius is with an intellectual equal of sympathetic aims and pursuits. His own union was of this stamp, and his verdict carries additional weight in consequence. Recognizing, however, that such an opportunity is not accorded to every man of genius, he thinks that the second best choice is of a woman who does not even aspire to stand upon her husband's mental platform, but who loves and admires him, trusts the wisdom of his undertakings enough to make a distinct mission of securing his comfort and shielding him from disturbing influences.

Husbands and wives of similar tastes and aims who have become collaborateurs afford examples of the perfect mating of both the heart and the intellect. These are "happy," because "their minds are on some object other than their own happiness. The only chance is to treat, not happiness but some end external to it as the object of life." This sentiment, as far as it goes, is in harmony with the teachings of Christianity, although it was an agnostic who gave utterance to it—John

Stuart Mill. His wife had exerted a formative influence upon his mind and his work in political economy for twenty years previous to their marriage, and the treatise on "Liberty" which he published after her death was a kind of monument to their dual life, for they had reviewed and criticised every sentence together.

In Edinburgh a contemporary of Mill's was equally content with his wedded lot. Well known and appreciated in literary circles there, his common name of William Smith was unfavorable to a wide cosmopolitan repute. He was a constant contributor to *Blackwood's*, publishing anonymously according to the custom of that magazine. The lady of his choice, Lucy Cummings, was also a magazine writer and a translator. They met when he was past fifty and she past forty, and finding in each other the ideal qualities long desired for companionship, poverty did not frighten them away from the matrimonial altar. Disclaiming even the wish for riches, they regarded compulsory occupation as heightening the delight of rest and leisure. They wrote for a livelihood with their tables in the same room, enjoying their rambles and holidays with the pure, innocent zest of children. The influence of a happy marriage is observable in William Smith's later work, *Gravenhurst*; it is instinct with the conviction that "good is at the basis of all things." The memoir that Lucy Smith wrote of him to solace her widowhood is one of the most beautiful affectional tributes in English literature; the attention of the American public has been called to it recently by George Merriam's editing of it, along with the works of William Smith. The reader feels a sense of elevation in the calm, clear love and trust of those united lives.

Guizot, the orator and writer, was another who became acquainted with his future wife through the literary muse. Mlle. de Meulan was the brilliant editor of the *Publiciste*, supporting not only herself but an aged mother by her pen. Her health gave way under the burden, and in the midst of poverty, illness, and debt she received an anonymous letter one day, respectfully offering to supply articles for the *Publiciste* regularly and without pay until her health should be restored. The letter was accompanied by an article composed very much in her own style. The kind offer was accepted, and later on when, by means of the timely aid, Mlle. de Meulan was restored to her usual avocations, she begged her unknown contributor, through the columns of the paper, to reveal himself.

The grave, dignified young Guizot obeyed, and the result was a marriage between them at the expiration of five years. Mme. Guizot was the centre of the literary coteries of the day, her celebrity, greater than that of her husband to begin with, kept pace with his advancement, and she was ever his counsellor, critic, and friend.

A resemblance has been traced between the marriages of Guizot and of Disraeli. A seniority of thirteen or fourteen years existed on the side of both ladies over their husbands. It was through Disraeli's novel of *Vivian Grey* that the attractive widow destined to wear his name and honors was inspired with a desire to know the writer.

Alphonse Daudet, on the other hand, declared that he would never wed a literary woman; he seems to have had a dislike to a feminine rival in his own line. One evening, however, he listened to a cultivated girl's recitation at an entertainment, and all his prejudices melted away. When she became Mme. Daudet he found her an invaluable critic and amanuensis.

Bayard Taylor and his wife were collaborators. It is not generally known that the translation of "Faust" was largely due to Mrs. Taylor's assistance.

Lowell's relation with his first wife, Maria White, had a marked bearing upon his motives and his life-work. She was herself a poetess, and in dedicating his first book of poems to her he acknowledged his indebtedness in the concluding lines: "The poet now his guide has found and follows in the steps of love."

Thomas Hardy was thinking of becoming an architect, but his wife decided him in favor of the career of a novelist, and assumed the labor of copying his first novel in that day prior to the typewriter. She also sent it out herself, and she keeps in touch with current literature to save him time and trouble.

Mrs. Rider Haggard, Mrs. Eugene Field, Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson, Mrs. Julian Hawthorne, and Mrs. Coventry Patmore have been literary advisers and helpers to their respective husbands.

Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning were poets who worked along similar lines, but so far as we know did not collaborate. The recent Orr biography only confirms the sweet story of their wedded happiness, bringing into fuller view the circumstances attending it. She was forty and he thirty-four at the date of their marriage. Her experience of life had been chiefly confined to one room, and Mr. Browning, incited by a

pitying love, made the care and cheer of this secluded life his mission. Her father was of the opinion that Elizabeth ought to remain on the lounge to which a chronic spinal affection had consigned her, and there meditate on death; but she surprised him and every one else by gaining considerable vitality in the soft Italian climate. There must have been many opportunities for self-sacrifice on both sides, in the daily association of a vigorous, society-loving man with a secluded invalid; but both were dominated by the higher instincts and principles, and the sympathy between them was as perfect as can exist behind the mortal veil of flesh. Browning's temperament was as difficult to the general comprehension as his poetry has always been, but it was a transparency to his wife. In writing home about him she said: "He thinks aloud with me, and can't help himself; nobody exactly understands him except me, who am on the inside of him and hear him breathe." He considered her poetic gift superior to his own. "She has genius," he said; "I am only a painstaking fellow." To him she was always young; innocence, moral elevation, and want of early contact with the world giving her face a girlish expression even when she lay in death after sixteen years of wedded life.

Another recent poet, Tennyson, remarked of his wife that she was the most wonderful woman in the world. She attended to his correspondence, facilitated his work, and, possessing the artistic faculty herself, sometimes set his songs to music.

Nathaniel Hawthorne appears to have been blest in his choice of Sophia Peabody, largely through the difference in their temperaments, her vivacity and optimism acting as an emancipation to the shyness and reserve of his contained nature. William Smith—previously referred to—said that compared to his wife's companionship all other was a cage, and Hawthorne had the same feeling to even a greater degree. When Sophia left him for a few days on one occasion, at the Manse, he resolved to speak to no human being until her return.

Our poet of nature, William Cullen Bryant, had a wife whose delicate sense of fitness was a great aid to him. Although she was neither literary nor intellectual, he never wrote a poem without submitting it to her judgment, and its success with the impartial public was exactly proportioned to her valuation of it. After he had been married to Fanny Fairchild twenty years he addressed to her his famous poem on the "Future Life," as if the shadow of their eventual separation were already coming upon him:

“Yet though thou wearest the glory of the sky,
 Wilt thou not keep the same beloved name,
 The same fair, thoughtful brow and gentle eye,
 Lovelier in heaven’s sweet climate, yet the same?”

They were permitted to share their earth life for a long term of forty-five years, and in his succeeding solitude his mourning soul found vent in a pathetic tribute—“Alone without Thee.”

Doubtless poets have indited odes to women with whom they did not live in daily harmony, but Bryant was not one of those who wrote for sensational effect; nor yet is Henrik Ibsen, the Norwegian dramatist. An indefatigable satirist of existing institutions, probing the core of society with a desire to reform it, he has no quarrel to pick with his own marriage. From so sincere a man the following lines to Fru Ibsen afford proof that concord and satisfaction reign at home:

“ THANKS.

“ Her cares were the shadows
 That darkened my road,
 Her joys were the angels
 My pathway that showed.

“ It was she that kindled
 My soul to glow,
 And all that I owe her
 None other may know.”

It is cheering, also, to be assured that Wordsworth’s “phantom of delight,” the “perfect woman, nobly planned to counsel, comfort, and command,” was none other than Mrs. Wordsworth.

The great romancer, Sir Walter Scott, had a tender heart, but he always made an effort to appear stoical. His sorrows came “not like single spies, but in battalions.” Soon after the failure of his commercial speculations, Lady Scott, long an invalid, lay dying at Abbotsford. “I wonder what I shall do with the large portion of thoughts which were hers for thirty years,” he wrote in his diary. “. . . I would not at this moment renounce the mysterious yet certain hope that I shall see her in a better world for all that this world can give me.”

There have been some very interesting marriages on the lines of unity in aim and aspiration among the explorers and archæologists of this century. Baker’s young English wife

sought with him the hidden sources of the Nile. Dr. and Mrs. Le Plongeon met at the British Museum, each engaged in archæological research among the tomes, and they soon decided that they would be fit companions for the wilderness cities of Yucatan. They spent a number of years in the solitude of those ruins, unearthing sculptures and collecting material for the comprehensive work Dr. Le Plongeon has published lately. Sir Richard and Lady Burton were literary comrades, he taking upon himself the more scientific part. He was the author of some eighty books, many of them become standard; a scientific linguist of twenty-nine languages, a pioneer and discoverer, his faithful wife accompanying him through twenty-six years of travel as his secretary, aide-de-camp, and counsellor, nobly placing her fine individual powers at his service. She was a conscientious Catholic. Dr. Schliemann, the explorer of ancient Troy and Mycenæ, when ready to contract a second marriage, determined to find a Greek who would talk to him familiarly of Priam and Ulysses and quote the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* with fluency. He made his young bride elect sign a contract that she would learn fifty lines of the *Iliad* by heart every day, and was resolute in keeping her to the letter of the agreement. In vain during seasons of domestic strain, possibly in times of pickling, preserving, and spring cleaning, did Mrs. Schliemann resort to persuasion, argument, even to tears, to induce him to retract. Finally, along with the everlasting Homeric lines she incorporated some of the motive and spirit of her enthusiastic husband, aiding him in his researches, consoling him in disappointment, her temperamental influence always balancing his mind in the direction of common sense.

The talented wife of Dr. Naville, the Egyptian archæologist, works with him, making drawings of the recovered sculptures and piecing together disjointed fragments with wonderful skill.

Mrs. Nansen and Mrs. Peary are brave, sympathetic women who by association have become imbued with zeal for the cause of arctic exploration. If Mrs. Nansen does not go as far into the frozen zone as Mrs. Peary does, she probably fears that the presence of a woman and child would be a drawback to her husband and to the progress of his expedition. She does accompany him on short arctic excursions, and undergoes a severe trial of her loyalty in testing with him the unpalatable messes he concocts for diet out of the available resources of those regions.

Back of all these congenial wives of intrepid modern explor-

ers there stands a shadowy prototype in Mrs. Christopher Columbus, who was well-nigh forgotten until the search-lights of the great Columbian exhibition were turned upon her vanishing figure and it was recollected that she was a Miss Palestrello of Lisbon, and her father a distinguished navigator. A large collection of valuable charts, journals, and memoranda formed part of her marriage dower. This brilliant, highly-educated lady was a speculative, venturesome enthusiast on the subject of geographical exploration, which had its centre at Lisbon at that time. As a girl she had made many hazardous voyages with her father in strange waters, and her own drawings were used with great profit by Columbus on the mysterious deep after she became his wife. No one can say how much he owed to this talented woman, who was constantly urging him on in the path of discovery.

Some of the famous generals add to the record of felicitous marriages in the nineteenth century. Field-Marshal von Moltke, the taciturn soldier who "knew how to be silent in eleven languages," was profoundly attached to the woman who bore his name, and the memory of this generation retains a picture of him in his declining years carrying chaplets to her mausoleum and meditating there for hours in the quiet summer night over his past joys.

The kind and quality of marriage advocated by Hamerton as the second-best for a man of genius, in some cases becomes the very best; positive natures have sought repose with negative ones since the world began, and often the creative mental faculty needs most to be saved from wear and tear by adequate domestic ministrations. There are men of a masterful disposition who would be more irritated than helped by the constant suggestiveness of an intellectual equal, for naturally this would sometimes take an opposing attitude. From all accounts the wives of Bismarck and of Gladstone have made themselves "cushions" for their husbands to rest on, for ever warding off disagreeables and easing them from the pressure of the world on constitutional peculiarities. The two men are as far apart as the poles, but the two women bear a certain resemblance to each other. The Princess Bismarck could soothe the irate chancellor with one of Beethoven's sonatas when words would have failed to calm the storm. At times when there were rumors of plots to assassinate him she prepared his food with her own hands. Mrs. Gladstone will permit no guest to argue a point with her "grand old man," and she would sit on the *Times* newspaper during an entire evening

rather than let an article unfavorable to his policy meet his eyes and disturb his slumbers.

The second wife of Ralph Waldo Emerson, with whom he spent the greater part of his long life, possessed the talent of home-making. The visitor admitted to one of their informal Sunday evenings at Concord carried away an impression that the philosopher who roved the spheres had his feet on a very comfortable and attractive spot of Mother Earth, that his own Lares and Penates furnished him with sound and wholesome pabulum as a basis. The pie that he liked so well to eat for breakfast must have been well done on the under side as a rule, to insure clearness of mental vision, and it is questionable if the essays on "Love," "Friendship," and "Domestic Life" could have been written on a diet of soggy brown-bread and greasy baked beans.

Margaret Fuller, the fellow-townswoman of the Emersons, is believed to have been well content in her brief span of married life with Count Ossoli, in spite of the disparity of their years and their abilities. Much younger than herself and possessing no marked talent, his reverential love sufficed, along with the comprehension of the artistic temperament which is always necessary in such companionships.

A contemporary and a woman of greater genius—Charlotte Brontë—found satisfaction in her marriage on the range of the affectional sympathies only, for the man whose constant devotion won her at last had no special desire for her to continue her creative work. It is hardly probable that he would have opposed it, however; if she had lived, she would have managed to make it consistent with her duties to him and to her household. Women who are really great of soul have always recognized the primal claim of the home and the family if they have assumed such obligations. Mrs. Somerville, the celebrated mathematician, never allowed her studies to interfere with her chosen vocation of wife and mother.

A large majority of the persons mentioned in this paper have "crossed the bar," and with a few exceptions the once happy pairs have been separated by an edict irrevocable so far as this world is concerned. The history of love is the history of loss. One arises from the perusal and the contemplation of the record with a realization that the human affections are but "tents of a night," and that St. Augustine pointed out the only existing consolation when he said, "Those whom we love in God we never can lose."

CUSTOMS, RACES, AND RELIGIONS IN THE BALKANS.

BY E. M. LYNCH.

I.

This is a moot point if the Near East in Europe be not more Oriental now than the East in Asia. Persia has taken to the use of aniline dyes for the wools in her carpets, but Bosnia has ever remained faithful to vegetable tints, those colors which made the charm of Persian carpets and fed the artist-eye with bliss!

Travellers with long memories sigh that the bazaar at Stamboul is not what it used to be, even a few years ago, some of the richest merchants having lately migrated to Pera, and they groan that the Indian Presidency towns have become mere European cities. Bombay will be still more characterless when



A STALL IN THE BAZAAR AT SARAJEVO.

the Improvement Trust, now in course of formation, has worked its wholesome and unpicturesque will with the remnant of the native town! But Sarajevo still boasts a typical bazaar, where vendors sit "like Turks"—that is, on their own feet—on



A SERB GIRL OF THE ORTHODOX GREEK CHURCH.

a carpet spread upon the floor, smoke long pipes, drink cups of much-sugared coffee with the grounds left in, and chaffer in a dignified, leisurely way. In the bazaar the trades are followed, in other little booths, rectangular wooden boxes, open only towards the crowded footway, and fastened up by padlocking the sixth side at night. All the tailors' stalls are in one part of the bazaar; all the copper-smiths are hammering in another; each trade having, as it were, a quarter of its own. The bright

leather slippers are embroidered in silk, or in gold and silver wires, under the gaze of the interested loungeer or the passer-by. The crowd, less cleanly than eye-satisfying, eddies hither and thither in the narrow lanes between the booths in endless



MOSQUE OF ALI PACHA, SARAJEVO.

variety of Eastern garb. Some heads are turbaned, some wear the fez, a few have commonplace hats. Some women (the Moslems) are wrapped in the yakmash. The Serbs have a coquettish crimson, gold-embroidered cap, not unlike a very smart smoking cap, set jauntily on the side of their hair, with perhaps a long black lace scarf thrown over both cap and head. The Spanish Jewesses wear an odd brimless hat of some rich brocade, ornamented with needlework, and having a pendant, dark stuff veil at the back. Peasant women have often a sort of red turban, to which is added a white cotton cloth as veil, and pins from which hang bunches of filigree balls. Many display the gayest-colored neckerchiefs and aprons. Most

of the jackets, of both men and women, are of the shape known as "zouave." They are very often gold-braided, the ground-color being deep red or blue. Women of all the creeds and races wear Turkish trousers; but the Moslem women have besides, when out of doors, voluminous wraps that envelop them from head to foot. All the other dresses have the dignity that is inseparable from uniform. It is all very well to say "the habit does not make the monk," but "fine feathers" most certainly "make fine birds," and the truth comes home to one vividly in Sarajevo!

There is a story current in Austria that when, long ago, the Emperor Francis Joseph decided that he would wed the young Princess Elizabeth of Bavaria, instead of her elder sister, his destined bride, the imperial suitor found it very difficult to bring home to the school-girl princess the idea that she was being wooed. One of his expedients, it is said, was to show her an album containing pictures of the eighteen different races in his empire, each in the appropriate national costume. "I reign



A CATHOLIC PEASANT BOY OF BOSNIA.

over all these different peoples," the emperor remarked. "Would you like to reign over them too?" And even then the merry, somewhat "tomboyish" princess failed to detect a "proposal" in the words. To the eighteen races of those days must now be added the many tribes and tongues of the Balkan provinces.

Perhaps the most splendidly dressed of all his imperial majesty's subjects are the Moldo-Wallachs. There is a well-authenticated story of a great Austrian reception, which is worth telling *apropos* of national costumes. Generals, their breasts covered with crosses and in splendid uniforms; diplomats blazing with diamond-set orders; great ladies resplendent in jewels that are heirlooms; in a word, the great world *en gala* was gathered on this festive occasion. Among the guests of the emperor was the Prince of Orange—that ailing scion of royalty dubbed by the Prince of Wales, in equivocal compliment to his complexion, "Citron." A courtier was appointed to attend the pale "Orange," and afford him any information he might desire. Having often asked: "Who is that, and that, and that?" and heard: "The famous Minister So-and-So"; "A king of finance"; "Such-and-such a diplomatic celebrity"; and the names of sundry South-Eastern European princelings (the royal guest receiving each item of information with a remark as appropriate as he could extemporize), he now caught sight of the finest figure in all the illustrious throng. "Who, then, is that?" he eagerly inquired. His guide answered: "He is a Moldo-Wallach." "Citron" sighed: "Moldo-Wallach? *Et si jeune!*" The Moldavian-Wallachian was about thirty; therefore he had been entitled already for three decades to wear the lordly uniform which so dazzled the Netherlandish prince.

Most certainly these ancient habiliments; which have grown and altered in conformity with the conditions under which their wearers lived—have "developed," in fact, in the Darwinian sense—are a hundred times above the crude inventions of the fashionable tailor! Some have argued that utility and beauty are one and the same. They certainly often go hand-in-hand. But pure ornament is well to the fore in these superb dresses, with their frequent suggestions of their origin in a past that gloried in its barbaric splendors.

If fashionable dress were really beautiful, would it look tawdry when a few months out of date? Why is a fancy-ball the entertainment at which every one is complimented upon



A BOSNIAN BEGGAR.

“looking so remarkably well to-night”? Why is a “fancy-dressed” bazaar or ball the only picturesque bazaar or ball of our time? How does it happen that all the world agrees that

nuns "look nice," and "look young"? Even uniformed hospital nurses are proverbially pretty. Is it not largely due to the ugliness of modern dress? The capped and aproned nurse knows well enough what is most becoming to her—her working dress or her fashionable, off-duty wardrobe.

Painters have long been saying that art must languish where a man is "clad in five cylinders," and woman, too, is tailor-made.

But in the Balkans colors and forms lend dignity to the wearers of these varied traditional costumes.

(The portrait of the Bosnian Beggar is not intended as a case in point!)

Many a Spanish Jew, of whom there are thousands in Bosnia, if an exchange of garments were effected, would look exactly like Moses of the old-clothes' shop, or Isaac the pawnbroker; but, as he walks upon his way in Sarajevo, he is fit to serve a mediæval Italian master as model for one of the Three Kings!

The gypsies form "a state within the state" in the Balkans. They used to inhabit the Hisseta in Sarajevo, but are now relegated to two camps, north and south of the Bosnian capital; and the old "Gypsy Quarter" is now the dwelling of the poorest of the Sarajevians. In past times the gypsies wandered through the land according to their pleasure, but under the present *régime* their nomad habits are discouraged. They are made to furnish their quota of recruits for the army, to send their boys and girls to school, and, in general, to conform their ways to those of good citizens. Hard by, in Hungary, Browning made one of his characters say that the gypsies were believed to spring from the ground, and therefore they keep upon their skins, all the days of their lives, the dark earth-tint. The Groom in the "Flight of the Duchess" exclaims:

"Commend me to gypsy glass-makers and potters!
Glasses they'll blow you, crystal clear,
Where just a faint cloud of rose shall appear,
As if in pure water you dropt and let die
A bruised, black-blooded mulberry:
And that other sort, their crowning pride,
With long white threads distinct inside,
Like the lake-flowers' fibrous roots which dangle
Loose such a length and never tangle,



BALKAN PEASANTS DRINKING COFFEE.

Where the bold sword-lily cuts the clear waters,
 And the cup-lily couches with all her white daughters,—
 Such are the works they put their hand to,
 The uses they turn and twist iron and sand to!"

I, however, have seen them mainly as musicians and dancers, in these Eastern lands—magicians with strings and bow and melting voice; supple-bodied and nimble-footed performers of the Cola (peasants' dance), or threading a more theatrical measure—always strangely interesting, and as individual a people as any race on earth.

In Bosnia, as elsewhere, gypsies concern themselves largely with the buying, selling, and breaking-in of horses. Some strangers in the Balkans call certain gypsies horse-dealers. *Horse-stealers* sounds nearly the same, and is often an equally true description. An engineer who had made the survey for

a projected railway in Serbia told me of an incident he witnessed at a horse fair. A farmer brought in a fine young horse—far the best animal in the fair—and was very proud of his mount. A gypsy dealer, with one eye screwed up, and body bent to the shape of the letter C, criticised the paces; saying at last: “He would be a fine horse if he were not lame.” The farmer indignantly denied the lameness.

“Well, trot him out, and you’ll see!” said the gypsy. At the end of this trial the owner cried, in triumph: “He could not trot sounder.”

The gypsy firmly repeated: “Lame! Gallop him, and you’ll see it, surely!”

The man galloped his beast.

“Oh, he’s lame!” averred the gypsy. “You’d see it yourself if another were on the horse. Let me show you”; and the owner alighted. The gypsy mounted, cantered a few yards, quickened the pace, reached the end of the fair-green, set spurs to the good horse, and promptly disappeared! Neither man nor horse were seen again thereabouts.

“But are there no police in Serbia?” I asked.

“The gypsy got across the frontier, perhaps.”

“And no telegraph wires?” I persisted.

“Not in the forests. And perhaps, by night, the horse had changed his color. The gypsies will buy your old white horse from you in the morning, and sell you a rather spirited, young, black horse in the afternoon. You will wonder that the new purchase seems to know the road home; but by next day his mettlesomeness will have vanished, and in a little while his black coat will be white again.” Accidents happen even to those who are much more acute than the son of the celebrated Vicar of Wakefield!

The trains travel through Bosnia at the modest rate of nine miles an hour. A fine-looking countryman, with a big red turban, gold-braided jacket, parti-colored sash, and red leather belt bristling with knife-handles, mounted on one of the country-bred ponies, galloped for a considerable distance alongside the express, as we glided down from the ridge of Ivan Planina, the watershed between the Black Sea and the Adriatic, and the dividing line between Bosnia and Herzegovina. His gallant little steed seemed to enjoy the race. The man sat, or rather stood—for he rode upon an absolutely straight stirrup in front of the great wooden pack-saddle—that is to say, just over the pony’s withers. These saddles are put on when the

young horses are broken in, and, in many cases, are never removed till their wearers die. They are rough and cumbersome, and, as all loads are built upon them, be they logs of wood, sacks of flour, hay, straw, or household goods, they often gall



MOSTAR, CHIEF TOWN OF HERZEGOVINA.

the horses; but they remain in place all the same, and once saddled, the poor beast never again enjoys that best equine refreshment, a roll on the earth. It has been said that these saddles, which are an essentially Turkish feature of the Balkans, exactly define the limits of Moslem mercy to animals. It has been claimed for the Turk that he is kind to his beast,* but, if he is seldom wantonly cruel, he is generally utterly

* "The inclination to goodness is imprinted deeply in the nature of man, insomuch that if it issue not towards men it will take unto other living creatures, as it is with the Turks, a cruel people, who nevertheless are kind to beasts."—*Bacon*. Quoted by Mr. Thomson, in *The Outgoing Turk*. Heineman, London, 1897.

neglectful. His kindness stops where taking trouble begins. Care for his beast must not cause him more personal inconvenience than is absolutely necessary.

The Balkan horses are high-couraged, as is to be expected from animals akin to the Arab. Their owners gallop them down the steepest hills. They climb up pathless mountains as well as goats can climb. In a "long-distance race," lately, the course being one hundred and seventy miles, the winning horse covered the distance in twenty-seven hours, and died close to the winning-post. Several of his competitors came in under thirty-two hours.

Moslems in Bosnia are somewhat lax in their use of intoxicants, as compared to their African and Asiatic co-religionists. They drink beer, liqueurs, and spirits, but not wine. The Prophet forbade wine, they say, therefore they abstain totally from that beverage; but beer, liquors, and brandy were unknown to him, consequently he could not have meant to include them in his prohibition.

To Western nations a Moslem love-match is like a contradiction in terms, but I learnt in the Balkans that courtships are recognized. Girls go about unveiled till they marry. They may play, as children, with their boy neighbors. There is a slit in most of the court-yard walls belonging to Moslem houses, and through that slit lovers may converse without outraging the proprieties. I have seen two young people busily making love through a small chink in an entrance-door which the girl held ajar; and I felt certain at the time that both were Moslems. I judged by their dress. Later, I began to doubt if I had not seen a Serb and a Moslem maiden—the costume of the youth not being pronouncedly Turkish. The local feeling, however, renders "mixed" courtships so excessively rare that I must return to my earlier impression.

I have before me some curious Bosnian love-songs, in favor with Serbs and Moslems alike. I have no doubt that Jews, gypsies, and Catholics also sing them. One song runs as follows:

"Oh! most beautiful girl,
 Don't wash your cheeks,
 Lest they glitter like snow, and dazzle me;
 Don't raise your fine eyebrows,
 Lest your eyes dart lightnings upon me;
 Cover your white shoulders,
 Lest I break my heart for them."

The lines are rhymed in the original, but I doubt that the sentiments are worth the trouble of versifying in a translation. It was Coleridge, I think, who protested that poetic language could not make poetry where the thought lacked beauty!

Another popular sentimental ditty tells how "the kiss of thy lips can even sweeten vermouth"!

A third proceeds in this toper-fashion:

"When I think upon thy red cheeks, sweet darling,
Then, my little soul, I can care for red wine only.
When your dark eyes come into my thoughts, darling,
I would not, at any price, drink other than dark wine.
In joy or sorrow I drink, sing or lament,
And I always totter home under the blessed influence of
thy love, and of wine."

Mr. Thomson says, in his admirable book, *The Outgoing Turk*, that Bosnian amatory poetry is beautiful; but I have only discovered some quaint serenades, through Herr Renner's *Bosnien und die Hercegovina*, which gives them in a German version.

TO A CENTURY PLANT IN BLOOM.*

BY WILLIAM P. CANTWELL.



FROM out the womb of darkness into light,
Fair flower, thou dawnest, mystery sublime!
Thou blazest on the brow of palsied time
Like morning star upon the crest of night!
Serene, thou mockest at the hurried flight
Of years, that ever flow in serried rhyme.
The century's sentinel, thou, 'tis thine to climb
And stand a watchman on th' eternal height.
And yet, frail thing, thou bloomest but to die.
Life opes the door to death, and even thou,
Like star that fadest from a morning sky,
Must to his stern decree obedience bow;
Already sunset on thy face doth glow,
The shadows deepen, death encompath now.

* Botanists tell us that some species of the century plant bloom but once, and then right after die.

SOCIALISM, ALTRUISM, AND THE LABOR
QUESTION.

BY REV. GEORGE McDERMOT, C.S.P.



THE decision of the Law Lords on the appeal of *Allen vs. Flood and Taylor* must have an important influence on the action of English trade unions with respect to contracts between employers and workmen; even though the decision seems to have turned upon the facts rather than the law of the case. The judgment seems to sustain the principle, that the officer of a union may without incurring any liability get a workman dismissed, if it be not proved that his interference was prompted by malice. That is reaching high-water mark indeed, and shows what an extent has been traversed since the time when any action of the kind would bring the executive members, if not the whole union, within the law of conspiracy. The interest of the decision is of supreme importance to trade unions in this country, though its legal authority may have no power upon them. It would, certainly, be cited in a dispute between a union and employers in an American court, as American cases are cited in English courts; in addition, its moral effect might not be the most salutary if it should tempt unions to interfere in contracts of employment in an arbitrary manner. The friends of working-men are alive to the danger likely to accrue to their interests if persons acting on their authority should wield powers to control industrial enterprise without the greatest forethought and the widest grasp of interests. A victory for labor such as this English case should be regarded as a warning quite as much as a cause for congratulation. Speaking in the interests of working-men, while we rejoice in the decision in the individual case, we fear it; we are alarmed at the possible consequences unless the working-men are conscientious to the degree of delicacy in judging that a demand should be made, and moderate to an extreme degree in enforcing it. Such moderation might be thought the constant consequence of the conscientiousness we speak of. It would not always follow, in the case of individuals even—it is hardly to be looked for in the case of bodies of men.

It is not wise policy to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs. Let it be remembered that during the presidential election threats to shut up shop were used by men fearing, or else pretending to fear, that the election of Mr. Bryan would destroy the enterprises in which their money was invested. It may be unlikely they would have done so, but the possibility of their doing so had an untold influence on the election. Working-men were compelled to realize the fact that only a day or a week stands between their families and starvation. It is all very well when employment is enjoyed, when the wages are coming in freely, to talk about inherent rights of labor—the right to “a living wage,” which is interpreted to mean good clothes, good food, short hours, high education, varied recreation and travel. But the power to talk about them, at least with any claim to attention, depends upon employment; employment depends on trade and industry, and these on credit to a large extent. But there is nothing so sensitive as credit; a breath may destroy it. A change of market or of fashion may strike an industry. Then whence are the inherent rights to be gratified? From what sources will they come if mills are closed or kept at work only half time? Among the influences which might cause the termination or seriously check the employment of capital is an employer’s fear that he cannot trust his workmen. If a merchant or manufacturer should discover that his warehouse or factory was in proximity to a union with a talent for the organization of strikes, he would soon change his *locus in quo*; or if he could not conveniently find a new locality, he would gradually draw in his expenditure in order to give up business before being ruined. No one except an altruist or revolutionary socialist would blame him for saving himself.

THE JARGON OF “ETHICAL” DILETTANTI.

Our sympathy with the working-man is genuine. We base his rights on something different from the “ethics” of altruism or the equality of socialism, as this last is ordinarily understood. The first is the jargon by which speculative friends of humanity—in university chairs or with the command of a review, a magazine, or the fatal confidence of a book publisher at their command—send out opinions without wisdom, among which is this: that the evils which afflict society are due to the want of the highest education on the part of the masses, and the want of humanity on the part of the classes. Of these accomplished and, in their way, well-meaning men we should like to ask the ques-

tion, Would you be prepared, would any one of you be prepared, to make the sacrifice of a little finger for the people? When "the grim Earl" of Coventry mocked his wife with such a taunt, her answer, that she would give her life for "such as these," supplied the proof that her sympathy was not the platitude of an elegant benevolence free from responsibility and incapable of being tested, a benevolence theoretical, socio-ethical, rhetorical, all but rhapsodical. Hers proceeded from a knowledge higher than that of lecturers, professors, and statisticians, and a love unlike the figment of philanthropy which makes their knowledge a maze of words. But we do not wish the working-man should be led a dance either by the dilettanti of economics with their "ethics," no more than by the revolutionary socialists with their equality; and, therefore, we say things which may sound harsh to him, but all our severity lies in a desire to dissipate the mists raised by the magicians of sophistry and to put things in the cold light of truth.

THE LAFARGUE FORMULA.

It will not be denied that Paul Lafargue has a title to speak for French socialism. He earned it; he was one of the men who fomented the disturbances of the Commune and, leaving his dupes to their fate, fled from what he calls "the mad fury of the victorious reactionaries." He sends forth, with the seal of high but provisional approval, the formula we are about to quote at some length. It was issued by the Marseilles Congress of Socialists in 1889. We could not omit the argumentative recitals. They imitate the preambles of legislation and prove the framers' fitness for government. "Property is the social question. Seeing that the present system of property is opposed to those equal rights that will condition the society of the future; that it is unjust and inhuman that some should produce everything and others nothing, and that it is precisely the latter who have all the wealth, all the enjoyment, and all the privilege; seeing that this state of affairs will not be put an end to by the good-will of those whose whole interest lies in its continuance: the congress adopts as its end and aim the collective ownership of the soil, the subsoil, the instruments of labor, raw materials, and would render them for ever inalienable from that society to which they ought to return." But neither he nor his associates were satisfied with this pronouncement, because it has a sufficient degree of sanity to recognize that the society of confiscation is not yet an accomplished fact.

It was accepted provisionally by him and by Guesde, Marx, and Engels, as the congress was not sufficiently ripe, as socialist opinion outside their own select circle was not sufficiently ripe, to declare that the robbery called property no longer existed. They could wait with confidence for the growth of an opinion, witnessing as they had the change which, step by step, passed over the congresses of French working-men. In the forties very few would support the opinion that there was no property in land; very few would seem to limit the extent to which property in land might be held, and the value of such property in the shape of buildings and machinery. Then came the co-operative ideas of the Congress of Paris in 1876, for which, of course, the brilliant quartette just named above entertained a profound scorn. They have no better name for it than the bourgeois convention. Marx and Lafargue condemn its programme as thinly disguised capitalism, and oh! how grievous it is to think that Guesde, the editor of the *Égalité*, should for five years have eaten the bread of exile in order that working-men should issue such a programme! But really it was in the power of that martyr of the proletariat to have avoided eating the bread of exile; nay, he not only could but he would have done so, if he had possessed a particle of the courage of the wretched creatures whom his writings had inflamed to the inconceivable wickedness of turning on the defenders of their country in the presence of the victorious foe.

COLLECTIVISM THE CHILD OF CAPITALISM.

To a certain extent one can approve of the contempt of these leaders of French revolutionary socialism, Lafargue and Guesde, for the moderate socialism of 1876—that is to say, one is with them so far as they despise the empty phrase-making of the time. We do not mean that the total destruction of property involved in the denial of the principle of private property is less injurious than the qualified denial of it. But we get impatient when men talk away about liberty, equality, fraternity, as preparatory to a solution of the labor question. The rights of man, whatever they are and whether they are inherent or acquired, whether they are concessions from one supreme authority or spring from the social contract of Jean-Jacques or the principles of the English Revolution as interpreted by Locke—these rights have no more to do with an eight hours' labor-day or the standard of wages than they have to do with the precession of the equinoxes. As one might ex-

pect, Marx and Engels, when the time came, framed definitions and demands that could be described as the strong meat for men. They had seen the growth from early innocence to adult wisdom. Co-operation was left aside, as private property had been left aside, to make way for the principle of collective ownership of the soil and the instruments of labor; but this last must be regarded as an existing fact and not an outcome of the condition of society in the future. How is it an existing fact? might well be asked, for the capitalist is there as rampantly aggressive as ever, except so far as he is checked by a trade union. The answer is bold, striking, and original: collectivism is brought into being by capitalism in its most extreme form. The evangelists of collectivism declare that monopolies or trusts contain in their bosom the elements of collectivist society; that by the extinction of small capitalists, which is the tendency of capitalist society, collectivism is the owner of the soil and the instruments of labor. We fail to see how this has improved the working-man's position one iota, although it is the latest exposition of the principles by which the world is to be reformed.

WHY NOT BE LOGICAL?

As valuable in their results are the views of the ethical schools of social adjustment. It has been said that co-operation was condemned by the advanced socialists as veiled capitalism; it has been just said that extreme capitalism, according to their view, is accomplished collectivism. Then, on their own principles, they should approve of co-operative undertakings as a department of the administration of the collectivist state. To those who are so blind as not to see that the collectivist state is in possession, this admission of extreme socialists may serve as a justification for their own view of the measures needed to amend the circumstances of laboring life. For the same reason, even though we express no opinion on co-operative schemes as a solution of the problem, we consider that the exponents of socio-ethical schools might, with advantage, descend to the level of intelligible thought. If one were to take these philosophers at their word, he would expect to see at any moment an era when all men should possess equal talent, health, wealth, and happiness. How this evolution is to be compassed they do not tell us. Where does the wealth of any people come from? The advantages which are to be obtained in the millennium of the professors of philanthropy, of

the collectors of statistics upon all kinds of subjects, from the number of gallons of water supplied to each inhabitant of a city to the figures upon which the imperial and local taxation of a great country is estimated—these advantages, we say, must come from land and labor. The productiveness of both is limited. It is out of the surplus which remains after the cost of production and distribution has been paid that government is to be carried on and that every mouth is to be fed. If these speculators in humanity, these prophets of harmonious sentences, would only remember that an improvement in the condition of the laboring classes to any considerable extent would mean a reduction of the profits on, if not the confiscation of capital, there might possibly be some hesitation in expressing their opinions as to the claims which altruism sanctions. What moral principle requires any man to give what is his to another? What right has any man to be fed and clothed at the expense of another unless the moral principle be based on a duty which each owes to each? It cannot be really meant that altruism is a duty. We know how a duty would arise to one's neighbor, but it is not by means of a transformed instinct. Yet this feeling, which is expressed by the words benevolence, philanthropy, kindness—all forms of a developed principle of attachment, if we believe those thinkers—is not only an ethical one but the source of all the moralities which rule in the home and in society at large. That is to say, that the whole moral code is the expression of inherited gregarious instincts transcendentized into ethical relations. Even so, there is not one scintilla of obligation, because duty, which is the law of life, cannot be referred to a physical organization; the word oblige has no significance unless there is a duty imposed which compels obedience; there are no ethical relations in the senses, unless we think that in the wild common of nature the lion feels bound to lie down with the lamb.

ALTRUISTIC PHILOSOPHY IN A WORLD OF UNALTRUISTIC MEN.

Take away the words used above and substitute for them the charity of Christ, and we think light shall come into the darkness with which the problem of labor has been involved for the last three centuries; first, through an exaggerated spirit of selfishness called individualism; second, by the crude theories of men who seek to be lighted by the farthing candle of their own understandings, instead of seeking illumination from the full orb which diffuses it with brightness beyond the sun's.

Of course it is impossible, in the condition of the world, that there should be no sordid poverty. If one takes this great country as an instance, with all the blessings it enjoys, it will be found that if its wealth of all kinds were equally divided among the people, young and old, this would give about five thousand dollars to each family, or a thousand to each head of the population. This would mean the breaking up of fixed forms of wealth; but suppose it did not, and that sociological benevolence on the one hand, or socialistic spoliation on the other, were to administer it as trustees for the whole, to what extent would the greatest number of laboring persons be benefited beyond their present state? The interest on a thousand dollars is \$60 a year; but this is a small income for each person; or take it on the \$5,000 for the whole family, the interest would be \$300 a year. For the average working-man such an income would afford no improvement on existing conditions. But what is to be said concerning those whose occupations depend on the habits, social or æsthetical, of the wealthy? How is art to find patrons? There is no advantage in following the fallacy involved in collectivism to its issue. It would seem, in view of the absurd consequences flowing from such a division of income as it demands, if it means anything at all, that the existing system, by which employer and employed form branches in the work of production, is the only one possible for continuance; that collectivism on the one hand, if it stepped in to administer wealth, would soon cause it to disappear; while the sweet reasonableness of altruistic philosophy, if taken from the lecture hall to enforce its theories in a world of unaltruistic men, could only realize that conception of a state in which wise men would be the inmates of asylums for the insane.



THE STATION MASS.

BY DOROTHY GRESHAM.



ONLY a week from Christmas, and Aunt Eva, Kitty, and I are on our way, by our usual short cuts, to tell Mrs. Ryan that we are coming to the Station on the morrow. I am getting along quite famously this afternoon, so much so that Kitty looks at me surreptitiously now and again, but says not a word. Aunt Eva is an old campaigner. All her life she has roamed the hills, and to-day, despite her fifty golden years, she puts me to shame with her light, active step. Our present little stroll is *only* eight miles, but she thinks nothing of it. A few weeks ago I should have emphatically refused to walk, and insisted on riding Princess Maud; but at last I have imbibed Irish ways, even with the turf smoke. To tell you a secret, I have perpetrated a pair of shoes *a la* Kitty's—an ordeal, I must confess. There were none in the village to suit me, and as pair after pair were tried and found wanting, I felt so humiliated that my feet, erstwhile my pride, seemed now my shame and degradation—and was only saved from eternal disgrace by an old cobbler, who thought he could make me a pair. He did, leaving them a size too large—"for improvements"! When first introduced I viewed them with wonder, but familiarity is everything, and after a few private rehearsals I came to the conclusion that there was nothing after all like home manufacture. I swing along now with a Kitty-like air, my head aloft, as if eight miles were—well, just a nice little exercise.

The road never seems so short as when enlivened by Aunt Eva's bright stories and sly sallies. She has read everything, knows everything, and Kitty and I are never satisfied without her. Her heart and mind are always youthful and buoyant; she enters into all our interests and pleasures, she sees the good and pleasant side in everything and everybody. She has a gay smile for the people we meet. They brighten at her coming, and she has a way of making men, women, and children show their very best when she speaks to them. It is one scene of happiness and mirth and sunshine from the time we leave home till our return. As we go through the village

every head is at the door, every voice cries a loving greeting, even the babies in arms join the general chorus.

We reach Mrs. Ryan's, shut in by the woods, the blue smoke drifting through the trees, the dying sun flashing on the old farm-house, turning the yellow thatch into gold, and peeping through its latticed windows for a warm good-night, as it slowly sinks behind the mountains. Through the open gate we go to the wide, comfortable farm-yard, with its long clamps of turf on one side and lofty hayricks on the other. There is a clean, fresh, washed look everywhere, in preparation for the Divine Guest of the morrow, and the neighbors who, though miles away, will gather to give Him a joyous welcome. Little Dymphna stands on the door-step, and seeing us, comes forward, her hand over her eyes in pretty shyness. Kitty catches her with a bound and carries her in triumph to the house, where we are received with whole-souled rapture—Aunt Eva, as becometh a dearly loved queen. The best chair is brought forward, and mother and daughters gather around her with a hundred endearing questions. Kitty is in the midst of the little ones, Dymphna by universal consent, as the baby, holding first place at the meeting, and I, as the bashful stranger, look on the scene so picturesquely beautiful, so peculiarly Irish.

The house is low and rambling; an immense, wide, handsome flagged kitchen, with diamond-shaped windows looking out on the garden, half vegetable, half orchard, with a sunny corner for Grace's flowers. Off the kitchen open three or four bedrooms, and above is the loft for the farm-boys. The hearth is a study, deep and roomy, with huge piles of turf throwing their cheery, pleasant flicker on the shining flags, dancing in and out, through the whitest and brightest of china, on the old-fashioned dresser. At one end a table stands ready for the altar, the basket with the vestments having just been sent from the farm where yesterday's station was held. Kitty's eyes fall on it, and she asks Mrs. Ryan if she may arrange the altar, and so save Father Tom some time for his morning's confessions. We go to work, Grace and Couth lending willing hands. From small beginnings we develop into decorations. Lace curtains, evergreens, and leaves are pressed into the service, and in an hour we have, to our own eyes, grand results. A recess at one end holds the altar—the kitchen table. The wall we drape in white, with a water-fall of lace as a border, the whole caught up with holly and ivy. An old family crucifix is suspended above, the large white figure showing effectively on the

ebony wood. With the assistance of blocks for the flowers, and candles on the altar, we succeed admirably. Kitty arranges the altar-stone and vestments with the familiarity of an old sacristan, and when all is complete we stand at a distance and admire. The effect is really very pretty—a soft white mass, with wreaths of ivy and clusters of red berries, the sad, sweet, pathetic Figure on the cross between; below, the altar crowned in great bunches of laurel and holly, with chrysanthemums here and there to brighten the coloring. On either side of the altar two windows look out on the mountains, shedding a subdued, restful light on the whole.

We are proud of our work, and Mrs. Ryan and Aunt Eva go into ecstasies, declaring that the priests will be amazed when they arrive in the morning. It is later than we expected, and we hurry homewards. Kitty is seized with anxiety as to my welfare, wondering how I shall stand the return brisk effort. She need have no fears, however. I step out like a Trojan. Half way back she suspects something has changed me, for she cries roguishly, "Dolly, where are your American rubbers?"

"Gone a-begging," is my resentful response.

"Sensible girl!" with a wise shake of her head. "I knew we would teach her better."

But I vouchsafe no remark.

Through the fresh, keen air we drive next morning and arrive at the Station to find the priests hard at work. The bedrooms are the confessionals, the kitchen the chapel; the women are kneeling before the altar. A great fire roars up the chimney, and there is a solemn stillness over everything. In the farm-yard and around the door, every one apart, buried in their prayer-books, the men are preparing for confession, evidently a matter of much thought. In and out they go, kneeling before the altar until it is their turn to be heard. Father Tom says the first Mass when his penitents are almost finished, the curate hearing meanwhile. I wish I could give some idea of that Station Mass in the kitchen, so strange and new, so wonderfully devotional. It is like a peep at the Catacombs, a glimpse of the early Christians, a scene of the penal days when their forefathers gathered by stealth for the Mass in the mountains!

A thousand hallowed memories come crowding on me as my eyes fall on the bowed head of the old priest at the altar, the sunlight softening his white hair and worn, holy face. I think

of the dread days when others like him, of his own blood and kindred, were chased like wolves through these same mountains—nay, that even the very ground I now kneel on may be sanctified by the blood of martyrs! I pray as I have never prayed. There seems something in this truly Catholic scene that stirs me to my very soul. No wonder the Irish are pious, no wonder they are pure; no wonder they to-day are, as they have ever been, in the most distant climes, missionaries of the grand old faith!

The Mass continues. With deep reverence the communicants advance after the *Domine, non sum dignus*, Mrs. Ryan and her two stalwart sons leading off; then, two and two, men and women approach with bowed heads to receive Him whose delight it was to be with the lowly. It is a glorious sight and brings tears to my eyes, and the mountains fling back rosy smiles through the latticed windows as the sun climbs above the peaks with youthful joyousness. The first Mass is over, and as the old priest goes to the confessional the young curate takes his place at the altar. A second band of communicants at this Mass, and then it is over—but, no! not yet. Father Tom appears at a little table, a large open book before him, and in a loud voice reads the name of each householder. The one named comes forward and gives an account of each member of his family, those present at the Station, those absent and why, naming a day through the week when they shall attend at the next station in the neighborhood, and so on down to the last name on the list. I am astonished at this beautiful spirit of humble faith and the wonderful government the parish priest has over the souls committed to his charge. In speaking of it on the way home, Aunt Eva tells me the same rule is observed in the towns and villages; but there the people go to the churches, the householder remaining after Mass to give an account of his stewardship. Simple Ireland, prayerful Ireland, holy Ireland! Is there any country in the world so faithful to the first Christian traditions, so true to her God, so loyal to her Church, so strangely unworldly?

And now comes the social side. Mrs. Ryan and her boys go among the congregation as they file out the door, insisting on their breakfasting at the farm-house—and Irish hospitality flourishes in right royal style! We steal away, edified and delighted, out into the bright sunshine. Driving homewards, Aunt Eva reads us a lesson on the scene of the morning, bidding us look to our faith and compare it with all we have seen and heard.

AVE, LEO PONTIFEX!

MORITURI TE SALUTAMUS.

“JUSTICE I sought; and toil and lengthened strife,
And taunts and wiles, and every hardship, life
Have burdened. I, Faith's champion, do not bend;
For Christ's flock sweet the pain, sweet—life in bonds to end.”

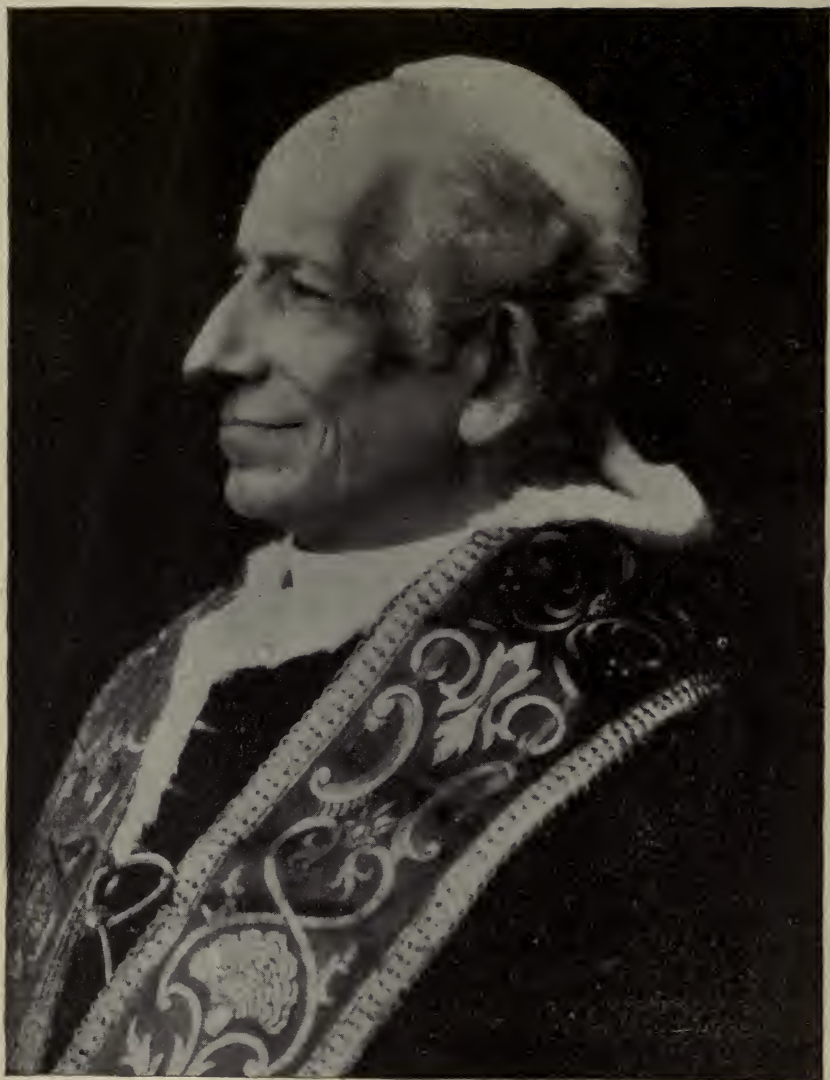
LEO XIII.



AIL! champion of the Faith, whose beacon light,
Held high in trembling hands, illumes
the world

With such a blaze as ne'er before hath shone,
E'en from the torch that Gregory upheld,
Or Pius kindled. Hark, the swelling sound
From twice a million throats; thy children see
The signal, and in serried legions stand
Before the mocking world; and with one voice
Demand for thee, great Father and great Friend,
The justice which thou seekest.

Favors none
Demand'st thou, nor will have; naught dost thou ask,
Save Cæsar's debt to thee and to the Church,
His due to Peter and to Peter's Lord.
In vain the powers of hell, at Cæsar's call,
Hurl their tremendous forces 'gainst the rock,—
They cannot shake it; thee they cannot bend,
Though they may break thee on the wheel of pain;
Thou count'st it joy, O Shepherd! for thy flock
To suffer, and for them to die in chains.
And they? Great Pontiff, through the years gone
past,
Thy sons have fought, and bled, and died for thee;
Thy daughters battered at the gates of Heaven
With rain of tears.



So, in the years to come,
May God in mercy spare thee, thou shalt see
The promised land, as high on Pisgah's mount
The Patriarch Moses viewed the gift of God !
For, know, thy sons shall conquer through thy might,
Even as thou hast conquered ; hear the cry :
" Hail, Leo, we about to die salute thee ! "
Through all the weary years be this thy solace,
God's Love, thy sons' courage, and thy daughters'
tears.

TERESA.

THE RECOLLECTIONS OF AUBREY DE VERE.

BY I. A. TAYLOR.*



SO many of the readers of *THE CATHOLIC WORLD* the name which heads this paper will long have been a household word. There are men known to the public by their acts, by the books they have written, the services they have rendered to their country or to the world, but whose personality is, as it were, of no moment—who are voices, it may be, or even useful automatons, but no more. There are others around whom an interest clings almost like that of a friend, though a friend whose features are unknown and whom we should pass unrecognized in the street, in whose case it would seem no extravagance though we should put on mourning when we hear that they are gone. Such was, among those who are passed away, Robert Louis Stevenson; such is one who, happily, is still among us—Aubrey de Vere.

The friend of Cardinals Manning and Newman, the disciple of Wordsworth, the associate of most of the well-known men of the century which has almost reached its end, he is a connecting link of the present with the past, one of the solitary survivors—does he find it, one wonders, a little lonely?—of the notable group of world-wide reputation which counted among its members such men as Tennyson, Southey, Sir William Hamilton, Lord Houghton, Henry Taylor, Landor, Coventry Patmore, and many others.

A few more years, and we shall hear no more of these men at first hand; there will be no eye-witness left to describe Wordsworth as he knelt at prayers, his face hidden in his hands—"that vision," Mr. de Vere says, "is often before me"—to tell of the tears which coursed down O'Connell's old cheeks as he repeated Moore's verses on the death of Emmet to his childish fellow-travellers; to set before us Newman and Manning with the familiar touches of a personal friend. And those especially who have not enjoyed the privilege of hearing his recollections from his own lips may well be grateful that they have been thrown into a permanent form and thus secured to posterity.

* The interest of this paper is enhanced by the fact that its author is a cousin of the poet.

Mr. de Vere has been careful to emphasize the fact that in the present volume he presents to the public a series of Reminiscences, more or less fragmentary and detached, rather than anything which might claim to be a complete, autobiographical record. He had no wish to tell his own story. "Self," he observes in his preface, "is a dangerous personage to let into one's book. He is sure to claim a larger place than he deserves in it, and to leave less space than their due for worthier company." This is a question of relative values, upon which opinions will probably differ. But whatever may be the intention with which a man sets out, his reminiscences, the record of the events he has witnessed, of the men and women who have been his friends, of the changes which have taken place during his life-time in societies and nations, will, in point of fact, come near to being an autobiography. Nor are we likely to quarrel with it upon this account. When a man writes of himself he writes of that with which he is best acquainted, even though in some singular instances, the humility of the writer taken into account—it is possible that the present is one—it may not be the subject in which he takes most interest; and when, furthermore, the personality with which we are brought into touch is of such a kind as that of Mr. de Vere, his readers are more likely to complain that it is kept overmuch in the background than that it occupies too prominent a place.

HIS CONTINUITY OF CHARACTER.

In spite, however, of his disclaimer, and incomplete though the record remains, with gaps here and there, and not a few blanks which we should willingly see filled, it is possible to form a clear enough conception of the writer of these Recollections. A unity prevails throughout to an altogether singular degree. Allowing for the changes necessarily produced by the lapse of years, the same characteristics are everywhere apparent; as boy and man, in his younger and older age, the same features appear, the same personal charm is unconsciously revealed; the same capacity for hero-worship and for idealization of those he loved, the same leniency where individuals are concerned, combined with a certain severity when it is a matter of opinions; the same humility, carried almost to extravagance, the same gentle gaiety touched with Irish humor, and the same tenacity and constancy of affection. To have been once admitted to the circle of his friends has been to enjoy the title for ever. This note of continuity—one of the

most marked in the book—is not an altogether common one. There are those who, to use the words of St. Paul in a sense different to that of the Apostle, die daily. The man of yesterday makes way for the man of to-day, and the man of to-day is as quickly replaced by his successor of to-morrow. Friends, faiths, opinions, interests, all shift, in the same way that the colored glass in a kaleidoscope perpetually takes new forms. Nor will it be denied that there attaches to these chameleon-like characters an interest of their own—an element, so to speak, of unexpectedness; we watch with curiosity for the next development. But we do not choose such men for our friends. To be reliable is an essential attribute of friendship, and this quality is as wholly absent in their case as the kindred one of repose. In Mr. de Vere we have a conspicuous example of the opposite character. What he was in boyhood he remained as man, those changes which supervened being merely the outcome of a necessary development and growth.

THE POET MUST BE STUDIED AGAINST HIS PROPER BACKGROUND.

Outward circumstances were favorable to this continuity. A younger son, the home of his boyhood, the old house where he had been born, though never his own property, has nevertheless remained his home throughout his long life. "I see from the window at which I write," so he says in the preface to this volume, "the trees which we used to climb together as boys." The quiet atmosphere of this green and pleasant place, far distant from the noise and hurry of the life of cities, the influence of the leisure enjoyed in the stately house surrounded by its miles of demesne, and the effect of its traditions and of the feudal relationships which had, till changes came, existed between landlord and tenantry, are apparent everywhere. To gain a just view of the man the background should never be forgotten. He has, it is true, been no recluse, no hermit. Year by year, with a regularity which has lasted the greater part of a life-time, he quits his green and tranquil country abode to cross the Channel, to seek in England the society of his old friends, and to open his heart, in a lesser degree, to them; but it is in the seclusion of the west of Ireland that he is at home, that probably three-fourths of his life has been passed, and that his poetry has been written; and there, with old memories everywhere around him, his days are spent scarcely less in the past than in the present.

IRELAND SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

Among the most attractive portions of the Recollections are the opening chapters, dealing not so much with public events, nor with the celebrated men and women with whom he was subsequently brought into contact, as with this old Irish home, with the Ireland of seventy years ago, now irremediably vanished, and with the De Vere family itself. In these pages is drawn, with a poet's brush, the picture of Curragh Chase. "I always see it," he says, "bathed as in summer sunshine"—also, perhaps, gleaming in that light which never shone on sea or shore, the radiance of that perished childhood which some of us count among the bitterest of our losses. And in that light he sets it before his readers, with its broad deer park, the slender stream, and fair green hills, the brakes of low-spreading oaks and birch, the smooth lawns, and the opening in the wood where on Sunday evenings the peasants gathered to dance; and last of all one catches sight of the little looker-on at the revelry, who after close on eighty years has not yet forgotten his vexation at finding himself snatched up and carried off to bed by one of the "merry maids" who were joining in the dance. It is a picture full of sunshine and jollity, and the little poet's eyes noted it faithfully.

Other details impressed themselves upon his childish imagination: his grandmother, with her four gray horses and her outrider, and her beautiful and melancholy eyes; and his father, with his corresponding four black horses and *his* outriders, the sedate and genial Irish gentleman.

Nor is the picture of the country itself in those distant days less vivid in its coloring. It is said that it is the first impressions which produce the strongest effect, and possibly it is for this reason that the sketches drawn of Irish life are more graphic in the earlier than in the later portion of the Recollections. Possibly, also, Ireland has shared in that loss of individuality which modern civilization, increased facilities of communication, and the development of the imitative faculty, has brought to society in general. Again and again there are presented to us figures which it would be difficult to find in any other country or period; such as the friend and neighbor of the poet's father, who to satisfy an old grudge against Sir Aubrey's uncle, Lord Limerick, and to fulfil, after many years, a vow of vengeance, rode into Limerick at election time at the head of his tenantry and voted against his friend. Possibly Sir Aubrey,



Aubrey de Vere

himself an Irishman, recognized the point of honor involved in the transaction, for the friendly relations between the families continued undisturbed; and Mr. de Vere relates how, at a later date, he watched the old man in question walking up and down the library of the De Veres, his hands behind his back and his white hair streaming over his shoulders, and repeating: "It is a great thing to be able to look back on a long life, and record, as I can, that never once did any man injure me but sooner or later I had my revenge."

It was, in fact, the exhibition, in the individual, of that vindictive spirit of retaliation traditional in the race, which was the animating principle of the faction fights between the peasantry. Of one of these faction fights a graphic picture is given, the part played by priest and people in it being particularly characteristic. The two opposing bodies of men were facing

each other, ready for the fray, when the priest rode along the line, dismounted, and, kneeling in the midst, made, in the name of God, his solemn protest against the impending bloodshed. "They thanked him with great reverence" and then requested him to take his departure, which he did, meeting a magistrate who was also helplessly watching the proceedings in great agitation. "I pitied him," said the priest, "and desired him not to take on in that way, since there was no help for it."

Side by side with this picture stands another scene, witnessed by one of the family—the scene of a "reconciliation," the ending of a feud. The two gray-headed leaders met in the church, silent, sullen; they reluctantly clasped hands, and then "the next moment one of them dashed himself down on the stone pavement, and cried aloud, 'O my son, my murdered son! I have clasped the hand that shed the last drop of thy blood!'"

A POET'S CHILDHOOD.

It would be easy to linger over these early years—over the recollections of the tutor of French extraction, who desisted from the instruction of his ten-year-old pupil in the Latin language, "inasmuch as I was an idiot," recommending to him instead the cultivation of the moral faculties and the tracing of maps upon glass; over visits to Adare (Lord Dunraven's) and a hair-breadth escape on the hills, when the tutor's favorite ejaculation of "Gracious Patience!" was characterized by one of his Irish pupils as the "toasting of an absent friend"; but enough has been said to indicate the character of the atmosphere in which the childhood of the poet was passed. "My recollections," he says, "come to me fragrant with the smell of the new-mown grass. . . . No change was desired by us, and little came. The winds of early spring waved the long masses of daffodils till they made a confused though rapturous splendor in the lake close by, just as they had done the year before; and those who saw the pageant hardly noted that those winds were cold. . . . Each year we watched the succession of the flowers, and if the bluebell or the cowslip came a little before or a little after its proper time, we felt as much aggrieved as the child who misses the word he is accustomed to in the story heard a hundred times before." Thus Mr. de Vere himself sums up the character of those years, in all their unemotional and impersonal sweetness, when to be alive is rapture enough and simple existence is a delight.

It has been said that each childhood should be an Eden, through which men and women should pass before entering upon the troubles and cares and preoccupations of this work-a-day world. Surely at Curragh Chase such an Eden was enjoyed.

HIS FIRST FRIENDSHIP LIFE-LONG.

It was at the age of seventeen that Mr. de Vere formed the first of those lasting and enthusiastic friendships, a combination of love and of reverence, which have been so characteristic of him throughout his life. This first friend was Sir William Rowan Hamilton, Astronomer Royal of the Dublin University, a man some nine years his senior, but who was henceforth knit to him by the closest ties of affection. To the picture presented of the great philosopher and mathematician it is impossible to do justice in a paper which must necessarily confine itself to one subject; yet it is difficult to pass over an influence which must have been so strong. In Mr. de Vere's opinion Hamilton still remains the man of greatest intellect he has ever known; while, as Christian and philosopher, brilliant and profound in matters of scholarship, humble, courteous, and dignified in social intercourse, he possessed from the first an irresistible attraction for the poet and the dreamer who had been sent to Dublin to pursue there his university career. In the study or the garden of the great philosopher many hours were spent. It was a home, too, brightened by children, and a curious anecdote is given concerning the scholar's little son of some five or six years, who, pronounced by his father too young to be instructed in the doctrine of the Trinity, set himself to work to master the mystery unassisted, and while spinning his top successively evolved the four great heresies of early Christian times! "He discovered them all for himself," said his father with pride. "I did not give him the slightest assistance. What an intellect!" It was the same child who, a year later, asked whether he would be glad to see his father's friend, made answer that, "thinking of Latin and thinking of trouble and thinking of God, he had forgotten Aubrey de Vere."

"THE CHILD DIED AND THE POET WAS BORN."

It was about the time that the friendship with Hamilton was inaugurated that Mr. de Vere first began to try his hand in earnest at verse-writing. He had lived in an atmosphere of poetry. His father was a playwright, whose dramas, though

never popular, have enjoyed a considerable *succès d'estime*; and under the guidance of his taste the inevitable Byronic stage was quickly passed through, and the allegiance of the lad transferred to worthier objects—to Wordsworth, Shelley, Coleridge, and Keats—the poets to whom it has belonged ever since. It was the beginning of a new life. “We used to read them”—his sister and himself—“driving about our woods in a pony carriage. The pony soon found us out, and we had many hair-breadth escapes. Sometimes we read them by night to the sound of an Æolian harp, still in my possession. On one of those nights a boat lay on the lake at the bottom of our lawn; I lay down in it, allowing it to float wherever the wind blew it. . . . There I lay, half asleep, till a splendid summer sunrise told me it was time to get to bed. It was all Shelley’s fault.” And so, gradually, the child died and the poet was born.

From this time forth the writing of poetry was the great work of his life—it would not, indeed, be an exaggeration to say that in a measure it has been his life itself, intimately and indissolubly associated with the one subject, the one interest, which took precedence of all others—religion. The value of the work to which he has given his life’s labor is an estimate which each man will make for himself. If his audience has not been so large as might have been looked for, it has made up in distinction what it has lacked in numbers, and his reputation stands high among those of the poets of his day who have never lowered their standard to meet the common taste or to make a bid for popularity. If we say no more of it here, it is because we are at present concerned with the man and not with the poet, and we may pass on from the subject of his writings with a quotation from the verses in which Landor, as yet personally unknown to him, received the younger man into the ranks of the poets:

“Welcome! who last hast climbed the cloven hill,
Forsaken by its Muses and their God.
Show us the way; we miss it, young and old.

Lead thou the way; I knew it once; my sight
May miss old marks; lend me thy hand; press on;
Elastic is thy step, thy guidance sure.”

DIE WANDERLUST.

To the tenacious affection with which Mr. de Vere has clung throughout life to the home of his boyhood, he has united, to

a marked degree, the love of wandering—a combination not uncharacteristic of the Irish temperament. Beauty of nature, as well as beauty of art, allured him wherever it was to be found. The fairness of a landscape; the grandeur of cathedral or church; the inner, spiritual significance and grace of old tradition and legendary tale—all appealed to him, as poet, as Christian, and, later on, as Catholic. Year after year, in after life, he took his way to Rome, until such time as those events took place after which Rome was no longer the Rome that he had known, and, unwilling to disturb his earlier recollections, he refused to revisit her.

In Switzerland, seen for the first time in 1839, his love of mountainous scenery found full satisfaction. There was something almost personal in the passionate admiration inspired in him by the grandeur of the Swiss landscapes; and an insult to an Alp was resented by him, we had almost said as an insult to himself, but it is to be doubted whether he has ever been known to resent a personal affront.

“I pray to Heaven,” said a friend of a different temperament, when the two were travelling together—“I pray to Heaven I may never see mountains of this sort again.” The very aspiration, rightly inspired, was a tribute to the grandeur which weighed like an oppression upon the spirits; but Mr. de Vere did not accept it as such. “I turned on my heel,” he says, “and walked home”; and there is something almost pathetic in his subsequent attempts to surprise his companion into admiration of the objects of his own idolatry.

Not only Switzerland, but beauty nearer home—the English Lake country, sacred besides as the home of the poets, Tintern Abbey, Scotland, as well as the hills and lakes and rivers of his own land, claimed his admiration and were woven, so to speak, into the texture of his artistic life. The true lover of nature is, so far as it is concerned, of no nationality. Beauty, wherever it is to be found, is alike his possession and his home.

HIS ASSOCIATES.

It was, however, not in the world of nature alone that he was breaking fresh ground. Eminently social in his tastes, and with a large and generous interest in human kind, he had the good fortune, while yet young, to become acquainted with several of the men and women most noted in their day; with Wordsworth, of whom he wrote at the time, “Mr. Wordsworth”

is a Protestant, but the mind poetic of Wordsworth is chiefly Catholic"; with poor Hartley Coleridge, of whom he relates a humorous story, describing how Hartley, addressing a Protestant fanatic, observed gravely that there were in Ireland two great evils, "Popery and"—after listening to the other's cordial assent—"Protestantism"; with Sara Coleridge, with whom his friendship endured to her death; while later on Lord Tennyson, Spedding, the biographer of Bacon, and many others were numbered among the inner circle of his friends. With Henry Taylor, connected by marriage with his family, he was on the closest terms of friendship, lasting over more than forty years. Nor were his interests confined to the world of literature and poetry. Politics, too, claimed their share, though a lesser one, of his attention; he was acquainted with many of the men who occupied a foremost position in them, and was in the habit of attending parliamentary debates, of some of which he has given graphic descriptions in the present volume.

AUBREY DE VERE'S CONVERSION.

But, with all this, what he would himself consider incomparably the chief event of his life was to come. Boyhood, youth, early manhood; some at least of the events, the joys and sorrows, by which a man's days are commonly italicized were over; but it was not until the year 1851, when he was verging towards forty and the *mezzo cammi* of Dante had been already passed, that he made his submission to the Roman Catholic Church.

The chapter which deals with this all-important event is one of the shortest, as it is the most personal, in the volume. In it he gives an epitome of the causes which had led him to a decision and of the reasons by which he had been guided. Into these causes and reasons this is not the place to enter, opening out as they do too wide a subject and one with which the present volume only deals in passing. The pages in which Mr. de Vere treats of it are in themselves a summary, and satisfactorily to summarize the summary would be an impossible task. It will be enough briefly to indicate the course he had pursued and the successive changes his opinions had undergone.

Poet and literary man as he was, all such studies had from his youth up been dwarfed in interest by that of theology; he had upon conviction become a High-Churchman, and his attachment, as he tells us, to the Anglican Church had been ardent

as that of Wordsworth for his country. When, however, the Gorham judgment was given, he did not blind himself to the issues of the case, accepting as possible two alternatives only—that of abjuring church principles and remaining in the Establishment by which they had been officially repudiated, or of joining the Catholic Church. His decision was formed in no haste. He devoted two years to further theological study before taking the step which conscience pointed out, in making his submission to Rome. Such was, in brief, the history of his conversion. To Thomas Carlyle, his friend, he epitomized the matter when to the remonstrances of the latter he replied: "I will tell you in a word what I am about. I have lived a Christian hitherto, and I intend to die one."

A HAPPY FORTUNE.

Many changes, some salutary, some the reverse, have taken place in the last forty-five years. Whether owing to increased indifferentism on the part of the world at large in matters of religion, or to a wider toleration and a growing recognition of the right of every man to judge for himself, it is certain that those who decide at the present day upon the step taken in 1851 by Mr. de Vere, have not the same trials to undergo as the converts of an earlier generation. To the last it was indeed, in many cases, that "parting of friends" which Cardinal Newman named it, a summons like that which Abraham obeyed to go forth and seek a distant and unknown land—a call, so to speak, to go out into the desert, a rending and tearing asunder of the closest ties of kindred and affection.

With Mr. de Vere, however, though a portion of this he had no doubt to suffer, it was in a modified degree. "Gently comes the world to those who are cast in a gentle mould." To quarrel with him would have been difficult; to force him into a quarrel almost impossible; and it is pleasant to find it placed upon record by himself that few of his friends, deplore as they might, and no doubt did, the course which he had taken, altered materially their relations with him upon that account. Some too, and those not the least loved and venerated, had preceded or were to follow him into the new spiritual country of which he had become a citizen. Two brothers, among his own family, were with him; Cardinal Newman, with whom he had become acquainted while yet a young man, remained the friend of a life-time, whom, year by year, as autumn came on, he would visit at Birmingham on his way

from the south of England to that Lake country to which he pays the annual tribute of a pilgrimage, revisiting those places haunted by the memories of Wordsworth and of Southey, as well as of friends unknown to the world, but not less dear.

With Cardinal Manning his acquaintance was of a somewhat later growth, dating from the year 1849, but it too ripened quickly into a friendship which lasted to the end; and if we are not mistaken, it was by the cardinal that Mr. de Vere was received into the church into which he had preceded him. Lord Emly, his dear friend and neighbor at Curragh Chase, became a Catholic, and he was not alone or without familiar faces in his new environment.

In the latter portion of the book the personality which we have been sketching, and which was so clearly to be traced in the opening chapters, shows a tendency to become more veiled and to elude our grasp. It is a tendency we may regret, but which is not difficult to understand. To a reserved and diffident man—and Mr. de Vere, notwithstanding a certain surface openness, possesses that instinctive reticence which belonged to his generation and lent to it the dignity which in a later one is often so lamentably lacking,—to such a man it is a more difficult matter to speak of himself when approaching the age which he has now reached, than when it is a question of that other and earlier self for which he scarcely feels himself responsible. Whether or not such a diffidence is accountable for the change, we find the story becoming more fragmentary as we advance; the showman retiring more and more out of sight, except in dealing with subjects of a more or less impersonal order, and the foreground being left to a greater degree in the possession of others.

THE POET AND THE PHILANTHROPIST.

One chapter there is, however—that which treats of the great famine—which shows him in a totally new light, and one by which even his most intimate associates were taken by surprise.

The De Veres were never backward in the cause of the suffering people, whether their zeal displayed itself after the fashion of the poet's grandfather when, coming into court and finding that a lad, charged with murder, had no one to call as a witness to his previous character, he threw himself into the breach, declaring that from the first minute he had seen the prisoner he had known nothing but good of him—the fact being

that the acquaintanceship dated from his entrance into court; or whether their sympathy was shown after the manner of Sir Stephen, the present baronet, who, identifying himself with the interests of the suffering population in order to qualify himself to expose, with the force of an eye-witness, the horrors of the emigration system as then carried on, accompanied a body of emigrants to Canada as a steerage passenger. Nor was Aubrey de Vere slow to do his part when called to intervene between the people and the fate which awaited them. Unused as he was to business of a practical nature, with the peasantry famished and starving around him he was no longer the poet or the literary man; but, shaken out of his dreams by the horror of the situation and the stress of circumstances, he put his shoulder to the wheel, setting himself with all his might to alleviate the misery around, and to mitigate its attendant evils. In the "Year of Sorrow"—one of his finest poems—he has left a record of that time, unexampled for horror in the history of the period. It is by such deeds as these that the De Veres have won their right to a place in the people's hearts.

This paper must be brought to an end. It has been impossible, within so limited a space, to do anything approaching justice to the book. Some portions of it, indeed, have been necessarily almost ignored—the delightful humor attaching to the descriptions of Irish life, and lightening even the tragic side of it; the touches which so well illustrate the unique position and character of the Irish priesthood and their relations with their flocks; the mixture of light-heartedness and pathos which is so eminently characteristic of that "distressful country"—all this must be sought in the volume itself. Nor has it been possible to do more than indicate the interest belonging to the records of personal intercourse with the men who have been the makers of history in the present century. Our endeavor has been confined to an attempt to trace the footsteps of the writer and to sketch, however imperfectly, for those to whom he is only known by his writings, some of the features of his beautiful personality.

ART.

I am the soul of Nature: all in vain
I crave divorce from form. The Infinite
Is my inheritance; and yet, despite
My immortality, I bear the bane
Of bondage. Ye dream-spinning sons of Pain—
Fierce as a fire-begotten blast—I smite
Your hearts, demanding God-born Beauty's right
To liberty; yet link ye chain on chain
To gird me fast to earth. Eternity!
I cry to ye; in answer, I am bound
In glistening rhymes: ye rear me rainbow toils,
Ye merge me into marble slavery,
Ye prison me in mighty webs of sound—
Whilst ever closer Time doth drag his coils!

MARY T. WAGGAMAN.



ST. LOUIS PROTECTING RELIGION.

—Cabanel.

THE TRUE HISTORY OF AN IRISH CATHEDRAL.

ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN.



THE history of St. Patrick's agrees in its main features with that of Christ Church and other old Irish cathedrals. Founded by Catholics and for Catholic uses in the twelfth century, in the sixteenth falling into the hands of guardians who abused their trust and were supported in that abuse by all the power of the state, torn from the unity of the church, alienated from the ownership of Ireland, and withdrawn from the oversight of Rome, St. Patrick's has been for nearly three centuries and a half in the hands of Protestants, and has ministered in no way to the religious improvement or consolation of the swarming population surrounding it. For many years it was in a more or less dilapidated condition, but was taken in hand some forty years ago by a successful Protestant brewer, the late Sir Benjamin Lee Guinness, and renovated at a very considerable expense. Whether this fact changes the equities of the case in any way, or to what extent it does so, are points which cannot be here discussed.

Tradition says that there was on the ground where St. Patrick's now stands an old church founded by St. Patrick himself, and called St. Patrick's "in Insula."* The little river Poddle runs in two parallel streams past the west front of the cathedral; it flows now underground, but was open to the air in the twelfth century; and if there was a church dedicated to St. Patrick in the space between the streams, the name "in insula" would be sufficiently explained. The site was outside, but near to, the city walls; and "St. Patrick's Gate," mentioned in the Tripartite Life, was probably the principal south or south-east gate of the town. This old church is said to have been enlarged and endowed in 1191 by John Comyn, Archbishop of Dublin from 1181 to 1212, who constituted it as a collegiate church for thirteen secular canons.†

John Comyn, or Cumin, was one of those powerful Normans

* In the Tripartite Life of St. Patrick (Rolls ed., 1887) mention is made of scores of churches founded by the saint in different parts of Ireland, but none nearer to Dublin than the County Meath.

† Monck Mason's *St. Patrick's Cathedral*, p. 2.



“THE CATHEDRAL IS OF NO GREAT DIMENSIONS.”

through whose force of will and intellect the fame of the great race to which he belonged was spread everywhere in Europe in the eleventh and twelfth centuries. Having chosen the career of a churchman, he came under the notice of Henry II., and was appointed one of his chaplains. As such he was employed in difficult and delicate negotiations, among which was that which aimed at closing the quarrel between the king and the exiled Becket. He had made progress in this great affair, and was still at Rome, when the news came of Becket's murder. Pope Alexander was terribly shocked; he shut himself up, and would see neither Comyn nor any other Englishman.* Returning to England, Comyn continued to stand high in the confidence of Henry II.: he was sent out once as justice in eyre, and in 1177 he went on a mission to Alphonso of Castile. The see of Dublin became vacant in 1181 by the death of St. Lawrence O'Toole, and the king resolved that it should be filled by Comyn. He caused a number of the Dublin clergy—including, one may suppose, the canons of Christ Church cathedral—to meet him at Evesham, and proceed to the election of an archbishop. Giraldus Cambrensis describes what followed.†

* See the excellent article on Comyn in the *Dictionary of National Biography*.

† *Expugnatio Hibernica*, ii. 24.

“At Evesham, he (Comyn) was elected with much harmony and unanimity by the clergy of Dublin, the king’s interest being employed in his favor, and at Velletri he was ordained cardinal priest and consecrated by Lucius, the Roman pontiff. A man of eloquence and learning—who in his zeal for righteousness, and in the conscientious discharge of the dignity which he had attained, would have raised to a glorious height the state of the Church of Ireland were it not that one sword is always kept down by the other sword, the priestly by the kingly power, virtue by envy.”*

After his establishment at Dublin Comyn organized the see with great thoroughness. In 1190, or earlier, he employed himself in rebuilding St. Patrick’s “in Insula,” as has been already mentioned, dedicating it the next year with a solemn procession, in which the Archbishop of Armagh and the papal legate took part, “to God, our Blessed Lady Mary, and St. Patrick.”† Benefices and tithes were obtained, and apportioned among the thirteen canonries; and the arrangement was confirmed by a bull of Celestine III., in 1191.‡ The archbishop also granted to his canons all the privileges enjoyed by the canons of Salisbury cathedral.

There is no special information on the subject, but it seems probable that after some years the want of a recognized head to the institution made itself felt. Comyn, of the work of whose later years little is known, died in 1212. Henry de Loundres (London), who succeeded him, had been archdeacon of Stafford. This able and energetic prelate, who is noted in history as having put his signature to Magna Charta next after Stephen Langton, carried out and developed the work of Comyn. Increasing the endowment in various ways, he appointed a dean, a precentor, a chancellor, and a treasurer. A full cathedral staff was thus given to St. Patrick’s, and from the time of De Loundres the archbishops of Dublin had two cathedrals, the original foundation of the Holy Trinity, or Christ Church, and this church of St. Patrick. The proceedings of Archbishop Henry were confirmed by Pope Honorius III. in 1221.

The cathedral is of no great dimensions, measuring three hundred feet in length from the western door to the east end of the Lady chapel, the width of the nave being sixty-seven

* It seems that Giraldus was mistaken in saying that Lucius ordained Comyn cardinal priest. He ordained him *priest*, says Benedictus Abbas, as not having before received priest’s orders. The fact that he never claimed a cardinal’s rank, with other testimony, makes it all but certain that he never received the dignity of cardinal.

† Monck Mason, p. 2.

‡ *Ibid.*, App. No. ii.

feet, and the length of the transept one hundred and fifty-seven feet. The tower at the north-west corner was built by Archbishop Minot about 1370; the spire was added by the Protestant Bishop of Clogher, John Stearne, in 1749.

The first conversion of the church to the purposes of religious "reform" took place under Henry VIII.; its chief instruments were Archbishop George Browne and Dean Edward Bassenet. Browne, an Englishman, is first heard of as an Augustinian friar; he belonged to the house of that order at Oxford where Erasmus was entertained by Prior Charnock in 1497.* He took his degree as Bachelor of Divinity at Oxford; but, perhaps from some secret leaning towards the predestinarian doctrine then very prevalent abroad, he repaired to some foreign university, probably Basle or Wittenberg, to take the degree of D.D., being afterwards incorporated in the same degree at Oxford. Cromwell, who was in want of suitable agents, found him out, and employed him in 1534, in conjunction with Hilsey, the provincial of the Dominicans, to visit all the houses of friars in London, and probably through all the southern English counties also, and administer to them the oath of succession. He must have been introduced about this time to Henry VIII., and judged by him a fit agent for the disorganization and plunder of the Church in Ireland, which it was desired to carry on nearly *pari passu* with the corresponding process in England. He was accordingly selected by the king to fill the post of Archbishop of Dublin, vacant since the murder of John Allan in 1534. He was consecrated in England, doubtless by Cranmer, and arrived in Ireland in December, 1535.† He never received bulls from Rome, authorizing him to hold the archbishopric, intercourse between England and the Holy See being at the time broken off. Cromwell gave him a commission on his leaving England "to favor the king's advantages.‡ For the next seventeen or eighteen years Browne played the part assigned to him as well as he could, preaching in favor of the king's ecclesiastical supremacy, and resisting those of the clergy who did not approve of a total repudiation of the papal jurisdiction. Through him the first-fruits of Irish abbeys were granted to the king, and he promoted with all his power the complete dissolution of the monasteries. He was probably, like many other of Cromwell's *protégés*, a man of no refinement, and this partly explains the unmeasured scorn in which

* An old archway in New Inn Hall Lane is all that remains of this house.

† Harl. Misc. v.

‡ *Dictionary of National Biography*, art. "Browne."

he was held by Lord Leonard Grey, the deputy. Writing against Grey to Cromwell,* Browne says: "I cannot say that his lordship favoereth the false traitor Reginald Poole, whom in communication between his lordship and me I called 'papish cardinal,' and he in a great fume called me 'pol-shorne knave frier.'"

Although the first "reform" of St. Patrick's, which was accomplished by Archbishop Browne and Dean Bassenet, settled nothing finally—since it was undone under Mary—the importance of what then took place, as giving a precedent for tyrannical spoliation and forcing it on an unwilling people, was so great, so pregnant with miserable consequences, that it is necessary to describe it with as much detail as the scanty materials admit. Edward Bassenet, a Welshman, was one of the prebendaries of St. Patrick's at the death of Dean Fyche, in 1537.

He was not yet entirely of Browne's way of thinking in religious matters. Soon after his arrival, in 1537, the archbishop wrote to Cromwell, complaining that the order for the removal of images and relics was evaded by the dean, "he finding it gainfull to retain those images."† He adds: "The Romish relics and images of both my cathedrals took off the common people from the true worship; but the prior‡ and dean find them so sweet for their gain that they heed not my words." Browne therefore asks for an order more explicit, and that a reproof should be sent to them; and that the chief governor should be told to support him. "The prior and dean have writ to Rome to be encouraged, and if it be not hindered before they have a mandate from the Bishop of Rome the people will be bold, and then tug long before his highness can submit them to his grace's orders." The Erastianism of all this might have satisfied Hobbes himself!

Two letters to Cromwell printed among the Carew papers, dated January 2 and May 8, 1538, show how little support Browne found among his clergy in the business of substituting the king's supremacy for the pope's. In the first he says that he could find no one willing to preach in support of Henry's supremacy, or to take any step in that direction. "I cannot," he says, "make them once, but as I send my own servants to do it, to cancel out of the canon of the Mass or other books the name of the Bishop of Rome." In the second he reports

* Cal. State Papers, 19 May, 1540.

† Monck Mason, p. 148.

‡ Prior Paynswick, of Christ Church.



THE RENOVATED ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL.

that a certain prebendary of St. Patrick's had sung High Mass in the church of St. Owen on the first Sunday of May, and would make no use of the "bedes,"* which he, Browne, had devised for the furtherance of God's word, and the advancement of the king's title of supremacy; the archbishop had, therefore, committed him to prison.

Such being the attitude of the Archbishop of Dublin towards the religion and the ritual which had held undisputed sway in his cathedral of St. Patrick ever since its foundation in the thirteenth century, let us now turn to examine the proceedings of the dean of the same cathedral, at this critical period. Bassenet, as we have seen, was considered lukewarm by Browne in the cause of reformation, but it was found possible to open his eyes. In 1540 he received a grant for ever of seven acres of arable land adjoining his estate (or was it his glebe?) of Deansrath, for which he was to render two fat capons yearly.† In 1544 lands which had belonged to the suppressed St. Mary's Abbey were granted in reversion to Dean Bassenet. The king was resolved at this time—it is unknown with what precise intent—to get the revenues of St. Patrick's into his own hands,

* Forms of prayer in English, in composing which Browne had probably been assisted by the English Reformers.

† Monck Mason, p. 148.

and Bassenet was found a ready and unscrupulous agent. The affair took time, but in 1546, Bassenet pressing the matter on with much violence and illegality, and throwing several members of the chapter who were refractory into prison,* a surrender was made of the church and all its revenues to the king. Henry VIII. died at the beginning of the following year, and no assignment of the estates to private persons seems to have taken place; since after Mary's accession no great difficulty was found in replacing things on their former footing. In 1547 it was ordered by the government that part of the cathedral should be used as a court-house, and part as a parish church; a grammar school also was to be opened in the precinct, together with a hospital or almshouse for twelve poor men, who were to be for the most part servants of the late king. The services of Bassenet—who is said to have taken up arms against the insurgent natives while Leonard Grey was deputy, and to have distinguished himself in the fight of Bellahoa†—were much appreciated by the government, and he was placed on the council. He died, rich and the father of a family, in 1553. His wealth was derived, as Monck Mason shows, from indiscriminate plunder of the church, especially of that cathedral of which he had been the sworn servant. On the outside of a lease relating to a property at Deansrath, which, after belonging to Richard Bassenet of Denbigh, appears to have come back to the dean and chapter, Swift wrote: "This Bassenet was related to the scoundrel of the same name who surrendered the deanery to that beast Henry VIII."

Such was the career of the first Protestant dean of St. Patrick's. A few words have still to be said concerning the first Protestant archbishop. Browne—and this must be mentioned to his credit—desired to convert the suppressed cathedral into a university; he would have renamed the church that of the Holy Trinity, and called the institution which he would have attached to it Christ's College. But the proposal, so far as is known, was disregarded on all sides. In 1548, "interrogatories,‡ which are believed to have been prepared by Chancellor Allen, were drawn up against him for neglect of duty in the government of the church, for his alienations and leases in reversion of church lands, his "undecent" sermon in September, 1548, and as to letters received by him from Irishmen. This last charge

* This seems to have been an ingenious plan for pensioning off some of the minor instruments of Henry's crusade of spoliation against the church at the expense of church funds. See Monck Mason, p. 153.

† *Ibid.*

‡ Cal. State Papers, Irel., vol. i.

seems to be connected with a matter thus noticed in the Carew State Papers, p. 327: "He (Browne) seems to have made bargains with Irish chieftains by which see lands were alienated."

In 1551, Edward VI. being still on the throne, the deputy, Sir Anthony St. Leger, summoned the bishops to a conference, in order to try how far it was possible to introduce the prayer-book and the English service. Browne, Staples of Meath, Lancaster of Kildare, and two other bishops desired the change. But Dowdall, the primate, would have none of it. He declared, according to Browne,* that he would never be bishop where the holy Mass was abolished; and, followed by the majority of the bishops and clergy present, he left the assembly. Before long, seeing that the government were bent upon persecuting the church and abolishing the Mass, Dowdall went into voluntary exile. Browne took this opportunity of petitioning the government to deprive the see of Armagh of its dignity as the primatial see—a dignity which it had enjoyed ever since the time of St. Patrick—and to transfer that pre-eminence to the see of Dublin. The government, which probably "cared for none of these things," complied with the request.

It is needless to say that in the convention of 1551 Browne crawled before the royal authority, which was not less venerable in his eyes when exercised by English statesmen in the name of a boy of fourteen than when proclaimed directly by his father. Some years passed; Edward died in 1553, and the Catholic Mary came to the throne. It was her chief solicitude to undo the religious changes which her father and brother had introduced. Dowdall was brought back from exile; the rights of the see of Armagh were restored to it; and Browne, being a married man, was deposed from the see of Dublin. This happened in 1554, and Browne appears to have died not long afterwards. I have sketched his character and acts from the materials furnished by the State Papers, and forbear to examine the terrible charges brought against him by his brother bishop, John Bale of Ossory.†

Mary, who was not a good judge of character, selected

* Cal. State Papers, August, 1551.

† In "The Vocacyon of Johan Bale to the Bishoprick of Ossorie" (Harl. Misc., vol. vi.) A man so innately and disgustingly scurrilous as Bale cannot, in any charge that he makes unsupported, against things and persons Catholic, be accepted as a sufficient witness; it would therefore be unfair so to consider him when he turns upon his Protestant *confrères*.

Hugh Curwen to succeed Browne in the see of Dublin, and the appointment was confirmed by the pope in August, 1555. Curwen, a native of Cumberland, was originally a Cambridge man, but had studied at both universities.* He became one of Henry VIII.'s chaplains, and must have had a certain gift of pulpit eloquence, for we hear of a sermon preached before the king in Lent, 1533, on heretical opinions concerning the Eucharist, soon after which John Frith was condemned and burnt for heresy; again, in the same year, he preached vehemently in favor of the divorce and against Friar Peyto. He was appointed to the deanery of Hereford, and nothing was heard of him for many years, till Mary, who seems to have had a personal regard for him, summoned him from his obscurity and nominated him to the see of Dublin. The pallium was granted him, as above mentioned, by Paul IV., in August, 1555, and he was consecrated in St. Paul's, according to the Roman pontifical, in the September following. On his arrival in Ireland he is said to have at first displayed some zeal in the work of restoring Catholicism; but, as Strype says, he was "a complier in all reigns."† His cathedral of St. Patrick's had been restored to Catholic worship, and in its new dean, Thomas Leverous, he had an honest coadjutor, whom if he had supported, the catastrophe of 1560 might perhaps have been postponed; nor, at any rate, need he have given his personal countenance to it. But, on the accession of Elizabeth, Curwen, in the words of D'Alton the historian,‡ "accommodated his conduct and conscience to the policy of his new sovereign, and her liberal favor was his recompense."

It is necessary to trace the precise steps by which the change was brought about. The public establishment of religion in Ireland at the accession of Elizabeth depended on the great statute of Mary's reign,§ entitled "An Act repealing statutes and provisions made against the see apostolic of Rome sithence the twentieth year of King Henry the Eighth." In this act, after the preamble, comes the legatine brief (equivalent to a papal bull) of Reginald Cardinal Pole, dated Lambeth, 6th May, 1557, in which, after saying that the realm of Ireland had incurred ecclesiastical penalties by passing laws and constitutions "in which it was specially enacted that the

* Wood's *Athenæ*; see also the art. "Curwen" in the *Dictionary of National Biography*.

† *Dictionary of National Biography*.

‡ *Memoir of the Archbishop of Dublin*, p. 238.

§ 3 and 4 Phil. and Mary, c. 8, Irish Statutes.

Roman Pontiff was not the head of the church on earth and the Vicar of Christ, and that the King of England and Ireland was the supreme head on earth, under Christ, in the church of Ireland"—he, the cardinal, as papal legate, released the entire



INTERIOR VIEW OF ST. PATRICK'S.

kingdom of Ireland from the heresy and schism so described, and from all the penalties that might have been incurred in respect thereof. In fact, this brief, being included in the enacting portion of the bill, purports to do for Ireland what Pole's public declaration before queen and parliament, on the 30th of November, 1554, absolving and reconciling the realm, had done for England.

By the fourth clause of the bill the sites and lands of Irish monasteries are confirmed to their present holders.

The eighth clause deals with the question of the royal supremacy. Although, it says, the title of "supremacye, or supreme head of the Church of England and Ireland, or either of them, . . . never was, nor could be, justly or lawfully attributed to any king or soverain governor of any of the said realms," yet, as it had been used in many legal instruments since the twenty-sixth year of Henry VIII., the present

sovereigns (Philip and Mary) should be free to exhibit, plead, and use any records or deeds containing it.*

The fourteenth clause enacts that the papal jurisdiction in the Church of Ireland shall be in future the same that it was in the twentieth year of Henry VIII.

Queen Mary died in December, 1558, and Elizabeth, who out of prudence had conformed for some years to Catholicism, now took William Cecil for her adviser, and resolved to re-establish Protestantism.

The Act of Uniformity for England was passed early in 1559, and on the whole with little difficulty. The maxim "Cujus regio ejus religio," in spite of its profound immorality and the risks attending its enforcement, was widely accepted in the Europe of the sixteenth century; it is not surprising, therefore, that Elizabeth and her ministers came to the determination to extend, by fair means or foul, the new English religion to Ireland. An act to that effect was draughted, closely resembling the statute passed for England in 1559, and sent over to Ireland. Sussex, the lord deputy, was ordered to introduce it in the Irish parliament, and to "predispose the members to the measure."† Ten counties, Dublin, Meath, Westmeath, Louth, Kildare, Carlow, Kilkenny, Waterford, Tipperary, and Wexford,‡ were summoned to send representatives; the others, namely, Cork, Kerry, Limerick, Connaught, Clare, Antrim, Ardee, Down, King's County and Queen's County, were passed over. "The rest," says Leland—that is, all besides the members for the ten counties mentioned—"which made up the number seventy-six, were citizens and burgesses of those towns in which the royal authority was predominant." Such being the composition of the parliament, it was not wonderful, says the Protestant historian, that the government measures were carried.§

The parliament met on the 12th of January, and had finished its legislative work by the 1st of February. It readily passed the Act of Uniformity, which was styled "An Act restoring to the Crown the ancient jurisdiction over the state ecclesiastical and spiritual, and abolishing all forreine power repugnant to the same."||

* Mr. Walpole, in his popular history of the *Kingdom of Ireland*, a work usually fair and accurate, asserts (p. 107) that Mary "did not renounce the supreme headship of the church." The above examination of the act shows that this is a complete mistake.

† Plowden, p. 73.

‡ Leland's *History of Ireland*, ii. 224.

§ According to Leland's lists, two counties in Leinster, Longford and Wicklow, the whole of Ulster, the whole of Connaught, and four counties in Munster, Cork, Limerick, Kerry, and Clare, were unrepresented in the parliament of 1560. By "Ardee" South Louth seems to have been meant.

| Irish Statutes, 2 Elizabeth chap. 1.

By clause five it was enacted that "no forreine prince, person, prelate, state, or potentate, shall at any time after the last day of this session of parliament enjoy or exercise any jurisdiction or authority, spiritual or ecclesiastical, within the realm."

But such jurisdiction and authority (clause 6) "shall for ever, by the authority of this present parliament, be united and annexed to the imperial crown of this realm," and may be delegated by the queen to whom she will.

Clause seven contained the terms of the oath of supremacy, to be taken by all clergymen and all persons holding office under the crown.

By the twelfth clause it is provided that any one speaking or writing on behalf of a foreign jurisdiction in things ecclesiastical, shall for the first offence forfeit all his goods and chattels, real as well as personal, for the second incur the penalties of *premunire*, and be condemned for high treason, with "paines of death" for the third.

Thus, within the space of four years, two measures—totally irreconcilable with each other, yet each affecting the deepest interests and feelings of every family within the realm, and of generations yet unborn—were placed upon the Irish statute-book. The first of the two merely restored a state of things which had existed since Christianity was first brought to Ireland down to the reign of Henry VIII. No private interests were directly affected by it except those of two or three apostate friars or priests who had forgotten their obligations; no oath was imposed to catch and torture consciences; its evident object, from the first clause to the last, was to reconcile, repair, and reconstruct. The second act was a religious revolution; it made it a crime to hold the old and true doctrine as to the government of the church, and a legal duty, enforceable by cruel penalties, to hold a novel and false doctrine. What mental conflicts must every Irish chapter, every bishop's see, every parish have been the scene of in those miserable days! Here, however, we are only concerned with the effect of the act in relation to St. Patrick's.

In Mary's letters to Sir Anthony St. Leger, the deputy, dated February 18 and 23, 1555, setting forth the details of the plan for the restoration of St. Patrick's, after naming Thomas Leverous, the new dean, and the other members of the chapter, she says that she has nominated her trusty and well-beloved chaplain, Mr. Hugh Coren (Curwen), doctor of laws, to be Arch-

bishop of Dublin. It is evident that the possibility of Curwen's proving false to his God, to his church, to her, and to his own honor never occurred to her. It is not known, we believe, how he behaved in the Irish House of Lords; but if he had opposed the passing of the act, some notice must have been taken of it, and the probabilities are that he either voted for it or stood aside and let it pass. It may be considered certain that he took the oath; and no less certain that he obeyed the act passed in the same parliament,* prescribing the exclusive use in Irish churches of the English prayer-book for worship and the administration of sacraments, and enacting (clause 14) "that all laws, statutes, and ordinances, wherein or whereby any other service, administration of sacraments, or common prayer is . . . set forth to be used within this realm, shall from henceforth be utterly void and of none effect." That is to say, he, a Catholic archbishop, consented to the abolition of the Mass, and the substitution of the Protestant communion service!

Little is known of the unhappy man after this. In November, 1560, he asked to be translated to the see of Hereford, but nothing came of it. Adam Loftus in his correspondence charges him with "open crimes," which he was ashamed to mention,† and with being "a great swearer." Considering the various contradictory oaths which he had taken in his life-time this at least was not far from the truth. In 1565 Brady, Bishop of Meath, advised his recall, as "the old unprofitable workman."‡ In 1567 he was appointed to the see of Oxford, and died the following year.§

One of the two principal guardians of the cathedral had thus proved false to his trust. What would the other guardian do? This was Thomas Leverous, the dean, who had been nominated by Queen Mary Bishop of Kildare, when Lancaster was deprived on the ground of matrimony, and was confirmed in the see by the pope on the 3d of August, 1555. The temporalities of Kildare being very small, he was allowed to hold the deanery of St. Patrick's also, *in commendam*.

Leverous, who was an honest and religious man, did not hesitate. He could take no such oath as the Act of Uniformity prescribed, nor could he be a party to the restoration of the English service. To the Lord Justice, Sir Henry Sidney, he told his reasons—*sua virtute se involvit*—and retired

* 2 Elizabeth, chap. ii.

† *Ibid.*

‡ Art. "Curwen" in *Dictionary of National Biography*.

§ Stubbs' *Episc. Succession*.

to a blameless poverty. The Earl and Countess of Kildare received and sheltered him for a long time; later on we hear of his keeping a school at Adare. He died in 1577, being then over eighty, and was buried at Naas, his native town.

Unhappily, there was no lack of members of the chapter of St. Patrick's ready to take his place under the conditions imposed by the Act of Uniformity. Alexander Craike, prebendary of Clonmethan, was elected dean by the chapter to succeed Leverous; of course he must have taken the Protestant oath. Since that time Protestant divines have, we believe, held the deanery of St. Patrick's and the temporalities of Kildare in uninterrupted succession. Craike has been accused* of stripping his bishopric of almost all the lands belonging to the see. No one seems to have thought much about it; the greater treachery drove out the less. He died in 1564, and after some months Elizabeth gave the deanery to Adam Loftus, a Yorkshireman, who had once been a Catholic priest.

The question for final consideration is—what *right* had Curwen, after he had submitted to the Act of Uniformity, to sit as archbishop; what *right* had Craike to preside as dean in the cathedral of St. Patrick? It is not enough to say that what they did was legal, being sanctioned by the Irish Act of Uniformity. Laws may be demonstrably unjust. But the question goes still deeper. If even the parliament of 1560 had been truly representative of the people of Ireland, could it have justly claimed the power to pass the Act of Uniformity, and by necessary consequence to dispossess those to whom St. Patrick's then belonged, and to induct another set of persons into possession? This leads to a further question, What is the essence of the right of ecclesiastical bodies to hold their property?

St. Patrick's Cathedral may serve as a test case as well as any other piece of property. When it was originally built and endowed, it and the possessions annexed to it were given and dedicated "to God, the Blessed Virgin, and St. Patrick." What did these words mean? Practically this: that the church and its endowments were given to the Catholic Church, to be administered by a corporate body called a chapter, having perpetual succession, under regulations and for purposes approved by that church. To a considerable extent the rights of the chapter corresponded to those of a private proprietor over his house and land. They and they only had the right of main-

* Monck Mason, p. 165.

taining, repairing, and enlarging the church, of determining the time and manner of its use by the public, and of letting, improving, or exchanging the land; but in exercising these rights they were responsible to the archbishop and the Catholic Church for always keeping in view the religious ends, and, subordinately, the clear temporal interests of the foundation. Their proprietary right was also limited in other ways. The buildings stood within a city governed by a municipality, which had the charge of sanitary concerns; the chapter had to respect this municipal power, and could not justly run counter to its decrees. Again, the archbishop had a right to his throne in the choir, and various other rights and claims, which might be the subject of dispute and adjustment between him and the chapter. Lastly, the king, being bound to maintain the peace of the country, could justly override the chapter's ordinary right in order to carry out that function. For instance, if a piece of ground, or a building, belonging to the cathedral were urgently wanted in order to complete the defences of the city, the king might justly expropriate such house or building; or supposing that the chapter had fallen into a state of notorious relaxation, and the archbishop did not interfere, or interfered weakly or ineffectually, the king, as the general guardian of public morals, might be justified in insisting on its dissolution, permanent or temporary. In such a case, however, he could not proceed justly, except in concert with the higher ecclesiastical authority.*

It appears, therefore, that in 1560 there was no full and absolute right of property in St. Patrick's anywhere. The chapter had the strongest right, but it was limited as we have seen. Now what *is* property? "Property," says Bentham, "is not material, it is metaphysical; it is a mere conception of the mind. . . . The idea of property consists in an established expectation, in the persuasion of being able to draw such or such an advantage from the thing possessed, according to the nature of the case."† This expectation, Bentham goes on to say, is the creation of *law*. Law, written or unwritten, had existed for many generations, entitling the archbishop and the chapter to use the cathedral and its endowments in certain ways and no others, and under the authority of the particular institution known as the Catholic Church, and no other institu-

* In the early part of the reign of Louis XVI. hundreds of French monasteries were suppressed by the state and the church acting jointly, on the ground either of relaxation or great reduction in numbers.

† Bentham's *Theory of Legislation*, chap. viii.

tion. The law had generated an expectation that the church and endowments would be so used in future, and this expectation was the basis of the property which the archbishop and chapter had in them. The people of Dublin, again, had a just expectation, namely, that the divine service and administration of sacraments would be performed in St. Patrick's in the sixteenth century, as they had been in previous centuries. Honest members of the chapter also, like Leverous, had an expectation, based upon law, that the various offices and charges in the cathedral would be open to them and their Catholic kindred, in the future as in the past, without a change which, by substituting the English sovereign for the Roman Pontiff in the government of the church, was tantamount to requiring them to embrace a new religion. All these lawful expectations were defeated by the revolutionary act of 1560, which arbitrarily transferred to the crown that share of property and responsibility in and over St. Patrick's which had till then belonged to the Catholic Church and its supreme head, the pope.

In short, the whole question comes to this: has a queen, or a queen and parliament, or any human authority whatever, the moral right of compelling the subject to change his religion? If she or they have, Leverous was justly deposed from the deanery, and St. Patrick's justly became a Protestant cathedral. If they have not, most persons will draw a widely different conclusion.



HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ.

FIRST PART.



O higher proof that a writer in imaginative literature has impressed his age can be afforded than that his contemporaries are curious to know the particulars of his life. He must have a message to his own or to his time, or he must have been guerdoned with one or other of those powers by which "the dead but sceptred sovereigns" of fancy and passion still rule our spirits from their urns. A great orator may arise to call his own out of bondage, or lash them with the god-like scorn of his words if they chose to play idly in the wilderness whither they were guided by lightning and by day, and for whose feet a path was made through the sea that covered it and their foes. A great preacher may arise to tell a time of unbelief that the decree has gone forth that one of two shall be taken. This is to each and all without exception, and to no age was such a message more needful than to this. Or the spell may be cast upon the age by some lord of song, or some creator of worlds, such as those wherein kings and heroes hold high council by the loud-resounding deep near an Ilion whose towers still kiss the sky; or where shapes such as the gifted dream of revel in unfading moonlight with Oberon and Titania in forests of Ardennes, with the melancholy Jaques, Orlando, Rosalind, Celia, and all of them; or in wild chase with Onesti's hell dogs; or in the "hunt up" of Chevy Chase with Percy and with Douglas; or in the chapel where the Giaour chills us with his scowl; or with the students when they baffle the sword-play of Mephistopheles with crossed swords symbolical; or with Rhea when she bends her sorrowing head over the defeated Saturn, lying vast on the bank and in the stream from his side flung helpless, nerveless, his unsceptred hand, or in any of those realms where we see through the half-closed eye in pleasant lands of drowsy-head, of lotus, and of light—realms where we live as

"The gods who haunt
 The lucid interspace of world and world
 Where never creeps a cloud, or moves a wind,

Nor ever falls the least white star of snow,
 Nor sound of human sorrow mounts to mar
 The sacred, everlasting calm."

RANK WITH THE IMMORTALS.

And speaking of a mission, or of creative power, though the creator has his mission like the preacher or the tribune, all the orator or prophet can tell has been suggested by each man's heart, at one time or another, and, haply, not attended to, wherein there was a missing of the tide. Orator or prophet seldom comes. The people who lie in the desert or turn eyes to the land of Egypt while the tribune pours out his heart in unavailing wrath and woe, shall remain, as they ought, a hissing and a by-word to the nations. And we who form the lifeless world of the living may find, if we look to Circe when the preacher calls, that we shall hear no other warning voice. In the works of Henryk Sienkiewicz there is the twofold message—one to the oppressed, his own; one to all mankind. But he is a creator too, and by this we mean a maker of men and women like Homer, whose Nausicaa is so charming, as a great critic said, that one shrinks from making her the subject of prosaic comment; like Dante, whose Francesca's gentleness is an unutterable pain; like Shakspeare, whose Rosalind is the ideal for whom the soldier would face death in the imminent deadly breach, the man of affairs strip off his Garter and his George and live a squire at home, and the lawyer burn his lamp over precedents till it paled in the dawn. In her own way, Aniela in *Without Dogma* deserves a place with these perfect embodiments of pure and tender imagination.

ANIELA AND HER COMPEERS.

We may win scorn for placing this creation so high. We say that neither Goethe nor Byron—and to us they come nearest in their conception of woman to the great masters named—has in the Margaret of the one or the Medora of the other shaped anything so womanly as Aniela. Great as these poets are in the power of casting images upon the scene, their works are more like the shadows of a magic lantern than living men and women; if they are creators, it is in a secondary degree. They are like the æons of Gnosticism, intermediate intelligences, making by the passion of words what to be creation should be made by the passion of the heart and fancy. We may incur criticism for ascribing this power to Byron, because it is said

that external nature alone stood before the mind in his verse, that men and women were unreal on his page. But again we say, Astarte in "Manfred" is no abstraction; she is a conception of sweetness, dignity, purity, and resignation that only loses the certainty of touch because of that secondary creative order which could not triumph over the preternatural surroundings amid which she appears. The Thane of Cawdor is a mortal man talking to the Witches. Hamlet is in a frenzy of horror and excitement, his friends in an ecstasy of fear, when the Ghost comes into the night. Beyond the grave all still live in the "Divine Comedy," doing their sentences—all from Nimrod to Ugolino, as the eye-witness tells in a testimony proof against all cross examination. The true test of the creative power, original or secondary, is in the impression produced, the vividness of the conception painted in the reader's mind. In Campbell's little lyric of some twenty lines we see Adelgitha, the lists, the slanderer on his war steed, we hear the sounding of the fatal trumpet for the ordeal, with a sinking of the heart, and we feel a great relief when her champion "bounded" into the enclosure.

In our age one gifted like the seers to see and tell the truth was needed. There is no purity in private life, but there is much talk of its counterfeit presentment. The whited sepulchre is a flourishing institution, and "not to be found out" the law and the prophets. In public life is not even a pagan fidelity to principle, and principle itself is only party and place. In the intercourse of pleasure and business is no honor, but a war to the knife with smiling lips, a duel *à l'outrance*. To cheat in commercial, to betray in social relations are the aspects of the hour. The feeling of weariness amid all this pleasure, the sense of hollowness in this absorbing pursuit of gain, drive women and men hither and thither, like wrecks upon the sea. Excitement has possession of the whole life of the upper classes. It is the object for which women pursue pleasure, it is the end for which business men toil over accounts, men of science waste life in laboratories, scholars blind themselves over books, politicians sell their word for the sweet voices of the multitude. It is a race through the short course to the grave. But what is the prize? For what is the fierce speed maintained with an ardor and a skill which could not be surpassed if honor were the goal—the reward of faithful life the goal? Why such cruel rivalry to gain a bauble? Yet it is to gain this, this and no more, the swift wheel of one overthrows another chariot.

IS PAN ALONE DEAD?

This is what one sees. We are in an age of dead gods, dead faiths. A scepticism the most bald that has yet arisen cuts down through all the strata of society. The housemaid, with a shilling dreadful in her hand instead of the sweeping-brush, knows that Christianity is out of date quite as well as her mistress, who talks ethics behind the bijou table that defends her from the too close approach of visitors. Comte, with a Frenchman's talent for turning into an epigram what spoken by any other man would be a commonplace, said the world was ruled by ideas. We begin to think this platitude a lie. There are no ideas. The stock exchange is not an idea-making temple. Parliament is a parish vestry in the hands of men with contracts to give away. The pulpit is a platform to advertise the last sensation in literature or the last *esclandre* in society. Oh no! the world is not ruled by ideas. From Moses' time to our Lord's they were wonderful influences in leavening a lifeless mass in the nations round Israel; from our Lord they went as armies to subdue Rome; they maintained a vitality through all the centuries—stronger or weaker at times, but life still, until this one. To-day they are dead as the gods whom Lucretius assailed with such scorn; dead as the Christ of Protestantism upon whom Haeckel poured a hate more venomous than Lucretius' scorn for the *fainçant* deities who served no purpose of gods towards men.

There is a gleam of hope in the black sky. No one is comfortable. No one, however rich and highly placed, can pass the time unless like Epicurean gods, or unless

“Half the Devil's lot,
Trembling but believing not,”

is his portion. As the poor servant-girl goes to a fortune-teller to hear about her future in this life, her mistress goes to some new Cagliostro in communication with the dead. Our author's no least merit is in taking the measure of the time; and this he has done with an intensity, whether as regards insight or power of expression, which places him in the foremost rank of prophets. The wild laughter of Rabelais, cyclopean buffoonery echoing from mountain-top to mountain-top in mockery of what he scorned, made people think. The Demosthenic fire of Swift's invective and the unapproachable excellence of his irony, in their turn served to teach the strong that justice and humanity

are better than cruelty and fraud. So our author, gauging his time, tries to tell society without fear what a lie its life is.

And in doing so he is somewhat of an interpreter of that handwriting in the ledger which disturbs that merchant's rest; and a safer one than the minister, for his page does not shed a rose-light on the cold, white glimpses of awakened conscience. As if our author had been through the hard apprenticeship of doubt, and for a moment in the silent sorrow of unbelief, he tells us in *Without Dogma* that there is no solace here, that there is an agony there, and allows us to infer, with the suggestiveness of genius, that the agony of doubt is more tolerable than the silent sorrow of unbelief.

FAITH AND FETICHISM.

He has not in his mind the blatant atheist like Bradlaugh or Ingersoll, or those "foolish women" of both sexes who profess to think that scepticism is a mark of reading and thought which they are pleased to call "cultya," whatever that means; but he is thinking of men who, despite their doubts, fear as if there were no doubt; despite their unbelief, are obstinately questioned from within by a voice that will not be silenced by evasions, palliations, incognoscibilities. It is, no doubt, inconsistent, but not hopeless because of this—not hopeless because, however misty things may appear in the azure of the intellect, they are real things, not abstractions escaping analysis, when the heart is sad and a sense of the vanity of all below the sun rolls like a sea upon it. In vain the reason tells them that the highest form of religion the world has seen—whose ceremonial is the embodied ideal of public worship, upon the construction of whose temples genius lavished itself, on whose accessorial aids to recollection and devotion, painting, sculpture, music employed themselves with a love greater than the art—and this was great—which it inspired, whose doctrine is the only science of theology, whose rule is the only one which for nineteen centuries has held together people of every tongue and climate, however sundered in sentiment by prejudices of race, or divided by rivalries of interest, all of them held together in looking to what Carlyle described as "an old Italian man" as their supreme ruler in all that concerns their true destiny, their life here in relation to their life hereafter—in vain what they call reason tells them that this religion is only a more finished fetichism. There is another principle which rejects as unsatisfactory this account of the most extraordinary phe-

nomenon that has risen in the history of the race. But the inconsistency of men who can know nothing except what they touch, looking for knowledge outside and above the senses! The greater inconsistency still for independent and self-existent men to be troubled about death; for men, concerning whom everything was determined the moment rudimentary life found itself in water or on earth, to busy themselves about what may take place after death! No matter what—to run away with a friend's wife, to swindle another, to defame and blight the life of a third, can be of no consequence, if any or all of these incidents of society be fixed by a law in comparison with which, for inflexibility, the predestinarianism of Calvinism is flabbiness itself.

What a tangle it all is! And Henryk Sienkiewicz, cutting boldly through the knots, must have won the prayers of many a lacerated heart, of many a mind pushed on and drawn back from thinking upon things lest "there madness lay." To the Positivist, with the "creed" that he constitutes a part of the eternal vitality operating in the universe through endless changes, so that when he dies he will live again in transformed influences in the march of Humanity and the life of the world—influences upon what is vulgarly called mind and vulgarly called matter—to him what need of a voice from beyond the grave, a revelation from the unseen? Indeed, as monists who have settled the whole question of mind and matter, they seem unpardonable in listening to conscience like a mere Christian.

How good is this uneasiness! and to it our author speaks, we think, in the way that augurs a great success. Indeed, he has attained it already. There is great curiosity about him—that is to say, aside from his books. There must be the ring of genuine metal in a man who has affected others to this degree; and in the concluding part of this paper we shall try to find out what there is in the books, and why the man below and behind them should become a power upon the time. It is not the mere intellectual pleasure which fills the imagination, or the perception of fitness satisfying the intellect in the creations of Shakspeare, which moves us in the men and women of Sienkiewicz. However, his characters are clearly not bundles of epithets tied together by a name; otherwise they would not move us. The truth he tells in his novels would not alone be an attraction to those who only read novels for relaxation, or to those whose only mental pabulum is to be found in

novels. We shall endeavor to arrive at some explanation of the effect.

Hazlitt denies that Shakspeare has taught a lesson; by which he means that he has conveyed no truth concerning the destiny of man or the imperative claim of duty. Though we differ from that eminent critic on this point, the observation conveys the distinguishing idea with which we started, that an age can only be affected by a truth proclaimed by a voice quasi-inspired, like that of a great tribune speaking with the power of "those orators, the ancient," who "fulminated over Greece to Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne"; like that of a great preacher such as Peter the Hermit, who startled Europe, causing knight and noble to ride from their castles, which they would never see again—serf and artisan to leave cot and burg, where life went its complete though narrow round in familiar conditions, for a strange world and indeterminable cares.

Does Sienkiewicz proclaim a truth? We think he does. As we have said, he understands the age in which he lives, he sees a civilization estimated by luxury, an acuteness of intellect never surpassed, a power of investigating and arranging instances possessed by a large number of men, as if this scientific quality were a mere product of education, like the demonstration of a proposition in Euclid. Invention has gone beyond magic. There seems no limit to it. Population and substance stand in such relations to each other that every prediction of economists in this century, not to say the preceding one, has been falsified. He sees that the class which rests upon the surface of the whole social system lives in a fever of fear, alternated with fits of weariness hardly distinguishable from despair; that the refuge from either state is excitement as ruinous to the nerves as the disease itself. Such a life is worse than madness, because conscience will not be exorcised by any theories of monism. He sees this, and he does not fear to say it.

So we have the nineteenth century embodied in Petronius Arbiter, with the transcendent alchemy of imagination by which a great student of the first century and the nineteenth can at will invest himself with either. The shadow of a name behind the "Satyricon" could not, as his critics suppose, be the figure, so delicate, so indifferent, so subtle, and so strong with whom we are so much at home in the scenes of *Quo Vadis*? He is a perfect host; we sit with him at his table enchanted by the genial cynicism as if we were a friend, though he professes no faith in friendship. We can complain of the "divine

Nero," certain that this courtier will not betray us; we can speak with reverence of the gods, sure that this sceptic will respect us. He is a perfect gentleman, this Epicurean created by the only imagination that could create a perfect gentleman, an imagination moulded in Catholic belief, expanded by Catholic heroism, pruned of extravagance by Catholic moralities. The author's soul has gone into this creation. His own passionate, Polish Catholic heart beats in the equable pulsations of Petronius. The passion and suffering, the loyalty and love, which he has scattered upon the others, he has bestowed with the exuberant sympathy that belongs to all creative minds. He himself is in these too, for each man is compounded of many men; in each one of us is angel and satyr in degrees shading off till a moral universe lies between the extremes represented by some; and so the author is, more or less, in all that he has made, in proportions that shape them to the part they are to play, but in Petronius it is his very self that is the informing spirit. In him he vivifies his own hopes and disappointments, his speculative difficulties, his social and religious creeds; imparting to the product of the heart a cast from the critical consistency of the pure intellect which makes the entire conception of an able and jaded man of the nineteenth century a Roman of the first.

"BREAD AND CIRCUSES" THE AGE-LONG CRY.

In the life running through this great novel we see the forces of the present at work; the instability, passion, and violence of the Roman populace reflect the discontent of the masses over whose toil European society hangs to-day. The dread with which emperor and patrician listened to the roar of the multitude has its parallel in the anxiety of the Kaiser, the espionage of the Republic of France, the gloom of Russia. The pretorians could not keep the sound of menace from Nero's ears; the empire of blood and iron is honeycombed by labor societies in revolt against all authority; along the high-roads to Siberia rays of light from the prison-house of the Czar carry messages to the heart of mankind; the police of France are not an impenetrable barrier between the disaffected and the outer world. The seething of revolutionary ideas on social and political questions had its expression nineteen centuries ago in the thunder of the Roman rabble for "Bread and Circuses." It is beside the question that the latter could be appeased by gifts of food, while the modern working-men have

aspirations that show man lives not by bread alone. We are comparing the periods in their features of resemblance which the artist has laid hold of for his purpose. There is even a greater difference between the working-men and the Roman populace than the one mentioned, because the Romans were not working-men at all. They were only dismissed freedmen, or the sons of freedmen who had never done a stroke of honest work; they were aliens standing in the place of the old Plebs, which had so long struggled for liberty and right, and which wrested privilege after privilege from the noblest and most sagacious oligarchy the world had ever seen. For these sweepings from conquered nations, so different from the ancient Plebs, the fleets of Africa, the Mediterranean Islands, and Spain carried the corn, oil, and wine of these dependent states; and so well was their right established to this tribute that a contrary wind might cost the emperor his throne. Consequently, in the menace of their discontent the Roman populace stand at one with the unresting elements which endanger European society to-day.

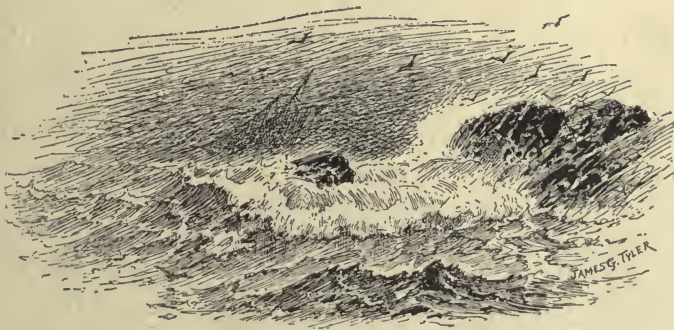
A POLE AND A CATHOLIC.

With regard to every work of genius we may look to the author's antecedents for a part of its meaning. A Pole and a Catholic, Sienkiewicz grew up with two leading principles influencing his whole nature—love of religion and love of country in their purest form. If he had accepted the religion of the state, we are convinced he would have obtained distinguished rank and could have become rich beyond the dreams of avarice. To be suspected of sympathy with his own people would be at any moment ground for his exportation to Siberia. If he had joined the Russian-Greek Church instead of being liable to suspicion in Warsaw, he might with his talents be its governor, with a power unlimited as that of a Persian satrap or a Roman proconsul. His loyalty to his race is a great example in an age like ours, when men put away compromising memories; his earnestness of faith in religious dogmas is of inestimable value at a time when eclecticism in religion effaces the foundations of morality.

It is with no slight degree of gratification we find ourselves in a region of heroism and truth and purity, when the very atmosphere we breathe is tainted with a moral poison, when there is no god but ambition, no homage save to success. Reading his books has something of the effect of the pure air of the

dawn flowing into a room where gamblers and *hetairai* had been sitting through the night. He speaks from a heart full of the conviction of his race, that the holy faith is that one divine gift to preserve which men must part with all they hold most dear on earth—wife, children, friends, home, lands—and to die for which on the field or by the executioner's hand is the supreme, the crowning, the last, the inconceivably high privilege of life.

This passion breaks through the ice and repose, the sensuous ease, the perfume of the violet, the radiance of bright things, the trance of music, the forms of Greece and the might of Rome. All these are fleeting as the snow that falls in water beside it. It expresses itself in the fidelity and strength of Ursus, the calm of those who awaited death in the arena; while the shadows, the unrealities, are the emperor and Tigelinus and the court, the tiers of furious faces rising round and round, upward and upward to the sky-line—all these from emperor to slave are the accessories to the drama in which our Lord triumphed in his martyrs.



LETTICE LANCASTER'S SON.*

BY CHARLES A. L. MORSE.



FEW miles from the site of the old town of St. Mary's, Maryland, stands the fast-crumbling ruin of the manor house of Birchley. The wide lawn, sloping gently down to the broad waters of the Potomac, is now a tangle of rank grass and weeds, amid which the tall, storm-twisted, and uncared-for trees stand like gaunt, restless sentinels. A grass-grown avenue sweeps from the river's edge across the neglected lawn to the pillared portico of the house. The house itself, two stories in height, built of highly-glazed chocolate-colored bricks, has been tenantless for many years; the windows broken, the roof shattered and sinking to its fall, while the broad entrance-door stands always open, as if in mute, sad memory of the generous hospitality of a dead, but fondly remembered, past. The old Maryland manor house is, in fact, to-day but a forgotten and rapidly disappearing monument to a gracious, kindly, stately society, as unlike as may-be to our modern money-worshipping, fretful, and ill-mannered world.

Among the "gentlemen adventurers" who fled from Protestant persecution in England in the seventeenth century to found that colony in the new world in which alone religious freedom was to be proclaimed, was one Richard Lancaster of Birchley, Lancashire. He was a cadet of one of those families in the North of England who clung heroically to the faith during the persecutions of Elizabeth and James I., and was a member of the pilgrim bands on board the *Ark* and the *Dove*, which, headed by Leonard Calvert and the Jesuits White and Altham, first set foot upon the soil of the new world at St. Clement's Island, near the mouth of the Potomac River. There, on the Feast of the Annunciation in the year 1634, they planted a cross and assisted at their first Mass in their home of exile—a Mass celebrated by a Jesuit father under the blue vault of heaven, with the rhythmic murmur of the waters of the Chesapeake Bay for music. Their land of exile was in truth a

* A sequel to "A Romance of Old Portsmouth" in THE CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE for October, 1897.

goodly land, a land of broad rivers and fertile plains and gentle hills and green woods, and as the little band knelt in the warm sunlight at that Holy Sacrifice which a persecuting and immoral queen had made it a penal offence to celebrate in England, their hearts overflowed in grateful thanksgiving at the thought that here in their new home the cruel yoke of persecution was lifted from them, and they were at liberty to worship God as their forefathers for a thousand years had done. Little did the gallant Calvert and his followers dream, that bright feast day in the year 1634, that within fifty years the cloud of Puritan persecution was to settle down upon their colony, blotting out for a time the light of Christian toleration which they had kindled in the new world!

A few days after this Feast of the Annunciation, 1634, the colonists laid out the plan of the city which they called St. Mary's, and Richard Lancaster was made lord of a manor which he named Birchley, in honor of the Lancashire town where he had been born, and where the light of the faith had never died out since the evil days of Henry Tudor. Amid his broad acres he erected a log-house, and thirty years later the fine old mansion now crumbling into ruin on the banks of the Potomac was built. Under its roof the Lancasters were born and baptized and given in marriage and died for many generations, until at length the fate which overtakes most American families, sooner or later, of shattered fortunes and dwindling strength, overtook them too, and the old manor passed out of their keeping for ever.

In the summer of the year 1718, Humphrey Lancaster, a grandson of the first lord of the manor, was in possession of Birchley, and one afternoon late in August he stood upon the threshold of his home looking out eagerly at the St. Mary's road. He was a courtly old man with a finely cut, gentle face, crowned with snow-white hair, and in his dark blue eyes that August afternoon there glowed a wealth of happiness—happiness at the home-coming of his children. That morning the ship *Calvert*, from England, had been sighted at the mouth of the Potomac and must ere now be moored at the St. Mary's wharf, and upon that ship were his son and heir Gerrard, and Hilda his daughter. More than two years had passed since Gerrard Lancaster left Maryland on account of his connection with a Jacobite demonstration, and his exile had been made the more distressing to his old father by a shipwreck off the

New England coast, the news of which had caused the old man many a sleepless night. But the days of exile were over at last, the feeling against the Stuart sympathizers was dying out in the colony, the young man was returning with Governor Hart's express permission, and with him was the girl Hilda, who for twice two years had been a pupil in a foreign convent school. So the old man stood upon his doorstep watching longingly for the two wanderers who were all that was left to him in this life, and when at last the great lumbering family coach, with its four horses, swung heavily around a turn in the road his eyes filled with tears, and not until the pompous black coachman had drawn up with a flourish before the door did the mist fade from those tear-filled eyes. But when the carriage-door opened and its occupants descended to the ground, the old man passed a hand doubtfully across his eyes as if to clear their vision still more, for beside his son and daughter a third figure emerged from the coach and came towards him a bit shyly, clinging to Gerrard's arm. Like a small whirlwind Hilda flew up the broad steps and threw herself into her father's arms, where she nestled contentedly, murmuring unintelligible things about Gerrard and her "sister." And as Humphrey Lancaster drew his child closer to him Gerrard and his companion came slowly up the steps, and the young man said quite simply :

"Father, I have brought home another daughter to the old place. This is Lettice Jaffrey, in whose father's house I was nursed back to life after the shipwreck. I wrote you that I had sought her hand in marriage, but that her father refused my suit. And after long waiting she has come away without her father's consent, and if your dear heart has room for one more child she will remain here and become Lettice Lancaster."

Then Hilda slipped from out her father's arms, and catching Lettice's hand placed it gently in the old man's. For a moment Humphrey Lancaster looked down into the pleading young face before him, and then, smoothing the fair hair from her brow, he stooped and kissed her, saying with old-fashioned courtesy :

"My daughter, welcome home to Birchley."

And Lettice, glancing from him to his son, and then to Hilda's laughing face, and thence to the shining eyes and broadly grinning mouths of the negroes who clustered excitedly about them all, felt her throat tighten with a little sob of joy.

The river lay like a band of gold under the sun's level rays, long blue shadows crept across the lawn under the trees, a black and yellow oriole gleamed brightly for a moment in the opalescent light of the dying day; absolute peace seemed to brood over the place. And to the young girl, weary after months of strife and fear, it was in truth a gracious welcome home.

The years immediately following the home-coming of Lettice to Birchley were full of happiness. Sometimes her thoughts travelled northward to the old town of Portsmouth in New England and she longed for a reconciliation with her father, but the letters which from time to time she wrote to him remained unanswered, and after she had added to the undutifulness of wedding a Catholic against her father's will the enormity (in that father's eyes) of becoming herself a "Papist," she felt that there was little hope left to her of a reconciliation with him. The only news she received of him was something like a year after her marriage, when one summer day there appeared at the door of the manor house a tall, rawboned woman, with features as rugged as the granite hills of the bleak New England country whence she came. Demanding, with much severity of manner, to see the young mistress of Birchley, but refusing sharply to cross the threshold of the house, she was left by the bewildered and curiosity-devoured negro house-servant upon the doorstep until young Mrs. Lancaster could be summoned. The negro's curiosity was only heightened when he witnessed the strange woman's reception, for to his amazement Lettice, approaching the door with some reluctance to meet a woman whom the servant had described as "sure crazy," no sooner saw her visitor than, with a little cry of delight and amazement, she threw her arms about the stranger, saying:

"Debby! Dear, dear old Debby!"

And the old nurse, satisfied that she was welcome, explained that life in the Jaffrey house at Portsmouth proving unbearable without her young mistress, and, moreover, Mr. Jaffrey's temper being worse than ever since his daughter's flight, she too had come to Maryland to look after her dear "Miss" Letty, and to work for her, "if they pleased."

So old Deborah became a member of the household at Birchley, where she tyrannized lovingly over Gerrard and his wife, and treated Humphrey Lancaster with stern but respectful deference, and waged ceaseless warfare with the negroes (whose good-natured laziness filled her New England soul with

righteous indignation), and every Sunday, with a wonderful air of stiff-necked virtue, trudged off to the Protestant church in St. Mary's City.

During these happy years of Lettice Lancaster's early married life the one blot was the shadow of religious persecution which hung threateningly over Birchley, as it hung over every Catholic household in the colony. The story of religious intolerance in Maryland is too well known to demand retelling. Nothing in the colonial history of America is sadder than that chapter which tells us how the Puritans, welcomed by the Catholic Marylanders with wide-armed hospitality and granted by them full liberty of worship, no sooner became strong enough than they turned and stabbed the breast upon which they had found refuge and protection in their troubles.

The Puritan persecution, harsh and far-reaching while it lasted, continued for six years, only to be succeeded by the establishment by the crown, in 1692, of Protestant Episcopalianism as "the church" of the colony.

The persecution of the Catholics under the "established" church was a long and peculiarly trying one. They were taxed for the support of the Protestant clergy, forbidden to celebrate Mass or to educate their children in the faith. Priests were hunted down, Catholic laymen prohibited from appearing in certain portions of the towns, and the sons of families of means encouraged to apostasy by iniquitous legislation which turned over to a Protestant son his Catholic father's property, as though that father were dead. In short, all the hideous provisions of the English penal laws were incorporated in the laws made by the Protestant majority in Maryland; and for eighty years, until the Revolution swept away the last remnant of the old anti-Catholic legislation, the Maryland Catholics suffered one long martyrdom. That many of the faithful fell away from the church under this long-continued strain is doubtless true, especially among the less wealthy classes upon whom the fines and penalties fell with crushing force. The wealthier families, by paying enormous bribes into the hands of their relentless persecutors, were able to continue in a measure the practice of their religion, though with constantly increasing difficulty and danger. The Lancasters, thanks to their prominence in the colony and to their wealth, had been able up to the time of Lettice's arrival to maintain a private chapel at Birchley, where Mass was said and to which the Catholics of the surrounding country came secretly to worship and to receive the

sacraments. The length of time they might hope to keep their chapel open depended upon the length of their purse and the good-will of unscrupulous members of the two houses of Assembly, in which no Catholic was allowed a seat. And when, twice in each month, the good Jesuit father from Bohemia Manor, who acted as pastor at Birchley, left his faithful little flock, it was with sad misgiving that at his next visit he might find the chapel closed and the generous patron of the mission in durance as an obstinate "popish recusant." But the years slipped by without this last blow falling upon Humphrey Lancaster, and five years after the coming of Lettice the old man passed gently away, comforted by the last sacraments of the faith he had held so strongly and lovingly, and solemnly adjuring his children with his last breath to stand firm in that same faith and to hand it on untarnished to the little Humphrey who had been born to Gerrard and his wife two years before. Within four years from the death of her father-in-law Lettice was a widow, and little Humphrey fatherless. Grief-stricken, assailed by fear, the young mistress of Birchley, a prayer upon her lips, her boy's hand clasped tightly in her own, turned from her husband's grave to face the future as best she might.

One mild spring day, a few months after Gerrard Lancaster's death, a horseman rode leisurely up the St. Mary's road and turned into the avenue leading to Birchley Manor. The great lawn was vividly green, nest-building birds chattered and fluttered busily among the trees, the air was full of the fragrance of locust-blossoms, and from the distant fields there came the sound of the negroes' voices, singing as they worked. The old mansion, with its open hall door, was the very picture of a dignified and hospitable home, where peace and plenty seemed to join hands, and the horseman paused to glance with critical appreciation at its mellow, chocolate-colored walls, and at the serenely beautiful world surrounding it. With a little nod of approval the rider dismounted and proceeded to beat an imperious summons upon the huge iron knocker. The sound reverberated loudly through the quiet house, and roused to instant action an old hound slumbering peacefully in a patch of sunlight within the hall. The great creature, springing to his feet, eyed the visitor solemnly for a moment, and, seemingly disapproving of something in the man's appearance, welcomed him with a deep-toned growl. Muttering an oath under his breath, the stranger beat an impatient tattoo upon his high-topped boots with his whip, and, keeping a careful eye upon

the dog, waited an answer to his knock. Of the servant who appeared he asked for Mrs. Lancaster, and giving his name as "Cheseldyn Coode of Annapolis," strode into the drawing-room to await her coming—the hound meanwhile taking up his position in the drawing-room doorway, whence he kept vigilant watch upon Mr. Coode of Annapolis, as though he feared that gentleman had evil designs upon the place.

Lettice's fair face was paler than usual and her eyes full of anxious questioning as she glided into the great shadowy room and approached her visitor, the dog marching gravely by her side and standing sentinel-like beside her chair when she was seated. The name of Coode was a familiar one to Lettice and carried with it harrowing associations, as it did to every Catholic in Maryland. John Coode, a man of evil life and reputation, was for a quarter of a century prominent in every anti-Catholic outbreak in the colony, until his very name became a thing of horror to the faithful. Early in his career he had attracted attention by his diatribes against the "Papists" and the Jesuits, coupled with outrageous lies regarding alleged "Popish" plots to massacre the Protestants. Gathering a crowd of the baser and more unscrupulous sort about him, he had practically thrown the colony into a state of revolution, and was the inciting cause of Maryland being reduced, under William and Mary, from the condition of a free palatinate to that of a crown colony. Rewarded for his misdeeds by a seat in the House of Burgesses, Coode was ever after notorious as a "priest-hunter" and persecutor, and waxed fat in pocket on the fines extorted from the defenceless Catholics, until at last he died in the odor of sanctity as a "staunch defender of throne and church."

With the knowledge of all these events vividly present in her mind, Lettice waited with foreboding of evil to learn the object of Cheseldyn's visit. Of him she knew little, save that he was John Coode's son, a member of the Lower House of Assembly, and reported in high favor with the authorities at Annapolis. He was a tall, slender man, clothed in a riding suit of dark green. His face was not ill-favored, but perfectly colorless, while his eyes were set too close together and were half hidden by heavy, drooping lids. He explained his visit by stating that he was spending a short time in St. Mary's on government business, that he had known Gerrard Lancaster in his youth, and hearing of his death, had called to express his sympathy for Gerrard's widow in her grief-stricken and lonely state. To all of which Lettice listened suspiciously, confident that there

had never been any intimate association, much less any friendship, between her visitor and her dead husband. Having apologized in this manner for his intrusion, Coode went on to chat easily and pleasantly enough upon the ordinary topics of the day—the last news from England, the latest social gossip of Annapolis, the beauty of the country about St. Mary's, and above all the peaceful charm of Birchley Manor. A half-hour slipped past while he talked, and his hostess wondered vaguely and fearfully what his visit really meant. At last he arose to take his departure, and then for a moment the cloven foot showed itself. He hinted gently that he knew of the devotion of the Lancasters to the old faith, and professed himself, although a staunch Protestant, not at all in sympathy with the late John Coode's extreme views, and, with a thin smile, assured Lettice that, as an unprotected woman, she might count upon his influence, as a member of the Lower House and a man of some little power with the government authorities, being used to protect her from unpleasant, and in some cases, he was sorry to say, necessary governmental interference on the score of religion. Whereupon he departed, pausing for an instant to suggest that it would give him the greatest pleasure, during his sojourn in St. Mary's, if he might again call at "beautiful Birchley." To Lettice's troubled assurance that she was not receiving visits during her period of deep mourning, he replied by a half-insolent smile and, mounting his horse, rode off down the avenue, the old hound snarling a vindictive farewell from the hall door.

That night Lettice sent a messenger to Bohemia Manor with a letter to one of the Jesuit fathers who found refuge there, telling him of the visit, of her fear of some plot against her and her boy, and begging for advice. Two days later the messenger returned with the priest's reply. He too feared that Coode's visit portended nothing good, and were it not that a priest's presence in her house would only add to her danger, he would come at once to Birchley to assist her, and if affairs grew more complicated he should consider *indiscretion* the better course and would come. Meanwhile he begged Lettice to keep him informed of Coode's movements, and suggested that to forbid that person her house would in all probability be a misstep on her part, as to make him angry would only hasten his proceedings (in case he contemplated doing anything against her religion), and in any case it would be best for her to be in a position to watch him and use her

woman's wit to frustrate his designs in the event. Bidding her be brave and to pray without ceasing, the father ended his letter with the sad news that they thought it best for Lettice's safety that the usual semi-monthly Mass at Birchley be discontinued while Coode remained in the neighborhood.

The unwholesome visitor prolonged his stay in St. Mary's week after week, and not infrequently rode up the tree-bordered avenue at Birchley, where his coolly insinuating presence grew more and more hateful to its young mistress. Systematically playing his part of a well-informed, well-mannered man of the world, trying, out of the kindness of his heart, to relieve the loneliness of a young and sorrow-stricken woman, he gradually assumed a tone of easy familiarity towards Lettice that filled her soul with loathing, but which her studied coldness and efforts at repulsion were powerless to lessen. Knowing full well how completely at his mercy she was, so far as the laws of the persecuting government were concerned, she could only hold him at bay so much as her woman's wit suggested, and wait wearily for him to unmask his intentions. The Jesuit father, to whom she wrote after each visit, was her only possible adviser, and the best one she could have, as she well knew. But her heart ached for a confidant to whom she could talk, and Hilda Lancaster being in a distant part of the colony, a wife with cares of her own, Lettice turned to the old woman who had been for years her faithful friend and servant—her old nurse Deborah. Of Deborah's Protestantism there could be no doubt whatever (it was distinctly of the militant order), but no more could there be any doubt of her absolute honesty and of her utter devotion to her "Miss Letty." So to Deborah the young mother confided her troubles and fears, crying a little, as had happened many times in the old Portsmouth days, upon the warlike old creature's breast. Deborah's reception of her mistress's confidence was characteristic—she declared her instant determination to set the dogs upon Mr. Cheseldyn Coode of Annapolis the very next time that gentleman showed his "ugly, pale face and baggy eye-lids at Birchley." But warned by Lettice that for her safety they must not offend him before he made some definite move against her, the old woman promised to smother her anger for the present, adding, however, that so sure as her name was Deborah Clinch she would get even with "that crawling viper of a Coode before the end."

Not until midsummer was past did Lettice's persecutor divulge the object of his repeated visits to the manor, although

for weeks before that time the hapless victim of his attentions had suspected what he was after, and her suspicion overshadowed her every moment like some ugly dream. It was one hot, pulseless day, when the ceaseless, metallic hum of the cicadas beat with irritating monotony upon the heavy air, that Mr. Cheseldyn Coode rode thoughtfully under the grateful shade of the locust-trees bordering the drive at Birchley. He was dressed with extremest care in dark blue, his linen of sheerest weave, his ruffles of finest lace, well starched. There was a queer look, half triumph, half doubt, in his pale face as he mounted the steps between the tall, slim columns of the portico. The weeks of fear through which Lettice had lived since his first visit had left their mark upon her face, and there were dark circles under her eyes and a thin line down her face on each side of her mouth, as she came to him in the hot, still afternoon.

"You look weary, madam," said Coode with odious sympathy. "I fear you are ill."

"'Tis the excessive heat, perhaps," returned Lettice, closing her eyes a moment to shut out his all-too-smiling face.

"Mayhap. But whatever be the cause I regret it, for an unkind fate makes me the bearer of bad news, and it cuts my heart deeper than you can know, I fear, to add one tiny straw to your already over-heavy burden."

The woman's hands clasped themselves tightly in her lap, but she made no answer to his words. He waited a moment, as though anxious that she should question him. At length he went on in low-toned hesitancy:

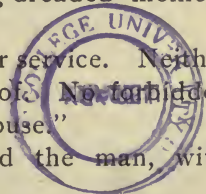
"Some over-zealous upholder of the law has filed complaint with the authorities in Annapolis anent the religious observances practised in this house." Again he paused, and again the woman refused to question him.

"Believe me, my dear madam, it grieves me sorely to thus trouble you. But 'tis surely best that you should know the truth from one who would right willingly lay down his life to serve you."

These words warned Lettice that the long-dreaded moment was at hand, and she cried out quickly:

"Enough, sir! I do not ask nor wish your service. Neither do I fear the vile threats you are the bearer of. No forbidden religious services are held in this desolated house."

"How long since, may I ask?" rejoined the man, with slightly raised brows.



She hesitated a moment, and then her hatred for him conquered her hard-bought prudence, and she flashed out :

"Since your hateful presence in the neighborhood warned me of some wicked plot."

"Ah! I had hoped our pleasant intimacy these few weeks past had killed such foolish suspicions in your heart. And though your words speak otherwise, I cannot believe you do in truth quite hate me. Dear, dear Mrs. Lancaster, I beg you for your own sake, for *my* sake, not to be rash! Hate me, insult me if you will, but allow me to serve you out of the great love that my heart bears you."

For a moment the room seemed to Lettice to whirl about her; the noise of the cicadas outside the windows beat upon her ears like the muffled drums of an advancing army; she strove to speak, but the words died upon her lips. Then she was conscious that Coode was bending over her whispering.

"The peril to this house is greater than you think," he said. "I alone can help you. As my wife you and yours will be safe. I love you, Lettice."

She rose suddenly to her feet and faced him.

"What is your answer?" he asked.

"My answer? Go!—go before I call my negroes and order them to drive you forth!"

And as she stood facing him, with scorn upon her lips and in her eyes, a boy's laughing voice sounded through the still room, followed by the quick patter of boyish feet, and through the open door came little Humphrey, his fair hair shining in a stray sunbeam that stretched its thin length across the room. On he came until he stood between his mother and the man, looking wonderingly up at their white faces. Coode laid a hand on the boy's shoulder, but the mother with quick motion drew her child close to her, where he nestled, half frightened, against her black gown, staring at her visitor with doubtful eyes.

"My little man," said that visitor, "what is *your* religion?"

"I'm a Catholic, sir, like all the Lancasters," was the proud response.

"And your mother teaches you the old faith, I take it?"

"Of course, sir!" said the boy, glancing fondly at his mother.

"Well, my fine lad, 'tis not lawful in Maryland for little boys to be taught that religion, and *sometimes* they are taken from mothers who refuse to obey the law."

"O mother! they couldn't take me from you, could they?"

whispered Humphrey in sudden terror, pressing close against the black-gowned woman.

A shudder crept over Lettice's still figure, but she smoothed her boy's hair reassuringly, while the man looked into her face and asked :

"Is your decision yet the same?"

In answer she pointed to the door, and something in her glance made even Cheseldyn Coode's eyes drop in confusion. For an instant he stood fingering his hat, then with a shrug turned and left the room.

As the sound of his horse's hoofs died away the woman's hard-earned composure gave way, and, falling upon her knees, she gathered her boy into her arms, weeping over him and caressing him with all a mother's grief and love, while the lad clung to her, frightened into a child's wild paroxysm of tears. The child's terrified cries pierced her heart with new pain, and, smothering her own grief, she set herself bravely to comforting and reassuring the little lad.

To the mother soothing her boy in the lengthening shadows of the declining day came Deborah, ever alert, after one of Coode's visits, for evil news. And Humphrey's tears being dried—quickly as is the happy gift to childhood—and the child busy at his play in a distant corner, Lettice, with hushed voice, told the old woman of the afternoon's events.

"The wretch is but trying to frighten you, my child!" cried Deborah. "It could not happen that they'd take your son from you!"

"Oh, Debby! 'tis the law. More than one child has been taken from Catholic parents in this unhappy colony."

"God help us!" returned the old woman with flashing eyes. "And they call themselves Christians! Heathens and cannibals more like, think I!" Her glance travelled to Humphrey's form in the distant corner. "The darling little one! he must not sleep the night under this roof. Depend upon it, mistress, that fiend already has the papers in his possession to take the boy. He'll have the sheriff of St. Mary's here before the morrow."

"That's what I fear, that's what I fear!" whispered Lettice, striving to still the sobs that trembled upon her lips.

"Where can he go for safety?"

"There's but one place, and that is many miles away."

"To the Fathers of Bohemia Manor?"

"Yes. I must set out with him so soon as 'tis twilight."

"You set out with him? You? You're mad, child! 'Tis no task for a lady, and one that's already half dead from fear and trouble."

"I must, Debby. There's none other to trust with him."

"And who and what am I, then?" demanded Deborah with wrathful mien.

"No, no. You're an old woman, and you don't know the road. I could not ask—"

"'Tis I am doing the asking, methinks. I've travelled the road once. I've got eyes in my head, if 'tis an old one; and not so old neither as some folks pretend to think."

"He is my child. I must be his protector," returned Lettice with a mother's love in her wet eyes.

Old Deborah's face softened, and she laid her hand caressingly upon her young mistress's fair hair, as she used to do in the days when that same mistress was a motherless girl in old Portsmouth.

"Yes, my child," she said gently, "I know that. But if they come here to-night and you are gone, they'll know at once what's happened, and within the hour they'll be on your trail. No one knows or thinks of old Debby, and I'll not be missed. They'll most like come in and search the house—'tis a big one—and every hour they spend here gets me and little Humphrey further away."

The shrewdness of the old woman's reasoning convinced Lettice against her will. She knew that Deborah's plan was the better one, but her mother-love fought hard against cold reason, and not until her faithful friend had pleaded and argued and scolded a bit did she consent, saying with a weary sigh:

"Oh, Debby! you don't know how it hurts me to let him get beyond the reach of my arms."

That night the women's fears were verified. Before the twilight had deepened into dusk the sheriff and his men were at the hall door of Birchley demanding to see Mrs. Lancaster. Shamefaced at the brutal work he was about, the sheriff proceeded to read the contents of a document which he produced upon Lettice's appearance in the open door. It was to the effect that, whereas one Lettice Lancaster, mistress of the Manor of Birchley in his majesty's colony of Maryland, was known to all men to be an obstinate and perverse adherent of the "false, pernicious, and idolatrous Church of Rome," and was moreover, to the scandal of all good citizens and in open defiance of the laws of the colony, educating her son, a minor,

"in the same papistical religion," it was deemed best by the executive authorities of the colony, in order that "the cause of scandal might be removed, the laws of the colony duly observed, and the safety and welfare of his majesty's loyal subjects in the said colony safeguarded," that the child Humphrey Lancaster be separated from his mother and guarded from her "pernicious influence" until such time as that mother should consent to educate her son in the religion "by law established," or until such time as the executive authorities deemed it proper and best to return him to that mother's roof; and furthermore, the executive authorities appointed "Cheseldyn Coode, Esq., of the city of Annapolis, and a member of the Lower House of Assembly, the child's legal guardian and protector." Folding up his document, the sheriff demanded of Lettice if she denied that she was a "papist" and was educating her son in that religion. Upon her reply that she was a Catholic and "with God's help" would so educate her son, he called upon his men to witness her words, and forthwith demanded the boy's person. Never for a moment forgetting that time was now her best servant, Lettice held the man at bay as best she might, protesting against his searching the house and making a pretence of trying to soften him into not executing his orders, until at last, words failing her and her self-control breaking under the strain, she stood aside and let him and his companions enter the door.

As Deborah had said, the house was a big one and the search was long, and when at length the men gave up all hope of finding the boy and rode away down the shadowy drive-way, the stars were shining and the night far advanced. And through the night rode a woman with a child, already far away to northward. On they fled swiftly, passing sometimes into the black depths of the forest, then out again into the pale, star-lit night. With tender whispered words the woman comforted the boy whom she clasped tight with one arm, while with the other she guided their already panting horse. With sharp, peering eyes she watched the road, which was hardly more than a bridle-path winding across the land. From time to time she turned in her saddle and listened, but the rush of the night air against her face, the clatter of her horse's hoofs, and now and again the far-away howl of a dog guarding some lonely farm-house, were the only sounds she heard. "Patience, patience, little Humphrey!" she whispered. "The road is not much longer. Be brave, little lad! We'll soon be there."

The night next succeeding the one of Deborah's flight one of the fathers from Bohemia Manor appeared at Birchley. It was a perilous undertaking, as Coode's men were on guard about the place, and to be detected meant imprisonment for the priest.

But nearly forty years of persecution and watching had taught the Maryland Catholics, both clerical and lay, the necessity of caution as well as boldness; and Birchley Manor, like many an old house in England, had its secret entrance and carefully concealed "priest's room," known only to its masters and the priests, so when the Jesuit father had successfully eluded the vigilance of the guards, he had no difficulty in entering the house unseen by any one save its mistress. Deborah and Humphrey, he reported, had reached their destination in safety before daybreak, and he—the priest—had started at once for Birchley, travelling by circuitous ways in order to avoid meeting any one whom Coode might have started in pursuit of the boy, as there could be little doubt that that person was astute enough to suspect where the child had been taken.

The boy was safe at Bohemia so long as he could be kept in hiding, as they had a place of concealment which Coode's men could hardly hope to penetrate. But he was safe there only so long as he was hidden. The Jesuits lived in the colony at all only upon sufferance and in virtue of the payment of continuous fines, and they could not at any time protect their house from the invasion of spies; and the moment little Humphrey was allowed to cross the threshold of his hiding-place he was in danger of being seized by the officers of the law. There were cases in which they were able to keep boys entrusted to their care; but these were either the children of poor parents whose earthly possessions were not of sufficient value to excite the cupidity of the "hangers-on" of the government at Annapolis, or else the children of wealthy persons who by the payment of exorbitant fines were allowed by the persecutors to elude the iniquitous laws relative to the education of children. The father said that they had hoped this latter course might be allowed them with the little Humphrey, and fearing that Coode's continued presence in St. Mary's boded some ill for the child, they had some weeks before appealed for information to a man of position in Annapolis (who was secretly a sympathizer with the Catholics in their troubles) and only the day preceding Deborah's arrival at their house had received some information from him. But it was, alas! only too unfavor-

able. No bribe could be effectual with Cheseldyn Coode short of Mrs. Lancaster's hand and the possession of Birchley Manor, and already he had hinted to his more intimate associates that the day of his marriage to the young mistress of Birchley was fast approaching. He was noted as an obstinate and unscrupulous man, and so long as Humphrey Lancaster was under age and Coode retained a vestige of political influence in the colony the boy was in instant danger.

Thus far the priest went in his report and then stopped suddenly, looking with pitying eyes at Lettice's eager, frightened face, as though he dreaded to speak further.

"What must we do, father?" she implored with white, trembling lips. "Surely, surely you in your wisdom can devise some means of escape for my child."

"I have prayed for help to tell you of the only means I know. You must pray for help to hear it, for 'tis, I fear, a hard thing to bear," returned the priest.

"Go on; I will be brave," replied the woman.

"There is no place of safety for him in this colony, and no place outside it on this side the ocean where he can be educated in the faith."

"Then he and I will leave the country and find a home across the sea. Ah! father, your advice is not so hard to bear," cried Lettice, with a wan smile.

"Wait!" he replied. "My daughter, you forget that you have a double duty towards your child. Besides your duty towards his soul there is a duty to be performed for his temporal welfare. You hold these broad acres of Birchley Manor in trust for your son. Can you abandon that duty? Who will safeguard his possessions if you too flee the country? Upon whom could you call to protect this old home from the designs of your enemies? Ah! my child, there is, I fear, no one willing to take that burden off your shoulders save the Fathers of Bohemia Manor, and we are powerless to aid you in that way; the laws would not for one moment permit us so to do. If Humphrey goes, he must go without you."

"Without his mother? No, no! He is but a babe, father! He needs me. Don't, don't ask it of me." She had risen to her feet and was grasping the priest's arm with convulsive hands. "Oh! father, don't you understand? He is all that is left to me in this desolate world, and I love him so—I love him so! I cannot, will not give him up!"

"With God's help, my daughter, we can do all things,"

said the priest, looking sorrowfully into the woman's quivering face. Then, taking her hand, he led her quietly into the dim chapel, where a votive lamp burned always before a picture of the great Mother who has known all pain, all sorrow, and, gently forcing the wildly sobbing woman to her knees, went away and left her in mightier hands than his.

Through long hours Lettice lay prone upon the floor before our Lady of Sorrows, but when at last, before the break of dawn, she came forth again, the priest knew that she had conquered. Swiftly then he explained to her that one of the fathers was about starting for Europe, that he would take Humphrey with him, and, escaping at once into Pennsylvania, would make his way in safety to Philadelphia and there take ship as soon as possible for France. And upon his arrival there would proceed to St. Omer's in Belgium, where he would leave the boy in care of the English Jesuits until such time as he could in safety return to Maryland.

"It may be many years, my daughter," he concluded, "before he can in safety return to you. May God help and cherish you both till then!"

"With His help, father, I will be brave, be the time long or short," murmured the woman, and then sinking to her knees, she received the priest's blessing, before he left her, as the approaching dawn warned them both that he must do at once if he was to escape detection.

Eleven years dragged their weary length over the world before Lettice Lancaster's son was restored to her—years the harder to bear from many petty persecutions that Cheseldyn Coode, in his rage, was able to shower upon her defenceless head. But the knowledge that he was foiled in his worst effort, that her son was safe from his evil clutch, helped her to bear her burden. And now at last the struggles of those eleven years of hungry mother-love, of trials and bereavement bravely born, were to be rewarded. Her son was coming home to her safe in the faith of his fathers, while the rich earthly heritage left in her care for him lay undiminished about her, ready for delivery to him when he should come of age. In the gloom of a late November afternoon she stood watching and waiting in the doorway at Birchley, as twenty years before old Humphrey Lancaster had waited and watched for his children. Beside her stood the faithful Deborah, to whom the anxious mother turned again and again to say, "It surely must be time

for the boy to come." Both women were older in looks, and the younger one sadly changed by the years that had passed. And that morning she had said, half-sorrowfully, half-laughingly to Deborah that her boy was coming home to a faded, ugly old mother indeed. But the face looking out so eagerly into the misty November twilight was not ugly—faded indeed and worn, but beautiful still in its strength and sweetness.

At last, when the white mist from the river was fast creeping over the land, the roll of wheels far down the roadway greeted her listening ears, and soon the white-headed negro coachman drew up with his old flourish before the door, and a straight, slender figure leapt quickly out. Lettice's breath came in a sudden gasp as he ran towards her up the steps, so like was he to her dead husband; but old Deborah, watching him with proud glance, said under her breath, "He has his mother's eyes, God bless him!"

For long precious minutes his mother's arms held him close; then releasing him, she said:

"My son, you have not forgotten our dear Deborah, to whom you and I owe so much." And the boy taking Deborah's wrinkled face between his hands, kissed her fondly and cried:

"Forget her, mother? 'Twould be hard to say for whom I have most longed all these years—you or her!"

"Tut, tut! Master Humphrey, a fine fool you and your mother are trying to make of old Debby. And I'm thinking you'd be at better work taking your mother in out of this chill mist, rather than cozening an old woman who's done naught to deserve it," replied the old creature sharply.

But there were tears in her eyes and a smile upon her lips as she followed the mother and son into the house and closed the great hall door.



PRACTICAL CITIZENSHIP.

No. II.

BY ROBERT J. MAHON.



PEOPLE first waking from a period of political lethargy will not at once gain substantial success. Uneasy and abortive efforts may first result only in the mere expression of political unrest. Time was when a political party held control in a general sense for a long period, and a majority of the people continued to allow it. But in recent times no party has been continuously sustained in power longer than a few years. The chief executive was of one party from 1860 to 1884, and before this epoch another party had almost continuously held that office. It is not meant by this that full and exclusive control in legislation remained with one side, but the principal executive offices were continuously held. This continuity in power is significant when contrasted with present conditions.

We are now experiencing sudden shocks and upheavals at almost every general election. That which was once almost certain is now most uncertain. And this remarkable change is at times emphasized by astounding majorities that clamorously express the desire for change. We are living in a time of political "tidal waves," "cyclones," and "blizzards," as the partisan press loves to express it. Now no party or candidate long remains satisfactory; we are on a political seesaw, with the party managers reaching success or overwhelmed in defeat at short intervals. It is, of course, within the knowledge of all, that political vigilance in many instances tends to rebellion against existing systems, and a desire to run matters on an independent plan is the usual result. Testing present conditions by this mode of expression, we find a very noteworthy phase of the new political life. No less than fifty-nine independent bodies have, in as many cities and towns, organized within the past six years for political action; yet the substantial benefits to the people are not all that can be desired. But it all shows activity in the nation; perhaps immature, in effectual, and doubtless without much cohesion or special aim. In many instances the people have put down one party and

taken up on trial another, which in turn is found to prove unsatisfactory. In other cases, city charters have been amended, supposedly for improvement, or new legislation has been brought about, which was falsely thought to be automatic or self-enforcing.

When we come to consider the actual performance of political duties cast upon citizenship, we are at once confronted with the party system of political control, which is that whereby men become part of and act with the political party that most nearly represents their ideas of what is desirable and attainable in our government. Or, if that should not appear practicable, they have, of course, the opportunity to join an independent body, when sufficient cohesion and public support warrants such action. To this we shall refer in a subsequent paper. But at the outset we wish to say, with all emphasis possible, that we do not mean to favor or oppose the great political parties that so generally direct our civic affairs. Whenever benefits or advantages are referred to or seeming danger pointed out, all these organizations are entitled to equal credit or discredit. To write the truth is the main thing in this discussion. It matters not to us here in what proper channel a man directs his political energies, provided his motive is patriotic and his mind unbiased. Party action is so habitual with most of us that when one refers to issues political, the question of party policy on these issues immediately follows. Briefly condensing the purposes of political parties in this country, they are said to be: first, to preserve free government by advocating a certain policy of legislation or control; second, to keep its followers in a permanent body; and third, to keep alive the people's interest in public affairs, and get the support of the majority of the citizens. In its relation to the citizen generally, each party acts on the theory that its particular policy has all that is good in government, and nothing that is ill. Each fully and thoroughly excludes the other from all ability to give a real benefit to the nation, state, or city. To carry out these objects the party resolves itself into collective bodies, the most compact, typical form being the county organization. As in true democracy political action must come from the people, the party organization is made representative by the district primary election. And it is here one must begin with his associates, if any practical work is to be done through the party. For it is at this local and too unfrequented election that the party representatives of his district are chosen, with full power to act in and form a part of the county organization, and with

delegated power to nominate and adopt policies at the conventions. That is why the primary becomes at times the storm centre of political zeal.

The political organization suggests an army, made up of its varied divisions; compact, disciplined, and under the guidance of recognized leaders, the policy of the party on particular issues being moulded by the nominating conventions and expressed in the platforms. Thus, in a general sense, the nominating primaries which elect the convention delegates affect the policy and the *personnel* of the candidates who are chosen to carry it out; and the organization primaries elect the various leaders, sub-leaders, and the executive body having the actual direction of party business. These observations apply to the general working of the party systems, and while they differ in detail in some respects, the variances are unimportant to a general view of the subject. It is easily apparent that a comparatively few men can, if allowed, arrange this simple machinery so that their desired result will be accomplished. If only a few take part, and they have a selfish interest in the result, aiming either for official pay or for power, the general effect will not be patriotic. Yet the system is about as fairly representative as large bodies can be made for political action. If the people insist on remaining politically dormant, or continuing spineless, and their actual representatives do not fairly represent, the blame is easily fixed. There is no mystery about it, and no warrant for an outcry against republican institutions.

One of the chief benefits claimed for the party system is, that responsibility is easily fixed and incompetency or bad faith easily punished. The party claims the praise won by its men in office, and must be ready to accept deserved criticism. The official is supposed to represent the party which stands accountable to the people. It is supposed that when the party men in office become unsatisfactory the party is voted out, and when satisfactory they are maintained in place. So that among the officials there is strong motive for co-operation in what may be supposed to be satisfactory to the people.

Acting along these lines, it is clear that the party must exercise a strong influence on the candidate in office; and when the office requires the making of appointments, the organization will be likely to have much to do therewith. So that, in fact, the organization has much practical work in carrying out what would usually be the logical work of the convention. If, as we have seen, the convention names the candidates

and adopts the policy, it might appear that the party work was then done; but when the party assumes full accountability for official conduct, and guards it with solicitude, party influence naturally becomes a part of the administration. Even in the beginning of the party system, in this country, the notion was common that the main reliance should be on party fealty. Jefferson wrote March 23, 1801, concerning removals intended by him when President:

"The courts being so decidedly federal and irremovable, it is believed that republican attorneys and marshals, being the doors of entrance into the courts, are indisputably necessary as a shield to the republican part of our fellow-citizens, which I believe is the main body of the people" (Vol. iii. p. 464).

The oath of office was, of course, one guarantee of even application of the law; but party loyalty was supposed to give additional assurance and security to the people designated as "republican." This term was applied to the "Democratic Republican" party, then the opponents of the so-called "Federalists." Yet in all fairness it should be said that the courts were above suspicion, and Jefferson's solicitude was in fact gratuitous. Still party influence on the administration of public office may be a serious danger, when one party has an overwhelming and permanent majority, and the people avoid their political business. Senator Benton, referring to the abuse of party influence, said:

"An irresponsible body, chiefly self-constituted and being dominated by professional office-seekers and office-holders, have usurped the election of President—for the nomination is the election so far as the party is concerned—and always making it with a view to their own profit in the monopoly of office and plunder" (*Thirty Years' View*, Benton, vol. ii. p. 787).

But the long-time senator by no means intended to deny the doctrine of party responsibility in the sense of the party abstaining from office. Speaking of putting his party men in the places, he says: "The principle is perfect, and reconciled public and private interest with party rights and duties. The party in power is responsible for the well-working of the government and has a right, and is bound by duty to itself, to place its friends at the head of the different branches" (*Ibid.*, vol. i. p. 163).

The party system has the advantage of having been the working political system of the passing century, and is entitled to much respect on that account alone. It lays claim to whatever public good has been obtained, and must bear the burden

of whatever ill can be fairly cast upon it. It is recognized by the statutes of this State. And whenever political action is touched by legislation, the party method is generally favored. Party nominations are more easily made under existing laws than independent nominations. Even to nominate a candidate for the State Assembly, an independent body must have the signatures of five hundred citizens of the assembly district, as well as their affidavits verifying their choice and their qualifications as voting citizens (Laws 1896, ch. 909, sec. 57). In the party nomination for the same office the certificate of the officers of the district convention suffices, although probably not one hundred citizens paid the slightest attention to the convention even by attendance (sec. 56). The mere method of voting by party at a general election is much easier, as every one knows; a single mark being sufficient to vote all the party candidates. Touching those official boards or commissions known as "bi-partisan," eminent lawyers, who are party men, have contended that the legislature really meant that the parties should select their candidates for appointment; that the party organization was to nominate, and the executive act formally on their selection. But this is probably too extreme a view, as such a construction would probably be held to be unconstitutional. It would in effect give the power of appointment to the party organization; thus delegating the exercise of appointment, and besides making a political test for office (*Comparative Administrative Law*, Goodnow, vol. ii. pp. 22-27). Express legislation now regulates party action at the primaries, compelling fair notice to all citizens and insuring an honest count. In 1897 penalties for violation of these statutes were enacted, and the primary inspector or the voter who intend injustice must now brave criminal prosecution (Laws 1897, ch. 255).

But if we write in the spirit of truth we cannot fail to note some of the claimed obstacles to fair treatment in party action. Without some reference to these features our discussion would be reasonably open to the charge of deception. As our endeavor is to show the necessity for public, as against private, action in civic business, and then to urge the people to action of some kind, we must be candid if we would enjoy attention. It is often said that those earnestly desiring to act within their party for honest reform measures are elbowed out of the primaries by various irregular methods; that the ways contrived to beat honest majority opposition are so changeable, and yet so grievously effectual, that self-respecting men are

soon discouraged. A peculiar instance related by an authentic witness is not without its humorous side. In a certain town some years ago the opposition, after much difficulty, found the place for the holding of the primary election to be in a remote corner of the district. The inspectors or election officers were confined in a small room adjoining a larger one in which the voters gathered; the door connecting the rooms being closed and locked, two peep-holes being cut in the door, and access to the small room being absolutely cut off. The voters of the opposition had a colored ballot for purposes of easy identification, and thrust these through the peep-holes—a kind of secret ballot of a primeval age. And although their actual majority was a large one, the official report declared that they were in an absurdly small minority. When the matter was beyond repair, it transpired that the opposition ballots were in large number torn up in the secret enclosure and never counted; but there being no “eye-witness,” so to speak, the charge was in a practically political sense said to be a trifling one, born of disappointment. But situations like these are possible only because dishonesty will shove honesty aside, if it can, whenever the opportunity offers substantial reward, and practical politicians have been sometimes of the opinion that when you have primary inspectors with you the election goes with you. Of course kindred abuses and practices have existed, else the enactment in 1897, before referred to, as to primary elections would never have been conceived. All well-advised persons will admit that the enactment of remedies and penalties always follows and never precedes the wrongs they are supposed to correct. It is, happily, generally thought that the remedy will be as effectual as it has been in its previous application to the general elections, now so fairly and honestly conducted.

Recent legislation has not done much, however, to establish one's *legal right* to act within the party through the primaries. The statutory qualification reads: “No person shall be entitled to vote at any primary unless he may be qualified to vote for the officers to be nominated thereat, on the day of election. They shall possess *such other qualifications as shall be authorized by the regulations and usages of the political party* or independent body holding the same” (Laws 1896, chap. 909, sec. 53).

This in substance still leaves the right with the party organizations to add restrictions or to open wide the door for actual free expression. The avowed reason for leaving this very substantial power with the party organization is the sup-

posed danger of attack from the other party. It is said that without suitable restriction those of the other political faith might enter the primary, disrupt the organization, nominate dangerous men, adopt radical measures, and bring ruin to the party. But whether this danger will ever be so imminent as to warrant the repose of such power within the organization, is open to much question. In all reform measures within a party the men in control are the real objects of opposition, and they would, if ordinarily human, adopt such requirements for entrance to the primary as to make the opposition generally ineffective.

The "regulations" defining the "qualifications" of a voter at a primary election we learn from the constitutions and by-laws of the organizations. They may be assumed as authentic, as they were furnished by the proper officials of the organizations. The usual requirement is the profession of the political faith of the party, but tested in various ways. In one organization one must be a member of the district organization for a certain period. Admission to this may be had by a sworn statement that one has voted the *entire* ticket at the previous election. If there is objection, and the inspectors of election report adversely, then a two-thirds vote is required to elect. But the central body reserves the right to "abolish and supersede" any district organizations. Another party organization has a seemingly broader qualification, admitting to a primary vote all voters of that faith "acting in unison" with that organization; but there are no available definitions of "acting in unison." The statutory term "usages" was an unfortunate selection as a qualification, because so incapable of definite proof. But most people say that the general "usage" is to broaden the entrance in times of unanimity, and to make it as narrow as possible when opposition arises.

It is only when we come to act in opposition to the people managing party affairs that we shall find obstructions. The wonderful unanimity of party organization itself strongly tends to prove the obstructions to be serious ones. It is significant that the opposition is generally kept outside and not allowed within what is technically known as the organization. It may surprise some to find this power of expelling disagreeable opposition and compelling harmony, to be a legal right reposed in the central body of the organization. For instance, it is the legal right of one party—that is, one organization—to disapprove and thus annul any nomination made by a conven-

tion. But this right is so seldom exercised as not to be generally known, and some of the members of that organization will deny the fact as thoroughly autocratic.

Another organization, acting through its central body, has the power, under its constitution, to "abolish and supersede" any of its district organizations—a seemingly effectual antidote to opposition. Again, in deciding contests between the opposition and those in control, the central body, whether state or county, is the court of final resort. (Matter of Fairchild, 151 N. Y. Rep. 359.)

The Court of Appeals in that case states in its opinion: "We think that in cases where questions of procedure in conventions, or the regularity of committees, is involved, which are not regulated by law, but by party usages and customs, the officer called upon to determine such questions should follow the decision of the regularly constituted authorities of the party, and courts, in reviewing the determination of such officers, should in no way interfere with such determination."

Probably the best way to prevent advance in political methods is to aim at utopian ends. The men who disregard actual conditions and declaim in high-sounding generalities are never seriously regarded by the professionals. But when you face actual conditions you have at least some practical notion of the work before you. And to do anything politically one must realize the distinction between a "party" and its "organization." The former we will find to be the great body of people who habitually vote for the candidates standing for that political faith. The organization is a numerically small company which controls the party, selecting all the officers, nominating all the candidates, and guiding the candidates after election.

Let us assume for the moment that the organization is heart and soul for good government, and let us look at it working out that end. The central body controls the conduct of the primary elections, as we have seen, and can vary the qualifications of voters. All who are opposed to good government are excluded from the primaries by various legal qualifications or restrictions. It may happen that nearly all the haters of good government will remain away, become suddenly inactive, and the good result inevitably follows. So we now have an organization zealous for the public good, and conventions eager to nominate the most capable candidates for the offices. Nothing now remains except electing the men thus selected. To do that a strong appeal is made to the party, the body of habitual voters. To the discontented, those who

are against good government, an urgent plea is sent, beseeching them to remain loyal, to forget their exclusion from the primaries, and—vote the straight ticket for good government. If the discontented are convinced that the candidates will in fact give no better government than will those of the other side, loyalty will probably win. And so generally, under ordinary conditions, the political end attained is that which is selected by the organization and carried out by the party votes. In local matters it is also generally true that wherever the central body of the organization points, there the party will usually go. Visible barriers will not be raised against opposing classes; a strong appearance of representation will be maintained, and the result is hailed as the working of the people.

But in deciding as to how a man should act politically, whether with or against any certain party policy or practice, the main test is—is there patriotism in it? Is the actual motive love of power or of money, or is it love of country? We are not, it is hoped, so degenerate as a nation that it can be said with truth that “our prevailing passions are ambition and interest; and it will ever be the duty of a wise government to avail itself of these passions in order to make them subservient to the public good” (Elliot’s Debates, vol i. p. 439). When the great Hamilton expressed this view of American national instinct we are pleased to think he referred more particularly to the political mercenaries of his day and foresaw the possibility of their power in later generations. Honesty is more common than dishonesty, and the patriots far outnumber the mercenaries. We are not the sordid, self-seeking people that some public servants in high places would paint us. The unfriendly foreign press is not apt to point out our conspicuous civic virtue, and it now has much to say of degenerate public spirit in our towns and cities. As others see us, we may look weak and incapable. Yet the false view of our public life in part issues from our own land, and gives color to the foreign false report of our incapacity for self-government.

If we present notable examples of unpunished malfeasance in office, and reward with high public place those least entitled to the honor, we can scarcely escape censure from the looker-on from Europe. Put aside all prejudice and partisan spleen, and ask yourself whether you have ever, by act or omission, helped on the road to preferment those of mean spirit and reckless greed. If you have, then you have also helped to spread the blight of degeneracy on American civic life.

THE CHILD-STUDY CONGRESS.



IN the days when "news" has passed into history and the Child-Study Congress held in Columbus Hall during the last days of 1897 is viewed from such a distance as assures fixity of proportion, the full significance of the fact will be seen that the first congress of the kind ever convened in New York City met under Catholic auspices, accepting the hospitality of the only religious Congregation created for the sole work of the conversion of America. Students of that day, delving into contemporary periodical literature to discover the mental attitude of the time, will find a leading politician stating, in that number of the most distinctly national of our reviews which was issued while the Congress was in session, that "any careful observer in the city of New York can see that the only people, as a class, who are teaching the children in the way that will secure the future for the best civilization are the Catholics," and that, "although a Protestant* of the firmest kind," he believes the time has come to recognize that fact.

Although not large in numbers, the Congress was composed of men and women who represented the most powerful trends of modern thought, and an estimate of its ultimate weight can be formed by comparing it with a like gathering—that of the Apostolate of the Press—held in the same hall in 1891. Out of that convention rose directly the building and work of the Catholic Book Exchange, which is flooding the country with the best religious literature in the cheapest form. Its logical outcome was the formation of the Catholic Summer-School, whose far-reaching influence on American life has already been simply incalculable. Just at the point when the whole teaching world of preachers, lecturers, writers, and instructors is veering back to recognition of the fact that education *must* have a spiritual basis; when pseudo-political men are saying that democracy cannot exist *sans* religion; this band of educationists has met to reassert the principles which have governed Christian education from the fourth century and which are being foisted on the unthinking public as new discoveries!

* Hon. Amasa Thornton in *North American Review* for January, 1898.

This Congress was planned at the last session of the Summer-School, when its committee was appointed, consisting of Mrs. B. Ellen Burke, Secretary ; Miss Kate G. Broderick and Miss Anna A. Murray, with Rev. Thomas McMillan, C.S.P., as chairman.

"The educational world," says Mrs. Burke, "is still developing the subject, rather than the child. Men and women are teaching arithmetic, geography, history, rather than teaching the child. Therefore earnest people came together from all parts of the country, with no limitation—priest and people, lay folk and religious—to study the child. We wanted not only teachers and parents, but theologians. In a question of such importance as educating souls for eternity there are dangers. Child-study has revolutionized the courses of instruction in our public schools. Many of us are public-school teachers. If we are wrong in our methods, we are *very* wrong, and we wanted to be set right. The Committee of Ten did fairly well at arranging a course of public-school study from *their* stand-point. Why should we not have our Committee of Ten?"

Probably no report of any committee ever more deeply affected the labor of the class of workers for whom it was prepared than the report issued in 1892 by that same Committee of Ten, headed by President Eliot, of Harvard. It may fairly be said to have created a new system of secondary education throughout our public schools. The committee was formed, it will be recalled, on account of the complaints of the examining boards of Harvard and other leading colleges that the examinees who came before them were lamentably deficient in ordinary English and elementary science, and had, as a rule, a most defective idea of the correlation of studies. A fine geographical paper might, it was said, be presented, whose spelling was atrocious and whose grammar and punctuation were at variance with nearly every one of the laws distinctly and clearly set forth in the same candidate's papers on grammar and rhetoric.

Catholic thought, as set forth at this Congress, demands a further correlation—that of the duties of the child to God, to Humanity, and to Himself! Wide-reaching as were the subjects discussed, each was almost unconsciously dealt with under these three relations—old as the first chapter of Genesis, instinctive to any Catholic child.

The first meeting, under the genial presidency of Rev. Thomas McMillan, C.S.P., was scarcely typical of those to follow,

except in the originality of Father McMillan's observations on the *genus* newsboy, under which he had discovered the species "full-fledged monopolist," offering the privilege of working for him to other "kids with good clothes," whom he "never paid unless they kicked." The comparatively small attendance on this first night was regrettable on account of the weight of the papers read. That by Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy is printed *in extenso* elsewhere. Rev. Daniel O'Sullivan, of St. Albans, Vt., spoke on *Incentives to Patriotism*, deprecating the cultivation of that spurious kind which is only a mixture of conceit and selfishness spread over a larger surface, and giving practical hints as to the means of cultivating a wholesome and resultful love of country.

Wednesday morning showed the real composition of the Congress. Teachers of parochial and public schools from Boston to Chicago were gathered, eager for information and discussion. Revs. Walter Elliott and A. P. Doyle, C.S.P., spared the time from their arduous missionary and literary labors to take active part in the proceedings. Many members of teaching orders, including Brother Justin of the Christian Brothers, were present. Among those teaching orders whose rule of enclosure or whose distance from New York did not permit them to be present, many were represented by secular delegates. The cordial interest of all these shows that our American nuns fully realize the necessity which Cardinal Vaughan has so impressed of late upon their English sisters in religion—that consecrated educators must be able to defy state competition by the excellence of their work.

Rev. James P. Kiernan, of the Cathedral, Rochester, struck the keynote—or the dominant triple chord!—of the Congress at once. Education was the end to be attained. Instruction was only one of the means to that end. If we were to educate the child, we were responsible for his physical, mental, and moral development. Of these, the moral development was the most important once we admitted the existence of an immortal soul. It was impossible for the teacher in the state school to place morality upon any secure basis, for religion was its only sure basis, and religion she must not teach. It was erroneous to think that there was no real education worth talking about till Pestalozzi and Rousseau came along in the eighteenth century. Nothing could be more false. It was true that the methods adopted in the early and middle ages were not suitable for the nineteenth century. It was not true that those methods were

not valuable for the times and the circumstances under which they existed.

En passant, we wonder if the "original" geniuses of each generation are not really the conservative folk who cling so strongly to centuries-old principles as to be sure they are not worn out, and who are, therefore, willing to be at the trouble of finding out how to apply them to needs immanent and imminent? More than one point in Fathers Kiernan and Doyle's addresses recalled to us the educational writings of Jacqueline Pascal, that great woman, heretical in dogma, but thoroughly orthodox in her penetrative adhesion to the fundamental principles of soul-culture, most modern in her insistence on the removal of occasions of sin and on keeping the weak child from the fire of temptation till its jelly-like moral nature has set in the mould of habit.

Rev. A. P. Doyle, referring to an unvoiced dread among many people of what is called in its broadest sense a Socialistic uprising, maintained that the best remedy is the teaching of a patriotic civism. It is needful not to wait till the child has grown, he said, to do this work, as the religious organizations in the non-Catholic world are doing, but to begin it in childhood by fostering the religious sentiment, and with it the moral virtues. Child-culture is character-building. Character must be built as a tree grows, from without. The best character should be self-reliant. Some natures may be soft, and so much the more need is there of a mould that is shaped and strengthened by religious principles. The great work in child-culture is to develop a conscience which at all times may be the guide. He felt that nothing like sufficient use was yet made of the inexhaustible treasure of wisdom and incentive hidden away in musty volumes of saint-lore, and gave three charming storiottes to prove his point. In the middle of one we heard a whisper of "Who *was* St. Macarius?" which added further weight to his assertion.

Rev. Peter O'Callaghan, also of the Paulists, took up *The Child's Relations to His Spiritual Adviser*, dwelling upon the child-need of a confidant. In a retreat he had given in a Western college the Protestant boys insisted on confessing to him as well as the Catholic. Other bodies toiled for university extension. "Be ours to labor for 'monastic extension'—to study the science of Christian perfection so thoroughly that we may be able to lead on the child from that state of infantine perfection which our Lord commanded us to imitate so

skilfully that it shall never lose its frank, unselfish love, its true and simple faith. It is our business to know how the life of contemplation may be blended with the life of action—how to popularize ascetic theology and bring it within the scope of the young minds who are in our keeping.”

The freest and liveliest discussion followed all papers. Rev. William J. Fitzgerald, of Lambertville, N. J., one of the first graduates of the Catholic University and president of its Alumni Association, took a leading part in this.

Several times the platform was given over entirely to ladies. Miss Matilda J. Karnes, of Buffalo High School, offered a strong paper on *A Neglected Element in Altruistic Teaching, i. e., kindness to animals*. Her statements concerning the vivisection practised in some public schools were shocking in the extreme, coming, as they did, from no narrow-minded woman, but from one of wide and long opportunity for studying the development of character in children of both sexes and of all ages up to adolescence. She quoted a letter written on the subject to Dr. Albert Leffingwell by the late Cardinal Manning :

ARCHBISHOP'S HOUSE, WESTMINSTER.

DEAR SIR: The Catholic Church has never made any authoritative declaration as to our obligations toward the lower animals, but some Catholics have misapplied the teaching of moral theology to this question. We owe duties to moral agents. The lower animals are not moral agents, therefore it is taught that we owe them no moral duties; but this is all irrelevant. We owe to ourselves the duty not to be brutal or cruel; and we owe to God the duty of treating all His creatures according to His own perfections of love and mercy. “The righteous man is merciful to his beast.”

Believe me,

Yours faithfully,

HENRY E., *Cardinal-Archbishop*.

An otherwise admirable paper, on the *Influence of Patriotism*, was marred by a possibly unintentional slur upon the “sentimental patriotism” of John Brown. However one may regard the reasonableness of John Brown's aspirations or his mode of realizing them, “sentimental” is not the word to apply to convictions for whose sake a man spends strength and substance, and passes tranquilly to an ignominious death. So laborious and unimpassioned a historian as Professor Hermann Von Holst, after devoting the greater part of his life to

the study of United States history, thought John Brown worthy of a separate and laudatory monograph as an important factor in the great problem of his day!

The speaker considered patriotism as a developer of altruism. Her argument was strong and lucid. Patriotism is based on the consciousness of membership in a community with common institutions and ends. Such membership begets desire for the prosperity of other members. "This is the first step in altruism, the partial abolition of selfishness. The taking of the next step"—that which leads to action—"is not in any way helped," as she wisely remarked, "by a deification of our country's heroes, nor by the exaggeration of the worthiness or unworthiness of any particular political party."

Rev. Michael Holland, of Tupper Lake, set forth the advantages of country life for children. Unquestionably, the country boy has a physical advantage over the city boy. Father Holland contended for his mental and spiritual superiority as well. Among the latter he reckoned less knowledge of evil, less temptation to drink and gamble, more self-control, compassion, generosity, and frankness.

We frankly disagree with much of this. The actual experience of workers engaged in the emigration of waifs from the old country proves the moral danger of isolated farm-life to be greater than that of town or even city life, while no form of drunkenness is so difficult to cure as the stolid besottedness of the villager. Rev. Thomas F. Hickey, Chaplain of the State Reformatory at Rochester, gave some statistics on this point. While his Reformatory, of course, received more inmates from city than country, he considered that the country furnished a fair quota. The country child had less opportunity for spiritual instruction, more stolidity in wrong-doing, fewer interests to arouse in opposition to evil. He was increasingly inclined to lay stress upon heredity and *very* early moral training as leading factors in the problem of morals upon which he was constantly working.

The paper of Miss Teresa Kennedy on *The Child and the Trained Teacher* aroused the greatest interest among the many reporters present. Although the work of a comparatively young girl, it was requested for publication by the representative of one of the leading religious weeklies of the non-Catholic world. Miss Kennedy defined the trained teacher as one who understood, (1) the child, (2) her subject, (3) the relation of the child to the subject, so as not to soar above his comprehension

or sink below his capacity. True. Yet only a concise representation of the "Plan of Education" of the Archbishop of Cambray: "Study well the constitution and genius of your child; follow nature and proceed easily and patiently." Any conception of education which regards it as relating solely to the forming of the intellect by instruction in laws of nature and logic, and to the exercising of the memory in retention of certain facts and data, is a remnant of that pagan civilization in which the teacher of childhood was generally the slave. The Christian Church knew from her inception that the culture of our three-fold nature at its budding beginning was a task to tax the full energies of her most gifted and consecrated sons and daughters. Moreover, when has the church not insisted on "training" for her teachers? Her very keeping of education so largely in the hands of her religious orders has insured that her children should be under the charge of men and women tested as to stability, self-control, and devotion to high ends, schooled to discipline through long self-conquest, shielded from intellectual dissipation and preserved by their very mental conditions of life from the temptation which has confessedly nearly made shipwreck of state education—that of preferring the study before the student!

Wednesday night, January 30, brought a remarkable combination to the platform—Very Rev. Monsignor Conaty, D.D., of the Catholic University as presiding officer and Dr. G. Stanley Hall, of Clark University, as guest and lecturer. These gentlemen represent the only universities in the country devoted exclusively to post-graduate work, and the only two which are especially interested in the study of the child. This common bond of unity was spontaneous and gracefully recognized in the speech of each.

Monsignor Conaty, in introducing Dr. Hall as "our master in the science of child-study," spoke of that branch of investigation as "an imperative and potent factor in that upbuilding and development of the natural and the supernatural which together make up the complete human being."

Dr. Hall gave a synopsis of the fundamental axioms of elementary child-study. He passed in review the various stages of growth, pointing out the salient physical and mental features of both; showed how minutely certain mind flaws or lapses could be inferred from physical indications, and alluded to this as the sole reason for the importance given in his system to observation of bodily eccentricities or defects. He showed

himself thoroughly at one with the spirit of the Congress in its exaltation of spiritual culture, declaring that the reign of Spencer, Huxley, Tyndall, and their materialist school in the realm of education was for ever past. Nature study was, indeed, coming more and more to the fore, but the child's love of nature was meant to lead him up to God.

"The best aid to religious instruction is nature study, coming to nature as the child does, heart to heart, not intellect to intellect. . . . Develop the heart, out of which are the issues of life."

The audience hung, fascinated, on Dr. Hall's lips. His mastery of and love for his theme made vital with interest his erudite account of the lapses of facial muscles and the proportionate growth of different ages.

Mothers' Meetings formed the topic of one session, but only Mrs. B. Ellen Burke kept strictly to the point. Mrs. Burke displayed more ability as a lecturer than any other lady present, her voice being full and rich, her carriage easy and dignified, and her remarks—made almost without notes—logical and interesting. Mrs. Elizabeth Martin contributed a paper entitled *Begin at the Beginning*, pleading for a recognition on the part of mothers that "the feeling of the being of God comes very early to the child-mind." Sister M. Camper, of Ottawa, Can., also sent a paper intended for mothers, urging the early formation of such habits in children as would make easy the development of the religious spirit later and the avoidance of exaggeration in exhortation, etc., since "exaggerated holy things are the most pernicious of all exaggerations."

Miss Anna McGinley, of the non-Catholic mission work, delivered an inspiring address on the danger of inculcating religious bigotry in children.

"The whole world of religious thought to-day is absorbed in the one great problem of Christian unity. It has shaken the church to its depths, and the hearts of men have been strangely moved by the stirrings of this spirit within us that is seeking to bind man with man by the strongest, holiest tie in human life—a oneness of religious belief. 'When will it come about? How can it come about?' ask the incredulous. Only in one way. By teaching the little child—rather, let us say, by never *un*-teaching it—that it is brother or sister to every human being in the whole world; that its faith is one of those God-given treasures that was not meant to be buried away selfishly in its own little heart. . . . But how much has the world

grown awry because out of the mouths of babes the first utterance of the spirit of religious bigotry has gone from one childish mind into another childish mind, carrying with it a venom that will plant the seed of religious prejudice for a life-time!"

Miss Matilda Cummings has taught for twenty years in the public schools. Much of this time has been spent in the Tenth Ward—Jacob Riis' "happy hunting-ground" and Miss Cummings' proudest field of labor. She embodied the result of her investigations in *Defective Imagination* among the little Polish and Russian Jew children who form the nucleus of her school, in one of the most interesting papers of the Congress. The purely material, she says, so dominates their field of vision as to exclude anything bordering on the ideal. Imagination is fed upon the *new*. Children whose environment is that of Hester, Ludlow, or Essex Street never see anything new! She gave the result of an attempt to get some imaginative sketches from her pupils.

"I see a milk store and in it is a little dog, and the master is telling the grocer that the dog will carry home the cheese."

"I think that I am going home, and I see a man selling apples and I think I am buying one."

"I think that I am sitting in a chair, and I say that I smell baked apples."

The "homes" of these children are only shelters. The school is their real home and the teacher their foster-mother. The school is the only place to foster imagination. Is the public school with its rush and routine likely to prove a suitable place?

"In the Catholic school the eye of the child is fed on beauty. Statues and pictures surround him on every side. Be his home surroundings what they may, in the school high and holy thoughts sink deep into his heart. There is no finer field for the cultivation of this glorious, God-given power of the imagination than the schools of the Catholic Church. Happy children! who breathe the air of her enclosed gardens where, hand in hand with nature, herself the handmaid of the Lord, they may rise at will on the wings of chastened fancy to the very throne of the Infinite, bringing back to earth lights of eternity to make living pictures for time."

The poise and lack of exaggeration manifested by the members of the Congress was well illustrated in the paper on

Nature Study by Mrs. Baird, of Poughkeepsie. She derided those who wish this work in schools to be "wholly informal and unsystematic," thereby demanding of the teacher "sufficient versatility to cover the whole field of natural science in the to-day, to-morrow, and the next day," and "a fuller knowledge of natural science than is required of any one teacher in the High School." Almost worse was the "nature-study faddist," who "analyzes all the poetry out of childhood." Its great use was to children like the thirty-five who applied for admission to a Chicago Summer-School. Thirty had never been in the woods, nineteen had never seen Michigan, and eight had never picked a flower.

The closing session of the Congress was given up to papers on the educational value of music, mathematics, literature, etc. While all these were of much technical value and interesting as showing the high calibre of thought and attainment among the Catholic teachers present, they were of more limited interest, and the sparkling closing discussion of the earnest men and women who lingered, loath to leave the hall, centred finally round the ever-burning question of the secular state school. Many present were enthusiastic teachers in State schools. Many more had been educated therein. But the overpowering sentiment of the Congress was that the safety not merely of church but of state itself depended upon the maintenance and steady upbuilding of the religious school. The very teachers who are the backbone of the public schools in which they teach, urge that the Catholic child be not sent to them, since they may only teach it *less* than they know to be alone sufficient for its rounded well-being in time, even had time no luminous background of eternity!





Studies in Church History,* vol. iv., by Rev. Reuben Parsons, D.D., deals with the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The importance of the period cannot be overestimated by the student of ecclesiastical history, for within it some of the questions arose which directly or indirectly affect the relation of the church to modern society. As a religious movement the Reformation has spent its force, but in its social and political side it planted principles of government and society which are not likely to die for a long time. They asserted themselves in intense but chaotic activity in the eighteenth century, and in the nineteenth they have been moulding themselves into the form of an ordered attack on authority. It is well to avow at once that Catholic countries did not escape the influence of these principles. What are called "the ancient Gallican liberties" are no more or less than a parody, in the seventeenth century, of the Elizabethan Church of England, stopping at the line of schism; and the Josephism of Austria in the succeeding century is a German Gallicanism that passed the line. We cannot deal with these developments of Reformation principles in the very limited space at our disposal. The excesses of the French Revolution for a time opened men's eyes to their danger, so that we had the spectacle of European societies pervaded by revolutionary principles which policy compelled their governments to fight against, when the armies of France were sent out to give them effect. The check which self-interest imposed upon the governments was, from the very nature of the thing, only temporary. Coalitions might save the structure of the European commonwealth from the disorganization which those principles had produced in France, but as long as they remained to leaven the thought of the nations, sooner or later they would rule, or at least greatly influence, the policy of those nations. This result, which political

* New York: Fr. Pustet & Co.

philosophy would have foreseen, which Mr. Burke plainly foresaw, is to all intents and purposes manifested in the theories of government now prevailing in European states. We venture to say that no proposition is put forward by extreme socialism but is the legitimate result of modern Liberalism. Liberalism is the development of the theory of the king's headship of the national church, and this is the inevitable consequence of an appeal to private judgment from the authority established by our Lord. Though, as we said, it is impossible to discuss those topics in our space, we consider we have suggested some grounds for Catholics to examine them. They are not treated quite as we should desire by Dr. Parsons. At least they are not sufficiently focused for the general reader, and perhaps some subjects of very great importance are not sufficiently worked out, while some that appear to us of less consequence are treated rather diffusely. But the important thing to know is that he can be followed with confidence wherever he goes.

We recognize that his scope, or rather the view he took of it, may have precluded him from handling some topics as fully as we think he ought to have done; but we merely express regret rather than pronounce criticism. To take a case in point, when dealing with the "Constitutional Church" of France, he gives us details of proceedings and sentiments without their background, the principles of the Revolution. The sentiments of individuals, so often foolishly grandiloquent, so often like the rounded periods of a conceited and clever boy posing as a master of the philosophy of life and of the science of society, were not by themselves always objectionable to the instincts of mankind, and were often, in the savor of patriotism of which they smacked, in accordance with those instincts; but the effect he missed was in not placing those sentiments in their proper relation to atrocities of lust, rapine, and cruelty for which the world has no parallel since the "mighty hunter" established the first military despotism. In giving some of the proceedings, no doubt, he lets us have a glimpse of the tyranny and fatuity which possessed the French even from the earliest stages of the Revolution. This is nothing; for unless that time is presented as a whole, its doctrines interpreted by its acts, we lose a most valuable contribution to the study of politico-ecclesiastical history. When we have Gobel, the Constitutional Bishop of Paris, renouncing all religion except that of liberty and equality, there is nothing in the retractation that will shock a man outside the church.

When Lindet, Constitutional Bishop of L'Eure, declares from the tribune that he was "the first bishop to marry," every one outside the church will consider the violation of his vow a triumph of liberty and reason. But it becomes a different matter when we see the prisons of Paris and France packed to overflowing with faithful priests; when we find there were only four bishops out of the hundred and thirty-five whose hearts failed them in that crisis; when we find peasants and their families forced into boats with holes drilled into them in order that they might sink with their living cargo, to the great glory of the Revolution; when we find the hands of drowning wretches that grasped the boats, from which the representatives of the authorities presided over such acts of public justice, slashed with swords amid jokes, ribaldry, and laughter, and these proceedings enacted in every river in France from Paris to Marseilles; when we find that no house in town or village escaped plunder unless it had a protection signed by the representatives of the new government, and that suicide was the only means by which a woman could preserve her honor; when we remember how Paris feasted in blood by day and reeked in lust by night—we can form some feeble idea of what Liberalism in religion may accomplish when it wields the power of the state.

We should have liked to trace the connection, through the philosophy of the eighteenth century, between the Declaration of the Assembly of the French clergy in 1682 and the horrors of the Revolution. We hope our readers will do that for themselves, because they will find in it one valuable proof, out of the innumerable proofs which history supplies, that the existence of society at the present hour is due to the solicitude of the Supreme Pontiffs and their power of definition in questions of morals. It is not to the purpose to acknowledge that the popes can pronounce dogmatically on questions of morals, and to assert that they have no authority on questions of citizenship. Wherever morals enter into political and social questions—and we decline to define the limits of these as distinguished from functions of police and civic administration—the popes not only have authority to pronounce, but they are bound to pronounce upon them. Of course when a polity morally recognizable has taken shape in the government of a country, the pope has no power in the matter. His approval or disapproval is only that of any man possessing the same amount of ability and knowledge; therefore no conflict of what is called allegi-

ance can ensue, simply because no Catholic would pay the slightest attention to any opinion of the pope concerning his relations with those in authority in his state. But it is the duty of the pope, as the guardian of morals, to point out what the citizen is to do as voter or representative in political and social questions with a moral aspect. Clearly, he should say that no Catholic is at liberty to support godless education, polygamy under the pseudonym of divorce, a war of aggression, a policy of repudiation, a violation of treaty, an immoral law of contract, and so on; but with regard to those exercises of government which may in general be included under the term "administration," within which may fall whatever develops the resources of a country and enlarges individual life, a Catholic is as independent of the Supreme Pontiff as any other citizen.

But on this foundation of morality, not accidental and temporary, but immutable and eternal, rests the stability of a state. Therefore we desire our readers to study such instances of conflict between the pretensions of states since the Reformation and the authority of the church as the one before us—all such instances, whether the temporal ruler was a Catholic or not—for in them we shall discover a way to the solution of the great difficulty which now involves society.

There is another subject in this volume, not unconnected with our method of viewing the whole history of the contact of the church with civil society during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, but apparently independent of that method; we mean what is called the Dragonnade of the Cevennes. Knowing as we do that no event has taken a more erroneous shape in Catholic opinion than this, we regret we have not allowed ourselves space to make one or two suggestions. Perhaps we shall discuss it separately in a future number; for the present we shall content ourselves with saying that for a long time we have been of opinion that the Huguenots were themselves the cause of the repression so dishonestly called the Dragonnade; that the power of the state was only put forth against them when their outrages on Catholics had become so intolerable that these could not have remained in their homes; and that if the state had not interfered to protect the Catholics of the Cevennes it would have simply abdicated the functions of government.

Buddhism and its Christian Critics,* by Dr. Paul Carus, is a

* Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company.

work in which the author professes to supply Christians with the meaning of the best Buddhist thought, or, as he phrases it, to supply "a contribution to comparative religion," by enabling "Christians to acquire an insight into the significance of Buddhist thought at the best." This is the only way we can extricate his purpose from a paragraph in which the nominative has no verb to agree with, but containing clauses which, we think, may possibly suggest his purpose. Because Christianity and Buddhism are in many respects so similar "as to appear almost identical, in other respects they exhibit such contrasts as to represent two opposite poles," he concludes that a study of Buddhism is indispensable "for a proper comprehension of Christianity." This is delicious. The Bible used to be the sole authority; an open Bible was one of the shibboleths of Protestantism—for this Europe was rent from north to south by wars during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Where the Reformers possessed power, they persecuted the Catholics about the open Bible and their own brethren about interpretations of it; and where they were in a minority, they were in constant rebellion, as in France. It was not that they were prevented from reading their Bibles in France, but they required the government to compel Catholics to read the Bible and interpret it—we do not know by what "private judgment." Clearly, if a Catholic exercised his private judgment, as Whately would put it, to surrender it to the authority of the church would be clearly within his right; but then he would not be permitted to use it in this way by the Reformers. In fact, while insisting on the right of private judgment, they allowed the use of it only in the manner they approved of themselves. This was going far enough, but when Dr. Carus desires us to take Buddha as the interpreter, and Buddhism in its different forms as the deposit, we cannot help being puzzled. Were the first Reformers right? If not, why did they "reform"? He leaves his own house, but why should we go out into the cold?

Neither does his account of the origin of Buddhism aid us one iota. It is a development of the Samkhya philosophy; but as this assumes the eternal existence and reality of matter—we prescind from other hypotheses not exactly related to this one—we are at a loss to see how the system can help us to understand the first chapter of Genesis and the first chapter of the Gospel of St. John. We refuse to give them up—and Dr. Carus evidently would not ask us to give up the first chap-

ter of St. John, since he is of opinion that we have borrowed the great central thought from the Greeks; or, as he expresses it, the Christians added to their religion the philosophy of the Logos, which they took from the Greeks. As we say, we refuse to give them up, for, whatever differences of interpretation may arise on both, this meaning is clear: that there was a "Creator" "who created" (we employ the tautology deliberately).

We are not sufficiently interested in the work to examine it critically; at the same time we think such an examination might afford some pleasure if we should start with a problem in unrelated proportions like this: If Dr. Carus has, say, three inaccuracies to each page, how many Christians will understand at one reading what he means when he says that "truth is superior to religion," and will accept his prediction, only implied no doubt, that "the final victory" in the conflict between Christianity and Buddhism will rest with the latter. The problem must take into account one unknown quantity, for he says every man labors under some degree of error—*omnis homo mendax* is a more ancient and a stronger form of expression—and another in that he concedes the sacrifice "of Golgotha" teaches a lesson which cannot be found in a philosophy and religion whose end is Nirvana, whether you interpret it as repose or annihilation.

We think he mistakes the theory "of the great martyr and champion of monism"—in this way he describes Giordano Bruno—for Bruno's system seems to contain "a sort of double pantheism," which is a very different thing from any theory which refuses to recognize mind as at all distinct from motion.

We should be sorry indeed that any one should suppose from the foregoing observations we had no appreciation for those elements in Buddhism that are good, and no admiration for the character drawn in the life and legend of Gotama. In dealing with this we put aside Dr. Carus as not adding anything to our conception of it. It has been truly said, in words better than any we can write, that no one can rise from the reading of that story without reverence for the moral greatness of the man who is its hero. Putting aside such ineptitudes as Dr. Carus introduces into the standard by which he estimates the relative value of Christianity and Buddhism, in his second article of preference for the former, that it adopted Teutonic enterprise and energy to conquer the spirit of the West, we cannot be insensible to the fact that four hundred and fifty mil-

lions of our fellow-men believe that they have in the religion of Gotama a support in life and a security in death. Nothing has been able to cast a shadow on his memory; the sweetness and gentleness of his character shine through the mists of prejudice and affect the fair-minded to-day as they affected Marco Polo when the spirit of the middle ages was strongest in the hearts and minds of men. "Had he been a Christian," wrote Polo—and we commend his words to Dr. Carus—"he would have been a great saint of our Lord Jesus Christ, so holy and pure was the life he led." If philosophers would only condescend to read a little of Catholic literature, they would find that in many branches Catholics of centuries ago possessed as ordinary knowledge the information they think is the special distinction of our time; and Catholics practised as a matter of course the liberality of thought and judgment which the same philosophers formulate in high-sounding dicta, but which have not a particle of influence on their real views of systems and of men.

*Angels of the Battle-field,** by George Barton.—The object of this volume, the author says, is to present in as compact and comprehensive form as possible the history of the Catholic sisterhoods in the late Civil War. Mr. Barton found a good deal of difficulty in collecting materials, as one would readily anticipate. The humility of the sisters would naturally offer a bar, but he availed himself of public and other records and received information by means of an extensive correspondence with government officials. He was, however, able to gather from personal interviews with sisters many narratives which give to his pages the light and interest which belong to incidents from life. He possesses the vivid sympathy with action and suffering without which a history of this kind would be no better than dry bones. The devotion of these angels of the battle-field, as the title of the work so correctly calls them, is one of the most beautiful studies in human nature, raised above itself by grace, that one could meet with. They were exposed to danger—many lost their lives—to privation of every kind, while multiplying themselves in attendance on the wounded and dying sent in in undreamt-of numbers at times; but never did they allow their spirits to sink below the level of a cheerful, sympathetic activity, while frequently there was tenderness, coupled with fortitude which prevented it from becoming hysterical, as tenderness so often does when circumstances are peculiarly pathetic. They

* Philadelphia: The Catholic Art Publishing Company.

were able to repress their emotions in most cases, but not always; as, for instance, when three "blue-eyed, fair-haired lads were brought in." They were no more than children, ill of typhoid pneumonia, and "lay for days uncomplaining and innocent." They died despite the care bestowed upon them. Boys of this kind were mostly drummers and buglers, mere children of twelve years of age or so, and that fortitude should have reached an inconceivable height when pity for them would not display itself in tears.

The actual number of sisters who laid down their lives during the war will probably never be known, but there can be no question that hundreds did so. If the hospitals and system of nursing established for the emergency in the City of Louisville be taken as typical of the work performed by the sisters both North and South—and they can be substantially so taken when the circumstances were favorable—we have a fair instance of efficiency. Three large manufacturing establishments were used by the government as hospitals. They were divided into sections, each under the charge of a Sister of Charity, and so conducted that no sufferer was without a nurse.

There had been one battle and several skirmishes in Kentucky about that time. Within the hospitals hundreds of men belonging to both sides were suffering together, some mortally wounded, some so shattered in limb that amputation was necessary, some in the various forms of disease contracted in the cold, wet, and exposure of life on the march, in the camp, and in the field. The author is rightly touched by the heroism that surrounded those cots where enemies lay side by side in an agony which for many would only obtain surcease in the grave. He mentions what we can readily credit, that as the sisters passed from cot to cot a soldier shot through the body or with a broken arm would raise his pale face with a smile of welcome.

Some incidental descriptions of battles are animated, and we are sure our readers will find themselves moved for the better by this narrative of heroic charity on the part of the nuns, and soldierly heroism on that of the men to whom they ministered. There are seventeen excellent illustrations which help the interest of the story.

St. Ives,* by Robert Louis Stevenson, is a tale of the adventures of a French prisoner in England during the last years of the First Empire. M. de St. Ives is a prisoner of war in the

* New York : Charles Scribner's Sons.

Castle of Edinburgh, and though belonging to one of the highest families in France, is only a private soldier. Incidentally we learn that he had risen to the rank of an officer, but lost his commission by permitting the escape of a prisoner. The adventures, beginning with his escape from the castle, are sensational, and the perplexities in which a certain recklessness involves him keep the interest rather on the stretch. During his time as a prisoner he makes the acquaintance of a young Scotch girl of good social position, whose compassion caused her to buy from him little ornaments carved with a penknife. He and the other prisoners obtained by the exercise of their skill in this way the means to mend their fare and procure some little luxuries. It would hardly be right to enter more into particulars than to say M. de St. Ives is made the devisee of great estates in England purchased by his great-uncle, the count—spoken of as the first of the *émigrés*—that is to say, he was the earliest of them; for having realized his wealth, he purchased those estates years before the Revolution and went to live in England. He was sagacious enough to have smelled the Revolution from afar. The cousin, the Viscount de St. Ives, is a character drawn with much force; he is a villain of the loud kind, but made very subtle, swaggering, boastful in manner and melodramatic in appearance, and endowed with great astuteness. So far as we can follow the author's idea, we think that the insolence and fierceness of his disposition defeated plans laid and set in train with great skill and unscrupulousness. However, he is ultimately ruined, and the cousin is fortunate in all respects, ending as a married man and a great landed proprietor in England. Mr. Stevenson did not live to complete the work, but this delicate task has been accomplished successfully by Mr. Quiller-Couch from the author's outline communicated to his step-daughter and amanuensis, Mrs. Strong. If there be any fault to find with the design, it is that the difficulties in which M. de St. Ives involves himself are too many, but his courage and good temper sustain the reader, as they must have sustained St. Ives himself.

The Princess of the Moon, by Mrs. Cora Semmes Ives,* is a beautiful story for children and commends itself on its own merits, although its proceeds are devoted to charity. Fidelity to one's word, to the requirements of duty and mercy to enemies, are principles impressively taught by the charming authoress.

* New York: E. P. Dutton.

The Messenger of St. Joseph, or the annual issue of St. Joseph's House for Homeless, Industrious Boys in Philadelphia, ought to be a timely reminder to some of its wealthy readers of the small sum which is alone necessary to bring one more friendless boy within reach of its aid. The *Messenger* is not so much of a report as we could wish to see, although most of its papers have some bearing upon the good and solid work of this institution, which, much as it saves the State, has yet no State aid. Its managers say they are always anxious to find suitable situations for tested boys.

I.—AN ENGLISH BENEDICTINE MARTYR.*

The patient and exhaustive care for historical accuracy and detail which marks every page of this work shows that Dom Camon is a worthy successor of the late Father Morris. It is delightful to see the loving pains which have been taken upon every point, the recourse which has been had, not only to books and manuscripts, but also, when these failed, to living authorities in order that nothing may be left obscure. Witness, for example, the pains taken to unravel the tangle made by previous biographers and writers as to the John Roberts who is the subject of this biography and the Cambridge John Roberts. Dom Camon, moreover, is evidently intimately acquainted with all collateral matters, and so writes out of a full mind. He thus illuminates the surroundings, and does not, like so many writers of saints' lives, absolutely detach the subject of his work from all relation to the world in which he lived. He writes, too, as one accustomed to weigh evidence, as having the whole case before him not as a partisan or advocate. Thus, he allows that it is very difficult to know what proportion of the clergy in Queen Elizabeth's time refused to take the sacrilegious oath of supremacy. He gives interesting details on this point, especially with reference to Oxford, quoting the well-known testimony of Anthony Wood. A new point which Father Camon brings out (new to us, at all events) is, that the Inns of Court were looked upon as "hot-beds of Popery." Nowhere, Dom Camon says, might there be found so many Catholic priests as in the Courts of the Temple or Lincoln's Inn under the guise of the lawyer's gown.

On almost every page most interesting bits of information are given. Thus, we learn that in St. John's College, Oxford,

* *A Benedictine Martyr in England: being the Life and Times of the Venerable Servant of God Dom John Roberts, O.S.B.* By Dom Bede Camon, O.S.B., B.A. London: Bliss, Sands & Co.

to which the Venerable John Roberts went in 1596, it was the custom to study logic and the other parts of philosophy, and also rhetoric. "These they learn together, *i.e.*, at once to think correctly and express their thoughts with elegance and precision." Whether such a plan might not be useful nowadays to enable students of theology and philosophy to present the results of their study in a more acceptable form, seems a matter deserving of consideration. On p. 53 we learn that at Douai the Old Testament was read through and expounded twelve times, and the New Testament sixteen times, in three years; while at Valladolid the whole Bible was read as well as expounded in two years. The reading was during the dinner, the "first table"; the exposition during the "second" table. In this case, too, whatever may be thought of the time chosen for the purpose, it is clear that no pains were then spared to secure an intimate acquaintance with the Sacred Scriptures.

We will give but one more specimen, and leave to the reader the pleasant task of exploring for himself. This is a quotation from Cardinal Allen, who says: "We must needs confess that all these things have come upon our country through our sins. We ought, therefore, to do penance and confess our sins, not in a perfunctory manner, as we used when for custom's sake we confessed once a year." It would seem, then, that in ancient Catholic times it was the practice of presumably pious persons to go to confession but once a year. Cardinal Allen proceeds to urge upon the students at Rheims to whom he is writing that they should perform the Spiritual Exercises under the Fathers of the Society of Jesus in order to the perfect examination of their consciences—a means of grace, Dom Camon says, so dear and so familiar to them above all other religious. Is it, then, to the Jesuits that the remarkable change in this matter of frequent confession is to be attributed?

A pleasing feature of the work is the respect shown for the Jesuits and other workers in the Lord's vineyard, without losing sight of what may be considered the main purpose of the work—the bringing into light and due prominence of the work of the author's own order. Owing to the fact that hitherto English ecclesiastical history has been mainly written by Jesuits or secular priests, the Benedictine share of the work has been somewhat neglected; but if this most illustrious order finds historians so fully acquainted with the facts and so well able to place them before the reader as is the author of the present work, no longer will their work remain unknown.

2.—LIFE OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.*

This Life of the Blessed Virgin is meant rather for the devout and pious reader than for the theologian and controversialist. It is characterized by sobriety and solidity, and is free from empty sentimentality. There is nothing of the exaggerated or unreal in its tone. It is full also of instruction in practical matters, and thus serves a twofold purpose, placing before the reader the life of the Mother of God, and in so doing indicating to him the way in which his life should be made conformable to hers. While no distrust is shown of the traditions with reference to Our Lady's life, the disregard of which would be the mark of an uncatholic spirit, these traditions are not given undue prominence. Sometimes, however, we confess to a desire to learn the authority on which statements are made; as, for example, when the reader is told (p. 76) that Mary was at three years old large for her age. But doubtless, in a work primarily intended for devotion and instruction, its author has wisely abstained from always giving references.

The illustrations, although not quite so numerous as the title of the book would lead one to expect, serve well for the adornment of the work. We have to make one exception, however—the picture of the Coronation of the Blessed Virgin. The publishers, in our opinion, would have been well advised if this had been withheld.

In brief, the work is well calculated to promote true devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and to guide the serious reader along the paths of moral and Christian virtue.

3.—HISTORY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.†

Mr. Walpole in a prefatory note offers to the public this history in the hope that it may be useful to those who may not have leisure or inclination to read standard works which are (he assures us) necessarily voluminous. He hopes it may serve the purpose of a skeleton history of the church and may be useful as a book of reference. We regret to have to say that, in our judgment, Mr. Walpole's work is not calculated to fulfil these excellent purposes. In all there are only two hundred pages of large type, and of these two hundred pages thirty-six (a sixth of the whole) are merely a translation of the doctrinal decrees of the Council of Trent, as found in Denzinger's *Enchiridion*. To the period of time from the prorogation

* *Illustrated Life of the Blessed Virgin*. By Rev. B. Rohner, O.S.B. Adapted by Rev. Richard Brennan, LL.D. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *A Short History of the Catholic Church*. By F. Goulburn Walpole. London: Burns & Oates, Limited; New York: Benziger Brothers.

of the council (1563) to the present, the history of the church in all parts of the world is compressed into sixteen pages. It is consequently only the barest enumeration of a few isolated facts. The earlier part of the work is more satisfactory; but even here more space is given to the well-known passage of Lord Macaulay about the Jesuits than is consistent with a history so compendious in aim. As to the accuracy of the work, we have not tested it thoroughly; but the following is certainly a misleading statement: "In 1542 Pope Paul III. had established the Tribunal of the Inquisition."

We regret to have to speak in disparaging terms of a work the intentions of whose author are manifestly so good, especially as the multiplication of Catholic books is a thing ardently to be desired. Some regard, however, must be had for quality as well as for quantity.

4.—MOSAICS.*

This is the second volume of poems and dramas which have come from that classic retreat up in the mountains of Western Pennsylvania and from the pen of Mercedes. The first, *Wild Flowers from the Mountain Side*, appeared some twelve years ago, and such was the excellence of the verse and the high character of the poetic thought that the reputation of Mercedes as one of the sweetest interpreters of the religious muse became well established.

It is difficult for the editor of a religious publication to preserve any very high idea of what is ordinarily termed "poetry of piety," because any one who conceives an ardent thought and can write a jingle of words to it must rush into print, with the result that the experienced manuscript-reader has little patience with such effusions, and it is only when a striking name is subscribed or a more than ordinarily brilliant thought, like a meteor, flashes beneath the verse that his attention is arrested.

The name of Mercedes will give to verse a standing in most editorial sanctums. Her poetry is born of convent life, with its peace, serenity, and refinement. It breathes that atmosphere of devotion and study and consecration. It comes to us out in the madding crowd as a wafting of perfumed air from the conservatory to the hungry souls in the darkness without.

In this present volume, *Mosaics*, there are some very choice bits of poetic sentiment, and they show a maturity of thought

* *Mosaics*. Verses by Mercedes. Convent Printing Press, St. Xavier's Academy, Beatty, Pa.

and have a polish of expression which belong to the ripe mind. At random we cull one of these rarer sprigs—the cactus-plant which stood in the old south window :

“ A knotted and tangled thing,
 A heavy vine too awkward to twine :
 No tendrils to creep or cling,
 No leaflets of tender verdure
 E'er brightened its roughness there ;
 But it stood, like a wrong, so bold and so strong,
 A blot on that gay parterre.”

As a sort of appendix to the volume of poems are printed some dramas written for the misses at the academy. It is good to see these published, for there is often a great demand for this kind of literature. It would be not a little favor if Mercedes would gather all her dramas together and publish them. Her name would create for them a ready market.

Mosaics, printed at the Convent Press, is beautifully done.

5.—CANONICAL PROCEDURE.*

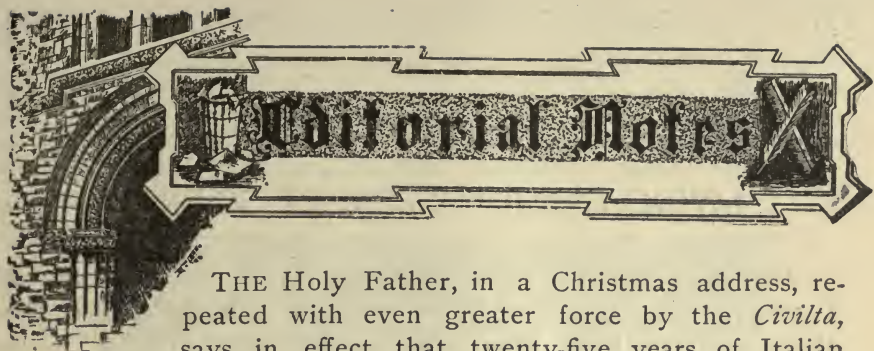
It is interesting to know that this book has gone to a second edition. When it first appeared it was clearing new ground in an almost unsurveyed land. Cases have been tried, to be sure, but a paternal government very often dispensed with forms and a stated canonical procedure, and little regard was paid to the set ways of the court-room and the exactions of the canonical judge.

As it was impossible to apply the old canon law without some notable modifications to the state of affairs existing in the church in this country, Rome set herself to bring about the needed adaptations. The principles being affirmed, the wisdom of the canonist was necessary to make the application to ecclesiastical matters in this country.

That Bishop Messmer has done this work with a prudence and a sagacity which have characterized his teaching as a professor, and later his administration as a bishop, the demand for a second edition is abundant evidence.

It is a book of this kind, written in a legal temper and becoming an acknowledged hand-book of procedure, that does so much to defend the rights of the cleric, on the one hand, while it conserves the prerogatives of the episcopal office on the other.

* *Canonical Procedure in Disciplinary and Criminal Cases of Clerics.* A Systematic Commentary on the *Instructio S. C. Epp. et Reg.* 1880. By the Rev. Francis Droste. Edited by the Rt. Rev. Sebastian G. Messmer, D.D. Second Edition. New York: Benziger Brothers.



THE Holy Father, in a Christmas address, repeated with even greater force by the *Civiltà*, says in effect that twenty-five years of Italian governing has proven a failure because Italy has counted without its host. An Italian monarchy which tries to put aside the Pope finds that he will not down. Calmly and forcefully the Holy Father says the only way to national peace is to retrace your steps and give the Head of the Church a place which his authority and influence demand.

There is an important article in the *North American Review* for January which seems to have escaped the notice of the secular reviewists. To our thinking nothing can be more significant of the right-about-face on the question of the necessity of infusing the religious element into the educational life of the day than the publication in the ultra-American review of Hon. Amasa Thornton's statement concerning the saving of the Twentieth Century City by teaching religion in the schools. The whole article has the ring of true metal about it.

The settlement of the Manitoba school difficulty, while it secures the Catholic separate school as the ideal one, bids the Catholic people to take what they can get, and continue to demand more until they have what is theirs.

The masterly article on the "History of an Irish Cathedral" printed in this number is from the pen of Thomas Arnold, only surviving son of Thomas Arnold of Rugby, a brother of Matthew Arnold and father of Mrs. Humphrey Ward.

The annual meeting of the Catholic Missionary Union just held showed most encouraging results from the last year's work. The reports of the missionaries maintained and directed by the Union indicated progress and vitality. Non-Catholic missions have been uninterruptedly conducted in the States where these missionaries are stationed. Still, the directors feel that the real work of these missions is but begun, and that tremendous opportunities loom before them, which, if they had the funds, they might utilize to the home-bringing of many souls.

LIVING CATHOLIC MEN OF SCIENCE.

REV. GEORGE M. SEARLE was born in London, England, on June 27, 1839, his father being an American citizen and the child's foreign birth being due to the mere accident of a European visit. George Searle was actually born an American. A very few months later the family returned to this country, and the boy during his youth attended the Brookline High School, and later entering Harvard, was graduated from that institution in the class of 1857. Studies and disposition of mind alike contributed to fit him for a scientific career in the department of mathematics and astronomy; and shortly after graduation he took position as assistant at the Dudley Observatory, Albany, and devoted himself entirely to astronomical work.

The first early fruit of his efforts was the discovery of the asteroid Pandora, which took place on September 11, 1858, almost within a year of his graduation from the university.

Beginning with that period, his prominence in scientific circles has been maintained by various successful investigations and some noteworthy discoveries. Both at home and abroad the attention of men of science has more than once been directed toward the striking results that rewarded his labors. Having entered the service of the United States Coast Survey in the beginning of 1859, he was appointed three years later to the post of assistant professor in the United States Naval Academy, and served in that capacity throughout the remaining years of the war.

About this time the religious question becoming paramount in his life, he investigated the claims of the Catholic Church with the result of making his submission to her authority. He spent some time in the city of Rome. He returned to Harvard as assistant in the observatory in June, 1866, and remained there for two years, at the end of which time he entered the Paulist Community and began his novitiate in New York. In March, 1871, he was ordained priest, and since that time he has been chiefly engaged in the pursuit of scientific studies, while at the same time holding a professor's chair in moral theology and devoting some time to the apostolic labors of the ministry.

On the opening of the Catholic University at Washington, in 1889, he became professor of astronomy and mathematics in that institution, and remained there until June, 1897. While there he prepared a manual of apologetics called *Plain Facts*



REV. GEORGE M. SEARLE, C.S.P.

for *Fair Minds*, which has since become the most popular book of its kind in the English language.

Father Searle has contributed largely to current journals and reviews, has again and again figured in the pages of the

astronomical journals, and has had no little share in the advance of the photographic art, in which department he is a practical operator of considerable skill. He is the author of *Elements of Geometry*, a book which deserved to receive an extensive notice from a magazine of such weight as the *Revue de Bruxelles*.

Within the last month Father Searle has been invited to Rome to take charge of the Vatican Observatory.

REV. JOHN J. GRIFFIN, Ph.D., the Professor and Director of the Chemical Laboratory of the Catholic University at Washington, can be looked upon with envy by his fellow-chemists, for he can investigate, experiment, and illustrate in one of the completest laboratories in the country. He has also at his command an excellent working library, and, thanks to some good friends, he receives all the leading chemical periodicals of the world. This fortunate scholar was born near Corning, N. Y., June 24, 1859. His family removed to the New England States while the boy was young enough to justify his claim on Massachusetts as his home. His early education was obtained in the public schools of Lawrence. He did good work there, being graduated from the High School with honors in 1878. That same year he entered the college at Ottawa, Canada. Here he received the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1881; two years later the degree of Master of Arts was conferred on him. Then he went through his theology course in the Ottawa Diocesan Seminary, and was ordained priest in 1885. He spent his first year after ordination as instructor in elementary physics in Ottawa College. Then he went to work in the ministry as assistant priest in St. Mary's Church, at Cambridgeport, Mass., at the same time conducting classes in science at St. Thomas Aquinas' College.

In September, 1887, he returned to Ottawa College as instructor in physics and chemistry, which position he held with distinguished success for three years. But, as he was desirous of devoting himself especially to natural science, he severed himself from the college in 1890 and entered Johns Hopkins University as a graduate student in chemistry, with physics and mathematics as subordinate subjects. While pursuing his studies at Johns Hopkins he conducted classes in chemistry at St. Joseph's Seminary and at Notre Dame of Maryland. This meant long hours of hard work, but Dr. Griffin is not afraid of hard work, and he wins his students to love it too. One must

get on with such incentives as he knows how to hold out to the earnest worker.

While the professor was at Ottawa he was considered a specialist in electricity as well as chemistry. It was he that



REV. JOHN J. GRIFFIN, PH.D.

established the first isolated lighting plant in the Dominion; he may literally be said to have illuminated his college. He did the same for the Catholic University at Washington, where he now labors. He took his degree of Ph.D. from Johns Hopkins in June, 1895. He spent one of the long vacations in Europe visiting a few of the great German centres of learning. He was made member of the *Deutschen Chemische Gesellschaft*

of Berlin and of the *Electro-Chemische Gesellschaft*. He is also a member of the American Chemical Society. While at Johns Hopkins he worked on metatoluene sulphonic acid till he settled a question which had been in dispute for twenty-five years among chemists.

He has established at the Catholic University a chemical museum showing the processes and products of the chemical industries of the world.

In the subject of this sketch there exists a sterling excellence of heart with the most provoking lack of outward show. There is, too, a pronounced and very correct taste in the matter of literature. Dr. Griffin's private collection of books not scientific is one that can help to explain where much of his money goes. In the lecture-room Professor Griffin speaks slowly and with ease; in conversation his utterance is a marvel of rapidity. One must be an old friend to feel quite sure of what he says, and it is a pity to lose what he says, because it is fine-cut wit and humor generally, when it is not pathetic. In a word, there is much profit in the exercise of conference with him, and there is true joy in his friendship.

Pope Leo's great exertions in favor of the higher education of the clergy in all lines should be proof enough that the strong light of science is not feared; in other words, the Catholic Church at the end of the nineteenth century, as through all the preceding centuries, is the promoter of learning in all its branches. The priest-scientist of to-day holds the same faith as the priest of other days, having simply the advantage of the accumulated experience of those other days added to his own researches. While falling into line with the real scholars, he does not, because he need not, modify an iota of his priestly tenets; he can and does adjust himself to the modern theories as far as they are tenable. This particular priest-scientist can best be characterized, as to his method of progress, as "unhasting, unresting."

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

GOVERNOR BLACK, in his message to the Legislature, has shown commendable penetration by a justly deserved recognition to the work for higher education, which embraces a wide range of volunteer forces under the patronage and direction of the New York State Board of Regents. Reading Clubs, Summer-Schools, small circulating libraries, and university extension lectures are all welcomed as factors in promoting general culture and self-improvement, without detriment to the legitimate claims of academies, colleges, and universities. This aggregation of educational institutions is known as the University of the State of New York. It is dominated by a wise policy of extending a helping hand to every group of professional teachers, regardless of their religious convictions, who are willing to accept a fair standard of examination and inspection. No sanction is given to the narrow minds darkened by bigotry who seek to make the wearing of a religious garb a legal disqualification for teaching.

The governor's tribute of praise is as follows:

"New York has in her University an organization nearly as old as the State itself. Its work has established its reputation at home and abroad. Those who plan for the future of the State know that its greatness will depend no less upon its educational interests than upon its material prosperity. All admit the value of elementary education, but many fail to understand that higher education pays equally as well. The common school draws mainly from the State, but for the higher institutions the field is boundless. Those who spend years in arduous training seek not the cheapest or the nearest, but the best; and if New York's schools are at the head they will be sought by students from other States.

"The recent administration of the University knows the methods of reaching desired results. Under it new currents are setting toward New York. Its field is broadening every year. The best educators believe that system is nearest perfect whose instruction does not end with the period of youth, but continues through the student's life. The library is a chief agency in this continuance. New York, the pioneer in many fields, was the first in this or any country to recognize by statute the efficiency of the public library as a part of its educational plan. We have over five hundred travelling libraries of the best books published. They are loaned to any community requesting them. Other States have adopted this part of our system. Knowledge gained from good books means increased power and better citizenship. The University has seen and developed this idea. Its progress has been rapid, its influence beneficent and lasting. Local free public libraries are springing up under its lead. In the last four years the number of libraries has increased from 201 to 340, and the books from 404,616 to 1,038,618. There is careful discrimination in favor of the best books, for reading produces evil as well as good results. It is a ladder which may be used to climb to the summit or descend to the pit. Thousands of doubtful books are yearly disapproved and local authorities are glad to accept the University's intelligent supervision. No State has before dealt with this question on so broad a plane. Our State library is by far the largest and most efficient maintained by any State. It is the centre of a great work, the strongest ally of the public schools, and its influence develops constantly. New York has been the teacher in these vital, new ideas and has received, the world over, most generous recognition. Its place in this important field is that of acknowledged leadership."

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Late in November a great meeting was held in the Royal University Building, Dublin, to honor the memory of Edmund Burke, and to claim for him a place among the founders of the new order of things. The Marquis of Dufferin presided, and the Most Rev. Dr. Healy, Bishop of Clonfert, brought to light some facts not properly understood by Mr. Lecky in his writings concerning the eigh-

teenth century. Rev. William Barry, D.D., stated that it had been the fashion to praise or condemn Edmund Burke as a mere conservative philosopher. But the idea for which he lived was not to mark time and leave the world as he found it. No one ever had a more abiding zeal for reform than he had.

He was, before all things, compassionate and a lover of his kind, feeling with a Celtic heart, which was easily moved, as he saw with Celtic eyes the world's vices, and must needs pity them and seek a remedy in cautious, charitable wisdom. It was a new spirit which he brought into politics. He was a reformer by due course of law. He could do nothing else when his eyes opened on that sad spectacle of Irish miseries, Irish patience, and Irish loss, which even at this distance we could hardly bear to read of, nor could we read of them without rising grief and indignation. Change—was there any one who would long for it more passionately than the precocious lad, the student of life and books, who in his person knew and felt as the Irish peasants felt, with an old Norman name, with Galway blood running in his veins, to leave the people without instruction in Spenser's fairyland, by the enchanted stream of the Blackwater, hearing, if he did not understand, the old Celtic tongue, fiery, sweet, and mournful, in Desmond, where the drums and trumpeting of three conquests had made a wilderness and left stinging memories? Surely he was face to face with the Irish question. It lived all around him; it addressed him with lugubrious language.

Burke's own words on the penal laws were: "The worst species of tyranny that the insolence and perverseness of mankind ever dared exercise; it was a machine of wise and elaborate contrivance, and as well fitted for the oppression, impoverishment, and degradation of the people, and the debasement in them of human nature itself, as ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man." It is to the everlasting honor of these Irishmen, Protestants, who brought this system to the ground. Swift was the great captain of the band; Henry Grattan, whose years of martyrdom bore witness to his sincerity when he exclaimed that the Irish Protestant never could be free while the Irish Catholic was a slave. To that immortal company Edmund Burke must be added. Look upon this starry son of genius and remember his career in London, writing passages in the Annual Register, one of that company of whom Boswell had written, none greater than the student from Trinity College, Dublin, and from old Abraham Shackleton's Academy, of Ballytore. He loved to talk of art with Sir Joshua Reynolds, of the stage with Garrick, of politics with Gibbon, and of the experience of life with Johnson.

There was a mingling of religious awe in Burke's philosophy. Johnson moralized, Burke speculated, and Johnson's was the fist of authority that struck one down. Burke's was the open hand of rhetoric which they were to grasp with equal apprehension. Burke died not so much of old age as of the Indian miseries, the great Revolution, the troubles that were coming thick and fast on Ireland, and of his son's death. He sank down in the twilight of the gods, which for him brought no promise of the new day. More remarkable than his powers of speech or his learning, which eclipsed every one else in Parliament, or his industry, was Burke's acquaintance with the only true and fruitful methods in politics that might assign him to that small group which counted among them Montesquieu, Adam Smith, and Emmanuel Kant. His appeal was always to concrete human nature, to the spirit of laws, and the social reason, which were above party and private judgment. He held that in all forms of government the people were the true legislators, and the consent of the people was absolutely essential to the validity of legislation. By such principles as these he judged the causes and guided his views during the thirty years of his political activity. He had no personal aims. He made no fortune, was not decorated, and died without a title, and he flung from him his last pension when the minister sought to regard it as a kind of retaining fee. All his plans tended one way, and were dictated by equality and utility in one commonwealth. Burke stood between two eras. He foreboded a mighty change, and left some imperishable literature. In his last year America was safe. Thanks to Edmund Burke, Europe was in the throes of dissolution; India was on the way to triumph over the system of Hastings. Burke gave himself inseparably to India, and it was a triumphant thought for Ireland that two Irishmen, Burke and Sheridan, were the great opponents of the Indian Cromwell.

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AMERICA AS SEEN FROM ABROAD.

BY MOST REV. JOHN J. KEANE, ARCHBISHOP OF DAMASCUS.



AN intelligent American comes to Europe not only to see but to learn. Conscious and proud though he may be of the excellences peculiar to his country, he knows that these are not spontaneous generations but the outgrowth of older conditions, and that, in order to appreciate them rightly, he ought to make himself acquainted with the conditions from which they have sprung or which have given occasion to them.

To his surprise, he soon discovers that his desire to learn is more than matched by the interest with which, in many parts of Europe, American ideas and institutions are watched and studied. This is naturally gratifying, and he thinks more kindly of those who devote so much attention to his country. It may become somewhat embarrassing; for he is apt to find that his questioners have been making a scientific study of social conditions and tendencies for which he has had no inclination and of which he has felt no need, and it is therefore no easy matter for him to seize the precise nature of their distinctions and the exact point of their inquiries.

At first he is apt to feel at a disadvantage and somewhat put to the blush. But upon examination and reflection he discovers that in his apparent lack of culture there is much to be grateful for. In America things shape themselves naturally, as circumstances dictate. Our action is usually not directed by scientific rules, but by the plain pointing of emergent facts. Our freedom of choice and resolve is very little

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hampered by traditional notions or methods or prejudices, and so, when good sense is not warped by interest, we do what the nature of things seems to demand. We often make mistakes, but by mistakes we learn.

INTELLECTUAL UNREST IN EUROPE.

In Europe it is quite different. They have the great advantages, and the very grave disadvantages, of centuries upon centuries of experience, and therefore of traditional methods and institutions. What once were helps may, by change of circumstances, become serious hindrances. To escape from them or modify them may be enormously difficult, for, says a noted English writer, "fetters of red tape are often harder to break than fetters of iron." Nay, to view things through any but their medium, to judge things from any but their standpoint, may be an intellectual achievement by no means easy.

Hence the intellectual unrest, nay, the intellectual strife, which we find everywhere in Europe. It is the struggle between those who feel the necessity of adapting thought and conditions to the new needs of the world, and those who hold loyally to old standards of thought and old methods of action, or at least look with misgiving on the new conditions that are forcing themselves in. Hence the feverish study of social questions and theories and systems—some acquaintance with which makes the American quite content with being less scientific, because less anxious and troubled, because more free to follow the manifest guidance of nature and of Providence rather than the inventions and conventionalisms of men. Hence the American's discovery that he and his country are watched with great sympathy by some, with just as great suspicion by others. To some, America is the climax of desirable and even necessary progress; to others, she is the embodiment of dangerous revolutionism. In both of these views a sensible American finds some truth and much exaggeration; and to hold his own course between these opposing extremes, to explain what the ideas and position and aims of his country really are, to show clearly in what they differ from the exaggerated notions of the one side or of the other, becomes a matter of no small difficulty.

DIVERGENT VIEWS OF SOCIAL REFORM.

But he is only at the beginning of his difficulties. Despairing of coming into sympathy with the reactionaries or of bringing them into sympathy with him, he naturally turns his

attention toward those who may be called the progressists. But, to his embarrassment, he discovers that they are divided into several schools, holding to different theories of social reform and insisting on different lines of action. Europeans, especially of the Continent, once they become interested in social subjects, are apt to devote to them a very remarkable amount of intellectual activity and even enthusiasm. By nature, and especially if they have had some university training, they are prone to aim at being original thinkers, at finding an original view or an original solution. By nature also they are far more prone than we to insist upon the details, especially their original details, of a system, rather than on its broad outlines. Then in eager, ambitious young minds there is apt to be somewhat of the spirit which made Cæsar say that he would rather be the first man in an Italian village than the second in Rome. The natural consequence of all this is that schools of thought, differing more or less from one another in theories and systems, are numerous and keep multiplying.

Had these schools a tendency to mutual understanding and co-operation, the result might be a very useful and creditable study of the great problem of social reform from many points of view. But, too frequently, the intensity of the European character, together with some tendency to self-assertion and obstinacy of conviction, seems to render this mutual understanding impossible. The result is, too often, an intensity of partisanship and of mutual hostility which it is not easy for us to understand. Let one illustration suffice. Father Antoine, S.J., in his *Cours d'Économie Sociale*, classifies the various Catholic schools in two great groups—the group of “Catholic Conservatives” and the group of “Catholic Reformers or Socialists.” Having carefully explained their general agreements and their special divergences, he concludes this interesting study with a sorrowful allusion to the bitterness and manifest unfairness with which the leaders of the former group accuse the latter of being, in their principles and their tendencies, if not in their professions, out-and-out socialists. After detailing the numerous encouragements and endorsements given to the various congresses of the Catholic Reformers or Christian Socialists by the Holy See, Father Antoine very reasonably concludes as follows: “It is astonishing to hear these accusations of socialism hurled against doctrines and procedure encouraged and approved by the Chief Pastor of the church.” But experience shows that these rival schools are proof against all such reasoning. No wonder that our Ameri-

can is puzzled. And no wonder if, after awhile, instead of meeting, as at first, with the courtesy due to a stranger, he finds his American ideas coming into collision with misunderstandings, misrepresentations, and invective.

THE AMERICAN SYSTEM PUZZLING.

He finds that our political system is a great puzzle to Europeans. When he tells them that we have the freest country, and yet, at the same time, the strongest government in the world, he seems to be dealing in contradictions. They have been used to consider liberty as a tendency to license, and authority as a tendency to despotism; and they have facts in abundance under their eyes to confirm their impression. Hence the American's candid statement of our system seems to them a utopian exaggeration. He explains to them the elements of the system and of its practical working, which render despotism impossible and anarchism absurd. But he will be fortunate if he can get them to understand. Their systems are based on the hypothesis of perpetual contest between irreconcilable extremes; ours on the hypothesis of the synthesis of centripetal and centrifugal tendencies, represented by the two great parties—tendencies which, though diverse and apparently opposite, really co-operate for the general welfare and constitute the stability of the system. Here is the root of their inability to understand us; they are traditionally and instinctively analytic, we instinctively synthetic. They see opposites in conflict, and take sides strongly, even bitterly; we see diversities that aim at the same result, and we try to bring them into harmony. So we are a puzzle to them; our politics seem bizarre; and this being the view ordinarily taken by their newspapers, they are apt to know really nothing about our politics except their eccentricities. Thus, a European said of late to an American: "Why, I really didn't know that you had any politics in your country. Oh, yes! by the way, I did hear something about Mugwumps."

In like manner, he finds that it is very hard for them to understand the strong tendency toward homogeneity among the diverse elements that make up the American people. In Europe they are used to the spectacle of races and nationalities remaining distinct and even hostile generation after generation and century after century. Such a spectacle as that presented by the Austrian Empire seems from custom to be a normal state of things. That all these nationalities should come to the United States and become a homogeneous people in a generation or two, seems simply impossible. Nay, to some, owing

to race prejudices, it seems undesirable. The American, of course, does not agree with them, because he knows that such cannot be the view of our Father in Heaven concerning the various branches of his family. But he finds it hard to convince them that this unification can take place without repression and coercion, such as they have witnessed in various European countries. He explains to them that it results from the natural tendency to assimilation among our people; that it would, on the contrary, require repression and coercion to prevent the young people of the second, and especially of the third, generation from being thoroughly Americans and nothing else. Fortunate will he be if they do not put him down for a dreamer. Fortunate, too, if he be not regarded askance as a conspirator against European institutions.

THE MAIN DIFFICULTY.

But the *pons asinorum* is reached when they come to ask him about American relations between church and state. They have been used to either church establishment or church oppression, church patronized or church persecuted. A condition in which the church neither seeks patronage nor fears persecution seems to them almost inconceivable; and when our American assures them that such is the condition in his country, they think him more than ever a dreamer. In European conditions separation of church and state means the exclusion of the church, and even of Religion, from the national life; it means the church regarded with suspicion, with hostility, subject to all sorts of annoying; hampering, and repressive measures. They cannot imagine a separation of church and state which means simply that each leaves, and is bound to leave, the other free and independent in the management of its own affairs; each, however, respecting the other, and giving the other moral encouragement and even substantial aid when circumstances require or permit. This, they recognize, while indeed a physical separation of church and state, would be in reality their moral union. Nay, they will acknowledge that a moral union of the kind would probably be more advantageous to both church and state than a union which would tend to blend and entangle their functions, with a probable confusion of wholly distinct ends and methods, likely to prove pernicious to both sides. And among past and present European conditions they can find plenty of sad illustrations to bring the truth home to them. But, all the same, when our American assures them that such is really the relation of church and state in his country,

and that, considering the circumstances of the times, it is the only practicable or even desirable one, then they are quite convinced that he is not only a dreamer, but even unsound in the faith.

From this we can understand with how great wisdom our Holy Father, Leo XIII., has warned us that we must beware of proposing as a norm for the nations at large the conditions which we find so satisfactory and so advantageous to the church in our country. Their situation, traditions, tendencies, dispositions, are totally different, and what fits us admirably would not fit them at all.

Because of this difference of stand-point and medium, they find equal difficulty in understanding our relations with our non-Catholic fellow-citizens. They have for centuries, and with very good reason, been used to regarding Protestants as assailants of the church, to be met, as it were, at the point of the bayonet. When the American assures them that, with the exception of a small minority of fanatics, such is not at all the attitude of our non-Catholics; that they are Protestants simply by force of heredity, and mostly in perfectly good faith; that we regard them as fellow-Christians who, through the fault of their ancestors, have lost part of the Christian teaching and are in a false position as to the church and the channels of grace; and that we, in the spirit of fraternal charity, are striving to lead them up to the fulness of truth and grace; again he will seem to them more than ever a dreamer, and more probably than ever tainted in his orthodoxy.

Hence their almost insuperable difficulty, for instance, in understanding and doing justice to the part taken by Catholics in the Parliament of Religions at Chicago. To them it seems treasonable collusion with the enemies of the Catholic Church and the Christian Religion. Our American may show them that it was neither meant to be nor understood to be anything of the kind; he argues in vain. He may show them the printed record of the Catholic discourses pronounced day after day, demonstrating that not in a single instance was there any minimizing of Catholic belief; but it is of no use. He may tell them of the missionary work done from morning till night every day in the Catholic hall; of the enormous amount of Catholic literature distributed to eager inquirers; of the general impression produced that only the Catholic Church could stand up among all the religions of the world, in the calm majestic dignity and tender pitying charity coming from her consciousness of alone possessing the fulness of the truth, and

from her consciousness too that it is still and ever her right and her duty to teach that fulness to the whole world; they only look on him in wonder, and go away staggered but not convinced. Occasionally, indeed, he will meet with more open minds, more capable of understanding and appreciating. Thus, when the plain facts of the case were stated to the Catholic Scientific Congress at Brussels, three years ago, the audience, not to be matched in Europe for intelligence and judiciousness, showed their sympathy and their approval in an outburst of enthusiasm not soon to be forgotten. Yet, once again, our Holy Father, knowing full well how totally different are the religious conditions and mental tendencies of Europe, has most wisely decreed that a parliament of the kind would there be unadvisable.

AMERICAN CATHOLICS AND MODERN LIFE.

The difficulties of our American reach their climax when his courteous critics express their sentiments concerning the sympathy of Catholics in America with the age, its ideas, and its civilization. To his simple mind it seems but reasonable that we should sympathize with the age in which Providence has placed us, and with any ideas, old or new, which tend to make life more humane; more just, more enlightened, more comfortable, more civilized. But he finds that his kind critics hold as a starting principle, coloring their view of the entire subject, that modern ideas and the spirit of the age are essentially and hopelessly Voltairean, infidel, anti-Christian. He assures them that Voltaireanism, infidelity, anti-Christianism are by no means the medium and mould of American thought, which surely is modern enough; that, on the contrary, Voltairianism is despised by all sensible Americans; that we are just as far from anti-Christianism as we are from the monstrosities of the French Revolution; that modern civilization with us has the spirit and influence of Christ as an integral and essential constituent. They listen with a smile of incredulous pity, perhaps with a frown.

The spirit has not quite passed away which filled with such bitterness the last years of Bishop Dupanloup. Long he had been recognized as the foremost champion of Catholic truth in Europe. When the Syllabus was issued, and so unjustly assailed by unbelievers as incompatible with modern life and civilization, he published a magnificent commentary to demonstrate the contrary. He repeatedly received encomiums from the

Holy See. He had shown that, in its best and truest and only true sense, modern civilization was entirely compatible with the religion of Jesus Christ, which is the religion of all ages. But forth leaps a journalistic Goliath who maintains that modern civilization, in any sense whatsoever, is incompatible with the Christian faith, and that whoever in any way accepts that civilization has lost the faith. Such a contention, in its obvious sense, was so manifestly false that only journalistic quibbles could make it appear tenable. But the quibbling was so able, so vehement, so loud-mouthed and persistent, that it captured multitudes; the great bishop and all who sympathized with him were denounced as traitors selling out the Christian faith to modern infidelity, and, as the summing up of all their guilt and all the odium they deserved, they were branded with the epithet of Liberals. Since that day Liberals and Liberalism are terms far more awful and condemnatory than heretics and heresy. And so our American, although laudably ready to thrash any man who would accuse him of deviating in the least from the church's teaching, has but a poor chance for a reputation of orthodoxy, since the survivors of this school have pinned on to him the label of Liberalism.

LEO'S ENCYCLICALS.

When Leo XIII. came to the Chair of Peter, the intestine strife among Catholics was so scandalous that, in his Encyclical *Immortale Dei*, he uttered against it words both of paternal pleading and of authoritative denunciation, especially against the newspapers that were ringleaders of dissension. But with little result. The attacks on Liberalism continued as before, and all the blame was thrown on it. Then the Holy Father, in his Encyclical *Libertas*, of June, 1888, clearly defined the several kinds of liberalism which the church condemns, as the abuse and corruption of liberty. These are: first, the repudiation of all divine law and authority; second, the repudiation of the supernatural law; third, the repudiation of ecclesiastical law and authority, either by the total rejection of the church or by the denial that it is a perfect society; fourth, the notion that the church ought to so far accommodate herself to times and circumstances as "to accept what is false or unjust, or to connive at what is pernicious to religion." Then he takes care to state plainly that the opinion is commendable (*honest*) which holds that the church should accommodate herself to times and circumstances, "when by this is meant a reasonable line

of action, consistent with truth and justice; when, that is, in view of greater good, the church shows herself indulgent, and grants to the times whatever she can grant consistently with the holiness of her office."

It was hoped that this would end the assaults of Catholics on fellow-Catholics; for surely none who cared or dared to profess themselves Catholics would be found outside of the very liberal limits here granted by the Holy Father; and surely none would be so fanatical as to brand Catholics with an epithet which, in its theological signification as defined by the Pope himself, was so evidently inapplicable to them. But narrowness and fanaticism have shown themselves capable of even that.

So much allowance must be made for European traditionalism, that we can very well have patience with the quixotic onslaughts on the bugbear of Liberalism by men and journals that legitimately inherit the mania. We can even make some allowance for the virus of European periodicals making such erroneous and calumnious statements concerning American conditions and personages. But reasonable people can have no patience with the wretched thing when imported into America, or at least into the United States, where its exaggerations and injustice cannot plead the palliating circumstances of loyalty to old notions and lingering impressions. They can feel nothing but unmitigated condemnation for a periodical which accuses American Catholics of fostering the Liberalism which has antagonized and is still antagonizing religion in France! And they can feel little short of disgust for petty journalists who bring discredit on religion and scandalize multitudes by spreading abroad insinuations of heterodoxy against prelates from whom they ought to be learning their catechism.

AMERICANISM OF FATHER HECKER.

Intelligent interest in America and "Americanism" has of late been greatly increased by the publication in French of the *Life of Father Hecker*. To ourselves, Father Hecker has for so long been a typical embodiment of American ideas and aspirations—has been, as we express it, so thoroughly an American institution, and we are so prone to take American institutions as a mere matter of course, that his *Life* has not attracted in our country the attention it deserves. How very differently he is regarded in Europe, now that he has become known through the translation of his life into French, is illustrated by the fact that the work has run through four editions

in a few months, and that there is now a strong demand for its translation into Italian. Hecker is a revelation to them, a revelation of what America is and what Americanism means; not by any means a revolutionary revelation, but a most striking manifestation of what our Lord meant by "*nova et vetera*"—new things and old."

The impression has been intensified by the essay of Monsignor D. J. O'Connell on "Americanism." It is a full and clear definition of that often misunderstood term, and an illustration of its meaning from the life and writings of Father Hecker. Republished since in various periodicals, it was first read by its right reverend author at the International Catholic Scientific Congress at Fribourg last August; and when he read his conclusion, that the idea "involves no conflict with either Catholic faith or morals; that, in spite of repeated statements to the contrary, it is no new form of heresy or liberalism or separatism; and that, fairly considered, 'Americanism' is nothing else than that loyal devotion that Catholics in America bear to the principles on which their government is founded, and their conscientious conviction that these principles afford Catholics favorable opportunities for promoting the glory of God, the growth of the Church, and the salvation of souls in America"—the hearty applause that followed showed how fully the bulk of the distinguished audience agreed with him.

As might be expected, Father Hecker and "Americanism" have had their assailants. The adherents of the old schools could, of course, not permit them to pass unchallenged. And, if need were, some interesting stories could be told on this head. But the comparative mildness of the protests shows that the old bitter spirit of partisanship is passing away; and the disfavor with which the attacks have been generally regarded proves that the acceptance of providential developments is becoming universal, that the synthesis between these developments and devoted Catholicity, as exemplified in Americanism, is more and more generally recognized to be both possible and desirable, and that Father Hecker is carrying on an apostolate to-day more wide-spread and more efficacious than during his life-time.

So, God speeding the good work, there is reason to hope that, ere many years, America, as seen from abroad, will not inspire so much suspicion and dread, and that the American will find himself more at home among his fellow-Catholics of Europe.



THE POMPEIAN MAIDEN.
One of Aureli's most successful minor works.

A ROMAN SCULPTOR AND HIS WORK : CESARE AURELI.

BY MARIE DONEGAN WALSH.



HERE is, perhaps, no art so attractive to the eye or so fascinating to the mind as that old, old art of sculpture; which has come down to us as a priceless heritage from days when the world was young, and men worshipped the ideal of the beautiful. To the crude, untrained eye, unrefined by education and culture and unawakened as yet to the beauty of form and proportion, painting, with its strong brilliant coloring and fidelity to nature, appeals more forcibly. But once let us cultivate our taste by wandering amidst the fascinating realms

of this art, which is the expression and embodiment of our best aspirations, and we can no longer rest wholly satisfied with the sister art, which, though beautiful and entrancing, lacks the grand creative power of sculpture. The poet dreams of fairest fancies, the painter copies nature's loveliness; but the sculptor creates, and that power of creation appeals to our finite nature as the earthly symbol of the Mightiest Power, who created man to his image and likeness!

It is a great and terrible responsibility to be given into the hands of a creature, for the art of sculpture can not only enoble but degrade, according to the spirit of its exponent, and unfortunately this god-like gift from the earliest ages has been perverted by man to base uses. We cannot be too thankful, then, when the mantle falls upon worthy shoulders. In our modern maelstrom, with its highly cultivated brain-theories, its science, and its startling discoveries, there is no time for the ideal. It is apt to be crowded into the background; but fortunately there are exceptions even in this utilitarian century, and men are found with the courage of their convictions to prefer following the true, the pure, and the noble in art, to the passing fancies of the time, which bring at the best an evanescent success and a certain popularity in their day. These men are not content save with the highest and best that lies within them, and think their lives not lived in vain if they have brought their art in some degree nearer the ideal after which they honestly strive.

A living exponent of this—and I have no doubt there are many more in the great republic of art in every land—is the modern sculptor to whose work and aims I purpose to devote this sketch, in order to show, if in ever so small a degree, that the apostleship of art has its place in our scheme of the Catholic civilization of the world, as well as the apostleship of the press and the apostleship of good works; for never more than in the present time is pure, lofty Catholic art needed to be a practical helper in more active works of charity.

Cesare Aureli, as his name implies, is a Roman of the Romans, born and bred in the mighty shadow of St. Peter's, within the walls of that Eternal City which has been the birth-place of so many sons of genius, for Rome is not only the home of religion but the home of art, and amidst its inspired surroundings, where every stone speaks of the great artistic past, the future sculptor drew his first childish inspiration. Art meets us at every turning and corner of Rome, and more

especially must it have done so in the Rome of fifty years ago, when Aureli was a child, and, from the sculptured marvels of the Vatican and the Capitol to the humblest street fountains, which in their artistic beauty are a constant joy to the eye, found himself surrounded, as it were, by art; breathing it in the very air he breathed and drawing its influence into a mind already open to such impressions. Under these conditions it is little wonder that the boy grew up to be a sculptor.

With the usual contrariness displayed by the parents of great men, who never seem to recognize the inherent talent of their children and their marked leaning towards some certain calling, Aureli's father destined him for quite another career than that of a sculptor; and one, moreover, in which all his artistic talents were completely wasted. But his lady, Art, had marked the youth for her own, even at an early age, and his intense distaste for the profession proposed to him caused his father to withdraw his opposition and grant the dearest wish of the boy's heart to become a student in a sculptor's studio. Of course we can understand, in a way, the father's unwillingness that his son should follow an artistic career, for these early leanings towards art often turn out a bitter disappointment in later years, spoiling many an otherwise promising career, and the brilliant future that lay before the lad in thus following his true vocation could not be foreseen. Cesare Aureli became a pupil of the Accademia di San Luca (the great art school of Rome) and studied under the famous sculptor Tenerani. Afterwards he was a student in the *ateliers* of Professors Bianchi and Müller, both of them celebrated sculptors, the latter being the sculptor of the famous statue of "Prometheus," now in the National Gallery of Berlin. Provided under their tuition with a splendid art-training, Aureli set up a studio of his own and began serious work as a sculptor, starting from the very outset of his career with the lofty principles and singleness of purpose which have characterized him both as man and artist. Needless to relate, success crowned his efforts; and, as the young sculptor's statues began to attract attention, they were admired by an art public perhaps the most critical in the world, for their exquisite fineness and delicacy of execution, their imaginative power and their striking realism. As the sculptor's mind grew, his power increased, perfected by sedulous application to his work and the earnestness with which he went about it.

"I like to make my statues according to my principles,"

was a remark Aureli once let fall to a friend, in discussing some artistic topic; and that this is the keynote of his life



ST. THOMAS AQUINAS.

The Seminarists' Jubilee Gift to the Holy Father.

and the maxim which has governed his work, will be seen by the successive statues which have leaped into life under his

chisel: for after nearly forty years of ceaseless toil and patient, untiring energy, Cesare Aureli can point with pride to one and



ST. BONAVENTURE.

This statue won for the sculptor the decoration of the Order of St. Gregory.

all of his family of marble children, now scattered in many lands, knowing that in not one of them has he been false to

his principles or to the faith which is dearer to him than life; not one but can "rise up and call him blessed"—a blameless record indeed, in these days of unbounded license in matters of art!

But do not imagine that this sculptor of lofty ideals is a recluse from the world, a dreamer in a land of purest dreams far from the stress and hurry of every-day life. He is one of the most practical of men; keen, clear-sighted, strong in thought and action, a man of deeds as well as thoughts, whose vigorous intellect fully realizes that the church's battles must now be fought in the world more than in the cloister, and that we Catholics must be in the thick of the fight—not lagging in the rear, but armed at every point with skill and knowledge ready to fight our enemies with their own weapons. Indeed, the fond boast of Cesare Aureli's later years is that his fellow-citizens have elected him as *Consigliere Comunale* in the City Council of Rome, where his prudent and sagacious counsels make him a valued member and where he keeps the interests of the church well to the fore.

This may not seem an extraordinary thing, that a man should be able to mix in public affairs, be before the eyes of the world, and yet keep a sincere and practical Catholic; but any one who knows the Rome of the present day, with its irreligious government and strong anti-Catholic feeling, can realize to what temptations an artist and a man of genius like Aureli is exposed, since the enemies of the church strive by every means in their power to draw such as he to fight under their banner, knowing what a valuable ally he would be. But the loyal son of the church has passed unscathed through the ordeal and still remains strong in his high moral principles.

For them he has paid the price. Aureli is by no means a rich man, as he might easily have been had he ever sacrificed the integrity of his principles and given in ever so little to the spirit of irreligion. But his entire honesty and single-heartedness brings its own reward, and he is esteemed and loved by countless friends of every class and every shade of opinion. Liberal, atheist, and free-thinker as well as those of his own religion seem to turn instinctively to this broad-minded man, recognizing in him the true ring of native worth. Another example shows Cesare Aureli as a man of works; and that is his interest in the Catholic Working-man's Club, which is one of the finest institutions in Rome for young men of the artisan class, art-workers, etc., bringing them together and keeping

them true to their creed. Realizing the terrible dangers to faith and morals to which young men of this class are exposed, Aureli lent his valuable aid to the organization of the club, called "La Società Artistica-Operaia," in which men of the highest rank and influence in Rome take the greatest interest. Three gallant workers championed this most philanthropic cause: the well-known Cardinal Jacobini, who is ever zealously to the fore in works of charity; Count Vespignani (the architect of St. Peter's), and Cesare Aureli, the sculptor. They were, in fact, the co-founders of the club, which was to accomplish such a work of apostolic charity in a quarter where it was sadly needed!



BLESSED LA SALLE.

In the Church of St. John Baptist at Rheims.

Aureli is the general secretary, and is most indefatigable in his efforts for the cause, giving to it all the time he can spare from his profession and his duties as "Consigliere" in the City Council.

There is still another side to this highly gifted nature—another field in which Aureli's brilliant intellect plays its part, and that is the realm of literature. Besides his many other occupations, the sculptor is a literary worker, a poet and novelist of no mean merit, with a tender poetic fancy and power of description which would do him credit if his profession were that of literature alone. Always a profound student and thinker, his studies have served him in good stead, and though his lighter literary works teem with graceful fancies and true feeling, their moral standard is always high, and a deeper minor note of purpose and restrained power runs through the lighter vein in which he writes.

Aureli's principal work is a historical novel, *Giovanni Battista Pergolesi*, being the life-history, beautifully woven into

a romance, of the great Italian musical composer Pergolesi, who composed the music of the "Stabat Mater" and made his name immortal. The author has treated the subject with consummate charm and ability, as well as infinite pathos. Only an artist could have written the exquisite closing chapters, where he describes the sad death of the young musician at the early age of twenty-six, amid scenes of earth's fairest loveliness, completing the last stanzas of his grand hymn with his last breath!

Another work is a romance called *Adèle*, in which the writer gives vent to his strong feelings against the law of divorce. He has also written a series of critical essays, a biographical sketch of *Raffaello Sanzio*, another historical romance, lately translated into French, called *La Stella di San Cosimato* (The Star of Saint Cosimato), and a graceful little legend of Greek origin, *L'Origine della Pittura* (The Origin of Painting). From this short list of the works of his facile pen it can be seen that the sculptor has some claim to literary merit.

However, all that is best and greatest within him turns instinctively to sculpture, and the mistress he has served with such complete devotion has rewarded Aureli for his faithful service with a power beyond that of his fellows.

One cannot realize the full merit and great originality of this sculptor without seeing him in his native element, among his works in his Roman studio; and one of my most pleasant recollections is that of a recent visit to the quaint old *atelier* in the historic Via Flaminia, outside the Porta del Popolo, where most of Cavaliere Aureli's artistic work has been accomplished. Though outside the city gate, his studio is not far from the centre of Rome, being only five minutes' walk from the principal thoroughfare, the Corso, although remote enough from the stir of the city to be a quiet retreat where he can mature his ideas in the retirement necessary for their perfect development.

A hearty welcome from the genial master awaits all visitors who find their way to Cesare Aureli's studio; for, like the true Roman gentleman he is, his unfailing courtesy is not one of the least of his good qualities. The unpretentious entrance bears the mystic name "Aureli—Scultore" on its portals. Cesare Aureli is a man of fifty-four, of medium height, rather spare in frame and not at all robust in appearance, having the nervous organization so often possessed by artists; with grizzled hair and an earnest, open face whose kindly eyes look out at one with a frank expression. Like all true artists, he is exceedingly

modest and diffident about his work, and unwilling to descant at length on his achievements; but one cannot listen long to the bright, cheery conversation without feeling that his whole soul is in his work—that first great essential to success of any kind. He forms the most delightful cicerone to his own studio;



CESARE AURELI, SCULPTOR.

but beforehand we warn any one who expects a fancy studio with artistic decorations, stained-glass windows, etc., that he will be highly disappointed at the reality of this one, for it is a veritable *studio*, where the real life-work of the sculptor's art goes on, and not one of the pleasant show-rooms with costly furniture, bric-a-brac, Turkish rugs, etc., that delight the eye in some artists' studios. It is Spartan-like in its severe simplicity, without the least attempt at decorations; and the walls are

literally lined with models and casts, antique and modern, bas-reliefs and sketches and portrait-busts, while all around stand models in plaster of the sculptor's various works. In the centre is the work on hand, or a figure in process of modelling in the rough gray clay, closely veiled as yet from the eyes of the curious. The most prominent object which meets the eye on entering the outer studio is the beautiful statue of the Blessed Virgin, destined for the mother-house of the Sisters of Charity at Emmitsburg, Md., which has been in hand for some time and to which the finishing touches are now being put. It is executed in the finest Carrara marble from the marble quarries of Serravezza, in the Carrara Mountains, and is of a most exquisite quality; pure, smooth, snowy white, and so fine that when it is struck with any object it gives out a metallic ring like bronze. Another quality of this particular marble is that it will not discolor with time, as so many marbles do, but remains pure and white as it is now. The figure represents the Immaculate Conception. Our Lady's foot is placed on the head of the serpent, and the earth and stars are beneath her feet. The expression on her face is spiritual and devotional to a degree, breathing such a spirit of tender piety and virgin purity that as we look upon it we feel that the Daughters of St. Vincent at Emmitsburg have indeed secured a treasure for their beautiful church.

To our untrained artistic eyes the statue seems perfectly complete in its exquisite finish, and we wonder when the sculptor tells us it requires nearly twenty days more to finish, it being placed on a thick pedestal which must be hewn off it, that work alone requiring fully five days.

We asked the professor how long it takes to execute a statue like this, and he replied five or six months; so it can be imagined what an arduous calling is his, for the statue is by no means a large size, though in exquisite proportions.

Not far from this is the large plaster cast of the statue-group which is perhaps Cesare Aureli's most famous work, "Milton and Galileo." It represents the visit of the English poet Milton, then in the prime of his manhood, to the aged philosopher and man of science, Galileo, in his exile at Arcetri, near Florence; and is a splendid group of masterly conception and workmanship, full of life and vigor and animation. The aged Galileo is seated with a globe in his hand, demonstrating to the young poet, who stands beside him, the laws which govern the motions of the planets and stars. Truly marvellous is

the contrast between the two faces; that of the youth full of manly vigor and strength, giving all the attention of his powerful mind to the philosopher, whose aged countenance, unmoved and calm in the serenity of an old age which had more than its share of care and sorrow, has something exceptionally noble in its physiognomy. Altogether, it is a group on which Aureli might be content to rest his reputation as a sculptor had he executed no other important works, which is far, however, from being the case.

Another statue in plaster stands near the Galileo group—a single figure representing a venerable old man, clad in sixteenth century costume and standing beside an executioner's block; his hands clasped over a crucifix on his bosom, his eyes raised to heaven with a look of dawning rapture on the saintly face, as if beyond these earthly mists he saw the lights of heaven shining! Noting our admiration of it the sculptor smiled, saying



LUCA DELLA ROBBIA.

gently "Beato Tomaso Mora" (Blessed Thomas More), and laying his hand on the statue with an involuntary caressing gesture, for it is one of his own favorites and an early work, proceeds to tell us how he conceived the idea of executing it.

From a boy Aureli has always taken a special interest in Blessed Thomas More; it is a character in its intrepidity and grand loftiness of purpose that singularly attracted him. As a boy he acted in the play of "Sir Thomas More," by Silvio Pellico, taking the part of one of his companions, and from that boyish interest in England's martyred chancellor arose the splendid statue he has now given the world. He told us an anecdote of how some critic had objected to the chancellor being represented with a beard, when in all his portraits he is clean-shaven; but Aureli, well up in his subject, retorted with the famous story that Sir Thomas's beard having grown in prison, the martyr, serene and tranquil to the last, when he was brought to the block to be beheaded, gently moved it away with a smile, saying, "This at least has done no treason, so why should it be beheaded?" And the sculptor intends to represent Sir Thomas the moment before his execution. This statue was sold to an English gentleman, and is now in a private collection in England.

Another fine cast is the figure of Luca della Robbia, the great Florentine artist and inventor of the famous Florentine terra-cotta work in bas-relief. All those who admire the exquisite bas-reliefs of Della Robbia will be interested in this portrait-statue; a nobly-thoughtful figure in Florentine costume, holding in his hand one of his beautiful medallions of the Madonna surrounded by garlands of fruit and flowers. The original of the cast is in the "Esposizione delle Belle Arti" in Rome.

A statue-group of Blessed La Salle is another of Aureli's recent works, which has brought him the highest commendation for its vigorous treatment and the lofty principle it implies. It is a living embodiment and might stand for a symbolic statue of "Apostolic Charity"—that grand work of souls to which Blessed La Salle gave up his life, and which is carried on so nobly by his spiritual children, the Christian Brothers, over all the civilized world. A grand ceremony took place at the benediction and erection of this statue in the Church of St. John the Baptist at Rheims, on the 28th of July, 1895, in the presence of Cardinal Langénieux, Archbishop of Rheims. A special interest attaches to it for Americans on account of the fact that

Cardinal Gibbons and Bishop Foley, of Detroit, were present on the occasion, and by the special wish of Cardinal Langénieux the new statue was blessed by our American cardinal.

It was offered to the church in the name of the Institute of Christian Brothers throughout the world, by their superior-general, Brother Joseph, as a memorial of their saintly founder. Monsignor l'Abbé Landrieux, the vicar-general of Cardinal Langénieux, pronounced a beautiful discourse, in which he made a graceful allusion to the

distinguished American visitors and to their country, which also shared in the act of homage they were paying Blessed La Salle through the Christian Brothers, who are so well known and valued members of our Catholic ranks. A replica of this beautiful statue was erected in May last over the tomb of Blessed La Salle at Rouen.

In the inner studio is the grand statue of St. Thomas



BLESSED THOMAS MORE.

The sculpture represents the moment before his execution.

Aquinas which adorns the new wing of the Vatican Library, a gift to our Holy Father Leo XIII., on the occasion of his episcopal jubilee, from the seminarians in all parts of the world. They chose a statue of St. Thomas for their jubilee gift, thinking it would be most appropriate for a Pontiff who is the restorer and faithful exponent of the philosophy of St. Thomas Aquinas; and they gave the commission to Aureli, knowing that he would enter into the spirit of their offering. That he has thoroughly done so will be recognized by all who have seen the intellectual force and profound erudition he has represented in this wonderful statue. Professor Aureli told us how the Pope had highly approved of the idea, taking such a paternal interest in the statue that, having decided it should be erected in the Vatican Library, he called Aureli to the Vatican to execute it there, and came down thrice himself to choose a position for it. From this circumstance arose a rather curious mistake which caused a great sensation in Rome, for it was bruited abroad that the Pope had been out of the Vatican to go to Aureli's studio, the fact not being generally known that the sculptor was executing the statue at the Vatican.

Not far from it is a subject quite different from the sombre majesty of the Doctor of the Church. It is a tiny cast in *gesso* of one of Aureli's most successful minor works, representing "The Pompeian Maiden," the heroine of Bulwer-Lytton's *Last Days of Pompeii*. She is represented sitting in a quaint Roman chair, with the nosegay her lover, Glaucus, has just sent her in a vase beside her; and in her hand she holds writing-tablets, while meditating what answer she will give to his letter. The youthful grace of the rounded figure and the fair young face with its Grecian knot of hair are most charmingly portrayed, as well as the expression of maiden hesitation and the shy delight of her first love. This statue was not executed for any special commission, but a friend coming into the studio and greatly admiring it, begged him to send it to the Berlin Exhibition, then taking place. The sculptor demurred, on the ground that so small a thing would never be noticed among so many larger works, but he ultimately consented; the statue was sent to the exhibition, and within a few days of its arrival Aureli received a telegram saying it had been sold immediately at the price he put upon it.

Still another variety of subject is the cast for the monument of Cardinal Massaia, the famous Franciscan cardinal and Abyssinian explorer, which is erected over his tomb in the

beautiful little church of the Capuchins at Frascati, near Rome. This statue is a striking example of faithful portraiture; a really life-like figure, vigorously executed—the grand old man



“THE AGED GALILEO, WITH HIS TIME-WORN FACE.”

resting after his life of toil and action, but with his mind still fresh and vigorous.

From this we turn to another grand and inspired work: the model of the statue of Saint Bonaventure, erected as a monument to the saint in his native city of Bagnorea; and as it stands in the chief square of the town it is almost of colossal size, and has beautiful bas-reliefs on the base of its pedestal, representing scenes in the saint's life, one of them being the

infant brought to St. Francis of Assisi by his mother, and St. Francis, blessing it, exclaimed "O buona ventura!" by which name the child was hereafter known. A circumstance relating to this statue of St. Bonaventure, which Cavaliere Aureli with characteristic modesty did not tell us, is that the Holy Father conferred upon him the order of "Commendatore of St. Gregory," in token of his appreciation of its sculptor's skill. There are many other things of beauty around, but we cannot notice them all; but must not leave without looking at the exquisitely lovely cast of the statue of "Saint Geneviève," executed for the venerable Cardinal-Archbishop of Paris, Cardinal Richard, and presented by him to his titular church of "Santa Maria in Via." It represents the saint with her foot on the head of a dragon, while in her hand she holds a lighted candle.

We also particularly admire in the studio a small cast in terra cotta for a statue of Joan of Arc; the pure young face of the maiden-warrior perfect in conception, with its rapt, spiritual expression looking upward as if in one of her visions of the "Voices," while she clasps a battle-standard in her hand. Professor Aureli laughingly declares he will reproduce this cast in purest Carrara when the "Maid of Orleans" is raised to the honors of the altar!

The most striking thing about Aureli's sculpture is the splendid naturalness of their pose; so strikingly realistic, with none of the mannerisms and stiffness which cling to the work of even some of our finest sculptors, for under Aureli's skilful hands the cold marble seems to take the flexibility of life. He tells me that by long association with them, and their being so intimately connected with the story of his life, these ideal fancies of the sculptor's brain are very near their maker's heart, and it costs him quite a pang when he is obliged to part with them at last. Two of his statues have gone to South America—one of the Blessed Virgin and one of St. Joseph; but the Madonna for Emmitsburg is his first commission for the United States. However, it is a certainty that when it is seen by our art-appreciative public at home this will be by no means the last. Already he has two orders from the Lazarist Fathers, and we ourselves feel sure that Aureli's work needs only to be seen to be appreciated; and we sincerely trust that when his statues are more widely known in America, it will be the beginning of many other commissions for the sculptor, who is undoubtedly a man of the highest ability and irreproachable integrity.

As our gaze wanders around upon all the different types his versatile genius has created, from the aged Galileo, with his time-worn face, to the placid beauty of St. Geneviève; from the rugged Traveller-Cardinal and the pure Madonna, with her compassionate smile, to rest upon the calm, strong intellectuality of St. Thomas and the inspired grandeur of St. Bonaventure, we feel that they all bear the impress of the sculptor's individuality and infinite variety of treatment.

The pleasant hour in the studio passed all too quickly. With grateful thanks for our reception, we take leave of the sculptor on the threshold of his studio, with his courteous Roman salutation of "*A rivederci*" ringing in our ears, as he stands bareheaded there at the feet of his beautiful "Madonna," which is to be a link between him and America. We carry away with us a not-easily-to-be-forgotten mind-picture of this Roman sculptor, who is one of a thousand—a simple, honest, manly man, with a high ideal he conscientiously follows; an artist to the finger-tips, and without any professions or Pharisaism, a sincere and practical Catholic, not ashamed but glorying in his faith. A man, in short, of whom we wish there were many in the working ranks of the church to-day.

A PURE SOUL.

BY HARRISON CONRAD.



QUFT I have yearned that with material eyes
 An immaterial soul I might behold,
 Holy and pure, with graces manifold,
 Bound unto earth, yet longing thence to rise
 On wings untethered through th' ethereal skies—
 From its own chords of heaven-tempered gold
 Unto its glorious Object clear and bold
 Pouring the measures of its symphonies;
 And yet, methinks, in God's own image made,
 So wondrous its divine-reflected light,
 That as the glooms before the sunshine fade,
 Were sense corrupt to meet so pure a sight,
 Perish must I before that soul, arrayed
 In the warm splendors of the Infinite!

PADRE FILIPPO'S MADONNA.

BY MARGARET KENNA.

I.



ADRE FILIPPO!" The young mother pushed the door open, but the music of her voice floated in before her, deep and tremulous and low.

Padre Filippo started. He had been thinking of the Madonna. Had she appeared to him in the dusk, this woman with her great eyes glowing like black stars, and her blue veil folded pitifully about the bambino in her arms?

"Padre. Filippo!" The voice quivered and the stars faded from her eyes. Then he knew it was Maria, the flower-woman.

"Maria, can I help you?" he said, advancing and reaching unconsciously for one of the baby's hands.

"Yes, padre—perhaps."

She sank upon a stool and laid the child across her knees. Padre Filippo looked at her fearfully. Her face was wan and her breath came like sighing. Dust and wayside flowers were pressed into her rude shoes. She had come far and with little hope. Her husband had been lost at sea the night the baby was born, a month before. Of the twenty fishing-boats that had gone forth over the waves only one had come back. Now the village was starving. Padre Filippo was poor too—the poorest being in the parish. He had only pity to give. Often, when he had emptied his pockets for his people, he gave his supper to the birds; for the village, although so poor, was still frequented by the birds, and the broken-hearted, music-loving women lived in dread lest the song should be starved from their throats.

More than hunger and thirst and sorrow was told in Maria's attitude now. In her heart a great wistfulness was burning, and in the silence of her tranquil being she could feel her very soul shedding tears. From her birth she had been as an angel to the village. Her mother was dead, long years. Her father had touched her always as he might touch a little requiem flower. The men and women of the village had early learned

to take their lesson of life and death from the girl's holy lips. Even Luigi Roseti, the laughing sailor, had hung upon her prayers. Always she stood alone, and none guessed the pain of it to her. Her simplicity seemed imperiousness, but it veiled a child-like heart. Padre Filippo himself would never accuse or admonish. She had a terrible question to ask him now; yet she knew that it would be she who must answer it, and with simple, sad humility she knew that she would be strong enough to answer it. It was anguish to the shy creature to be strong against the world!

"Padre, there is a painter in the village. At the market this morning he bought forget-me-nots from me. He wants to paint me as the Mother of Christ. Padre, I am afraid of his dark eyes, but the bambino must die if I refuse."

Padre Filippo's white cheek flamed.

"I am poor, Maria my child, but I never thought to see you sell your beauty to a cheap painter—a man who has no reverence in his heart."

"You need not fear that I am deceived in the man, padre. I know that Raffaele is not come again. And the village is an innocent place—only Margherita Brumini and me have been as far as Naples to the *fiesta*. The men may forgive me for sitting to this painter, but the women—never! I know it all, padre; but there is Luigi in his grave"—through the window Maria pointed to the sea—"and here is little Luigi at my breast. There is the little Jesus in the church with no altar-flame to cheer him, and you, padre, with no wine for the Living Sacrifice, and here am I, Maria, with my beauty."

"Here are you, Maria, with your beauty?"

She clasped her hands to her lips, but they fell, startling to a murmur the baby on her knees.

"I must sit to this strange painter. All else has failed—the fisheries are wrecked, the fishermen dead."

"If I had strength left, Maria, I would go to Rome; but then I must be here to minister to the dying. The painter's gold means life and hope to the village. The women's hearts may bleed, but to the pure of heart all things are pure."

"I love the women," murmured Maria, with tears on her cold cheeks, "but I would let their love go to put bread in the mouths of the babies. If the painter does not paint a holy picture of the sweet Mother!—you know, padre—but, padre mio, it will be joy to me to see color in your cheeks once more! Joy, yes—I will pay for the joy with my heart's blood a thou-

sand times! I will sit to this painter"—she rose with the child in her trembling arms—"yes, by the first kiss the Madonna gave her Bambino and by the last!"

II.

Then straightway Padre Filippo left her and, climbing to the church tower, rang the bell.

The women and children and the old men were kneeling in weary groups before the Madonna's shrine in the street. Now and again a child's hands flashed toward the stars in pitiful pleading, or a mother, worn with praying, rested her cheek against the wall and let her tears fall upon the dying leaves of the vines that trailed about the niche.

It was Padre Filippo's way to call them together by the bell, and they had forgotten all but obedience to the angelic old man. The scents of spring-time drifted through the windows of the church, just as blithely as if the fishing-boats had not been lost at sea and old Madre Pellegini had not forgotten the stitches which served the village well, fifty years ago, when the fishing failed and the women lived by lace; but the altar-lamp was dark.

"My children," Padre Filippo said, "Maria Roseti is going to sit to this strange painter. She is to be the Mother of God in his picture. The bambino at her breast is hungry. I have not food to give her, nor have you. She is a flower-woman, even so lowly a thing as a seller of forget-me-nots in the streets, and you know, one and all, she has lived by her flowers as long as she could. Will forget-me-nots bloom in a soil which the good God has forgotten?"

"We have lived a life of holy dreams. There is scarce a man of us who would not lose his way in Rome, but we have seen the City of the Soul, as few have seen it—we have seen it in visions. I would die rather than break the dream, but God has sent us sorrows, more than the leaves on the tree, and we are all crucified together.

"Maria Roseti may be raised up as an angel of deliverance. She is to be the Madonna in the picture, and by the love you bear that divine Mother, cast no reproach upon this innocent child."

He stood a moment while his words went home to their souls.

III.

The young artist came to the square in front of the church to paint. There too came Maria Roseti, in a fresh blue homespun which she had washed that night in the cold brook.

Maria introduced Padre Filippo, and the painter said some gentle words; Padre Filippo did not speak, but a smile lighted his face. The painter might remember it afterwards, as a judgment or a blessing. Padre Filippo carried the tiny Luigi into the house, as he was not needed the first day.

"You must eat, Madonna, or I cannot paint you," Signor Giovanni remarked, laying a flagon of wine and a napkin on Maria's knee. "You tremble so that I could never catch the outline of your cheek."

Maria untied the napkin with swift fingers. It was full of olives.

"Please, signor, may I go to the padre a moment?"

He nodded and she ran away, but she might have known that Padre Filippo would not eat her olives. He was fierce in his refusal. Then she ran down to the village. A great fear overshadowed her that the women—those sweet, shy women, who had not been out of the village for centuries and had looked upon the Madonna until their own faces had taken on a very ecstasy of tearful modesty—might not speak to her; but she did not know what Padre Filippo had done for her in the church. They kissed her with a trembling reverence.

Maria gave them all the olives, and kept her hand in her great pocket, making it seem that there were more. When she went back to the painter he said to himself that his olives were already starting the pink in her cheeks.

"Do not be afraid of me," he murmured, seeing her tremble as he touched her veil.

"I have a mother at home who would love you, and I think of her as I work."

She smiled.

His fingers moved among his colors, as she had seen Padre Filippo's move over the keys of the organ in the church. She knew, as she saw him touch his passionate crimsons and plaintive blues, that he loved them as Padre Filippo loved the throbbing notes. Resting her chin in her hand, she regarded him now with the soft interest of a child.

"You would not dream how beautiful this land can be, signor, with the sky blue, and the babies' eyes blue, and the

forget-me-nots. Now the sky is cold, and the same chill that withers the flowers seems to have fallen upon the lovely eyes of every bambinello in the village. Signor, it is sad!"

"You will bring back beauty to the village, Madonna. I will work and work, and the angels will help me."

It was not often in his warm young life that he thought of the angels, and he looked from Maria to the sky.

All day the brush toiled on in his hand. Faintly, and yet more faintly, he captured the lights and shadows of the flower-woman's sad loveliness. When Maria spoke, it was but as a fragment of music, or the voice of a bird, and he forgot to answer. The sun set, and he stretched forth his arms as if to bid it stay. But night was come. Dimly, Maria saw on the canvas the woman she had never seen before, except on wash-days, when she chanced to look into the brook, when the ripples were still.

In his little house Padre Filippo was wetting the baby's lips with his last drops of altar-wine and praying in his heart for Maria. He had baptized her, had heard her first innocent, funny little confession, had given her her First Communion, and married her to Luigi Roseti, the sailor, his little Mary-lily.

IV.

The bambino was set, like a living child, upon the mother's knee in the picture; but Giovanni came to Padre Filippo in great grief of heart, saying that he could not paint Maria Roseti. The body had fallen away from the soul, and he could not set down in crimson and blue, in human passion and pathos, the spirit trembling beyond the flesh. He had grown old at his work, and—yes, the padre, who loved truth and hated a lie, could not deny it, he had failed!

"If what the painter says is true, padre mio, you may lay the village people in one great grave together."

"And plant myself as a cross to mark the spot," said Padre Filippo.

The painter gazed at Maria. Why had he painted only the human mother, when the divine one was before his eyes, pale and pure and dolorous beyond his dreams?

"Marry me, Maria, and come home with me across the sea."

"O God!" said Maria, touching the baby's brown hair, "have I not been once married?"

Padre Filippo stood before the picture. His head was in darkness, but the sunlight played with the fringes of his old cassock. As he turned away his sleeve brushed the Madonna's eyes and lips. *He blurred the smile with tears!*

When the painter saw it, he fell on his knees, for the padre's touch had wrought a miracle upon the picture.

V.

Padre Filippo journeyed to Rome with the painter and the picture, and the Holy Father sent for Maria Roseti. The padre went back and brought her and the bambino. They travelled all one summer day, and at night he found shelter for them with a good old madre by the way, while he rested outside with the donkeys. When the Holy Father saw them standing in silent holiness at his palace gates he must have thought of the Flight into Egypt.

Padre Filippo passed through the marble halls, between two lines of Swiss soldiers, Maria walking humbly behind him, with the peace of one who has tasted life and death. She did not know that the world was at that moment kneeling before the new Madonna. She only knew that she was in the palace of princes and peasants alike, and that in her lowliness she was welcome there. When the padre led her to the Holy Father, she laid the baby in its swaddling clothes on the floor, and fell at his feet.

"Behold Maria Roseti!" said the voice of Padre Filippo in the twilight of the room.

The Holy Father pushed the blue veil from her head and laid his hand on her hair. She looked into his eyes. A tear glistened on his frail hand, and she wiped it away with her own little handkerchief.

"Maria Roseti, you have saved your people and given the world its divinest Madonna. The padre says the painter painted the picture, and the painter says the padre painted it. Tell me, child, was it the painter, or was it Padre Filippo?"

"Holy Father, the painter painted the picture of me, but it was Padre Filippo who changed it from me to the Madonna."

"Then shall Padre Filippo have the name and the gold!"

"Give the painter the name and the gold," said Padre Filippo. "Give me only bread for my people till the ships come home."

"And, Holy Father," cried Maria with radiant eyes, "bless the bambino."

She lifted Luigi in her arms. Padre Filippo knelt beside her.

"Maria Rosetti," the Holy Father's voice trembled with his great weariness, for it was the last blessing he ever gave, "may God give this child his mother's strong faith and perfect love! May God give his mother grace to see with her dying eyes the vision of the Holy Mother, which her love has wrought for the world—and may Padre Filippo know his own in heaven!"

Padre Filippo went out from the palace gates with Maria and Luigi. He carried a little bag of gold, and they rode away into the sunset.

Giovanni writes to offer Maria his laurels and his love.

Padre Filippo takes a trembling pen to answer the letter. "Signor," he says, "Maria Rosetti bids me write to you, in her name. She has written few letters in her young life, and she feels timid with ink and paper. She is at the brook now, washing the altar-linens, as the Madonna washed the swaddling clothes of the Bambino beautiful. Maria thanks you for your faithful love, but she was married for life and death to Luigi Rosetti, the sailor, and she is but a poor flower-woman in the poorest village in Italy. The Holy Father's blessing has come back from Rome with her. The hills are in deep bloom. One would think Our Lady had trailed her blue robe over the cold earth. The fishing-boats have come home and the grapes are ready for the wine-press.

"To-day is Maria's birthday and the women have crowned her with roses. She sends you this little cross and the one white rose. It is the gift of a simple heart.

"The birds must sing Vespers for me this evening, for I am weary. Glory to God, signor, and good-night.

"PADRE FILIPPO."



THE WEAPON OF FICTION AGAINST THE CHURCH.

BY WALTER LECKY.



AFTER reading a book of short stories whose only object was to blacken the Catholic Church, the thought a journalist expressed years ago came to me at its full worth. "The best weapon," said the man of the pen, "with which to fight Rome in America is fiction. A novelist can do more damage with one popular novel creating prejudice than a historian who has written the full of a library of books. Of course the historian is good in his way. His books are gold, to be sure; but it's the novelist that coins his gold and puts it into circulation, else it might lie in his mint known only to himself and a limited few of his friends. Circulation gives power, and power creates prejudice."

This journalist had long felt the pulse of the common people and knew how easy it was to form prejudice in their minds. It was only a question of getting them to read, as what they read was, in most cases, believed without even the proverbial grain of salt. They had no time to examine, simple belief being much easier; their betters, the expert novelists, had gone to fountain-heads and it was not their province to question the masters.

CONTROVERSY RUN TO SEED.

This journalist believed in his thought, as was evidenced from his continual preaching, both by mouth and pen, the praise of those books wherein, to phrase after his manner, "the harlequin Rome was painted in the darkest color." He believed he had a message—most wielders of the pen do. His was to keep an eye on Rome for the sake of the beloved Republic. We should not wonder that message-bearers feel the importance of the message so keenly that they are incapable of losing sight of it, even when their work requires its forgetfulness. In every book-review that this journalist begot—and like all his race he prided himself on his competency to say a word of enlightenment on every book that passed through his hands—message-absorbed and republic-loving, he took care to hint that the reader of the book under review would do well to con-

sult Mortimer's *Jesuit*, Lea's *Disclosures of Romanism*, or Miss Hunter's enthralling romance, *The Abbess Joan*. Perhaps his most memorable feat was in reviewing a book on ostrich-farming in California, and conveying his message in the shape of a eulogy on the *Chronicles of the Schönberg Cotta Family*, proclaiming that book to be pure history thrown in the form of fiction, the better to perform its mission, which was also his, to keep a check on Rome. "If ostriches could be acclimatized and successfully raised, what a boon to the Republic! They would be its saving. Catholicism was its destruction." It was his opinion that the enemies of Catholicism would soon discover that fiction was the most powerful weapon that could be employed against their old foe.

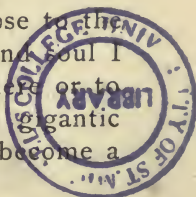
FICTION HOLDS THE MONOPOLY.

While dismissing him, I cannot but be just and allow him to retire with the honored name of prophet. Fiction has cornered the century and no genius is above its adoption. The poets who, in the days of old, wore the crown and were the lords of the earth and occupiers of the first benches, have retired, not only in favor of the three-volume novelist but even to make room for the short-story-teller, and novelist and story-teller, as well they may, have fallen deeply in love with their dignity and importance. The clamor of the commonplace is enough for most men to rest their dignity and importance upon. Now, to show these qualities, which were never held in as much esteem as we lovers of democracy hold them, their happy possessors, full of the wisdom that cometh by intuition, reject all creeds prior to their reign as childish and superstitious, supplying at the same time their own creed, which is modern, scientific, and expansive. In doing this they have to clear away the *débris* of the past, a most difficult undertaking, as even the greatest amongst them admit. But, when we know that this *débris* happens to be the Catholic Church, should we not read their books with less complaining about fair play? What should it matter what way an old building is pulled down, and yet "we," say the novelist and story-teller, "go about tearing down this useless and antiquated eyesore in the most approved fashion. We always begin with the columns and arches." To turn their allegorical language into simpler speech, they do not attack the common Catholic people, but their leaders, the priests whose portraits, no matter in what country produced, bear unmistakably the same mint-marks of prejudice and dishonesty.

PRIESTLY EXCEPTIONS.

If any good quality is found in a priestly portrait, it will be limited by the caution that he is not like other priests, that he is a man of science, a liberal, and getting ready to cast off the old absurdity. French fiction in depicting the priest descends to the most degrading art. An artist of the power of Hugo revels in drawing the most brutalizing characters as priests. Lesser artists outrage every canon of taste in order that their enemies, the preachers of religion, should be held up to the reader without a single redeeming quality. And since the days that Victor Hugo drew the priest of Notre Dame, French fiction in handling this character, and somehow or other it has become a pet figure, becomes more and more disgusting. Nor can one wonder when the animus of the writers is well understood and the morality of the race of readers to whom the vile caricatures appeal. French fiction is at its lowest ebb, godless and soulless; the finer characteristics of man are entirely swept away for the "half-savage human animal, without dignity, decency, or drapery." Poetry is banished, ideals smashed, beauty unknown; man is a sensual brute, and if there be a class lower than another, it is the teacher of ideals of the spiritual and beautiful—the priests. Now and then a romance writer may rise above his level and in a sentimental mood draw an Abbé Constantin—hugged, I am sorry to say, by not a few Catholics as a fine specimen of the priesthood. I should pity the future of Catholicity if the weak-willed, simple abbés of the Constantin type were to be its standard-bearers. If one characteristic more than another is to be found stamped in the lives of those who were the seed-scatterers of the gospel, it is virility. That did not make them a whit less gentle when gentleness was more needful than strength. It kept them from ever being thought weak; and of all failings what could be more deplorable in a leader of men than weakness? The French school is well aware of this fact, and in painting the priesthood skilfully shows it through their own malicious brain-puppets to have no backbone, to be irresolute and weak, willing to sell everything for a government stipend.

"How," asks this school, holding the portrait close to the reader's face, "can this little abbé, whose body and soul I have put in your possession, be your leader either here or to the spiritual dominions over which he claims such gigantic power? If he believed in his mission, would he become a



statue in his own home, reading his breviary and mumbling prayers for better days, while those who own my sway carry off his sheep, train his lambs to dread him as a wolf? That was not the way of his predecessors. But," continues this school, with sympathy in its voice, "the wonderful old church, like all human things, has had her day. She is fading and perishing from the face of the earth, and soon must be gone; and this, her last race of teachers, but tell of her corruption and decay."

FRANCE IS RETURNING TO MORAL SANITY.

To these vile pictures—scattered broadcast through translations found wherever men read—what antidote has Catholic France offered? It is hard to admit that the land of Bossuet and Dupanloup has had to go begging to other than Catholic writers for a defence—hard to think it must content itself with the half-hearted utterances of a Brunetière! Catholic France is dumb while her enemies call her but carrion, and hover over her as a flock of buzzards darkening the sun. And yet to the keen observer there are not wanting signs that France desires to rise from her long demoralization, to turn away from the voluptuous, monstrous, and morbid, the dishes on which she has so long fed, were there a voice of Catholic criticism to lead her to taste and morals.

The recent publication of a brace of books dealing with clerical life from the point of the cleric, and the enthusiasm that greeted their appearance, leads us to believe that, despite the long clerical campaign, there are many who still hold the true idea of the priesthood and want but the magic touch of a leader's hand to make its beauty known. And the priesthood should prepare for this leader, to help him to raise France again and subdue her with that larger life once her boast, now a fading remembrance.

THE TEUTONIC IDEA OF THE PRIEST.

German fiction has also tried its hand on the Catholic priest, as should be expected from the land of Luther; but the characterization, if duller than that of her Gaelic neighbor, is less vile. The Teutonic mind is readily capable of rough epithets, as Luther long ago substantially demonstrated, but it is just as incapable of the filthy refinement of the French mind. Germany could never produce a Zola. The priest of the German novel is cunning and full of casuistry, two qualities long held by German divines to be found in all those who were in any capacity affiliated with Rome. The Reformers found them, and

their brethren ever since believe in keeping up the good old tradition. This style of portrait may be best seen in a writer like Felix Dahm, who pretends, under the guise of fiction, to draw historical pictures which shall be both truthful and accurate to the times. It is, however, but a hollow pretence, unsuspectingly as it may read. In his *Last of the Vandals* he draws with imposing strokes Verus the priest, polished, astute, cunning, and soulless. He is a Catholic priest, but to Gelimer, the Vandal king, he passes himself as an Arian. When Gelimer is in the hands of his conqueror, Verus, the traitor, looks for his pay; and here is the edict read to him by the emperor's general, Belisarius:

“Imperator Cæsar Flavius Justinianus Augustus, the pious, fortunate, and illustrious ruler and general, conqueror of the Alemanni, Franks, Germans, Antians, Alani, Persians, and now also of the Vandals, the Moors, and of Africa, to Verus the Archdeacon:

“You have preferred to carry on with my saintly consort, the empress, rather than with myself, a secret correspondence in regard to the overthrow of the tyrant by our arms and with the aid of God. She promised, in case we should conquer, to request from me the reward which you desire. Theodora does not ask in vain from Justinian. Since you have established the fact that your acceptance of the heretic belief was mere pretence, that in your heart you remained a steadfast adherent of the true faith, and were recognized as such by your Catholic confessor, who was empowered to grant you a dispensation for the outward appearance of this sin, your standing as an orthodox priest cannot be questioned. Therefore, I command Belisarius by virtue of this letter to proclaim you forthwith the Catholic Bishop of Carthage. Hear, all ye Carthaginians and Romans! I proclaim, in the name of the emperor, that Verus is the Catholic Bishop of Carthage—‘to set upon your head the bishop's mitre and to place in your hand the bishop's staff.’ Kneel down, Bishop.”

This extract is sufficient to bring out the German idea of the priest as he steps through the long, laborious pages of the romance. This idea tallies with what English history, purporting to be real, paints the Jesuits to be after the success of the Reformation. The extract is sufficient to show how much Professor Dahm knows about the office he attempts to portray, a fact which has not gone unchallenged in the fatherland. Germany is a land of criticism, and the hideous caricature that may

go unrebuked in a Latin country will be ridiculed and shorn of its venom by German scholarship. And this scholarship is confessedly high among German Catholics. Their critics are as much at home in polite literature as in the literature of knowledge.

THE CRITICISM OF UNNATURAL NOVELS NEVER TRANSLATED
WITH THE NOVEL!

On this account the work of Dahm, Ebers, etc., challenged on its first appearance by a searching and salutary criticism from literary journals as able as any in the empire, loses its venom, no matter how masterly directed. A critic of the knowledge and force of Baumgartner or Hettinger will always be held in consideration by even the most audacious mud-slinger.

German Catholic criticism—or, for that matter, any kind of foreign Catholic criticism—is rarely, if ever, produced in English, while the novels it criticises are quickly turned into that tongue, proclaimed masterpieces, and placed on some counter in every hamlet of our land, to instil their poison without the slightest protest. Because Catholics have not bought the many hundred volumes of emasculated trash, published under the high-sounding name of Catholic Literature, the libel has gone out that they are not book-buyers. Nothing could be more absurd. They buy these translations, in most cases done into a very readable English, well printed, tastefully bound, and eagerly read them. The "Introduction" artfully enfolds a tale of the author, half biographical, half critical, the biography romantic, the criticism laudatory. The Catholic reader, knowing no better, having no guide to direct him, believes that the priests over the seas may be "curious," as I once heard one of them, with a grave head-shake, remark. The novel that had begot this shake had been thoroughly criticised and flayed by a Catholic critic, but as he wrote in German, his work was, of course, unknown to English readers. Yet, no sooner had I put before this reader the salient points of the review, wherein the novelist's reason for depicting the Catholic priesthood with ill-favor was shown in all its ugly nakedness, than he made the old query: Why don't we have something like this in English? Who would write it? I thought; and if it was written, who would publish it? The other day a bookseller declared that only two classes of books can sell amongst us—pious fiction and piety; and as his vindication, triumphantly pointed to Brownson lying on his shelf for many years, unhonored and unknown.

MODERN ITALIAN FICTION.

Italian fiction is in many respects similar to that of France, and it could hardly be otherwise, as France is the fertile mother from whence it sprung. Once Italian fiction was little less than charming, under the magic influence of Manzoni. Manzoni, however, is no longer a name to conjure with; other gods have arisen—the Pragas, Steechettis, and Vergas. Their battle-cry is realism at any price, and realism of the French school. Mr. Howells, who has long been engaged in introducing “Realists” to English readers, writes of one of Signor Verga’s books “as one of the most perfect pieces of literature that I know”; and again: “When we talk of the great modern movement towards reality, we speak without the documents if we leave this book out of the count, for I can think of no other novel in which the facts have been more faithfully reproduced, or with a profounder regard for the poetry that resides in facts and resides nowhere else.”

This, to be sure, is but Mr. Howells’ opinion, the opinion of one of Verga’s school, but it is sufficient to sell the book. What is Verga’s attitude towards the priesthood? Whatever it is, it will be found to be the attitude of his school, and books of his school are the only books to whom the honor of translation is awarded.

In his acknowledged masterpiece, *The House by the Medlar Tree*, Signor Verga draws the Italian conception, as held by his school, of a Catholic priest. Don Giamara is narrow and bigoted, a man of neither education nor piety, indolent and careless in the exercise of his official duties, flinging two or three asperges of holy water on a bier, muttering prayers between his teeth, or exorcising spirits at thirty centimes each. There is no love between him and his parishioners. He is not their father, but a cunning official who sells his offices at the highest price. Provided that his larder is full, the sorrows of the fishing-village in which his lot is cast trouble him little. He is, in fine, what we cannot think of in connection with the true priest—worldly. This picture of Don Giamara, repulsive as it is, may be taken as the most favorable of this school. It is not flattering, but then it is not further debased by immorality.

SPANISH FICTION IS ON THE DOWN GRADE.

Spanish fiction, while not as degrading as that of French and Italian, is nevertheless on the downward course. The

younger followers of Galdos and Pereda look to Paris for their inspiration. The priests that play in their pages are scarcely, if ever, an honor to the priesthood. They are weak, bigoted, and uneducated. Novelists of the power of Coloma and Bazan, and their rank is in the first class, in some way redeem Spanish fiction by their exquisite pictures of Catholic life and the delicacy with which the Spanish priest is drawn, in the midst of his flock, ministering to their wants. When the *Pequenaces* of Coloma was lately published in Germany, it was found that all the purely Catholic phrases that were not cut out were so twisted and toned down that the author could not have known his own work. This is but a specimen of the way in which the enemy grind all grist in their own mills.

Spain has, like Germany, a critical tribunal, by which readers may know the value of any study, whether of priest or people. The most eminent of Spanish critics are dutiful sons of the church, watching and dethroning the literature that would usurp her sway. Their criticism, brilliant and needful as it is, unlike the novels against which it is hurled, is unknown out of Spain. The novelists, on the contrary, find in every land sponsors whose highest ambition is to preach the greatness of their favorites.

THE PROLIFIC HUNGARIAN JOKAI.

Another country must not be passed over, and that on account of the genius of one of its sons, whose books are now widely read in English. Hungary has given us Maurus Jokai, who boasts a library of his own books of more than three hundred and fifty volumes, "bound, according to the caprice of the publisher, in a variety of sizes." Of this enormous literary production, the constant work of fifty years, about two hundred volumes have been translated into English. As Jokai tells us in his literary recollections that he came early under the influence of Sue and Hugo, this might be a sufficient index of the style of portrait in which his priests would be drawn. It is not, however, and this, possibly, is owing to the influence of German literature to which he has been passionately attached. His clergy are after the German pattern: weak, clumsy, superstitious, cowardly, shrewd, cunning, ambitious, close to the soil or walking in the skies as it is necessary to stamp the puppet. You feel that he knows nothing of their real life and that he owes them a spite, that no opportunity must pass without his spleen coming to the surface.

His methods of doing this are often amateurish, and suggest the efforts of the weekly sensational story-writer rather than the trained novelist. The whole scene of the Mass travesty in the cellar of the Countess Thendelinde's castle, and the simplicity, superstition, and cowardice of Pastor Mahok, as found in his novel *Black Diamonds*, is a point at instance.

Criticism so loses its head when the character of a priest is to be weighed that justice flies the scales. I have heard this scene praised as a masterpiece, an immortal creation, and a great many other phrases from the current language of criticism, a language used without the slightest appreciation of its value.

The Hungarian novelist has caught the trick, when drawing a priest with some favor, of impressing on his readers that this puppet is better than the other puppets on account of the ribbons he wears around his neck. Behold, says Jokai, he is both liberal and scientific, and these admirable qualities are his badge of honor. It does not matter if in the course of the novel the puppet lose the character with which the stage-master introduced him to the audience. That was but a gentle lapse of the novelist, who did not keep clearly in his eye that the puppet was labelled liberal and scientific, and so allowed him to fall into the common class.

Here is the way Jokai puts upon the stage a priest of this description. It is not without humor to the intelligent Catholic reader, who will at once scent the game of the novelist, which is to praise qualities ordinarily found in every priest, as making extraordinary the one in which they are found. This can have no name but that of dishonesty:

"The abbé was a man of high calling; one of those priests who are more or less independent in their ideas. He had friendly relations with a certain personage, and the initiated knew that certain articles with the signature 'S,' which appeared in the opposition paper, were from his pen. In society he was agreeable and polished, and his presence never hindered rational enjoyment.

"In intellectual circles he shone; his lectures, which were prepared with great care, were attended by the *élite* of society, and, as a natural consequence, the ultramontane papers were much against him. Once, even, the police had paid him a domiciliary visit, although they themselves did not know where-in he had given cause for suspicion. All these circumstances had raised his reputation, which had lately been increased by the appearance of his picture in a first-rate illustrated journal.

This won for him the general public. So stately was his air, his high, broad forehead, manly, expressive features, well-marked eyebrows, and frank, fearless look, with nothing sinister or cunning in it. For the rest, there was little of the priest about him; his well-knit, robust, muscular form was rather that of a gladiator. Through the whole country he was well known as the independent priest, who ventured to tell the government what he thought."

The literature of Russia and Norway, so much in vogue and so enthusiastically preached by a band of critics, who happen to control the leading reviews both in England and in this country, have no Catholic priest portraits in their literature. In one country he has never had a footing, from the other he had vanished long before the rise of its fiction. The novelists of Holland and Belgium but echo the tunes of Paris. Poland has but too recently opened her treasures, but these, as was to be thought of so Catholic a land, give the true spirit of clerical life.

The priest of English fiction, whether he figures in the pages of Disraeli, Thackeray, or Lever, is too well known to discuss. He is one of two types: cunning and polished, with Rome in full front of his eyes, or rollicking and devil-me-care.

THE PRIEST IN AMERICAN FICTION.

American fiction has of late entered this domain and given us a series of priest-portraits drawn from the libels of France, but considerably toned down, as our tastes are not as yet so piquant as the Gallic.

The books in which these portraits appear have had a large sale, and the critics of the same mind as the authors have not hesitated to proclaim these fancy caricatures as genuine portraits of the American priesthood. And as faithful transcripts will not the readers accept them? inasmuch as the authors or their friends, in crafty forewords, declare that they are but æolian harps registering impressions. If a favorable tune had been played on the strings it would have been all the same, but it was not so; what was played was registered without the slightest bias one way or the other. These writers never violate the impersonality of art; like Flaubert, they would rather be skinned alive. Their greedy, unthinking readers never question their fallacious theory; they accept lovingly the tyranny of their fiction.

As warfare, then, is proclaimed by the most powerful and in-

sidious foe—the fiction art—against the Catholic Church, and that in the most seductive and effective manner, by the breaking of her idols, the Catholic priesthood, it behooves the church to listen no longer to those who have been so long preaching the little influence wielded by the novel, but to awake to the power of the foe that so relentlessly confronts her and do him battle. She cannot even save her own from his rapacious maw by putting him on the Index, and yet she is not totally unprepared to give him battle.

It is a trained soldiery, not ammunition, that is lacking, not only to drive the enemy back and retrieve the allegiance of those who have wandered from her fold, but also to capture and convert to her standard many of those who now do her incessant battle. And how can this be done? There is but one way conceivable. "We must acquire," says Dr. Barry, "what an admirable priest of the French Oratory, M. Labertonnière, calls 'the concrete living knowledge' of our own generation. We are not," says this same writer, "left destitute of the principles on which to distinguish between good and bad. We, too, as Catholics, have our science of morals, our laws of the beautiful, our scales and weights of justice, our patterns laid up in heaven."

Why cannot we use these to sift, to weigh, to choose? By these may we not know the wheat and brand the tare? In order that this may be done, what can be more desirable than that for which Dr. Barry pleads so ably—an international society of "well-trained Catholic men of letters, whose task it should be to watch over the movement of literature as a whole," to judge it by Catholic principles, and proclaim its value, no matter where produced?

Fiction met in this way, world-wide as it is, challenged by a criticism as world-wide, would no longer have the tyranny it now wields. It could no longer hoodwink the public by playing puppets as men, nor, under the guise of being true to nature, caricature truth. Neither would it be able to lean against its old safety-prop, impersonality in fiction, and spit spleen and prejudice on nobility and beauty. The critics who heedlessly shout its glories and make its least duck a stately swan, would either find their occupation gone or else be compelled to write that which was legitimate criticism. A Dahm, Zola, or Jokai could no longer offer his priestly caricatures in open mart, and find men to unwittingly buy them as bits of truth, for such a critical tribunal as Dr. Barry outlines would have heralded to all that read the literary and ethic value of their portraits.

"PATRICK'S DAY IN THE MORNING."

BY DOROTHY GRESHAM.



CROSS the lough, over the park, up to my windows in the first flush of the bright March morning comes the shrill sound of the fife-and-drum band heralding the national festival. The well-known air, dear to the Irish heart all the world over and fraught with a thousand happy memories, is thumped and whacked and murdered with delightful originality, which makes one's spirits and humor run up with exhilarating velocity. I am on the floor and, regardless of creature comforts or inflammatory rheumatism, throw wide the windows to get the full benefit of the tune.

I see the boys tramping down the road in elaborate green decorations. The "big drum" is having it all his own way, and his musical, poetic soul is being spent to sound effect on his ponderous instrument. Never mind, it is glorious; and I feel an irresistible desire to execute a few steps across the room to the jiggy melody. In the breakfast-room I find a huge shamrock on my plate, which I proudly fasten on my jacket. Kevin is also so adorned and looks imposing, while even Nell is an Irishwoman for the day. There is an unusual brisk air over the establishment, gay laughs and subdued jokes echo everywhere; the band has roused them all, and filled them with coming expectations of still more exciting performances. It is a Fair Day in the village, and after Mass all the retainers will have the day, winding up with festivities at home. As I hurry out on my way to Crusheen to be in time for Mass, I meet the postman and pick out a letter from Kitty, to be shared with Aunt Eva on our way to the chapel. The day is lovely, carrying out the old adage that "March comes in like a lion and goes out like a lamb." The sun is quite warm, the mountains throw back their rays in glinting radiance, the lough is still as glass and blue as the cloudless sky above it. The fields below me are yellow with golden daffodils, and I mentally contemplate a floral feast on my return, if the children are not before me to carry off my treasures. The road is crowded with loaded cars and carts going to town; the country is deserted for the sights and amusements of the fair. Con is waiting as I come

out on the lawn. Evidently I am behind-time—"a true St. Thomas," as Aunt Eva calls me, and I cannot deny the affinity, protesting, however, that it is well to be saint-like in something. I pull out Kitty's letter while we drive down the avenue, and as I read it is almost like a peep at her sunny self. After paragraphs of teasing and banter, she becomes serious and says: "Are you by this time Paddy enough to rejoice with us in our peculiarly happy—glorious, so I think—feast? To me, since I can remember, Patrick's Day has always brought me a feeling of joy and pride different from all the other feasts of the year—joy that such a great soul was sent to plant the faith on our beautiful island, and pride that our forefathers never made the saint sorry that he had come among them. The flag he unfurled five hundred years ago floats to-day as radiantly after yearly, daily, even hourly onslaught from the enemy. I glory in being Irish for that reason above all others! In preparing my meditation this morning these thoughts came to my mind, and I send them to you versified as a souvenir of your first Patrick's Day in Ireland:

"Oh! Catholic land, my island home;
Bright emerald gem 'mid ocean's foam,
Loved by thy children where'er they roam,
My faithful, thorn-crowned Ireland!

When Famine stalked throughout the land,
Not checked by God's mysterious hand,
And smote in death each noble band,
Still lived the Faith in Ireland.

To crush thee persecution tried;
With hate and crime was power allied,
When fiercely raged the battle-tide
For the grand old Faith in Ireland.

Like brilliant star on sullen night,
Trembling and glittering, radiant-bright,
Rejoicing the pilgrim with its light,
Shone out the Faith in Ireland.

As a beacon-light o'er the stormy wave,
Shining aloft to guide and save
The mariner doomed to an ocean grave,
Flashed out the Faith in Ireland!

When the ruthless sword shed martyrs' blood,
 And hallowed thy soil with a crimson flood,
 Ready and bold her brave men stood
 To die for the Faith in Ireland.

Gone are those days of woe and dread,
 Mourn'd and shrined the immortal dead ;
 And Hope exultant lifts her head
 To crown Thee, faithful Ireland.

No longer in cave or mountain pass
 Gather by stealth brave lad and lass
 At break of day for holy Mass,
 As when penal days cursed Ireland.

When Freedom's light bedecks thy hills,
 And rapture every bosom fills,
 When with new life the nation thrills,
 May Faith still reign in Ireland !"

We are by this time going through the village street, and the crowds are so dense that Con has hard work to steer through the cows, horses, donkeys, and men. Around the chapel gates the throng is greatest. The country congregations for miles are filing into Mass, and when at last we find ourselves inside, the sight is magnificent! Not a spot unoccupied; men, women, and children are packed together, adorned with green ribbons, Patrick's crosses, and the whole is one sea of surging, emerald shamrocks! Father Tom comes out to begin Mass with bowed head, and as he faces the congregation to read "the Acts" and the long "Prayer before Mass" always said in Ireland, his eyes light up at the great, enthusiastic crowd assembled to thank God for the great gift that is in them. After the Gospel he speaks to them, as a father to his children, as a pastor to his people, a shepherd to his flock. Few, simple, and earnest are his words. Clear and forcible the old priest's voice falls on that unlettered throng.

"One of our dear Lord's last words to his Apostles before he left them was, 'And you shall give testimony of me because you have been with me from the beginning,' and to-day, my children, I repeat them to you. Those true Catholic forefathers of ours of happy memory have edified the world by the brave show they have made of the Irish faith that was in

them—and we, their children, are too often on this glorious feast their shame and degradation! Our spirits are high, and alas! get the better of us, and when we are in the public house and on the village street we give poor proofs of the faith of our fathers. Let us change all this to-day. I appeal to you all before the altar. Let every public house be closed after four o'clock this afternoon, and half an hour later you will all meet me here for the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Then, when our Lord has blessed you, I expect you will go to your homes, happy and holy Irishmen, and hold your rejoicing with your family, and God, I know, will be with you."

We stream out when the crowd has somewhat dispersed, and Con drives slowly through the village that I may see everything. The cows have been sold for the greater part or sent home, and the games and meetings of friends have begun. Country girls in holiday gowns, with their mothers, cousins, aunts, and sisters, parade up and down, bright, rosy, and blissful. The game of Aunt Sally attracts crowds, gingerbread stalls line the streets, a ballad-singer shouts out some topical song to a popular air, and the country boys hang on every line, loudly applauding a good hit at some local landlord or Dublin Castle. Children stand open-mouthed before the shop windows, telling each other what they should like of all the treasures so alluringly arranged behind the glass. On their right shoulders is fastened the Patrick's Cross, and the merits of each one is warmly discussed. The cross is made of a round piece of paper pinked and gilded; down the centre is a cross of bright ribbons, a marvel of coloring, the very thing to charm a child, and their little, transparent faces tell of the fascination. I see many of my old friends among the crowd, but they are too far off and engaged to take any notice of me. We drive out of town to Shanbally, where we are to lunch with Mrs. Baily. We have not met since the ball, and she is loud in her laudations of my donkey-driving, and is more Shakspearean and classic than ever. I have learnt to laugh now at my nocturnal adventures, and Aunt Eva does not spare me. Not a point lost, not a look missed, and we have much fun over my steed and myself.

Some hours later, going back to the chapel, the town presents an utterly changed appearance; the shops are closed, the streets are deserted, and every one is either on the road to his distant home or on the way to Benediction. We find the

people waiting and praying as we enter the chapel; and after comes the Rosary, nowhere so beautiful as in Ireland, the wail of the "Holy Marys" rising like a mighty prayer to her who is indeed their Queen and Mistress.

The *Tantum ergo* rings softly through the old building. With clasped hands and bowed head the old priest prays for his people before the Prisoner of Love enthroned above the kneeling congregation. What a sight in this age of scepticism!—the poor plain chapel, the venerable saintly priest, the ardent, devotional, impetuous people, who have cheerfully curtailed their pleasures and shortened their long-looked-for amusement to come here at the simple word of an old man. Oh, the wonderful power of a good priest, on whose very look and act hang the salvation of many souls! We linger till the last echoing footsteps have died away, and then steal away, awed, edified, enchained. Back to Dungar with the dying sun, Uncle and Aunt Eva coming for the evening to be present at the drowning of the shamrock. Great preparations for kitchen festivities have been made. Crusheen sends all its household, and a large party of the servants' friends come for Patrick's night by long-established custom. Father Tom arrives for tea, to show his approval of home-rejoicings to-night. The fun waxes merrily down-stairs, and sounds of hilarity and laughter come gaily now and then to us in the drawing-room. At nine o'clock Father Tom wishes to say good night, and Kevin suggests that he should see the visitors before he leaves. To speak is to accomplish, and we all assemble in the great old hall, Father Tom in a huge chair in the centre. With shy, roguish, smiling faces they gather round him and he has something pleasant to say to each one. Many *bon mots*, bulls, flashes of native wit greet his descent on them. Con is radiant at the *dacent* way the neighbors behaved this blessed and holy day, and as Father Tom's eyes fall on him a smile lights up his old face. Turning to Nell, he says, "Have you ever heard Con sing his 'Irish Jig is the Dance'?"

"Never," she answers in surprise, "and I should be delighted to hear him."

"Well then you must; you could not do so on a better night. Come, Con, stand out there and let Mrs. Fortescue see what you can do." The poor old fellow protests, but Father Tom's word is law, and he timidly strikes up, to an accelerated measure of Moore's "One Bumper at Parting," the following words, as well as I remember them :

I.

Me blessin's upon you, auld Ireland,
 The dear land of frolic and fun!
 For all sorts of mirth and divarsion
 Your like isn't under the sun.
 Bohemia may boast of her polkas,
 And Spain of her waltzes talk big,
 But they're nothin' but limp'in' and twistin',
 Compared with our own Irish jig.

CHORUS.

A fig for those new-fashioned dances,
 Imported from Spain and from France;
 And away with that thing called the *pollka*—
 Our own Irish jig is the dance!

II.

The light-hearted daughters of Erin,
 Like wild deer on their mountains they bound;
 Their feet never touch the green island,
 But music springs up at the sound.
 To see them on hill-side and valley,
 They dance the jig with such grace
 That the little daisies they tread on
 Look up with delight in their face!

III.

This jig was greatly in fashion
 With the heroes and great men of yore;
 Brian Boru himself used to foot it
 To a tune they call Rory O'More.
 And oft in the great halls of Tara,
 As the poets and bards do tell,
 Auld Queen O'Toole and her ladies
 Used to dance it and sing it as well!

Bravo, Con! never heard you better, is the universal verdict that drowns the old man's last notes. We are all charmed. Even Father Tom is excited, and cries out: "Now, Con, let Mrs. Fortescue see for herself what a real Irish jig is like, and after that she will think very little of polkas and waltzes, I promise you. Come, Thade, give us 'Paddy O'Carroll' on that

fiddle of yours." The dance begins, and the light step, agility, and poetry of the octogenarian are marvellous. The enthusiasm of the days long dead, when he revelled on the cross-roads and joined the village gatherings, when he footed at wedding and Patron, return to his old way-worn feet, and the sight is inimitable.

I have seen many jigs on the stage, very good ones indeed, but they were, after all, nothing but acting. Here in this ancient Irish hall, with a genuine Irish audience, Thade's native music, the old white-haired priest and Con, the central figure, will always stand out as one of my most racy, enchanting traditional pictures of pure poetical, whole-souled Irish life.



MEMENTO, HOMO, QUIA PULVIS ES.



REMEMBER, son of man, that thou art dust,
And unto dust returnest: bow thy head
In token of submission; hath God said,
And shall it not be done? Then let thy
trust

Be in His mercy, who will never thrust
Thy suppliant soul from Him; thy only dread
Be of offending Him whose blood was shed
That thou, too, might'st be numbered with the just.

Remember, man, death cometh, slow or fast,
And, after dark, the judgment, just and sure,
Of God, the upright Judge; wouldst thou secure
His favor, and a crown, when death is past?
Remember still thine end; live true, live pure,
So shalt thou rise from dust to life at last.



MOTHER MARY DE SALES CHAPPUIS.

A VISITANDINE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.



ON the 27th of July last the Mother Mary de Sales Chappuis who died at Troyes, France, in 1875, was declared Venerable by the Court of Rome. Thus the preliminary step has been taken towards the canonization of one whose long life was a continual marvel of heavenly benedictions and divine communications. Like St. John Berchmans, she is a type of the "extraordinarily ordinary" saint, who arrives at so high a degree of sanctity by the performance of every-day duties in a spirit of love of the divine good pleasure. Like her holy founder, St. Francis de Sales, she studied the Divine Model, she entered into his Heart, and she portrayed to the world in her life and teachings that the secret of sanctity is none other than to follow Him who is the "Way" in the path of his will, in performing our least action in union with him, despoiling ourselves of self, in order that the spirit of the Saviour

may animate us. She leads us to an entire confidence in him, and distrust of self, depending upon him every moment. Thus all Christians have in these latter times a model of sanctity for every-day life in this gentle exemplar of the sweet spirit of St. Francis de Sales. How many associate with the idea of sanctity those penitential rigors which few can support, and yet *all* are called to sanctity, which, in reality, is nothing else than the love and accomplishment of the divine will in all the details of life. A perusal of her life, published at 79 Rue de Vaugirard, Paris, will delight and edify all lovers of sacred literature.

The good mother, as she was familiarly styled by her contemporaries, was born in the little village of Sayhières, of the diocese of Bâle, Switzerland, on the 10th of June, 1793. Her parents were staunch confessors of the faith, concealing priests who sought refuge during the horrors of the Revolution, their home being a true sanctuary of Christian piety. Of the ten children of Monsieur and Madame Chappuis, seven consecrated themselves to the service of God. This devout family rose every night to assist at the Mass which was said in a place of concealment, and the little Teresa, then only four years old, perceiving that something secret took place, and suspecting that it pertained to the worship of God, begged to be allowed to accompany the others. As she was prudent beyond her years, this privilege was granted her, and at the elevation she comprehended all, the good God revealing himself to her soul in an ineffable manner. Later she was sent to complete her education at the Convent of the Visitation at Fribourg, Switzerland, and there the attraction she had felt from her tenderest years for the things of God developed into a religious vocation. But her affectionate heart, her attachment to her native mountains, her sweet family ties caused a terrible struggle between nature and grace, which lasted four years, reminding one of St. Teresa's struggle, in which she declares her soul seemed torn from her body, so that death itself could not have cost her more than her effort to correspond to the voice of God calling her to religion. Thus generous souls who are destined to do great things for the divine honor are early distinguished by the renunciation of self at a terrible cost, while weaker souls must have the cup of sacrifice sweetened or disguised under sensible consolations, else they would never have courage to drain it. Too often such souls ascend Calvary under the delusion of finding Tabor, and when they realize

where they are, they cast aside the wood for the holocaust and descend to the low valley of human comforts, frustrating for ever the designs of Eternal Love.

Notwithstanding her great interior sufferings, our generous Teresa Chappuis at length consummated her sacrifice by making her religious profession in the monastery of the Visitation of Fribourg. The victim, all through her long religious life, of physical maladies, she became more and more conformable to the likeness of her Crucified Spouse. Gifted with extraordinary lights for the guidance of souls, her subsequent life proved her divine mission to spread abroad the merits of the Saviour, and to enable souls to profit by them.

Chosen for superior at Troyes, and later at Paris, these privileged houses saw the inspiration, birth, and progress of those marvellous works of charity which have since been revealed—works which in the four quarters of the globe are making the Saviour personally known and loved.

She revealed to the Bishop of Fribourg the intimate communications of the Saviour and the divine operations in her soul, and his recommendation to her was to submit everything to the church in the person of her confessors, and to this advice the good mother faithfully adhered, even when obedience was, morally speaking, almost impossible.

For thirty-five years the confessor of the convent was the Abbé Brisson, who is *now* the venerable superior-general of the Oblates of St. Francis de Sales; *then* he was an incredulous young Levite, with an attraction for study and a zeal for exterior good works that gave him little inclination to remain some hours every day listening to the recital which the good mother made to him of the operations of God in her soul. "Who will deliver me from this woman?" he would sometimes exclaim in the bitterness of his soul, and he did not conceal his repugnance; but the humble nun must needs obey, and continued her manifestations, in which, against his will, the young confessor was destined to play so active a part. One day, at Mass, he prayed that if these manifestations came from God, a certain girl, a half "natural," who would confess to him that day, might recite passages he would select on going out from Mass. He took down a volume of the *Summa* and wrote at random three phrases, which he carefully placed in his pocket. On entering the confessional, before making the sign of the cross, the girl recited the phrases word for word, of which she knew neither the pronounciation nor meaning. This and numerous

other marvels failed to satisfy him or cause him to yield that co-operation in the works that our Lord desired of him. One morning the good mother assured him that he must no longer oppose the will of God; but

“He that complies against his will
Is of the same opinion still,”

and feeling his liberty attacked, as he ingenuously relates in his beautiful life of the good mother, he declared he would not yield even if he saw the dead raised to life. Raising his eyes in the heat of his vehemence, he saw our Saviour, and this vision touched and softened his heart and will, which henceforth became all enamored of the divine will. The foundation of a school and home for working-girls, whose faith and morals are always so exposed, was one of the results of these divine communications, and which developed into a congregation of religious sisters, the first of whom received the habit from the hands of Monseigneur Mermillod, when he desired to have a colony of them in his diocese of Geneva.

These fervent sisters of St. Francis de Sales are intermediary between the cloister and the world, and devote themselves to all kinds of exterior good works, leading at the same time a life of close union with the Saviour. Of the working-girls formed to piety in their first house over fifty entered various religious communities.

Thus we see fulfilled by these daughters of the good mother the first intention of St. Francis de Sales in founding the Visitation, which, according to the designs of God, had developed into a cloistered order, best calculated to preserve the traditions and teachings of the sainted founders. But the mission of our good mother to spread abroad the merits of the Sacred Heart of the Man-God saw its fulfilment in the establishment of an order of priests, the Institute of St. Francis de Sales, which gives to God and the church truly apostolic men, who for thirty years have, in various parts of the world, labored to propagate the spirit and teaching of their great saint, and the merits of the Saviour. The *Annals Salésiennes*, a monthly bulletin published at Rue de Vaugirard, gives the most interesting and edifying accounts of these works, their foreign missions, their conquests *of* and *in* souls, proving their divine mission more eloquently than words. They labor first at their own sanctification by a union of their own souls with the Saviour,

and hence their work in the souls of others bears marvellous results. Their great glory is to practise the teachings of the good mother, to profit by the lights she received so abundantly for them. It was for them that she suffered and prayed and received the divine communications for so many years before and after their establishment. It was the predilection of her heart, this great means of making the Saviour known and loved; and the rebellious young confessor, now full of years and merits, was the corner-stone in this new and beautiful edifice of the church militant, destined to grow and increase and fulfil, shall we say the prediction of the Abbé Bougaud?—that the true “devotion to the Sacred Heart,” which means the *utilization* of the merits of the Saviour, “will not reach the acme of expansion until the twentieth century, when consummate evil will find its perfect remedy.”

This chosen soul also co-operated with Monseigneur Ségur in forming the Association of St. Francis de Sales for the propagation of the faith, and through her influence the Roman liturgy was introduced into the seminaries of Troyes, banishing from the diocese the last vestige of Gallicanism.

Numerous congregations and confraternities are indebted, either in their origin or progress, to the co-operation of Mother de Sales, notably among them the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, the Sisters of Bon Secours, the Little Sisters of the Poor, etc., her universal, broad-minded charity being the resource of all the religious communities far and near, who undertook nothing of importance without first consulting the good mother, and if, as sometimes happened, God gave her no light on the subject proposed, she would simply say, “I do not see,” and nothing could induce her to give *her* opinion. On her death-bed she said: “I can say with truth that I have never wished to act of myself, but have always let our Saviour act in me; never doing anything but by his movement.”

Notwithstanding the great numbers of all classes and distinctions that constantly had recourse to the lights and counsels of the saintly soul, and the apostolic works which engaged her attention, nothing diminished her devotion and zeal for the perfection of the interior spirit of her own communities. Gifted with a great capacity of mind and heart, with her entire dependence upon the Saviour, she knew how to multiply herself and find sufficient time for everything. Like her holy founder, she was never hurried nor precipitate, never in advance of grace in her dealings with others, but in all awaiting the

moments of the Lord. All her direction tended to the exact fulfilment of the rule, according to the letter, but much more according to the spirit. Each order in the church has a *distinctive mission*, and consequently a peculiar spirit of its own. Hence the sanctification of each individual in particular, and of each community in general, depends upon the careful fulfilment of its own vocation, according to the words of St. Paul, "Let every man abide in the vocation wherein he is called." However good a thing may be, if it is not in accordance with one's vocation, it is contrary to the mind of the church, and certainly not in conformity with the will of God. We see St. John of the Cross inculcating this principle in the early Carmes, urging them to follow their own peculiar spirit and not that of other orders—good for them certainly. St. Francis de Sales and St. Chantal strongly insist upon this fundamental principle, clearly defining the peculiar spirit of the Visitation to be that of sweetness, humility, and retirement, since it was instituted "to give to God daughters of prayer, interior souls, who would be found worthy of serving the Infinite Majesty in spirit and in truth, who would have no other pretension than to glorify God by their abasement," "to honor the hidden annihilated life of the Saviour." Mother Mary de Sales had applied herself from her novitiate to the profound study of this spirit, and possessing it in its plenitude, she possessed likewise the gift of imparting it and making it loved. How she loved that spirit of lowliness, so recommended by her holy father, and which the Saviour did not disdain to follow during the whole course of his mortal career! All her chapters and instructions tended to the destruction of the spirit of self-exultation, to the consideration of our nothingness. "Souls who hold themselves as little nothings will have no evil days; they will walk in peace and always be contented in the Lord," she was wont to say, and her modest and humble demeanor, which was at the same time so sweet and gracious, convinced all that she experienced in herself the truth of her words. The very sight of her inspired devotion, and even when a child the neighbors would say of her "Let us go to look at the little saint of M. Chappuis." She knew well how to spiritualize the least actions, saying "there is nothing we have to do in which we cannot unite ourselves to God." "My Saviour, lend me your merits for this action; of myself I can do nothing." She received special lights with regard to that most necessary but material of duties performed in the refectory, our Lord showing her the graces he

bestows in this place, when the refection is taken with purity of intention and in conformity with his will.

Her teachings, and above all her example of fervor, have been, as it were, a tidal wave which has swept over the whole Institute, reanimating souls to labor at their perfection by the perfect observance of their rules, which is for them the divinely appointed means of sanctification.

When the good mother was elected superior of Troyes, she found that the work of the academy was not in accordance with the retirement and recollection of the cloister, and consulting our Lord, and referring to Annecy, to which, in deference to the wishes of St. Francis de Sales, all the houses of the Visitation owe a cordial dependence, she established certain regulations which, consulting the true interests of the pensioners, retrenched their "goings out" to three times a year, cutting off all that distracted them from their studies. This caused considerable commotion among the friends of the academy, as the Visitation was much loved at Troyes, and the daughters of the most distinguished families were educated there. The superioress was charged with "indiscretion," "ignorance of French customs," "ruining the school." The bishop was appealed to at a banquet by the Baroness of —, who declared she would withdraw her daughters and nieces from the academy rather than submit to such regulations. But Bishop de Hons was a man of eminent spirituality, and had consented to these reformatations, so in conformity with the sacred obligations of these cloistered religious and with the spirit of God, however much at variance with human prudence. He regarded his religious as the chosen portion of the flock of Jesus Christ, of which he must render a severe account at the day of judgment, and he did not consider it as the least of his duties to study their rules and their distinctive spirit, that he might lead them "beside the still waters" of their peculiar vocation.

The reopening of the school found only four pupils returned, and this number did not increase for more than a decade of years. But the good mother remained firm, and her community, worthy of so holy a superior, never uttered a complaint or made the least unfavorable reflection upon the cause of their reduced school. "The kingdom of God and his justice for us is our rule," said this enlightened woman, and the Saviour assured her that the day would come when they could not find accommodation for the numbers who, appreciating at last her

manner of acting, would confide their daughters to her. This was fulfilled to the letter, and up to the present day the Academy of Troyes has averaged yearly from seventy to eighty pensioners, who receive that refined and truly Christian education which characterized the brilliant women of the "grand siècle." Their minds and best energies were not wasted upon the straining-every-nerve process of so-called modern progress, which has not yet and never will produce a St. Thomas Aquin, a Scotus, or an Albertus Magnus. "And yet they held their place everywhere, these pupils of the Visitation," said M. Mermillod. Their minds and characters were formed upon the highest Christian ideals, and who can estimate the good which such souls are calculated to do in the world as mothers of families? They indeed spread abroad the sweet spirit of St. Francis de Sales and the merits of the Saviour. A roll of their weekly literary productions fell, by accident, into the hands of a man of letters, M. Colin de Plancy, then Secretary of the Académie de la Haye, in Holland. He was delighted with them and published them, to the great satisfaction of the readers of the *Netherland Review*.

When a great age and greater infirmities rendered Mother de Sales unable to walk, and the physician insisted that she should take the air, a devoted friend presented her with a donkey and little cart. This animal makes by no means a small figure in the annals of the academy, his tricks and adventures having given Madame Ségur the inspiration for her *Strange Adventures of a Donkey*. He would sometimes run after a wayward little one who had trespassed on forbidden grounds, pick her up, shake her vigorously, and carry her back to her mistress. He loved the children and willingly drew them in the cart. Sometimes he would put his head in a class-room window, where he usually received some sweetmeats. One day the confection proved to be gum-drops, which stuck in his teeth, causing him to make such grimaces as produced more hilarity than was desirable during class, so that the mistress unceremoniously chased the visitor away and closed the window, whereupon the donkey maliciously closed the *shutters*. One day, when the good mother had been absent some time at Fribourg, a little one who delighted in teasing the good-natured animal told him the good mother had returned. Seeming to understand her, he trotted off to the side door from which she was wont to emerge for her ride, and not seeing the familiar form he at length walked sadly away.

On being told of this incident the good mother said, "Ah! we must not even deceive an animal."

The children and grandchildren of the pensioners had a special place in her great heart, and each was brought to her to receive her blessing, and all that she said of it carefully noted and regarded as a prediction, which was always eventually fulfilled.

Doctor Recamier had an entire confidence and veneration for this saintly religious, making her, as it were, the protectress of his patients and his family.

Among the many gifts with which God enriched his faithful servant was that of prophesy, of foreseeing dangers and of obtaining by her prayers deliverance from them. Like St. Teresa, she had a great love for the least ceremonies of the church, and for the sacramentals—holy water, Agnus Dei, blessed salt, relics, medals, and for everything that tends to the divine honor, to pilgrimages, the saints, the souls in Purgatory, etc. But the great devotion of this elect soul was for the sacred humanity and the adorable Person of the Saviour. Pressed by him, she made many vows besides those of her religious profession, and among these were to "cut short" all thoughts not of the Saviour or for his glory, to do what she knew to be most agreeable to him, and to love his good pleasure. This was the ruling passion of her life. No matter how painful events might be to nature, she immediately adored in them the will of God. "As thou wilt, Lord. Since it pleaseth thee, it pleaseth me," she exclaimed in sorrowful occurrences. "To become a saint, we have only to say 'yes' to everything," and be "faithful to the grace of the present moment," were her favorite maxims.

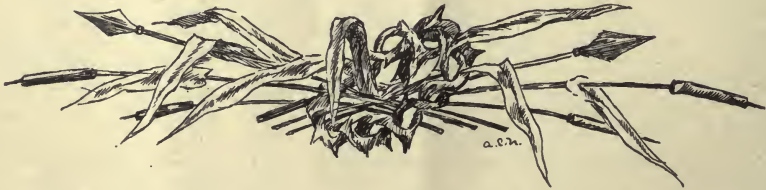
Shortly before her precious death two Oblate fathers bore to Rome their rules and constitutions for the approbation of the Holy Father. Monseigneur Ségur was there also in their interest. On meeting them he exclaimed: "Oh! you come for Mother Mary de Sales, and nothing will resist you; with her one can obtain all." Cardinal Chigi was present and manifested the liveliest interest in the new institute. "St. Francis de Sales," he said, "is the saint of my family; it was my uncle, Alexander VII., who canonized him." He knew the good mother, whom he had met when nuncio at Paris, and he testified a true veneration for her. Pius IX. received the fathers with much benevolence, examined minutely into their works, the course of studies pursued in their colleges, and expressed

his entire satisfaction; and within six months the rules and constitutions received the desired approbation.

Seeing at last the accomplishment of her mission, the good mother declared that her work was over; and in effect her end was near, for after several months of extreme suffering she yielded up her pure soul to God. After her death four sisters were employed in touching the holy body with beads, pictures, linen, etc., brought by the faithful for this purpose and which they piously preserve as relics.

In the convent cemetery a simple cross marks the last resting-place of the good mother, with the following inscription: "Our venerated Mother M. de Sales Chappuis, who died in the odor of sanctity October 7, 1875, aged eighty-two years and three months."

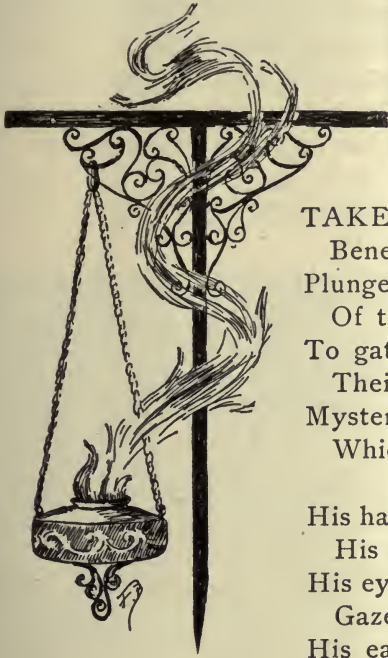
Terra-cotta statues of the seven angels who assist before the throne of God stand round this humble tomb, the gift or votive offering of those who have experienced her special protection, and commemorative of her devotion to these blessed spirits. There Monseigneur Mermillod went to pray, and obtained the conversion of an apostate priest; and there favors known and unknown have been obtained without number, through the intercession of this humble Visitandine, "whose good odor, in pleasing God, has overspread the hearts of the faithful."



GETHSEMANI.

“**M**Y pain seems greater than my heart can bear,
 Yet love greets suffering gladly, though it kill.”
 So Jesus in Gethsemani, in prayer
 Drained deep the chalice of His Father's will.

BERT MARTEL.



THE PASSION-TREE.

TAKE me, blessèd, sorrowing Mother,
 Beneath His Cross with thee;
 Plunge me in the lucent shadows
 Of the mystic crimson Tree,
 To gather from its dripping branches
 Their ripe fruits of mystery—
 Mystery of love, sweet, cruel,
 Which Jesus wrought for me.

His hands and feet are pierced with nails,
 His brow with thorns is crowned,
 His eyes, through clouds of clotted blood,
 Gaze heavily around.
 His ears with jeers and mockeries
 Are tortured, till the sound
 Drives in through all the quivering soul
 In shrinking anguish bound.



And who is He that suffers thus?
 What evil hath He done,
 That He should hang condemned and scorned
 As a most guilty one :
 Abandoned to such grief as that,
 May be consoled by none?—
 God's co-eternal, well-beloved,
 And own and only Son!

Creation's God, the Lord so great,
 And yet so good is He
 As other ne'er had power to grow ;
 Loved us so passionately
 He longed to die—for after death
 Transpierced His heart would be,
 To drench our lives in quenchless depths
 Of love's infinity.

Justice hath now her rights—nay, more
 Than justly she demands ;
 The sacrifice is Mercy's work,
 Who brooks nor bounds nor bands.
 His Mother, in her pity's strength,
 By Jesus bravely stands,
 Clasping Life's Tree that blood-dewed flowers
 May blossom in her hands.

Her tears rain grace on Passion-flowers,
 Love's blossoms, that will prove
 Sweetest of all those living fruits
 That we shall taste above,
 When up life's glorious Passion-Tree
 Our souls in labor move ;
 Clinging to Christ through sufferings, reach
 Heaven's summit of pure love.

And what do we return Him? Oh,
 Sad tears of sympathy!
 Our contrite hearts crave some small part
 In blood-veiled mystery.
 Sore-wounded doves, we'll nest to mourn
 In the fragrant Passion-Tree,
 Till love in death lifts joy's light wings,
 And we fly in Christ's sun-life free!

FOLLOWING.

In grieving wonder, dearest Lord,
 Our sad steps follow Thee
 Along the track of crimson drops
 That winds up Calvary.
 Alas! what burden bearest Thou
 By such a dolorous way?
 What sacrilegious hand hath dared
 On Thee disgrace to lay?



Our feeble hands have fashioned, Lord,
 This shameful cross of Thine ;
 Our weak hands woven cruel thorns
 To press Thy brow divine.
 And yet, forgive Thy children's wrong,
 And draw them yet more near,
 Until upon Thy throbbing heart
 Love's sacred sighs they hear!

Contrition's tears their gems for Thee ;
 Their prayers, contrition's flowers ;
 Their little strengths, sweet Christ, with Thee
 To share this Cross of ours,
 Patiently, almost merrily—
 Yes ; for Thou dost impart
 Most sweetly to Thy Cross-bearers
 The secret of Thy heart.

A STUDY OF THE AMERICAN TEMPERANCE QUESTION.

REV. A. P. DOYLE, C.S.P.



IN studying methods of prevention the more logical way is first to diagnose the disease.

Though drunkenness is known the world over, yet it is attended in America with peculiarly aggravating symptoms that make it a moral disease so alarming in its character as to demand the consideration of the best minds in order to devise remedial methods.

I take it for granted in this paper that there is a full appreciation of the extent to which the vice of intemperance prevails in the United States, so that I need not delay either to present the abundant statistics that are at hand proving the virulent character of the disease, or to quote statements from men of light and leading who have made this matter the subject of their closest study. We take it for granted, because the Church, usually so conservative, has selected this vice for special condemnation and antagonism, that there is a great deal more drunkenness than there should be.

The fact that intemperance in America assumes the proportions of an almost distinctively national vice is due to the active agency of various causes, among which three may be selected for special mention.

NEURASTHENIA CONDUCTS TO INTEMPERANCE.

First of all, there are exciting conditions in the American climate and in the character of the American people which are peculiarly conducive to intemperance. We are told by the medical fraternity that neurasthenia is a peculiarly American disease. As Cardinal Satolli once put it, in "the exciting business life and the sparkling, brilliant atmosphere of ardent America" there is need of special efforts to suppress intemperance. The bright flashing skies, an atmosphere surcharged with electrical influences, the eager strife for pre-eminence created by our peculiar commercial relations, the enormous tempting fortunes within the grasp of the stoutest runner, the anxious and worrying search for the golden fleece leading to overwork and strained vitality—all

combine to create a condition of physical nature that craves for the stimulus of alcohol. The fast living of an electrical age, as well as superheated houses, and the quantities of indigestible food prepared by unskilful cooks and bolted without sufficient mastication on the ten-minutes-for-lunch railroad style, produces a dejected and a depleted physical vitality that regularly demands the goad of the stimulant in order to keep the pace that civilization sets for it. This rapid and unnatural way of living, contrasting so unfavorably with the staid and simple life among European nations, makes the use of alcohol almost a necessity. People who live a perfectly natural life out-of-doors, with plain, nutritious food, may awaken natural energies sufficient for the demands that the daily routine of life makes on them, but the American people, with their overwrought nerves, must have the tightening of nerve-cords that will keep vitality up to concert pitch; so that, while other nations wherein these conditions scarcely exist, or if they do exist, exist in a small degree, may content themselves with light wines and beers, Americans must have their stimulants with forty, fifty, and sixty per cent. of alcohol in them.

ADULTERATION A CONTRIBUTING EFFECT.

Besides the aggravating tendency inherent in the American climate and the character of the American people as here and now constituted, there is a still further incitement to over-drinking in the systematic adulteration that is openly and avowedly followed. The art of adulterating liquors has in this country reached the precision of an exact science. While in every other land there exists governmental inspection, securing a pure, healthy drink, little or no attempt has been made in this country to inspect and control the sources of the drink-supply and maintain in purity the nation's beverages. Laws are made to inspect the food that is eaten. The Department of Agriculture has special charge of the cereals and food products. The various boards of health in every city in the country will, with keen analysis, subject the water and milk used to the closest scrutiny. As yet we have had no far-reaching and systematic endeavor made to maintain in their purity the wines, beers, or whiskies that are put on the market. But, on the contrary, the intoxicating drinks of the people are, with an ingenuity that might be saved for better purposes, adulterated with many poisonous and deleterious substances—one to give it one quality, another to hasten the chemical changes that in

the laboratory of nature can only be brought about by slow and natural fermentations. So, as a result of all this, it is noticed that the character of drunkenness in this country is different from that noted elsewhere. In other countries too much drink makes a man happy, it rejoices his heart, it awakes social qualities, and when surfeited nature rolls under the table, it quietly sleeps off the heavy potations; but in America over-stimulation awakens the beast within a man. He seizes a knife to slay his wife or he dashes his infant's brains out against a doorpost, or, like a madman, he runs amuck through the streets of the city until, captured by the police, he is put in the strait-jacket or the padded cell until the wild-eyed delirium passes off.

THE AMERICAN SALOON.

But in all probability the greatest cause of intemperance in America is, I do not say the saloon, but the peculiar character of the American saloon. The American saloon with all its accessories and concomitants, including its peculiar political and social power, the outcome of our political life with its manhood suffrage, is a unique institution. It is quite true that liquor is sold the world over, and every nation has its place where refreshments are dispensed, and these places differ as the characteristics of nations differ, for I suppose there is no place where human nature is so without disguise and free from restraints as in the drinking-places of the world, and consequently no place where the natural characteristics come out in stronger relief. The gay Frenchman has his cabaret. The stolid yet domestic German has his beer-garden, where he will gather with his family and sit the hours through quaffing his lager. The English have their gin-palaces; the Italians their wine-shops. In the East is the khan.

It is related of a great French explorer that, while pursuing his discoveries in unknown countries, he leaped for joy when he caught sight of a gallows, because to him it was a sign of civilization. So the public house has been erected in all civilized countries; but among them all the American saloon is *sui generis*, and there is a personality about the American saloon-keeper that differentiates him from his cousin in any other nation. His importance began with the era of large cities. After the war a peculiar conjunction of circumstances heaped the masses of the population together into cities. Thousands of loose, unattached elements, who had no home-life, but who had been accustomed to the wild scenes of camp

and the roving excitement of a soldier's life, came home from the battle-fields to earn a living for themselves. For them the quiet country had no attraction. Simultaneously with this set in the immense tide of immigration, when the growing cities became a place of refuge for the oppressed of all nations, too often a dumping-ground for outcast fragments of European peoples, and a gathering-place very often for the shiftless and criminal. The majestic city, with its immense wealth and its opportunity for social enjoyments, also drew unto itself all the health and vigor of the country.

At the same time reviving industries began to stimulate this motley gathering to unwonted activity. The smoke of a thousand factories seemed to darken the sky in a day, and steady streams of ready money began to pour into the hands of the toiler. Here was the wonderful spectacle that presented itself during the past generation: a gathering of immense masses of people, bringing with them the ideas and customs of all races, huddled together in unsafe, untidy, and unhealthy tenements, largely devoid of the responsibilities and sobering influences of the family, and knowing little of the quiet and retirement of home-life, and at the same time, through the manhood suffrage guaranteed to them and the ballots put into their hands, holding the reins of government, controlling the sources of legislation and law, and ambitious to fill offices of trust and power. The voting power the cities possessed was so influential that it became the dominant factor in national politics. The city political boss was the builder of party platforms, and set in motion and controlled the machinery that dominated the great movements of national politics. To be the local politician controlling votes, and to be able to deliver the requisite number of ballots on election day, was a tempting, at the same time a remunerative position.

AS A POLITICAL FACTOR.

To become such THE SALOON gave a man his opportunity. Through it he could pander to the appetites of this motley mass of urban population. It afforded him an easy way of making money, and at the same time it gave him the chance of controlling votes. It was a facile road to political preferment. As a consequence, ambitious, place-hunting men seized this way of riding to mastery over their fellow-men. The saloon often became the working-man's club. It was the centre of the social life of the district. Its absolute freedom from all

restraints made it the resting and lounging place of the homeless. It possessed the peculiar advantages of an utter lack of ethical standard, and this made it free to do as it wished entirely regardless of the moral welfare of the nation or the social well-being of the people. It consequently became the germ-centre of lawlessness. While it debauched some of the people with drunkenness and took from them that knowledge necessary for an intelligent ballot, it snapped its fingers at the law made for its restriction. Nothing was too sacred for it to blight with its degrading influence; the honor of the judiciary, the efficiency of the executive as well as the integrity of the legislature, went down before its threats or yielded to its fat bribe or coercing mandate. It became the unscrupulous and conscienceless tyrant of American politics.

Hence, the American saloon-keeper is a personality unique, whose counterpart cannot be found in any other land under the sun, and the saloon is not simply a legitimate agency for satisfying the thirst of the people, as it is in other countries where drunkenness does not prevail, but its avowed purpose in America is TO CREATE AND FOSTER THAT THIRST. By methods known to the business it deliberately sets out to get people to drink. It makes itself the centre of social life; it cultivates the habit of treating, with the tyrannical compulsion to drink when one does not want to do so. By the political pull the saloon-keeper has and by the office-brokerage he carries on he holds his slaves within his grasp; by salted drinks, of themselves provocative of thirst; by a fierce competition due to the over-multiplication of drinking-places, which brings it about that there are more saloons than butchers, bakers, and grocers put together; and by a multitude of other ways, with ramifications in and out of the life of the people, THE SALOON DEVELOPS A CRAVING FOR ALCOHOLIC DRINK, and it is this unnatural and over-stimulated thirst for intoxicants that is at the bottom of most of the intemperance in the country. These, then, are the principal agencies, with some minor contributing elements added to them, which have created a condition of affairs in America that has made the drink evil one of the most serious problems we have to deal with in our civic as well as our spiritual life.

METHODS OF PREVENTION.

In order to cope with such rooted as well as wide-spread evils, methods of prevention as well as of cure must be commensurate with the disease. We can scarcely hope to change

the nature of the American climate or the character of the American people, or to completely eradicate the American saloon, founded as it is in our political institutions; still, conditions may be placed that to a very large extent may neutralize the agencies that tend to intoxication. Like the cure of consumption, many remedies are suggested and different schools of medicine have their own way of dealing with the disease. New remedies are proposed every day, and, if we believe their advocates, are "sure" cure every time; but still consumption exists and counts its victims by the thousands. So various communities are at work applying what they deem a panacea for the drink-plague. In New York it is the Raines bill; in Pennsylvania, Brooks laws; in St. Louis, Missouri law; in Maine and some other States prohibitive state enactments; in South Carolina the Dispensary law; in the West and elsewhere high license is thought to be the remedy; in still other places local option is in favor, and in many others they say the introduction of light beers and wines will replace the drinking of ardent spirits. The constant agitation kept up in the discussion of these problems and in the enactment of these laws has undoubtedly done a great deal of good.

As we look back over the history of temperance work during the last fifty years, he who runs may see the onward and upward trend of the movement. There has been a constant and steady rising of the tide of public opinion. A half-century ago drunkenness was considered but an amiable weakness, and for the drunkard there was nothing but pity or sympathy; to-day it has been stripped of its false disguise and it is pilloried in the open mart as a horrid and disgusting vice, and in place of pity and sympathy the drunkard receives condemnation and punishment. A generation ago the drunkard-maker moved in the best society, his friendship was courted, he held the first seats in the synagogue; to-day there is none so poor to do him honor; he is ostracized from the refined social circle, his business is put under the ban, and even in the ordinary standards of legal morality it is surrounded with abundant safeguards, so that its evil-producing power is restrained as much as possible. Time was when it was thought that alcoholic drinks were a necessity for one's physical well-being; now it is known that the best health is compatible with total abstinence from intoxicating drink. Within our own remembrance it was not dreamed that the social circle could be enlivened without the flowing bowl—it had its honored place on every

festive occasion; now the advance wing of the temperance body has debarred even the social glass. In the world of ideas the energetic, determined, and advanced leaders of public opinion in temperance matters are forging ahead, and close to them hurries on a resolute band of followers, ready to accept and defend the position the leaders carry by assault.

This progressive movement is primarily the result of the educational work that has been going on during the last generation.

Even the methods of warfare are changing. The temperance sermon of twenty years ago was a realistic description of the horrors of drunkenness; to-day the world no longer wants to be convinced that intemperance is a dreadful monster, ruining families, destroying the peace of society, breeding vice, poverty, and destitution, because it knows it only too well. It knows now the disease and the extent of its ravages; it wants to know the best and most efficacious remedy. This is the great problem to be solved. And as public conviction as to the nature of the drink-plague has come through educational work, so too the public will be persuaded of the best remedy through that same educational work.

VALUE OF LEGAL ENACTMENT.

Undoubtedly the legal enactment has a distinct province in the work of suppressing the drink-plague.

Many leaders in spiritual things, because they have considered that they have had at hand an easy remedy for all or any moral evil in the grace of God and the sacraments of the church, have ignored the influence of the law in restraining drunkenness—have held themselves aloof and have left the legislators and the executive to their own devices, and as a consequence have deprived the law of just that ethical influence necessary for the attainment of its best results. They have overlooked the fact that there are other sides to the temperance question besides its moral side. As its evils are physical as well as moral, as its ravages are sociological as well as spiritual, as its effects are just as disastrous in this world as is its soul-destruction in the next—so other remedies besides those from the spiritual pharmacy of the church are to be applied to the universally blighting evil, and other methods besides the ordinary ministrations of the sacraments are necessary. In fact the ordinary ministry of grace proves inoperative, because intemperance in its last stages so destroys the natural man in

his reason, his will, his physical fibre, that the spiritual forces have nothing to take hold of or to do their work with. Drink deprives a man of intelligence. With the spark of intellect quenched what can grace do? Drink enslaves a man's will. Without free will he is not a moral agent. Drink plants the lowest animal desires in his heart. Without a God-fearing heart how can grace supernaturalize?

Moreover, the strong arm of the law is often absolutely necessary to cripple the agencies that antagonize the temperance sentiment. The law, with a large proportion of our citizens who have no authoritative moral teacher, is the only standard of morality, and therefore its condemnations can often render a thing disreputable. The law can restrain the vicious and can take away the stones of stumbling from the pathway of the weak. Though it may not make a people sober and legislate drunkenness out of existence, yet it can remove far from a man the temptation to drink, and thus allow him of himself to sober up. It can cripple, and even entirely destroy, the agencies that make a people drunk. The province of the law is to protect the weak and keep the vultures from swooping down on those who have fallen by the wayside.

A study of the wonderful mass of legislation that concerned itself with the liquor question during the last fifty years is like delving into a geological work, and as many curious specimens may be discovered there as a geological museum could show forth.

LAW MUST BE BACKED UP BY PUBLIC SENTIMENT.

Legislation has undoubtedly failed to accomplish results commensurate with the efforts put forth. And one reason why legislators have not succeeded as they should, is because they have forgotten that the source of intemperance is often within a man, starting from springs of action that are not and cannot be reached by any legislative enactments. Effective temperance work, while the agencies that incite to drink may be crippled by legal enactments—effective temperance work must originate largely in influences that will reach into a man's soul and get at the springs of his personal action. A bird flies with two wings, a rower propels himself with both oars; with one wing or with one oar neither the bird nor the rower can make any progress. So if temperance work is confined exclusively to legislative enactments, or even to religious influences alone, failure will undoubtedly result.

In America the most potent weapon lies in the sentiment of the people. Public opinion is America's god. It can do all things, and nothing is hard or impossible to it. At its shrine the greatest leaders bow down and adore. He who attempts to antagonize it is baring his breast to the thunderbolt, he who opposes it on him will it fall and crush him. Everything, then, that feeds and strengthens public opinion in its condemnation of the vice of intemperance is doing effectual work.

It is just on these lines that the great Catholic movement known as the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America is doing its work. Politically it leaves its members free to follow any stripe of temperance reform they choose. The country is wide and different sentiments prevail in various places, and as in the vegetable world what will grow in the South will not grow in the North, and *vice versa*, so as all reform must be the outgrowth of local sentiment, the National Union says to each and every one, "You may be what you want—prohibitionist, local optionist, South Carolina dispensary man, or what not, but first, last, and all the time you must be a temperance man"; that is, while the public position is taken in opposition to all agencies that foster intemperance, a private reformation of one's own personal habits is needful.

So vigorously has the great Catholic Temperance movement grown that, in spite of the fact that it demands very high and often heroic standards of its members, it stands to-day as one of the greatest Catholic fraternal organizations in America. It numbered at its last counting 77,254, having added 21,841 new members in the last four years. It has succeeded beyond all expectation, and its future is rich with promise.





“WAS EVER SUFFERING LIKE UNTO THIS SUFFERING!”
Christ at the Pillar. Bernardino Luini.

THE SCOURGING AND THE CROWNING WITH THORNS IN ART.

BY ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

“**W**HAT have I done to thee, O my people, or in what have I grieved thee? Because for thy sake I scourged Egypt with her first-born, hast thou delivered me to be scourged?” is the cry which comes to us in the Reproaches chanted on Good Friday, the music of which has come down to us from the fifth century. An exceeding bitter cry and one which has found a response in every generous soul, every sympathetic heart, from the first reading of the Gospel pages on which it is said: “Then Pilate took Jesus and scourged him.” For there is an ignominy in scourging which has been resented by the people of every civilized nation for their mariners on the high seas; an ignominy which the Roman governor would not have dared to inflict on any freedman of his own nation, which was held in reserve for slaves, and in after ages

for Christians; yet it is this very scourging which our Lord predicted for himself.

The dull thud of the whip, its heavy leathern strands falling on the quivering flesh, has sounded during the half-hour of meditation through whole ranks of religious in their stalls on the morning of Good Friday, all down these eighteen hundred years; through adoring hearts that gather, as silently as shadows, around the repository so soon to be dismantled, so soon to be deprived of its one Guest on his way to his mystical crucifixion. Other sufferings of our Lord have appealed almost altogether to the eye, but this one haunts the ear, as it does the imagination, of every son of Adam, of every daughter of Eve, on the morning of that day whose gloom no sunshine can dispel.

We read that Peter and his companions were scourged at the command of the council for preaching that "Jesus is the Christ"; that Paul, "five times, received forty stripes save one," since in the law it was written: "Forty stripes he may give him and not exceed; lest if he should exceed, and beat him above these with many stripes, thy brother should seem vile unto thee." We do not read that Roman executioners limited the stripes given to our Lord by any clause of the Old Law, while traditions unite to prove that a scourging was given cruel beyond the law, almost without measure, as if some demon had instigated those who found the Wonder-worker, the so-called King of the Jews, actually in their power. In fact, from first to last, we realize, with every fresh reading of the Gospel story, that each incident of his Passion had an exceptional cruelty, either for heart or soul or body, and this scourging has always been accounted without limit as to the number or ruthless severity of the stripes save the fear of depriving the cross of its prey. This tradition has been observed, and held fast to, from the time that Christian art was free to assert itself—free to illustrate the Sacred Text on convent walls or in those illuminated missals in which deeply meditative souls could venture to express their inspired convictions.

It is well known that the events of the Passion, even those of the crucifixion, were omitted on the walls of subterranean cemeteries. It was not until Christianity emerged from her hiding places that the cross, blazing forth in all the splendor of mosaic, gave the artist an inspiration to treat the subjects connected with the Passion of our Lord; and even so, this inspiration confined itself to the illuminating of the details of

the Passion, as given in the Divine Office, in the parchment folios which still make the treasury of renowned convents and monastic centres in Europe; later on, to certain metal plates, still to be seen at Aix-la-Chapelle, and to ivories. It was not until the Tuscan genius asserted itself, under the inspiration given by St. Francis of Assisi, that we find the scenes in our Lord's Passion taken up by series, as by Duccio of Siena for the altar of the cathedral in that city, by Cimabue, and still more notably by Giotto of Florence. It was on the walls of the church of St. Francis of Assisi that Cimabue began and Giotto finished a series of pictures representing the scenes in the story of the Passion, bringing in the scourging of our Lord; and this, too, in a way to be deeply revered, giving proof of the traditional treatment of this subject in the missals and antiphonals. It is represented as taking place in the immediate presence of Pilate, who is on the judgment seat with his mailed attendants, while scribes and Pharisees and Saducees stand opposite, witnessing the administration of the sentence as our Lord is tied to a pillar in the hall, his Sacred Face turned toward us. A certain barbarity of action is almost precluded by the circumstances under which the sentence is executed, and with all its humiliating conditions our Lord is venerable and worshipful under the cruel blows, while a look is made to pass between him and one of his executioners which seems almost to paralyze the arm uplifted to give the first blow. Singularly, this very look is found in Fra Angelico's picture of the scourging, although the surroundings are altogether different. In this is no crowd, not even one cruelly fascinated spectator. He is alone in the vast hall with the two flagellators, and neither seems vicious, only obeying cruel orders, while the Lord of heaven and earth stands with an ineffable calmness, and the deep gashes tell the tale of the pitiless stripes by which we are to be healed.

The famous picture of the Flagellation, in a chapel at the right hand as one enters the church of *San Pietro in Montorio*, in Rome, was painted by Sebastian del Piombo, and its design is generally ascribed to Michael Angelo; although, had Michael Angelo painted it, we may be certain it would have maintained a hold on the imagination which it does not possess from the hand of Piombo. A tradition is gathered from all the well-accredited representations of our Lord in his sufferings, that the Divine Face must not be concealed—that Face on which all must look and read their weal or woe at their private as

well as at the general judgment; that Face, too, which is to make for us the peculiar joy of the Beatific Vision. In the example before us this Divine Face is concealed, as if he were overwhelmed by the violence of the blows. Altogether, the picture is degrading to the dignity of our Lord, whose deepest humiliations certainly must not be allowed to make him in art "a worm and no man." It is a misfortune that two such names as Michael Angelo and Piombo should attract visitors who are sure to be repelled by this picture, and many of whom may regard this as an authorized type of the Flagellation.

But in that Lombard school, founded by Leonardo da Vinci, over which his lofty but serene spirit seems ever to preside, we can look for a perfect type of that most difficult of all the scenes in our Lord's Passion to render according to its realities, for these realities belong not only to the manhood but to the Godhead. Of all Leonardo's devoted pupils and ever-admiring disciples none received his spirit so fully as Bernardino Luini. Both may be said to have drunk from the same fountain of eternal beauty, and the "Divine Proportions," of which Leonardo wrote so eloquently, taught with such enthusiasm, became a part of Luini's heart as well as of his mind and was one of the dominating forces of his imagination. Yet there was a quality in the genius of Luini as individual as any in that of Leonardo; and this was sympathy, the coming in touch with the most interior and subtle combinations of suffering; and Rio tells us that, while Leonardo was called to Milan in its days of joy, Luini continued with the Milanese people in their days and years of mourning, of bereavement—bereavement by war and by pestilence; so that he was entreated to paint what would comfort them under their multiplied and, during his life, ever multiplying sorrows; while this quality of his genius of which we have spoken rendered him a true consoler, lifting them above their own individual distresses to a region where they could be mystical consolers to our Lord himself.

To the fulfilment of this task he may be said to have bent himself with the best resources of his art as to its technique and his æsthetic intuitions. Never has a tenderer, more sympathetic hand delineated the sufferings, the sorrows, the interior desolations of Him who came to bear the iniquities of us all in his own body, giving his cheek to the smiters, his flesh to the scourgers. The moment chosen by Luini is not that of the actual flagellation. Some one has said, that we should never take in the actual torture of our Lord upon the Cross

but for the vehemence of the Magdalene at his feet, or the horrors of the Last Judgment by Orcagna, in the Campo Santo, but for the angel covering and hiding the sight of it from his eyes. It is by this same delicate intuition that Luini makes



"A SUPREMELY SUPERHUMAN PATIENCE."
Jesus Crowned with Thorns. Luini.

known to us the awful brutality inflicted upon the most sensitive, because the most perfectly organized, humanity of Him who was not only holy but was holiness itself. Not one nerve had been deadened by sensuality or hardened by selfishness. The spirit of sacrifice quickened every sensibility, asking for no alleviation, yet pervaded by a calmness, an actual serenity which would baffle our dull perceptions, but for those who surround him. The column, from which he has not been altogether detached, is streaming with blood, some drops only trickling over the Body and over the linen cloth that wraps the loins; the feet slip on the blood that is on the base of the pillar, and the drooping form, one arm only released from the ropes that

bound it, rests on the hands of one of the flagellators, while the other minion fiercely tries to undo the coarse knots. The marks on the Sacred Body cannot be called bloody, but livid, and the beautiful head, turned fully toward us, sinks on his own shoulder. It is exhaustion following unspeakable anguish, the limp figure in its divine beauty dropping one hand until it nearly touches the bloody bundle of twigs at his side. All this shows the lassitude succeeding the sharp suffering; but at his side stands St. Stephen, his first martyr, in his dalmatic, with book and palm in one hand, the other extended toward the Master, for whom he had himself suffered, saying, with gesture and voice and the compassionate eyes, "Was ever suffering like unto this suffering!" And here is the key to the picture.

In the near background are Roman guards; but on the right hand, opposite St. Stephen, is St. Catherine, one hand with its palm resting on the wheel which is her symbol, the other resting with gentle, womanly sympathy on the shoulder of the aged donor of the picture, who, on his knees, his prayer-beads in his hands, is contemplating the same Redeemer, compassionating the same sufferings, as St. Stephen, and the beautiful face of St. Catherine shows the traces of tears as if Faber's lines were in her heart, when he says:

"While the fierce scourges fall
The Precious Blood still pleads;
In front of Pilate's hall
He bleeds,
My Saviour bleeds!
Bleeds!"

As we read the story of the Passion in any of the Gospels, we have not time to recover from the shock given by the mere announcement of the scourging before another scene comes before the eye, which instantly recalls that antiphon from one of the most poetic offices of the Breviary: "Go forth, O ye daughters of Sion, and behold King Solomon with the crown wherewith his mother crowned him while she was making ready a cross for her Saviour."

This crowning was not predicted, in so many words, by our Lord, like the scourging, but it has been taken up by art in a way to show how deeply this injury has affected the imaginations of the people in every clime. Of all insults mockery is



"THE BEAUTY OF THAT BLOOD-STAINED FACE IS INEFFECTABLE."

Christ at the Column. Sodoma.

the hardest to bear. Malice, under a pretence of honoring, is doubly cruel, and this malice showed itself in the Crowning with Thorns with an intensity which may well be called diabolical, but which has inspired both art and poesy to make a reparation which has given not only masterpieces to the eyes, but hymns that will breathe through countless ages a spirit as consoling to the heart of our Lord as honorable to humanity. The office of the Breviary* to which we have referred might

* The Roman Breviary, translated out of Latin into English by John, Marquess of Bute, K. T.

of itself inspire galleries of masterpieces, if it were ever read, ever pondered upon, ever made familiar to the imaginations of Christian artists. For all these subjects an atmosphere is wanting in our age, certainly in our country, which is necessary to the manifestation of sentiments which spring from a supernatural compassion. As we recall a miniature* said to have been painted on ivory by Guido Reni, and even if a copy certainly one to be coveted almost beyond price, the pictures in print-shops of the so-called Guido Reni's Crowning with Thorns, or *Ecce Homo*, seem so vulgarized that we turn from them with closed eyes, and never can we be guilty of placing them on our walls or in our prayer-books. Yet, almost from the first to the last of these representations, spite of certain barbarous renderings of the subject in certain quarters, the most exquisite delicacy of feeling has presided over Christian genius.

What we have said already of the representation of the scenes in our Lord's Passion during the early Christian ages is true of this scene; but when Giotto painted it in the Arena Chapel at Padua examples had not been wanting in conventual libraries which guided him to a most reverential treatment of this scene, which, like the scourging, is dwelt upon among the mysteries of the Rosary. The reality of the Godhead, as it stood in the light of Giotto's faith, dominates his conception, and we see our Lord with his hands not bound, the robe even gorgeous in its texture, and the thorns of the crown delicate—piercing, indeed, but not barbarously large. This feeling concerning the crown of thorns prevails in the Italian schools, and especially in Fra Angelico's scenes of the Passion. In the one representing our Lord wearing the bandage through which his omniscient eyes still behold, as through gauze, the insulting gestures of those who deride him, and set him at naught, clad in the purple robe, in his right hand the reed sceptre, in the left the round world, the large cruciform nimbus encircling a majestic head, perfectly according to the traditional type, and bearing a crown of thorns, these thorns are as delicate as long briars, setting their points into the head, not otherwise touching it. This may be called an instance of extreme slightness of the thorns; but no one will accuse the Angelical of a lack of sensibility to his Lord's sufferings. In truth the two figures of unrivalled beauty, sitting on the steps of the improvised throne, tell us how deeply the Angelical meditated upon the

* This picture was shown in nearly every city in the Union, with the hope that some opulent Catholic would feel its value and purchase it of a family in distress—but in vain!

injuries inflicted on our Lord in his Passion. One of these is Saint Dominic in the habit of his order, the shaven head with its nimbus, over which scintillates the star which marks him in art, the index finger touching, with ineffable grace, the chin, the eyes bent upon the unclasped tome on his knees, the whole figure instinct with meditation; the other is that of the Mother of Sorrows, one hand touching her cheek, so plaintive, so tender, the other just raising the fingers and palm towards the Divine Victim of man's feeble malice, while she looks towards us from the picture, as if asking for our sympathy—our sympathy for Him, thus maltreated for our sakes! The same crown of thorns, under the hand of the Angelical, rests on the sacred head upon the cross, the head bowed in death. Both pictures are unsurpassed in their meditative grandeur as well as tenderness.

But we turn again to our Luini as the artist of the Passion, and we find two pictures from his hands which would, of themselves, fill the rôle of treatment for the crowning of thorns. The first gives the one drooping figure with his merciless executioners. The hands are bound, yet one holds the reed sceptre. One tormentor bears down the heavy crown with its thorns on the unresisting head with his full force; the other seems to have paused, and looks intently, almost inquiringly, into the holy, closed eyes of the patient sufferer, as if saying, "Can this be a mere man?" while two other heads appear in the background as if assisting in the bloody deed. The livid marks of the scourging are still seen on the figure, which, from the thorn-crowned head to the tips of the fingers, in the yielding curves of the body expresses a supremely superhuman patience; the beautiful face self-contained under inexpressible anguish.

The second representation is a very large picture in the *Pinacoteca Ambrosiana*, Milan, and is divided, by pillars twined with thorns, into three grand compartments. The side compartments give the members of the family or families of the donor, and may be regarded as portraits; all are kneeling, contemplating the awful scene. Far in the background, to one side, we see St. John meeting and telling the tragic story to the heart-broken Mother, the almost frantic Magdalene, and two other holy women in a lovely landscape. On the other side, the distance gives us a Roman soldier telling the story to one who may be Simon of Cyrene, afterward to bear the Lord's cross, and others, all interested, sympathizing, and still another fair landscape makes a background. The middle and principal compartment is filled with a composition

that lifts the imagination of the spectator above the actual scene, which is still given with a realistic incisiveness that must stamp it for ever on the memory. The architrave between the Corinthian columns in front is left open to admit a tablet, on which is inscribed *Caput Regis gloriæ spinis coronatur*; while a charming young angel on each side tells, with joyful gesture, the glory of this crowning with thorns. From the inner architrave directly below the tablet is suspended, by a single ring, a curtain which extends to the column on each hand which support this architrave, where it is fastened; and against this drapery, above which wave fair trees in the spring air, two cherubs' heads, winged, not sorrowful but sweetly grave, plane above the tragic scene below, investing the whole with that strange play of heavenly light, of mysterious joy, an exultation born of pain, which gives such a charm to the hymns, invitational, and responses of the office for this "Feast of the Coronation of our Lord," celebrated as it is in red vestments.

Our Lord himself is seated on an improvised throne with steps, clad in the crimson robe, his hands bound with cords, holding in one his mock sceptre. The crown of plaited thorns is on his head, and two most cruel soldiers press it with all their might on the bleeding brow, while two others mockingly bend the knee, crying "Hail, King of the Jews!" Other soldiers are seen with their military weapons raised aloft; but under the brutal pushing down of the thorns, with the insulting mockery added to the anguish, and the array of soldiery, the Lord of heaven and earth, he who made the world and determines its times and seasons, sits unmoved; the exquisitely beautiful face, absolutely Godlike in its humanity, is turned fully toward us, the eyes almost closed, and with those attributes which make this representation of our Lord, alone in all the world, in the least divide the honors of perfection with that by Leonardo in the Last Supper. It is as if compassion for the creatures he has made had overcome his sense of their ingratitude, and we feel that the ejaculation on the cross, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," is in his divine heart if not on his sacred lips.

While this grand coronation, by Luini—embodying, as it does, all the realistic cruelty, all the injurious mockery of the actual Crowning with Thorns, voicing the praises of men and of angels, the glorification of the ignominy, the salvation wrought by humiliations—must be regarded as the one masterpiece of the world representing this mystery, there are two

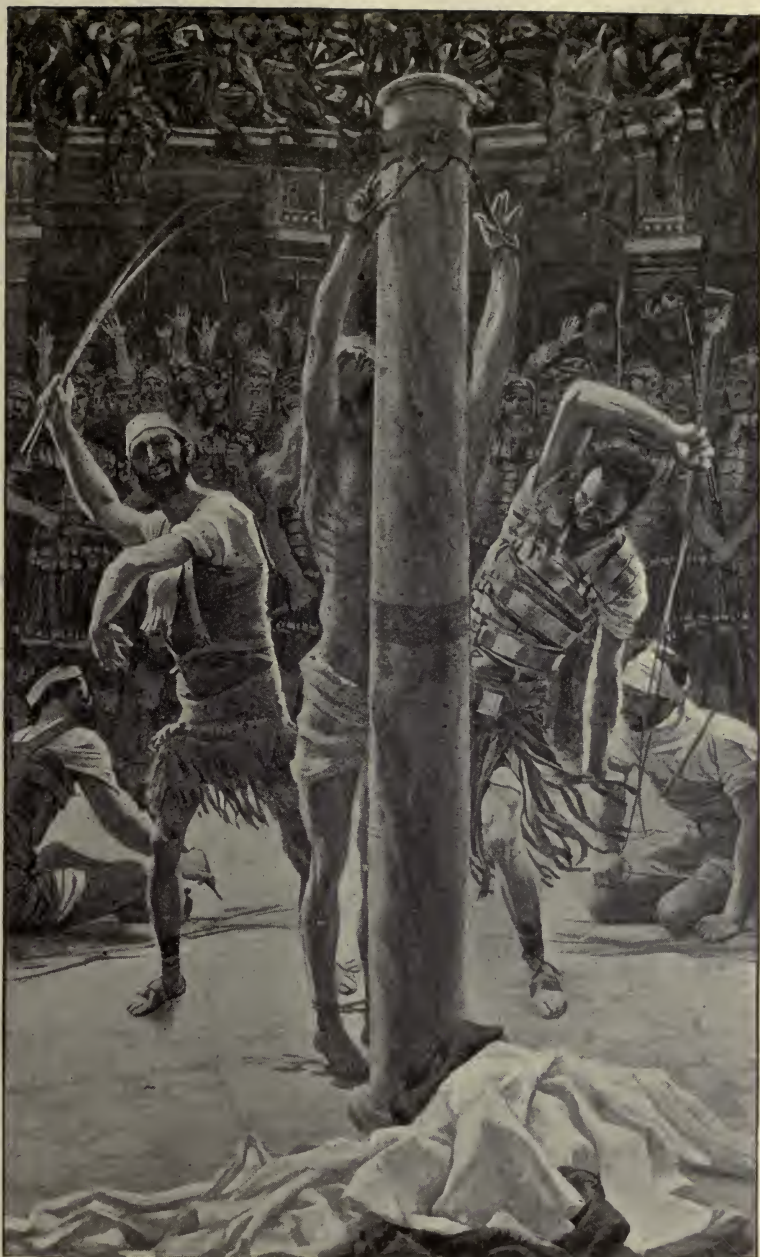


"THE GLORIFICATION OF THE IGNOMINY."
The Crowning with Thorns. Latin.

pictures which demand our special mention: the *Ecce Homo* by Overbeck and "The Christ at the Column" by Sodoma.

The first of these, by Overbeck, makes one of that magnificent set of "Forty Illustrations of the Four Gospels" which might, of itself, immortalize this greatest artist of our own century. Two soldiers are leading our Lord forward on the balcony from which Pilate shows him to the crowd below, howling their welcome like hungry wolves as Pilate exclaims, "Behold the man!" Their cries can be heard from the picture, but our Lord's step is as firm as when he walked the stormy waves of Gennesareth. One soldier, with a heavy club, carries the end of a rope tied around our Lord's neck, the other hands him the sceptre of reed, which he accepts without a gesture, while the other hand of the soldier with a pair of heavy pincers fastens, still more securely, the crown of thorns on the sacred head. The eyes of the Holy One are cast downward, but not closed; there is no blood anywhere, but pride dies out of the heart that meditates upon Overbeck's *Ecce Homo*.

In the picture by Sodoma, although it is entitled "The Christ at the Pillar," we see our Lord crowned with thorns, jagged and sharp. Blood from the cruel scourging is on the body; blood trickles from the thorny crown, drips on the shoulders, and bloody tears overflow the open eyes—open and looking out on the awful sin of the world which he is still to expiate on the cross. No other picture we can recall has a certain desolation in it like this by Sodoma, of that deeply meditative, tenderly compassionate school of Siena. The Christ-type is perfectly preserved, the beauty of that blood-stained face is ineffaceable; but we see the thirst, even before he ascends the tree of the cross, in the parted lips, and the cry of David in the heat of the battle with the Philistines comes to mind: "Oh, that some man would bring me water from the cistern of Bethlehem which is at the gate!" Yet we know that, like the cup of water brought to David, it would have been spilled on the ground. Thus we have, in this wonderfully inspired figure of our Lord, his scourging, his crowning with thorns, and his thirst. There is a look, too, which appeals not only to one's compassion but to one's faith; and we shall never forget what was said of it by one whose faith was more of the heart than of the head: "No argument for our Lord's divinity has ever done so much to convince me that he was truly both God and man as this picture by Sodoma of Siena."



THE FLAGELLATION.

J. J. Tissot.

By courtesy of Bayan's Monthly Visitor Co.

James Tissot is the great French artist whose "Life of Christ" in painting commanded the unqualified praise of the artistic world when first exhibited in 1894, in the Salon of the Champ-de-Mars.

Quid Sunt Plagae istae in medio Manuum Tuarum ?

—ZACH. XIII. 6.

BY F. W. GREY.



WHAT are these Wounds in those dear Hands
of Thine ?

Lord of my love, who thus hath wounded
Thee ?

Whose hand hath nailed Thee to the
bitter Tree,

Or wove the thorns that round Thy Brow entwine ?
What answer falls from those pale Lips Divine ?

“The wounds wherewith My friends have
wounded Me,

Those whom I loved the most ; behold, and see
If there be any sorrow like to Mine.”

Whence came Thy Wounds, O Lord ? My sins
have driven

Deeper the nails that pierced Thy Hands and Feet,
Mine was the spear by which Thy Side was riven,
That made Thy wondrous Sacrifice complete :
What may I do, but give Thee, as is meet,
The life for which Thy Sacred Life was given ?





“THE DIARY OF MASTER WILLIAM SILENCE.”*

BY REV. GEORGE McDERMOT, C.S.P.



THE work which bears the title at the head of this article is, in some respects, the most remarkable study of Shakspeare that has appeared. It purports to be the diary of an English country gentleman who tells the story of life in his home and his amusements in the field; but the materials are taken from passages in the poems and plays controlled or illustrated by writers on field sports who lived in Shakspeare's own time, and by more recent writers who have made them a special pursuit. Judge Madden, though a great chancery lawyer, was, and still is, so essentially a hunting man that he contrived, notwithstanding a practice at the bar which would seem to leave little opportunity for other studies, to make himself acquainted with the allusions in Shakspeare to hunting, hawking, coursing, the forming of packs of hounds with reference to special purposes, and the training of the varieties of hawks to strike the peculiar game of each. The minute and exhaustive information is made as interesting as a novel. We enjoy the pleasure of vivid conception of men and things in the form in which the work is cast. It is a diary kept by a young barrister whose name, as an Oxford student, we find in Justice Shallow's greeting of his cousin Silence: † “I dare say my Cousin William is become a good scholar,” for in those days all who could count descent from a common ancestor, even though they had to go back to Adam—as Prince Hal says—were a man's cousins. Then in England each one of the name was the poor cousin of the great man of the place, as in Scotland and Ireland every clansman was related to the chief and as good a gentleman as he, though in the intervals of hostings and wars he ploughed, tinkered, or made shoes for man and horse. Fussy, pompous, and rather incoherent, then, as Shallow was, he had one clear and compelling principle which could only belong to an ancient gentleman, a pride in and affection for his own blood on the male or female side. However remote, it was possibly “inheritable blood,” in the technical English of black-letter law, under the description of “right heirs” on the failure

* By the Right Hon. D. H. Madden, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Dublin. New York and London: Longmans, Green & Co.

† Henry IV., Part ii. act iii.

of heirs of limitation; so that the small yeoman, Greenfield, who wore hobnailed shoes and pulled the devil by the tail on that outlying farm of sour land called Little Marsham, might by some curious turn of the wheel become lord of the manor and wear velvet, owing to his descent from one Reginald de Grandville, who had spurred by the Conqueror's side over the downs of Hastings.

A PERFECT REPRODUCTION OF ELIZABETHAN COUNTRY LIFE.

In Judge Madden's work we are back in the reign of Elizabeth. His perfect knowledge of social conditions, coupled with the gift of historical intuition which he possesses in a degree that would have placed him on the same bench with Gibbon or Thierry if he had employed himself in their pursuits, enables him to put the reader in the midst of the country life of a time when the term "merrie England" had not yet lost all meaning. We can form some slight judgment of this knowledge and the power of using it; and we venture to say that the autobiography of William Silence is full of the life which Shakspeare lived or witnessed around him in his early days, to enjoy a breath of which he went, later on, year after year to his native place, and amid whose scenes and influences he closed his eyes at last. We do not think that any confirmation of this opinion is needed, but for all that we may inform the reader that the "proofs" of the work before publication were read by Dr. Ingram and Dr. Dowden; still we venture to say that both of those great scholars would admit that at least in the archæology of English sport—stag-hunting, fox-hunting, falconry, the management of dogs of chase, and the technical education of haggard or eyas—scattered through the works of Shakspeare they could have learned something from him. It has been said to us that Skeat will have to amend his meanings owing to this book; and we even go the length of saying that Sir Walter Scott's knowledge of these sports—particularly hawking—and of much that belonged to rural life bears to Mr. Madden's something of the comparison which the general and unprecise knowledge of an able man who has not pursued a study with analytic insight bears to that of a specialist who has taken every part of a subject to pieces and reconstructed it in accordance with scientific principles.

HISTORY AS A BASIS FOR SOCIOLOGY.

Whoever desires to know something worth knowing of social science is bound to look to successive stages of life as well as

to contemporary differences. On the surface such a work as the one before us would warn off the host of ambitious men who ask in connection with every study, "Is there money in it?" which is the equivalent of the older form, "To what does it lead?" We have no intention of answering this question—we understand men going to the bar ask it about classics and mathematics in connection with the study of law; but, rightly or wrongly, we are stunned by the clamorous energy of men pursuing a phase of what is called the science of sociology. We say to them—and they number tens of thousands in this country—that the sociology which confines itself to economics without regard to the individual and family, and to statistics of contemporary phenomena arbitrarily classified, can have no result. We say that the only science that will lead to anything is that of the comparison of social and political systems in their effects, and that for such a comparison the social life of any one period is a valuable chapter, and we have this in the work before us. We are not speaking in the air; we are not, on the other hand, stating a commonplace. The inutility of historical studies in relation to social science was almost baldly insisted upon in a correspondence with us by a man of distinction in this country in that department of learning. We are quite sure he represents the prevailing opinion of sociologists on the point, and we shrewdly suspect that those who might say our observations in support of the opposite view amount only to a commonplace, would say so simply because they cannot escape from their force. This is one aspect of the value of this book; there is another to which we shall refer later on, namely, the light it lets in on thousands of passages which professed Shakspearean students did not understand, on many passages that commentators tried to mangle into meaning. It puts Shakspeare himself in a place before us that few indeed had appreciated. Fancy the author of "Lear" and "Hamlet" crying "Hunt up! The hunt is up!" or, as we should say in the case of a fox, "Stole away!" Fancy him running with the perfect confidence (because "Bellmouth" gave tongue) with which knowing fellows to-day keep their eyes on the huntsman, rather than the master, as on a guide to the death. Our author mounts the stranger on a pony such as Irish hobblers rode, a variety which seems to have been as much desired in England as were casts of Irish hawks. Our own idea would have been to make the divine William follow the hunt on "shank's mare," like so many good fellows of narrow fortune, with the aid of a long pole to leap hedges or help in climbing a steep place, the latter offering

a short cut that crossed the segment of the hunt; but be this as it may, we find the stranger knew all about hunting, loved the cry of the hounds, the shouting of the countrymen, the clever handling of good bits of horse-flesh by the farmers, who thereby hoped to attract purchasers, the vanities and eccentricities of dandies from town and 'varsity, the "bull-riding" of titled fools, with more blood than brains, at walls as high as a church or at double banks like mountains, and so hedged that not even a wren could get through; the steady steering by old hands on clever hunters doing everything without seeming to do anything—how Shakspeare must have enjoyed it all, and yet he drew Shylock!

SHAKSPEARE AS A GUIDE TO THE STUDY OF SOCIETY.

However, as we have been saying, there is value in the exact picture of social life, and inestimable value to the critical student of literature in the aid this work affords to his seeing thoughts hitherto folded in an unknown tongue. We think there can be no serious question as to the second proposition; we hint a reason in addition to those already suggested to support the first. There was unquestionably at the time in which Shakspeare lived a far greater pressure on the artisan and laboring classes than in the corresponding period of the previous century. It required four times the number of days' employment in the later era than in the earlier for a tradesman or agricultural laborer to earn subsistence sufficient to maintain him for the year. Still, life, as reflected in the plays, was upon the whole easy for those classes; and Judge Madden's work gives body to this opinion. No doubt a pamphlet appeared in 1581, which was universally attributed to Shakspeare,* from which it would seem that a life of sordid poverty such as the last and the present century exhibit as the lot of a large proportion of those classes was the life of the village tradesman and the laborer then. Apart from the consideration that comfort is a relative term, we are of opinion that the pamphlet dealt with strongly-marked phenomena of a transition period and not with the social fabric as a whole. There is evidence of general comfort in the work before us, and it does not require special insight to perceive that it can be relied upon. We have evidence that in the country the orders of society melted into each other financially, though the distinction of rank was observed by custom as well as recognized in legal documents. There was, over and above all subordinate distinctions of rank,

* We now know that the author was William Stafford.

the broad gap that separated the man of gentle birth entitled to wear coat-armor from all below him, however rich; but in the sports of the field all were united with a heartiness of sympathy which, for the time, effaced distinctions so far as certain usages and practical good sense permitted.

THE SOCIAL SIDE OF SPORTS.

After a hunt, the lord of the manor or the master entertained yeoman and farmer, village shopkeeper and tradesman, as well as esquire and gentleman;* but the former sat below the salt. Our author in referring to the messes, as they were called, supplied to those who sat below the salt, slyly asks: Is that the origin of the term "masses" as contrasted with "classes" which a distinguished statesman is so fond of using? We think not, for it strikes us the gentleman in question is more familiar with the Heroic age of Greece than the Elizabethan age. But passing from the social aspect presented by the book, we think it beyond anything we have seen in its instructive and charming way of converting dry-as-dust information into a chapter of polite letters.

It interprets allusions apparently of no value in their place in such a way that they are search-lights into character. Shakspeare is seen through them in a manner which Macaulay's fine turn of imagination did not enable him to seize to the full extent. Anachronisms and solecisms which Macaulay truly regarded as immaterial, because truth to nature was never violated, are explained by what we have set before us in this work, namely, the exclusive and intense sense of English and England which dominated Shakspeare. He was English to the very core, not London English, but the English of the woods and fields, of the small town and the squire's "peculiar" river, of the manor-house and the deer park, the yeoman's gabled front, the moor and the mountain. Every change of sky was upon him, and its influence followed him to Troy in the twilight of the world. The sea which Edgar saw so far below the cliff of Dover was that which he made wash lands remote from any sea.

SHAKSPERE'S NATURE STUDIES.

Every one has recognized Shakspeare's love of external nature, but indirectly as accessory to the play of character. Criticism has expended itself on the world within him, which revealed itself in the countless forms of wisdom and folly which take life

*The esquire was of higher rank than the gentleman, though the quality of gentleman was an heraldic attribute which each one who bore arms possessed in common with the king.

in his men and women. In the shades of folly, from Cloten's upward to something that is almost more appreciative in insight than intellect itself—to that of Lear's fool and that of Touchstone; in the shades of wisdom, descending from the supreme majesty of Henry V.'s knowledge of man and society, down to Iago's craft in the small affairs of his own interest, students of Shakspeare have followed him with discernment; but somehow they seem to have missed the key to that nature which is the informing spirit of all his creations. Almost no one, with the exception of Professor Dowden, has seen him in his creations except in the vague way that every one knows that something of the author must be in what he shapes. All the moods of fantasy, passion, suffering by which man recognizes man, mocks him, laughs with him, feels for him, hates him, are seen in those creations as they would be seen in real life, but never with full knowledge of the shaping influence which impresses the stamp of a complete and rounded life on each. Mental health is the all-pervading character of his conceptions. Hamlet would be a madman, pure and unmixed, with Goethe; Armado would be a conceit more stupid than Sir Percy Shaf-ton, despite Scott's genius, if that great author had attempted to body forth the euphuist whom Holofernes so well described. Could any one else have made out of Mercutio anything but a harebrained buffoon, instead of the thorough gentleman he is? Whence is this strong, solid, underlying common sense? We think our author has found one spring of it, and that a considerable one, in Shakspeare's ample, large-hearted enjoyment of country life in his early days. A sportsman and an Irish gentleman as well as a scholar, Judge Madden has used the divining-rod to the purpose, as we shall show by-and-by, in the contrast between Ben Jonson, the other contemporaries of Shakspeare, and Shakspeare himself, in their references to hunting and hawking—to the whole realm of rural life in fact. Those were not free of the forest, they were wanderers on hill and glade without woodcraft; or perhaps they only saw the moonlight and the dawn, the rising sun and the dew, in books; and thought ideation of reflex images the magic by which real landscapes, written by ten thousand associations on the heart, became idealized in the fancy. Our meaning may be taken from an instance: a copse between a thick wood and tillage land would suggest to Shakspeare, along with other associations, the haunt of a stag of ten; to Massinger it would mean no more than part of the possessions of Sir Giles Overreach. The brake at the end of a lake into which or from which the little

river flowed, with tallows and willows on the bank and a gnarled oak here, a hawthorn there, would give hint to him of a heron fishing in the reeds beyond the junction of lake and river, as surely as it would make a fowler think of wild ducks and a frosty night to watch, while lying gun in hand. Such a scene would not speak with a voice like this to Marlowe or Jonson, Peele or Greene, though it would have some other music for them no doubt—as, say, to Marlowe it might recall

“—the sad presaging raven that tolls
The sick man's passport in her hollow beak.”

But to the divine William of our author it might be the “bottoms” from the upland of the park where Olivia's manor-house stood; or the part of his demesne which Shallow could then honestly say was “barren”; though nowadays we find such land good feeding for bullocks and young horses, if there be a long stretch by the lake and river—or it might be a scene on the line of an army's march to fight for a crown, or a thousand other scenes, but certainly it would form part of the ground over which the Lord, who beguiled poor drunken rascal Sly, hunted to the music of his well-matched, tuneful pack.

THE CHARACTER CREATION OF MASTER SILENCE.

All we know of William Silence is found in the quotation cited from Justice Shallow, and the idea suggested in his next remark, that William would soon be going to the Inns of Court. From this shadow our author has created a character in the mould and form of the time, who is the central figure of many characters, more or less strongly pointed, drawn from the plays. The flesh to make the shadow William Silence a man may have been taken from the young bloods who figure so finely in the plays—Mercutio, Benedick, Orlando, Lucentio, and many more, with a dash from that admirable drawing by suggestion, Master Fenton of the “Merry Wives.” Three or four hints enable us to know something about this last-named gentleman, and make us desire to know a good deal more. He was one of the set belonging to the wild Prince, and Poin, a fellow of spirit whose honor had stood the test of Falstaff, the most corrupting influence that has ever been near a young man. This Falstaff was a devil, “haunting” his young companions “in the likeness of a fat old man”—not respected indeed, but surely as much loved by them as the author and others have loved a genial and gifted one gone from amongst us, one upon

whose forehead genius had set its seal, and upon whose words used to hang with rapture the two most accomplished audiences of the world—the Bar of Ireland and the Commons of the United Kingdom. Such memories are too sad.

For the young man destined for the Bar a career was open in Ireland, and our author makes the romance of William Silence's marriage turn upon this fact. Lawyers skilful in precedents could advance the interests of the Crown and their own against the titles of the ancient Irish and those Irish who were called the old English. The civilized process of discovering defects in titles was often as effectual as driving one of the ancient Irish to rebel in order to have an excuse for confiscation. If O'Neil rebels—said Elizabeth—there shall be estates for my subjects that lack. That was one method. The system which found that proprietors had no sufficient title against the Crown was another; and it was by being an instrument of such a method that Master Petre hoped his *protégé*, William Silence, would maintain a wife. This Petre in the Diary is an old acquaintance whom we knew as Petruchio. At one time he must have played the part of a Veronese gentleman, if William Shakspeare may be trusted. It is more than hinted that Shakspeare was on a visit in the neighborhood—where Justice Shallow ruled in his fussy, self-important way—and took his part in the country sports to which, as lord of the manor, Shallow gave the lead. The stag-hounds were the Justice's, and the lands over which they pursued their quarry. Among the notables at the hunt was Petre, and he came some way to know a plainly dressed young man whose face and figure and manners were so much above his appearance as to attract his attention. It may be inferred that the loud-talking, unconventional Master Petre told this exceptionally intelligent stranger of his days abroad, when he sowed his wild oats and bewildered citizens of Padua by devil-may-care ways, more like those of a soldier of fortune than a great country gentleman. The only conflict between what is told in the *brochure* of the time published under the title "The Taming of the Shrew" and the Diary is that the latter seems to make the Katharine of the former the Lady Catherine Petre, daughter of an English earl, seemingly, instead of "a rich gentleman of Padua." However, this may be explained by Shakspeare's not wishing to reveal too much. The two accounts may be reconciled by the supposition that Petre met Lady Catherine abroad, that her father had been compromised in some of the plots against the Queen, and, as an

English Catholic of high rank, a sufferer for the faith, was gladly received into a wealthy Italian family. Even if he had been attainted, "the courtesy of England," in the social not the legal meaning of the phrase, would have still accorded the style of Lady Catherine despite the corruption of blood worked by the attainer.* Indeed, in any sense she would be only a Lady Catherine by "courtesy," as all the sons of a duke or marquess are lords "by courtesy"; but passing from that we find her aiding her husband to bring about the marriage of Anne Squeele and William Silence, and defeat our Justice's intention of marrying her to his nephew, Abraham Slender, who figures so notably as the admirer of "sweet Anne Page" in another souvenir of Elizabethan manners known to the unlearned and Mr. Donnelly as "The Merry Wives of Windsor." There is an opportunity for this in a hawking expedition from Petre Manor the day after the Justice's hunt. Our friend Petre's language is so made up of the technique of falconry that he described his successful wooing of Lady Catherine, to the great indignation of that lady, as the manning of a haggard. We fancy his explanation lame, though his wife accepted it, and we suppose the bystanders in the courtyard, before the unhooding of the hawks, thought it satisfactory; it was to the effect that as the haggard when reclaimed made the best falcon, so the spirited maiden when disciplined to the lure made the most obedient wife.

SHAKSPERE'S DETAILED KNOWLEDGE OF FALCONRY SHOWN IN
A SINGLE PHRASE.

Really we see in our author how unique was Shakspeare's knowledge of falconry. We see it not merely by contrast with his contemporaries, but even Scott, with his exceptional gifts of imagination and antiquarian insight, blunders in the very matter before us—the selection and training of falcons. As to the other imaginative writers who introduce hawking as a sport, we dismiss them with the summary statement that in using terms of art they rely on the ignorance of the readers. The point of Master Petre's compliment to his wife may be gathered from the simple fact that the eyas could never be nurtured and trained so as to achieve the splendid flights and strikes of the reclaimed haggard or wild falcon. Read this into the actor's

* It may be well to make our meaning plainer to the general reader. "The courtesy of England" means the right to a life estate in the lands of his wife acquired by a husband on the birth of an heir; there are many illustrations of the other courtesy, at least in Ireland. Lord Westmeath's title of Riverstown may be taken as one. His father was always addressed as Lord Riverstown, though it was a forfeited title.

account in "Hamlet,"* for his having to stroll for an audience: "An aery of children, little eyases, that cry out on the top of question, and are most tyrannically clapped for 't." This may be the fashion of the hour, but though houses are drawn, the children afford scant hope of future excellence. This is the thought running through the complaint, and Master Petre in his wild way meant, if you would have a hawk at once high-spirited, loving, and tractable, you must man and train a haggard. Consequently Bianca, who was an eyas as compared to Catherine, began at the first moment of his lordship over her to disregard her husband's messages.†

At the hawking we meet acquaintances, as we meet them at the Justice's great hunt: Clement Parkes of the Hill, the sturdy yeoman, against whom Davy favored the knavish William Visor—2d act "Henry IV."—we meet Squeele, who was clearly what we now would call a gentleman-farmer, and learn from the Diary that he had a daughter Anne, but of her anon. We need not speak of Petre or his reclaimed haggard, or of the pompous, overweening magnifico, the Shallow of the "Merry Wives," into whom the fussy, bragging, thin-witted master of Davy blossomed from the time he had lent Falstaff the thousand pounds. Squeele was one of those who heard the chimes at midnight with Shallow when the latter was at Clement's Inn and a rakehelly fellow, as he would want us think. We need say no more of Abraham Slender except that he was again disappointed by the flight of the lady whom he would marry on request—he would do a greater thing on his cousin's request—but simply observe that the heron was raised and the hawks soared, and the party galloped, ran, and shouted, and William Silence and Anne Squeele went off, as on another occasion Master Fenton and "sweet Anne Page" had done.

THE ATMOSPHERE AND COLORING OF JUDGE MADDEN'S BOOK.

The richness of coloring in the book is like an autumn in England before the red leaves have taken full possession, while still there are all the shades of green living in the walls and solemn arches of the woods. It is fresh as the blue sky of late September or the first days of October, when white clouds here and there serve as platforms to measure the immeasurable height. The air is bracing, and the green turnip-tops, amid

* "Hamlet," ii. 2.

† If Scott had known the waste of time in training eyases, we think he would not have made Adam Woodcock employ himself altogether with them, instead of showing what he could do to bring a haggard to fist.

which a great hart had ravaged the night before the hunt tell us that growth has not yet gone from the soil. We are on the ground seeing the flight of the falcons as the day before we followed the hunt, and in true Shakspearean language berated every defaulting hound, and as on the night before the hunt we accompanied the stranger guest of Clement Parkes, one Will Shakspeare, in the night shadows tracing the great hart and finding his slot, or hoof-mark. Why, even political economists would revel in the fancy; one we know of, whose name is mentioned by the author, certainly would transport himself to that sixteenth-century world of Tudor gables, sylvan scenes, still living in the "Faerie Queene," Elizabethan chase, and revelry enlarging life, inspiring adventure, and laying the foundations of an empire the greatest since Marcus Aurelius drew the boundaries of the Roman state.

We must pass from the "assembly"—that is, the meeting for the hunt—say nothing of the harboring of the stag, all of which is to be read in the souvenirs called plays and poems left by that visitor of Clement Parkes, nothing of the matching of the voices of the hounds, an art in itself—"My love shall hear the music of my hounds"*—nothing of the minute examination of the performance of each kind of dog and each individual dog, with which the work teems, and to which a reference is made in some passage of the plays or poems of Shakspeare. In the light it gives, the meaning of obscure passages becomes clear, passages that were regarded as unmeaning are found to be full of point, passages at which commentators tinkered are pregnant with suggestion in their old form. We do not know whether the author, in providing for William Silence in the happy hunting-ground of Elizabethan lawyers and soldiers now described as that part of the United Kingdom called Ireland, takes a fling at the good old custom by which our rulers keep the "plums" for themselves; but if he does, he is not the first distinguished Irishman who has done so. Berkeley, a Trinity man like himself, and like him a most amiable and accomplished man, was aware that the principal use of Ireland was to provide appointments for Englishmen; nay, that no one could fill the highest dignity in the church, the great place of Lord Primate of Ireland, unless he was born in England, a qualification without which learning, character, and ability were useless, but possessing which, these claims could be readily dispensed with.

* "A Midsummer-Night's Dream."



OBSERVATORY OF GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY.

CATHOLIC LIFE IN WASHINGTON.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.



O the west of a muddy and perverse little stream, which bewildered sight-seers persist in mistaking for the Potomac, but which is known to the initiated as Rock Creek, lies the most venerable section of the National Capital—a section which in spite of its incorporation with the city proper is still called Georgetown by the conservative dwellers therein. Traces of its unforgotten individuality yet remain notwithstanding the perennial invasion of enterprising aliens across its obliterated border lines. A vague archaic charm, together with a fast-fading provincialism, haunt the place and mingle like obsolete melodies with the cosmopolitan harmonies of the Republic's heart.

In 1786, before the French engineer L'Enfant had even evolved his majestic plans for the future City of Washington—fourteen years before the seat of government was moved to its present site—Alexander Doyle, surveyor and architect, had begun to erect old Trinity Church in the burgh of Georgetown, upon a lot purchased for the purpose by the Most Rev. John Carroll, first Bishop of Baltimore. This is the first significant fact in the archives of Catholicism at the Capital, the com-



REV. JOHN G. HAGEN, S.J.

mencement of chronicles which are redolent with inspiration and glowing with triumphs.

Old Trinity Church is now used as a chapel and Sunday-school; adjoining it is new Trinity Church, a large gray structure which fronts the setting sun and is surrounded by wide, smooth lawns and encircled by veteran trees.

Close to this consecrated spot is the University of Georgetown, whose far-famed turrets rise like sacred beacons above the wooded hills beyond. The progress of this institution is parallel with the progress of Washington itself. For more than a century it has been moulding noble citizens and patriots. Its schools of art, law, and medicine are thronged with eager students, many of them bearing names which for successive generations have appeared upon her rolls.



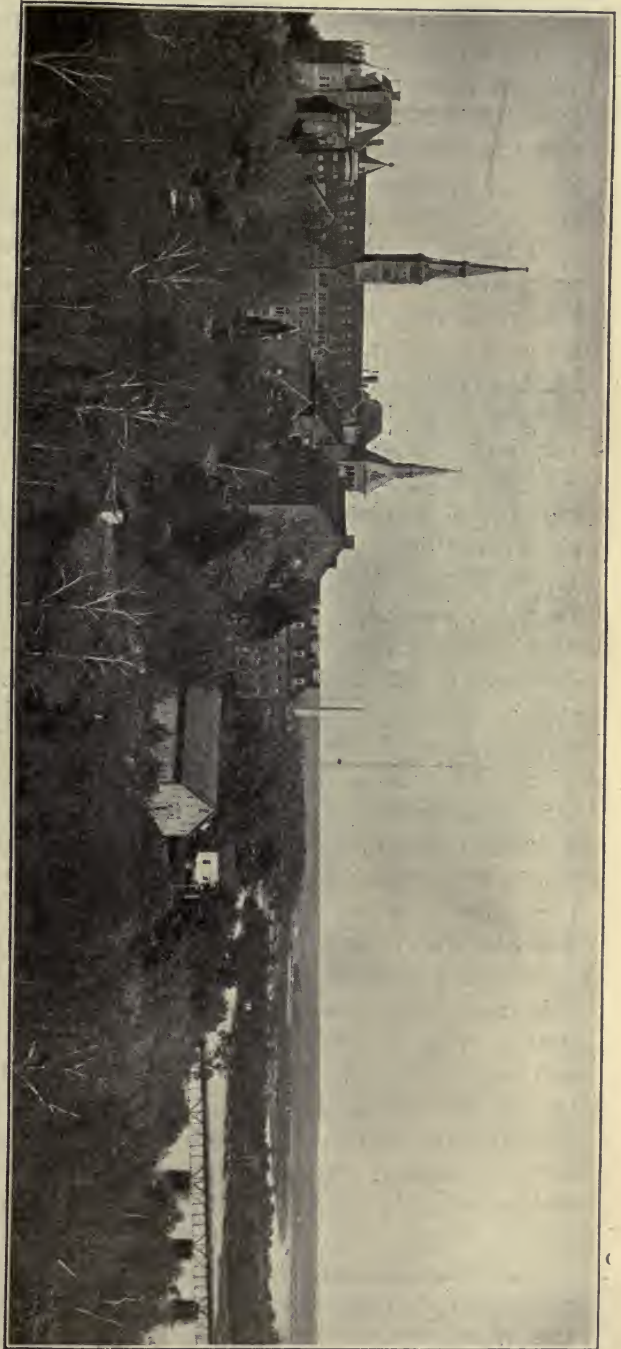
CENTRAL ALTAR OF HOLY TRINITY.

Generous testimonials of the loyal devotion of her sons are seen in the Dahlgren Chapel and the Riggs Library. The latter, situated in the south pavilion of the main building, was founded

by Mr. Francis Riggs, one of the leading bankers and philanthropists of the city, in memory of his father, George W. Riggs, and his brother, Thomas Laurason Riggs, a former pupil of the college. The alcoves are designed to afford shelf-room for 104,000 books; they now contain 75,000. Among them are many rare and curious volumes.

Shining forth from a background of oaks and willows which shadow the winding "College Walks" is the white-domed Observatory, where the late Father Curley's distinguished successor, the Rev. John G. Hagen, S.J., keeps his starry vigils. He will shortly publish

THE VIEW FROM OBSERVATORY HILL.



a most important astronomical chart, which is the outcome of many seasons of observations and toilsome calculations.

As a result of the untiring zeal and executive ability of the present rector, the Rev. J. Haven Richards, S.J., the Georgetown University Hospital is almost completed. By having it and the annexed dispensary entirely under the control of the faculty, greater facilities will be afforded for illustrating, by clinical teaching, the various practical branches of medicine.

The well-known Academy of Georgetown was established in 1799 under the direction of Archbishop Neale. It is the mother-house of the Visitation Order in the United States. Viewed from the street, the convent has a somewhat austere appearance, but at the rear are vine-hung porches overlooking box-bordered gardens, rolling meadows, and wide-wandering paths. From the blessed halls of this sweet home legions of brilliant, pure-souled women have gone forth whose lives prove the success of the sisters' methods. The wives and daughters of many celebrated men have received their education from this revered Alma Mater. Mrs. William Tecumseh Sherman; Mrs. Stephen Douglas, now Mrs. Robert Williams; Mrs. Beauregard, the wife of General Beauregard; Marion Ramsay, who became Mrs. Cutting, of New York; the wife of General Joseph E. Johnston; the daughter of Judge Gaston, of North Carolina; the daughter of Commodore Rogers; Harriet Lane Johnson, the niece of President Buchanan; Mary Logan Tucker, the daughter of General John A. Logan; Pearl Tyler, the daughter of President Tyler; the wife of General Philip H. Sheridan; Mrs. Potter Palmer and her sister, Mrs. Fred. Grant; Harriet Monroe, the gifted author who wrote the "Columbian Ode" for the World's Fair; Madeleine Vinton Dahlgren; Mrs. Roebling, the wife of the builder of the Brooklyn Bridge, who herself finished the great work after her husband had been stricken down with illness; Ella Loraine Dorsey, and a host of other charming and cultivated women, were pupils of this institution. Among the various flourishing schools which owe their foundation to the Visitandines of Georgetown is the Connecticut Avenue Convent in Washington. This handsome building is set in grounds which occupy a whole city block in one of the most fashionable neighborhoods.

A square or two from the Georgetown Monastery are the private art galleries of Mr. Thomas E. Waggaman, president of the Washington Council of the St. Vincent de Paul Society and treasurer of the Catholic University of America. This col-

lection of paintings and oriental ceramics and curios is considered one of the finest in the country. Millet, Troyon, Mauve, Dagnan-Bouveret, Corot, Harpignies, Israels, Fromentin, Doucet, Rousseau, Jacques, Breton, Ter Meulen, Maris, and De Nouvelle are among the masters represented. Examples of the modern French and Dutch schools predominate, although there are some striking pictures by English and American artists. The latest acquisition is a wonderful canvas entitled "Faith," a work of Sir Joshua Reynolds which formerly ornamented a window at the University of Oxford.

Once a week, on Thursdays, Mr. Waggaman throws open



MR. WAGGAMAN'S ART GALLERY.

his treasures to the public for the benefit of the poor of the District. Every Sunday afternoon he has informal receptions, where friends and connoisseurs delight to focus.

The aspect of Catholicism is as vigorous in other parts of Washington as it is in the quaint quarter of Georgetown. One by one the old churches, simple and primitive in design, have given place to stately piles more in accord with the increasing splendor of the city which they sanctify and adorn.

The new St. Matthew's, although at present in a rather crude condition, promises to be a most imposing specimen of ecclesiastical architecture. The plan is cruciform, with a central altar admirably adapted for solemn ritual. One of the side chapels is dedicated to St. Anthony, and is a reproduction of an ancient shrine in Padua. It was the gift of Mrs. M. H.

Robbins, the daughter of ex-Governor Carroll. The cost of the interior decorations, which are of Carrara and Verona marble, executed by Primo Fontana of Italy, was thirty thousand dollars.

St. Aloysius, which, like Holy Trinity, is in charge of the Jesuits, has been a potent factor in the temporal as well as the spiritual growth of north-east Washington. Founded forty years ago, in what was then a suburban swamp, it has now a parish of five thousand souls. One thousand children attend the Sunday-school and seven hundred men in the congregation are monthly communicants. Gonzaga College, which has already passed its diamond jubilee, and the unequalled parochial schools taught by the Sisters of Notre Dame, have converted this section into a fountain-head of religious energy.

St. Dominic's, in south-west Washington, is another great source of Catholic activities. Convents and academies have gathered around this high-steepled, gray-stone edifice of the Dominican Fathers, which, with its richly stained windows, dusky side chapels, and dim aisles, is one of the most picturesque churches of the town.

The white stone church of St. Peter, on Capitol Hill, and St. Mary's, the German church, have both arisen in new beauty on the sites of the old houses of worship, which were endeared by so many hallowed memories and associated so intimately with the early annals of the city.

St. Joseph's, the Immaculate Conception, the Holy Name, St. Stephen's, and St. Paul's have large and devout congregations.

It is estimated by authorities that there are from 12,000 to 15,000 colored Catholics at the Capital. Seats are reserved for them in every church; they also have two churches of their own, St. Augustine's and St. Cyprian's. St. Augustine's, the more important, was founded in 1874 by the Rev. Felix Barotti. Upon his death, it was for eleven years under the care of the Josephite Fathers of Mill Hill, England; on their recall from the United States, the cardinal appointed the Rev. Paul Griffith pastor.

St. Patrick's, which was established in 1795, is near one of the big thoroughfares up and down which streams the vast army of government employees on their way to and from the Post Office, the Patent Office, the Pension Bureau, and Treasury Department. Notwithstanding the whirl and bustle without the granite walls, within the church there is always to be



ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH.

found, even in the busiest hours of the day, a goodly band of worshippers prostrated before the towering altar of marble and onyx.

The Rev. D. J. Stafford, D.D., is assistant pastor of St. Patrick's, where multitudes of all creeds as well as unbelievers flock to hear him preach. Although he is but thirty-seven years of age, he has the reputation of being "one of the greatest living masters of marvellous natural eloquence have profound study; table comprehensive intellectual anomalies special manner to be faith. He is con- upon to address au- labor unions and Christian Associa- tions as well as dels and free-think- on Citizenship,



REV. D. J. STAFFORD, D.D.

expression." His gifts of grace and been reinforced by his acute yet chari- sion of modern in- fits him in a spe- a champion of the stantly being called diences of all kinds the Young Men's tion, Jewish congre- assemblies of infi- ers. His lectures Shakspeare, Poe,

Dickens, etc., show unrivalled versatility and wealth of imagination.

Connected with the churches are innumerable societies for the furtherance of both the heavenly and the earthly interests of the faithful. Each parish has its League of the Sacred Heart and its sodalities, besides many other minor fraternities. The Ancient Order of Hibernians and the Catholic Knights are strongly represented. The Washington Council of St. Vincent de Paul is particularly active, and from time to time there are rumors of centralizing this society at the Capital.

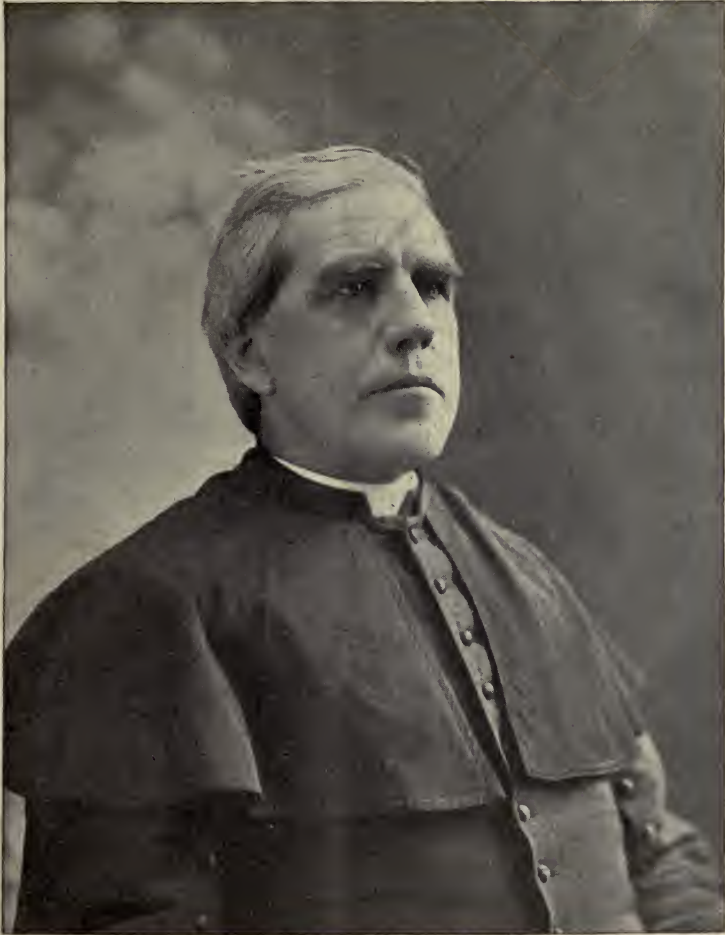
The Tabernacle Society was founded in Washington in 1876 by the Rev. John J. Keane, then assistant pastor of St. Patrick's, late Rector of the Catholic University, now Archbishop of Damascus. Shortly afterwards it was affiliated with the Association for Perpetual Adoration and the Work for the Poor Churches, under the control of the Archconfraternity for Perpetual Adoration, whose chief seat is Rome and whose history is so well known.

Many of the members of the Tabernacle Society are women of social prominence. Mrs. Edward White, the wife of Justice White, is the president; while Mrs. Ramsay, the wife of Rear Admiral Ramsay, Mrs. Henry May, Mrs. Stephen Rand, Mrs. Vance, Mrs. Story, Mrs. Sheridan, Mrs. W. E. Montgomery, and Mrs. William C. Robinson form an indefatigable corps of officers. Miss Fanny Whelan, the secretary and treasurer, has been identified with the organization during most of its existence. The amount of cutting, stitching, and embroidery done by these white-handed toilers is phenomenal. As the result of their arduous efforts, barren sanctuaries blossom into beauty, vacant altars are furnished, and far-away missionaries are clothed with silken vestments. The reports at the meeting of the Eucharistic Congress, in 1895, recorded the distribution of twenty-nine thousand six hundred and thirty-five articles in seventy-six different dioceses. Since that date several thousand more articles have been sent away to needy priests.

The National Capital abounds in solid and superb manifestations of the infallible faith. Reared upon the heroic virtues which are alone found in their fulness in that church "which has covered the world with its monuments," sustained by sacrificial lives, the Catholic philanthropic institutions of Washington offer a subtle and silent challenge to the clamorous altruist of these tangential times.

There are three orphan asylums in the city: St. Anne's,

founded in 1860 by the late Dr. Toner, is in charge of the Sisters of Charity, and is the refuge for over a hundred little waifs from their most diminutive day until they attain the discreet age of seven years, when the girls are sent to St. Vin-



MONSIGNOR CONATY, RECTOR OF THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF AMERICA.

cent's and the boys to St. Joseph's, the latter being under the supervision of the Sisters of the Holy Cross.

St. Vincent's is the oldest charitable institution in the District, having been established by the Rev. William Matthews in 1825. St. Anne's receives an appropriation of five thousand dollars from the government, but St. Vincent's has to depend entirely upon private contributions. As there are from eighty

to one hundred girls, between the ages of seven and fourteen, sheltered here, it is much to be regretted that their support is so uncertain. Having been taught many useful lessons in books and out of books, these girls enter St. Rose's Industrial School, which is also managed by the Sisters of Charity, who here train their pupils in fashionable dressmaking and various other arts which enable them to become efficient bread-winners.

A recent addition to the Infant Asylum is a summer home for the babies—a comfortable old house ten miles out of town, where the happy though motherless mites can teeth and tumble in safety.

The girls of St. Rose's are also to have an outing-place, for which they are indebted to the late Mr. Leech, a kind-hearted old bachelor of the city who bequeathed ten thousand dollars for this purpose. The chosen spot for their holiday retreat is Ocean City, Maryland.

Another example of the sublime resolution and compassion for which the daughters of St. Vincent have always been noted is Providence Hospital, which was established in 1862 for the benefit of the indigent sick, but during the war was much used by the soldiers. From lowly beginnings, through the deep-felt and devoted interest of Hon. Thaddeus Stevens, who befriended the Institution on all occasions, and through the gratuitous services of its medical and surgical staff, the hospital has become in all its appointments a model one.

Since its incorporation, in 1864, Congress has appropriated every year the sum of seventeen thousand dollars for its maintenance and treatment of ninety-five indigent persons a day, but the number of poor patients in the public wards averages from 120 to 130. There are about fifty private rooms and several private wards, the proceeds of which form a fund which is dedicated to the relief of the suffering poor of the District.

No cases are refused except those of insanity or diseases of a contagious nature. Patients are admitted to the public wards by order of the Surgeon General of the United States Army.

Connected with the hospital is a wide, airy ward apart from the main building for patients who require isolation.

The operating room with its white marble walls, though it sets a sensitive soul shivering, must be a solace to the medical mind, so perfect is it in all its ghastly equipments. A very youthful and serene sister gives her whole time to its attendance and to the preparation of surgical dressings. Another

white-bonneted saint spends her days in the drug-room deftly filling the numerous prescriptions.

Beneath the surgical amphitheatre, with its tier upon tier of seats, is the bacteriological and pathological laboratory. There is also a training school annexed, which is constantly supplying the hospital with a corps of well-drilled nurses who, together with the sisters, are unwearied in the discharge of their blessed tasks.

It was through the instrumentality of the beloved Father J. A. Walter, late pastor of St. Patrick's, whose charitable enterprises were almost countless, that the Little Sisters of the Poor came from France and established themselves in Washington in 1871. They now have a well-built and commodious Home for the Aged, in which two hundred old men and women are tenderly cared for. There are only seventeen sisters in the community. Each day four of these go out to beg for their helpless charges, who are entirely dependent upon private alms, as the institution receives no pension whatsoever.

A delegation of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd came from Baltimore to the Capital in 1883—the residence of the late Admiral Smith, U.S.N., having been put at their disposal by his daughter, Miss Anna Smith, who died a few years ago.

The order now occupies a newly erected and elegant home on the north-western outskirts of the city. The object of this well-known institution is the reformation of fallen and abandoned women who, desiring to amend their lives, apply for admission or are entered by competent and lawful authority. All applicants are received regardless of nation, age, or creed, and are free to remain as long as they wish; some stay but a short time, but the greater number remain for one, two, sometimes three years.

Congress appropriates twenty-seven hundred dollars annually for the expenses of this great charity. The income of the institution is principally derived from the needle-work of its inmates. All kinds of this work are done, from the exquisite embroidery and hand-sewing for which the House of the Good Shepherd is famous, to the coarse shop-work that simply keeps unskilled hands occupied.

Distinct from the Reformatory is a Preservation Class for young girls and children, whose days are divided between the study of the elementary branches and industrial training. From its foundation in Washington the "Good Shepherd" has admitted 476 persons, the average for the past year being 83.

Two recent and as yet rather embryonic philanthropies in the Capital are the Home for Destitute Working-Men and the House of Mercy, a lodging-place for young working-women where they may obtain board and shelter at nominal rates. The former is under the jurisdiction of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, the latter is managed by four Sisters of Mercy who are valiantly struggling for the advancement of their undertaking.

The municipal affairs of Washington are in the hands of three commissioners, who are appointed by the President and confirmed by Congress, and the Capital, though deprived of the dubious gratifications of "local politics," is a most justly and tranquilly governed city—



CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

the only grievance of the Catholic citizen being the opposition to the granting of appropriations to Catholic philanthropic institutions.

Whenever the question is brought up for consideration, there is a rumpus among certain estimable representatives and senators who have somewhat squint-eyed notions of equity, and who are disposed to caricature the Constitution in their attempts to prevent the government from aiding hundreds of helpless unfortunates of all creeds simply because they are under Catholic care. The reiterated and convenient plea of "no union between church and state" scarcely sanctions the state's shifting many of its obvious obligations on a church which in its merciful motherhood denies no claim and counts no cost.

The social life of a democracy is necessarily more or less amorphous. Class distinctions cannot but be ill-defined and ephemeral, and any assumption of exclusiveness seems somewhat incongruous and unwarrantable. Nowhere in the United



MARTIN F. MORRIS, LL.D.



MADELEINE VINTON DAHLGREN.

States are these characteristics so strongly emphasized as in Washington. The perpetual flux of the most influential forces of society at the Capital, the assemblage of so many foreign embassies, each in itself a differing centrifugal element, tends to heighten the instinct of equality. In this city Catholicity is not confined to any particular set or circle, but pervades and kindles every phase of intercourse. This is rapidly resulting in the abolishment of all bigotry.

Numbers of the old resident families, which form the stable portion of the population, are descended from those sturdy pioneers who planted the standard of the cross upon the shores



READING ROOM OF CARROLL INSTITUTE.

of Maryland, and many of the diplomats from Europe and South America profess the true faith; these facts, together with the presence of the Apostolic Delegate, the Most Rev. Archbishop Martinelli, give an especial dignity and lustre to local Catholicism.

Among the eminent children of the church residing in Washington is the Hon. Joseph McKenna, of California, who has just resigned the position of attorney general to assume the duties of associate justice of the Supreme Court. His irreproachable character is the outcome of a dearly cherished creed.

The Hon. Edward Douglas White, who is also a Catholic, is a native of New Orleans and one of the most honored of



MOLLY ELLIOTT SEAWELL.

the many brilliant alumni of Georgetown University. After having filled several important offices in his own State, he was elected United States senator of Louisiana; before the expiration of his term he was raised by Cleveland, in 1894, to the Supreme Bench.

Martin F. Morris was also educated at Georgetown University. His exceptional legal reputation, acquired during his eighteen years of partnership with the late Richard T. Merrick, of Washington, led to his appointment in 1893 as associate justice of the newly formed Court of Appeals. He is a quiet, unassuming man whose wide erudition humbly rests upon the Rock of Revelation.

The genial novelist, poet, and essayist, Maurice F. Egan, occupies the chair of philology at the Catholic University. His popular lectures on literature, delivered not only at this institution but at the various academies of the city, are scholarly combinations of humor, logic, philosophy, and fancy. His home is a veritable "lion's" den, for he and his gracious wife are always entertaining celebrities.

The author of the wondrous *South Sea Idyls*, as professor of English at the Catholic University, has had to resist his nomadic tendencies to explore all corners of the world. His present domicile, dubbed by him "The Bungalow," is full of treasure-troves gathered in his wanderings over two continents. As a rule this itinerant poet and dreamer flies formal function. When Mr. Stoddard is captured by some enterprising hostess and made to grace some festivity, there is much rejoicing among those who have the good fortune to meet him, for the magic charm of the man himself even surpasses that of his books.

Madeleine Vinton Dahlgren, the widow of the brave admiral, has for many years held prominence in the social, official, and literary life of the Capital. At the commencement of her career as a Catholic writer she received the Apostolic Benediction from Pius IX., and her last powerful work, entitled *The Secret Directory*, has been crowned with the blessing of our Holy Father Leo XIII.

Molly Elliott Seawell, a convert, is the author of *The Virginia Cavalier*, *Throckmorton*, *The Children of Destiny*, *The*



CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF AMERICA.

Sprightly Romance of Marsac, and many other stories captivating by their limpid English and delicious wit.

The astute critic, Dr. A. J. Faust, is a familiar figure in the Capital, where he has long been an instructor in St. John's College, which is conducted by the Christian Brothers.

Ella Loraine Dorsey, the talented daughter of the late Anna Hanson Dorsey, is the Russian translator in one of the scientific libraries of Washington. This bright, lovable woman is the author of several delightfully told tales; notable among them are *The Tsar's Horses* and *The Taming of Polly*. The latter has taken pinafores readers by storm.

The limitations of space forbid the recording of the names of hosts of other Catholics whose lives dominate society at the nation's headquarters.

The Carroll Institute is the leading organization of the Catholic laymen in the Capital, and it is one of the most prosperous clubs of the kind in the country. The object, as stated in its constitution, is "to draw together members for social in-

tercourse, physical culture, and improvement in literature, the encouragement of education, and the defence of Catholic faith and morals."

The idea of this association originated with Major Edward Mallet, while president of the Young Catholic Friend's Society. The Institute is indeed an honor to the historic name of Carroll, so illustriously represented by the Most Rev. John Carroll, first Archbishop of Baltimore, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, the signer of the Declaration of Independence, and Daniel Carroll of Duddington, one of the commissioners appointed by Washington to lay out the Capital.

From its modest commencement, in 1873, Carroll Institute has grown into a great power for good. In its early days the Rev. John J. Keane was most earnest in his effort to extend its influence; the late Father Walter also gave it his cordial and generous support.

In 1892 the handsome new edifice was erected, on Tenth Street near K, at the cost of \$80,000. It combines all the features of an athletic club-house with the quiet charm of a literary retreat. In the basement are the bowling alley, kitchen, and dining hall; on the first floor, the auditorium, with a seating capacity for 600, and the library, containing 4,500 volumes; the reading room, director's room, the gymnasium—presided over by an accomplished instructor—the amusement rooms, billiard rooms, and baths occupy the next floor. The Institute's membership is 540. Its dramatic club, minstrels, and orchestra deserve much commendation for their excellent entertainments. For several seasons past a series of complimentary lectures have been delivered by some of the cleverest men of the District under the auspices of the Institute.

The Sisters of Notre Dame de Namur have purchased a commanding site upon the northern boundary of Washington, close to the Catholic University, upon which Trinity College is to be erected. The founders hope that the fine Gothic structure will be completed and ready for occupancy in about a year. The building will be large enough to accommodate one hundred pupils, with the necessary teachers. The curriculum is intended to supplement the usual convent course.

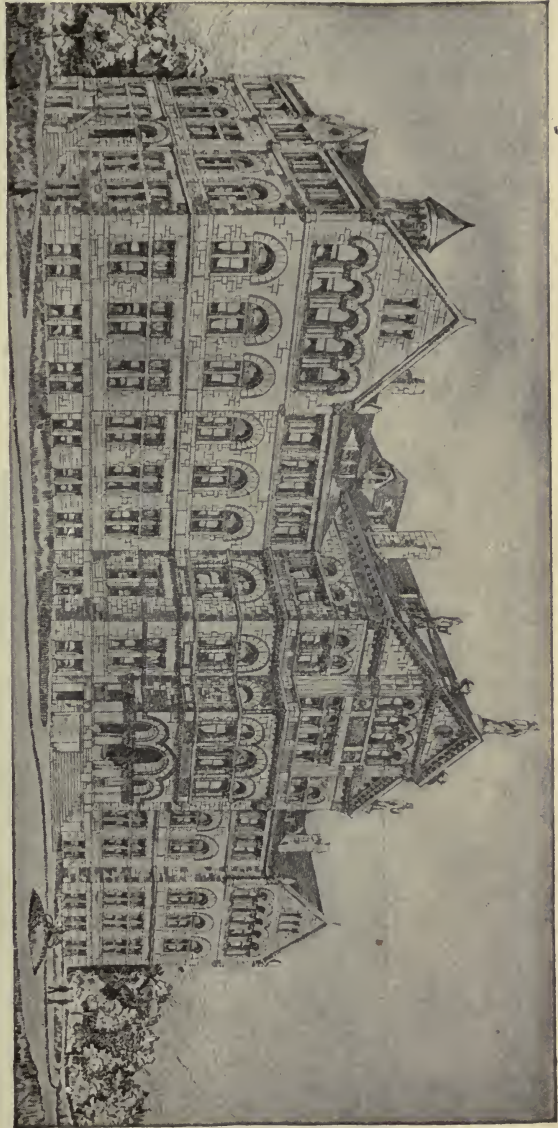
Higher culture for femininity is one of the shibboleths of the day. While the New Woman, with her head full of vagaries, is reconstructing the universe, Trinity College will offer to her Catholic sisters an opportunity to acquire knowledge which, though adapting itself to all rightful demands of the period, is

firmly wedded to that unchanging faith which has lifted woman in all ages to her true position, wreathed her brow, even in the early church, with student laurels, and given her as a model Mary, the Seat of Wisdom.

The establishment of the Catholic University of America at the axle of the government is one of the most prophetic achievements of the closing century. In its radiant youth, the institution holds the promise of an incomparable future. Its fructifying spirit has already been felt in all parts of the country. To the people of Washington, who live within sight of its inspiring walls, who can attend, at will, its public lectures, and who have the privilege of personal contact with the profound scholars who compose its faculty, it is a direct and constant impulsion to higher intellectual and religious life.

Unlike the other famous seats of learning in the United States, the Catholic University has no department for undergraduates, its function being the training of specialists in mathematics, physics, chemistry, biology, philosophy, letters, sociology, economics, politics, law, and theology.

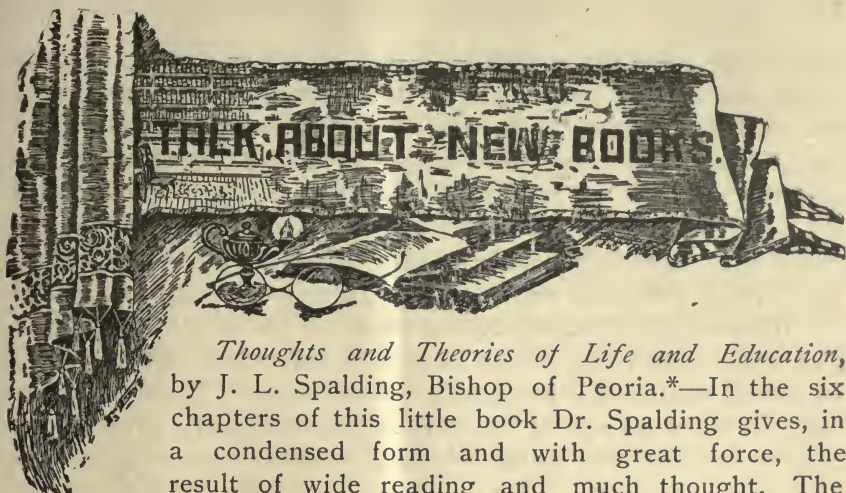
McMAHON HALL OF PHILOSOPHY, CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.



The rector, Monsignor Thomas J. Conaty, D.D., is a man whose splendid mental endowments are enhanced by holiness and simplicity of character, and who is in every way prepared for his responsible office. No one understands more fully than he the purpose of this peerless university—this tower of Truth, from whose summit Science and Religion are discerned as kindred and complementary rays from the same eternal Sun; this tower of Truth, whose gates are open to make answer to the awful interrogations of traving souls. The wide-spread movement for the increase of culture must eventually bring about the complete disintegration of Protestantism. Then must non-Catholic America be confronted by the choice between the inchoate darkness of agnosticism and the unfailing light of infallible authority. Numerous signs of this coming alternative are visible at the great educational centres, among which the National Capital is predestined to have the ascendancy.



STATUE OF LEO XIII. IN CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.



Thoughts and Theories of Life and Education, by J. L. Spalding, Bishop of Peoria.*—In the six chapters of this little book Dr. Spalding gives, in a condensed form and with great force, the result of wide reading and much thought. The reader will be at once reminded of some of Carlyle's writings by the form into which the author's reflections and judgments are cast. They strike one like aphorisms, each thought clearly marked, defined, separated; you have a rich sentiment or a profound truth in your possession, and you possess it as if it came like an intuition which grasps at once the whole idea, whether it be a truth strictly so-called or a sentiment. The resemblance to Carlyle is on the surface, however. Dr. Spalding is under his aphorisms; Carlyle too often was only remade clothes with ill-assorted cloth patching the threadbare parts, or the whole so badly dyed that in a little time they looked worse than in their old beggarly state. The fact is, that Dr. Spalding is an able man who had been trained to think in the only school of thought, the Catholic Church; Carlyle was a bundle of uncontrolled passions and calculated eccentricities, who fell in love with his words, mistook them for thoughts, and philosophized from them as if they were eternal "verities," as he would say in his own jargon. Dr. Spalding is an honest man, Carlyle a wordy impostor.

The contrast between both can be seized when looking at their views of labor and study. Both acknowledge in words the usefulness of labor as a training for the development of the moral nature. That is to say, the dignity of labor is recognized by both. Study, as a means towards the perfection of nature, is insisted upon by Carlyle; and of study and of labor generally he has to say, with the laborious monks, "Laborare est orare." But no suspicion that a duty to labor precedes labor is hinted by Carlyle anywhere except in that quotation.

* Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

That some must work and some rule, he takes as the inevitable social law, and reconciles it with the quotation thus: the rulers are workers because they protect industry; but why should the particular "some" be "underlings"? Analyze it, and you find that the miseries of life which cause discontent with one's lot are not because the stars have shaped men's destinies, but because men are "underlings." He had no conception of the duty which preceded and sanctified labor; if he had, he would not have deified conscienceless strength of will by a philosophy which found the divine in a man whenever he engaged in any work that could be loudly talked about. To take advantage of the weakness of an ally, to seize territory even at the cost of rousing the world to arms, was the movement of the divine in Frederick. We must work because God has so ordained it; this being the author's position, he soundly philosophizes; as, for instance, when he says with reference to genius—which after all is the capacity for the highest work in a department of labor—that "for whoever loves purely, or strives bravely, or does honest work, life's current bears fresh and fragrant thoughts."

In this assurance, to which any one will assent, we have the expression in a word or two of all that philosophy has taught the most virtuous intellects. Tennyson caught one part of it when he said:

"Better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all,"

for surely the employment of the affections, whether within the home or in the intercourse of friendship beyond it, is one of those pleasures which bear testimony to the beauty of that nature which God has given to man. It may be that they have been bestowed on objects unworthy of them, but the badness of a son's conduct can never deprive a parent of the gratification he has once enjoyed. It is not true, in Tennyson's sense, that a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things, though it is true in the higher sense of striving bravely, which is that higher striving of sacrifice to which our author in part has granted the reward of fresh and fragrant thoughts. The whole measure of striving must include endurance, which, in the shape of fortitude, is the discipline of life and the expression of disciplined life.

So, speaking of the "educator," he says his whole aim is to foster life, but that is to deal with each individual so as to in-

crease his power of life and to heighten his quality of life. This theory of education is an arraignment of any system which only takes account of the intellect, and fashions men into money-making machines. It arraigns those systems which prevent the expansion of the heart, which find no room for that sympathy which if not love is an effluence of love. To make the intellect the seat of truth and the will the executive officer of justice is the office of education. When faithfully pursued by the teacher, he may hope that some of his disciples will realize in their lives the mercy inseparable from truth and justice, because they shall feel how much mercy they require themselves, how little they know of the thousand influences that co-operate in producing, and therefore qualifying, the worst acts of others.

Indeed, the many beautiful thoughts to be found in this work will elevate the reader and enrich him. If literature is a support in the troubles of life, if it be a solace for mental pain, a relief from physical pain, it is mainly because it opens realms into which pain does not enter. It is not the mere distraction which reading affords from the immediate pressure of suffering that causes one to forget it for the time; that would be a transfer from the rack to the chamber of little ease; but it is the positive pleasure to the intellect and heart which reading offers that supplies the elixir. Wise and beautiful thoughts in the store-house of the mind will produce something of the effect of reading when the eye and ear will not exercise their functions. Such thoughts we have in the book before us. In the same way that proverbs are said to be the condensed wisdom of the ages of mankind, so the thoughts here, clearly cut as crystal, can be said to be the essence of a wide and varied knowledge.

Some Scenes from the Iliad, by William Dillon, LL.D.*—Mr. Dillon, in a lecture delivered last July before the Columbian Catholic Summer-School, at Madison, Wis., gave to the public his estimate of the quality of Homer's genius. This lecture has since been published in separate form and is the little book before us. He opens his lecture by a plea for classical studies. We regret to say this was needed. Their influence is not now what it used to be in the English Parliament; felicitous quotations from the Greek and Roman classics no longer reveal in a flash the spirit of a speech. The late Mr. Butt

* Chicago and New York: D. H. McBride & Co.

was the last of the Romans; Mr. Gladstone is the last of the Greeks. Of course we do not mean that the value of these studies consisted in enabling a man to give an appearance of classical learning to his addresses in Parliament or at the Bar; it was the tone of mind, the character of taste they were so instrumental in forming, which constituted their chief value; and such quotations as we allude to only came in as incidental evidences of the reality of the speaker's culture. But when those pursuits of elegant leisure have lost their power in England, it is not surprising that in the rush of business which is the characteristic of American activity they should be somewhat undervalued. We had occasion some time ago, in noticing a book, to remark that there was a tendency to return to those studies, and we take Mr. Dillon's lecture as another instance of the kind.

Though very short, this little study of Homer is interesting. Mr. Dillon was obliged, owing to his limits, to state opinions rather than to open the grounds of them, to suggest rather than dissect; but he has done his work admirably, for he has excited curiosity in every mind which is not satisfied with having its thinking done for it. By the way, we cannot confirm a statement of his—we say this in passing—that boys for the most part consider the *Iliad* stands first among books for difficulty, stupidity, and "cussedness," with the *Anabasis* a good second in these distinguishing characteristics. It is notorious—at least it is so if we are not dreaming—that boys devour the *Iliad*, even through the medium of wretched translations, in corners of the playground, and even under their desk-lids, when they should be at their Asses' Bridge or at their surds—and they do this with fair risks of a flogging. We have hardly ever known a boy whose young heart did not shine in his eyes, as he recollected the shout of the remnant of the Ten Thousand when they saw the "sea" and felt the hope it inspired that they should reach their homes at last.

The view which Mr. Dillon expresses, that Homer is the national poet of Greece in a sense that no great poet of any other people is their national poet, is one we can hardly follow. He cites Professor Webb as an authority—not, indeed, if we understand him rightly, that he has taken the opinion from Mr. Webb, but as a support to his own view. Of course no one can question the scholarship of the latter; we would take him as high authority on a reading or an interpretation, but (classical) scholarship pure and simple is not conclusive in com-

parative estimates based on political, social, and ethnological differences, and the influence of these differences in determining the quality called national. For instance, take Shakspeare, as Mr. Dillon does. He says that Shakspeare is cosmopolitan. We ask, in what way is Shakspeare this that Homer is not? Our own poor opinion is, that Shakspeare is the product of England, and could be that of no other country. The magnificent equity of his judgments, his superiority to all motives of fear or favor or affection, reflect in highly idealized form the habitual reverence for law which distinguishes the Englishman at home. It used to be the fashion of superficial but clever criticism to say that in the Historical Plays he held a brief for the House of Lancaster. What solid evidence of this can be adduced? Test it, and it resolves itself into the hoary hunchback that walks the stage and does his murders as Richard III.; but we know that Richard was in the prime of life at the time, and so on. Not a particle of Lancastrian prejudice is in the conception; why, an Englishman's contempt for foreigners breaks out in Richard, the fearless heart of the man lifts him above the craft and treachery that marked the assassinations of Italian statesmanship in those days. The Richard of the Chronicles had infused into him the policy of Southern Europe by the great master, but when infusing it he stamped it with an English seal.

We should have liked to say more on topics suggested in this lecture. The appreciation of Greek eloquence in the speeches is perfect, the specimens selected are those which in an especial manner would give the English reader an idea of the power which Homer possessed over the sources of feeling, and in which his only rival is Shakspeare. However, we cannot refrain from mentioning the happy hit which Mr. Dillon gives—an instance from the ninth book of the *Iliad*—to controvert Lord Sherbrooke's position: that you can count upon a man's conduct to a nicety when you place his ear within the ring of pounds, shillings, and pence. The heart of the whole world would bear testimony to Homer's truth to nature in making Achilles' pride and anger superior to the consideration of interest. There are men alive who have some passion or some motive against whose power wealth would be offered in vain. Lord Sherbrooke was a political economist; he was not a man of this kind. His principles led him to a cave of Adullam—perhaps there were concealed treasures there—and they led him out of it, that he might become chancellor of the ex-

chequer. They led him to what Mr. Disraeli happily called "ermined insignificance," and afterwards to desert the man who had ennobled him. A man, no doubt, may betray every one who trusted him and at the same time offer sound opinions on economics, but when he bases his opinions on "human nature" we ask: Is it on Iago's or Kent's that they stand?

We promise our readers a pleasant and profitable half-hour with William Dillon's *Scenes from the Iliad*.

The Chatelaine of the Roses, by Maurice Francis Egan.*
—There are four stories in the book which bears the title to this notice—one the title story itself, in six chapters; the others are very much shorter; all are good. They are written for young people between the ages of ten and fifteen. It is not easy to write in such a manner as to please and interest the average boy and girl of that period of life. Some are so precocious at the age of ten that Scott's novels are their food in fiction, some so much more than precocious that from ten to fifteen they have risen from the demi-monde of Ouida to the three-quarters world of Balzac. If those clever boys who affect to be *blasé* at the age of fifteen are not putrid in mind as well as corrupt in morals, they can enjoy the stirring scenes, the admirably designed situations, and the polished writing of the first story. We think Dr. Egan, if he exerted his power to the utmost, would take a leading place in romantic literature. There will be always a demand for it, which even a depraved taste for gross realism cannot overcome, provided that ability of a high order is enlisted in its service. Such ability Dr. Egan possesses, and this means a great deal. It means the power of carrying away men from sordid and paltry motives, which are called practical views, to a life where justice and self-sacrifice are ruling influences; of placing women in the sphere of duty where they sit enthroned in the hearts of brave and honorable men and administer the moralities of the parental board; of producing conversations full of gaiety and courtesy or touched with the gentleness of sorrow and sympathy, and not dialogues of bald insolence called cynicism, of vicious vulgarity called humor; of displaying the incidents of pure life in the world of the home, and not the chronicles of the divorce court and the criminal court as its reflex. To bring the higher novel back to its place, ability and no common knowledge are required. We think even if one were to fail it would be worth

* Philadelphia: H. L. Kilner & Co.

the trial. As Quintillian says, It is a noble thing to fail in noble undertakings. For the novel of the day no talent is needed; a stable-boy's knowledge of mankind or the promptings of a foul imagination are sufficient. To prurient minds Mr. Grant Allen is always as welcome as a Holywell-street advertisement; and as in the advertisement so in Mr. Grant Allen's novels, it is hard to say which is the more astonishing, the badness of the morals or of the grammar, so often do illiteracy and grossness go together! We wish Dr. Egan would try his hand on such work as made the fame of Scott, and which would have made a name for Gerald Griffin if circumstances had not been too strong for him.

Our Lady of America, by Rev. G. Lee, C.S.Sp.,* is a little work on the Miracle of Holy Mary of Guadalupe and the devotion which has proceeded from it. We do not remember having read anything for a long time which has affected us so much as this account of Our Lady's appearance to the Indian neophyte Juan Diego on the blessed hill of Tepeyac. The simplicity and directness of Father Lee's manner may have had its influence in moving us, his intense conviction may have contributed to the effect, and his careful proofs for the apparitions and all connected with them, culminating, as they do, in the letter of the present Holy Father inculcating devotion to our Lady of America, may have borne their share in moving us. But something remains for which the book, excellent as it is, does not altogether account. When the author says, in a note which serves as a motto, "I believe that the Mother of God appeared on this continent and spoke to its people and left them a wondrous memorial of her visit," he supplies us with the element wanting to the explanation of the effect produced by reading his book. Not by any means that we mean his own conviction caused ours, but we have such a conviction as he has; and the effect is an unspeakable encouragement and consolation. Therefore, in recommending the work there is much more than a mere reviewer's approval.

Indeed, with regard to private revelations, while there is a great deal that is unsatisfactory in the way in which they are regarded by the critical among the faithful, there is much to cause caution in the readiness to accept them on the part of the great body of the faithful. But this willingness is as far from being a product of superstition as the highest moral effect

* Baltimore and New York : John Murphy & Co.

of the highest mental process. It is in the highest degree logical. If once we accept the supernatural, there can be no more reason why angels should not appear to men to-day than when they appeared to Abraham, no more reason why saints should not appear as that angels have appeared. We should call it superstition in a man of intellect and information to dread something bad happening to him the day he failed to touch every lamp-post on his morning walk in Fleet Street. We see no connection between the touching of the lamp-posts and the events of the day. But the readiness to accept statements that the servants of God in heaven have appeared to people on earth has its root in all the elements within us which constitute man's desire for union with God.

Putting aside the question of fraud, which has really no bearing on the matter, the only objection to this readiness of acceptance is that it proceeds from insufficient data. How? The insufficiency of the data can only be with regard to a particular apparition. It may be that enthusiasm carried to the extent of madness may have fancied visits or seen visions that never occurred. But the test is always easy. Madness gambols from constant matter, you soon discriminate religious mania from the intense and humble conviction of piety which is at the same time appalled by favors granted. Looking at the subject in this manner, one is almost tempted to regard the action of Rome in the case of apparitions and similar interventions with impatience.

It is said that a celestial visitor has appeared at such a place. After a time the people of the place begin to think there is something in it. The priest shakes his head. A little later the people are convinced; the priest refuses to move. Strangers from more distant places throng there and go away with the conviction that a great favor has been vouchsafed. Opinion becomes too strong for the local priest; he consults his brethren, but receives scant countenance. Then he enters on a period of martyrdom, if he has become satisfied himself; for where he should have looked for sympathy and support he finds none; his severest critics are his brethren. Later on there is such strong evidence that the priests put away their doubts, bishops give way, and a petition is sent to Rome for approval. This is the place where faith is needed. A cold sceptical spirit examines everything, and if in addition it be put forth that miracles have taken place, we doubt if Mr. Hume himself would have entertained the evidence with one-

tenth of the distrust with which it would be regarded by the Roman authorities. Finally, if Rome is satisfied—and in saying what we have advanced we do not question the piety of the men charged with investigating such claims—the decree made is so guarded in its character that a person might be excused for thinking it had not been satisfied and that the decree is only a conditional order.

In a sense, no doubt, this is so, for the Supreme Pontiff, though in private he may have shed tears of happiness over the manifestation, must leave it to the personal devotion of each one to accept it or not, as he pleases.

The cult which is the subject of this book has passed through all the difficulties we have mentioned, and far greater ones, before it obtained sanction. Every objection that could be thought of had been urged, every opposition stood in its way. Italian jealousy displayed itself, the malignity of Spanish Liberalism said all it could say; and like Italian jealousy, the contempt of the English-speaking races bore a part in discrediting it; but the devotion triumphed and is now a powerful influence in purifying and elevating life in Mexico. Its first assailant was a priest in the year 1556—twenty-five years after the apparitions—so that the devotion passed through an ordeal which must satisfy any fair mind outside the church, while to all Americans within the church it should come with the power of an exceptional instance of divine favor. “Non fecit taliter omni nationi.” Our readers, with this little book in their hands, will be lifted to a realm from which they will behold in a remarkable way the worthlessness of the world in which we live. All it means, with its petty cares and criminal ambitions, its periods of suffering and trial, will be not merely made clear—for it is that already except to those who put out the eyes of the mind—but brought before us with that vivid perception which is the sustaining motive for conduct.

Wayfaring Men,* by Edna Lyall.—*Wayfaring Men* is one of the best stories we have come across for a long time. It is mainly concerned with a company of actors who did their work in the provinces under a manager, himself a great actor, who possessed a stern and wholesome regard for the legitimate drama. He is a man of high ideals, and his life was sadly bound up with that of a successful actress who, in plain terms, had thrown him over to make a fashionable marriage with a

* New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

middle-aged baronet. This marriage was a failure from the first. The baronet was a domestic tyrant, who abused his wife and servants without any better reason than that supplied by the temper of a costermonger. He did not strike his wife, but his sarcasms and the looks of contempt which accompanied them made him a greater blackguard than the brute who, in the slums of London, is the typical wife-beater. She did not leave him on account of this "cruelty," though the author seems to find fault with the view of the law which does not regard as "cruelty" what is usually called incompatibility of temper, though perhaps in this case, as all the suffering was on one side and the infliction on the other, it might have been the keenest cruelty to which a person of refinement could be subjected. However, there was a way out of the difficulty. The baronet, while on a visit at a relative's in the country, seduced the young wife of one of the game-keepers, and was well thrashed by the injured husband. What we think should have been done by the author, to bring about certain adjustments to which the novel seemed ever tending and failing to accomplish, was to have made the game-keeper take an action of *crim. con.* against the seducer of his wife. Instead of this, the baronet's wife files a petition for divorce on the usual grounds, with the result that she obtained a judicial separation, or what is technically called a divorce *a mensa et toro*. The marred life of her old flame remains in its hopelessness, and her own disappointed life unrepaired; they are full of tenderness for each other now, the man in his constant love, she in her experience of its value, to the end; he, particularly, loyal to the law which would make their marriage bigamous, she for a moment so broken by defeat and loneliness and the oppressive consciousness of her unprotected situation as to ask him to put away his reverence for the blind fetich of the law. Yet there is nothing purposelessly wrong in this, not the slightest suggestion of sinfulness; it is only a great moral mistake, beginning with the idea that our Lord tolerated divorce for adultery, necessarily leading to the effacement of the Christian view of marriage and to the rupture of family life.

This, however, is only a current running within the broad flood of the story; the adventures of a young actor and the companion of his childhood, whom he marries, are the subject, and in every respect, direct and incidental, full of life and interest. For instance, the young actor in question and the girl are both wards of a man of title—we do not know whether he

is a knight or baronet, but he is a promoter of companies on a gigantic scale—and came to know each other as children in his house. The young lady is an heiress; and her guardian—a great philanthropist, by the way—is also trustee of her fortune. Of course he speculates with and loses it. The father of the other ward had been the life-long friend of the guardian; he advises his friend to trust his money in one of the speculations he promoted. This, of course, turns out disastrously, and the friend is ruined and dies broken-hearted.

But though realizing the treachery of his friend, the great promoter, the dying victim of the fraud entrusts the care of the boy's future to this hypocrite. The latter will in this way have an opportunity to make some atonement for the ruin brought upon the father, or it may be there is a spell in old friendship which accounts for it. But examined critically it seems sketchy, ill-digested, and improbable; yet there is such an admirable power in the interrelations of events and such a reality in the interactions of character, that both combined capture the reader with the force of life and truth to nature. The sketchiness is filled up by bitterness, selfishness, and passion, while the seemingly improbable is by the strength of circumstances lifted to the actual. We have not seen anything more vigorous for some time; and the only censure we can pronounce is that there is carelessness of execution.

There is a good deal of pleasant life in the book—a charming Irish family, a charming French one. The discrimination of character is good, and in saying this we mean high praise; for very few, except men of the highest genius or men possessed of that power of taking pains which has so suggestively been called genius, could handle such a number of characters without confusing the outlines. Our meaning may be better understood when we say that Lord Beaconsfield's characters are only distinguishable by their names; this is to some extent true of Bulwer-Lytton, careful as he was, and we venture to say in that vast catalogue of male and female names which might be filled from the novels of Thackeray the distinguishable characters might be counted on the fingers of one hand—Lord Steyne, Becky Sharpe, and perhaps Major Pendennis, in one group of books, the younger brother in the *Virginians* perhaps, and perhaps Dr. Philip's father in the *Adventures of Philip*. They are all sketches and caricatures, made very pleasant by Thackeray's gossiping, self-possessed way of button-holing the reader, but not possessing a particle of life. For

a moment we get a sharp fact like Sir Hector O'Dowd's eating his luncheon seated on the carcass of his dead charger with all the coolness of Major Dalgetty, and think we have a real man, but we have only a telling incident. Now, Dalgetty is a man every inch of him, not one bit of him a sketch.

We are glad to add *Passion Flowers** to our small collection of really helpful devotional verse. We look forward to the author's promised volume—*Mariæ Corolla*. We are not anxious for him to publish *Poems of Affection and Friendship*, for we cannot believe that the beauty of his "Passion-colored" poems could be reproduced in any more secular book by Father Edmund. These are a part of his spiritual life as Passionist and client of the Heart of Mary—as he says himself, "the beauties of our holy Faith set forth in poetic raiment." More than that, they are, as their title indicates, a weaving together of those special phases of beauty by virtue of whose personal appeal to him he is a Passionist and not a Jesuit or a Paulist or a Marist. Our disinclination that he should change his theme is not to be construed as scepticism of the versatility of his powers, but rather as the expression of a strong conviction that *Passion Flowers* is so thoroughly a part of the author's true self that a volume of different character will be more or less artificial. His mastery of form is so perfect that one is not even diverted from the thought of his verse by its music, as often happens. Indeed, only in a few cases do we stop to notice that the phrases and epithets which so precisely voice the soul are "original"—as in "Sweet Wounds, then home me!" and the exquisite yet strong lines in "Professed":

"'Christo confixus cruci'—nail for nail:

By three strong vows death-wedded to my Lord.

And by the fourth—of faithful, tender wail,

Transfixus too with Mary's very sword."

Even were his soul-history less well known, we think one would almost recognize the rapture with which the convert alone seems to rest in those tenets which make the Church the one refuge for the sorrowing, as he sings:

"O that faith! How fair is sorrow, Passion-colored by its light!
Beauteous as the dawn of Easter when it broke thy vigil's night.
And how *merit-strong affliction*, wedded to thy dying Son!
Every pang a plea availing, every woe a triumph won."

* *Passion Flowers*. By Father Edmund of the Heart of Mary, C.P. (Benjamin D. Hill). New York: Benziger Brothers.

Notes on the Baptistery, by Father Prendergast, S.J., is a most deceptive little volume. We took it up expecting to find certain items of information, artistic and archæological, of more or less interest according as one was or was not concerned in the progress of ecclesiastical architecture in America. We laid it down wondering how best to promote its circulation as a meditation book, likely to be especially helpful to converts and inquirers. The whole Baptistery Chapel of the new Church of St. Ignatius Loyola is one exquisite sermon in symbol; and in this guide-book these symbols are expanded, one by one, with "a little theology, controversy, commentary, criticism, art, even preachment (alas!), all jostling each other unconventionally."

From the pavement sea, breaking in mosaic ripples at the foot of the altar, to the medallions above—St. John the Baptist crowned in glory, with the Ruler and the Lover Apostles on either hand—the reader is led by ways of color and form over nearly every fundamental point of Christian dogma, with a tender art born only of intense love for souls. One turns the pages with a yearning for a long day to pray in that chapel, rather than with great curiosity to study its wonders of mosaic and Favrile glass.

The sections on the Christian Sacraments, the Priesthood, Invocation, Purgatory and Heaven are the best we have yet found to place before inquirers of the class whose number is happily all the time increasing in this country. Many incipient converts care little for historical and theological proofs of the divine authority of the church, but fighting their way by the sole grace of prayer to a certain knowledge of and union with God, see dimly that far greater possibilities are pictured in the lives and works of Catholic saints. Such are often, as they draw nearer, repelled by what they call our "stress on externals" and by fear lest "the material" crowds out "the spiritual" in every-day Catholic life. They miss, in the ordinary hand-books given them, the fervor, the heat of expression to which they are accustomed in their own manuals. They fear spiritual frost. Father Prendergast has, in his *Notes*, put the warmth and color and life which make their power over Catholic hearts into dogmas whose dry bones are too generally presented to catechumens.

The *Sketch of the Madura Mission*,* just issued by one of the Jesuit Fathers in charge of the mission, was writ-

* *India: A Sketch of the Madura Mission.* H. Whitehead, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers.

ten, we are told in the preface, in the hope of securing both men and money for the work in India. It ought to attain its object. Indian daily life and thought are sketched in a rapid, popular style; while the reasons for the admitted failure of Protestant missions in this part of the country stand out so obviously therefrom that the most bigoted reader—if bigoted folk ever read straightforward statements of the opposing party—can find nothing harsh in Father Whitehead's terse presentation of the facts. The accounts of every-day missionary work are fascinating. Toil and hardship and loneliness must be steadily recompensed by the delightful thoroughness with which the *Swāmy* is able to regulate the conduct of his flock, who regard him as arbiter in all matters, temporal as well as spiritual. We recommend especially the carefully detailed account given of a native Christian marriage, as showing the wonderful skill with which the Fathers of the Society of Jesus have managed to retain and supernaturalize every dear and innocent custom of the people whom they are sent not to Westernize but to Christianize, and how worthily they have maintained the spirit of Fathers Nobili and Da Costa, who, in 1606, took on themselves the burden of Brahmin and Pariah souls respectively and lived each—in all matters not idolatrous—after the strictest rule of his chosen caste.

Miss Nixon's new book of travels is entitled *With a Pessimist in Spain*.* The Pessimist certainly journeyed with an Impressionist, for the author's account of sights and incidents is exceedingly sketchy even in these days of hurried journeys and more hurried chroniclings. Happily the dozen half-tone illustrations, unlike the letter-press, are clear and highly finished. The style of the book is pleasant and conversational, and it will be of use and interest to people who have been in the towns it portrays or who are about to visit them—who are, after all, the only people who ever read works of travel!

We rejoice that Dr. Allen's little book, *Our Own Will*,† has reached its fourth edition, for this means that although primarily written for religious, it has had wide circulation among people struggling after perfection in the world, who have much more need of it. The constant monitions of novitiate and chapter are not paralleled for them by the

* *With a Pessimist in Spain*. By Mary F. Nixon. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

† *Our Own Will and How to detect it in Our Actions*. By Rev. J. Allen, D.D., Chaplain of the Dominican Convents in King Williamstown and East London, South Africa. New York: Benziger Brothers.

care of the most watchful director, while it seems practically impossible for the best-intentioned to detect the ramifications of self-will through our best actions, without the external aid of a monitor or a book. Probably were any friend so plain-spoken as this little book, we should give him but one opportunity to be of use to us; whereas even if the book were thrown across the room, it *must* be picked up again to confront us! Social life will be happier as well as better for those of us who absorb the spirit of the chapter on "Our Own Will Disquieted by Suspicions," and accept the fact that "self-will and a strong inclination to suspicions and unjust judgments must always go together." There is something deliciously *naïve* about Dr. Allen's simplicity of statement—as when he says that "if our pet idea is opposed, we experience a disagreeable sensation, something similar to the act of reason by which we renounce sin." Hence, by the law of association, whatever is opposed to our own wishes suggests itself to us as probably sinful!

His book is not one of those distressing manuals which only diagnose a disease, indicate the remedy in general terms, and leave us questioning as to how it can possibly be applied—whether externally or internally, as draught, poultice, or plaster. For example, after explaining that depression is a mode of self-will, he says: "This is a fine opportunity for us to show that we have really no care for anything but the accomplishment of the will of God. We must conquer the depression as far as possible, and then fully convince ourselves that if the worst thing we dread were really to happen, we should have grace and strength to support it."

I.—MEMOIR OF GENERAL THOMAS KILBY SMITH.*

Walter George Smith has given the public an interesting narrative of his father's military career in the Western campaigns of the War of the Rebellion. As a contribution to our war records the book is valuable, and some parts are of absorbing interest to the general reader. It often happens that a soldier's words as well adorn his manhood as his deeds, and this is true of the late General Kilby Smith. Many of his letters graphically describe scenes which can never be described too often, scenes in which he bore an active part, sometimes an heroic one. The author has added to the memoir and

* *Life and Letters of Thomas Kilby Smith, Brevet Major-General, U. S. Volunteers.*
New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

letters a character sketch of the general by his son, Theodore D. Smith, a member of the Order of Passionists, whose death a few years ago in South America was so sincerely mourned by all who knew him—a touching tribute to a noble father by a saintly son.

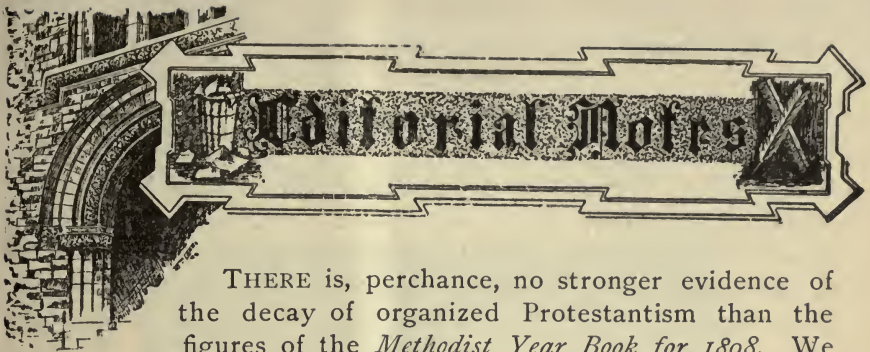
2.—SAINT ANTHONY.*

The lives of the saints are messages from God—reiterations of his affectionate will to children whom he has instructed in other ways. They have been neglected if they are not retold by every good story-teller. They challenge the highest art and reward the humblest. With each new telling they are new, a perennial benediction to him who gives and to him who receives. *The Wonder-Worker of Padua*, by Charles Warren Stoddard, aside from its intrinsic excellence, deserves praise because it is an example of what every gifted writer ought to do, for the love of God and his fellow-men.

Mr. Stoddard's work is simple, ingenuous, and artistic at once. It emphasizes the human charm of the saint; it makes the supernatural credible because beautiful; it links past acts with modern needs, and this is the true fascination and profit of history. It is good to know St. Anthony more vividly and to love him more sincerely, as those who read the book will thank Mr. Stoddard for helping them to do; but in the face of present demands it is almost a deeper gratification to see the right thing in literature done so well. For special admirers of Mr. Stoddard's writing—among whom Stevenson and Howells and Holmes have inscribed themselves—this newest book contains characteristic treasures. For example:

“From the windows I saw the lofty walls of Il Santo—the Basilica of San Antonio—towering against the sunset. There is nothing finer than the proportions of this wondrous structure. A hundred gables toss like a broken sea; clusters of delicate spires spring into space like frozen fountains, and over all rise seven splendid domes that seem to be floating in mid-air. One almost fears that the whole will melt away in the twilight and leave only the spot that it once glorified—like an Arabian tale that is told. Surely its creation was magical. Some genie, sporting with the elements, made marble soluble; and, dreaming of the fabulous East, he blew this pyramid of gigantic bubbles and had not the heart to let them break and vanish. Or is it but another miracle of the beloved saint?”

* *The Wonder-Worker of Padua*. By Charles Warren Stoddard. Notre Dame, Indiana: The Ave Maria.



THERE is, perchance, no stronger evidence of the decay of organized Protestantism than the figures of the *Methodist Year Book for 1898*. We have always been of the opinion that the Methodist body had a firmer grip on its people than any other Protestant denomination, but the *Methodist Year Book for 1898* shows that the net gain of communicants for 1897 was only 19,738, as against an average net increase each year for the last decade of 76,270. The net gain in communicants in 1894 was 157,586.

The Presbyterian Church is again on the verge of a heresy trial, and the heresy-hunters of the New York Presbytery will not rest, presumably, until they bring Dr. McGiffert to book. The learned doctor has his face turned toward Unitarianism and is joining the band of the rationalists who are washing the supernatural out of Christianity.

The Catholic Missionary Union, in a special meeting held February 12, placed another missionary in the home mission field, whose energies will be employed in the field of North Carolina.

The great non-Catholic mission just closed at the Paulist Church in New York has doubled the score of former years in its list of converts. Ninety-one persons were registered in the Inquiry Class at the close of the mission.

This mission had been preceded by a four weeks' mission to the Catholics, and the splendid results of the non-Catholic mission prove again that the Catholic mission should always be the herald of the non-Catholic one.

Among other notable articles published in this number we draw special attention to the masterly article, entitled "America as seen from Abroad," by Archbishop Keane.

LIVING CATHOLIC MEN OF SCIENCE.

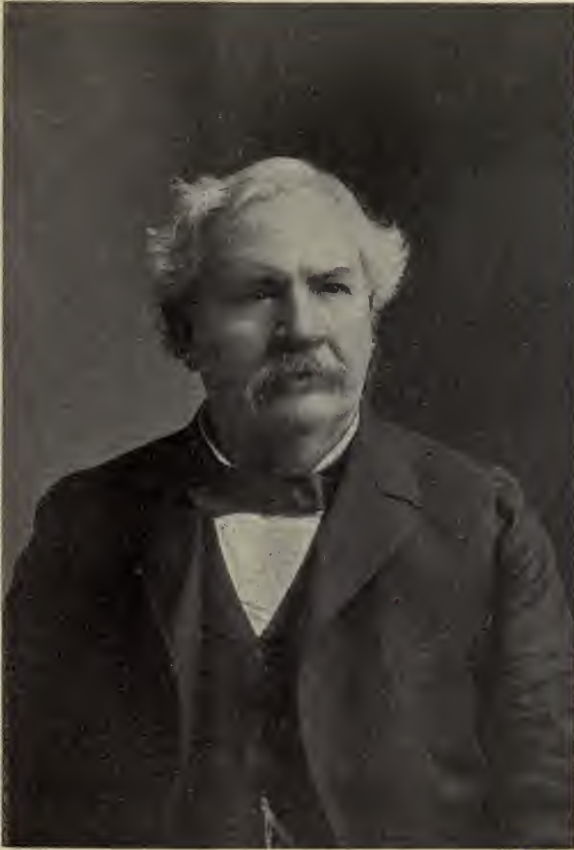
CHARLES ANTHONY GOESSMANN, Ph.D., LL.D., son of Henry Goessmann, M.D., was born in Naumburg, Hessen Cassel, Germany, on June 13, 1827. He received his education at the Latin School in Fritzlar and the University of Göttingen. He entered the university in 1850, where he studied chemistry under Wöhler, physics under Weber, botany under Bartling, mineralogy and technology under Hausmann, and geology under Walterhausen. In 1853 he graduated, receiving the degree of Ph.D. From 1852 to 1857 he occupied the position as assistant in the Royal Chemical University Laboratory under the direction of his distinguished teacher, Father Wöhler. In 1855 he was appointed Privat-Dozent in the philosophical faculty of the university, with the permission to lecture in chemistry and pharmacy. At the close of 1856 he secured, by request, a three years' leave of absence from the government for the purpose of studying the chemical industries of France, England, and the United States. In 1857 he accepted the position of chemist, and subsequently that of manager, of a sugar refinery in Philadelphia. At the close of this engagement, in 1860, he visited the Island of Cuba to study the agricultural industries of the West Indies.

Soon after his return to New York City, in 1861, he accepted the position as chemist to the Onondaga Salt Co. of Syracuse, N. Y., to investigate contemplated improvements in the manufacture of salt. He closed this engagement in December, 1868, to accept the professorship of chemistry at the Massachusetts Agricultural College in Amherst. During his residence in Syracuse, N. Y., he filled the position of professor of chemistry in the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute at Troy, N. Y., for two years, and studied the salt resources of Canada, Michigan, Ohio, and Louisiana, visiting these localities for that purpose.

Since 1869 he has filled the position of professor of chemistry in the Massachusetts Agricultural College at Amherst. In 1873 he was elected chemist to the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture and also State inspector of commercial fertilizers, and subsequently an analyst to the State Board of Health; positions which he still holds. He declined, in 1880, an election to the directorship of the North Carolina State Agricultural Experiment Station at Chapel Hill, but in 1882 was appointed director of the Massachusetts State Agricultural Experiment

Station, an office he filled during the entire existence of that institution, for twelve years.

The results of his scientific investigations are published in a series of articles in German and American periodicals and official public documents. His earlier publications treat of some new



CHARLES ANTHONY GOESSMANN, PH.D., LL.D.

organic acids, discovered by him, and of a new mode of producing organic alkaloids and amido-compounds. His later contributions to chemical literature treat mainly of investigations in various branches of chemical industry, and of the uses of chemistry in agriculture. Prominent among the latter are his observations regarding the cultivation of sugar-cane upon the Island of Cuba and in the State of Louisiana, and of the sorghum and sugar-beet as sugar-producing plants for home consumption; the chemistry of brines and the character of the salt resources of the United States and Canada, with the in-

fluence of special systems of feeding plants to improve their composition for industrial purposes. Dr. Goessmann has received many honorary appointments: those of member of the Physico-Medico Society of the University of Erlangen, Bavaria; of honorary LL.D. of Amherst College, fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, president of the American Chemical Society, chairman of the American Association of Official Chemists, and foreign member of the committee of judges during the Universal Exhibit of Rural Economy and Forestry at Vienna, Austria, in 1880, etc.

During his residence at Syracuse, N. Y., he married Miss M. A. Kinny, of that city, and enjoys a family of five children, three being daughters and two sons. Miss Helena Goessmann is well known as a lecturer who is growing in popularity.

DR. WILLIAM SETON, LL.D., would probably prefer to be classified as a devoted student of natural history rather than as a man of science, such is his reverence for the pursuit of natural science, to which he says he "did not take seriously and wholly till twelve years ago." But his name is rapidly becoming well known in Catholic circles as that of one who is doing much to "popularize" the discoveries of natural science in the sense of putting them into clear and interesting English, free from ultra-technicality; and that ability proves always that its possessor has a firm and comprehensive grasp of his subject which passes the knowledge of the amateur.

Dr. Seton's father was Captain William Seton, of the United States Navy. He began his education at St. John's College, Fordham, afterward passing to Mount St. Mary's, Emmitsburg, Md. When he left the "Mountain," it was to study at the University of Bonn. Returning to New York, he entered the law-office of Thomas James Glover and passed his examination for the bar just before the breaking out of the Civil War. That checked his individual career for a time, as it did that of so many other gallant young men, for he volunteered, and became successively sergeant, lieutenant, and captain in the Forty-first New York Volunteers, French's Division, Sumner's Corps.

After the war he returned to his legal work, but also wrote several works of fiction—*Romance of the Charter Oak*, *Pride of Lexington*, *Rachel's Fate*.

Very soon after returning to his civilian life, he was married to Miss Sarah Redwood Parrish, of Philadelphia. Mrs. Seton belongs to the class of converts of whom an archbishop of great experience has said that they make "the very best

kind of Catholic," being a convert from the Society of Friends.

About twelve years ago Dr. Seton went abroad to give himself up seriously to the studies which had always fascinated him. He studied palæontology under Professor Albert Gandry at the Jardin des Plantes, Paris, and psychology and hypnotism under Charcot. Père Leroy, whose writings on evolution have



WILLIAM SETON, LL.D.

made him famous, and Professor De Lapparent are intimately known to him, and he passes the greater part of each year in Paris for the better pursuit of his studies. Dr. Seton's life thus far affords a striking example of the powerful influence of a mental attraction in overcoming opposing educational environment. Certainly the law-school and the battle-field were not promising centres of influence whence to mould the mind of an ardent student of science. He has lately published a scientific work entitled *A Glimpse of Organic Life, Past and Present*. We hope that he may still have many fruitful years of toil and investigation before him.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

AS a means of promoting Catholic sociability the *Midland Review*, of Louisville, Ky., edited by Charles J. O'Malley, urges the formation of more Reading Circles. This proposal is approved by the *Catholic Columbian* because of the evident need of greater sociability among Catholics of average intellect, and those who think they belong to a class somewhat higher. It is stated that if there were more opportunities for social enjoyment there would be fewer mixed marriages and a tenderer humanity in every way. The charge is also made that in some parts of the country Catholic women neglect those who come into the church from other forms of belief. Of all people the convert should get a warm welcome and an intellectual atmosphere in the household of the true church. Reading Circles would prove a mighty help under such circumstances, besides providing many useful topics for conversation. Thus far the members of Reading Circles have sought chiefly for means of self-improvement, to which may be joined various practical plans of missionary work among the rapidly increasing number of converts in the United States.

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The Borough of Manhattan in New York City can point to a new centre of culture lately organized under the title of the Châteaubriand Reading Circle of St. Stephen's Church. It meets alternate Tuesdays at the Young Men's society club-house, 140 East Twenty-ninth Street. The Circle has about twenty members, and the officers are: Rev. J. P. Donohue, moderator; Miss M. M. Grady, president; Miss M. J. Treacy, vice-president; Miss C. O'Beirne, secretary; Miss M. Lavelle, treasurer. A course of study of the Elizabethan Era in literature was commenced in January. At that meeting the drama was discussed. At the following meeting the study was on the Influence of Protestantism on Literature. Reference was made to Sir Philip Sidney, his life and early training, and the nature of his works. Arrangements are made for a study of Edmund Spenser. His personal history and the names of the best among his works will be mentioned. A course of church history was begun which will continue until June, and embraces church history from the Early Persecutions of the Church to Nestorianism. The Persecution of Diocletian, the Heresies of the Apostolic Age, and the Gnostic and Manichæan Heresies were among the topics discussed.

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Since the plan to make a large addition of modern literature to the library of the Catholic Club of New York City was presented, at the October meeting, the response has been generous. The number of books added is 259. Most of the popular and best-known writers of the present day are represented in the collection—many of them by their complete works. Hon. William L. Strong has donated to the library seven volumes of the Records of New Amsterdam. This is a very valuable publication and of great interest to the student of our city and our country's history, and is a most generous and agreeable expression of courtesy and friendly feeling toward the club on the part of the ex-mayor.

Over the signature Ex-Attache an article has appeared in many of the daily papers which contains the statement that Pope Leo XIII. has often pointed out that the Jews at Rome, from time immemorial, have enjoyed the special protection of the popes, who invariably stood between them and the populace whenever any attempt was made by the latter to seek the Ghetto. The mission of the

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THE SHEPHERD.

*TO HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP CORRIGAN OF NEW YORK, ON THE OCCASION
OF HIS SILVER JUBILEE.*

BY JOHN JEROME ROONEY.



WHEN night comes down and over all the wold
The wintry winds their bitter warnings bear,
When, thro' the numb'd and dumb-expect-
ant air,

The frozen legions of the snow are rolled,
The shepherd goes, with footstep sure and bold,
To seek his sheep and, having found them there,
Homeward, with many a call and many a care,
He leads them to the shelter of the fold:

So thou, true shepherd of our spirit-flock,
When storms of Evil sweep the pasture-lands
And Doubt's chill blasts have frozen all the sod,
Com'st forth, unheeding of the tempest shock,
To lead thy charge, with thine own chrismèd hands,
In safety to the sheepfold of our God!

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STATE OF NEW YORK. 1897.

PROGRESS OF CATHOLICITY IN NEW YORK :
ITS CAUSE.

UBILEE celebrations are good breathing-places where in our journey up the steep ascent we may sit down and look back over the path we have come. There has been a marvellous growth in the church in the Archdiocese of New York, and it is well to know to what agencies this increase is attributable. Is it due to a mere conjunction of favoring circumstances? Is it but the natural growth of a great commercial city that has the resources of a young and forceful nation behind it? In which case, has the real growth been as great as the apparent growth, or have the time and place been blessed by some master workers who have builded more wisely than they knew?

To offer some solution to these interesting questions we have asked some of the more prominent priests—whose life-work has extended all through the last quarter of a century, and who have consequently watched the growing church, and who by their own zeal and industry have contributed not a little to that very growth—what influences have especially contributed to the advancement of the church in this city during the last quarter of a century?

It is not a little remarkable that they all point with pride to the able administration of wise and prudent leaders, and that without exception they mention the flourishing system of parochial schools which have quietly, though none the less effectually, done their good work of moulding the character of the young on the religious model.

It has been a herculean task for church workers to receive the immense onrush of people as it poured in to them from the old land and to organize the motley crowd into parishes, to assist them in adapting themselves to their new environments, to save them from social dangers, and to cultivate and foster the religious virtues in their hearts. Little wonder is it that the church, in trying to extend her arms about them all, has lost some few from her grasp and at the same time has not been able to pay the attention she wished to the cultivation among them of the highest spirituality. The urgent demands of church-

building on the one hand, and a prevalent poverty among a large class of people on the other; a dearth of church workers, together with a constantly shifting population and the viciousness and social dangers of a teeming and over-crowded city life—all these have been hindrances to the obtaining of the best results.

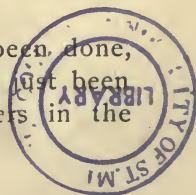
The main purpose of religion is not so much to build the spacious church edifice and to equip a pretentious organization as it is to sanctify individuals, to solve impending social problems, and to bring the consolation of the truth to those who sit in darkness.

The generation that has gone has been providentially a church-building people, and right well have they done their work. In the years to come, when the material side of things shall have been thoroughly established, there will come a deeper development of the interior life and a more wide-spread cultivation of those principles of spirituality which bring men's souls into closer union with God.

In the solution of social problems, and in alleviating humanity's distress, the church in New York has done a lion's share, but with more and more intensity these questions are pressing for a more effectual settlement. How to uplift the masses, how to gather in the wrecks that have been stranded on life's shore, how to bridge over between blatant wealth and distressful poverty, how to banish afar the social evil and the drink plague, how to so commend herself to the common people of this great metropolis that it may be said of her as it was said of the Master: he had pity on the multitude, and the common people heard him gladly;—these are problems presenting themselves to churchmen with greater interest than the blessing of the bells or the consecration of the material temple.

There is the vast throng without religion that sweeps by the church doors bent on social pleasure or money-seeking, to whom at one time or another religious problems must be burning questions; there is the great crowd of the naturally religious whose worn-out creeds no longer satisfy the cravings of their hearts; all these are the children of Mother Church as much as these who were born in the household. They are the "other sheep: them also must I bring, that there may be one fold and one Shepherd."

While we praise with acclaim the work that has been done, let us make special mention of a new work that has just been inaugurated, lodged as it is among the best workers in the



vineyard—the secular clergy; a work that in many points of view bears within it the hope of great success in the years to come: I mean the formation of a diocesan band of missionaries who will constitute a flying squadron for the choice work of attack and defence.

The inauguration of this band of diocesan missionaries is but one of the many good works which date from the present administration. The church is splendidly equipped to do her best work, and the years to come will speak of greater victories.

Catholics have reason to be proud of the material prosperity of their holy faith in this land, and particularly in this archdiocese, during the last quarter of a century. This prosperity

is evidenced by the number and magnificence of our church edifices, of our hospitals and asylums, of our convents and colleges, and by the social and mercantile success of our people. Under all the circumstances, many of which were adverse, our material progress may be called phenomenal, and can only be accounted for by a special blessing of Divine Providence.



REV. JAMES H. MCGEAN,
Pastor of St. Peter's.

The more legitimate subject of our pride, however, is that which

these outward evidences of success indicate—the wide-spread spirit of our holy religion that has secured the practice of

Christian virtues amongst so vast a multitude of believers in Catholic doctrine.

May we not ask, with pardonable exultation over the answer we expect: Is there any land under the sun where the doers of the Word are so great a portion of the believers of the Word? Is there another land, even among those of Catholic traditions and hereditary faith, where the Sacraments are so well attended, where exercises of solid piety are more intelligently observed, where the churches are so regularly crowded with worshippers in which men have their just proportion of numbers? We hesitate to believe that in any of the cities of Europe as many men and women are associated in religious sodalities and societies, or as many Communion are received at the holy altar during the year, as is the case in the City of New York.

We are asked, to what may we attribute this wonderful progress of the church in numbers, in material resources, and especially in the faith that lives by works?

A faithful, intelligent, and zealous clergy is a great factor in the problem, and accounts very much for real Catholic life, as a lukewarm and insufficiently trained clergy in other lands and at other times has had to answer for a decadence of faith and morals. This clergy, however, and the faithful who have shown themselves so willing to receive its earnest ministrations, is in this city and archdiocese the result of our system of Catholic schools. Christian education, therefore, as imparted by the religious men and women teaching in our colleges, academies, convents, and parochial schools, is the real explanation of our remarkable progress.

In his gracious providence, Almighty God blessed our diocese in the past with prelates who saw into the future and were convinced that the preservation of the faith, no less than its spread in our land, required the introduction of religious men and women who, under them, would be the instructors and educators of the children of the faithful. The work inaugurated by the great Archbishop Hughes, and continued by his illustrious successor, the gentle Cardinal McCloskey, fell into capable and willing hands when our present Archbishop assumed charge of the diocese.

Under his fostering care our parochial schools, the hope of the colleges and higher schools, have increased in number and efficiency; and we have a conviction that without such a care there would never have been a sufficient reason for the erec-

tion of the large and magnificent seminary at Dunwoodie, at once the monument of the zeal and energy of Archbishop Corrigan, and the evidence of the progress, intelligence, and piety of the faithful of his diocese.

JAMES H. MCGEAN.

On the occasion of the solemn celebration of the Silver Jubilee of the episcopate of our beloved and highly esteemed Metropolitan, his Grace the Most Rev. Michael A. Corrigan, Archbishop of New York, it is but natural to cast a retrospect over the quarter of a century just past.

Such a review enables us to judge correctly of its works and its progress, and produces in us the proper sentiments which should guide us in our celebration.

It is an undeniable fact, that the Catholic Church in the City of New York has made great progress within the past twenty-five years, and the writer proposes to point out briefly the influences that have brought this about. The geographical position of the City of New York was well understood by its leading, large-minded and large-hearted citizens, who at once grasped and improved its advantages by making New York the metropolis of our country. Moreover, the public spirit, generosity, thrift, absence of bigotry, recognition and reward of labor, helped to make New York the great centre of an honest, industrious, generous, moral body of Catholics. These people soon caught the spirit of the city, which is a spirit of noble generosity. Hence, it is the writer's opinion that the magnificent proportions of the church of the City of New York at the present day are due, *first of all*, to the great number of faithful, generous, practical, manly, and influential members of the church.

The writer, speaking from experience gained all over the country, does not hesitate to assert that the Catholic people of New York rank foremost among Catholics in their generosity toward charitable and religious institutions. But the people alone, with all their natural generosity, could not build up the church. Their activity must be set in motion and directed by the clergy. Hence, he holds that the *second influence* to which the great progress of the church in New York is to be attributed comes from the loyal and energetic body of the clergy, both secular and regular, aided most effectually by the numerous religious communities of men and women, especially those communities devoted to the education of the children and the

youth of the church. The work done by the priests and religious communities of New York is simply incalculable. It will be made known only on the day of judgment. In making this statement, the writer begs to refer once more to his experience of many years in the sacred ministry, in the City of New York. But all forces and influences must be well organized, directed, and governed to produce permanent results, and neither the generosity of the people nor the devotedness of the clergy can fully account for the glorious results we behold. Hence, the writer points out a *third influence*, to which, in his opinion, is due the wonderful advancement of the church in the City of New York.



VERY REV. FREDERICK W. WAYRICH, C.S.S.R.

The administration of the Archdiocese of New York, which has been entrusted for the last thirteen years to our beloved Metropolitan, the Most Rev. Michael A. Corrigan, D.D., is to be reckoned as one of the chief influences of the progress of the church.

St. Paul, writing to the Corinthians, says: "I have planted, Apollo watered: but God has given the increase" (I. Cor. iii. 6).

Of the church of New York it may truly be said, that the great and renowned Archbishop John Hughes planted the good seed, raised the drooping spirits of lukewarm Catholics, infused into them a holy love of their religion, and made the church universally respected. But his successors during the

last twenty-five years, twelve years being allotted to the late beloved and illustrious Cardinal, his Eminence John McCloskey, and thirteen years to our present universally esteemed Archbishop Corrigan, have both faithfully and industriously watered the plantation of their great predecessor. The dignity of the cardinalate, conferred on Archbishop John McCloskey, undoubtedly stimulated the religious fervor and activity of both priests and people of New York, and the present well-organized and able administration has had, and still has, God's abundant blessings. God has indeed given the increase.

In the administration of the ecclesiastical affairs of New York the Archbishop is ably assisted by the Right Rev. J. M. Farley, Auxiliary Bishop of New York; Right Rev. Monsignor Joseph F. Mooney, Vicar-General, the Diocesan Consultors, and the other clerical officials of the diocese. All the forces necessary for the advancement of the interests of the church are set in motion by the head of the archdiocese, and these forces are better organized now than they were twenty-five years ago. Hence, the harvest of good works during this last quarter of a century has been more abundant. God truly gave increased blessings to increase of labor.

F. W. WAYRICH, C.S.S.R.

The influences which have done most to promote the progress of the church in this city during the last quarter of a century are: 1st, the secular clergy; 2d, the parochial schools; 3d, the seminary; 4th, the religious orders, and 5th, the laity.

1st. No one will deny that the old secular priests of New York were men of strong faith and ardent zeal, and some of them men of great scholarship and piety. They came from the old countries, where they had lived in the midst of war. They had had to fight for their rights and their religion. The combat had strengthened their faith and stimulated their zeal. They were hard workers. They were physically and mentally strong. With small resources they built churches and founded schools.

2d. The parochial schools. These have been sanctuaries of faith and morality. The old teachers were unpretentious men, but they taught their pupils to read well, to write well, to know arithmetic and to know their catechism. These teachers, under the supervision of sturdy and thorough-going priests, watched the morals of their scholars, and brought them up to fear God and practise their religion. Wherever you find those old scholars now, I venture to say, you will usually find good

penmen, good arithmeticians, and practical Catholics. The new and more perfect parochial schools will preserve and develop what the earlier ones sowed and planted.

3d. The seminary, first founded by Archbishop Hughes, afterwards developed by the Cardinal, and made perfect by the present Archbishop, is another potent factor in Catholic progress. The New York Seminary gave us a native clergy adapted to the needs of this new, bustling, active community, whose prejudices were anti-Catholic and anti-foreign. The alumni of our diocesan seminary rival the zeal and piety of the older clergy. One of the best things done under the present administration is to lengthen the course of studies in the seminary; for the priest should be not only the first gentleman and the first Christian, but the first scholar in his parish. The *poimenes laon* will always be a cultured clergy.

4th. The religious orders, male and female, deserve much of the credit for our progress. Two women deserve particular mention in this category: Mother Jerome, so long the saintly superioress of the Sisters of Charity, and Mother Hardy, the venerable superioress of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart. These two communities have filled New York with educated and virtuous women. The Jesuits and the Christian Brothers have educated our young men. Father Hecker deserves the credit of having raised the standard of Catholic literature and given it an impetus which will long continue to be felt, by his writings and by the foundation of *THE CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE*. The organization of the "Sacred Heart" and "Holy Name" societies, which manifest so much piety in our churches, is the work of religious orders within the last quarter of a century.

Lastly, the generous laity should not be forgotten. Nor has generosity been confined to the first emigrants who, although poor, built our old churches and schools and charitable institutions. The descendants have rivalled the zeal of



REV. HENRY A. BRANN, D.D.,
Pastor of St. Agnes' Church.

their parents. Our new and finer buildings for religious, charitable, and educational purposes indicate the increased wealth as well as the piety of those who built them. Among the laity the converts have been conspicuous for their talents, learning, and munificence. Some of the greatest benefactors of the church in New York are converts to our holy faith. We have grown by the roots and grown by the trunk. We shall continue to grow by the branches, leaves, and blossoms.

HENRY A. BRANN, D.D.,
Rector of St. Agnes' Church.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD very properly undertakes the bringing out of a special number to commemorate the episcopacy of the present ruling Archbishop of New York, whose Catholic growth and history in many respects is one of the marvels of the Catholic Church in this nineteenth century. For, though its increase began with Archbishop Hughes, whose name alone was a tower of strength for God and country, and was continued under the government of the pious, amiable, and eloquent Cardinal McCloskey, it is no disparagement to their success to say that the learned and zealous Archbishop Corrigan outstrips them in the regularity of ecclesiastical discipline, by conferences of the clergy and in encouragement to deeper study of sacred lore by all Catholics, lay and cleric.

The church has received an impetus from the number of students ordained in foreign seminaries, returning to their native land with all the honors for ample and correct scholarship to which their ability and studious habits entitled them. Education holds so high a place with our American people that to be worthy of the place of guides and leaders, learning must be among the first of the acquirements of a priest's life. In the early ministry of Bishop Hughes as coadjutor of the venerable and saintly Bishop Dubois, an offer was made from Maynooth of a number of priests for the New York diocese who were graduated from the "Dunboyne Establishment." Had the good Bishop Hughes in those early days had the means to give these priests a proper living, they would have been the teachers in the seminary and college which were then inaugurated at Fordham, after the seminary at Lafargeville was abandoned because it was too remote from the episcopal see of New York. If the church had had from the first the advantage of those learned professors from Maynooth, the education of the priesthood would have gone on with marked success, increasing every year

in a wider and deeper line of study, and reaching all classes of our Catholic people.

To me this has ever been a sad recollection—how so great a boon to education was lost to the infant church in America. The Dunboyne graduates were learned in all sacred knowledge and were scholarly in their thorough acquaintance with our magnificent English tongue. It were easy for them to fall in with the people of America in all that is characteristically American. They might even have put out of countenance the beginnings of Know-nothingism, or defeated its irrational spread throughout the State and city. The Catholic religious gain would have been immense. We see what the native priest can do to-day in allaying bigotry, because he speaks as do all educated citizens, and his superior attainments command admiration.

Much has been accomplished during the administration of Arch-



REV. SYLVESTER MALONE,
Pastor of Sts. Peter and Paul's, Brooklyn, N. Y.

bishop Corrigan in giving to religion a learned priesthood, by the sending of his students to Rome and the Catholic University at Washington, that the highest knowledge may be within their reach and that the people of America may have all the immense advantages which the Catholic priest must carry with him from those great seats of ecclesiastical and scientific learning.

There is no reason why our Catholic professors, men thoroughly versed in classic learning and science, should not have place as teachers in colleges and universities of our great country.

It is to be deplored that while we prepare noble and good

men to lead in thought and knowledge, there are yet to be found so many who do not help the good work by their means and their intelligent co-operation. It is easy for all to be thoroughly American in idea and life. The truth of Jesus Christ should not be clothed in a foreign garb. It should be dressed in the style of the multitude who always followed the Saviour and who were the willing recipients of his divine word. The continuous growth of our Catholic people in refinement and knowledge demands a body of clergymen whose lives must be a continuous labor to acquire a fitness for the work assigned them as ministers of the Gospel to a free and independent people. The religious teachers, men and women, that are helping on the good work with the coming generations, call for a priesthood in every diocese, each member of which should have all the requirements for the higher sphere of the episcopacy were he called by the Holy Church to fill so sublime an office as that of ruler and good shepherd over the lambs of Christ's sheep-fold.

The future is in the keeping of the priesthood of the Catholic Church in America. They must, however, all be Americans; they must not quarrel with the symbol of a nation that typifies justice and charity, that shields our lives, protects our property, and gives us the full liberty to worship God according to the dictates of our own conscience. We must love all men to gain all to Christ. We must be as little in self-esteem in the work of evangelizing the world as possible, because we must give to Him all the honor, as He alone is great and mighty and we are weak and poor and feeble in a work whose blessed merit is found only in the Sacred Heart of Him who hung on the tree of the cross for the salvation of all mankind.

SYLVESTER MALONE.

The unprecedented progress of the Catholic Church in the United States is the marvel of the century. This is due to two causes—the natural law of reproduction and the accession of Catholic immigrants. The latter source has been especially favorable to the membership of the church in this city and diocese—immigrants electing to make their homes on the seaboard rather than venture into the interior. These may be regarded as the raw material, the rank and file from which membership in the Church Militant in this city has been recruited. To save this irregular army, composed of many nationalities, from disintegration or desertion, and to weld it into one solid phalanx, for the profession of its faith and the protection of its

religious freedom, it was only necessary to have leaders animated with zeal and the true spirit of Christ. And such leaders have, in the providence of God, never been wanting.

The Catholic Church has, without doubt, made rapid strides in this city in the last twenty-five years; but it has done so along lines well defined before that period. Hence, to answer adequately the questions suggested for our present consideration, it is necessary to go back a few years previous to the last quarter of a century.

The administration of Archbishop Hughes marked a new era in the Catholic community of New York. A man of indomitable will and tried courage, eloquent of speech and well equipped for all contingencies, the hitherto discouraged Catholics of New York found in him a brave leader and fearless champion. He successfully repel-



REV. CHARLES MCCREEDY,
Pastor of Holy Cross.

led the opposition of those who were without, while he crushed the malcontents within the church who stood in the way of her advancement. As a consequence, his faithful people loved him, and were ready, if need were, to lay down their lives with him and for him in defence of their persecuted faith. He proved to a contradicting people that the church which he directed was not an "alien institution." He compelled respect for the truth from those who believed it not. When summoned to his reward, his memory was held in benediction by his own, while those who

were not of his household mourned the loss of a great and loyal citizen. In a word, he fought and won, and left us in peaceful possession of the splendid victories he had gained.

It is from this point—when these feats of modern Christian heroism had been achieved by Archbishop Hughes—that the church in New York started on that career of prosperity and peace which, under the apostolic zeal, the wise guidance, and the fatherly, fostering care of his successors, has continued since, with the magnificent results that we to-day witness and of which we are so justly proud. Of his two successors, each in his own way has done, and is doing, God's work, quietly but no less effectively. Each of them seems to have been specially fitted by his Master for the times and circumstances, and for the "work over which he set them."

During the last twenty-five years, who may recount the good work done for society as well as religion, in the guilds and associations and charitable institutions that have been founded for the mutual assistance and edification of the members, for the suppression or restraining of evil social habits that were little in accord with the spirit of Christianity, for the care of the aged and infirm, and the protection and salvation of our youth?

In these works of charity, for the love of God and the extension of the true church, our ordinaries have been nobly seconded by their faithful clergy and by their generous and devoted people. Monuments of this zeal and generosity are everywhere in evidence, from the laying of the corner-stone of our noble cathedral down to the completion of the grand ecclesiastical seminary at Dunwoodie.

Further evidence is found, especially in recent years, in the multiplication, without precedent, of priests and churches, in the building and equipment of parochial schools, destined, beyond all else, to perpetuate and strengthen the faith from generation to generation.

Surely all these have been potent factors, during the last quarter of a century, in building up the Church of God in this fair city, in embellishing the Spouse of Christ, and in saving and sanctifying the souls that may one day be worthy to enter into that other "Tabernacle which God has pitched, and not man."

Yet, "not to us, O Lord! not to us, but to Thy name, be the glory given."

CHARLES MCCREADY,

Holy Cross.

BY MAIL.

BY LELIA HARDIN BUGG.

I.

MRS. WORTHINGTON TO HER SISTER, MRS. LESLIE.

[Mrs. Worthington is seated at an old-fashioned mahogany desk in the second-story front of an old-fashioned house. She writes an old-fashioned script, her hand, wrinkled but still fair and beautifully shaped, moving rapidly across the paper. An old-fashioned clock on an old-fashioned shelf marks the hour as nearing eleven. Outside the sparrows are chirping merrily, and a bit of green is struggling into notice under the windows, for it is the opening of spring and the Easter week is just over.

Everything about the room shows good taste, a past era of better days, and a present time of rebelliously accepted poverty.]

MY DEAR NANCY: I know that you are all impatience to hear about the wedding. I sent you yesterday's papers containing an account of it—much more, indeed, than I liked to have appear; the newspapers are getting so offensively personal! Just think of a reporter's coming days before the wedding and asking to see dear Connie's trousseau!

Everything passed off beautifully. There were six bridesmaids, as you know; the church was decorated in Easter lilies, and Connie looked superb—quite like a Telfair. Blood will tell, I have always maintained. She wore my wedding-veil. It brought back so many memories! The day when it came in its foreign wrappings from Brussels, and you tried to slip the package under the sofa to keep me from seeing; and dear mamma said that it was a veil fit for a duchess, and George answered, "No, it was too fine for a duchess, but almost worthy of Maria Telfair." Many a time since then I have been in want of a plain little Sunday bonnet.

Ah, me! I suppose that it is just as well that we cannot foresee the future.

I had to make my black velvet do after all; but I had the sleeves cut to elbow length, and finished with lace ruffles. Miss Goodman, who made Connie's tea-gowns (I simply could not put out everything without mortgaging the house), arranged the train differently, facing it with jonquil satin, and it really did very well, unless I happened to stand in the sunlight. Everybody sent lovely presents, and Randolph's was royal—a

gorgeous tiara of diamonds that used to belong to a French princess. It seemed almost like old times for a Telfair to be getting these things. Randolph is very nice too, although, of course, he comes from no family to speak of. He is immensely popular, and any of the girls would have been glad to get him. He is charmingly in love with Connie, and she with him. It is extremely fortunate that the question of money fitted in so well with the question of love. After all that I have endured through poverty, I could not have let my darling marry a poor man. I know so well the harassing load of keeping up appearances, as it is called; living outwardly as befits a Telfair, and yet counting the cost of a bit of coal!

You cannot believe what a time I have had these two seasons guarding my daughter from the ineligible, the merely dancing men, as we call them, who infest society. But one has to invite them, else the plain girls and the poor ones would have no partners for the cotillion.

At one time I thought Connie rather liked young Morris, and he is nice enough, but only a clerk in a bank on a hundred dollars a month. Fancy my child with her beauty and accomplishments settling down on a hundred a month!

With Randolph Hunter it was a case of love at first sight. He is handsome and very clever, apart from his money, and so devoted to Connie!

Kline decorated the house with palms and a few carnations. Cut flowers are positively ruinous, and no one looks very closely in these crushes. By letting him take the things away in time for Mrs. Isaacs' party, they came lower than his usual rates.

Old Uncle Lige, who drives a dray for Cousin Page, did admirably as a butler, only he *would* say "gee" to the waiters when they got in his way. We served salad and ices and cake, and Mrs. Porter gave me a recipe for punch that was mostly Apollinaris water with just a dash of champagne, which was truly delicious. Nevertheless, I felt mean not to have our own kind.

I return our grandmother by to-day's express. I am so much obliged to you for lending the picture. Family portraits always add dignity to a home, and by moving Uncle Gibson from the library, the walls of the dining-room were quite covered, taking on a tone of elegance, with the dingy wallpaper almost concealed.

It is just as well to let Randolph see that he is taking his bride from a gentle and happy home, although not a wealthy one. Those fabulously rich men are apt to be purse-proud,

although, to be sure, it is not every day that one of them marries a Telfair.

I am quite worn out after the wedding and the sewing. I made all the underwear with my fingers. None of us ever had machine-made lingerie, and even with all that I could do the child's trousseau was not what it should have been—not what you and I had when we were married. I am thankful now that she can have everything she wants. I feel that I can die contented.

I am really too tired to write connectedly, but you will see by the papers how successfully everything went off—more so than I had thought until I read an account of it; and my black velvet must have looked very nice, after all, since that little reporter—he was very respectful although rather queer, rushing around and examining things and dotting down notes—said it was superb. I have taken such good care of it that you would not dream that it had been made ten years.

We were so sorry that you could not come to the wedding. I shall try to pay you a visit in the autumn. I am going to stay quietly at home this summer. Now that my child is married there is no necessity for my going away, whether I can afford it or not. And our back yard with the grape arbor is quite cool, even in August. Your affectionate sister,

MARIA TELFAIR WORTHINGTON.

II.

MR. MAURICE MORRIS TO GEORGE STONE, AN OLD COLLEGE CHUM.

[Standing at a desk in a bank, although banking hours are over, minus coat and tie, the afternoon submerged in one of the unexpected hot waves that sometimes follow a spring blizzard, Mr. Morris's fine brown eyes have an alert yet candid expression that is very winning, his firm mouth indicates a set purpose, with strength of character enough to accomplish it. Two sheets bearing the bank's head-lines are thrown on the desk—sheets that have to do with the business—stocks, bonds, and per cents, but the third, rapidly covered with commercial-looking scrawls, introduces a topic purely social.]

. . . By the way, I was one of the ushers at the Worthington-Hunter wedding. It was swell, let me tell you, and deadly dull. Prohibition punch; a barrellful wouldn't have intoxicated a lamb!

Everybody is surprised that Randolph Hunter took the time to get married; time is worth ever so many dollars a second to him. He has three millions, and he means to make fifty before he dies. But fifty billions would be none too much

for the bride he has won. She looked like an angel. I used to be sweet in that quarter myself, but the *mater*—ugh! dragons and cerberuses are as doves compared to her when I hovered near. We poor devils have no right to be looking at such beauty—beauty of soul and mind and heart as well as of face. She will have everything she wants now, and a fine fellow to adore her. But she is not one of the kind to be spoilt by money.

The *mater* received us at the reception like an ancient duchess, and I heard some girls titter and say that the black velvet gown she wore was threadbare just over the shoulders. Girls see everything.

Yours like a brother,

MAURICE MORRIS.

P. S.—I go to the Pier in August. We get a beggarly two weeks' vacation. Hunter and his bride are spending their honeymoon on a yacht.—M. M.

III.

MRS. JOHN BARBOUR TO MISS EGGLESTON, A FORMER SCHOOL-MATE.

[Second-story front of a modern city dwelling built to rent to refined people of moderate means and social aspirations.

Outside the snow is falling in soft flakes. A fire glows in rich red warmth on the grate, an easy-chair is drawn up before the window, and near it is a little wicker sewing-basket; good pictures, with an artists' proof or two, are on the walls; three pink roses in a bed of smilax send forth their fragrance from an antique jar on an early Colonial table, manufactured at Racine since the World's Fair; bookcases, filled with a novel and interesting collection of authors, line two sides of the room; a bronze bust of Washington Irving smiles, with the wonted good humor of that genial and delightful man, at a fiercely combative photograph of Ibsen. Mrs. Barbour wears a dainty Josephine morning gown, her thick brown hair coiled on top of her head, her straight Grecian nose slightly red from a too close propinquity to the fire, followed by an imprudent moment at an open window. She is seated at a Louis Seize desk, dairymaids in scant attire disporting themselves over its polished surface.]

MY DEAREST CLARA: . . . I spent the forenoon yesterday with Connie—or must I say, Mrs. James Randolph Hunter? We had a real old-timey time, talking like magpies—or school-girls. I wish you could see her house! You might imagine the Arabian Nights, but you couldn't imagine her home. "A palace fit for royalty," said the *Herald* young man who wrote up the mansion, and the poor Queen of Sheba would have been glad to have had anything just half so fine. The lucky girl dwells in "marble halls" with a regiment of well-trained servants, who

are very much more satisfactory, I am sure, than "vassals and serfs" would be. Imported marble it is, too, at least in the spacious reception-hall, with marble pillars, a marble floor, and a noble stairway of marble, with a black wrought-iron balustrade, leading to the upper floors. Portraits of Connie in her bridal gown, and of Mr. Hunter, by Healy, greet you in the hall; you step on a rug that cost five thousand dollars, and beautiful palms lift their tropical splendor against the warm-tinted marble walls. It is hopelessly vulgar to be telling the cost of things, but how else can I describe the interior without Roget's *Thesaurus* for adjectives?

The reception-room is a symphony in old blue, after the style of the Italian Renaissance, with medallion panels, buhl tables, and inlaid cabinets. The grand salon is of the Louis Seize period, with gilded furniture of rare woods, upholstered in satin embroidered by nuns in France. More rugs are on the inlaid floor, bronze pillars at each end uphold branches of electric lights, like an orange-tree with incandescent globes for oranges. A Greek Venus and a modern Adonis cost—but I won't be vulgar the second time. And I can't describe anything adequately. Just try to imagine drawing-rooms, morning-rooms, reception-rooms, a breakfast-room, a library as big as my whole lower floor, a ball-room lined with pictures, one of them worth more than my John will ever have, without an accident or a legacy from the moon, if he lives to be a hundred.

A footman who looks like a fat statue dressed up in livery, with an automatic spring under the ribs, lets you in, and pronounces your name with awful distinctness as he lifts the portières for you to enter the vast drawing-room. There is a butler, with a first man and a second man to pull out your chair and pour your wine—I stayed for luncheon. And her jewels and laces! I made her show me everything. She has a French maid who wears a cap and white apron, and has sparkling black eyes, and says "Madame" with the Frenchiest English accent imaginable, just like the maids in Julien Gordon's tales. In the old days at Mount de Chantal, when we paced the court with bread and butter in our hands, or made merry over a box of caramels, we did not in our wildest dreams picture one of our number in such splendor, did we? And poor Connie least of all, without a cent of spending money to her name, and never any boxes from home. But I always said that she was born for something out of the ordinary. Fancy such a beauty darning stockings and sewing on shirt

buttons, as I must do when I shall have finished this scribble! But she is just the same sweet, unspoiled, lovable Constance Worthington. Her husband is a perfect dear, too, and he simply adores Connie, and is so proud of her success! She is quite the leader of everything now in society.

She told me that she had invited you to pay her a visit this winter; she spoke so tenderly of you, and of our frolics at school. I am almost afraid to ask you to come to me for a fortnight after your visit to the Hunters. My house will appear a mere toy by comparison, but it is big enough to contain a big warm welcome. And my John is just as sweet as he can be, and handsomer, much handsomer, than Randolph Hunter. I think our little home the dearest place in the world; we have eight rooms and a basement, and John says that it is beautiful from top to bottom. I am modest and say nothing. My guest-room is in old oak and turquoise blue, with a brass bed, and that will just suit your complexion—the blue I mean. You were always the envy of the rest of us, with your alabaster brow, as little Briggs used to say. By the by, he is a reporter on the *Planet* and gets thirty-five dollars a week, so I daresay that he has recovered from his early aberration towards verse.

Yours with love,

EDITH FOY BARBOUR.

IV.

MRS. WORTHINGTON TO MRS. LESLIE.

[A beautiful room in the Hunter mansion, the April sun streaming in through filmy lace curtains, all the dainty belongings of a woman's private sitting-room scattered about. Mrs. Worthington in a gown of fashionable fabric and cut, a present from her daughter.]

. . . Of course everything now revolves about Connie and the baby. I cannot describe to you how I feel about this my first grandchild; a part of myself, it seems to me, and something much more.

He is a fine, hearty baby. We think his eyes will be blue, the regular Telfair eyes, but his mouth, as well as we can judge, is like his father's—it is still considerably puckered—and his hair, we hope, will be dark brown. As yet there is just a little red fuzz on his head.

Dear Randolph is, oh, so proud of his son! Already he has mapped out a future for him that is dazzling. He said this morning, when bending over the crib, that he hoped the boy would be the heir to fifty millions. Fifty millions! What

could any one possibly want with so much? But modern ideas, my dear Nancy, are not what ideas were when we were girls. None of the Telfairs ever had a million, and yet we were considered a rich family. But this dear little angel is the centre of hopes quite as if he were a crown prince. Everything about him is beautiful. His christening robe was imported and cost a thousand dollars, and the articles in the *layette* are solid gold. There are five gold-backed brushes! Randolph commanded Connie to get the best of everything. Sometimes I fancy that he cares less for the baby as a baby than he does for the child as the son and heir to his name and fortune. I had no idea that he was so rich when Connie married him. Everything he touches turns to money. He never tires of planning the future for the baby. I gather from his talk that he means to establish a sort of primogeniture, as has been done by so many rich Americans. This baby (we call him Jamie so as not to have two Randolphs) is to be the heir to the bulk of the estate, and the other children, if there be any, to have but a comfortable competence.

Here I was interrupted by a summons to the nursery. I found Connie nearly distracted; she thought the baby was getting croup, but it was only a pin. She makes a very sweet, beautiful young mother, and she says that she hopes her boy will grow up to be a good man. Randolph seems rather impatient at this, as if he resented the bare suggestion that his son could be anything short of perfection.

I am going home to-morrow. Connie urges me to stay, but I have always said that I would never be the meddling mother-in-law. A mother should not see too much of her children after they are married. She gives them up, in a way, at the altar. Her mission is complete when she marries them happily.

Your loving sister,

MARIA TELFAIR WORTHINGTON.

V.

MAURICE MORRIS TO GEORGE STONE.

. . . Nothing is talked of here but the failure of Randolph Hunter. His enterprises were so gigantic, such stakes were in the balance, so many men went down with him, that the failure rises almost to the dignity of a national calamity.

The K. L. M. A. people are cutting up pretty lively, and say they intend to land Hunter in the penitentiary. This seems preposterous, but they insist that they can do it. The turns in

the wheel of fortune actually make one dizzy. Who could have dreamed a year ago, when Hunter astonished us provincials with a coach and three lackeys, and brought over a Raphael from Europe on which the duty alone was twenty-five thousand dollars, that he could ever be a beggar, and almost a fugitive from justice? We had a Latin saw for such cases in the old days at Notre Dame, but it escapes me—Latin and banking aren't very congenial. They have given up everything, even Mrs. Hunter's jewels. Poor girl!

They say Mrs. Worthington has shut herself up in her gloomy old house, and refuses to be seen. . . .

VI.

HENRY DILLON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, TO MARK JOHNSTON,
ANOTHER ATTORNEY.

[In the writing-room of the University Club, seated at the polished oak writing-table; a fire is burning brightly under the quaintly carved mantel in the style of the early Flemish; the lights have just been turned on, and the whole interior bespeaks tasteful, luxurious comfort.]

MY DEAR JOHNSTON: We have won our case! Jury was out just seventy minutes. The prosecuting attorney was in a fume for fear it would hang. The battle was hot, and the bullets from the other side killed or wounded some of our best witnesses. Old Lake is grand on a cross-examination. I'd much rather fight with him than against him, only the victory wouldn't be so great. The case has dwarfed everything else for this term of court. Hunter is to be sentenced in the morning. Varney says the judge can't decently make it less than ten years after our wonderful forensic efforts, but little Varney is young. I shouldn't care if the poor devil got off with six months. I was contending for a principle, not against a man. The country was ripe for some such lesson as this.

The idea has prevailed too long that money is all-powerful, even against law and the majority. It was something more than an ordinary victory to send an ex-money-king to the penitentiary.

All that I might write, and more, you will see in the morning papers. A letter would prove but a sorry *réchauffé*.

The presence of Mrs. Hunter in the court-room somewhat saddened our triumph. Why are women around when they are not wanted? And why must we stab them, the innocent victims of another's crime, when we bring down a villain? She sat in a retired corner, looking more ghastly than death, and

when the verdict was given she fell over in a faint on the floor. Hunter, poor fellow! groaned despairingly, "Constance—for God's sake let me go to my wife!"

It has left an ugly picture for my eyes. I can't rub it out.

Moore has just come in and insists that we make up an impromptu little dinner to celebrate our victory.

POSTSCRIPT.—Hunter was sentenced this morning to two years in the penitentiary.

VII.

MISS WITHERSPOON, SPINSTER, TO MISS GILLETT, A DWELLER IN
ARTISTIC BOHEMIA.

[The third-story back bed-room of a second-rate boarding-house.]

. . . We have all been more or less upset by the serious illness of little Jamie Hunt, a blue-eyed laddie who with his mother has been with us over a year. He is the dearest little fellow, and everybody in the house loves him even when he does the most gracelessly naughty things—like all boys, I suppose. His mother is a widow—or at least she never mentions her husband and wears black all the time. She is evidently in straitened circumstances, for she gives harp lessons and occupies the poorest room in the house. She has been so reserved and haughty all along that none of us got to know her, but since her boy has been so ill everything has changed. It seems that she was not haughty at all, but only broken-hearted and wretched beyond words. Or that is what one might infer from all that she poured out in the delirium of grief over her child. Just another one of those silent tragedies that pass us so closely in our common lives, and never touch without an accident. But Jamie has been a favorite from the first day he came, when he startled us by sliding down the banisters, with the cook's false hair tied to a stick for a horse.

For nearly a week we thought every hour that he would die. Monday night, just before the crisis came, he closed his big blue eyes, and his breathing was so faint that I was certain he was dying. I am not yet sure that he was not. His mother acted like one demented, moaning and crying, Was she to be bereft of everything—everything in the world—home, honor, friends—to be an outcast and an alien for ever, and then give up her boy? "O God! if You have not turned to stone, give me back my baby!" she cried.

It sounded impious, but the poor creature was beside herself with grief, and if the boy had died I really believe that

she would have gone crazy. But, do you know, I had the queerest feeling during those agonizing watches of the night?—that perhaps the child was given back to a life infinitely sadder than death could have been. Indeed, there is nothing sad at all in the death of a child. Its little innocent soul goes straight to heaven, there to pray for its parents struggling on amidst the heart-breaks and the weariness of a sin-troubled world. It seems to me that a mother with a child in heaven is particularly blessed. But Mrs. Hunt says that I don't know anything about the ties that bind mother and child. Perhaps I don't.

It would be curious, fifty years from now, if Jamie Hunt could be told how near he came to death's portals, and to hear whether he regards life as an unmixed blessing. The child is convalescing rapidly now, and we all prostrate ourselves, figuratively, before him. Even the butcher's boy has joined in our devotions, and has just sent up a candy horse and a package of dates. . . .

Of course the women are talking and speculating as to what Mrs. Hunt could have meant when she raved about the loss of honor and all that. . . .

VIII.

MRS. RANDOLPH HUNTER, ALIAS HUNT, TO HER MOTHER,
MRS. MARIA WORTHINGTON.

[A sunless, poorly-furnished bed-room in a boarding-house; a flickering gas-jet at low pressure overhead. A beautiful boy of four summers is sleeping in a little cot, his fair curls falling over his white nightgown, his breathing the only sound in the shadowy stillness of the room.]

MY DARLING, PRECIOUS MOTHER: Randolph will be free on Thursday, and I am so happy I can hardly wait. United once again, we can begin life anew. It hurts me, oh so much, to go away without seeing you, but it wouldn't be prudent! We go at once to Chicago, where we take the California Limited, which will get us into San Francisco just in time for the Australian steamer. I realized two thousand dollars from my engagement ring and Randolph's wedding present, and this is to be our little nest-egg in the new land. Of course, everything else belonged to the creditors, but these I thought I had the right to keep.

I feel sure that Randolph can get into something that will bring us a living, and I ask for nothing else—just a little home, my family, and peace. Surely God will give us that!

I have not time to write more. My packing must be all done, and I must make some waists for Jamie.

Don't worry if you do not hear from us again until we are safe in Australia. We must take every precaution to cover our tracks.

Address a letter to Mrs. James Hunt, General Delivery, Melbourne, Australia. Good-by, good-by, good-by, my dear, dear mother! Some day you will come to us, when we have made a home.

Your own,

CONSTANCE.

IX.

THOMAS DORAN, RAILROAD DIVISION SUPERINTENDENT, TO HIS WIFE.

[A room in St. Joseph's Hospital.]

. . . Don't think of coming to me; I have only a scratch and shall be well in a few days. It was a narrow escape, though. I never want to be so near death again until my last hour comes. It seems a miracle that any one escaped when so many were hurled into eternity. It sickens me to think of it. Thirty killed and nearly fifty wounded. Nobody knows yet just where or how to place the blame for the awful accident. We were going at the rate of forty miles an hour, with O'Brien at the throttle, when a sort of shiver seemed to go through the train, and in the next minute we were hurled over the trestle. . . . I insisted on going down to look on at the rescue work, even if I could do nothing (both hands are lamed). There was one couple found locked in each other's arms. The man's neck was broken, but the woman must have died from internal injuries, as there was hardly a mark. They were both young, and the man was unnaturally pale, like one either just recovering from a long illness or whose work had kept him closely confined in an ill-ventilated room. It is impossible to find clues to the dead. The conductor was killed instantly. There was a little boy, not much over four or five, picked up with a broken leg. He was crying pitifully when rescued, and calling "Mamma, mamma!" If we did not have five youngsters of our own already I should like to adopt him. . . .

X.

MISS GRACE McMAHON, A YOUNG GIRL JUST OUT OF SCHOOL, TO HER OLD TEACHER.

[A handsomely furnished room in the Auditorium Hotel, Chicago; Lake Michigan visible through the open window.]

. . . I must tell you about an interesting visit we paid this morning to St. Vincent's Infant Asylum. Sister J——, the

superior, is Margaret's cousin once removed, and she took us over the building, and then served tea for us in the little reception-room. It revolutionizes one's ideas about charity institutions, everything is so good of its kind, so modern, and so in keeping with the spirit of Christian charity in its highest form. First we went to the kindergarten, a big room with lofty ceilings, fitted out with appliances enough to delight the heart of Frederick Froebel, and in charge of two teachers, graduates of a training-school. There were some sixty tots, ranging from the toddling baby to the little men of seven. Then we went to the nursery. Here we found row after row of white cribs or cots with a baby in nearly every one. There is a maternity hospital in connection, and it is the policy of the wise superior to have the mother remain, when practicable, to take care of her own infant and of one other. But perhaps you are familiar with Sister Irene's work in New York. Both institutions are on similar lines, although under different branches of the same great order.

Adjoining the nursery is the infirmary, where a dozen little creatures were in all stages of illness, and so pathetically patient in their suffering. We fell quite in love with one small lad who is slowly recovering from a broken leg. He was a victim of that terrible railroad accident on the California Limited that so shocked us two months ago. His parents must have been killed, and no one has ever turned up to claim him, and no clue to his identity can be obtained. He says his name is Jamie, and that is all he will say. He is a beautiful child, with long lashes curling over the clearest big blue eyes, and the sunniest, silkiest hair. I wanted to adopt him on the spot, but papa says that I would find a live baby much more trouble than my recently discarded family of dolls. Sister J—says that the children are usually adopted, sometimes into rich or well-to-do families. The family must be respectable, and able to give assurance that the child will be well brought up. I couldn't help wondering what will be the fate of this laddie, hobbling around on his crutch—he will probably be lame for life—and playing so cheerily with his blocks. At first he cried continually for his mamma, but now he seems to have forgotten her, or rather to have accepted the fact that his mother has gone to Heaven. . . .



A BOSNIAN GIRL AT THE FOUNTAIN.

CUSTOMS, RACES, AND RELIGIONS IN THE BALKANS.

BY E. M. LYNCH.

II.



WHILE in the Balkans I was haunted by a nearly forgotten allegory of Kingsley's. In the *Water Babies* figure the salmon and the salmon-trout, who hate each other with a fiercely contemptuous hatred, because they are like each other, yet not quite alike. A half-recollection persistently knocking at the door of memory is vexatious enough at any time. In this case the trouble was made worse by a fear that my allegory made light

of the distance between the true faith and schism. But how is it that Serbs, of the Russian division of Greek orthodoxy, and Catholics hold each other in detestation almost as bitter as that which they entertain for "the barbarous Turk," who oppressed, tortured, and butchered them with perfect impartiality?

The Serbs are as two to one of the Catholics in Bosnia. Politically they are drawn towards Russia. The Catholics lean towards Croatia—a Catholic and Slavonic people like themselves.

Austria has made welcome, in the "Occupation Provinces," a large colony of Catholic Poles, who fled from Russian religious persecution. It was in keeping with the fostering *régime* of Austria to secure in these agricultural colonists teachers,—and the most effective kind of teachers, namely, teachers by example!—for the backward "rayahs" (otherwise *the ransomed*: the Catholic peasants.*)

What volumes of history are to be read in the faces of the elders in the congregation at the handsome new Catholic Cathedral at Sarajevo! I have noticed that different places have each their own expression. I never elsewhere saw the Sarajevian Catholic physiognomy. The main emotional characteristic is watchfulness. There were elderly country-women, at



A BOSNIAN SMITHY.

* In the Turkish dominions all the able-bodied men are subject to twenty years' military service; but Christians are not accepted for soldiers, and must buy themselves off. As many are too poor to do this, their churches pay for—*i. e.*, ransom—them.



ON THE ROAD TO JAJCE.

High Mass there one Sunday, whose faces might serve for models for the "Sentry on Outpost Duty." They reminded me of the old watchword, "The price of liberty is eternal vigilance." With them, poor souls! until nineteen years ago, when Austria brought security to the "blood-stained Balkans," liberty was unattainable at *any* price, and mere existence could be preserved only by that same "eternal vigilance." Carlyle, with the difference between soldiers and citizens in his mind, wrote this quaint definition: "A citizen—one who does not live by being killed." The old mothers and grandmothers in the House of Prayer had the strange sign upon their faces of those who were only allowed to live on condition of being capable of selling their lives dear. How many martyrs has not that race given to the church triumphant!

Speaking lately to his Cornish constituents, the Right Hon.

Leonard Courtney said that nations living in tranquillity and security are thereby partly disqualified from rightly judging affairs in the island of Crete, where the conditions of existence to-day are just what they were in the Balkans before the Austrian occupation. The consuls and the old foreign residents tell a dreadful tale: how the Turks then plundered at will, how crimes of violence were daily occurrences, how the feeble herded together for protection, scarcely venturing many yards outside their poor dwellings, how the Christians hid away both themselves and any little property they possessed, how murder stalked through the land, taking often the most wanton forms, as when Christian children were killed merely because they were found alone—or a boy, because he was the hope of his parents; and how the aggressors of the dominant race could always calculate upon what amounted to practical impunity.

Mr. Thomson says: "I do not think we western Christians, who have not undergone their fierce trial, appreciate fully the religious heroism these poor peasants have displayed during all the centuries they have been under the domination of the Turks. They have had to live in daily dread of martyrdom, for the Mohammedans consider their lives to have been justly forfeited, and no Turk thinks he does wrong if he kills them. All this they have endured, though they have had ever before them the terrible temptation of being able to secure not only safety, but position and honor."

They had but "to recant and embrace the religion of Islam to become not only free from danger, but to be placed at once on a level with their oppressors." One of the dying commands of the Prophet, a command which explains the rapidity with which the religion he founded has spread, was that all proselytes should be admitted forthwith by the true believers to the fullest equality with themselves. Degraded and cringing as these peasants often are—and what race would not become so under similar treatment?—they have at least had the courage not to abjure their religion, and surely for this alone they have deserved the gratitude "of Christendom." Even with disaffection behind them, the Turks proved themselves almost a match for the western world. "Had they been able to advance with these subject races not only not hostile but united to them by a religious enthusiasm" (always strongest among proselytes, as is proved by the fanaticism of Moslem Bosnians, Moslem Albanians, and Moslem Cretans), "it is hard to say where their arms might not have carried them."

The hot baths of Gornji-sheher have given its name to Bagniluka, or Baths of Luke, "the beloved Physician," who, according to a Jesuit writer, Padre Farlato, quoted by Herr von Asboth, died in Jajce and was buried in St. Luke's Church, below the fortress. Such is also the tradition of the Bosnian monks. When Jajce fell to the Turkish foe, the monks are said to have carried the saint's body to Venice—which claims



MEN OF A RACE "ALLOWED TO LIVE."

possession of his relics still. M. Mijatovich, however, declares, in his *History of George Brankovic*, that St. Luke died in Syria, and that his body was brought to Constantinople by the Byzantine emperors, whence the Normans carried it to Rogus, in the Epirus. Here is Mr. Thomson's summary of M. Mijatovich's account :

"In 1436 the [relics were] bought from the Turks by George Brankovic, the despot of Serbia, for the sum of 30,000 ducats. The 'Turkish governor' of Rogus, fearing a dangerous riot if the Greeks knew that the town was to be deprived of the holy

remains, secretly told the leading Greek families that he had received the sultan's orders to make a census in order to impose a capitation tax, and that they would do well to leave the place for a few days, so that they might evade its imposition. While they were away he removed the body from the church, and delivered it to the representatives of George Brankovic, by whom it was interred with great pomp in Semendria, near Belgrade. . . . Brankovic [had seen] an old man . . . in a dream, who told him he must obtain the Evangelist's body and place it in Semendria. . . . The priests [held]

that it was St. Luke himself whom he had seen. His granddaughter married Stjepan Tvrtko, the last King of Bosnia, and took with her the body, which she placed in Jajce. She fled when the Turks took the town, carrying the relics to Italy. Being in great straits for money, she was obliged to offer the body to the Venetian government. They placed it in St. Mark's, but tried to obtain it for a less sum, disputing its genuineness, but she retorted that George Brankovic was known for a shrewd man; he would not have parted with so



A HERZEGOVINIAN MOSLEM AND HIS DAUGHTER.

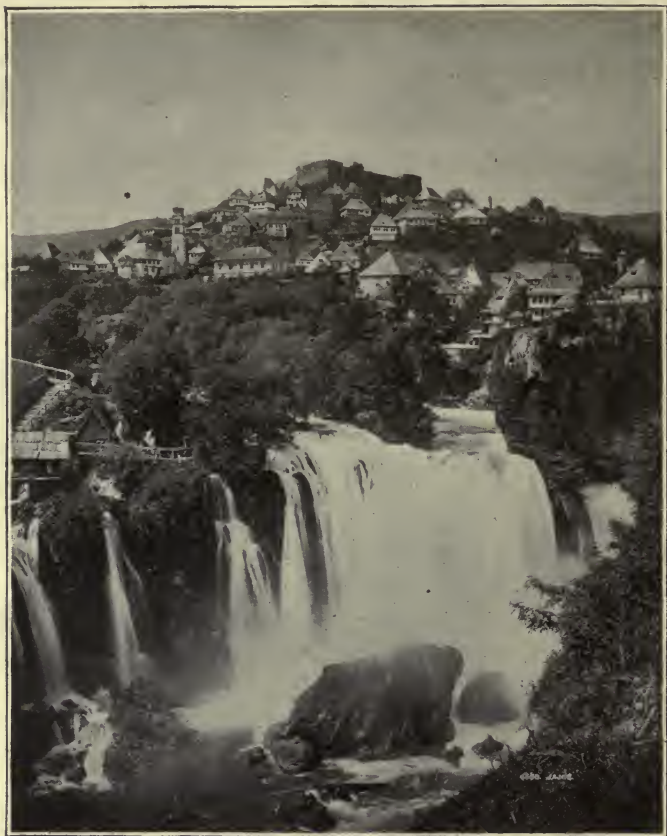
large a sum as 30,000 ducats unless he knew what he was buying." Venice regarded the argument as valid.

Round Jajce (sometimes written phonetically Yaitzé) the rayahs are nearly all Catholics. Mr. Thomson remarked that they have adopted some Moslem customs; for instance, every one brought his or her prayer-mat to the church there, and, kneeling upon these mats, the people slipped off their shoes. He said that they also bowed themselves down "so that their foreheads touched the floor. . . . And, like the Turks, the men shave their heads except for a little tuft of hair upon the crown. I noticed also an odd habit, which I have never seen elsewhere, and the origin of which I was unable to discover—that the men when they cross themselves before a shrine do not bend their knees, but merely lift up one leg. No doubt these peculiar customs originated in the necessity of conciliating their conquerors, in order to be permitted to observe their religion at all."

In Sarajevo the prostrations, Moslem-fashion, in the cathedral were remarkable. But the worshippers brought no prayer-carpets with them. A stranger suggested that the persons who threw themselves on their faces, and touched the floor with their heads, were converts from Islamism; but from all I can hear, I fear neither Moslems nor Greek Christians become Catholics in Bosnia at the present time.

Mr. Thomson is of opinion that *rayah* ("ransomed") comes from the Bosnians having "merited death because of their unbelief," and *bought* the permission "to live, by paying a tribute." Perhaps, poor things, they had thus a *double* right to their name! Captain Norman, who was a war correspondent with the Turkish forces in the Russo-Turkish campaign of 1877, and again saw war from the Turkish side in the Epirus in 1897, mentions in his "Turco-Grecian War," in the *United Service Magazine*, that the keynote of the Turkish military system is "universal conscription for Mohammedans, with absolute exemption for Christians" on payment of a special tax, "not by individuals, but by the *Conseils Laïques* of churches."

Jajce is a caressing diminutive for egg, in the Slavonic speech. Some antiquaries say that the conical mount on which the town is built by its shape suggested the name. But jewels, in the local tongue, are also "little eggs," and it seems that Jajce—so precious from its military position—was called Jewel. The place held out against the Turk for many a year when there was no other barrier to the Osmanli's onward march.



FALLS JUST OUTSIDE BAGNILUKA.

Herr von Asboth wrote that Jajce, being almost indispensable to the safety of Christendom, the "pope appealed to all Christian princes not to allow this fortress to fall. Even Venice gave money to defend it. John Corvinus, governor of that part of Hungary on the farther bank of the Drau, beat the Turks beneath the walls of Jajce, and they perished by hundreds in the river Vrbas."

Mr. Evans may be consulted for the history of the fall, the retaking, and final loss of Jajce, where Bosnia's last king fled before Mohammed II., hoping to find safety within its walls; but the fortress that had stood so many sieges was now at last surrendered to the foe, and King Stjepan was flayed alive by the barbarians. Many of the Bosnian nobles, although they bowed their necks to the sultan's yoke—formally making their submission—shared the awful fate of their unhappy king.

Not far from Bagniluka, on the river which bathes the walls of Jajce, there is a Trappist monastery. In 1868, when the community (which had been established in Germany from the time of the French Revolution, when it was driven out of France) was expelled anew, none of the Christian states were willing to receive the monks, and they asked leave of the sultan to purchase land and found a house in Bosnia. There are now 170 orphans under their care, who look bright and happy, and play merrily in the shelter and safety which the monks provide—a contrast, indeed, to the neighboring inhabitants, for the Near East is *almost smileless*. The gravity which is such a marked characteristic of their elders comes out startlingly in the solemn little children's faces!

The monks have sawing and spinning mills; and in Bosnia, as elsewhere, they practise their maxim, "Laborare est orare," thus affording an invaluable example to a people paralyzed by centuries of the bitterest oppression and the cruellest tyranny. Trappists have the secret of making "the desert to blossom like the rose." Bosnia is fertile. The struggling peasantry will see, by the monastery's lands, what can be done with their own fields, when a less primitive husbandry than they have had to be content with is put in practice.

But perhaps agricultural light and leading are the very least of the benefits that the sons of St. Bruno are dispensing around them in Bosnia.



HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ.

BY REV. GEORGE McDERMOT, C.S.P.



IN a former article we stated our opinion that Sienkiewicz understood his age and did not fear to say what he thought about it. This knowledge and this courage would not alone have won a hearing. Men like to be flattered; even when they feel they have cause for uneasiness, they do not wish to hear the truth. He who attempts to tear away the bandage they have put upon their eyes must be prepared for ostracism. The dullard and the base man can throw the shell as well as the complacent cynic who says to himself he lives in the best of all possible worlds, or the dissatisfied one who knows the time is out of joint but suspects the inspiration of the reformer. If this author has won a hearing, it can only be because he has compelled the world to listen to him.

RUDE FORCE, BUT—FORCE!

The immediate impression he produces is that of power; possibly the rudeness of a giant's strength rather than the calculated exercise of disciplined strength; but this is a superficial view, like that of the critic who ran away from his works stunned by the battery of Polish names. There is music in the roar of the Atlantic blanching into cataracts against high cliffs, as well as in the murmur those hear "that lie on happy shores." He imparts at times subtle pleasure by the delicacy and grace relieving the effect of his intenser moods, as the tragedy of Lear is relieved by lighter elements. The art which most truly expresses nature is seen in such blending of various sources of emotion. The flashes of the fool, the play of Edgar's assumed madness, the noble loyalty of Kent, while they deepen the pathos, support the imagination and the heart in bearing the woes of the discrowned king.

We are not aware that an attempt has been made to fix the place of Sienkiewicz among writers of prose fiction. There is no recognized standard of taste in any case by which novels are to be judged. It will be found that criticism on such works resolves itself into an—I know what pleases me, what

interests me, and I am pleased and interested by such a writer. Yet there must be some principle which produces the pleasure and interest, and this a critic must discover. The most perfect criticism ever made on acting was Partridge's disparagement of Garrick's Hamlet. Most of our readers are familiar with it, but possibly there are some who have not read *Tom Jones*. We do not think we shall recommend them to read that classic. However, Partridge's opinion upon the great actor affords an illustration of the method by which a novel is to be tried, because—when we take all the circumstances into account—it answers the question: How does the work affect you?

Partridge, who had taught a school in a village and had knocked about the world a little, must have possessed a mind open to impressions. He was no yokel from the country when he came to London as the servant of Tom Jones. He, therefore, may be taken as a by no means bad type of the ordinary critic who diffuses ignorance and want of taste among the public in many magazines and newspapers.

ART *versus* ACTING.

Partridge knew that "all the town went to see Mr. Garrick." The landlady at whose house his master lodged had informed him of the fact. Every one bore testimony to the greatness of the impersonation, so that Partridge must have gone prepared to witness something extraordinary. He was disappointed, nothing could equal his disappointment. The little man was no actor at all. Everything he did was what Partridge himself would have done if he were to see a ghost; he had never seen a man so much afraid; his face grew pale, he trembled, his knees bent under him, so that Partridge himself got frightened only looking at him. The king was the man for Partridge's money; he was an actor, you could hear him a mile off; but the little man—pish! he did not know how to act at all.

Partridge had his own idea of what acting ought to be. It should be something artificial, just as we have in some novels stilted dialogues which are not conversation, speeches without life behind them, whose length is regulated on some principle like the rough but interested equity of school-boys' games, in which all sides must have their innings in turn. Garrick was not an actor because he was a perfect one; his embodiment of Hamlet was the work of an art in conformity with nature, and interpreting it in the mode which was the nearest

approach to nature at her best. In this admirably devised incident Fielding showed how perfectly he understood the mission of art—that it was not merely to move in straight lines and curves, to make “damnable faces,” and fill the air with sonorous declamation, but to lay before the world the movements of the heart and brain as they wrung the one and unhinged the other. Partridge thought he could act as well as that “one” himself, and those who cannot discover the evidences of careful art in Sienkiewicz would do all he has done except—they will admit—to produce some effect, due to wild, uncultivated force. The highest praise of Garrick was this of Partridge, as the highest praise of our author is that men do not discover his consummate art; so natural is it, all trace of the travail, all trace of the pains of genius in acquiring it, has disappeared.

PETRONIUS PLOZOWSKI'S PROTOTYPE.

In a previous number we alluded to *Without Dogma*. Any one who reads this novel—it is not likely to be popular at first—will recognize the meaning of our remark in the article in that issue, that Sienkiewicz fashioned Petronius Arbiter from a pessimist of the lifeless age in which we live. Leon Plozowski is Petronius in the garb of the nineteenth century, but distinguishable from him as he is from one of the heroic and simple characters of the historical novels. The Lucretius of Tennyson comes near him in self-analysis, but he is not Lucretius any more than he is Hamlet, and yet he reminds us of Hamlet so much that a description of Hamlet would be one of him. That Sienkiewicz is greatly influenced by Shakspeare, more than he is by contemporary literature, more than by the Greek and Latin classics, is as plain as daylight. Yet he is a master of Latin literature, and the treasures of German, Italian, and French thought of to-day would seem as familiar to him as his alphabet. We recognize that no two characters of Shakspeare can be confounded. There are several who come very close to each other, yet they are quite as distinct as different men one meets in the highways of life. Take, for instance, Faulconbridge and Hotspur. Try to tell what you think of the first, every word will apply to Hotspur; describe the latter, everything will suit Faulconbridge. Again, take Tybalt and compare him with Petruchio; yet there is an element in Hotspur which cannot be found in Faulconbridge, something in Tybalt that is not in Petruchio. We could not conceive

Hotspur in a ludicrous situation, but whether Faulconbridge attempts a most desperate deed of daring, or is clothed in calfskin as he would desire to clothe Austria, we should be prepared for either. He has a hero's courage and loves the breath of battle, but he is not a hero. Now, Hotspur is one, more extravagant than Don Quixote—at the turn of your hand inspired at the thought of some great achievement which for a moment poises in his mind, so that heaven is not too high, the ocean below fathom-line not too deep for him—he rants in a sublime ecstasy. In another moment the thought takes wing, and he is down on the earth, wasp-stung and peevish as a green girl in consumption. Tybalt is a bravo and Petruchio another—both as thorough bullies as ever laid an honest man upon the sword by sleight of fence. But you could not believe any one if he swore on a pyramid of Bibles that he saw Tybalt in an old doublet and torn ruffles. The self-torturing dilettante Plozowski is not Hamlet, but he is like him, and yet no one could say there is a mood of the jaded Pole, with his dead hopes and banished illusions, taken from the melancholy Dane. Into a curious synthesis he sums up his introspection, "I am a genius without a portfolio"; and in it he pronounces the pessimist's judgment on the universe as forces aimlessly expending themselves. It is a terrible nightmare to be oppressed by—the thought of blind, irresistible powers moving, thundering, clashing, destroying, reproducing through infinities of space during infinities of succession.

A TRULY SIENKIEWICZIAN TOUCH OF NATURE.

This work is written in the form of a diary, the best perhaps for his purpose, and in the midst of the negatives, the shivered idols, the heart cold as a quenched hearth, you have such a neat entry as this—giving the words of a friend, pointing to Aniela coming with the friend's wife from the hot-houses: "There is your happiness; there it patters in fur boots on the frozen snow." That vision of purity and beauty ought to dispel the exhalations from a poisoned philosophy; but it did not, for he went on in his speculations and philosophized her away. She married one unfit for her, one of another world altogether, but she did not decline on a range of lower feelings; she "died this morning," as he entered under date "23d November," closing one of the saddest, the most finished pictures of life in any language. This novel is introduced here by way of parenthesis to dispose of the critics who do not recognize in Sien-

kiewicz a great artist in the sense of one who is a profound student of nature and a master of the technique by which he purports to interpret her. We shall now resume the examination of the elements which constitute his mastery over men's mind and heart.

WHAT MAKES A CRITIC ?

Thackeray—assuming he was not quite an impostor—professed to believe that any educated man could write as good a novel as himself. This is another phase of Partridgeism ; it arises from want of the true critical faculty, which depends as much on intellectual sympathy as the possession of canons of taste. The latter are invaluable when united with the former, by themselves they will only produce elocution. By themselves they would make a man an excellent teacher for intermediate schools or pass examinations ; and not the less so because the want of the other quality prevents him from knowing how limited his own powers are and understanding the greatness with which another may be gifted. Jeffrey was a great critic because his sensitiveness and passion were those of a poet and his range of reading without limit. Thackeray was right in so far as thousands of his countrymen could appreciate as well as himself the good points in his works. They were good points because they were true, and they found their echo in other minds because they were true. It was truth which Partridge saw in Garrick's Hamlet, and it was the truth which so many of his countrymen saw in Thackeray as if it lay upon the surface ; but it did not follow that any amount of training would enable the thousands to draw Becky Sharp or Partridge to produce on others the effect of Garrick's Hamlet on himself.

There is clearly, then, a quality common to readers and writers of successful fiction—they are united by it, as men in real life are united by the bond of nature—it is the sympathy of kind. The passion of Hecuba in the strolling player is real, his heart is hers for the time, his own disappointments are forgotten, his weary road, his poverty and the Lenten fare which he had reason to anticipate—better reason than the smiling courtier—all are forgotten, and he is away in the far centuries to an unknown land weighted with the griefs a poet feigned as if they were his own. What is Hecuba to him that he should weep for her ? is true indeed from the jealousy of Hamlet's self-reproach, but not true in the slightest sense from the universal law which makes man feel for man.

The passions which link us to remote peoples of whom we know nothing affect us in no way different from those which affect us in our own countryman. Men in England have been stirred by the sufferings of black men as though they were their own Anglo-Saxon race, with no thought of hideous rites, of revolting practices, of lives untouched by one ray that raises mankind from the brutes. They were men upon whom the strength and craft of civilization had fallen with a cruel force, and this effaced their foulness, their human sacrifices and their idols. It was suffering humanity that was seen, and not the degraded African. It is humanity we see in a good novel, and not a number of words about something which the writer pays us the bad compliment of calling a man. The merit of Sienkiewicz essentially is that he creates real men and women; he does this with a certainty of touch that never loses power, never blurs the image in the mind, never pours one into another's mould.

PODBEPIENTA.

If he be indebted to others he is also independent of them. We said we recognized the influence of Shakspeare and suggested that of Cervantes. In the multitude of his characters there is not one which is altogether like any of Shakspeare's, not one that can be found to wholly resemble Don Quixote, though we are reminded of him, as we are constantly reminded of Sancho Panza by Fedzain; though there are fundamental elements in the latter as well as accidental ones which mark him off from the immortal squire. It may be that the Catholic atmosphere which is around us in Don Quixote explains to some extent the association of ideas we take for a resemblance, but this surely means no more than some analogy to the impress which study in the same school of art fixes on the labor of painters, apart from technique and conception. One of the most interesting of the creations of Sienkiewicz is Podbepienta in *With Fire and Sword*. He is not one of the leading characters, but he is cast upon the stage with such power of conception and execution that wherever he goes his tall figure and gentle face, his two-handed sword and his vow of chastity till he smites off three infidel heads at one stroke, draw our eyes to him. It is useless for Zagloba—the Falstaff of the great trilogy of novels—to laugh at him, ridicule him, point him out as something like a freak of nature and useless in the world. Zagloba himself knows better, and entertains for the tall, simple soldier

love and real respect down in that honest, curious collection of prejudices and affections which he calls his heart.

Podbepienta's hanging mustache and brows gave him an expression at once anxious, thoughtful, and ridiculous, we are told; but his face, which was honest and sincere as that of a child, though not likely at first to win the respect of the bustling and selfish, would disarm enemies. He was one to be thrust aside in this world of ours; at the same time it would not be safe to dishonor him, as persons might learn to their cost. When he went to the court of Prince Yeremi, Anusia Borzobogato, a notorious flirt, began to make eyes at him. Remembering his vow, he fled and spent three days in penance preparing for confession. Yet he devises his vast estates to her by will in case he should fall in battle. He does not fall in battle, but his death is one of the finest passages in romantic literature. It is like the martyrdom of St. Sebastian. He is shot to death by arrows, and as each one flies from the bow an epithet of the Litany of our Lady passes from his lips, the words of the litany mingling with the whistling of the arrows. At last he falls on his knees. Then he says, with half a groan, "Queen of the Angels"—these words were his last on earth—and the author's comment is: "The angels of heaven took his soul and placed it as a clear pearl at the feet of the Queen of the Angels." We think this will do good even in the nineteenth century; will save the age in which Zola has been heard, and redeem it from the reproach of a realism which makes literature a stew and a morgue, an affectation of unbelief which cannot conceal superstition in comparison with which belief in the predictions of judicial astrology was enlightened philosophy.

THE DEATH OF PODBEPIENTA IN WORD-PAINTING.

The novelist who means to be great must have been born with the poet's power of conception and feeling, and have acquired that art in the execution of his work which corresponds with the playwright's skill in the selection and adjustment of accessories. So there is a technique in novel-writing to be acquired by an apprenticeship through years of labor and self-denial; notwithstanding that the public are flooded with productions whose authors have served no apprenticeship whatsoever. The incident just mentioned affords a good instance of what we mean with regard both to the advantages and to the drawbacks of description in supplying accessorial aids. On the stage the mounting is of inconceivable value with our present

experiences. Scenery and dress present to the physical eye what in a less direct way description paints for the mental one. At his death our Podbepienta stands with his back to a tree whose spreading branches make deeper the darkness of the night, but the torches of the advancing Cossacks send their gleams into the shade. Far away stretches their vast encampment, to whose outer ring he had advanced on his perilous mission. He had passed those watches on the outskirts—in fact, he had passed all, and no more remained but to bear the message to the king from the invested city, dying of famine but invincible. In the distance is the town he has left, and he fancies he sees his friends in a high tower whose lights shine like a beacon to his soul. Near and afar the boom of the Cossack camp filling the darkness presses on him like a weight, a pain, a despair, from which there is no escape; and the scene closes with his death. The reader will see how the selection of accessories and the command of a style which is poetry in prose make the picture visible to the mind—nay more, engrave it in the memory. We have an instance in the *Fair Maid of Perth* in which an effect of sunshine gives life to a picture. It is the scene when the Douglas and his followers, surrounded by the excited townsmen, ride into the abbey yard as if flying. A piece of sunlight falling through the gate tessellates with whiteness the dark floor of the court-yard. It is that call to the imagination which animates it to see the terrible baron in mail on his gray horse, the fixed glare of his blind eye, the pride and sagacity in his face; the contempt of his followers for the blows and menaces of the mob of citizens; the cool shade of the lofty walls and towers in the high summer; the peace-making of the monks between Douglas men and townsmen; the ill-starred Rothsay's levity; the glee-maiden's terror and Henry Wynd's decent reluctance to compromise himself by taking charge of her, struggling with his manly pity for weakness and distress. Through Scott's novel such a touch or two will produce the whole effect of scenery on the stage, and this brings us to the point: the place of Sienkiewicz in fiction.

There are obvious grounds for comparing his historical novels with those of Scott and Dumas. The freedom and power in the handling of men under the circumstances which appealed most strongly to the judgment and imagination bring him nearest to Scott, his elaborate and untiring energy in pursuing details leading up to the desired effect resembles that of Dumas. In

humor the latter has no place, though there is a command of elegant *repartee* now and then which not only pleases in itself but because it is what we should expect from those using it. Scott's humor is rich and abundant, takes possession of one so that he cannot canvass it; at the same time it would bear the sharpest analysis; but nowhere, so far as we remember, does Scott evince anything like the delicacy and refinement which raise Sienkiewicz' humor almost to the level of Cervantes'. In the creation of character we think, upon the whole, that Sienkiewicz does not equal Scott; he has made no one to equal the Templar, or Cedric, or Dalgetty. The difference is not in the time and circumstances, for they are favorable to comparison. Dalgetty was a soldier of fortune fashioned by a hard life which tempered his Scotch tenacity as the ice-cold spring tempers a Damascus blade. Pan Kmita went through experiences as trying as Dalgetty's; the basis of his character was different, no doubt, but he had a wild will, and so had the other. He had the advantage of social place and expectations, but he outlawed himself and only maintained a sort of recognition by enterprise, courage, and fortune which made him too valuable to be set aside. He had the aspirations of an ambition; Dalgetty looked forward to the purchase of the old tower and five hundred acres of barren land which had belonged to his family. After his years of service with Gustavus in siege and battle, not allowing himself to be imposed upon by any one, steering through difficulties by mother-wit, loyal to his standard for the time, he could look at length to the dull life of a petty laird as the close of the scenes of blood and toil through which he passed since as a stripling he had left his native land. We have a constant hold of Dalgetty, we find something Protean in Kmita.

SCOTT AND SIENKIEWICZ.

Again, the great figure of Brian de Bois Guilbert, who seems to tower by his intellect, ambition, fire, energy, and despair above the haughty conscientiousness of the Grand Master, the wiles of Malvoisin, the heroism of Richard, the fortune of Ivanhoe, is superior to the only character in Sienkiewicz that can be compared with him. In the greatness of its proportions the conception is like the demi-god of a Greek play, but human to the very core in the pain of his passions, the strength and weakness of his will, in his relentless cruelty and indomitable

pride, for these touch the heart by their union with a generosity that knew no limit, a fidelity to his peculiar code of honor, which did not reckon danger—for this no knight would count—and redeemed the guilty love that was stronger than the ambition which had been the breath of his life. With the Templar we compare the Voevoda of Vilna. Both authors have bestowed pains on these two creations, using all the resources of knowledge and skill in giving to the reader incarnate powers which directed all other influences in the drama, or seriously appealed to them. Yannish Radzivill was a Calvinist member of the princely house of the Radzivils and head of the heretical branch. He was a real historical personage, and to what extent the artist allowed himself to be restrained by this consideration in moulding him for the ideal world in which he was to live as one of the controlling spirits we do not profess to determine. No explanation of an author's failure to attain the highest mark alters the result. Scott embodied his own view of the policy, craft, wickedness, and impiety of the Templars at the time the order was suppressed, in a character living some hundred and twenty years before. The anachronism in no way affects the dramatic truth of the creation. Bois Guilbert possessed no longer the iron will which had coerced everything—an insane passion for a woman had made him vacillating as a boy. There was shame in it too; for she was a Jewess and he a Christian noble and knight, though without belief. Conscience was dead, but in its place certain rules of conduct exercised an authority to which that of conscience even in his best days was nothing.

THE GENESIS OF A TREASON.

Radzivill is a great prince, one of the foremost nobles in Poland, entrusted with a great military government by the king and commonwealth, and he betrays the country to the Swedes. To be made a sovereign prince instead of living as the greatest subject was his ambition, and this the cause of an unparalleled treason. In the condition of the commonwealth we think that personal jealousies and interests had too much scope, but for the purpose of high art these are not a sufficient motive. We can understand that he had no historical sympathy with the Catholic past of Poland, but he had a boundless sense of the grandeur of his descent and the honor of his family. So much did this influence him that he regarded the interests of the Catholic

branches as a title to his services which nothing could relieve. He felt, too, he had a claim upon their services, but he recognized in opinion one limit to this claim—their duty to their common country. All this is historically true, but not dramatically true. Again, his vacillation is the result of a certain infirmity of purpose akin to cowardice. There have been such men. There were Roman emperors who united inconceivable ferocity with a weakness of will in the presence of difficulty which moves one's wonder and contempt; but for the effects of that high art which must spring from proportional causes, an equal ferocity and a similar weakness in Radzivil will not explain an ambition leading to infamy surpassing in cynicism all that has been told of treason in ancient story, or in Roman treaties, that has been said of Count Julian in Spain or the Huguenots in France. There was not an intelligible temptation for the crime of Radzivil, judged by the sense of dramatic propriety, as there was for Count Julian's.

Zagloba is a master-piece belonging to the school of Falstaff, and barely surpassed by Falstaff. He is more interesting because there are solid qualities of truth and honor in him, while these only pass from time to time over the fat knight's mind, leading to a resolution to repent when his health or convenience permit him. However much his acquaintance liked Falstaff, not one had a particle of respect for him. The lies of Zagloba are not believed, but he bears down opposition. His readiness is infinite. He is reminded on a particular occasion that in the former telling of a story he had placed an experience in a different country. At once there are two facts of which he was the hero, while his critic is informed that if reasoning were to be performed by the hand he was the right man, but not when it is to be done by the head.

We regret we can say no more about this admirable creation. Unsurpassable in lies, he is wise of counsel; full of affection, no one escapes the lash of a tongue which bites like a scorpion. We do not know whether our readers have remarked that Falstaff was an acute judge of character. It is true he failed to see the great qualities hidden under the license of Prince Hal, but perhaps no one could have seen them. Indeed, Falstaff must have observed that the prince's wit was parasitical—that is, it sprang up from the suggestion of Falstaff's own: I am not only witty myself but I am the cause of wit in others, was the profound judgment of an able man too lazy and un-

principled to employ his talents, and only entering on public service through vanity, the influence of example, and the spur of necessity.

Zagloba possessed all the other's vanity, but he had a high sense of duty springing from religion. Indeed, the power of their faith is strong on all we meet in those historical novels of Sienkiewicz. It does not always check cruelty—it may be that perpetual war accounts for their ferocity; but faith gives to the worst and meanest a certain elevation of sentiment which will not permit us to despise them, while it consecrates the sacrifices made by higher natures for their country; lifts to an enthusiasm such as that which inspires heroes alike the courage of the common soldier and the hereditary pride of his leader.



CONVERSION.

BY MARION F. GURNEY.

"And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men to Myself."



AN angry waste of waters, wide and gray,
 A starless sky, down-drooping, brooding, dark,
 Wild winds that beat against one lonely bark
 And drench her slender spars with salty spray:
 Shining across the night a five-fold ray
 Of roseate glory, which Christ Crucified
 Sheds forth from Hands and Feet and riven Side,
 As light-house set on high to show the way:
 A pallid, thorn-crowned Form, with sad, sweet eyes,
 Pointing the helmsman, with mute, outstretched Hands,
 To that safe Harbor where doubt's tempests cease,
 Where winds blow sweet from fields of Paradise
 And morning light shall show the golden sands
 Where lies the far-off City of our Peace.



CHAPEL OF ST. JOSEPH'S ECCLESIASTICAL SEMINARY: A MONUMENT OF ARCH-BISHOP CORRIGAN'S UNTIRING EFFORTS IN THE INTERESTS OF THE CLERGY.

CATHOLIC LIFE IN NEW YORK CITY.

BY RICHARD H. CLARKE, LL.D.



THE Catholic life of New York City starts with historic prestige. Scarcely had the eyes of Columbus rested on the mainland of the American Continent when two Catholic navigators, John and Sebastian Cabot, representing the last of the Catholic kings of England, Henry VII., and carrying a Catholic crew, discovered our North American coasts from Newfoundland to the Chesapeake Bay, in 1497, sighting no doubt that

portion of the greater city known by the euphonious names of Gravesend and Coney Island. In their second voyage, in 1502, a Catholic priest from Bristol accompanied the expedition, and the chanted liturgy of Mass and Vespers resounded across the outer bay. In 1525 the Catholic navigators, Verazzano and



FATHER LE MOYNE ADMINISTERED THE SACRAMENTS IN NEW YORK 250 YEARS AGO.

Gomez, visited the bay of New York and its beautiful shores. A century of historic silence now intervenes, but in 1626 two Catholic soldiers are reported among the Dutch at Fort Orange, now Albany. In 1643 the first Catholic priest visited the city, the venerable Father Jogues of the Society of Jesus, just rescued from the martyrdom which was to follow, and still bleeding from his recent wounds—he who won then the eulogium of the pope, and his cause is now progressing towards his canonization by our illustrious Pontiff, Leo XIII. He found



GOVERNOR DONGAN OPENED THE FIRST CATHOLIC CHAPEL NEAR BOWLING GREEN.

only two Catholics in the city. In 1644 the Jesuit Father Bressani, passing through New York, found here no Catholics; but some years later Fathers Le Moyne and Vaillant visited the city and administered the sacraments to the only Catholics they found, a few sailors, who no doubt were from the Spanish South-American ports. In 1674 the colonial lieutenant-governor, Anthony Brockholls, and Lieutenant Jervis Baxter were Catholics, and men of loyal and noble service. In 1683 commenced the administration of a Catholic colonial governor, Thomas Dongan, an ideal governor, who established religious liberty in New York, and set the example of its practice by bringing to the city the Jesuit Fathers Harvey, Harrison, and Page, opening a Catholic chapel near Bowling Green and a Jesuit Latin school on or near the site of Trinity Church. But afterwards they had to fly for their lives, governor, Jesuits and all, in the Protestant Revolution of 1688. Father Harvey, who had escaped on foot to Maryland, and another Jesuit father visited afterwards New York in disguise and at the peril of their lives, to minister to the little flock still there. But in 1690 the New York mission was extinct.

In 1696 the number of Catholics in the city was only nine;

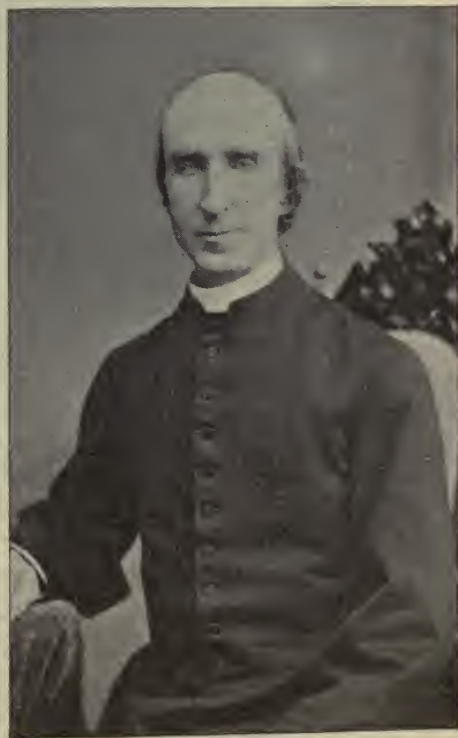


BISHOP DUBOIS PASSED THROUGH THE STORMS OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION, WAS A MISSIONARY IN THE VIRGINIAS AND MARYLAND, AND DIED, THIRD BISHOP OF NEW YORK, IN 1842.

worshipped in a carpenter shop in Barclay Street, which was but the foundation of St. Peter's. In 1814 Bishop Conolly, the first of New York's bishops to reach his see, was so poor in this world's goods and so destitute of priests that he officiated as a missionary priest, and resided in a humble house, first at 211 Bowery and afterwards in Broome Street, nearly opposite the present Catholic Protector's House of Reception.

Yet such was the Catholic life of New York during this period of poverty and struggle

in 1700, few as they were, penal statutes were enacted against them; in 1741 there was an anti-Catholic riot, and as there was no priest to be found and sacrificed, a non-juring Protestant minister was executed for a Catholic priest. In 1755 the exiled Catholic Acadians were landed in the city, but after thirty years there was no trace of them. The American Revolution wiped out all the disabilities of Catholics. At this time the Catholic flock of New York devoutly and perseveringly



FATHER EVERETT, NOW LIVING, WAS BORN THREE MONTHS BEFORE ITS FIRST BISHOP REACHED NEW YORK.

—the episcopate of Bishop Connolly—that the flock so increased in numbers as to result in time in the erecting of two fine churches, St. Peter's and St. Patrick's, in the first acquisition of the Fifth Avenue property, and in numerous conversions among distinguished Protestant clergy and laymen. It was in this period of poverty and struggle that the church received into her bosom that pious and eminent lady who, as Mother Seton, founded the American Sisterhood of Charity, whose daughters

are now ministering to the spiritual and corporal needs of a country whose dioceses have increased from five to thirteen, with archbishops and one apostolic vicariate, and with thirteen bishops and eighty bishops.

The episcopate of Bishop Dubois extended to 1837, when he assumed the administration of the diocese over the whole of New York and New Jersey; population increased to nearly a million, and the revenue of the bishop was "with which he supported himself and his two assistants."

Though he was sixty years old, his energy, courage, and labors won for him the title of the "Little Napoleon." Among the drawbacks to the development of Catholic life in New York, from the time of Archbishop Carroll to the time of Archbishop Hughes, was the element of lay-trusteeism, and against this Bishop Dubois had waged a vigorous warfare. Such were the energies and forces, mercantile, social, political, and religious, then pushing forward and developing the metro-



MRS. SETON, AFTERWARD FOUNDESS OF THE AMERICAN SISTERS OF CHARITY.

istering to and corporal millions, in whose diocese since increased to eighty-three vicariates and with bishops and shops.

Since the episcopate of Bishop Dubois from 1826 to 1837, a distinguished vicar assumed the administration. The diocese then extended to the whole State and eastern New Jersey; the Catholic population had increased to nearly 35,000; the revenue of the bishop was only \$1,200, which he supported his two assistants.

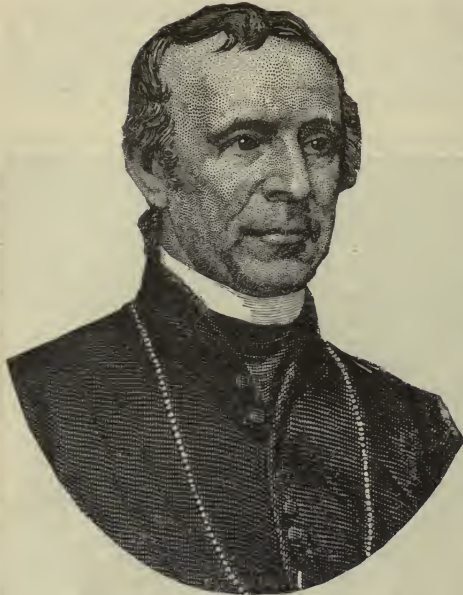
politan and Catholic character of the city, that it became a necessity, hastened by Bishop Dubois' advancing years and declining health, and by the contest with lay-trusteeism, that a



THE DEVOTIONAL LIFE OF THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS: THEIR CHAPEL AT MANHATTAN COLLEGE.

master mind and character should be placed in command, and the man of providence and of destiny was at hand in the person of the illustrious John Hughes.

His keen eye detected the powerful elements of good which then existed in germ in the Catholic life of New York. He marshalled them into effective organization, he gave them their right direction, and called new energies into existence. His first great achievement was to crush out lay-trusteeism from the church. He fought valiantly for the rights of Catholics in the public schools, and for their equal social and political recognition; he met the hostile uprising of Know-nothingism and triumphed over it; he vindicated the doctrines and morals of Catholics and the history of the church by his eloquent voice and powerful pen; he promoted the development of vocations for the priesthood, and founded an ecclesiastical seminary;



ARCHBISHOP HUGHES.

he labored for the education of his flock by founding St. John's College, which was followed by the establishment of the Colleges of St. Francis Xavier and Manhattan, the parochial schools, and numerous institutions of charity, religion, and education, the establishment of religious orders of pious men and women; the number of churches was increased to thirty; he projected and laid the foundations of the grand cathedral; developed the Catholic life, interests, and influences of New York to

a degree that caused it to be raised to the rank of a metropolitan see, and by his patriotism and services to his country proved the Catholic Church to be the strongest bulwark of the Republic. From the beginning of the Paulist movement for the organization of the only religious institute of clerics in the United States that is of American origin Archbishop Hughes was its firm friend and supporter, and so continued until he joyously laid the corner-stone of the church and convent of St. Paul the Apostle on Trinity Sunday, June 19, 1859, and until his death. So ardently did he enter into the cause of founding the American College at Rome that, next to Pope Pius IX., he might be almost called its founder.

The logic of the historic view powerfully illustrates the present church's work upon the Catholic life of nations, communities, and cities. The Catholic forces in Archbishop Hughes's episcopate did not lose but gained in numbers and in strength during the administration of his able, eloquent, and laborious successor. To him must be given the credit of placing on a broad basis, with Dr. Ives as president, the Catholic Protectory, then in its infancy, and then, too, were founded those two splendid charities, the Foundling Hospital under Sister Irene, and the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin under Father Drumgoole. His methods were different from those of Archbishop Hughes. This was owing to the advanced and changed condi-

tion of things. The aggressive policy and methods of Archbishop Hughes were necessary and suited to the conditions he found or created; the gentler methods of Archbishop McCloskey were as admirably suited and effective for his times and conditions. He was also a providential man. For his mission he was equally successful, as witnessed by the great increase in the churches, the clergy, the Catholic laity, and the noble institutions and new Catholic energies set in motion. So much so was this the case that he, the first of American prelates, received from Rome the highest honors of the church in the gift of the Supreme Pontiff, the princely office of the cardinalate, and was the first and only American ever summoned to conclave for the election of a successor to St. Peter. May the next summons be long deferred!

Necessity compels us to limit our review to the city proper, as it stood prior to the incorporation and union of the Greater City. Its Catholic population may be approximately estimated at 800,000, its Catholic priests at about 500, its churches at 100, chapels about 50. The secular clergy are about two to one more numerous than the members of religious orders. The city is the see of the great Archdiocese of New York, which is the Metropolitan See, with the dioceses of Albany, Brooklyn, Buffalo, Newark, Ogdensburg, Rochester, Syracuse, and Trenton as suffragans. The ecclesiastical government is complete, compact, efficient, and prompt. None could be more so. So numerous and urgent have become the labors of the Archbishop to meet the calls of a diocese so teeming with Catholic activities that an auxiliary bishop, in the person of the popular, accomplished, able, and laborious Monsignor John M. Farley, has been necessarily assigned to assist in the episcopal labors. The Archbishop is also assisted in the official work of his exalted office by two vicars-general, a chancellor, secretaries, diocesan con-



CARDINAL McCLOSKEY.

sulters, examiners of the clergy, a diocesan attorney who is a priest, a defender of the marriage bond, theological censors, a commissary of the Greek clergy, moderators of theological conferences, examiners of teachers, rural deans, a school board, a superintendent of schools, a general supervisor of Catholic charities, and a board of trustees for the funds for infirm priests. A treatise would be required to define the detailed workings and duties of this elaborate official machinery, but sufficient to say that with this complete ecclesiastical organization to assist him there is not outside of the White House at Washington a more laborious and busy person than the Archbishop of New York.

But this beneficent administration is not in itself the life, but it gives direction and guidance to it. It is the head, the most important part of the Catholic organization. Behold the other portions of the Catholic body performing the functions of its daily life—a hundred churches thrown open at early morn, five hundred priests offering the holy sacrifice of the Immaculate Lamb, countless thousands of laymen attending Mass on Sundays, about ten thousand hearing Mass every day, and possibly two hundred thousand communicants. These figures are not official, nor the result of detailed statistical work. But while they are merely conjectural, they are probable, and sufficiently reliable to convey a good general conception of this part of the daily religious life of our people. The baptisms in the archdiocese in the year were 34,156 and the confirmations 16,883, of which figures the much larger portions belong to the city.

The religious life of a people does not consist in bricks, mortar, and stone, however grandly and beautifully constructed into temples, colleges, academies, convents, asylums, charitable homes, nurseries, hospitals, schools, protectories, and refuges. These exterior works are the expression and manifestation of the inner life, its useful and splendid instruments, its glorious monuments—earthly types of the heavenly kingdom. The City of New York stands first among American cities for these striking and noble evidences of its Catholic faith and piety.

First among the churches of New York and of America is its magnificent cathedral, whose broad and deep foundations were laid by Archbishop Hughes, whose erection and dedication to divine service was accomplished by Cardinal McCloskey, whose lofty and beautiful towers with the chimes of bells are among the many distinguished evidences of Catholic progress under Archbishop Corrigan. The carpenter shop in which the

early flock worshipped is succeeded by the majestic temple, the perfection of



architectural beauty and grandeur, located in the finest and most valuable portion of



the city, the heart of Fifth Avenue.

The cost of erecting the cathedral was about \$3,000,000, not



counting the cost of the towers, the main or chapel altars, or the pulpit, which last alone cost \$10,000. The value of the whole, in-



ST. JOSEPH'S SEMINARY BUILDINGS, AT A COST OF OVER A MILLION DOLLARS; THE CROWNING WORK OF THE PRESENT ADMINISTRATION.

cluding the episcopal residence, the erection of which cost \$90,000, and the parochial residence, which cost \$80,000, not including the altar services, vestments, paintings, library furniture, and other equipments, all of which are fine and costly, cannot be less than \$5,250,000.

Much could be said of the cathedral parish as a centre of religious, ecclesiastical, educational, and devotional activity, with all of which the Most Rev. Archbishop is intimately identified, and with which he keeps in constant touch, supporting the zealous and arduous labors of the indefatigable parochial clergy, with Rev. Michael J. Lavelle as rector. The Cathedral Library is a noble institution.

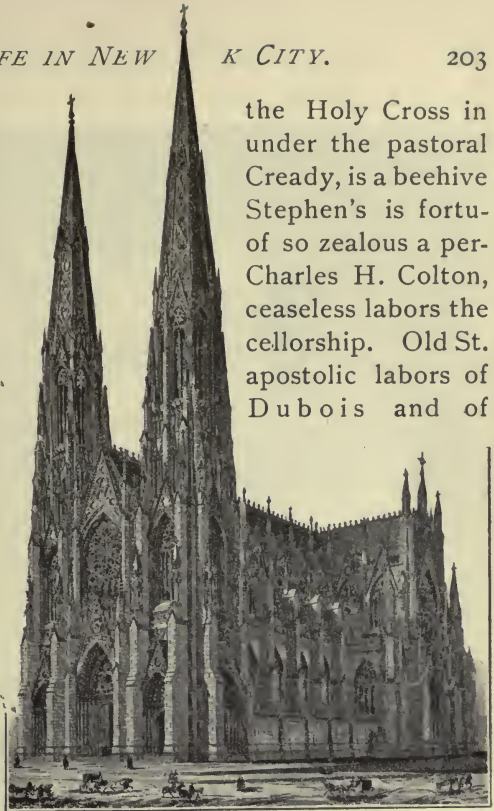
One among the beautiful and large churches is St. Francis Xavier's, conducted by the Jesuit Fathers of the adjoining college of the same name. Here the Very Rev. Provincial of the New-York-Maryland Province resides, while not visiting his extended province and its institutions; and here, between the church and the college, nearly or quite forty of the learned, zealous, and indefatigable Jesuits reside and labor most efficiently.

We accord our highest encomiums to the heroic labors of the New York Jesuits among the unfortunates in the hospitals, almshouse, penitentiary, lunatic asylums, nursery, and lying-in hospital, the infant and boys' hospital, and idiots' asylum, and house of refuge, on Blackwell's, Ward's, and Randall's Islands. The fathers also attend St. Joseph's Home for Aged Women, in Fifteenth Street; St. Vincent's Hospital, in Twelfth Street, and the Convent of the Sacred Heart, in Seventeenth Street.

There are few if any centres of religious activity in New York, or in any city, where the pulsations of Catholic life are more vigorous and fruitful than at St. Gabriel's on the East side, where the Right Rev. Bishop Farley has brought out the best energies of the church; or at the Church of the Sacred Heart, where Right Rev. Monsignor Mooney has an unsurpassed organization. At both of these centres, whose pastors are the Vicars-General of the Archdiocese, considerable portions of the diocesan work is done, and the Vicars-General hold regular stated conferences with the Archbishop at the archiepiscopal residence. Under the arduous efforts of the Jesuits the old St. Lawrence's has been replaced by the new and beautiful Church of St. Ignatius, under Father McKinnon and his able assistants, a charming feature of which is the mosaic baptistery on which Father Prendergast has bestowed his finest Scriptural taste and

genius. The Church of West Forty-second Street, charge of Rev. Dr. Mc-nate in the untiring charge of permanent rector as Rev. who also adds to his arduous labors of the chan-Patrick's, the scene of the Bishops Connolly and Archbishop Hughes, has an untiring pastor in Rev. John F. Kearney, while Father Edwards, at the Immaculate Conception, has reaped golden harvests in the apostolate. In every one of these instances a self-sacrificing corps of assistants share the toils and the rewards of the missions, and congregations of pious and loyal laymen zealously sustain and generously support the best efforts of their pastors. The same could be said of every church and congregation in the city whose names and examples I would like to cite if space permitted.

The church and community of St. Paul the Apostle occupy a unique position among the metropolitan churches. The avowed and exalted purpose of this religious body is the conversion of non-Catholic Americans. The massive and imposing Church of St. Paul the Apostle is at once their monument and their missionary headquarters. Its immense proportions, great seating capacity, the large number of the Paulist Fathers laboring there; the missions given for Catholics, the novel but most successful feature of missions for non-Catholics, in which they have had the sympathy and continuous support of our Most Rev. Archbishop; the temperance crusade; the splendid ceremonies, noted for rubrical exactness and splendor of decorations; the Gregorian chant, introduced and cultivated towards the reform of church music and promotion of congregational singing, and the identification of the Paulists with every good work of



THE CATHEDRAL, WITH ITS ADJUNCTS, WAS ERRECT, AT A COST OF OVER FIVE MILLION OF DOLLARS.

the Holy Cross in under the pastoral Cready, is a beehive Stephen's is fortunate of so zealous a per-Charles H. Colton, ceaseless labors the cellorship. Old St. apostolic labors of Dubois and of



MONSIGNOR MOONEY.

public zeal, add a peculiar interest to the church, and result in unmeasured good. The conversions of the Paulists are very numerous, the recent mission for non-Catholics bringing nearly one hundred into the fold, including a distinguished Methodist Episcopal minister. They were the first to introduce the five-minute sermons at the early Masses on Sundays, which outlived the opposition they awakened, and have now become

of general practice in New York and other parts of the United States. They have elevated the standard of pulpit oratory, published a volume of Paulist Sermons and three volumes of the Five-Minute Sermons. As a missionary organization the Paulists have proved themselves a dynamic force whose energy has quickened the American Catholic apostolate throughout this vast Republic.

Prominent and productive of the best and largest results is the Paulists' Apostolate of the Press. Father Hecker said to me one day that he hoped to see in the Paulist Congregation both religious men and women, members of the Congregation of St. Paul the Apostle, sanctifying their lives by their labors at the press, preparing the literary work, setting the type, working the presses, and binding the books, for the mission of truth to non-Catholic Americans. In the years while he was yet a Redemptorist he wrote his two treatises—*Questions of the Soul* and *Aspirations of Nature*. His splendid articles on the

relations of the church with the state, with society, with the American mind and kindred subjects have reached the highest standard of profound and practical thought. In 1865 the Paulists commenced the publication of THE CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE. In 1866 they organized the Catholic Publication Society, and more lately the Catholic Book Exchange, which is doing the same work on a purely missionary basis. In 1870 they founded *The Young Catholic*, the first of its kind in the United States. In 1871 they united with the Catholic Union of New York in a brave and almost successful effort to found a first-class daily Catholic newspaper. In 1896 they began the editing and publication of *The Missionary* and the organization of the Catholic Missionary Union, whose success in the missionary field has been wonderful. The Paulists are now issuing from their own press, THE CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE, *The Young Catholic*, *The Missionary*, and a great quantity of temperance and other moral literature, and religious tracts.

Under their successive superiors, Fathers Hecker, Hewit, and Deshon, the Paulists have begun and increased their great work like the mustard seed. In some of the dioceses the bishops and secular clergy have begun to share their chosen missionary field among non-Catholics, and in New York City we have the apostolate conducted by Rev. Fathers Cusack, Guinon, Goggin, and Cunnion, for missions to non-Catholics and Catholics.



RT. REV. BISHOP FARLEY.

The religious orders of New York are among its brightest jewels, and they contribute immensely to its Catholic life. It would be a happy task if I could find space for according the well-merited meed of praise for their splendid work to the Dominican Fathers, with their headquarters at St. Vincent Fer-

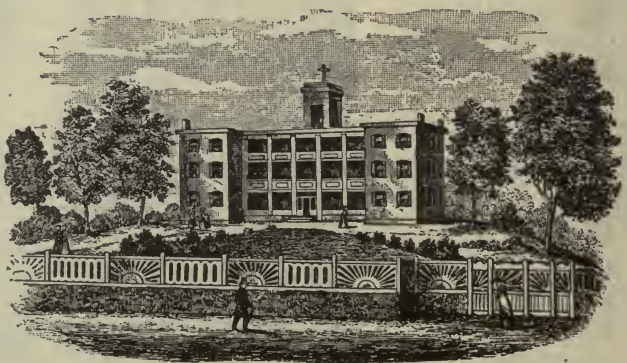
rer's; the Benedictines and their noted abbot, the Right Rev. Alexius Edelbrock; the Capuchin Fathers at the churches of Our Lady Queen of Angels, St. John the Baptist, and Our Lady of Sorrows; the Carmelite Fathers at Our

Lady of the Scapular of Mount Carmel, New York City; the Franciscan Fathers at St. Anthony of Padua's, St. Francis of Assisi's, and Most Precious Blood, and their Commissariat of the Holy Land; the Fathers of Mercy at St. Vincent de Paul's; the Fathers of the Pious Society of Missions; the Missionaries of St. Charles at St. Joachim's and Our Lady of Pompeii; the Redemptorists, worthy sons of St. Alphonsus Liguori, at St. Alphonsus', the Immaculate Conception, Most Holy Redeemer, and Our Lady of Perpetual Help.

It would also be a work of love to say something of the religious organizations of Brothers, who greatly add to the activity and harvests of Catholic work in New York. I cannot refrain



A GLIMPSE OF LIFE AT DE LA SALLE INSTITUTE.



THE ORIGINAL MOTHER-HOUSE OF THE SISTERS OF CHARITY.

from saying that I have witnessed at the Catholic Protectory, while I was president there, the noble work of Brother Leontine, and while the companion of Dr. Ives, that of Brother Telliow, and their brethren, at that Institution; and I have witnessed the more general labors of those two ideal superiors of the Christian Brothers—Brothers Patrick and Justin. I have admired the good school work of the Brothers of Mary, at St. John the Baptist's and at Our Lady of Sorrows, and I have been an eye-witness of the noble labors of the Marist Brothers at the parish school of St. Jean Baptiste's, and St. Ann's Academy in Seventy-sixth Street.



MOTHER ALOYSIA HARDY.

The Communities of Religious Women in New York City illustrate in other and different fields even still more the holiness of the Catholic Church and the sanctity of Catholic life. To the mind and soul they form an admirable sacred study and meditation. I must at least name them: the Sisters of Charity, with their mother-house and splendid academy at Mount St. Vincent, with their labors in so many of our parish schools, and their heroic services in our asylums, protectories, hospitals, day nurseries, homes and retreats, which seem to meet every form of human suffering; the Sisters of Mercy, with their convent, two academies, St. Joseph's Homes at New York and Tarrytown and Mount Vernon, and the exalted work of the sisters in visiting prisoners in the Tombs and other prisons; Sisters of the Divine Compassion, a community of American origin, for befriending children and young girls, with their House of the Holy Family in the city and at White Plains, their Good Counsel Farm, House of St. Stanislaus, and House of Nazareth; the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, with their splendid academies and convents at Manhattanville, Seventeenth Street, and Madison Avenue, who also extend their teachings gratuitously to their schools for the poor at Manhattanville; their convent in Seventeenth Street is the headquarters of the

pious association of lay ladies, the Children of Mary, with over five hundred members, who meet every month and also make an annual retreat, an association embracing the leaders in many exalted lay works of charity; Sisters of St. Agnes, with their Leo House for German Immigrants, and School of Our Lady of Angels; Sisters of Bon Secours, who nurse the sick at their homes; Sisters of Christian Charity, who teach and succor the poor; Sisters of St. Dominic, who have several organizations in charge of schools, hospitals, etc., one of whose convents is that of Corpus Christi at Hunt's Point, eminently holy in the perpetual adoration of the Blessed Sacrament; Sisters of the Poor of St. Francis, with their hospitals of St. Francis and St. Joseph; and Sisters of Loretto, who serve the splendid institutions of the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin at Lafayette Place and Mount Loretto on Staten Island; Sisters of the Good Shepherd, whose holy work in the reformation of fallen women is nobly manifested in the Magdalen House of the Good Shepherd in this and in many cities and countries; Marianite Sisters of the Holy Cross, who are to be found laboring in our schools and hospitals; Sisters of Misericorde, whose mother-house is here, and their Maternity Hospital; School Sisters of Notre Dame, whose labors are in schools and hospitals; Little Sisters of the Poor, who have in this city two homes for the aged and the poor; Ladies of the Cenacle, whose house at Manhattanville is dedicated to St. Regis, where ladies in the world are afforded opportunities for making spiritual retreats; Daughters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary; Presentation Nuns, laboring in schools and homes; Missionary Sisters of the Sacred Heart, in charge of the Italian hospital of Columbus; Ursuline Sisters, who conduct with great success female academies; and the Felician Sisters, with their St. Joseph's Home for Polish Immigrants.

The Helpers of the Holy Souls lead lives of sanctification and charity, and offer all they do for the relief of the suffering souls in purgatory; they visit and nurse the poor at their homes, instruct the poor and the working classes at their convent, prepare children and adults for the sacraments and instruct newly received converts, lead a life of prayer and meditation, reciting the office of the dead, and perform every possible work of charity. Our New York Helpers labor heroically among the sick and poor and among the colored people, making many converts among the poor and the obscure whose conversions are never known or published. It is no uncommon thing for

as many as forty converts from among the poor and the colored people to be baptized at the Helpers' Convent, 114 East Eighty-sixth Street, at one time, and as they are constantly serving the poor their conversions are said to exceed in numbers the conversions at any

of the churches. They never accept any reward, compensation, or gift from the people they serve, but are themselves the poorest of the poor, having a precarious subsistence on the alms of the charitable. But what is most heroic in their lives is that they offer all the good they do, not for themselves but for the souls in purgatory, even their own sanctification.

So too with the Little Sisters of the Assumption, 312

East Fifteenth Street. These Little Sisters nurse the sick poor at their homes both day and night, even doing the cleaning, cooking, and every household service. They take care of the children and endeavor to keep the family together while nursing the sick member. The poorer the family the more certain they are to receive the devoted ministrations of the Little Sisters of the Assumption. They also do much towards clothing the poor. They make no discrimination of creed or nationality. They accept no compensation, reward, or gratuity, not even their



SISTER IRENE, FOUNDESS OF THE FOUNDLING ASYLUM.

food while nursing in a family, but carry their food with them. For their own subsistence they beg from door to door and depend on alms. The Little Sisters of the Assumption came to us in 1891 and now number only fourteen.

But Catholic life in New York has its lay charities, sanctioned by ecclesiastical authority. There is St. Joseph's Day Nursery; the Presentation Day Nursery; St. Joseph's Institute for the Improved Instruction of Deaf Mutes, in 188th Street, and St. Joseph's Institute for the same purpose at Westchester, New York City; St. Elizabeth's Industrial School in East Fourteenth Street; St. Zita's Home for Friendless Women, in East Fifty-second Street, having for its object the reclamation of unfortunate women who have been committed to the island for intemperance or other cause, receiving them on their discharge and introducing them to a life of industry and self-respect.

The Catholic Protectory is managed as a whole by a board of lay managers; the male department is in charge of the



THE FOUNDLING ASYLUM.

Christian Brothers, with Brother Eusebius as rector; and the female department under the charge of the Sisters of Charity, with Sister Anita as Sister Servant; the religious care is attended to by the reverend clergy of St. Raymond's parish; the present president is James R. Floyd, Esq. Since the found-

ing of the Protectory it has received, cared for, and instructed over thirty thousand children, and during the past year has had an aggregate of three thousand, two hundred and ninety-six, in the proportion of two-thirds boys and one-third girls. Though the city pays one hundred and ten dollars per annum for each child, the Catholics of New York have during the existence of the Protectory given to it from their private means the sum of one million, six hundred and seventy-four thousand dollars. But we must pass on to other living forces in New York's Catholic life.



FATHER DOUGHERTY SUCCEEDED FATHER DRUMGOOLE IN THE CARE OF THE HOMELESS CHILD.

One of the most extensive and successful of our charities, the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin for the Protection of Homeless and Destitute Children, founded by Father Drumgoole, and rejoicing now in the paternal care of Rev. James J. Dougherty, superior. The house at the corner of Lafayette Place and Great Jones Street contains three hundred and twenty-seven boys. The Mission at Mount Loretto, Staten Island, St. Joseph's Home for boys, contains twelve hundred and sixteen boys. St. Elizabeth's Home for Girls contains one hundred and fifty-seven girls. St. Joseph's Trades School has seventy boys, and St. Joseph's Asylum for Blind Girls contains eleven girls. The Sisters of St. Francis serve these noble institutions of the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin.

In the majestic structures of the New York Foundling Hospital have been received and cared for during the past year three thousand, two hundred and seventy-four foundlings and five hundred and thirty-six needy and homeless mothers. St. Ann's Maternity Hospital in 1897 treated four hundred and thirty-two patients.

The Sisters of Misericorde have also a maternity hospital in East Eighty-sixth Street, in which in 1897 they cared for five hundred and thirty-nine patients.

Special and honorable mention should be made of the great orphan asylums of New York, so generously maintained by the alms of the faithful. The two Asylums of St. Patrick, near the cathedral, in care of the Sisters of Charity, and managed by a board of lay gentlemen with the Most Rev. Archbishop as president, are among the foremost charities. The male asylum has four hundred and fifty orphan boys, and has also the Boland Trade School; the female asylum has five hundred and forty-three orphan girls. So also St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum, in East Eighty-ninth Street, is nobly conducted by the School Sisters of Notre Dame, and provides a home for four hundred and seventy boys and three hundred and twelve girls; the Rev. Hugh Flattery is their chaplain. St. Vincent de Paul's Orphan Asylum, connected with the French church of St. Vincent de Paul in Twenty-third Street, and in charge of the Marianite Sisters of the Holy Cross, provides for eighty-eight boys and a hundred and forty-five girls. The Christmas and Easter collections in all the Catholic churches of the city are for the orphans. The Grace Institute is a new work of charity founded by Mr. William R. Grace, a former mayor of the city, and conducted by the Sisters of Charity, having for its object the training of poor girls, without distinction of creed, in cooking, laundry, and housework, in order to prepare and educate them competently for such domestic service as they may seek.

The vast co-operation and distinctive effort on the part of the Catholic laity in all these great works of religion and charity are beyond praise. There is scarcely one of our charities in which there is not a lay band or association of Catholic gentlemen or ladies in deep sympathy and active participation. I could name Catholic ladies and gentlemen who regularly visit and carry spiritual and temporal religious comfort to the prisoners, the sick and the unfortunate in our hospitals, homes, asylums, and institutions of every kind, and to the inmates of the municipal institutions on the islands in the East River, and

to the poor and the unfortunate in the cheerless tenement houses. The Helpers of the Holy Souls and the Little Sisters of the Assumption are assisted in their works of angelic charity by ladies exalted and angelic like themselves, and so with every



BOYS AND BUILDINGS AT MT. LORETTO.

work in which the clergy, secular and religious, and the various communities of sisters are so generously engaged.

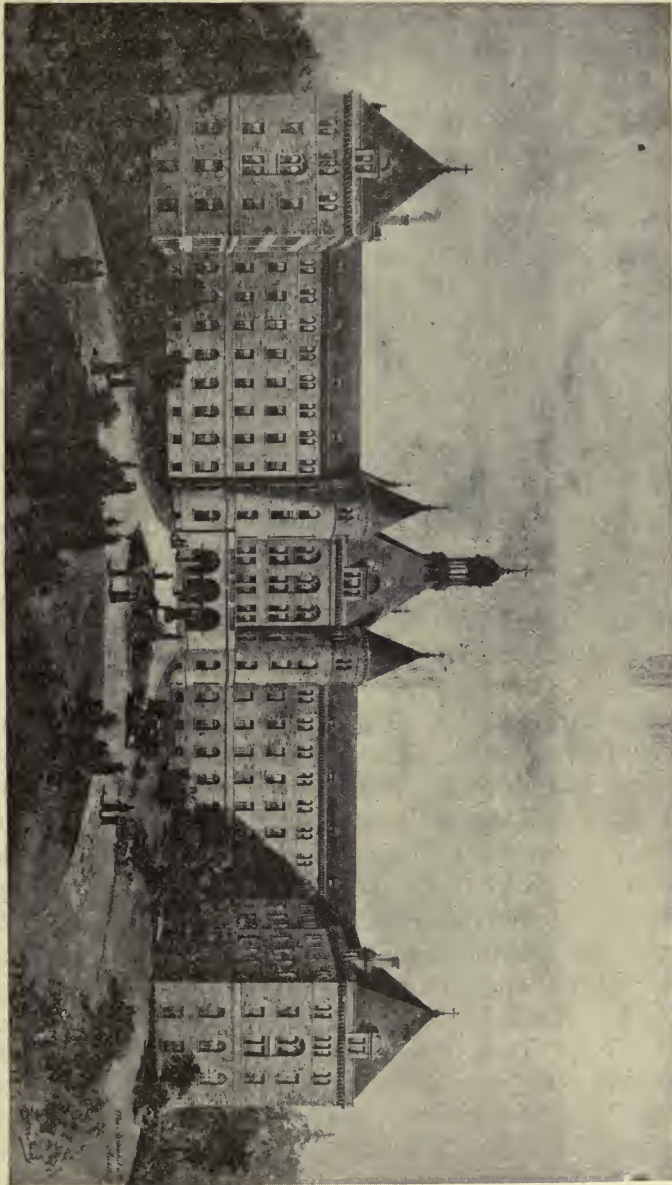
I need not speak of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, and its participation in the healthy and vigorous Catholic life of the metropolis. This city is the seat of the Particular, or central, council, with which are affiliated the conferences of the whole country, and thus the living pulse here is felt throughout the land. Besides this the society has here sixty-two local or parochial conferences, with a membership of twelve hundred men, who visit the poor at their homes, carry them spiritual and temporal relief, and labor for their redemption from the pauper condition. They also visit the institutions on the

islands. There are also societies of ladies who provide clothing and other alms for the Vincentian members to distribute.

The subject of lay action in the church is one of the growing questions of the day and of the future. One of the most distinguished laymen of our century said: "It is the duty of each of us, humble and obscure Christians as we are, to cooperate in the great action of the church upon society." In the early church, when Christianity had to make its way among heathen and infidel nations and peoples, there was no work of Christian activity, except those that were sacramental and jurisdictional, in which the laity did not take an important part. Since the revolt of the sixteenth century and the more recent developments of intercourse among the nations, the vast emigrations that mingle the peoples with each other, Christianity and the church are in positions similar to those of the three or four first Christian centuries. Take for instance a single fact: three hundred years ago St. Francis Xavier had to go to the Indies for their evangelization—now the peoples of the Oriental races come to us and are in the midst of us. How changed, too, is the situation that grows out of the fact of our environment with a hundred sects professing Christianity, and the growth even of the Oriental religions among Christian nations, including our own country. The church must meet such an emergency. In London there are to-day bands of educated Catholic laymen announcing and explaining Catholic truths to mixed assemblies in the parks of that great city. In the first Catholic lay congress of America, assembled at Baltimore in 1889, one of the ablest and most interesting papers read was one on "Lay Action in the Church," by Mr. Henry F. Brownson. In New York the missions to non-Catholics are movements in the right direction, and will lead to vigorous lay co-operation. Our Catholic Truth Society, our Tract Societies, and Societies of St. Vincent de Paul, of the Holy Name, Benevolent and Temperance Societies, Catholic Knights of America, Young Men's Catholic Unions, Catholic Historical Societies, the Catholic Authors' Guild recently organized in this city, and numerous sodalities and other devotional associations, in all which this city is so rich, will be able to render important aid to the work of the church.

There is a feature in the church-corporation laws of New York which seems to recognize and favor lay co-operation in religious work. In the incorporation of Catholic churches there is provision made for two lay incorporators among five, the

other three being the bishop, the vicar-general, and the pastor. The control is well secured to the ecclesiastical members by their numbers and by their exclusive right to select the two



THE PROGRESS OF THE CHURCH DEPENDS TO A GREAT EXTENT UPON THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF HER CLERGY.

laymen. This provision of law affords an effective opportunity for securing the services in every incorporated church of laymen of educational and business ability, of zeal and piety and

learning. When St. Alexander, Metropolitan of Jerusalem, and Theoctistus, Bishop of Cæsarea, indignantly repelled an objection to the active work of a distinguished layman in the churches in the third century, they alleged that it was the ancient and current practice of the church to invite the active co-operation of learned, zealous, and orthodox laymen in the Christian apostolate, going then even to the extent of preaching in the churches in the presence of bishops.

The People's Eucharistic League, a pious and devotional society of laymen, which had its first origin in America in New York, is a fit illustration of lay action in the church. It was first introduced amongst us by a pious lady, Miss Eliza Lummis. To promote increased and ever-increasing devotion to Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament is its object. Who can visit our churches now and not notice the wonderful increase in the number of the silent worshippers before the tabernacle, the increase in daily and weekly communions, and the greatly enhanced manifestations of piety wherever the devotion of the Forty Hours takes place in a New York church. Gentlemen are as zealous in this, the central devotion of the Christian religion, as the more pious sex. Bands of ladies and gentlemen, in great numbers, alternate every hour in coming, going, and remaining in rapt devotion before the Blessed Sacrament, and present a spectacle pleasing to God and angels. The cathedral is the centre of this organization. At the last celebration of the Forty Hours' Devotion in the Church of St. Francis Xavier, the alternate bands of gentlemen continued the devotion during the entire night, so that the Lamb of the Tabernacle was not left for a single moment without his devout adorers. The Most Rev. Archbishop Corrigan is the Eucharistic League's protector, Rev. Michael J. Lavelle is its director-general, Miss Lummis is its president, and also the editor of *The Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament*, whose editorial department is under the supervision of Rev. Joseph H. McMahan. When will every Catholic church in Greater New York have its People's Eucharistic League? When will every church in America have one?

New York is from its peculiar advantages a great Catholic educational centre. The colleges of St. Francis Xavier, St. John's at Fordham, and Manhattan College turn out every year a host of educated young men as graduates, and mostly residents of the city. Our male and female academies are very numerous and well equipped for their work. From these insti-

tutions are poured into the Catholic life of the city a stream of educated young men and women whose intellectual and moral training will keep the vital religious current of the community always pure, fresh, and vigorous.

But the educational influences of New York are more widely felt as flowing from its parish schools, where the Catholic masses are educated both in the fundamental courses of secular education and in the principles of their religion. The Catholics of

New York, after contributing towards a most expensive system of public school education, have erected and maintain a vast system of Catholic parochial schools. In the city there are now approaching forty thousand children attending these fine Catholic schools. The emulation among the pastors in erecting and conducting them is spirited and noble.

The average attendance at the parochial schools is 308 boys and 343 girls, making a total average of 651 children. There is eloquence in the fact that twenty-four churches have greatly exceeded this large average.

It was my desire to speak particularly of our Catholic judges, lawyers, physicians, authors and writers, our merchants, and other professional and business men. But it is already apparent that our theme is too vast. I must now, however, mention the Catholic Club, whose ample and elegant clubhouse occupies one of the choicest sites in Fifty-ninth Street, opposite Central Park. The club sprang from the Xavier Union, was organized in 1871, having for its objects the promotion of



HON. JOSEPH F. DALY.

the best Catholic spirit among the laity, the study of Catholic literature and history, and the cultivation of union and social intercourse and refinement. It has one of the finest club-houses in the city, built in the early Italian Renaissance style, and possessing every luxury and elegance of current American life. It has the finest and largest club library in this or any city. The presidency of the club is now held by the Hon. Joseph F. Daly, one of the judges of the New York Supreme Court, an ideal gentleman, jurist, and Catholic, who is ably seconded by the vice-president, a whole-souled typical Catholic layman, Mr. Oliver P. Buel, a zealous convert to our faith.

What more appropriate and inspiring mention could I now make than that of St. Joseph's Ecclesiastical Seminary, at Dunwoodie, near Yonkers, which was founded by and is the distinctive work and monument of the zeal and enterprise of our Most Rev. Archbishop? This splendid structure, crowning Valentine Hill, ample in dimensions, imposing and elegant in architecture, and equipped for its sacred purposes in the most perfect and modern manner, is the pride of the metropolitan city. Its departments of theology and philosophy are training one hundred aspirants to the sacred ministry, of whom eighty-four are of this archdiocese. The seminary possesses an excellent library of nearly twenty-four thousand volumes. It is conducted by those eminent educators of the clergy, the Sulpicians, with Very Rev. Edward R. Dyer as its able president. No greater service could any bishop render to his people for the promotion of religion and the higher Catholic life than the creation of such a splendid institution as St. Joseph's Seminary.



FATHER CUNNION.

DR. GUINON.

FATHER GOGGIN.

FATHER CUSACK.


The four Diocesan Priests constituting the New York Apostolate to non-Catholics.

THE LIFE OF SLEEP.

BY WILLIAM SETON, LL.D.

"La Psychologie demeurera incomplète tant qu'elle ne tiendra pas compte de tous les faits Physiologiques."—Maury, *Le sommeil et les rêves*, p. 111.

"I confess . . . that to posit a soul influenced in some mysterious way by the brain-states, and responding to them by conscious affections of its own, seems to me the line of least logical resistance, so far as we have yet attained. . . . The bare phenomenon, however, the immediately known thing, which on the mental side is in apposition with the entire brain-process, is the state of consciousness and not the soul itself."—James, *Principles of Psychology*, vol. i. pp. 181-2.

E are not among those who look regretfully to the past and sigh for the good old days when people believed in fairies and hobgoblins, and when hystero-epileptics were put to death as witches. Without wishing to cast a slur upon our not distant ancestors, it will hardly be gainsaid that too many of them devoted over-much time to metaphysics and not enough time to physics. With a few exceptions the learned ones among them were as credulous as the *oi polloi*, and with all our reverence for our great-great-grandfathers, we are thankful that we live in an age when natural science has come to the front, and when the vagaries of the nervous system are recognized as having nothing to do with witchcraft. Yet with all the progress we have made in the last century and a half, comparatively few of us realize that there is a universe within us which we are only beginning to explore, and that the body of man, the master-piece of the Creator, contains more wonders than all the heavens within the sweep of the Lick telescope.

It is strange, indeed, that so few people ask themselves, What is sleep? although many of us pass one-third of our lives in this mysterious state, which has been termed psycho-physiologically the resting-time of consciousness. Before we proceed to give the latest views on the subject, let us observe that our brain contains a mass of cells gathered into myriads of groups. From each group project two sets of nerve-fibres, known respectively as *motor* and *sensory* nerves, which communicate with our five organs of sense as well as with every muscle and tissue in the body. The function of the *motor* nerves is to receive the impulse given to them by their cell-

group and to transmit it *outwardly* to an organ or muscle, where it is expressed in an action characteristic of the same; the *sensory* nerves have sensitive terminations, and are specially adapted to receive impressions from the outer world and to transmit these impressions *inwardly* to the cell-group to which they belong. But besides these two sets of nerve-fibres, there is also a sub-division of the motor class known as the *vaso-motor* nerves, which are distributed to the blood-vessels and serve to constrict or to dilate them according to the impulse imparted by their cell-group, and as the condition of the blood-vessels has, according to eminent authorities, a potent influence on sleep, the vaso-motor theory of sleep is to-day most widely accepted.

MOSSO'S BALANCE.

It has been discovered that at the approach of sleep a change takes place in the circulation of the blood; there seems to be a general relaxation of tone in all the skin or surface vessels of the body. These skin vessels—it is believed owing to the vaso-motor nerves losing their controlling power through fatigue—become enlarged, and this enlargement brings about a fall of arterial pressure, and this diminished pressure on the arteries causes less blood to flow into the brain. And that there is a diminished amount of blood flowing into the brain during sleep has been ingeniously illustrated by the Italian physiologist, Mosso. When a person is placed on what is called Mosso's balance and drops asleep, the feet begin to fall, and the deeper the sleep the lower do the feet incline. Then, after about four hours passed in this state, the skin or surface vessels begin again slowly to contract and the contraction of these surface vessels increases the pressure on the arteries, and this pressure on the arteries becomes gradually greater and greater until finally the normal amount of blood in the brain is reached and sleep comes to an end.

Here let us observe—for it may throw light on the vaso-motor theory of sleep—that during our waking hours the vaso-motor nerves (dilators and constrictors) are kept in ceaseless activity through the numberless sensory impulses which fall upon them, and this activity may very well result after a certain length of time in a condition of fatigue. The vaso-motor centre loses its power to constrict the skin vessels, and these, as we have already remarked, being freed from its control, grow dilated, while the cerebral arteries, through the dilatation of the skin vessels, grow constricted and a comparatively bloodless state of

the brain is brought about, so that sleep ensues and lasts until through rest the vaso-motor centre recovers its tone—its power to constrict anew the skin or surface vessels. *In a word, the coming on and the passing away of sleep would seem to be intimately connected with a rhythmic relaxation and recovery of tone in the vaso-motor centre.*

An interesting fact to note with regard to sleep is that there is now a marked decrease in the carbonic acid eliminated by the body and a marked increase in the oxygen taken in, and this greater quantity of oxygen taken in may be viewed as a reserve supply to be drawn upon during our waking hours. At the same time the heart beats more slowly, our inspirations are lengthened, and the temperature of the body is lowered. The sweat-glands of the skin, too, act more energetically during sleep owing to the dilatation of the skin vessels; there is a more active perspiration, and the body is more inclined to become chilled than when we are awake.

That certain changes take place in the blood during sleep there is little doubt, although we do not yet know positively what these changes are. We do know, however, that after a sleepless night the number of red corpuscles in the blood is greatly diminished, and as the function of the red corpuscles is to distribute oxygen through the body, we can well understand why loss of sleep is weakening, for the blood has become more or less impoverished through loss of oxygen.

THE ACTIVITIES OF SLEEP.

But while sleep has been termed the resting-time of consciousness, experiments show that the spinal cord, and the sensory nerves of the muscular system, do not sleep. We know too, by observation, that the motor nerves of the muscular system may remain active. Indeed, it would seem as if certain of the brain centres must stay more or less on the alert; otherwise how account for the fact that soldiers have been known to march while asleep, and that a duck will sometimes use one foot and keep paddling round and round while fast asleep? The brain may even do good work in this state; if we try to commit to memory some lines before we retire at night, we are often able to repeat these lines much better when we open our eyes the next morning. Here the original impulsion given to the brain has not altogether ceased while we were asleep. And to quote Professor James (*Psychology*, vol. i. p. 213): "The mother who is asleep to every sound but the stirrings of her

babe, evidently has the babe portion of her auditory sensibility systematically awake. Relatively to that, the rest of her mind is in a state of systematized anæsthesia. That department, split off and disconnected from the sleeping part, can none the less wake the latter up in case of need; . . . (we) are forced to admit that a part of consciousness may sever its connections with other parts and yet continue to be." We know too that a whisper, a touch, while it may not rouse the sleeper to full consciousness, can still reach him, albeit faintly, for the brain has been seen to increase in volume at a touch or a whisper, and the same increase in volume occurs during a dream, thus showing that there is for the moment a greater flow of blood into the cerebral arteries.*

VARYING NECESSITIES FOR SLEEP.

Good authorities maintain that a person with an active, highly developed consciousness does not need so much sleep as a savage or a semi-civilized person whose consciousness is not so highly developed; and one physiologist even goes so far as to believe that we may one day be able to do without sleep.† This, however, is extremely doubtful. Beings with a central nervous system who expend an intense energy through conscious life, cannot well repair the machinery—give the needed nutrition to the tissues—unless the anatomical basis of consciousness be allowed to move more slowly for awhile: a healthy mental existence presupposes integrity of the nervous system. We must sleep in order to be awake: these are twin conditions of life. But while a certain amount of physical work which causes a healthy fatigue is conducive to sleep, it is no less true that over-fatigue may drive sleep away. Here the increased heart-throbs have sent too much blood to the brain, and sleep will not come until the heart beats more slowly and until there is a contraction of the cerebral blood-vessels. The reason why too much head-work is not conducive to sleep is because the over-strain causes too great an expansion of the blood-vessels of the brain; these become for the time being incapable of contracting; they are temporarily paralyzed, and until they do contract and until less blood flows into the brain sleep will not come. And we may remark that as the activity of the nervous system is vastly stimulated by light, darkness is

* Blumenbach's experiments on persons whose skulls were injured in such a way as to allow the brain pulsations to be visible.

† Girondeau, *De la circulation cérébrale dans ses rapports avec le sommeil*. Paris, 1886.

always favorable to sleep; it shuts out the stimuli of the outer world and lessens the activity of consciousness. It is very interesting to observe ourselves falling asleep, although every one cannot do this. And as there is a close kinship between waking life and dream life, so between dream life and delirium there is only a difference of degree; dreams and hallucinations have the same origin. We know that a vivid dream, especially if it be repeated, may take such a hold on a person that in his waking state he may not be able to get rid of the haunting vision which came to him in the dream state. Sometimes just as we are about to fall asleep, especially if we have been studying hard, curious, fantastic images appear, and these images are known as hypnagogic hallucinations. One writer, Grūthusen, calls them the chaos of a dream, and they indicate cerebral congestion. Hypnagogic hallucinations would seem to mark the precise moment when our intelligence is withdrawing into the background; they form, as it were, the advance guard of true sleep. And these fantastic figures often assume more reasonable attitudes, take on a less unnatural aspect, as we drop further and further into perfect sleep, and they may then compose the background of an interesting scene in dream life. Maury says in his classic work, *Le sommeil et les rêves*, p. 67: ". . . Je m'entends appeler par mon nom comme je fermais les yeux pour m'endormir; c'était là une pure hallucination hypnagogique; dans le rêve qui suivit de près mon nom me fut plusieurs fois prononcé."

THE STUFF THAT DREAMS ARE MADE OF.

And now when we are really asleep what a wonderful thing is the dream which comes to us! The long past may be brought to life again. Seemingly unbidden, some part of our brain is able to marshal our thoughts and our memories without the help of the will; and even as the insane person believes in the reality of his hallucination—of his perception without objective basis, so does the dreamer believe in the reality of his dream. Indeed the dividing line between an insane person's hallucination and a sane person's vision cannot easily be drawn; sleep is a phenomenon which stands midway between sanity and insanity.

Although authorities are not entirely agreed on the point, the better opinion is that even in the deepest sleep we have dreams; and that when we awake we are not able to remember them, is no good evidence that our sleep has been dreamless. Our dream may not be recalled until some time

afterwards, and Aristotle held that many of our actions in life have their origin in dreams.

Persons with little intellect seldom dream, and as a rule blind persons dream less than persons with sight, while those who have lost the use of their eyes before their fifth year and during the time when the visual centre is being developed, do not see in dreams; they have no visual sensations. But if sight be lost after this age, the optic nerve is able to maintain its function and the blind person's dreams scarcely differ from those of a person with sight.

THE LAW OF ASSOCIATION IN SLEEP.

During sleep the faculty of memory, instead of growing weaker and disappearing, may on the contrary grow stronger; in a dream we may sometimes recall an event which we had forgotten when awake. We may even continue in a second dream a scene or a conversation begun in a previous one. A sense impression may also cause a dream. Maury tells us how in experimenting on himself he requested a friend to provoke in him certain sensations the nature of which he was not to know beforehand. Accordingly after he had fallen asleep a bottle of cologne water was held to his nose, upon which Maury dreamt that he was in a perfumery shop; and this idea of perfumery evoked in him the thought of the East, and lo! he presently found himself in the shop of Jean Farina at Cairo. Albert Moll, in his interesting work on Hypnotism, says on page 196: "The opinion that by far the greater number of dreams are induced by sense stimuli gains more and more adherents. This receptivity to stimuli which reach the brain, unregulated by the consciousness and mistakenly interpreted, is a phenomenon of both sleep and hypnosis." And to show the link between a dream provoked in normal sleep and the waking dream or hallucination of a mad person, let us say that Maury once heard an insane gentleman, whom he met on a steamboat, complain that a certain usurer who had ruined him was still pursuing him to do him further injury, and was at that very moment cursing him. Sure enough Maury did hear loud oaths; but it was one of the sailors who was swearing, and the unfortunate lunatic blended these real, objective sounds with his own inward, imaginary sensations. Here the phenomenon of auditory hallucination differs but little from that of a provoked dream. As Maury says, in the work we have mentioned, page 159: ". . . dans l'aliénation mentale et le rêve il s'opère une confusion, une association entre le réel et l'imaginaire, entre

ce que l'esprit perçoit réellement du dehors et ce qu'il tire de ses propres créations." Nor is it improbable that a comparative study of dreams and hallucinations may lead to the discovery of some of the laws which govern insanity.

In regard to the sleep of intoxication, it is to be viewed as a pathological condition and is caused by an abnormal flow of blood to the brain. In the mad dreams of alcohol, of delirium tremens, the hallucinations of sight are constantly changing and assuming extravagant appearances. Professor Lasègue holds that in this form of delirium the frightful images are the very starting point of the disorder: "Le délire alcoolique n'est pas un délire mais un rêve."*

And let us add that the most recent investigations of delirium tremens explain the very common visual hallucination of snakes in this disorder to be an abnormal condition of the blood-vessels of the retina. These blood-vessels are found to be dark and congested and are projected into the field of vision, while the turning, squirming movements of these projected blood-vessels do give them the appearance of snakes.

MEMORY AND HALLUCINATION.

It happens sometimes that an image or a face seen in a dream, or a perfume smelt in a dream, may be smelt or perceived for an appreciable time after we are awake. Here again we see the close analogy between a dream and a hallucination; and as memory-pictures form the ground-work of hallucinations—"only what has passed in at the portals of sense can be reproduced" †—so between a memory and a hallucination there is only a difference of degree; they are both quickened by the same mechanism. And the theory of hallucinations which is today very widely accepted is, that the brain-picture which originally, normally came from *without* through the sensory nerves, here, owing to a morbid irritation of the sensory centres, comes from *within*: the image follows an inverse route, for it has been proved that the retina of the eye is placed by a hallucination of sight in the same physiological condition as it is placed in by a visual sense impression coming from the outer world.‡ A person who has a hallucination of sight (as when he declares he sees somebody that is dead and buried) does indeed experience a veritable sense impression; only, instead of coming as it originally did (when he saw the person in life), from without to within,

* Lasègue, *Arch. Gen. de Médecine*, November, 1881.

† Parish, *Hallucinations and Illusions*, p. 185. ‡ Max Simon, *Le monde des rêves*, pp. 91-2-3.

the impression now comes from within to without. And what is true of a hallucination of the sense of sight, is true of the other senses. In a word, subjective phenomena are connected with the same nerve-processes as when the organs of sense are outwardly, objectively stimulated; every repetition of a past sensation is accompanied in the nerve elements by processes analogous to those brought about during the accomplishment of the primary and real sensation.

HEREDITARY TENDENCIES MANIFESTED IN SLEEP.

It is the belief of some physiologists that during sleep we may hark back, as it were, to an earlier stage of our existence; our thoughts, our feelings may be the feelings and the thoughts of some remote ancestor. Laycock says in the *Journal of Mental Science*, July, 1875: “. . . When men or animals manifest impulses of an unaccountable character, and experience pleasures and sympathies and pains and antipathies which seem to be out of relation to their culture and personal experience, or to the culture of the family or the race, whether in dreams or when waking, the source of these must be found in long past or ancestral memories reproduced according to the law of reversion; but being out of relation to the external conditions of the individual, and not, therefore, developed by reflex action due to external impressions, they are not revived as knowledge.”

And Marie de Manacéine, in her late interesting work on Sleep, pages 318 and 326, says: “Every one sometimes dreams of acts, thoughts, and desires in direct contradiction with his whole character, his convictions and tastes; he dreams of things which cause him horror when awake and fill him with disgust. . . . How can we explain such dreams? The explanation I would offer lies in the sleep of personal consciousness. As soon as a man's personal consciousness is profoundly lulled and consequently inactive, all the tendencies transmitted by his farthest ancestors, which were latent in his waking consciousness, now begin to revive. . . . In the hereditary transmission of the characters of the physical and psychic organism—the continuity of the germ-plasm, as Weismann calls it, or the ideo-plasm, as Nägeli terms it—nothing is lost. The forms which thought takes are organic and transmitted by heredity. Even characteristic gestures, special and peculiar traits, the characteristics of the hand-writing, of thought itself, are transmitted from one generation to another. They are certainly transmitted unconsciously.”

In the condition of the nervous system known as somnambulism we find the muscular system remaining wide awake. In this

curious sleep the sense of touch is abnormally keen, so keen that the tactile properties of objects may be connected with their visible aspect—one property can at once suggest the other. Colors even, Professor Frank tells us, may sometimes be recognized by the touch of the sleep-walker; and if true, this must be owing to temperature differences. The somnambulist may even perform his usual avocations, read, write, make calculations, etc.; but the better opinion is that, although his eyes may be open, he has no objective sight perceptions. If he be writing a composition and you deftly slip a blank sheet of paper just like it in the place of the sheet he has been using, he will proceed to make corrections on the fresh sheet. Here the somnambulist has a hallucination of the environment, of the very object which the hyper-excitability of his sense of touch has revealed to him; you have removed the paper on which he was writing, but the exteriorized mental image is transferred to the fresh sheet.

DUPLEX PERSONALITY.

Perhaps an even more singular state than somnambulism is what is known as double personality.* Here one-half of our being would seem to fall asleep while the other half stays awake and goes roaming off by itself. Good authorities hold that the anatomical substratum which unites the elements of general consciousness is here for the time being—through some abnormal weakness—in a state of inactivity, and the anatomical basis of union being for the moment inactive, each half of the brain acts as if it were a whole brain: the disjointed half becomes a subconscious whole. In double personality memory is also seemingly divided; each condition—the normal and the abnormal—possesses a memory of its own, and while the person is in one state he forgets entirely what has happened in the other state. He is not at all aware of his double character, and it is not improbable that by double personality we may explain many cases of mysterious disappearance.

Professor Wigan, in his interesting work—*The Duality of the Mind*—maintains that every person has two brains, and his investigations have been followed up by Dr. Brown-Séquard and others, who see in the phenomena of epilepsy the working of the double brain. In epilepsy there is often a predisposition to an unequal mental development: the two hemispheres of the brain have not been equally educated, and hence arises a greater liability to brain exhaustion in one hemisphere than

* For unconscious cerebration and the double self see the late interesting work, entitled *The Psychology of Suggestion*, by Dr. Boris Sidis.

in the other, and in consequence of this exhaustion in one hemisphere comes the irresistible explosion of energy to which the name epilepsy is given.

But if the reader wishes to learn more about this mysterious state we recommend to him Dr. J. S. Morand's work, *Le Magnétisme animal*; especially chapter xv.

HYPNOTIC SLEEP.

Having spoken briefly of normal sleep, of somnambulism, and of double personality, we conclude with a few words on the hypnotic sleep. The better opinion is that this peculiar pathological condition (artificially induced madness it has been called) is entirely due to suggestion; the suggestion theory of Dr. Bernheim is to-day much more widely accepted than the neurosis theory held by the late Dr. Charcot.* We believe that light may be thrown on the phenomena of hypnotism by self observation—by carefully observing the connecting links between normal life and hypnosis. We know that every person is more or less prone to let himself be influenced by the ideas of others; and if we expect a certain physiological or psychological effect to take place, the expected effect often does take place. A person who suffers from sleeplessness may often be put to sleep by drinking a spoonful of something which he has been told is a sleeping potion, yet it is perhaps only a little colored water. He sleeps because he expected to sleep. Here we see that to expect a thing to happen and to wish for it are essentially different things. A person may wish for sleep, but it does not come because he does not expect it. Expectation may even produce a sense perception; sometimes as soon as we sit down in a dentist's chair we begin to feel the pain of an operation, although the dentist has not yet touched the tooth.

THE CLUE TO THE MAZE.

What we say makes it clear that in order to produce a motor disorder in a person who is in a perfectly normal condition, we must first of all draw his attention to what we wish to effect, and then make him firmly expect that it will be brought about. If we succeed, for example, in placing in the foreground of his thoughts the conviction that he cannot lift his arm, in many cases he will not be able to lift it. Here we have disturbed the man's mental balance; he feels that his will

* Dr. Charcot held that the phenomena of hypnotism are represented by three successive states, viz, 1st, Catalepsy; 2d, Lethargy; 3d, Somnambulism.

power is weakened, and this feeling of weakened will power lessens more and more his power of resistance. He already doubts his own will power, and is ripe for further susceptibility to accept as true whatever else we may tell him. Now, this development of a weakened will power in himself, accompanied by an increased faith in us, gives a clue to the wonderful things done in the hypnotic sleep through suggestion. In hypnotism the all-important point is to gain sufficient influence over the subject, to persuade him to have absolute faith in us. And let us observe that while in normal sleep a person is in touch only with himself, in the hypnotic sleep he is in touch with the one who has thrown him into this state. The subject has fallen into the hypnotic sleep with his mind wholly engrossed with the hypnotizer; he hears only what the hypnotizer says and accepts as true what the hypnotizer suggests. *Nor are the effects developed through suggestion anything more than a dream evoked and directed by the hypnotizer.* And in this condition of psychic hyper-excitability, in this marvellous dream-consciousness, all kinds of delusions may be suggested. The person hypnotized will drink vinegar for wine, he will take a broomstick for a man, while well-defined reddensings, a burn, a blister, have been made to appear on his skin at the suggestion of the hypnotizer.

BUT IS IT A SAFE CLUE?

But while the better opinion is that the will is not entirely in abeyance during the hypnotic sleep, it would seem in every case to be set in action by an impulse coming from without—from the hypnotizer. But we have not space to say more on this deeply interesting subject, and we believe that we cannot do better than recommend the reader to read chapter xxvii. of James's *Psychology* if he wishes to find the latest views on hypnotism. In a note to page 610, vol ii., Professor James says: "I must repeat . . . that we are here on the verge of possibly unknown forces and modes of communication. Hypnotization at a distance, with no grounds for expectation on the subject's part that it was to be tried, seems pretty well established in certain very rare cases."

That we stand on the threshold of wonderful discoveries relating to the physical basis of life, we do firmly believe. And among these discoveries none will shed more glory on natural science, none will be of greater benefit to humanity, than the one which will make clear to us the physiology and psychology of sleep.



“MONSTRA TE ESSE MATREM.”

Oh, show Thyself our Mother! Let the cry
Of us, Thy children, gain Thy listening ears;
Mourning and weeping in this vale of tears,
In dreary banishment, to Thee we sigh,
For help, for succor, still to Thee we fly,
Our loving Mother; all our hopes, our fears,
Our griefs are known to Thee; the weary years
Of exile: Mother! when we come to die,
Be near us still, we pray Thee, for His sake
Who took our flesh from Thee: in ev'ry need,
In ev'ry danger, Blessed Mother, plead
For us with Him, who deigned to undertake
The burden of our sins, our chains to break:
Mother, our Mother! hear and intercede.

F. W. GREY.

THE NET IN THE MODERN WORLD.

BY REV. HENRY E. O'KEEFFE, C.S.P.



ONE night when wandering away from the town of Bognor, on the southern coast of England, I came upon the hut of a fisherman. The sea was very calm, the sky was very beautiful; the fisherman's net was spread out on the shore; it had done its work for the day. The light was out, the fisherman was asleep. He too had done his work for the day. The whole scene seemed a picture of that blessed night of rest which is to come; that hour when there shall be no deordination anywhere in God's universe, either upon the sea or upon the shore, by water or by land.

This is not to-day's picture! The fisherman is not asleep, but awake; we have not the cool shadow of the night, but the lurid fervor of the day; the sky is not decked with stars, but heavy with clouds; the sea is not still, but ruffled; the net is not upon the shore, but in the sea. What a marvellous figure is Christ's parable of the net! The net is swamped below—is part of the sea; yet it retains its distinct nature—its own individuality. So does the church, in relation to the world. Times there have been in the church's history when, to the careless eye, it would be hard to find; when the world seemed all sea, and the church a net that had lost its moorings, a net sunk into the deeps with its precious freight. But, somehow, with the stakes firmly rooted upon the shore, with the durable fibre of the net attached thereunto, with the strength of some invisible hand, the captive fishes are slowly dragged to shore. This we must not forget. Rationalist historians do not give sufficient natural causes to explain this historical fact.

Is it, then, extreme to say that we of the present have lost confidence in the divinity that preserves our mission?

Is it unsafe to say that what we call tempting providence is but superstition and human fear?

Is there anything irreverent in believing that we do not presume enough upon the divine power that is safeguarding the church—the stake that binds the net unto the shore?

The church's principles are divinely protected. They are reflections of God's immutable nature. We have clinched every argument for their support; they are expressions of the truth that shall live for ever, in spite of the buffeting of the fluctuations of time. The essence of religion is safe. It is indelibly sealed upon the church's constitution by a stamp more impressive than man's. Christ's promise to the commonwealth of the church is of no value unless it holds good to-day! Therefore we may broaden out methods of church work, make them more elastic, adjust them to new situations in modern thought, to new complications in modern history. Fishes are fishes all the sea over, as men are the same everywhere in the world. Yet fishes divide themselves into finny tribes, as do men into nations and different tongues. Fishes take on the color of the flood that stirs above them. They are affected by the vegetation that grows in the caverns of the deep. So do men vary, in temperament and racial characteristics. They are part of the institutions of their countries, they are even influenced by climatic conditions. Likewise must it be with the church—a net cast into the sea and gathering together of all kinds of fishes. The church's methods for the placing and drawing of the net must perforce differ with different circumstances. The church must be superior yet not opposed to the state, as the state must not be antagonistic to the church; but each must move in its own sphere.

The Mediterranean, to the south of France, is quite unlike the blue waters of the Adriatic; as the Baltic Sea, to the north of Germany, is fringed with a country dissimilar from the Irish coast. By this is meant there is sometimes the danger of transplanting foreign measures to effect a domestic cause. Italy and Spain are lands rich in poetry and sentiment, romance and melancholy, art and religion, where the women are easily beautiful and the skies ever soft, where every grain of dust is tinged with martyr's blood and every treasure contains a sacred relic. In Spanish churches pretty children, clad in white and streaming flowers, dance before the tabernacle. The Italian *fiesta* is a national holiday, and the patron saint of the town the hero of the hour. These peoples are artistic. So is their religion. They live on ideals, they love heroes, they must have bright lights and florid music, color and form.

With us religion is very often different—the country is practical, the people cast in severer mould. Essentially we believe the

same truths; accidentally our applications are different. There are men in the church to-day who will not make compromises in little things, thinking that they are sacrificing principles. They will not relax the cords of the net to give way to the action of the waters. The consequence is that the church, in many places, is unduly under strain from the force of the current in the sea. They have no faith in the Fisherman who wove the web of the network of the church. It was so constructed that different streams of different tides—of different races—should flow through the threads of its meshes. It was made to expand and contract with every dangerous eddy that whirls in the relentless sea. It is of the nature of church methods to yield to the pitch and violence, the dash and fretting of the waves. The fabric of the net was stitched to be worn upon the crest and in the trough of the billow. Its texture gives way with pressure and rises with the heaving of the swell. Shall we, then, make the net rigid until it snap? Shall we not see that the fundamentals are few? That upon the outer margin of our line of work there is almost unrestrained liberty, the capacity to adapt to moving conditions in this new life and in these United States? Let us frame a law within the kingdom of our souls forbidding the importation of unsuitable modes of spiritual devotion, exotic religious customs, certain books of asceticism that were written in a peculiar crisis of the church and can bear fruit only in another clime. The church's majesty of ritual, its styles of architecture, must ever appeal to the æsthetic sense; but these are only shadows of the body. They enter into the region of emotion, and only indirectly touch the mind and the will of this age.

Our mission is to emphasize the essentials of church work and to widen out the accidentals. There are pressing problems all about us, ripe for solution. Men nowadays are not troubled by ripples on the surface; they strike down to the bed-rock of the stream. It is not so much that they will not believe in a truth, but they deny the objective existence of all truth. There are subtle difficulties of sociology, problems of justice, definitions of rights, limitations of ownership, brokerage and interest, usury and speculation, ill-adjustments of undeveloped departments of theology with reputed science, a more thorough understanding between moral ethics and medical knowledge, questions of crime and heredity, the rights of life as against the agents of destruction, grades of intensity of sin in different complexions of

body, the relative power of the will in diseases like kleptomania and dipsomania. These are but a few of the objections, and superficial answers to them will not do. Men say we are narrow, and sometimes they are right. We believe the net to be fragile and the sea too treacherous; we are morbidly timid. We will not slacken the cords of the net to the shifting of the sea, but we strain and pull even against the hand that holds the church. The pressure of recent events obliges us even to humiliate ourselves to meet these new changes. We shall never properly be understood upon the subject of education until we make it clear that we are not seeking to destroy the present system, but rather looking for some method that shall secure moral discipline to the young. The ignorant will ever distort our motives until we show that our centuries of traditional teaching do not prevent us from bowing in reverence to the advances of modern pedagogy. These are simple instances, touched merely in passing—brief references to occasions in which we are driven to make legitimate concessions to the enemy, to force him to appreciate our attitude of mind.

If space were at hand, much could be said of that essential life of the church which never changes—that deeper life of God's spirit in the church which is immutable, since the Being of God is ever the same. However, enough has been asserted to rid us of the awful fear of being misinterpreted in making a very serious distinction between what is of the church and what are merely the human methods in the presentation of the church's truth.



THE NEW DEPARTURE IN CITIZENSHIP.

BY ROBERT J. MAHON.



WE can forgive the man who parts with us, leaving the old road when it becomes obstructed, and seeking some new route that promises good travelling and a short journey. He will sadly miss the old landmarks, and the familiar holes and difficulties that marked the progress of the old journeyings; still he may reach his destination much earlier in the day. But let him undertake to reach his political end by any other than the party way, and the thorough-going party men will never pardon him. He may forsake his political creed and take up another, may abandon his party to join the opposing one, and there will be charity for his offences; but when he acts on his political convictions independently of party, he commits the unpardonable sin of mugwumpery.

Looking back at the long-continued efforts for higher ideals within the parties, and measuring their scant results, it does not seem strange that men who think alike are now wise enough to make a new venture on their own account. The familiar promises of reform within the parties, of broadening primary entrances, of meeting the better element in the true spirit of harmony, and the like, have usually sufficed to prevent any wandering from the old party road; and some expert politicians still believe they will yet do their accustomed work. But now that a new way has been found, and one seeming so much more convenient and decidedly more effective than the old, it becomes a cause for unusual alarm in the party councils. For it is now feared that the new way will look so easy and so direct that it will soon become the popular and sensible direction of political activity.

When we cast about for the causes of the remarkably popular disposition to act politically without regard to party organizations, we find a fertile literature on the subject. It has even come about that the courts have had occasion to discuss the topics, and we can offend no one if we quote a decision of the Supreme Court of this State which has been adopted and affirmed by the Court of Appeals:

STRONG LANGUAGE FROM THE SUPREME COURT.

“It is a part of the history of the State, that at the time our present election statute was first enacted municipal government had generally fallen and settled into the control of dishonest and criminal persons, who were mere politicians by trade and without any lawful occupations, and who had no interest in government or in politics, except to obtain opportunity to enrich and aggrandize themselves by looting the public treasury. They obtained and held such control by means of their control of party organizations, and by a system of voting, which exposed the voter to the oversight and strong influence of such organizations at the polls. In this way they were enabled to nominate and elect to high office, not themselves but individuals of better name and fame, willing, however, to be their mere tools when elected, and to place allegiance to those who thus put them in honorable office above official obligation and duty to the community. The government of many of our cities had in this way become so low, base, and corrupt that no account of the like could be found in past history except in the case of governments and nations which were fast tottering to their fall, either from the general moral debasement or the general despair of their citizens. It was with the avowed purpose of helping the electors to lift government out of this condition that our election statute was passed. Its object was to make independent nominations and independent voting not only possible but easy; to enable every one to vote freely according to his manhood and conscience. Such object was expressed in its first title, which designated it as ‘An act to promote the independence of voters at public elections.’” (In re McCloskey, 81 State Rep., 295.)

THE DEFECTS OF THE PRIMARY SYSTEM.

But taking a more cheerful view of the situation and passing over the more glaring offences of some of our public servants, we can readily find another and most potent cause for the new departure. Many are now taking the view that the party method of trying to maintain representation by the primary, is about as antiquated and worthless as the old system of peddling ballots that would now seem so absurd. The primary election does not seem to have any practical value in modern days for thickly settled communities, in getting at the actual desires of the people. The average citizen, fairly willing to do his duty as a citizen, will not go to it. In the cities, where

neighbors are not known to one another, it can amount to no more than the bringing together of a mass of people who have few interests in common. The poor and the rich, and all the various degrees between, are supposed to meet at long intervals for a purpose that will be, or at least has been, generally defeated. Under ordinary circumstances the brusque and the daring have had more weight than the wise and the decent. A certain class could always be counted upon, and it is said that they graced the meetings of both the great parties. And even should it come about that attendance became general, what would it avail? Before any practicable good would come of it the practice would have to be continued for a long time, and in all parts and districts. Many things would happen that would so disgust the citizen as to force him into quitting. It would be practical politics of the sharpest kind, a duel between the selfish and the unselfish with boisterous harangue, insult, and low ridicule as the principal weapons. Few men will undertake to cope with the primary if they have to meet these difficulties. Sensible men prefer the limited express to the slow accommodation train—especially if the passengers in the latter are given at times to horse-play. If it is well known that the people as a whole will not go to the primaries, and thus make the party organizations actually representative, ordinarily intelligent men will not waste further effort in that direction. There is no positive command that the only way must be *via* the primary. If any decent practicable method is at hand by which the real intent of the people can be expressed, it would seem to be right to try it. The professional politicians have a suspicious love for the old-fashioned primary, well knowing that the people have always avoided it, and cannot be dragged out of pleasant homes to meet the hurly-burly of preordained defeat, or the mechanical operation of prearranged unanimity.

The new way of nominating by petition is at least one practical, workable plan of getting at the wish of the people. If they will not go to the petition, it can be taken to them. It costs time, money, and effort as the law now stands; and if the few will pay for the benefit of the many, it is likely that the practice will continue in spite of its many difficulties. In effect, it is the carrying of the primary to the people. The recent contest in New York City has proven its great strength and popularity by beating a great political party, the victor of the preceding election. The expert politicians see its great possibilities, and are rushing over one another with all sorts of claimed reform methods for the discarded primary.

Perhaps the best feature of the new independentism is that it dwells almost exclusively on honest administration, as against mere legislative reforms. The several parties have a great fancy for demanding new legislation without an equally brave desire for enforcement. It becomes the old story of misleading the people, perhaps unwittingly, by pretending that statutes are automatic. A new broom is no more effective than an old one unless an active person handles it. And it is more the enforcing of law, rather than the making of it, that needs improvement. The general public has an imperfect conception of the extent of official lassitude suffered through non-enforcement of existing statutes. We are taught to reverence law, as the command of the whole people for the public good, and by its very majesty it is supposed to compel respect; and we are loath to believe that public officers handle it with scant courtesy at times. The old-fashioned notion that officials were the instruments and not the masters of the law is often assailed by some assumed right to interpret the law according to the whim of some man or class of men. Thus we have some administrators claiming to exercise a superior wisdom when they make some law inoperative or suspend it in special cases. Excluding from consideration the solicitude shown to special classes at times, the liquor trade and illicit enterprises founded on vice and prohibited by law, there is besides this feature of local statesmanship, a very large degree of unnoticed voluntary non-enforcement. It is matter of common knowledge, however, that high officials strain human ingenuity to evade the competitive civil service. The cheapest trick or sham will be used to override it, and the courts are often kept busy undoing the wrongs wrought by otherwise self-respecting officials.

ONE MASTER AND ONE TEST.

Another feature which commends the new departure to many people is that it recognizes but one master—the whole people; and but one test—the oath of office. To draw from all the people it must of necessity be non-partisan with respect to office. The candidate is supposed to stand for the people, as distinguished from a party or several parties. The latter-day publicist makes a sharp distinction between non-partisanship and multi-partisanship; defining the one as the non-recognition of party, and the other as the recognition of several parties. In practice, it is claimed that men will be selected for public duty on their merits, without regard to the benefit the appointment would give the party; and dismissed when they appear incom-

petent, in spite of any great importance as party workers. Any other plan would, of course, be gross deception. You cannot get a man to join you in an independent movement if, after victory, you use patronage to build up a national party which he opposes; that is, he won't repeat the experience. He will tolerate much rather than be the open victim of a trick.

Thus, it is claimed that the non-partisan plan is particularly applicable to villages and cities. The great party organizations do not differ in principle or practice as to the administration of municipal corporations. Each party declares itself to be the more honest and the more capable, and each uses or wants to use the patronage of city control for the pecuniary benefit of its workers and contributors. Party platforms, made to sound the death-knell of official abuses, become weak instruments when once the practical party men begin the distribution of their favors. Even the unselfish and the honest patriots feel a glow of pleasure in the doling out of the loaves and fishes, for they believe that success begets success and state and nation will be their next public advance, and the commonwealth will thus be guarded. When both the great parties adopt the same plan, have the same aim, and are prone to the same vice, the difference between them on local affairs depends wholly on the partisan point of view.

When official sustenance favors your party you are not so sensitive to public scandals as when the other side is growing fat on similar nourishment. But when patronage is not used to strengthen any party, men of all parties will join an independent movement that promises well. It will be said that some one must hold office, and that members of parties, being probably better known, will get them, and thus patronage will go to the parties. But this is the seeming of something not real. If party organizations are not taken into account in making appointments, there will be no party patronage. Scattering appointments among several members of a party without respect to the dictum of the organization, is more demoralizing in practical politics than absolute exclusion from office. It injures party discipline and shakes the authority of leaders, and the like.

THE LOGIC OF PLACE.

All who are not so-called political amateurs have abiding faith in the persuasive argument contained in an appointment to office. And logically, those selecting men for public place become a fount of political wisdom, develop into leaders, and thus make a strong organization. Large cities are the great

feeders for this kind of party development. This is so generally recognized that leading men of both parties regard the control of cities as of the highest practical importance. And as it is a good thing in one sense for the party, it is nursed and developed until its many ramifications touch the most unexpected places. The party organizations have extended the plan and scope of distribution so as to take in employment under the large corporations and contractors and merchants having business with city governments. Men now seeking employment of that kind go to district leaders of the several parties instead of seeking the employer. The only fair inference is that the corporations, merchants, and contractors expect favor in return from the party organizations. The making of new places goes on without end, and some have offices with invisible duties. Certain public servants think so well of some of their brethren in that fraternity that salaries are to be raised, and special legislation can be had for the purpose of making it legal in a formal sense. Special classes of placeholders form an association and "employ counsel" to watch their interests; the cause of one being thus made the concern of all, and with the tax-payers at a disadvantage. And all this while the people are crying of "hard times"! As non-partisanship cannot adopt these features of government except for self-destruction, it gains considerable credit with all except the official class; for these latter fully realize that the surest means of gaining and holding office obtain in the strict party organization.

- You will find extreme parties who will have none of non-partisanship, although unable by themselves to attain any practical success. They believe in keeping up a losing fight from one generation to another, as a sort of highly moral protest. They will say that this formal contest will at least keep the organization intact, and thus perform one function of party. In this they find many supporters among unselfish and sincere people. Excluding the suggestion of any sinister motive, the practice is at best a mere contest for organization purposes, and wholly unmindful of the real end for which a political organization is supposed to work. It is an absolute contradiction to the true party policy of seeking the best attainable good. And yet the same party men will harshly criticize the Prohibitionists for similar wilfulness, although having a highly moral motive. The only terms on which these extremists will join an independent non-partisan uprising is on a parcelling of the offices, or

what they term in more dignified phrase a "recognition of the organization." And in default of such a compromise they are quite content to keep up a hopeless fight on their separate account. Of course this is not political controversy, but a mere contest for offices, or at least some of them, on the old "benefit to party" plan.

GOVERNOR FLOWER'S ARRAIGNMENT.

In an interesting paper aimed at non-partisan movements (*Forum*, July, 1897) ex-Governor Flower draws the familiar picture of this harmonizing, on the spoils plan, of repellent elements and principles:

"A succession of conferences follows; the first difficulty encountered being, as a rule, not any difference among the parleying representatives as to the *principles or issues* of the campaign—for those are usually left to the original non-partisans—but a difference as to the proportionate representation of the various political organizations on the ticket, and as to the availability of the names suggested for candidates."

Mr. Flower was describing the independent movement in New York four years ago, and reasonable men will admit its general accuracy. But in a moment of unconscious jest he continued: "The ticket is nominated, not in convention by delegates duly chosen after public notice, but in a club corner by self-appointed *nominators*." If we can place any faith in current political literature of the highest class, we are led to believe that local party nominating does not require more than the singular number. But if a goodly number of nominators are requisite for independent nominations, it will be observed that much progress has been made in four years. The recent nominations in New York are said to have had at least five hundred nominators in each assembly district, each of whom took the trouble to sign his name five times, and swear to his qualifications as well. This the statute required, for the partisan legislators who allowed the law to pass were extremely careful that independent nominations by express statute could not be less generally representative. But no wise people will quarrel with any one man if he by some magic perspicacity selects a candidate whose name suggests honest government, fair treatment, and the intelligent support of the people; providing always that after victory the then official does not depend unduly on the talents of the magician nominator. It would be human to bend the will and yield to the judgment of the man

having such remarkable power of political divination. And then there is a debt of gratitude due from the nominated which ordinarily demands a large measure of reward lest it be said that the people are ungrateful, for they it is who pay these debts.

NEGATIVE EVIDENCE.

These suggestions naturally lead the mind to a frank admission by Mr. Flower of some prevailing public wrongs generally considered as part of our political system: "The success of the party in state and national contests has frequently been prevented by having to carry this heavy burden of administrative sins heaped up by local political adherents who, treacherous to party name and party principles, have used the party name to promote private plunder." Then with equal frankness the non-partisan plan is unwittingly commended in these words: "I believe that the net result of the non-partisan movement . . . has been of distinct advantage, in some respects, to the people of New York; but its merits have been confined to the services of a comparatively few men who have conducted their offices with conspicuous fidelity and intelligence."

We find cordial support for non-partisanship in these quotations because the officials he commended were the only men appointed, as every one knows, without regard to party organizations. Mr. Flower suggests the usual remedy, of a more general interest and direct action by the people in party affairs, eliminating that which is offensive and rehabilitating party integrity; but he nowhere points to any practical work or means by which this much-desired result is to be had. Presumably, he would on special request refer us to the primary.

Before taking leave of this ingenuous argument against non-party action, we cannot fail to notice the unusual view taken by it of party purposes:

"In the great cities of New York and Brooklyn, where so large a proportion of the voters are of foreign birth, and where there are so many ignorant persons easily swayed by un-American influences, the restraint laid upon that element by the powerful political organizations, with their clubs and workers in every election district, has many times been the greatest protection to good government in those cities, and must still continue to be to the government of Greater New York. To encourage political independence among the ignorant and vicious, and to break down the power of political organizations

which hold these in check, is to stimulate anarchy and to open the way for socialistic attacks upon property. The possible evils of partisan government had better long be endured than to incur any risk of delivering the city over to the power of such dangerous elements."

If the party is really to serve as a shield, or as a strainer, one's attention naturally turns to the character and public disposition of the man or men holding and using this peculiar party instrument. When we have discovered whether they are in fact responsible to the people, are acting under an official oath, have patriotic instincts, or are blessed with a high ideal of public duty, then we have a more accurate idea of this auxiliary government. But it is to be hoped that in a democracy of intelligent citizenship, and surely ours is claimed to be such, one would as lief admit autocracy as to publicly avow the exercise of such bureaucratic powers as these would be. As against this, Jefferson's professed trust in the people comes like a gust of fresh air.

ROSE-COLORED VIEWS.

It is trusted that the misfortunes said by professional party men to follow in the wake of independent movements, whether non-partisan or multi-partisan, will not come to pass. Political freedom cannot be said to be harmful in a true democracy, and its wider growth will be feared by none who are in a good state of health and understand true democracy. To the parties it seems to promise hitherto unseen benefits. The drum of the independent and the bugle of the belligerent non-partisan have called out from decent, intelligent firesides a good quality of active citizenship. Men are now taking a most active part in politics who wouldn't have touched the subject before. The influential middle-class are taking hold of the machinery that moves the state, and they seem to like it. And what seems most favorable is, the permanent enthusiasm of a large body of voluntary workers without axes to grind, and no leaders to serve. All these will naturally act within their parties on all State and national matters, and as an acting part of the organizations will put new life where it is most needed. But elbowing themselves very noisily to the front, we shall find others, mere mercenaries at heart, masquerading under the cloak of good citizenship; some bearing good names that help to confirm the disguise, all of them ready to abandon their professed principles the moment personal gain can be

best served. It proves nothing, of course, but gives a handy weapon of attack to those of the same kind who follow the usual and surer route to personal preferment, *via* the party organization.

The attractive feature in the movement is the idealist, as willing to preach from the cart-tail as from the dignified opera-house platform; as earnest with a score of chance listeners as with a thousand. The sputtering lantern and red fire are his beacons of welcome, and a single convert will be taken as a substantial gain. Interrupt his discourse, and he will thank you for the attention; he then knows that you listen. He is of no special class, condition, or creed; he may be a baker, a printer, a lawyer, or a merchant. I have seen each of them in turn mount the politico-educational truck, and have heard them talk with that certain inspiration of eloquence—sincerity. To the plain people they claim a special mission: as to all who have no relatives in places or expecting places, to all who would have men seeking work go direct to the employer for it, and to all who want government on its merits and from its officials. For there is a rare pleasure in talking directly to the people on that which is so directly important to them; and when there is truth in what is preached, one begins to feel in some sense akin to the brotherhood of man.

All substantial advances were once ideals. And, as the people take them up, they assume practical shape and become real to all. The so-called idealists of to-day may become the wise leaders of to-morrow. They will look at the preliminary repulse as the mere forerunner of substantial, permanent victories. They will tell you that Bunker Hill was a defeat for Prescott's men, but might have been a victory had the American forces been more homogeneous; that the colonists gathered new courage when they saw that British valor had been made to yield twice that day to American arms behind the rail fences; and that a stubborn, persistent campaign soon after drove the British out of Boston. They would rather spread the principle broadly among the people than be satisfied with the temporary success or defeat at an election.

As it is, the non-partisan idea has in a few years become practical enough to be feared. It is now regarded rather as respectable than as foolish, and ridicule has given way to abuse, as a more effective weapon of party defence. But whatever may be the actual outcome, it cannot harm American politics. In a free land none can be, politically, too free.

IN THE PARISH OF THE SACRED HEART.—III.

BY MARGARET KENNA.

"I AM THE CAPTAIN OF MY SOUL."



WAS it an April shower, or was the parish of the Sacred Heart whispering its prayers?

A shower it was, for as little Tom and Molly ran into the garden to plant a paper of mignonette the last rain-drops were still clinging to the grape-leaves, and when a blue-bird hopped on the old vine they fell tinkling like dream-bells.

When the mignonette was scattered over the dark earth the two little people paused a moment in the twilight, wondering what the harvest would be.

"I choose to take the first bunch to Miss Agnes, for Our Lady's shrine," said Molly.

"No, Molly, I choose to take it."

"No, Tom, I'm going to take it. I'm the oldest."

"I'm the youngest," said Tom; "but isn't it my mignonette?"

"Isn't it mine, too? Tom, you ought to be ashamed!"

"Molly, so ought you!"

"But you're only a little boy!"

"You're only a little girl! Molly, do you think mamma

would like you to behave like this to your only little brother in the world?"

"And what would mamma think if she knew you would treat your only little sister this way?"

Now they paused.

"Molly," said Tom very softly, "you may take the mignonette to Miss Agnes."

"No, Tom; thank you just as much, dear, but you must take it."

"No, Molly—" Tom's voice was sad.

"But, Tom, you promised mamma to be good!"

"That's why I want you to take the mignonette, Molly."

"But, Tom, that's why I want you to take it. I promised, too!"

Tom sighed so that his soul almost escaped the little blue sailor-waist.

"Well, Molly, I suppose we can't both be good."

"I'll let you be good, Tommy," said Molly gloriously, "but—I wonder what mamma will think of me!"

"No, Molly, you can be good. You're my only little sister in the world!"

"Tom," said Agnes la Garde, when April was almost over, "don't forget you promised me some mignonette. We shall have bride-wreath and lilac, but I want a handful of your mignonette for fragrance. So see that it is up and blooming," she added caressingly to the little fellow, "and Our Lady will not forget you."

Tom looked up at Miss Agnes with a silent, beautiful smile. As the glistening April days chased away into fragrant April nights, he forgot the joy of sacrifice. He forgot Molly. He wanted to take the mignonette to Miss Agnes, with his love. In some strange way she foreshadowed to his little heart the sweet Lady for whom flowers bloomed. Through the long winter the shy delight of handing her this little bunch of mignonette had haunted him and held back his arm when it ached to do a deed of war upon some one of his own doughty kind. Last year he had pledged himself to the blossoming of this dainty flower for the first of May. He was a good gardener, but not as good as the sun and the sudden, blithe showers. The mignonette now stood waiting.

At sundown, on the first of May, he went into the garden with the scissors. Molly was not there. No one was there

but the blue-bird and the old grapevine. But a voice said, loud enough for the blue-bird to hear :

“And what would mamma say, if she knew you would treat your only little sister this way?”

The blue-bird heard—and so did little Tom, with the bouquet in his hand. Oh, it *was* hard! In battle there is a general, on a big white horse, to point the way, but in every-day marches, like this one of little Tom's, the heart must needs be its own leader. The mignonette was all of life to him to-day—and a day was long to little Tom.

He ran around to church, smelling the bouquet as he went. Agnes had not come yet. He thrust the flowers in a glass, and, finding a scrap of paper, printed his message :

“*Here is the mignonette, Miss Agnes. Molly sent it.*”

Yours truly,

TOM.”

O little Tom with the blue eyes, no general rode before you on a big white horse, but you won in your first engagement!

A PARISH CHILD.

As John Martin was passing the church he heard a child's voice in the vestibule :

“Lie down, Victor, and wait for me. I'm going in to make a visit to my Blessed Mother.”

It was his little Mary.

Victor curled himself up in the sunshine, and when the child had flashed up the aisle to Our Lady's shrine, John walked in and sat in the darkness near the door. He was a very tall man, in a long black coat and black trousers. His hair was white, his shoulders bent, and his cheeks were red and scarred.

It was long since he had been in the little church. A great sadness came over him there. It was a day in spring-time and he could smell the apple-bloom and hear the robin in the tree. To his thirst the bird's song was like a spring of living water, murmuring in the silence. He thought of the roses he had seen blossom and die on the little white altar, and he thought of the gladness of his youth.

Only a few bars of sunshine separated him from little Mary. She was kneeling very still, with her hands folded. A parting beam of sunlight fell on her, silvering her face and making her white dress shimmer in the dusk. John slipped one or two pews nearer, and shaded his eyes with his hand as he watched her.

Was she a miracle of marble, or his own little child?

"Sweet Mary, papa was drunk again last night and mamma cried herself to sleep. O sweet Mary!—you don't care, if I call you by your first name, do you? Mamma says I must say



"JOHN SAT IN THE DARKNESS NEAR THE DOOR."

Miss to Miss Agnes, but in heaven it's different. I don't say Mister to our Lord. I just say :

Little Jesus, meek and mild,
Look on me, a simple child.

Well, sweet Mary, please help mamma. Do you know me? I am little Mary Martin."

In the dusk little Mary went tiptoeing down the aisle, and Victor barked for joy.

Her father went to the communion-rail, and, searching for the marks her dimpled knees had made in the dust, he knelt too and prayed.

How different the prayers of innocence and guilt! He almost sobbed the words out and his tall frame trembled.

"Sweet Mary, I am little Mary Martin's father. Have pity on me and help me to keep the vow I take. Let me die rather than taste drink again. Pray for me, my Blessed Mother, for little Mary's sake!"

ONCE UPON A TIME.

The parish house used to be a little gray cottage under the maples. The trees were so close together that, in summer, they made a solitude almost sad. A sunbeam there was as mystically bright as a sunbeam in some dim cathedral. But the birds found it gay enough. They came at the sound of Father Salvator's voice, not one but all—robins, blue-birds, swallows, red-birds, sparrows were rivals for his love.

It happened more than once that as he was walking up and down the garden path saying his office, a red-bird flew upon the gilt leaves of his breviary and even walked over the black and red letters. Sparrows lighted upon his shoulders, and when once a blue-bird's nest was rifled, she brought the last little fledgling and put it into his pocket. When the Angelus rang they knew that it was crumb-time, and they flew to the porch and waited for him. He always came, and the good and the bad received the same bounty from his hands. There are bad as well as good amongst the birds, so Father Salvator says, for one of the frequenters of his feast is a black-bird with a white feather in its wing. Mr. Blackbird, he says, has grown gray in serving the world. He is like St. Francis among them, and his tenderness goes like a golden text into their little hearts.

A child came down the garden-path one summer day. It was little Mary Martin, and above her head the leaves parted to let the blessed sunlight warm her delicate white cheeks.

"Father," she said, "mamma wants you to say Mass for Grandada to-morrow, please."

There is music in the world when Mary Martin speaks. She holds out an envelope now with the offering in it. Father Salvator takes it, and then, as she is running down the garden-path, he calls. He always calls little Mary back at the last moment. She comes with a faint blush of delight.

"Mary," he says, "do you believe in broken hearts?"

"I don't know, father," little Mary answers shyly.

"Do you believe a bird could have a broken heart?"

"I don't know, father."

"Yes, you do know. Why don't you know?"

"I don't know, father."

This time she laughs.

"Well, sit down; I want to tell you a story."

Little Mary sits down on the edge of the porch. Her bare feet do not touch the ground, but the long grass tickles her



“HE IS LIKE ST. FRANCIS AMONG THEM.”

toes. Like a little bog-trotter from Connemara, more than like an American child, is this innocent Mary. Her brown feet know the hot ways of the town, and the baker, the butcher, the candle-stick-maker know her meagre little marketings for her mother, who, like all the Irish, finds the glory of God in poverty. Father Salvator knows her well—this pathetic mother of little Mary, and will swear to her goodness in any court.

The children understood him, and could read his heart before their A-B-C's. The birds liked the old man, too. But in winter they got cold, the little things, and flew away and left him. They didn't mean to be summer friends, but they loved the sunshine and the old man had not wings to go with them.

He watched them starting south in sweeping flights. For days before they had circled around the cottage, singing songs of parting. When they had all gone, he stood in his garden one evening and, looking up at the trees from which the red leaves were falling, murmured sorrowfully:

"Bare, ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds sang!"

The next morning, as he was breakfasting, he was startled to see the flash of a blue wing against his frosted window-pane. Evidently, not all the birds were gone. This one was a loiterer, out of love. He was beating with his breast against the glass and leaving his chill foot-prints in the frost. The shutter swung heavily then, and the old man, sitting motionless, with his toast in his fingers, knew this was more noise than one bird could make alone. There are two of you, he thought. What keeps you here so late? I will not feed you my toast; for if I do, that will be enticing you to come back to a warm breakfast to-morrow, and if Jack Frost walks abroad to-night, you will breakfast in heaven. In the birds' heaven, of course."

But now the blue-birds began to caress and plead and pray, in song.

"I will not let you in," he said. "I will not make you prisoners, even though you ask it. Follow the sunshine, and come back to me in the spring."

But they would not leave him, and at last he opened his window and took them in. After that there was often more play than work in the little study. When he was writing, they flew to his desk and poured forth overture after overture, as if the congregation had bribed them to see that the sermon was short. The mother-bird dusted his books with her tail and her silken wings. When she sang in a melancholy strain he knew that she was thinking of the little birds that, having flown fearlessly from the nest, must now take the world as they found it. The two birds were very frolicsome together. When the old man went to sleep, they would dance a Highland fling up and down the buttons of his cassock.

But, alas! this frolicking came suddenly to an end. The mother-bird fell in the fire and was burned to death. When the old man came in and saw this, he picked the little thing from the ashes and laid it sorrowfully on his knee.

"You were a sweet singer," he murmured. "You did your part to make the world beautiful."

The other bird flew down and stood beside its dead mate. It flew to its perch on the book-shelf. Then it flew down again and sang a note or two, as if the mother-bird would answer; but there was only silence. Then the lonely little warbler lay down beside its mate and died.

"There now, little Mary, that is a true story. Do you know who the old man was?"

"Yes, father."

"Why, then, you do know something after all. Who was it?"

"You, father."

"It was," said Father Salvator, "and since then I believe in broken hearts."



RUTH.

BY FRANK EARLE HERING.



VENING, and a wine-red sky
That bends athwart the barley-fields of Beth-
lehem,
And stains the bearded grain with amethyst.
Two doves among the bushes holding tryst:
A solitary gleaner passing by,
A lowly maid, sad-browed and shy.

Midnight, and the sky-woof blue
That glooms the fanes of sacred Bethlehem,
And paves the star-wrought arch of space.
The winnowed grain lay round the threshing-place,
Where Ruth crept to the feet of Boaz with trustful grace,
As Naomi had bade her do.

Dawn-time, and the sky-flush rose
That warms the opal globes of dew
Depending from the barley-heads at Bethlehem.
The Christ-child, watching where the reaper mows,
Thinks lovingly of humble Ruth; and knows
An equal love of Moabite and Jew.

"TA PINU" AND ITS MADONNA.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O.S.B.



O the north-west of the more important island of Malta lies the small, insignificant-looking island called in the native tongue of its people Ghau-dex, but better known by its Italian designation of Gozo. It is an unattractive spot, seen from the Mediterranean. On the west and south-west sides rocky cliffs rise sheer from the water, and it is only on the north and north-east that the land slopes down to the level of the sea. A barren and desolate place it seems, with not a single tree to break the monotony of its nine miles of arid-looking stretches of land, diversified only by rugged hills of limestone and granite.

And yet Gozo, on closer acquaintance, has many redeeming points. Barren as it looks from the sea, it is in reality the fruit and vegetable garden of Malta. By dint of hard and unremitting toil its terraced lands, mounting up the rocky sides of its hills, have been rendered extraordinarily productive. Fruit is grown in abundance and its quality is excellent. The pears of Gozo are proverbial in the markets of the neighboring island; grapes too and other fruits are plentifully produced. Not only fruit and vegetables, but butter and dairy produce from Gozo fetch a high price and are much sought after. In short, Gozo seems to exist for Malta's sake alone, so faithfully does she furnish, through the ceaseless toil of her children, the food which the more crowded sister island is unable to produce.

The situation and character of the island have wrought their results in the nature of its people. Remote from others, their language has retained its purity intact, escaping the inevitable decadence which the mixture of foreign words, following on intercourse with foreign peoples, must always bring. Hence, to hear pure Maltese one has to visit Gozo. Another result of their isolation is that the people of the island have retained their rustic (almost boorish) simplicity of address and manner. This is exemplified in the way in which the more civilized Maltese use the *Gozitano* as a butt for their witticisms; he figures in their comic anecdotes much in the same way as a native of the Emerald Isle in our own.

But a far more important result of the quiet, hidden, laborious life of these islanders is the unsullied purity of their faith. Rough in exterior they may be, hard-working agriculturists, reckless sailors, pushing out for fifty miles on the open sea in their little craft; ignorant and uncultivated some would style them, yet the *Gozitani* are unmistakably a deeply religious people, full of earnest, thorough, practical piety. Their piety, too, is of the right sort. We have compared them with the Irish for childlike simplicity and *gaucherie*; we may liken them also to that thoroughly Catholic people in their unswerving allegiance to the Holy Roman Church.

God chooses the foolish things of this world to confound the wise, St. Paul tells us. We cannot wonder, then, that he has made choice of this humble community to work his marvels in their midst. Like every Catholic country, Gozo is rich in sanctuaries. Besides its cathedral at Rabat and the parish churches of its five villages, it possesses many little chapels and oratories which the piety of its people has dedicated to the worship of God and the honor of his saints.

One such oratory has stood for four hundred years in an open stretch of fields in the parish of Gharb. It is a plain, unpretentious structure, built from the ordinary stone of the district on a little mound slightly raised above the surrounding level, and about one hundred yards from the narrow, uneven road that joins the parishes of Gharb and Ghammar. Its founders were from the Gentili family, and it was commonly known as *Ta Gentili* (belonging to the Gentili). In course of time, probably on account of its isolated position, away from any village, the little sanctuary became deserted, and was in such a dilapidated condition that more than one of the bishops of Gozo ordered its desecration and removal. Thus, Bishop Duzina, in 1575, decreed: "The church called *Ta Gentili*, in the Ghammar district, built by the Gentili family and endowed by them with a small glebe, with the burden attached of a yearly Mass on the feast of the Assumption and the repair of the furniture of the said church, . . . is falling into decay. The bishop has ordered it to be pulled down, and has transferred the burdens to the parish church." Tradition says that when attempting to carry out this order one of the workmen broke his arm and another his leg; so that the people, terrified at the catastrophe, dared not continue the demolition, but, on the contrary, raised up a fund for the restoration of the building. Later on, when Bishop Balaguer, moved by [similar reasons,

again ordered the destruction of *Ta Gentili*, Janni (John) Gurgiun rebuilt it once more. The subsequent decisions as to its demolition had always the same result, and to this day the little sanctuary still stands. The Assumption was, as Bishop Duzzina's decree intimates, the titular feast of the chapel, and it was an appropriate gift which, in 1619, one Pino, or Pinu, in whose patronage it then was, presented to it. This was an altar-piece representing the Assumption of Our Lady.

The picture has no great artistic merit, but its effect is pleasing and devout. Our Lady is represented with a crescent beneath her feet, supported upon and surrounded by clouds. Three cherubs are under her feet, and four draped angels support her as she rises into the heavens, two of them at the same time holding over her head an imperial crown. The face of Our Lady is mild and sweet, the eyes uplifted in rapt devotion, the hands joined in prayerful attitude. The figures of the angels are also full of grace, and the faces not wanting in beauty of expression. Below the group, at the bottom of the painting, is seen the open grave and some of the Apostles standing round, their faces full of sorrow. The colors, after nearly three hundred years, are still fresh and brilliant. The picture bears two inscriptions: "Pinu Gauci, son of Salvu Gauci" (Gauci means "native of Ghaudex"), and "Amadeo Perugino pingebat (Amadeo of Perugia painted this), 1619."

On account of the name attached to the picture, the chapel came to be known popularly as *Ta Pinu*, after the method, common in Gozo, of designating a chapel by its owner's or founder's name—*Ta Pinu* being the Maltese equivalent for *Pino's Chapel*.

The little chapel itself, though so frequently saved from destruction by the people, has been subject from time to time to periods of neglect, and sometimes of almost complete desolation. At times Mass was said there on feasts, but its isolation from human dwellings rendering the chapel of no practical utility to the people. The state of affairs was frequently changed. In the present century an aged priest, Don Giuseppe Cassar, out of devotion to the deserted sanctuary, took up his residence in the vicinity, and as long as he lived said Mass there daily. After his death it was again closed. The door was kept locked, the key being hidden in a place hard by, known to those who continued from time to time to visit it out of devotion.

At length, some ten years ago, rumors began to spread of wonderful favors granted by Our Lady on that spot, and even of miracles which had taken place. *Ta Pinu* became the scene of constantly increasing pilgrimages from the different villages and even from Malta. The matter was taken up by the ecclesiastical authorities, and the result of the official investigation was to bring to light circumstances which seemed to point to supernatural manifestations at the little chapel.

A devout unmarried woman of Gozo, named Carmela Grima, living with her sister on their small farm in the parish of Gharb, had long been in the habit of visiting the chapel for prayer whenever she could spare the time from her labor in the fields—for she and her sister earned their bread, as all the *Gozitani* are forced to do, by the sweat of their brows. Although these visits were not very frequent, yet Carmela bore a very strong affection for the little place, lamenting its desolation and keeping it ever in mind. One day in June, 1883, she happened to be passing along the road from which runs the foot-path leading for one hundred yards up to the chapel; but though she longed to pay a visit, she was unable to do so on account of some pressing occupation awaiting her at home. She was therefore hurrying by, when a voice, proceeding as it seemed from the chapel, cried distinctly: "Come, come, come!" As she paused in wonder the voice continued: "Come to-day, for you will not be able to return here for a whole year." The woman then felt sure that the intimation was a supernatural one, and at once went to the chapel. Taking the key from its hiding-place, she opened the door, but found the place quite empty. She prayed for some time, awaiting any further manifestation, and at length heard proceeding from the picture the same voice directing her to say three *Ave Marias* in honor of the three days Our Lady's body rested in the tomb. This she did, and nothing more occurring, she locked up the chapel and hastened home. It happened, from some reason or other, that she was unable to return to *Ta Pinu* for a whole year.

Although Carmela felt convinced of the reality of the favor granted to her, she felt a strong reluctance to breathe a word to any one on the subject for two years. There was a devout youth named Francesco Portelli, who, like herself, took every opportunity of visiting the chapel, and Carmela, having reason to suppose that he also had been the recipient of similar favors, ventured to ask him, and found that Our Lady had several

times spoken to him, exhorting him to certain special devotions to the Passion. The two then agreed to keep the matter a profound secret from all, and two years passed by without anything being divulged. At length, as has been said, various rumors began floating about, and attention became directed to the chapel and the picture.

Both Carmela and Francesco were subjected to a strict investigation by the bishop, and the result was to render the matter more worthy of credence than before, although many details related by the two persons under examination have never been made public.

The devotion aroused with regard to the chapel and picture was rewarded by Our Lady in a special manner. Miracles began to be of frequent occurrence, the first recipient of such a favor being the mother of the youth Francesco. Her case had been pronounced hopeless by the doctors, and she was dying of heart-disease and dropsy. When her three other sons (Francesco, strange to say, did not join them) had paid a visit to the sanctuary, and had promised to light a lamp before the picture whenever they could afford it if Our Lady would restore their mother to health, the hitherto bed-ridden woman opened the door of their cottage on their return, completely cured.

This, and even greater miracles, made the sanctuary famous. The picture has been copied and circulated, not only through Gozo and Malta but to Sicily and Tunis, and the devotion bids fair to extend to other and more distant lands. Pilgrims still flock there, and the little chapel is crowded with *ex-votos*—waxen limbs, crutches, and such like; while more costly offerings in the shape of valuable golden ornaments fill numerous glass cases on the walls. These will be devoted to the erection of a new church on the spot, when circumstances and funds permit.

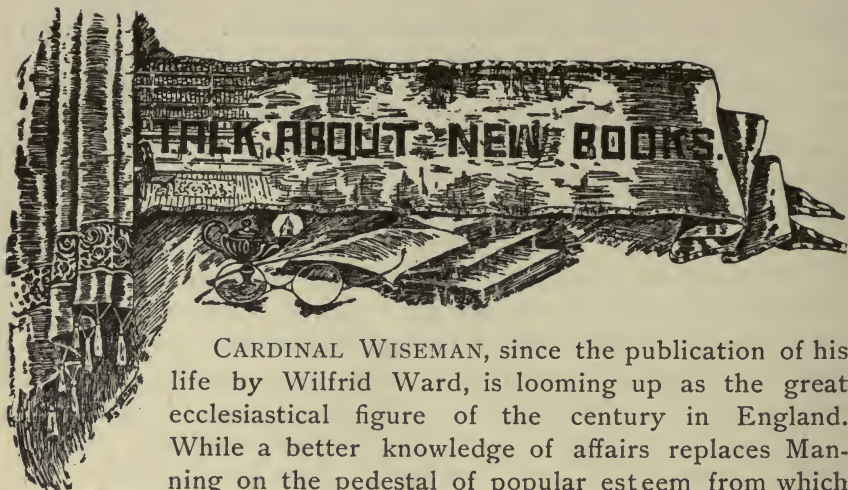
As to the first recipients of Our Lady's favors, Carmela and Francesco, they still live their humble, hidden life of toil and prayer. It is characteristic of the people of the island that no favor from heaven, however great, seems capable of rousing their astonishment. They live in an atmosphere of faith, and to their simple minds it seems only to be expected that God and Our Lady should from time to time make some manifestation of their constant nearness to mankind. Hence, although these wonders move their devotion and grateful love, they do not astonish them. Carmela Grima, in the eyes of her

neighbors, is a woman highly favored by God, it is true, but after all the mere instrument of his workings, and therefore undeserving of special admiration or concern.

She herself, as one who has conversed with her told the writer, seems to regard the matter in the same light as her neighbors. Still the same humble working-woman, she goes her way as before, quite unconscious of any claim to distinction. And yet, in spite of her homely exterior, there is a certain nobility and majesty about her which impresses every one who comes in contact with her. One feels that she has stood on holy ground and carries with her the atmosphere of heaven.

The little sanctuary *Ta Pinu* was enriched by the present Pope in 1890 with many indulgences, and still continues to attract devout worshippers. May it long remain one of Our Lady's favored possessions, a lasting proof to an unbelieving generation of God's undying power and of Mary's loving care for the sons of men! Like many of God's works, it began quietly and humbly, but is yearly growing in importance from the ever-increasing pilgrimages to the sacred spot. The existence of some legal dispute with regard to the site has delayed the erection of the church, which the bishop has decided to commence as soon as possible. When the sanctuary of *Ta Pinu* shall have been beautified in a manner befitting its sacred associations, we may look for a still more wide-spread devotion to its Madonna, and a consequent increase in the miraculous favors vouchsafed to her clients there.





CARDINAL WISEMAN, since the publication of his life by Wilfrid Ward, is looming up as the great ecclesiastical figure of the century in England. While a better knowledge of affairs replaces Manning on the pedestal of popular esteem from which he was thrown down by Purcell, still Wiseman was the greater mind and from many points of view a more providential man. It was Wiseman that made both Newman and Manning possible. Had any one else been appointed to Westminster but the broad-minded Roman ecclesiastic, especially one who was possessed of the traditionary feelings of the old English Catholic towards the Established Church, the budding Oxford movement would have been nipped. Wilfrid Ward's review of the religious history of Wiseman's times is one of the best portrayals of contemporary religious history we know of. The popularity of Wiseman's Life has given rise to a Wiseman cult, showing itself in the publication of many works hitherto unattainable because out of print. The *Meditations on the Sacred Passion of our Lord** embody some very deep devotional thoughts, and are side-lights on the spiritual side of a great man's life.

Speaking of Wiseman, it is well known that his *Recollections of the Last Four Popes* was one of the best guide books to Christian Rome, far better than any of the books which in their glaring red covers so blatantly claim the fulness of knowledge for the stranger sojourning in the Eternal City. It is not a little remarkable that with all the English travel there has been to Rome in the last half century no one has thought to prepare, from a devotional point of view, a hand-book which, while giving adequate information, would not mislead or pervert the devotional instinct. It must be admitted that the majority of people go to Rome as pilgrims, to pray at the shrines and

* *Meditations on the Sacred Passion of our Lord.* By Cardinal Wiseman. New York: Benziger Brothers.

visit the places consecrated by the blood of the martyrs, and it is of Christian Rome and not Pagan Rome they want to know, and it is concerning the present church and its liturgy, and not the orgies of paganism, they desire to be informed. *A Hand-book to Christian and Ecclesiastical Rome** has lately appeared which we think will crowd aside Murray and Baedeker, and deservedly so, because it is written in a reverent spirit and is pervaded by a tone sympathetic with all that has made Rome what it is—the centre of the throbbing life of Christianity. Travellers intending to visit Rome cannot do better than to go there with this hand-book in their satchel.

It is the real art of the master historian to rise so high above the detail of time and place as to get a broad and comprehensive view of the great movements of history. A mere record of events chronicled as they happened, great or small, without any estimate of their importance or any statement of their bearing on other events, is not history. After that manner one makes a catalogue for a library, but to write history it is necessary to have a masterly grasp of the great movements, and so co-ordinate them that events may be traceable as effects to certain causes, and in it all the providential ordering of affairs towards the great purposes of humanity may be seen.

Father Douglass, in his own simple way, has succeeded in giving us a comprehensive history of the "Gesta Dei." It is true that when one sets out to write the history of six thousand years in six hundred pages he must of necessity be concise and leave out many of the lesser points of detail, but the general impression left when one has gone through with *The Divine Redeemer and His Church*† is something akin to the impression made by viewing the turning and bending of a great river from a mountain height. Moreover, details sink into insignificance, the great mountain ranges stand out in bold relief, the great cities loom up, the trend of the landscape impresses one.

The real history of the Church of God starts with Adam in the Garden of Paradise and finishes with Leo XIII., while the climax of it all was the Passion Play enacted in the sanctuary of Judea, in which the Man God was the principal personage.

* *Hand-book to Christian and Ecclesiastical Rome.* By H. M. and M. A. R. T. 2 vols. London: Adam and Charles Black.

† *The Divine Redeemer and His Church.* By Edward Douglass, C.S.S.R. With a Preface by his Eminence the Cardinal-Archbishop of Westminster. London: Catholic Truth Society; London and Leamington: Art and Book Company.

In commending the work of Father Douglass the best praise we can give it is that it is admirably adapted to the end he has in view—the making of Jesus Christ better known and loved.

The very large amount of literature that has appeared lately concerning the Blessed Sacrament indicates as much as any other one thing the trend of the devotional life, and to those who are expecting the dawn of an era of convert-making nothing can be more hopeful. Not the least of the advantages which accrue to us from a holier presentation of the Eucharistic Sacrifice is the relegation to their proper places of other and minor devotional practices. The cultus of lead statues and miraculous medals and various colored scapulars is all very good and has its rightful place when properly understood and properly utilized, but in the hands of the simple it soon replaces the weightier elements of the law, and, if allowed to grow unchecked, the lowest phase of Catholicism would be the most manifest. If the devotional life is fed from the higher sources, as for example from the Blessed Sacrament itself, it will become more virile and will commend itself more convincingly to those who are seeking the truth. As a missionary force there is no convert-maker like the altar itself and all it signifies. The presence of the Blessed Sacrament in the church immediately transforms the place from a barren meeting-house to the palace of a King. It immediately puts one in touch with that world of the invisible, and so brings heaven down to the earth that the cold formulas of creeds and methods of ceremonial become instinct with a diviner life.

The manuals of devotion which have for their purpose the explanation of the ceremonial of the Mass and the emphasizing the meaning of the altar are to be encouraged. The Blessed Sacrament is the centre of the devotional and teaching life of the church. It is the great magnet which draws all souls into itself.

The Benedictine, Father Lanslots, has given us a popular manual of explanation of the Mass and all it signifies.* He does it in a straightforward, simple way, with a great deal of the devotional spirit in his language and ideas. The illustrations are good outline representations of the various attitudes assumed by the celebrant during the Holy Sacrifice, and contribute not a little to make the work one of greater utility to the faithful.

* *Illustrated Explanation of the Prayers and Ceremonies of the Mass.* By Rev. D. J. Lanslots. With a Preface by Most Rev. F. Janssens, D.D. New York: Benziger Brothers.

The *Manual of the Blessed Sacrament*,* translated from the French of Rev. T. B. Boone, S.J., by Mrs. Annie Blount Storrs some twenty years ago, has been reprinted, but so badly as regards type and paper that it is hardly likely to have an extended circulation. The same shabbiness of get-up mars the truly admirable *Manual of Adoration of the Most Blessed Sacrament*,† compiled by a Benedictine who remains *incognito*. The sections of this manual follow the order of the church's feasts and seasons, and its prayers are taken chiefly from the Bible, Missal, and Breviary. Their wealth and variety can but bring home with an outburst of thanksgiving to the heart of many a convert an almost overwhelming sense of the elasticity of Catholic devotions, offset and safeguarded by the adamant changelessness of Catholic dogma. In contrast one recalls Dr. Anderdon's matchless arraignment of the Anglican "Establishment" in a paper read in 1867 before the *Academia* in London:

"The Anglican communion . . . has bent to every breath of doctrine; then, as if in tribute to the principle of stability, has bound down her children to pray, at least, by rule. She does not pipe to them that they may dance, and mourn to them that they may lament. There is no modulation in her pastoral reed; no change of expression in her fixed uniformity of demeanor. . . . Like something learned by rote and spoken by a machine, her ministers address their flock in the self-same language, whether the morning usher in the annual solemn fast or the queen of festivals."

But we have no hesitation in saying that Father Lasance's new contribution to the devotional literature of the Blessed Sacrament, under the title of *Visits to Jesus in the Tabernacle*,‡ is the most satisfactory work of the sort yet issued in America. Its typographical dress is good and its few illustrations well executed. The scheme for each visit is so carefully worked out that listlessness is almost an impossibility for those who use it in their half-hour's adoration. The spiritual readings and "Eucharistic gems" collected by Father Lasance are from the loftiest sources and fresh and unhackneyed. A unique feature of the book is the constant union of prayer to the Holy Ghost with prayer to our Lord in the Tabernacle. The author desires that each visit should begin with the *Veni Creator*, and that a prayer to the Holy Ghost should be made in connection with the spiritual communion at its close. He writes:

"The Holy Ghost, who overshadowed the Mother of God

* Christian Press Association Publishing Co. † St. Louis: B. Herder. ‡ Benziger Bros.

at Nazareth, overshadows the Tabernacle of God from the rising to the setting of the sun. Hence it is eminently proper that the faithful should cultivate a particular devotion to the Holy Ghost in connection with the adoration of the Blessed Sacrament."

Confession and Communion,* by the author of *First Communion*. The fact that Father Thurston, S.J., writes the preface is as safe an *imprimatur*, with respect to its literary excellence, as is that of Cardinal Vaughan for its orthodoxy! Its freshness of thought is remarkable and its Saxon simplicity of style refreshing. We quote a few characteristic paragraphs:

"What a joy it is, my God, to lay down my soul at your feet, and feel that you read it through and through. I know what you see there. I know I ought to fear your all-holy glance. And yet I love to think of you as my Inward Witness. It is a joy to know that *Thou hast understood my thoughts*, that there is nothing I can hide from you, even if I would. Bad as I am, I am content that you know all. I have no secrets from you, my God."

"I know, my God, that you will never do great things by the soul that has but a feeble grasp of truth."

"So must we come to know Christ our Lord, that we may conform ourselves to him and bring out his characteristics, some in one way, some in another. This is the secret of finding an easy way into the hearts of all. Those who have this strong personal devotion to our Lord have a tact, an address, a facility of approach denied to others."

The wonder with which non-Catholics regard the multiplicity of prayer-books and little printed helps to devotion which issue from Catholic publishing houses will be readily understood by any one who has ever made it—or had it made—his business to run through the corresponding little religious gift-books which lie on the counters of Partridge's, in London, or of Fleming, Revell & Co., in New York. Their monotony of thought and paucity of aspiration is generally rendered more conspicuous by their floridity of language. On the other hand, as the overflowing, exuberant life of the church finds expression in the varied devotions which mark the stages of spiritual evolution of races and of individuals, these must of necessity crystallize into petitions and aspirations, acts of contrition and modes of adoration, to be continually gathered and selected and adapted for people of varying capacity and differing needs.

* London: Burns & Oates; New York: Benziger Bros.

Spiritual Exercises for a Ten Days' Retreat. By Very Rev. Rudolph v. Smetana, C.S.S.R.*—This unpretentious little book should not be lost sight of in the heap of mediocre volumes with which Lent is always fruitful (?). It is especially intended for the use of religious congregations and has all the sturdy practicality one might expect from its Redemptorist origin. At the same time, its chapters point out so clearly those underlying principles of perfection which stand unvarying for all states of life, that no one can study them without profit. The meditation on the Hidden Life of Christ brings out with singular clearness the inner meaning of many religious usages after a fashion much needed to-day. We quote from its third point: "Let it be our constant and most anxious care, then, not to cultivate the spiritual life too much according to natural principles, but wholly according to faith; let us resist every approach of worldly notions, and let the rules of the saints govern us more and more, and flourish among us. Great care is the more needed in this matter since the rules of the spiritual life have never been more keenly attacked, and never was the danger greater of allowing a deceitful philosophy, hostile to the doctrines and the spirit of Jesus Christ, to creep in."

The somewhat old-fashioned phraseology of Right Rev. Augustine Egger's *Catholic Father** will, by the law of association, give its instructions and devotions added weight with many a modern father who wishes to train his boy as faithfully in some great bustling city as he was himself trained in an out-of-the-world village twenty years ago. The same may be said of Very Rev. Father Girardey's *Mission Book for the Married*. Entirely different is the crisp, curt style of the little paper-covered *People's Mission Book*, by "Father M. F., Missionary Priest," with its newspaperly sub-heads and catch-lines, apparently meant to be carried in the pocket and dipped into on the "L" train or street car, by men to whom "making the mission" means a breathless race with time.

*How to Comfort the Sick.** Rev. Joseph Aloysius Krebs, C.S.S.R.—This is a useful little manual in aid of those whose vocation it is to care for the sick. Not its least valuable feature is its full recognition of the fact that sick-nursing is not an occupation inherently sanctifying, as some humanitarians seem to think. The best nurses are exactly the ones who are likely to

get so interested in their external mission as to lose sight of what should be its inspiring motive—service to Our Lord through his suffering ones. Father Krebs' hints on this point are admirable, as is his collection of seed-thoughts to be used in suggesting cheer to the invalid.

*Ecce Homo: Forty Short Meditations.** Rev. D. S. Hubert.—Although this little book is the work of a French priest, it has in it none of that element which is apt to strike other nationalities as somewhat artificial in French piety. The considerations are brief and the applications and resolutions pointed and useful.

Jewels of Prayer and Meditation, by Percy Fitzgerald, is a fresh volume of the *Jewel Series*, likely to find favor with those who like to have their spiritual reading "cut up, with pepsine poured over it and already half-digested," as a robust missionary-priest once expressed it.

Catholic Practice: The Parishioners.† Little Rule Book. By Rev. Alexander L. A. Klauder. *A Practical Guide to Indulgences.‡* Rev. P. M. Bernad, O.M.I. Translated by Rev. Daniel Murray.—These are two useful hand-books, well printed and neatly bound, whose scope is sufficiently indicated by their titles.

Mark Twain's *Following the Equator* § is one of the best of his books. It is lively and interesting almost all the way through; and it is not an easy thing to make a book of travels in fairly well-known parts of the world interesting at all. It is probably quite true that, as he says in this book, most people have forgotten the details of very well-known matters like the battle of Waterloo; but still when they are repeated, they have not the interest that absolutely new things would have. So it is well, as a rule, for those who can give what is really new to give it, instead of repeating what is old. And Mark's jokes are new; and a good joke, by the way, will stand a good deal of repeating, being more of a joy for ever than a thing of beauty usually is. There are many most amusing stories and episodes scattered through the book, and here and there we find those innocent remarks which are the best, perhaps, of all humor, and in which no one excels Mr. Clemens; as, for instance, "I had

* New York: Benziger Brothers.

† Boston: Angel Guardian Press.

§ *Following the Equator: A Journey around the World.* By Mark Twain. Hartford: The American Publishing Co.

often heard of bench-shows, but had never felt any interest in them, because I supposed they were lectures that were not well attended." "He could not have stood still, and cleared a bar that was *four* feet high. I know this, because I tried it myself."

His theory of the pledge is one of his best things; a most valuable idea, and well known to Catholic theology, though not always duly insisted on in this particular matter.

There is a little—perhaps a good deal—too much about India in the book; it weighs it down, one gets tired of it. Indeed most people, perhaps, are tired of a book about India before they begin. At any rate it is a subject which does not show Mr. Clemens to his best advantage.

The latest issue of the Quarterly Series is an exquisite *Life of Blessed Master John of Avila*,* beatified in 1893.

Greatly as God is glorified in those saints toward whom sets, immediately after their death, such a rushing tide of veneration and love that their speedy elevation to her altar is, as it were, forced from the Church governant by the Church worshipful, there can be no doubt that his purposes are also wonderfully served by those long-delayed, often interrupted processes of canonization which recreate saintly lives of long past centuries before the eyes of generations which need exactly their teachings. The way in which hindrances, delays apparently unnecessary, obstacles seemingly easy to surmount, bring it about that holy men or women almost forgotten, except in the town which their spiritual beauty irradiated or in the conventual community which has treasured their memories, are set before the Christian world just when it needs a fresh picture of the virtues they embodied, is interesting in the extreme to the student of hagiology. St. Clare of Montefalco brought, with her terrifying penances and her perfect humility, with the image of the Crucified buried deep in her heart, before the eyes of this comfort-loving and self-satisfied generation, is a case in point. Blessed John of Avila is another.

Moreover, many Protestants think it no sin to indulge in the most barefaced and blatant defamations of character, provided the object of their attack lived a few hundred years ago. They assume, forsooth, that our modern standards of sanctity are higher, our modern alembics more potent in detecting alloy

* *Life of the Blessed Master John of Avila*. By Father Longaro Degli Oddi, S.J. Edited by J. G. Macleod, S.J. London: Burns & Oates; New York: Benziger Bros.

than those of our fathers! Have we not just seen a sectarian doctor of divinity reiterating in the daily press his previously challenged assertion that there was "not a decent Christian" among the popes of a period which, to mention no others, gave to the world Pope St. Pius V.? Dr. Van De Water is doubtless able, in his own estimation, to detect flaws which the Devil's Advocate failed to discover during the process of the Holy Father's canonization! Among his admirers are probably many people like the good lady who said, in reply to an allusion to the transverberation of the heart of St. Teresa, "Hm! it was a long time ago, *so you can't prove it.*" Of course such crass self-assumption is absurd. Its possessors sorely need Lord Macaulay's caustic reminder that Sir Thomas More's was one of the greatest intellects the world has ever known and that Sir Thomas More came to certain conclusions, having all the information on the question of Transubstantiation which we have, and all which, *from the nature of the case*, we can ever have. The same may be said of questions of conformity to those great counsels by which the life of our Blessed Lord is re-imaged through his servants in each generation. But it is well to have that principle reasserted by the bringing, once and again, of lives like Master John's out of the "blue glories" of the past and by the setting of them under the judicial inspection of prelates who are familiar with the Röntgen rays as well as with methods of particular examen.

His was a life of almost matchless self-abnegation. His spirit yearned for the strictest seclusion and the most unbroken contemplation; yet even the isolation of foreign missionary labors was denied him, and he spent his life in journeying and preaching in his own home-land of Andalusia. He was the spiritual director of saints who, living and dead, have overshadowed him—St. John of God, St. Francis Borgia, St. Peter of Alcantara, and St. Teresa of Jesus. Though, indeed, it might have been matter for a life-time of thanksgiving that he was chosen of God to give St. Teresa perfect rest of mind as to the divine source of her raptures and the complete safety of her method of prayer.

"The Master," as he was called through the loving veneration of his saint-disciples, marvellously combined pulpit eloquence with ability as a director of individual souls. His sermons drove crowds of such varied circumstances and conditions toward the confessionals that they were likened to the net of the Gospels. More could hardly be said in praise of

their utter Catholicity. It was after one such, dealing with the greatness of the reward laid up by God for those who suffer willingly out of love, that the wandering hawker whom we know now as St. John of God flung himself out of the church, plucking out his beard, tearing his hair, and crying "Mercy, mercy!" Father Avila's wonderful gift of the discernment of spirits led him to allow his convert that strange penance of simulated madness, bring down on his head contumely and insult—regarded then as positively remedial, and not unknown in state institutions in these enlightened days when we believe them to be the reverse—which wrought out such wonders of humility and charity in a chosen soul.

His special devotions, as might be expected in a man who walked in so rarefied an atmosphere, were to the Blessed Sacrament and to the Holy Ghost. The chapters in the Life which dwell on his love for the Holy Eucharist, his views of the priestly office, and his teaching on frequent communion deserve careful study.

So far from regarding devotion to the Holy Ghost as a spiritual exercise reserved for select souls, his feelings about it were those of our present Holy Father, Leo XIII., and those expressed freely in the life of that most modern of apostles, Father Hecker. "Oh, if I could kindle within you," he used to say, "some devotion to this truly consoling Spirit, I feel certain that in a few hours you would become completely changed; open your heart to him and allow him to imprint his divine teaching upon you, and you will see."

Certainly, something of the sweetness and power of this holy man's own life and utterances have been preserved in this brief history.

Conan Doyle has developed a vein in his latest book which few admirers of his brilliant detective sketches and rather icily sparkling romances would suspect him of caring to work. *A Desert Drama** is the story of a handful of ordinary tourists, English, French, Irish, and American, captured by a troop of fanatical dervishes while making an excursion from a Nile steamer. The latent heroism, the simple unselfishness displayed by the captives, with the deep-hidden devotion to principles expressed by them in widely-varying shibboleths, are exactly what we should expect to see forced to the surface by circumstances so calculated to melt the ice of conventionalities. What gives us a little surprise and a good deal of pleasure is that Dr.

* *A Desert Drama*. By A. Conan Doyle. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

Doyle should have proved himself capable of so delicate a study of nineteenth century consciences manifested in face of death. He is clearly not the Catholic which he has sometimes been asserted to be, although he comprehends that ours is "a creed which forms an excellent prop in hours of danger." But he is fully in sympathy with the spirit prompting the cynical Frenchman who has quarrelled with every phase of Christianity all the way up the Nile, to drop on his knees with an ostentatious sign of the cross and invite certain death rather than save his life by denying the creed he has so steadily insisted was no better than that of the raiding emirs. The story of the rescue is not too remarkable, and while description and action are as good as in any of the writer's previous tales, we consider this one informed by the soul the others have lacked.

The great question of "What Education Means" will not down. Like every vital question which receives at the hands of experts only a partial solution, it returns again and again until the fullest answer be given to its demands. Nicholas Murray Butler has compiled in one volume* his best thought on the educational problem. The book is of great value, more because of what its author represents than for what it says. The Columbia College set is powerful in educational matters, and Mr. Butler is the mouth-piece of a movement which is far-reaching in its practical influence on the educational work in this country. So important do we deem this volume that we shall return to it again in a more extended notice. For the time being we shall content ourselves by quoting a significant passage indicating Dr. Murray's position on the perplexing question of religion in education:

"Finally, there is the religious inheritance of the child. No student of history can doubt its existence and no observer of human nature will undervalue its significance. We are still far from comprehending fully the preponderant influence of religion in shaping our contemporary civilization; an influence that is due in part to the universality of religion itself, and in part to the fact that it was, beyond dispute, the chief human interest at the time when the foundations of our present superstructure were being laid. It has played a controlling part in education till very recently, although it has too often played that part in a narrow, illiberal, and uninformed spirit. The progress of

* *The Meaning of Education, and other Essays and Addresses.* By Nicholas Murray Butler, Professor of Philosophy and Education in Columbia University. New York: The Macmillan Company.

events during the nineteenth century, however, has resulted in greatly altering the relation of the religious influence in education,—at first to education's incalculable gain, and, more recently, to education's distinct loss. The growing tendency toward what is known as the separation of church and state, but what is more accurately described as the independence of man's political and religious relationships, and, concurrently, the development of a public educational conscience which has led the state to take upon itself a large share of the responsibility for education, have brought about the practical exclusion of the religious element from public education. This is notably true in France and in the United States. In the state school system of France all trace of religious instruction has been lacking since 1882; and it is hard to dignify with the names influence or instruction the wretchedly formal religious exercises that are gone through with in American public schools.

"The result of this condition of affairs is that religious teaching is rapidly passing out of education entirely; and the familiarity with the English Bible as the greatest classic of our tongue, that every cultivated man owes it to himself to possess, is becoming a thing of the past. Two solutions of the difficulty are proposed. One is that the state shall tolerate all existing forms of religious teaching in its own schools, time being set apart for the purpose. The other is that the state shall aid, by money grants, schools maintained by religious or other corporations. Neither suggestion is likely to be received favorably by the American people at present, because of the bitterness of the war between the denominational theologies. Yet the religious element may not be permitted to pass wholly out of education unless we are to cripple it and render it hopelessly incomplete. It must devolve upon the family and the church, then, to give this instruction to the child and to preserve the religious insight from loss. Both family and church must become much more efficient, educationally speaking, than they are now, if they are to bear this burden successfully. This opens a series of questions that may not be entered upon here. It is enough to point out that the religious element of human culture is essential; and that, by some effective agency, it must be presented to every child whose education aims at completeness or proportion."

Ave Maria.* By Charles Hanson Towne.—One questions why so exceedingly minute a collection of verses as this should

* Cincinnati: Editor Publishing Co.

have been given to the public. It consists of twelve short poems in honor of Our Lady, seven of which are quatrains, one of three stanzas and another of four. All, however, are sufficiently graceful, as Mr. Towne's verse usually is.

*Storm-bound.** By Eleanor C. Donnelly.—Miss Donnelly's new collection of short stories and poems will be just the thing for storm-bound folk at sea-side or in country this summer. Though rather uneven in merit, not one is uninteresting. "J'anna," the story of the absurd would-be mystic of a Western farm-house kitchen, who turned out "happy as a clam at high water" under an exceedingly funny application of St. Francis de Sales' "Practical Piety," is undoubtedly the cleverest. "Angela's Theatre Party" would be a strong piece of work were it a shade less sensational, but it is difficult to believe that a very clear Carmelite vocation was frustrated by the tragic death of a girl of Catholic training who could carry on a desperate flirtation with a man of exceptionally bad repute, "half-joyously, half-remorsefully," during the year while she was striving "to win her mother's consent to enter the Boston Carmel."

Several other volumes of wholesome but in nowise remarkable fiction have come to our desk. Dr. William Seton offers a volume of "short" stories, all rather long. They are, however, as might be expected from a man so accustomed to distinctions and classifications as Dr. Seton, really *stories* and not fine-spun psychological dissertations wound on a slender reel of incident. Each possesses a clearly defined plot on which it is well built up. Possibly the structure is a little too evident. *Fairy Gold*, by Christian Reid, is, of course, a far more finished and artistic production than is the preceding volume. Indeed, there is always a perfection of execution about Christian Reid's work which may easily pall on one. We can understand, however, that many readers may find Dr. Seton's book more interesting than *Fairy Gold*. Our criticism has to do purely with *technique*. Miss Reid's technique is excellent. Her characters unfold with the narrative, not by dint of descriptive paragraphs, her conversation is easy and flowing, her social tone always irreproachable. But her plots are not of the freshest, and she seems a trifle weary of her work.

* Philadelphia: H. L. Kilner & Co.

I.—THE GOSPELS OF SAINT MATTHEW AND SAINT LUKE.*

We welcome these two works as valuable contributions to the at present somewhat scanty literature in elucidation of the Holy Scriptures, accessible to those among Catholics whose knowledge of languages is limited to that of their own tongue. While Protestants are more and more having recourse to the Biblical works written by Catholics, and are even translating from the Latin such works as the voluminous Commentary on the Gospels of Cornelius à Lapide, the Exposition of St. Paul's Epistles of Bernardine à Piconio, and Maldonatus's Commentary on the Gospels, on account of the exigencies of modern controversy, the want of leisure of the hard-worked clergy, perhaps we must add, too slight a realization of the importance of bringing them to the knowledge of Catholics, "those most abundant sources," to use the words of Pius VI., should "be left open to every one to draw from them purity of morals and doctrine."

These volumes, differing though they do in scope, are steps towards realizing the pope's, and therefore the church's, desire. Moreover, Monsignor Ward's work is but the first of a series of St. Edmund's College Scripture Manuals. We learn from the preface that the Catholic Truth Society, which has done so much for the spread of Catholic literature, has also projected a series of simple but adequate Commentaries on Scripture. In addition to these, Father Sydney Smith, S.J., is the editor of a series of Catholic Manuals for Schools, of which three volumes have already been published. We have, therefore, reason to anticipate that what was wanting to fill out the sphere of English Catholic literature is on the way to being supplied.

The author of the first volume cited at the head of this notice is the well-known professor of Oriental languages in Woodstock College, whose *Life of Jesus* has in a short time passed into its third edition, and whose *Christ in Type and Prophecy* proved the profound and extensive learning of the author. In this notice it is impossible for us to do full justice to a work of such importance. It is addressed to scholars, or to those who would become scholars. While its author gives due attention to the most recent views of criticism, so far as this is possible, seeing that those views are ever changing, he does not of course, as no Catholic could, neglect the past, nor

* *The Gospel according to St. Matthew ; with an Explanatory and Critical Commentary.*
By Rev. A. J. Maas, S.J. St. Louis: Herder.

The Holy Gospel according to St. Luke. With Introduction and Notes by the Right Rev. Monsignor Ward. London: Catholic Truth Society.

believe, as no wise man can, that wisdom was born with the present generation. That neither Father Maas nor any one else can reasonably be expected to deal with the very latest developments of current "criticism" is shown by the following announcement of a Dictionary of the Bible to appear within about a year's time, the object of which is to give the results of a thorough-going critical study of the Bible. This announcement says: "By delaying the stereotyping to the very last, it has been possible to work the results of new discoveries or fresh discussions, as they appear from month to month, into the whole mass of articles."

While not attempting the impossible, Father Maas has, however, given as much attention as they deserve to recent writers, and has made use of the works of Lightfoot, Westcott, and other Protestant writers, German as well as English, nor has he neglected the criticisms of such writers as the author of *Supernatural Religion*, Harnack, Weisacker, and others. The distinguishing feature and chief excellence of the work, however, consists in the exhaustive record which the Commentary gives of the various interpretations of each verse of the Gospel made by the Fathers and the more ancient as well as more recent writers, chiefly Catholic; but, as we have said, also Protestant. Moreover, a complete and minute analysis of the text interwoven into the Commentary enables the reader, by means of letters and numbers, to see the relation of every verse to the whole Gospel and to its main subdivisions. We are not acquainted with any work which in these two respects is so satisfactory. Too often, perhaps, Father Maas is content with recording the views of his predecessors, and suppresses his own. We regret this the more because we have generally found his own judgment of great service to a right understanding of the text.

Monsignor Ward's work is also designed for students, but for students of a different grade. St. Edmund's College is a lay college, and is affiliated to the University of Cambridge. This affiliation renders it necessary for the upper students to be presented for examination to the university authorities, whose standard is a high one for the knowledge which those authorities value—the knowledge of what the scholastics call the letter (*littera*). It was incumbent on Father Maas, writing for advanced students, to place before them, as capable of judging for themselves, all that had been written about each verse. For Monsignor Ward to have done the same would have been

fatal to the object which he had in view. He has, therefore, given the explanation which commended itself to his mind as the more probable. This he has done with admirable clearness and sufficient fulness. No work could be better suited for use in our colleges and schools. Prefixed is an Introduction containing, among other things, an account of the text of the Gospel, of which the section devoted to the Douai version is of very great interest and value. A map of the Holy Land in the time of our Saviour, and plans of the City of Jerusalem and of the Temple, render the work complete for the youthful student.

2.—ST. ALOYSIUS GONZAGA.*

The fact that this life has gone to the ninth edition shows that it has been found to supply a want not supplied by the other lives, numerous though they are. Those other lives were written by grave and sober divines, this by a band of youthful students. Whether a special interest would be found in a work of this kind might, antecedently to the experiment, have been doubted. Any doubt of this kind has been removed by the result.

3.—FATHER BERTHIER'S COMPENDIUM.†

Father Berthier has endeavored in the preparation of his Theology to condense in one volume the knowledge that is needed in the ordinary work of a priest on the mission. While he disclaims any attempt to cut short the work of fuller preparation for a missionary life, or to lower the standards set for more extensive clerical studies, he judges that a compendious manual, embracing the knowledge commonly necessary in all practical affairs, is desirable for the missionary, whose vocation places him among a simple class of people. To say the least, there is a certain practical sense in this, and the large number of copies that have already been sold plainly show that he has not been mistaken. Within the seven hundred pages of this Compendium may be found a concise statement of the latest

* *Life of St. Aloysius Gonzaga, of the Society of Jesus.* Edited by Rev. J. F. X. O'Conor, S.J. Written by the students of Rhetoric, Class of '92, of St. Francis Xavier's College, New York City. Ninth edition. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *Compendium Theologiæ Dogmaticæ et Moralis una cum Præcipuis Notionibus Theologiæ Canoniciæ, Liturgiæ Pastoralis et Mysticiæ, ac Philosophiæ Christianæ.* Auctore P. J. Berthier, M.S. Quarta editio aucta et emendata. New York: Benziger Brothers.

theological lore not merely on questions strictly moral or dogmatic, but there is also a discussion, more or less scant and concise to be sure, of liturgical and ascetical points. And yet the treatment partakes in no sense of the simplicity of a catechism, but rises to the dignity of a valuable theological treatise.

In a cursory glance through we notice that all the information is up to date. The latest documents are noted, and the newest decisions are incorporated in the text.

4.—THE CATECHIST.*

It is indicative of the deeper and more extensive training on religious questions that is imparted nowadays to the coming generation, in the schools and out of the schools, to see in the ordinary manuals a thorough discussion of more abstruse points of the science of religion as well as the strictly scientific methods by which this discussion is carried on. The time was when all that was considered necessary was simply a knowledge of the penny catechism. With such a knowledge one was presumably equipped both for attack and defence in religious matters. But with the development of the science of pedagogy has come the application of the best scientific methods to the study of the catechism, and a consequent demand on the part of the student for a better acquaintance with the whole subject-matter of religion. Sunday-schools as well as parochial schools are becoming "graded," and a complete course covers some years at least of close and painstaking study, and the published examination papers would do credit as well to a class of theology on the eve of ordination as to a number of children taken from various ranks in life, with no higher aspiration to anything but a Christian life in the world.

Both books mentioned below are exceedingly valuable in this regard. The *Exposition of Christian Doctrine* is the first volume of a course prepared for the Christian Brothers in France by one who modestly hides himself under the general specification of "A Seminary Professor." The other two

* *Exposition of Christian Doctrine*. By a Seminary Professor. Intermediate Course. Part I., Dogma. (Course of Religious Instruction. Institute of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.) Philadelphia: John Joseph McVey.

Manual of Bible Truths and Histories, adapted to the Questions of the Baltimore Catechism; together with a Life of Christ from the Four Gospels. Compiled and arranged by Rev. James J. Baxter, D.D. New York: P. J. Kenedy, Barclay Street.

volumes presumably to come will treat of "Duties to perform, or Morals," and "Means to employ for Salvation, or Worship." The present work is put in the form of question and answer. It follows in general the articles of the Creed, and embraces a complete and systematic course of dogmatic theology, explaining the points of Christian doctrine with accuracy and clearness. A special merit of the treatment is the profuse and cogent use of scriptural passages. One of the strongest indictments made against the unpopular Baltimore Catechism is its utter lack of Scripture. The language of Scripture is consecrated and almost sacramental in its efficacy, and when learned thoroughly by students becomes a well-fitting garb for religious thought and a forceful means of stating doctrinal teaching. Our "Seminary Professor" has shown in his large use of scriptural passages a keen sense of the fitness of things. Moreover, it is very evident by the grasp of the subject he displays and the way he summarizes each chapter at the end that he is not unfamiliar with the best methods of pedagogy.

In the second book under review Dr. Baxter endeavors to supplement the lamentable lack of Scripture in the Baltimore Catechism by systematically applying the sacred text to the elucidation of the various answers. What a wealth of illustration for the teacher is found in Scripture! How often it is possible to explain a point or to enforce a principle by the concrete story taken from the inspired narrative! The combination of the apt Scripture texts with the answers in the order given in the catechism, will prove a very valuable assistance to the teacher in the parochial school, or to the devoted layman who volunteers to assist the priest in the management of his Sunday-school.

The added Life of Christ, taken from the synoptic gospels and thrown into the form of a running narrative without verse or chapter, is also a very valuable adjunct to catechetical teaching.

5.—MARIOLATRY.*

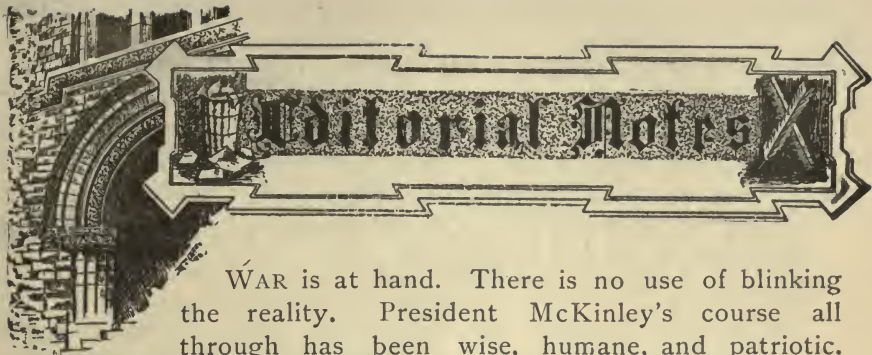
The Rev. W. M. Frysinger, D.D., of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Carlisle, Pa., did not anticipate he would call forth such a valiant knight-errant as Father Ganss when he dared to asperse the honor of Mary the Mother of Jesus, and, we ven-

* *Mariolatry: New Phases of an old Fallacy.* By Rev. Henry G. Ganss. Notre Dame, Ind.: The Ave Maria.

ture to say, if he has the fair-mindedness of an intellectual man, he now thinks much better of the veneration which is paid to the Queen of Heaven by the largest body of professing Christians in the world.

His stale and threadbare calumnies remind one of the enlightened (?) minister who went into one of the churches of Rome and saw an altar dedicated *Ad Mariam Deiparam* (To Mary the God-bearer). When he came home he told his confiding people that he was now sure that the Romanists made Mary equal to God, for *he* knew Latin because he had studied it, and "*Deiparam*" meant "equal to God"; for was it not derived from *Deus*, God, and *para*, equal to, like the English word "parallel."

Father Ganss in his masterly way deliberately sets out to show his friend Frysinger up, and before he finishes, whatever reputation the attacking minister had for ability or honesty is so completely riddled that one wonders whether he has the assurance to face his people again. Father Ganss does it, too, with Protestant weapons. After felling the giant with one of the little stones from the brook, in the sight of the two opposing armies, he marches up and severs the giant's head from his body with his own sword. Incidentally the book contains, in very neat form, a remarkable array of non-Catholic testimonies in favor of the devotion to the Blessed Virgin.



WAR is at hand. There is no use of blinking the reality. President McKinley's course all through has been wise, humane, and patriotic. When the dogs of war are loosed from the leash who shall recall them? Undoubtedly the war spirit finds some of its bitterness among the hot heads in the fact that Spain is a Catholic country. The cooler heads of the country, they who really feel a sense of responsibility, are guided by the spirit which says, Exhaust every resource of diplomacy before the match is applied to the death-dealing guns.

However, there is some joy in the thought that modern wars are of short duration, and the sentiment that burns so strongly in the American heart that Cuba must be free will so impress itself on the European nations and the Holy Father that they will compel Spain to yield to the demands of humanity.

Russia is making giant strides towards the complete subjugation of Northern China. Manchuria is said to be a province of wonderful fertility. A view from the tops of its wooded mountains is over vast fields of wavy grass or rich forests. Its great water-ways afford access to the very heart of all this wealth. The process of Russianizing is fast going on. It is said that in 1903 the transcontinental railroad will be finished from sea to sea. But the prospect for evangelization is not so bright. When pagans were the masters Christianity was suffered to work its way, and it did with considerable success, as the Life of Monseigneur Verrolles shows. Now that the Cossack rules, Western Christianity meets with but scant courtesy.

The submission of Brunetière, the learned editor of *Revue des Deux Mondes*, to the Church of Leo XIII. is indicative of the strength of the revival of the spirit of faith among the French people. It is also the first flowering of wisdom of the policy of the Holy Father. The cold blight of agnosticism cannot re-

main long on a nation. What is true of every people is particularly true of the warm-hearted, enthusiastic French. Only the other day French scientific men got together and deplored the fruitlessness of their endeavors, because "they would not have God in their knowledge." They said, Let us start with God, and we shall have some broad platform to rest on, and on this we can build our hypotheses.

Brunetière, recently commending the work of Father Zahm in demonstrating the harmony of the theory of evolution and the teachings of the church, says categorically, in a recent article on "Evolution and Literary History," that "The doctrine of evolution contains nothing that cannot be reconciled with the teachings of the church." And again, "the deepest, simplest faith may coexist in one mind with the widest modernity of science." These frank and forceful statements coming from the leading thinker and most potent writer of France to-day will go far towards helping on the religious movement to greater fruitage.

Count de Mun's entrance into the French Academy is another very strong evidence of the triumph of the Leonine policy. De Mun is a man of extraordinary power. Identified with the *ancien régime*, he cut away from the past and followed the guiding star of Leo. He rose rapidly in popular favor by his remarkable power of eloquence, until to-day he is perhaps the very pillar of strength of the new policy in France. His admission to the Academy sets the seal on his work.

LIVING CATHOLIC MEN OF SCIENCE.

THAT it is not easy to obtain authentic information concerning scientific men, strictly so-called, is not to be wondered at. They who have achieved real merit are the more loath to speak of themselves and the more anxious to let their work



REV. THOMAS E. SHIELDS.

speak for itself. Rev. Thomas E. Shields, Ph.D., of St. Paul's Theological Seminary, has the true scientific temper in the insurmountable reticence he preserves concerning his own personality.

He was born in Mendota at least thirty-six years ago; we have no baptismal certificate to prove accuracy in regard to

years, but this is certain in the best judgment of his friends, though he looks much older. His education was acquired entirely on this side of the water; both intellectually and physically he is the product of Minnesota's best resources. With what talent he has already manifested, when he comes to rub up against the savants of Europe in that always-to-be-anticipated trip of every cultured student across the water we may expect greater achievements.

Johns Hopkins places him among her favorite alumni, for his student career there in the scientific department was unusually brilliant. It was during this time that he brought to perfection his now famous Plethysmograph, an instrument for obtaining tracings indicating the changes in the volume of a part of the body, especially as dependent on the circulation of blood in it. The underlying principle of this remarkable instrument had been previously affirmed by a professor in one of the Italian universities, but Father Shields put it in such practical shape that it became available for scientific observation. It consists merely in placing the arm, for example, in a glass vessel, with such compresses above the elbow as to render action delicate and the vessel water-tight, and the procession or retrocession of the blood forcing into a small tube or withdrawing from it the small column of fluid whereby the amount of blood is measured. As the circulation of the blood is dependent largely on the mental phenomena, it may be readily seen that the plethysmograph becomes secondarily an instrument whereby the mental processes or the emotional forces are measured.

Father Shields's favorite study is biology or experimental psychology, and among scientific men he has already won his spurs in his chosen department.

We look with interest to the future of Father Shields's researches. He is accounted among the fraternity to have scientific talents of a more than ordinary kind, and his best work is ahead of him if he continues to fulfil the promise of his student life.

His department of biology is one of the most important branches of scientific knowledge, and, with but very few collaborators, has the field to himself. The best-equipped master in the intellectual world to-day is one who has the broadest, up-to-date scientific knowledge, and who has so assimilated this knowledge that the very language of the scientific circle has become his—this combined with the possession of philosophical and theological truth as presented by the church. With this equipment Father Shields faces his life's work.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

THE Champlain Assembly of Cliff Haven, N. Y., is the popular title of the Catholic Summer-School, which has been engaged in various forms of university extension work for the past six years. Lectures and conferences are now being arranged by the Board of Studies to cover a period of seven weeks, beginning July 10. The Chairman of the Board, Rev. Thomas McMillan, of the Paulist Fathers, New York City, has received definite answers regarding courses of lectures for the opening week from the Rev. Charles Warren Currier, of Baltimore, Md., who will present some thrilling epochs of American History, and the Rev. Thomas P. McLoughlin, S.T.L., of New York City, who will give a series of Round Table Talks illustrating the work of some of the great masters of musical composition. The value of Sociology and an account of Socialism in the United States will form the subject-matter of a course of lectures by the Rev. W. J. Kerby, S.T.L., of the Catholic University, Washington, D. C. The Rev. J. F. X. O'Connor, S.J., of New York City, will portray the spiritual beauty of Christian Art, together with other cognate topics relating to the art and poetry of classic Greece, the great German epic, and the lyric drama.

Dates have been assigned for courses on Literature by the Rev. Hugh T. Henry, of St. Charles' Seminary, Overbrook, Pa.; Free Will and Hypnotism, by the Rev. Thomas S. Gasson, S.J., of Boston College, Mass.; Atmospheric Electricity, with numerous experiments, by Brother Potamian, D.Sc., of Manhattan College, New York City; Progress in the Middle Ages, by John J. Delany, M.A., of New York City; Art Studies, by Miss Anna Caulfield, of Grand Rapids, Mich. Lectures and Round Table Talks are in preparation by Henry Austin Adams, M.A.; John Francis Waters, M.A.; Hon. James M. E. O'Grady; Thomas O'Hagan, Ph.D.; Rev. John Talbot Smith, LL.D.; Rev. Mortimer E. Twomey; Rev. Denis J. McMahon, D.D.; and the Rev. M. F. Fallon, O.M.I., of the University of Ottawa. Special dates will be assigned for meetings devoted to the practical work of Reading Circles and Sunday-schools. Under the direction of the Rev. Thomas L. Kinkead a series of conferences, beginning August 8, will be held relating to the public aspects of Catholic charities. It is intended to give particular attention to all questions relating to the work of charitable institutions under the laws of New York State.

Other lectures will be announced at a later date when the arrangements shall have been completed; also the list of church dignitaries who may be expected to attend the Champlain Assembly during July and August of the present year.

The Alumnae Auxiliary Association was organized during the session of 1897 to assist the progress of the Champlain Summer-School, especially by securing the co-operation of Catholic women interested in the work of self-improvement and by the substantial help of an endowment fund for special studies at Cliff Haven. This undertaking will appeal particularly to graduates of convents, colleges, high-schools, and academies, though the privileges of membership will be extended to all who desire to promote the higher education of women. A special programme has been arranged for the alumnae week at the next session, July 25-29 inclusive. Law lectures for women will be given by Miss K. E. Hogan, assistant lecturer to the Women's Law Class at the University of the City of New York. Mrs. Frances Ralph Hayward, of Cincinnati, will give a critical account of Kalevala, the national song of Finland, and Mrs. D. J. O'Mahoney, of

duces it when he is obliged to do it, but he does not display it with a pleasure before his readers. His moral nature is honest. His nature as an artist is æsthetic. Both of them have this good sense, which does not like such things, which cannot suffer the low and rough things.

Another writer makes the claim that the author's aim has not been touched upon by his critics to any extent, if at all. It is apparently his purpose in the book to contrast the Christian with the Roman, or pagan, civilization. He does it through the medium of a story that involves the every-day life in Rome at Nero's time. *Quo Vadis* is a deadly parallel, wherein unfeeling, unsentimental, brute strength occupies one line, and the gentleness and self-sacrificing requirements of the Golden Rule of Christianity fill the other space. In parts the parallel is drawn in longer lines, to include the relationships in daily life of master and servant, of equals, of ruler and governed, and even of stoicism, or whatever of religious life there was in Rome, and the religion taught by Paul and Peter—the Roman on one side of the dividing line, the Christian on the other. That romance was introduced is mere matter of method. The author is certainly enabled by and through it to place before the reader many of the differences of the Christian teaching of personal love, as contrasted with the Roman, which no other method would have sufficed to have done.

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There is a review in the *Academy* of Zola's *Paris*, in the course of which the critic says:

It will be seen that *Paris* is written with all Zola's ferocious sincerity and earnestness. If he sees everything awry, everything through smoked glasses, and marches through experience with an emphatic fist for ever shoving condemnation in the face of Providence, he possesses one virtue his enemies must ever acknowledge—courage. His courage may be a pose, but there it is flagrantly evident. He dares everything—contumely, poverty—for his convictions; and, if money has flowed plentifully into his coffers in his long campaign against reticence and rose-haze in literature, it cannot be denied that no writer has ever had a greater load of abuse and hostility to bear. Of course he earned it as the acknowledged prince of pornography; but it needed all the same an uncommon courage to court it, and this lesson of courage he preaches more eagerly now than ever.

It would indeed be difficult for the average English mind to fathom the astounding and cynical corruption of the Parisian press. There is no attempt to cloak its venality. Every eulogistic article is paid for according to the position of the newspaper. Reviewing is either a question of *camaraderie* or bribe, with the result that not a single new book is ever criticised. Prompted by friendship or money, it is safe to be a master-piece anyhow. Not so long ago the *Figaro* furnished us with a glaring example of unscrupulousness. The first to condemn, and that in no measured way, Major Esterhazy, when the shares depreciated, it tranquilly and cynically changed its opinion and glided to the opposite side. This striking absence of moral conviction, of average honesty or honor in the Parisian press, Zola exposes mercilessly, along with that of ministers and deputies. It is possibly an exaggeration to offer us the spectacle of one ministry reversed and another chosen for its greater susceptibility to the charms of a certain courtesan, who, desiring to enter the Comedie Française, and having no other qualification than a virginal profile, was naturally inadmissible. The new minister forces the doors of Molière's house, all Paris applauds the courtesan's *début*, the austere critics, bribed with shares or banquets, delicately hymn her praises in the most literary papers.

The United States Catholic Historical Society has been reorganized and is now fully prepared to resume and continue the important work for which it was established. At a general meeting held at De La Salle Institute, Fifty-ninth Street, New York City, at which Archbishop Corrigan presided, the following officers were elected to serve for the ensuing year: Honorary President, Most Rev. M. A. Corrigan, D.D.; President, Charles G. Herbermann, LL.D., Ph.D.; Vice-President, Charles W. Sloane; Corresponding Secretary, Mark F. Valette, LL.D.; Recording Secretary, Patrick Farrelly; Treasurer, Joseph A. Kernan; Librarian, Rev. James H. McGeane; Trustees, Hon. Morgan J. O'Brien, Hon. Joseph F. Daly, Frederic R. Coudert, John McAnerny, R. Duncan Harris, John D. Keily; Councillors, Rev. Patrick McSweeney, D.D., James S. Coleman, John Crane, Rev. James J. Dougherty, Edward J. McGeane, Francis D. Hoyt.

The following new members were elected: Very Rev. Thomas J. Campbell, S.J., President St. John's College, Fordham; Very Rev. Dean O'Flynn, Rev. Henry A. Brann, D.D., Rev. John Edwards; Rev. Joseph J. Synnott, Seton Hall College, N. J.; Rev. M. F. Keliher; Messrs. John E. Cahalan, James Maguire, Stephen Farrelly, Patrick J. Kennedy, Albert Hardy, Charles E. Hardy, Joseph Byrnes, Marcus J. McLaughlin, Joseph H. Fargis, Edward F. McGuire, Alexander J. Herbermann, E. B. Amend, Wilfred Pearce, Edward Berge.

The newly elected President, Dr. Charles G. Herbermann, read a report reviewing the past work of the society and outlining an elaborate programme for the future. A strong staff of contributors to future publications has been organized, and the coming publication of the society will contain important unpublished historical matter and biographical sketches of eminent Catholics who have distinguished themselves in the fields of literature, science, law, medicine, theology, charity, philanthropy, and missionary work, together with portraits, illustrations, and fac-similes. Several valuable paintings were presented to the society at its last meeting.

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The Comparative Literature Society of New York City, which has for an Advisory Board William Dean Howells, Charles Dudley Warner, Horace Howard Furness, Richard Henry Stoddard, and Thomas Wentworth Higginson, was incorporated last summer by a number of persons prominent in literary circles for the avowed purpose of deepening the understanding of what has already been accomplished in literature and stimulating to higher literary production. In the accomplishment of this object the society proposes to conduct conferences, lectures, readings, and classes for study, to publish books, to edit a magazine of comparative literature, and to secure the translation or republication of master-pieces in all languages. In its platform the society declares:

The chief worth of any literary monument derives in every instance from the humanity vibrant in it. This humanity is not local, transient in essence, though necessarily more or less such in the forms that clothe it. A literary monument wins immortality in proportion as it speaks the universal language of the heart and the intellect. National idioms and chronological divisions furnish, therefore, rather apparent than real lines of demarcation in literature.

Comparative literature bases its claim to recognition upon these facts. In practice it selects from a given broad field supreme creations alone. These it views as the outcome of the lives of separate peoples, each seeking to give objective form to its subjective life, or to perpetuate, in the language of art, its most impressive experiences. Every literary monument studied is, therefore, placed in its setting of climate, and other physical conditions, race characteristics,

historical environment, etc., is regarded as the product of general and long-acting forces, not as an unrelated and inexplicable phenomenon. Thus, having eliminated chance from its realm, having assigned to the race and to the individual their respective parts in every production, comparative literature proceeds to group its materials according to essential relations of kinship into the lyric, the epic, the drama. It then examines the individuals in every group, comparing each with all. It holds that every attempt to express truth (in dramatic form) contains a partial revelation of that which is permanent and entire, both as to the truth to be interpreted and as to the art-form its vehicle.

With this critical theory for a basis, the society has arranged a course of lectures on the Dawn of Literature, dealing particularly with Oriental literatures and the Scandinavian poems, with reference to their casual relationship to the classical period. This series of lectures extended from February to April.

The subjects chosen were :

- I. Man and His Wanderings.
- II. Nature and Man, Professor N. S. Shaler.
- III. The Dawn of Literature in China and Japan, Professor F. Wells Williams.
- IV. The Dawn of Literature in India, Professor C. R. Lanman.
- V. The Dawn of Literature in Babylonia and Egypt, Professor C. H. Toy.
- VI. The Dawn of Literature in Greece and Italy, Professor Thomas Davidson.
- VII. The Dawn of Literature in Persia, Professor A. V. W. Jackson.
- VIII. The Dawn of Arabic Literature, Dr. Talcott Williams.
- IX. The Dawn of Scandinavian Literature, Professor Charles Sprague-Smith.
- X. Before the Dawn: Literature among Savage Tribes, Professor D. G. Brinton.

As a supplement to this course a series of evening conferences on the Contemporary Drama were held on alternate days in March and February. This course was as follows :

- I. The Contemporary Drama in France, Professor Adolphe Cohn.
- II. The Contemporary Drama in Spain and Italy, Professor Luis A. Baralt.
- III. The Contemporary Drama in Germany, Professor Kuno Francke.
- IV. The Contemporary Drama in Scandinavia, Professor Charles Sprague-Smith.

The methods upon which these conferences were conducted aim particularly at securing the greatest possible concentration without diminishing the interest and variety of the discussions. The plan for each morning was arranged after consultation between the professor in charge of the conference and the director, and aided the creation of a setting to lend greater distinctness to the main theme, enliven attention, and leave the impression of a well-rounded whole. The preliminary plans for the Babylonian and Egyptian, the Indian and the Arabic mornings may serve as illustrations. Professor Toy spoke for a half-hour upon the dawn of literature in Babylonia. A reader then gave extracts—Professor Toy's translations or selections—illustrating this literature. Professor Toy then for a second half-hour spoke upon the dawn of literature in Egypt, and similar readings followed. Professor Lanman used lantern-slides to show the intimate relation between Indian literature and the pictorial and architectonic representations of old folk-tales. Similarly, Dr. Talcott Williams gave recitations in the original Arabic and introduced musicians from the Armenian quarter.

The society, in its announcement, invites all to seek membership in its classes. Until May 1, 1898, all applicants will be received into membership upon payment of \$10 for annual dues, but after that date an initiation fee will also be required. It announces already a prosperous membership. The officers proper, aside from the Advisory Council, are: Chairman Board of Trustees, Merle St. Croix Wright; Treasurer, Abbie B. Longstreet; Secretary and Director, Charles Sprague-Smith.

M. C. M.

NEW BOOKS.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

A Noble Revenge. By Whyte Avis. *Humility.* By Mary Maher. *Meditations on the Sacred Passion of our Lord.* By Cardinal Wiseman. *The Life of Bl-ssed John of Avila.* By Father Longaro Degli Oddi, S.J. Edited by J. G. Macleod, S.J. *The People's Mission Book.* By Father M. F., Missionary Priest. *Pickle and Pepper.* By Ella Loraine Dorsey. *How to Comfort the Sick.* From the original of Rev. Joseph Aloysius Krebs, C.S.S.R. *Meditations on the Seven Words of our Lord on the Cross.* By Father Charles Perraud. Introduction by his Eminence Cardinal Perraud. *The Month of Our Lady.* From the Italian of Rev. Augustine Ferraud. By Rev. John F. Mullaney, LL.D. *Jewels of Prayer and Meditation from Unfamiliar Sources.* By Percy Fitzgerald. *Ecce Homo: Forty Short Meditations.* By Rev. D. G. Hubert. Second edition. *The Formation of Christendom. Vol. IX. As seen in Church and State.* By T. W. Allies, K.C.S.G. *Genesis and Science.* By John Smyth. *The Priest in the Family.* By Miss Bridges. *Sister Anne Katharine Emmerich, of the Order of St. Augustine.* By Rev. Thomas Wegener, O.S.A. Translated from the German by Rev. Francis X. McGowan, O.S.A. *Compendium Theologicæ Dogmaticæ et Morales.* P. J. Berthier, M.S. *The Romance of a Playwright.* By Vte. Henri de Bornier. Translated by Mary McMahon. *The Little Altar Boy's Manual.*

AMERICAN BOOK CO., New York:

A Brief German Grammar, with Exercises. By Hjalmar Edgren, Ph.D., and Lawrence Fassler, A.M. *Story of Æneas.* Eclectic School Readings. By M. Clarke. *Greek Prose Composition.* By Henry Can Pearson, A.B. *The Cyropædia of Xenophon.* Abridged for schools. By C. W. Gleason.

THE MACMILLAN CO., New York:

The Meaning of Education, and other Essays and Addresses. By Nicholas Murray Butler. *Guesses at the Riddle of Existence, and other Essays.* By Goldwin Smith, D.C.L.

REV. J. A. FANNING, D.D.:

Purgatory.

CADIEUX AND DEROME, Montreal:

Luciferianism, or Satanism in English Freemasonry. By L. Fouquet, O.M.I.

CATHOLIC BOOK EXCHANGE, New York:

Brief Explanation of Some Catholic Ceremonies and Practices. Leaflet.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, London (CATHOLIC BOOK EXCHANGE New York):

The New Utopia. By Mother Francis Raphael, O.S.D. *Protestant Fiction.* (Paper). By James Butler, K.S.G. *I. Nuns. II. Jesuits. Catholics and Nonconformists. III. Catholic Worship.* By the Bishop of Clifton. *IV. Searching the Scriptures whether these Things were so. V. Justification and the New Birth.* *Catholic's Library of Tales, No. 27.*

H. L. KILNER, PHILADELPHIA:

Storm-bound: Christian Carols of Love and Life. The Rhymes of the Friar Stephen. By Eleanor C. Donnelly.

CHRISTIAN PRESS ASSOCIATION, New York:

Manual of the Blessed Sacrament. Translated from the French of Rev. T. B. Boone, S.J., by Mrs. Annie Blount Storrs. *The Rose of Athama, or the Conquest of Granada.* By Rev. Charles Warren Currier.

B. HERDER, St. Louis:

New Rubaiyat. By Condé Benoist Pallen. *The Dutiful Child.* From the German of Rev. F. X. Wetzel.

DONOHUE & HENNEBERRY, Chicago:

A Trinity of Friendships. By Gilbert Guest.

ARTHUR SAVAËTE, Rue des Saint-Pères, Paris:

Origines et Progrès de l'Éducation en Amérique. Étude Historique et Critique. Par Charles Barneaud.





F. B. Mayer.

THE PLANTING OF THE FIRST COLONY OF MARYLAND, March 25, 1634.
See Page 312.

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CATHOLIC COLLEGIATE EDUCATION IN THE
UNITED STATES.

BY AUSTIN O'MALLEY, M.D., LL.D.



HERE are in the United States 180,000 students in 634 non-Catholic colleges or universities, including students in their preparatory departments. 422 of these institutions are called universities or colleges, 54 are technical and agricultural colleges, and 161 are colleges for girls exclusively. Of the 422 called universities or general colleges not 100 really deserve the name college or university. The remainder are mere high schools, and many do not reach the grade of a high school.

The Federal government and the State governments spend nearly six million dollars yearly on the agricultural colleges and the State universities; and according to the last available annual report of the United States Commissioner of Education there were appropriated during the scholastic year \$24,052 by certain States for the use of colleges that are professedly sectarian. The money was distributed as follows:

Ohio: \$12,500 to Wilberforce University (African Methodist Episcopal); Tennessee: \$1,050 to Knoxville College (United Presbyterian); New York: \$452 to Alfred University (Seventh-Day Baptist); New Hampshire: \$7,500 to Dartmouth College

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STATE OF NEW YORK. 1897.

(Congregational); Georgia: \$250 to Nanny Lou Warthen College (M. E. South); Georgia: \$300 to Methodist Episcopal College; Florida: \$2,000 to Florida Conference College (Methodist Episcopal).

That Pennsylvania this year gave a single large appropriation to the Episcopalian Lehigh University is, of course, well known. Rutgers College, a Dutch Reformed institution, has been made the Agricultural College of the State of New Jersey, and it therefore receives \$35,000 yearly from the Federal government.

On February 3, 1898, Judge Hagner, of the Equity Court in Washington, D. C., ruled that it is unconstitutional for Congress to appropriate money for sectarian institutions. The court granted an injunction restraining the treasurer of the United States from paying to the directors of Providence Hospital, owned and managed by Sisters of Charity, any money belonging to the United States or the District of Columbia. In the same city, however, there is no objection to paying government money to the Protestant Garfield Hospital, which was built solely to oppose Providence Hospital.

The State universities and the agricultural colleges are professedly non-sectarian, but they are all non-Catholic. There is a handful of Catholic professors in the law or medical schools connected with some of the State universities, but there are very few Catholic professors in the academic departments of these colleges. The presidents of the State institutions are often Protestant clergymen, and the trustees are seldom, if ever, Catholic.

THE POLICY OF EXCLUSION.

Professorships in any college are largely hereditary except in new foundations. Most of the faculty in any college were educated in that college, and picked out for special aptitude while still students. Catholic boys are not selected because the professors know these would not afterward be confirmed if offered as candidates for professorships. I know of two Catholic men, now professors in Catholic colleges, who were advised by Johns Hopkins professors not to study in preparation for academic professorships, because they could not get appointments of that kind in any non-Catholic college in the country.

The inheritance of professorships should be borne in mind when comparing non-Catholic with Catholic faculties. It is often said that the non-Catholic college has the country to draw from, while the Catholic college, managed by a religious

congregation, must take its professors from that congregation. The non-Catholic college has the country to choose from, but in the vast majority of cases it selects professors from its own young men. The older the college the more it tends toward this method.

Although we have a Catholic population of at least 10,000,000 that pays taxes to support non-Catholic institutions, Catholics cannot get professorships because of religious prejudice, and the existence of the prejudice prevents Catholics from even preparing for such work. If the disability were suddenly removed there would, therefore, be no Catholic men to accept offered positions. We could, however, get representative men, bishops and others, appointed as trustees, if these men would show interest in the matter. It is important that this step be taken, because in not a few of the Western and Southern State colleges there is much hostility to the Catholic Church evinced in literary and historical classes where Catholic students are present. The Eastern colleges are commonly more civilized in this respect. For example, in the Ohio State University at Columbus, in the winter of 1888-1889, the question, "Resolved, that the Jesuits should be expelled from America," was announced on the public bulletin board and debated. One of the defenders of the Jesuits said, among other remarks, that it was erroneous to think that Romish priests preached to ignorant Irish in Latin. They spoke in English, and "they actually use texts from the Bible." The University of Texas also was notorious for this sort of thing. There are Catholic students, boys and girls, in all the State universities, and Catholic students will be present in these places in increasing numbers for many years to come. Such students should be protected by a just proportion of Catholic trustees. We should demand here nothing but our constitutional rights, and if we do not get these the failure will be a result of our own cowardice.

CATHOLIC STUDENTS IN NON-CATHOLIC COLLEGES.

I endeavored to get an approximate notion of the number of Catholic students in attendance at non-Catholic collegiate institutions in the United States, and the result of the inquiry is as follows:

University of Pennsylvania,	201	University of Illinois,	15
Chicago University,	8	University of Indiana,	9
Harvard,	300	University of Iowa,	60
Yale,	115	University of Kansas,	24
Leland Stanford University,	30	University of Michigan,	120

Princeton,	12	University of Missouri,	27
Cornell,	85	University of Nebraska,	32
Tulane University,	40	University of Nevada,	26
St. John's Coll. (Annapolis, Md.),	3	University of North Carolina,	3
Brown University,	47	University of Ohio,	27
University of Cincinnati,	19	University of Washington,	6
Williams College,	17	University of West Virginia,	6
Massachusetts Instit. of Tech.,	7	University of Wisconsin,	118
University of Idaho,	2	9 Presbyterian Colleges,	18

There are 19 Catholic cadets at Annapolis, 29 at West Point (8.9 per cent. of the number of students), and 150 Catholic Indians at Carlisle, but only about 80 of these Indians go to Mass. These three Federal institutions are not included in the college statistics.

In these 37 institutions there are 1,452 Catholic students, according to the statistics given above. There is good reason for deeming these numbers exact except in the case of Harvard, where the number, I think, is too large, and of Princeton and Chicago universities, for which the numbers are most probably too small.

Of the 201 Catholic students at Pennsylvania University only 15 are in the academic department; the remainder are distributed as follows: 101 are in the medical department, 48 are studying law, 32 are studying dentistry, and 5 are in the veterinary college. Of the 115 at Yale, 50 are in the academic department and 65 in the professional schools. At Michigan University 40 are in literary courses, 36 at law, 22 at medicine, and 22 in other professional courses. At the University of Nevada 13 are in literary courses and 13 in other courses; at the University of Indiana 8 are in literary courses and 1 is studying law. The two Catholics at the University of Idaho are in literary courses. It was not possible to find the distribution in courses for the other colleges mentioned here.

There are, then, 1,452 Catholic students in less than six per centum of the non-Catholic colleges of the United States. The colleges heard from are those that contain most of the Catholic students that are studying in non-Catholic institutions, but there must be no inconsiderable number scattered throughout the remaining 95 per centum of these institutions in the country.

IN CATHOLIC COLLEGES.

In Hoffmann's Directory for 1897 we find 80 Catholic institutions in the United States which are called colleges. These institutions had 14,352 students, if the preparatory boys are in-

cluded. To 51 of the 80 colleges I sent letters asking for statistics, and answers were received from 35. The average proportion of preparatory boys to regular collegiate students in the thirty-five colleges was two to one. This ratio would give 4,764 regular collegiate students in the 80 colleges to put in comparison with the 1,452 Catholic collegiate students in less than 6 per centum of the non-Catholic colleges in the country.

If we add the number of students in our secular and religious seminaries to the number given for the colleges, we have 20,261 students, collegiate and preparatory—about one-ninth of the number of students in all the non-Catholic colleges in the United States. There is a very small number of Protestants in our colleges—115 in 26 Jesuit colleges and 110 in Notre Dame, for example, and in both cases these are nearly all preparatory boys. There are only 12 non-Catholic boys in the collegiate courses at Notre Dame.

AN IMMENSE EXPENDITURE FOR A MINUTE GAIN.

Suppose we reckon the cost of the education of each of these 20,261 boys at one hundred dollars a year. This is a low estimate: a boy that is a "day scholar" in a college will cost his parents, for tuition and books, nearly one hundred dollars, and the boys in the numerous boarding colleges will expend three to six hundred dollars a year. Say, then, each of these boys costs us \$100 annually, we Catholics are expending \$2,026,100 a year on private collegiate education, or within \$127,000 of the amount of money appropriated last year by all the States in the Union for the State universities. We spend enough money to pay the running expense of a good college in every State in the Republic, and what are we getting for this money? We might have and should have universities like the Pennsylvania, or Harvard, or Yale.

I am not finding fault with the noble men who in poverty and toil have built up the collegiate institutions we have, without any hope of earthly recompense, without salary, often without proper food and clothing. I am merely drawing attention to our misdirected struggles; to the indifference of our people to all unity of endeavor. We complain about the scantiness of our resources while we are throwing millions of dollars into holes in the ground.

Not a few American Catholics think their colleges are private institutions managed for the money there is in them. This class looks upon colleges as boarding-houses. In reality,

however, the board of students is but a comparatively small expense—buildings, professors, laboratories, libraries, a hundred other essentials are the things that demand money for their efficiency. People seldom think of a college as they do of a parish church, but a good college, in view of its effect upon the church at large, is comparable with many parish churches.

We have a handful of institutions beside the Catholic University that are worthy the name of college, and these have at least a classical course up to the standard of the leading non-Catholic colleges. The names of these colleges cannot be given for obvious reasons. The colleges really worthy of the name have 973 collegiate students, and 1,693 preparatory students. With preparatory boys we have nothing to do here, as they are not college students. There are 1,452 Catholic collegiate students in less than six per centum of the non-Catholic colleges in the country—479 more than there are in those of our own colleges that are really colleges. There are at least ten American universities any one of which has more collegiate students than these 973, and we Catholics number 10,000,000.

It is true that the majority of these 1,452 students are in professional schools, but there is a large number in the literary departments, and the Catholic who thinks the faith of our boys safe in professional schools knows nothing of the real life in such institutions.

HOW TO GO TO COLLEGE ON \$200 A YEAR.

Catholic boys go to the State or sectarian institutions to study law, medicine, engineering of one kind or another, biology in its various phases, chemistry, history, they take literary courses ending with philosophy, or they busy themselves with other divisions of learning. The causes of their choice of a Protestant institution are many: proximity of the numerous large Protestant colleges to centres of population is one cause. Many boys can live at home while studying. The cost of living, moreover, can be made less at these institutions than it is at the Catholic residence colleges. Even at Harvard a boy *can* live for \$372 a year, paying all expenses except clothing, and have the advantage of a private room. At great State universities, like the Michigan University, there are many students that pay nothing for tuition because they are citizens of the State; they get a comfortable room for 75 cents a week, they cook their own food on oil-stoves, they wear "sweaters" to avoid laundry-bills, and they are treated as well as the

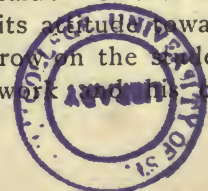
wealthiest students. With the help of clubs a boy at Ann Arbor that would spend \$200 a year would be thought extravagant.

Another cause of the defection is the dislike boys have for discipline. Human nature in any country is not fond of discipline, and the youth in this "free country" is vehemently opposed to it. That is another platitude, but a bitter one. We Americans so often tell ourselves that we have a deeper respect for law than is possessed by any nation in existence that we actually take the joke seriously. We really have no respect for parent, priest, or governor, unless these persons are morally stronger than we are. When we find a strong man we make orations about the nobility of obedience and we march in line. Love for obedience as such, for its sacredness through the touch of God's will on it, is almost unknown among us. Not boys alone, but men—and not a few of the latter are priests—think the discipline in our Catholic colleges too strict.

WHAT IS THE USE OF A CATHOLIC COLLEGE?

What is the very reason for existence of a Catholic college? If it is only to sharpen a boy's wits, then in the name of common sense why do we not turn the matter over to the State universities and keep our two million dollars of yearly expenditure in our pockets? The Catholic college is intended for the teaching of history that can talk for at least a page without lying, of literature that has the foulness cut out of it; we want "narrow-minded," expurgated literature, because we prefer to teach a boy the beauty in literature—he can learn the lechery thereof from the devil without the help of a professor. The Catholic college is also intended to teach the elements of metaphysics and ethics, to replace histories of erroneous systems of philosophy and sneers at scholasticism made by men who, through ignorance of technical terminology, could not understand Catholic philosophy if they honestly tried to study it. It also teaches Christian doctrine; but almost half its work should be devoted to that moral education that is effected by discipline. The end of education is not so much learning as living, and intellectual education alone does not conduce to good living.

President Jordan, of the Leland Stanford University, in the *North American Review* for October, 1897, said: "The American University is changing year by year in its attitude towards matters of discipline. The tendency is to throw on the student, more and more, the responsibility for his work and his con-



duct." Just so; and in December, 1897, President Jordan expelled 41 students for "inferiority in college work, immorality, and vulgarity."

After a foot-ball victory last autumn a correspondent of the public press wrote of Yale: "The intoxicated young men, to the number of nearly a thousand, thronged the lower streets of New Haven, while lewd women carried off scores of them to their resorts." This sort of thing never happens in a Catholic college, yet small boys and big fools tell us to "treat our Catholic boys like men." Perhaps it is wiser to treat them like the rash youngsters they are, who do not know everything and who have souls to save. Mr. Henri Labouchere calls a disciplineless system the "jail-bird system," because it makes work for the police magistrates. That sort of university government was tried and found wanting away back in the middle ages. It is, of course, much easier for the faculty to draw its salary and keep its eyes shut than to instil a respect for authority into a crowd of semi-barbarous lads, and all boys are more or less barbarous. Unfortunately, the Catholic college system of discipline in America is injured in repute by the narrow minds of some "prefects" who mistake a mission from God for a detective's job, but the system itself is sound.

DEFECTIVE ATHLETICS.

Another cause for the attendance of our boys at non-Catholic colleges is that we do not pay proper attention to athletics. It is surprising how many American parents there are that are willing to let a boy go to whatever college he may like, provided he consents to go at all. The boy, no matter how intelligent he is, sees more worth in the great baseball pitcher or the illustrious full-back than in all the wisdom of all the professors under the sun, and the boy wishes to enter the college that has the strongest foot-ball team. Foot-ball has overshadowed base-ball, and the game of foot-ball will last in spite of opposition because the element of fighting in it is in accord with a boy's nature. What are we to do as regards this game? There were 11 boys killed last year in the United States while playing foot-ball, and the newspapers kept up a constant attack upon the college faculties for permitting the sport to go on. There were, however, during that same year 24 times as many deaths from bicycle-riding (264), 30 times as many deaths from horseback riding (333), 59 times as many deaths from hunting (654), 89 times as many deaths from boat-

ing (986), and 122 times as many deaths from swimming (1,350), but no one had a word to say against the other sports.

I do not wish to defend a game in which players are killed, but if mass-plays were done away with and untrained boys were kept out of the game, there would be no deaths from foot-ball. Even as it is the good players in the university teams are very seldom hurt. The advantages of the training for the game are not inconsiderable when mass-plays are eliminated. To one ignorant of the game foot-ball appears much rougher than it is. It is not a young lady's game, and it has driven the milksop out of American college life. There is no sport without danger, and we cannot make our boys sit around tables and sew like convent girls. The American college that tries to live without games like foot-ball is working against serious difficulties.

Very few of our Catholic colleges have gymnasias, because they cannot get money to put up such buildings. There is an erroneous opinion among college authorities that gymnasias cost more than they really do. I have before me plans for a gymnasium, 135 feet by 100 feet on the ground, with brick walls 25 feet high. The walls are a foot thick except under the nine Howe trusses that carry the roof, where are pilasters 16 inches in thickness. This building will have a track-hall 100 feet square, lighted by a lantern, and a room 100 feet by 35 feet containing a swimming-pool, faced with enamelled brick and lined with concrete, 50 by 25 feet in size, 20 small dressing-rooms, a shower-bath room, rubbing-room, and office. Over this bathing-room is another room of the same size, to be used for gymnastic apparatus and as a gallery for spectators that wish to look down at games in the track-hall. This building will serve the needs of any college for a generation to come, and its actual cost to the contractor would be \$8,500. It could be put up for less than \$10,000. There would be need of a shed for lockers beside the building, and this shed could be used as a bowling alley.

Let some wealthy Catholic that may be thinking of founding a chair of vital statistics or something like that spend his fifty thousand dollars on five of these gymnasias.

There is a class of Catholics, increasing year by year as wealth increases, that sends its sons to non-Catholic colleges for the social distinction they fancy this risk brings to the boys; but a bachelor's diploma, even from Harvard or Yale, does not dazzle any one whose good opinion is worth having.

WHERE THE DANGER IS.

Another class sends boys to non-Catholic institutions because it is convinced that the courses are better there than in our Catholic colleges. Are the courses really better when compared with those of the best Catholic colleges?

The non-Catholic colleges of the United States are cursed with the madness of experimentation in education. Every month some remarkable woman from the public schools discovers the "child-soul," and formulates a theory of education that was tried and found wanting in the days of Abraham. Some of our colleges are not much wiser than this good lady. Knowledge and science advance, but there is little progress possible in methods of imparting knowledge. The world of knowledge must be created anew in the old manner for every boy of today as it was created for his predecessors. The boy of this age is the same glad, blank-brained little savage, God bless him! as was the boy in the day of Moses, and we must walk in ancient paths in training his tender mind so that it can fight for the modern wisdom afterward. With the deepest reverence for the professors of pedagogy, it remains my conviction that teachers, like poets, are born and not made, and therein lies really all pedagogy. For ordinary boys and ordinary teachers, and ninety per centum of boys and teachers are ordinary, we had better cling to Latin and Greek. All our late study does is to pile up facts; it does not better minds more than did the old methods, it does not render minds nearly so keen. Bearing this truth in remembrance, we need not bewail the poverty that prevents the Catholic college from having twenty undergraduate courses to offer to the choice of the American boy—at least as things are just now. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. Bring up the boy God has entrusted to us on wholesome bread and meat, and let those who come after us, if they like, give their boys intellectual indigestion with a surfeit of university work before that boy shall be old enough for the university.

The spirit of Didymus haunts all scientific work—medical, biological, and the rest—and this spirit urges a student to withhold faith from what he cannot see with his physical eyes or prod with his fingers. To the medical man death, a force that makes for spirituality in ordinary cases, is a mere phase in a disease. The body absorbs all interest till the soul is forgotten in the dimness of hearsay. We sadly need Catholic schools of all sorts so that the blood of Christ may touch and sanctify the hard, brutal fact.

There are dangerous doctrines concerning human life and other subjects that may be taught in medical schools, and these should be inspired by the approved teaching of the church. It is not true, moreover, that boys who have been well instructed at home will go through a scientific school safely as regards religion. I know many cases to the contrary; so does every man that has studied this matter.

NON-CATHOLIC LITERARY COURSES.

As to sending a boy to a non-Catholic college for a literary course, I contend that it is unnecessary, in the first place, to do so because we have a number of Catholic colleges with excellent literary courses. Suppose, however, we had no Catholic colleges, and many educated Catholics think we have not even one, would there be sufficient reason for sending a boy to a non-Catholic institution for a literary course? There would not. The ordinary Catholic boy had better have no literary training at all than that given in most of the non-Catholic colleges in the United States. I grant that there are good priests and devout laymen that have been graduated at Harvard and Yale and similar institutions, but for every one of these there are ten other graduates of whom their neighbors say, "Those men should be Catholic, but they are not."

I am aware that men in a position to judge will not agree with my contention. I have letters from priests of towns in which there are Protestant universities that have Catholic students, and one of these clergymen tells me: "I feel that if a young man or a young woman is well instructed in the faith, Michigan University will not do him or her harm. If they are not, you can guess what their future will be as well as I can."

A priest writes concerning the University of Wisconsin: "I have been here nearly two years, and my experience with the Catholic student is that they are a good body—both young men and young women. They attend church regularly; it is the exception if one or another should be careless in that respect. They attend to their religious duties as well as the remaining part of the parish, and as I have more than 6,000 communions a year in a parish of about 375 families, you will see that the average is quite good. The students, I think, average about the same as the others."

One priest, a graduate of Harvard, is almost enthusiastic in urging Catholic boys to go to that university, and he looks upon a good Catholic student there as a missionary. The church will

never be overcrowded by the efforts of these missionaries, and a priest of Boston who has much to do with Harvard students takes a position directly opposed to that held by the priest who has been a student of the university. He asserts that the Catholic Club of Harvard meets about once a year, that it does no good, and that boys, instead of being missionaries, fall away from the faith.

A Catholic graduate in a literary course at the University of Michigan in a letter to me holds an opinion practically the same as that of the priest from Ann Arbor—that well-instructed Catholics do not lose the faith in that institution. He thinks that there is nothing which would really weaken the faith of Catholics except in the departments of history and philosophy. What more is wanted? He says, also, that after lectures upon the history of the middle ages and the Reformation, "all the Catholics manifested uneasiness" in their conversations with one another.

I shall quote at length from a letter sent me by a graduate of the Ohio State University at Columbus. He writes of that institution: "A Catholic student must expect to hear many things which grate harshly on his religious sensibility. On every public occasion, Washington's Birthday, University Day, and in the literary contests, there is always some one on the programme who either abuses the Catholic Church or bestows lavish praise on her enemies. . . . In the classes in English, essays were often read which were very objectionable to Catholic ears. The professor, however, encouraged the Catholic students to write essays in answer to the abusive effusions. A class of German one day was reading a historical work in which Catholics were presented in a very unfair light. Among other things they were accused of selling indulgences. A student asked the professor what an indulgence is. He said it is like this: If a man wanted to commit a sin—murder, for example—he could go to a priest and, by paying a fixed sum, have the sin forgiven before it was committed. A Catholic student rose up and said, 'That is not so!' The professor was speechless with astonishment for a moment, and then in a changed voice he asked this student to tell the class what an indulgence really is. The student did so. Then the professor made excuses for what the book said about religion, and the next year he used a text-book in which the objectionable parts did not appear.

"All the students assembled once a day in the chapel for religious exercises, and to hear general announcements of interest to the student body. At one of these meetings a professor

asked the students to patronize a lecture for the benefit of a hospital conducted by the Sisters of Charity in the city. One of the older professors interrupted him and asked if the hospital was not a Catholic institution. On receiving an affirmative answer, he began to say that he thought it was not good policy for the students to help the Catholics, etc., but he was promptly hissed down by the crowd of students. The professor that had first spoken then turned to him and said: 'Any man who came along is taken in at this hospital without being asked about his religion; several of our students have been cared for there. Yes, if even you were to go there they would treat you kindly!' This was received with vigorous applause and effectually silenced the old gentleman."

A Catholic graduate of Cornell University writes as follows: "My impressions gathered at Cornell University seem to indicate an effect injurious to the faith of Catholic students. During my stay of four years at Cornell I noticed the gradual dropping away of young men from attendance at Mass and the Sacraments. Of course, at first, being fresh from home, they are not lax in their duties; but as they become more fully acquainted with their fellow-students, that are usually without religious belief, the zeal with which they at first devoted themselves to their Christian duties seems to weaken, and finally to dwindle to utter neglect, and that in a short while. More especially is this the case with students who are members of fraternities. . . . Women students and foreigners who are Catholics are apparently free from contamination as regards their religion; but in the case of American Catholic men students, I should judge that only one-tenth of the number of such students who enter Cornell practise their religion faithfully throughout their life at that institution."

CATHOLICS AT YALE.

That letter needs no comment. A Catholic graduate of Yale writes in enthusiastic praise of the fraternities as a means for preserving order and harmony among students. He says the priests of New Haven find nothing objectionable in the secret as such. The Catholic Club at Yale died out in 1892, and I am told "there is no place for such an organization at so broad an institution as Yale." The gentleman that writes this tells me also that during his four years at Yale he "never noticed the slightest prejudice against Catholic students." On the contrary, class honors and social honors seem to be distributed

evenly. He further says that Professor Adams in his history lectures speaks with high praise of the Catholic Church, that the faculty insist upon the rule that Catholic students attend Mass. He continues: "In our philosophy courses the teaching was violently opposed to the scholastic system. This you may interpret as an opposition to Catholicism. But the professors were sincere, and, for my part, I could never like scholasticism."

What more does a Catholic clerical or lay philosopher want than the last quotation to understand the state of mind induced by Protestant philosophy? The amateur metaphysician even in the church does not approve of scholastic philosophy, because he has not the faintest notion of what the term scholastic philosophy means. After a ten-months course in philosophy and twenty to thirty months at the higher catechism in Latin in a seminary, hundreds of men call themselves philosophers and theologians. So they are, just as a senior classman in a Jesuit college is a "philosopher" the moment he passes the junior class examination. Do I then mean to assert that the great professors of philosophy in Yale, Harvard, Cornell, Michigan, and the other non-Catholic universities are not competent critics of scholastic philosophy? That is exactly what I hold. Not one of them knows anything whatever about scholastic philosophy except at second hand, and then through prejudiced sources.

That good American word "bluff" is very expressive. When a professor with a world-wide reputation for learning claims to know the opinion of the man in the moon, the world admits the claim; but the world is suffering under a plain, vulgar bluff, and it is surprising how much of this bluff there is in high places. One of the most distinguished non-Catholic professors in America once told me impressively, "You know I am thoroughly familiar with all the *Summa* of Thomas Aquinas." I did not know it. He could not translate the technical terms on one page of the *Summa* to save his learned soul.

THE TRUTH ABOUT CATHOLIC COLLEGES.

We have, then, real colleges of our own, and good ones. A small number are in the first class, about twenty others are good. The courses in this twenty are almost a year below the standard in material handled, and often they have weak professors, but there is the compensation of religious influence, discipline, and philosophy to atone for the feebleness of the course. We must confess the other "colleges" down to the end of the list are troubled with the yearning for titles so characteristic of our

Republic. Some of them do not teach even our religion well, because it requires as much learning and talent to teach religion as to teach mathematics. It is one thing to make boys memorize catechism and quite another to teach them their religion.

These colleges by brevet also give degrees, and they are especially fond of conferring the degree Doctor of Philosophy, *honoris causa*. That degree has an impressive air in the catalogue. They might as well give the degree Doctor of Medicine, *honoris causa*. Our respectable colleges are giving this degree at present after courses in single languages, science—anything you please, but they require at least three years' study of this strange "philosophy." The honorary degree in philosophy is a scandal. Grant the degree Doctor of Laws to the man who has built a church and is a good fellow, or to the man that has written a book, even if the book is somewhat paralytic, but save us from the disgrace of the honorary Doctor of Philosophy.

If a Catholic parent sends a boy to a Protestant college without absolute necessity, the boy is left there without the grace of state that he would have in a Catholic college. He breathes in, moreover, an air of scepticism. The better the non-Catholic university is intellectually the less real religion is found in it. Not that religious faith and intellectuality are incompatible, but Protestant faith and intellectuality are. A Presbyterian said to a friend of mine not long ago: "If you want to knock all the Presbyterianism out of a boy send him to Princeton." The Baptist University of Chicago is anything but Baptist. As Father R. F. Clarke wrote of Oxford about twelve years ago, these universities are losing their hold on the supernatural.

THE TRUTH ABOUT NON-CATHOLIC COLLEGES.

There may be no direct attack on Catholicism in the civilized universities, but there is an animus against all sacerdotalism that tinges the historical lectures. If the mediæval popes were not the vicars of Christ, and the non-Catholic professor believes they were not, these popes were stupendous scoundrels; and that belief will taint historical lectures. The normal Catholic boy is at heart, even in America, docile, and he believes a great professor, in spite of the pitiable uneasiness of his Catholic instincts.

I have given a feeble presentation of the state of the question regarding Catholic collegiate education in the United States. We know that there is a large number of Catholic

boys and girls in Protestant colleges, and we also know that we have very few Catholic colleges to supply the intellectual needs of those students that are risking their faith. The regular clergy have so sacrificed themselves in this work of collegiate education that they have, as Father Murphy well said in a recent article in the *American Catholic Quarterly Review*, almost done an injury to our people by leaving the layman under the impression that he has no obligation in the matter of collegiate education. What remedy is to be proposed?

First, let warning be given to parents of the danger into which they are sending their children when these children are permitted to attend non-Catholic colleges.

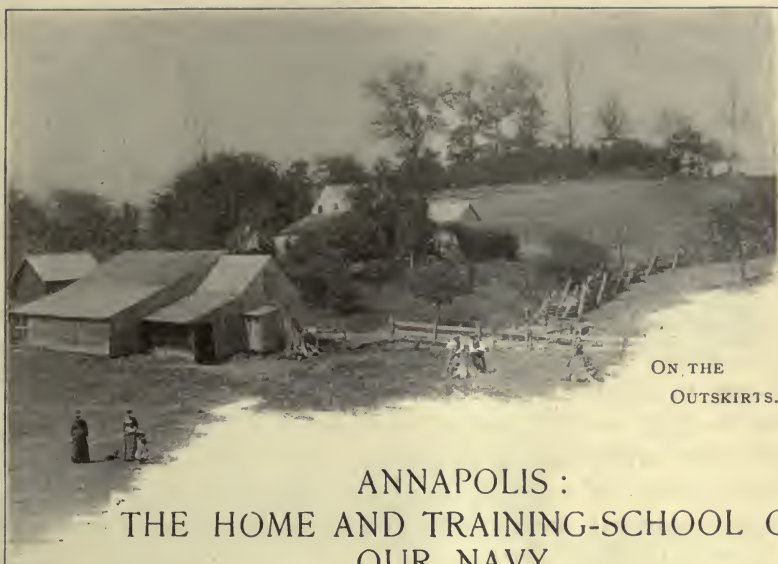
Secondly, let Catholics, clergy and laity, cease looking upon our colleges as private boarding-houses, and then encourage these colleges. One finds wealthy Catholics in almost every town, but when these wealthy Catholics are asked to assist education they found a twenty-five dollar medal for penmanship and then pose as savers of the church. If there is a subscription-list for a course of fashionable lectures on Cimabue, these persons fight for a place among the subscribers, while they may be in doubt whether Cimabue was a painter or a mountain in Mesopotamia.

Thirdly, we should strive to direct toward our real colleges the millions spent by Catholics on what is falsely called collegiate education. We cannot suppress the hedge college, but we can tell parents where to send their boys.

Fourthly, we should make the success of the Catholic University, of Georgetown, Notre Dame, and other institutions a matter of honor. There is too much standing to one side, too much jealous sneering. A university is a very slow growth; do not expect too much at first. There are many chairs already founded in the Catholic University, but it needs money for current expenses. Georgetown, Notre Dame, and other houses have not a cent of endowment.

Fifthly, the men among us whose words have weight should urge good colleges not to ruin themselves by striving to become very poor universities.

Sixthly, we should find means whereby poor boys could live cheaply at our colleges. Poverty is a principal cause of defection. There are forty boys educated at Notre Dame who nominally pay their expense by waiting at table, and no distinction is made between these boys and the others. Let other colleges do at least as much as this.



ANNAPOLIS :
THE HOME AND TRAINING-SCHOOL OF
OUR NAVY.

BY A. A. MCGINLEY.



IN the air were the gentle sounds of spring, chirrup of robin and twitter of nesting birds, and a hint of summer heat in the fulsome sunshine, as one morning in the early part of April the "Short Line" from Baltimore to Annapolis discharged its passengers at the country-like station of the Capital of Maryland. Near by a row of whitewashed huts stood with open doors and windows while their colored occupants lounged about the door-posts, blinking through the glare of the sun at the passers-by, one fat old negress drowsily regarding us through the smoke of a huge pipe.

This was our first impression of the place in which at that moment was tingling the over-strained nerve of excitement, thrilling more keenly, perhaps, than in any place on the two continents, as to the ultimatum of the weighty councils about the impending war. For here the young blood of our hundreds of Naval Cadets beat high at the thought that they were on the eve of witnessing, and probably of taking part in, not merely one of their exciting and interesting sham battles or exhibitions of naval prowess before the eyes of admiring friends, to win the honors of the Academy for passing these successful tests, but genuine battles, involving the mighty issues of the country's welfare, the avenging of a terrible slaughter of their brothers at sea, the freeing of a crushed people, the stamping out

of the only oppression the sun looks down upon within the broad territories of this free land. These battles would be begun and fought out at sea; some of them would behold the realities of the mere forms of naval tactics in which they had been drilled for months and years on the smooth, soft lawns and around the pretty harbor of the Naval Academy.

Yet there was little apparent about the place to betray their feelings of interest and excitement, though ominous messages of war were being sent on in every edition and "extra" of the newspapers, working upon the feelings of the people and stimulating anxiety to a point almost beyond endurance. As was befitting in those trained to be ready at any moment to play for the stakes of a nation's fortune, there was no blatant exhibition of patriotism, but an almost Sabbath dignity of quiet and calm, as though in the breasts of even these youthful patriots was a realization of the solemn and awful thing it is to slay fellow-beings even in the righteous warfare against oppression. It was the Saturday half-holiday too, and the manly "middys" strolled up and down the walks of the Academy grounds with anxious visiting friends, or strayed through the quiet streets of Annapolis holding converse with their companions on a gentler theme than that of bloody war. Yet one might fancy that the consciousness of the latter, even in these relaxed moments of light-heartedness, lent firmness to their well-timed tread and braced their shoulders back in manly fashion as they walked. Out beyond, the Severn wound its soft curves about the Naval citadel, and the blue outline of the Cumberland range seemed to shut them in from the noise and excitement of the strife of nations. It was hard to believe that the scare-heads of the newspapers thrust under one's nose every hour or two were anything more than practical jokes of the busybodies in the big cities beyond, such a holiday kind of air, though a quiet one withal, reigned here.

We were on the lookout for some sign of at least a secret preparation for the great events blazoned forth in the newspapers; and when my companion—a resident of the place—noticed an unfamiliar appearance in the water-line of the harbor we walked over in that direction with some eagerness and a bit of awed anxiety to see if it "meant war." An old sailor, busy about the wharf, quietly explained that they had been for some time engaged in building a new sea-wall, and were extending it out from shore, making a driveway about the harbor—that was all.



We were invited to go about the place by our friend, who in a

short time gave us a comfortable feeling of security by his



MILITARY AND ARTILLERY MANOEUVRES.

easy, phlegmatic talk concerning the prospects of war, and got us so interested in the construction and workings of the vessels used by the Academy for the training of the cadets that we quite forgot for the time the serious end of all this business of naval training and practice, it seemed so much like sport. The sight of the boys spinning up and down in

their little yachts and steam-tugs, having a gay outing with their friends, added to this feeling.

The old *Santee*, an ancient man-of-war, stripped of her sails and covered with a close roof over her deck, lies up against the dock and is used only as a school-ship for home-training, though the *Monongahela*, another practice-ship, is fully rigged and goes on high seas for long voyages with her crew of young recruits. She was in dock at this time, and with our naval friend's guidance we explored her from deck to hold, peering into every little nook and corner that shipcraft so cunningly contrives to turn to use as an extra cabin or locker or store-room—not an inch of space wasted from bow to stern. The narrow angles formed in the latter down in the lower deck—dark little corners scarcely big enough to crowd one man into—our guide called the “sailors’ reception rooms,” a facetious name for the place where Jack Tar is stowed away out of further mischief when he gets too merry with his mates. The economy of space, and the contrivance used to furnish everything demanded for “modern convenience,” which are so marvellously exhibited by the New York tenement-house builder, seemed to us surpassed for the first time here.

“Only fourteen inches are allowed between each of these,” explained our guide, showing us the hooks on which are hung the hammocks of the sailors; “and they are strung in and out like that,” he added, interlacing his fingers. “One man’s head reaches to another’s waist as they lie. I tell you a fellow has a hard time getting in if he comes late to bed. And the captain back there has half the ship,” he commented, looking ruefully over his shoulder at the neat row of cabins in the bow—the suite of a city hotel in miniature.

“These ropes have each a different name,” he told us when we had climbed to the upper deck, fingering caressingly, as though they were children, the great coils twined as neatly as spool-cotton about the big reels. “And we could come out here in the darkest night and find the one we would be ordered to.”

We looked incredulously up the tall masts from which it seemed countless strands hung down and intertwined, but he enumerated a sufficient number off-hand to satisfy us that they were as the alphabet to him and that he could find every one with his eyes shut.

Walking about the grounds, we came a little nearer to the realization of the havoc and carnage and horror that lie within

the possibilities of war fought out at sea, as we saw outside the Mess Hall of the Academy the sheets of iron that had been tested in the building of a man-of-war, and noted how the great torpedoes had ripped through the solid metal of a foot thickness as though it were mere blotting-paper. Four great sheets of this tested iron had been placed there on exhibition, each one more shattered and riddled than the other. While we walked around them, curiously comparing the calibre of one with another, two dainty babies with their nurse, from the officers' quarters, played underneath in the long shadows they cast across the grass, and they would pat the great torpedoes lying about at the foot as though they had been put there for them to play with. We fell to making other contrasts at the picture thus made.

The place, indeed, was everywhere suggestive of any thoughts but those of war. Not far away was the fine old poplar on the college campus known as the "Liberty Tree," under which centuries before the early colonists had made their terms of peace with the Susquehannock tribe. Across the peaceful bosom of the fair bay in the distance the *Ark* and the *Dove* had borne their little company, faithful followers of a religion of peace, seeking for a home in a foreign land where undisturbed they could follow the practices of their faith and offer refuge to any



MIDSHIPMAN PRACTICE ON THE MAST-HEADS.

others in search of a like privilege, and fleeing from the bitter persecutions of old world religious antagonisms. And in the Capitol on the hill beyond, in the city, was the very room in which General Washington resigned his commission to the United States army when peace had dawned upon the land and the nation's cause was won.

The history of those times and of those early incidents is hung in pictures on the walls in the old halls of the Capitol. Washington is there, stately and grave, before the Senate, the old canvas scarcely showing the faded outlines of the forms in the picture, and below a copy of the resignation and of its acceptance. Over in the Hall of Delegates is the splendid picture of the "Planting of the First Colony of Maryland," by Mr. Frank B. Mayer, who is also the painter of the "Burning of the *Peggy Stewart*," that famous incident in Maryland history which was a repetition of the Boston Tea Party. "On Friday, the 14th day of October, 1774," so a historian of the time tells us, "the brig *Peggy Stewart*, Captain Jackson, arrived in Annapolis from London, having on board seventeen packages containing 2,320 pounds of that detestable weed, the taxed tea. On hearing of its arrival, the Anne Arundel County Committee, which took cognizance of such matters, immediately convened. The committee consulted together and agreed to call a meeting of the citizens of Annapolis at five o'clock the same afternoon to answer the question, 'What is to be done?'" The question was pondered upon for a day or two and vigorously discussed among the citizens, with the result that indignation was so incited against the unlucky offenders who owned the brig and her cargo as to extract from them the following very humble apology for their flagrant offence :

"We, James Williams, Joseph Williams, and Anthony Stewart, do severally acknowledge that we have committed a most daring insult and act of the most pernicious tendency to the liberties of America: we, the said Williams, in importing the tea, and said Stewart in paying the duty thereon; and thereby deservedly incurred the displeasure of the people now convened, and all others interested in the preservation of the constitutional rights and liberties of North America, do ask pardon for the same; and we solemnly declare for the future that we never will infringe any resolution formed by the people for the salvation of their rights, nor will we do any act that may be injurious to the liberties of the people; and to show our desire of living in amity with the friends of America, we do request

this meeting, or as many as choose to attend, to be present at any place where the people shall appoint, and we will there commit to the flames, or otherwise destroy as the people may choose, the detestable article which has been the cause of this our misconduct.' ”

Thus were apologies made for public offences in the old days, even in the days of the haughty cavaliers, so touchy were the people about the infringement of the laws they were building up for the future constitution of the new country. Not only was it

“commit to the detestable but even that carried be burnt up more than “at this the history “under the Charles Carrollton, Mr. fered to de- vessel with h'a n d s ! ” Tea Party a tame af- this one. assem- bled out any dis- broad day- witness the tion. “Mr. Messrs. Wil-



THE BURNING OF THE *Peggy Stewart*.

former accompanied by several gentlemen to protect him from personal violence, repaired to the brig. Her sails were set, and, with colors flying, she was run aground on the shore between the Gas-House and the north-western wall of the Naval Academy. It was brought up to this point that Mrs. Stewart, the invalid wife of the owner of the vessel, might see the conflagration from the window of her residence on Hanover Street. Mr. Stewart applied the match and, as an offering and atonement to the offended people and an open defiance to the crown, the *Peggy Stewart* and the obnoxious tea-chests were in a few hours

decided 'to the flames ble article," the brig it over must too! And that; for juncture," goes on, advice of roll of Car- Stewart of- stroy the his own The Boston was indeed fair beside The people here with- guises, in light, to conflagra- Stewart and liams, the

reduced to ashes." The painter of this scene has put all the heroic patriotism of the moment into his picture.

Mr. Mayer is a prophet content with fame in his own country. We found him in his quaint old studio in the town below, among his pictures and his books, glad to tell us his day-dreams about "The Ancient City," of which he has grown to be part and parcel, and to show us copies of some of his greater paintings. His conception of the early history of his native place and the way he has conveyed it to his canvas in scenes of early Maryland life at the time of the first settlers there, and further back still in the days of the Indian, made the past for the moment a vivid reality.

Close association with Indians in his early life, he explained to us, led him to know much of their character and made him familiar with their strange tribal lore; and it is this knowledge which has informed some of his representations of their weird, mythical customs. But again and again we returned to that brave picture of the planting of the cross, and commented upon how wonderfully he had made the spirit of those early pioneers shine out upon the canvas.

"There is such a hopefulness and vivacity in it!" I said enthusiastically. "They are all alive and eager for what is to come, and so full of joyousness."

"Ah, did you see that?" he said, turning with sudden pleasure in his fine old face. "That is what I had in mind. I am going to put *Te Deum Laudamus* over it for its name, and get it hung in a better light up there in the Capitol so as to bring out the spirit of it more distinctly."

He pointed out his idea in the grouping of the figures in the copy he had at hand—the imperial Calvert in the centre, hand on hip and brave in attitude and attire; the bearers of the cross—first, the staunch and brawny woodsman, one of the class who later formed the pillars of the nation and the makers of its laws—the hewers of wood and the drawers of water; the ambitious young tradesman who later becomes in the industries of the new world the opulent planter; the cavalier, gay, handsome, and adventurous, mixing later on in the intrigues and plots and counter-plots in the politics and the negotiations between the old world and the new; the dark-browed pirate behind the rest, intent on schemes for gaining gold; the venerable priest, anxious and prayerful about this new adventure on foreign shores (Father White, the famous old historian of Maryland, has been represented here). These were the ones

who first brought civilization into the wilds of this Southern land and gave Maryland its proud title of the "Home of Religious Liberty in the New World."

Annapolis to-day—a little, sleepy old town with irregular streets and ancient houses—might be easily overlooked as a place of no interest outside of its Naval Academy. But a sharp glance here and there soon discovers landmarks and evidences of an earlier life that rouses the historical instinct at once, and starts it on the road of research. The picturesque old houses tell stories of those early days in every angle of their crumbling walls and old-fashioned gables. Such grand old rooms and stately halls as are within them would hardly be suspected in these obscure little streets, in which not a sign of modern progress is visible—there is not so much as a street-car in the whole city. But the people are very happy and gay among the traditions of a past which has left its marks so plainly here as to make them live and dream it over again in their humdrum daily lives.

A century ago, before the Revolution, Annapolis was the centre of social and educational life in this country. It even at one time claimed the title of "Athens of America," as a modern chronicler tells us, and he relates enough of the history of its social life to make us believe it easily deserved the title at a time when the Puritans of New England were still huddling too close together in the narrow prejudices of their creed to give hope



OLD ANNAPOLIS FROM THE CAPITOL.

of their ever winning this name for their capital city. "Annapolis had then been the capital of Maryland over fifty years, the government having been removed from St. Mary's, the place of the original settlement, in 1694, thus supplanting that ancient city in the honors and emoluments of official patronage and, with the government, transferring the commerce of the colony. Here the best law-learning of America was gathered—the Jennings, Chalmers, Rogers, Stones, Pacas, Johnsons, Dulanys. The clergy were commonly men of culture sent from England, generally of excellent education and manners; seldom would one of a different character be tolerated by the high-toned men who composed the vestries. These clergymen did not abandon their classic pursuits when they crossed the sea and familiarly wrote Latin notes to their boon companions of Annapolis, whose culture in those days enabled them to answer in the same language."*

While the Puritans up on the bleak shores of New England prayed long prayers and wore longer faces and banned the joys of life and burned their witches, the gay cavaliers down here in Anne Arundel County steeped themselves in the luxuries of the good things of this world and made life one merry round of pleasure. "The style of the time," so says the historian, "was in winter to enjoy the capital, but in milder seasons to travel a social round among the great estates and manors, until the principal families of Calvert, St. Mary's, Charles, Prince George's, and Anne Arundel counties, and across the Bay on the Eastern Shore, had been visited. They were bold riders, expert in hounds and horse-flesh, and the daily fox chase, in season, was as much a duty to our systematic ancestors as it was to go to the parish church with proper equipage and style on Sundays. With races every fall and spring, theatres in winter, assemblies every fortnight, dinners three or four times a week, a card-party whenever possible (!), athletic fox-hunting, private balls on every festival, wit, learning, and stately manners, softened by love of good-fellowship"—this is the character recorded of Annapolis in 1775. It was indeed almost more of a pleasure resort than the capital of a State. Tired out with the dissipations afforded in the social life of the old world and eager for what the new might hold for them, the gay and adventurous and ambitious came here and took up with an existence full enough of novelty and ease and diversion to suit the most *blasé* and fastidious. He tells again how "they sat

* "The Ancient City": *A History of Annapolis.* By Elihu Reilly.

on carved chairs, at quaint tables, amid piles of ancestral silverware, and drank punch out of vast, costly bowls from Japan, or sipped Madeira half a century old. At Annapolis was laid out the best race-course in the colonies, and built certainly the first theatre. They were free and hearty livers, importing and relishing their old Madeira, and it was here that soft crabs, terrapins, and canvas-back ducks first obtained their renown as the greatest delicacies in the world."



OLD-FASHIONED
THINGS IN OLD-
FASHIONED
HOUSES.

THE PEGGY STEWART MANSION.

But this was reached little colony had cross in "St. Mary's County, build up in their city of Mary-high civilization of Christianity

stage of luxury long after that planted the Marie's," in St. and striven to little capital land a pure, and a broadness in their govern-

ment which would extend their beneficent influence throughout the troubled, unsettled colonies of the new country, and even to the untamed savages of these wilds. That their tactics with the latter were of a very different order than those practised with the red man by the usurping European in most parts of this country and that they won them to civilization by sheer force of brotherly charity, the history of the simple-hearted and eloquent Father White, as given in his personal journal of the time bears glowing witness. It affords a touching proof of the all-conquering power of Christian love for fellow-beings who have immortal souls. After their

first meeting with the chiefs of the tribe he tells of the friendly decision passed by the leader as to their future relations. "I think," he said, "that we should all eat at the same table; my young men will visit the hunting grounds for you, and all things shall be in common with us." Father White pays this splendid tribute to the moral condition of the Indian there—one which might be well coveted by the civilized white man in any part of the world:

"They have neither wine nor spirits, nor can they be easily induced to take them, except such as the English have infected with their vices. As to their deportment, it is extremely modest and proper. In neither male nor female have I seen any action contrary to chastity. They come voluntarily and mingle with us daily, offering us with a joyful countenance what they have caught in hunting and fishing, and partaking of our food with us when invited by a few words in their language. Many of them have wives and preserve their conjugal faith unsullied. The countenances of the women are sedate and modest. The natives seem possessed of generous dispositions and reciprocate liberally any act of kindness. They decide on nothing rashly nor are they affected by any sudden impulses of feeling, but when anything of importance is submitted to their consideration, they reflect on it in silence as if anxious to be governed entirely by reason; then, having formed their determination, they express it briefly and adhere to it most obstinately." And then he adds, with the zeal of the apostle in his words: "If they were once imbued with the principles of Christianity, they would certainly become examples of every moral and Christian virtue."

But even into this refuge of peace and religious toleration crept the animosities that had embittered the religious life of the old world and worked their pernicious influence and left their blighting mark upon the place. The spot is pointed out to day across the river where the Catholics and the Protestants fought the Battle of the Severn, the former losing not only the peace they had so jealously guarded till then, but their capital city, for the motive behind the attack of their neighbors across the river was as much a desire to bring the capital from St. Mary's to the "Town at Proctor's"—an early name of Annapolis—as religious hatred. Many among these covetous and bigoted "roundheads" had been of the number given refuge by Lord Baltimore at a time when they were denied freedom of religious practice in their own settlements in the other States.

But these Puritans are described even by Protestant histo-

rians as "a restless set with itching ears, who seemed never so satisfied as when they were in opposition to the powers that were." They won the day, however, over the peace-loving community at St. Mary's and left to their posterity the honor of having the capital in their town, and also a goodly share of the religious bigotry they were themselves so steeped in.

In the columns of the *Maryland Gazette*—a paper founded in Annapolis in 1727—there are some interesting records of how industriously these busybodies sowed abroad in this new soil the anti-Catholic prejudices so deeply rooted in old England. In one of the issues during the year 1745 is an account of a procession in Deptford, England, in honor of the king's birthday, describing how the church was misrepresented and ridiculed on public occasions of this sort by all sorts of buffoonery and malicious satire.

The following is the order of the procession described :

"1. A Highlander, in his proper dress, carrying on a pole a pair of wooden shoes, with this motto :

THE NEWEST MAKE FROM PARIS.

"2. A Jesuit in his proper dress, carrying on the point of a long, flaming sword a banner, with this inscription in large capital letters :

INQUISITION, FLAMES, AND DAMNATION.

"3. Two Capuchin Friars, properly shaved, habited, and accoutred with flogging poles, beads, and crucifixes, etc. One of them bore on a high pole a bell, Mass book, and candles to curse the British nations with; the other carried a large standard with this inscription :

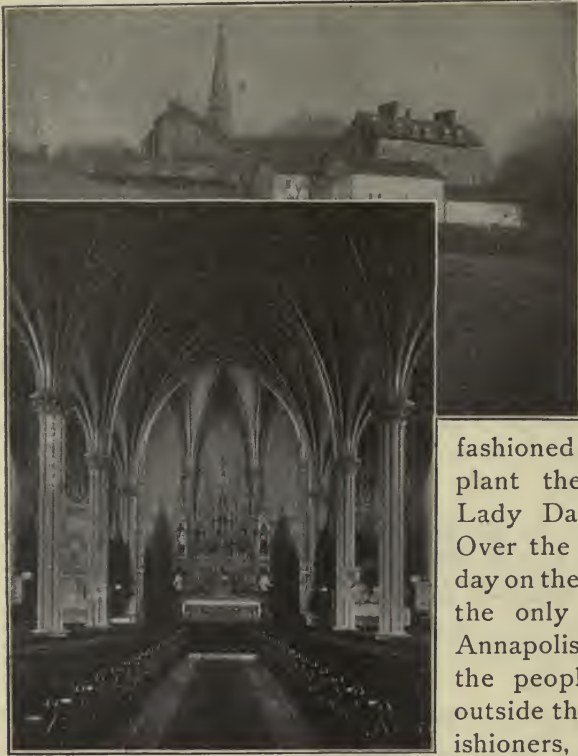
INDULGENCES CHEAP AS DIRT.

Murder, . . .	Nine-pence.
Adultery, . . .	Nine-pence half-pence.
Reading the Bible, . . .	A thousand pounds.
Fornication, . . .	Four-pence half-penny farthing.
Perjury, . . .	Nothing at all.
Rebellion, . . .	A reward or drawback of thirteen pence half-penny Scots money.

"4. The Pretender, with a ribbon, a nosegay, etc., riding upon an ass.

"5. The Pope riding upon his Bull.

"The procession was preceded and closed by all sorts of rough music, and after a march around the town the Pope and the Pretender were committed to the flames according to custom, but not till they had been first confessed, absolved, and purged with holy water by the Jesuit. The several actors played their parts well, with great drollery, and the only token of affection to Popery which the spectators gave was a liberal collection to the begging friars."



ST. MARY'S CHURCH, REDEMPTORIST CONVENT AND NOVITIATE. ONCE THE HOME OF CHARLES CARROLL OF CARROLLTON.

But in the end the emblem of the faith once so shunned and scoffed at has won its way as that brave, hopeful little band of Catholics dreamed it would, and more than they even dared to dream, when they hewed the forest trees and

fashioned the rough cross to plant their first colony on Lady Day in the year 1634. Over the town it looms up to-day on the steeple of St. Mary's, the only Catholic Church in Annapolis, but well loved by the people there, both those outside the church and the parishioners, for it has a double claim to their reverence. This church and the novitiate of the Redemptorist Fathers adjoining it, and the old mansion

further in on the estate occupied by the School Sisters of Notre Dame, was at one time the home of that valiant old Marylander, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, and bequeathed by his family to the Redemptorists.

There is not a prettier place in the old city than this spot. It occupies a point of land running westward into the bay, and from the windows of the old mansion one has a view of the Chesapeake and the surrounding meadows and woods that would make one dream dreams and see visions of those pleasant, courtly days when "the ships from home" brought fresh stores and new arrivals from over seas to the expectant ones in the gay little capital. Here from these windows might have looked out the hospitable lord of Carrollton, the first to welcome and the most generous to entertain; into every affair that was on foot for progress and for the country's wel-

fare; never losing his fine old chivalrous spirit and his interest in public affairs to the very last day of his life. There is an assertion on record that he became offended with the city fathers of his native town over some question of taxation during his latter years—he lived to be over ninety-five—and moved to Baltimore from his home in Annapolis to show his resentment of the injustice.

The house of Samuel Chase is another venerated building in the city. It is still occupied by the descendants of his family, who preserve its colonial appearance in exquisite taste and take just pride in the precious heirlooms and relics of its former grandeur.

Of late years there has been a stirring-up of the spirit of enterprise in this "Ancient City," and evidence that an ambition to run again in the race of progress is growing here and pushing the traditions of the past further and further into the background. The people are assuming more of a feeling of importance and responsibility as to their place in the cities of the nation, and are moved by a strong desire to win for themselves and for the great national institution within their territory all the privileges and advantages that may be obtained for them by proper State legislation. It has never been considered that the Naval Academy approached even near to the ambitions and hopes of legislators in its behalf, and for a long time consideration has been under way of large appropriations from the national treasury for better and more thoroughly



BITS OF LOCAL COLOR.

equipped buildings. The system employed in entering naval cadets is about the same as that of the military school—one naval cadet for every member or delegate of the House of Representatives, one for the District of Columbia, and ten at large (*Act of Congress approved June, 1878*).

The course is six years, four years at the Academy and two years at sea. The mental examinations required of candidates seem simple enough for our well-schooled American youth, though the examinations required during the school terms throughout the course are doubtless strict enough to keep the student well down to work. The crisis in the nation's affairs at this time has, according to



INFANTRY TACTICS.

current information, quite materially affected the usual routine of affairs at the Academy this year, the class

usually graduating in June having been closed and discharged at Easter and the next year's class moved into their place for graduation in June.

It was an interesting time to visit the Academy, to realize the serious significance underlying the daily routine of affairs gone through year in and year out with the same exactitude in this training-school of our Navy, and to watch the practical utilization, in the moment of need, of a national institution which might exist for centuries through the policies exercised by government, without having any reason for its existence but the possibility of an affront, an injury, or an in-

sult between nation and nation. Suddenly as a meteor from the sky that possibility became a real fact, and the thrill of its reality passed through the pulse of the nation like a strong convulsion, which was hardly so much from anxiety as to the issues at stake or the principles involved as it was from a feeling of sudden terror in realizing by how thin a thread hang the destinies and the welfare of nations; that with all the mighty legislation and the magnificently evolved constitutions of state and country; with the broad light of our much-vaunted twentieth century civilization dawning upon us and in the lauded spirit of international brotherhood—in the midst of this to behold the nations at each other's throats as fiercely and relentlessly as though we were yet in the primitive stage when man's whole occupation was to wage war upon his fellow-man. No wonder the lion-hearted old man in the Vatican blenches before this spectacle and lifts up aged hands to Heaven for peace, and urges the children of the church to pray, neither for victory nor defeat—he could not ask brother to pray for the destruction of brother—but only for peace.

As the choir in the little Church of St. Mary's sang the "Agnus Dei" that quiet Sunday morning, and out through the open windows across the apple orchards sweet with bloom drifted the gentle refrain, *Pacem, Pacem*, till the very birds in the trees seemed to call it out to their chattering mates, one felt, too, that there was no other petition fit to be sent above in this crisis of affairs than one universal prayer for peace.



A WAYSIDE SHRINE.

BY MARY F. NIXON.



He stands upon the hillside o'er quaint Italian town,
In homely, time-stained habit, with cord and kirtle brown.
The summer suns beat on him, he feels the wintry blast,
Yet standeth, ever patient, holding the Christ-Child fast.

He gazes on the peasants with gentle, loving eyes,
The Padovani Patron, Saint Anthony the Wise ;
Around his head the sunbeams play like a halo's sheen,
Nod at his feet the blossoms—himself a flower, I ween.

Before him kneels a mother, her baby on her arm,
Gazing upon the features replete with saintly charm ;
The trembling lips are murmuring, begging with piteous eyes
A prayer to the Infant Saviour who on his bosom lies.

The soft winds sing his praises, as they caress his hair,
All nature seems to reverence the saint so pure and fair.
A nightingale has builded, with sweet, confiding art,
A clinging nest where Jesus nestles against his heart.

O birdlings, 'twas true wisdom to trust his sheltering arm,
Holding the Baby Jesus with tender clasp and warm !
Ah ! dearest saint, we beg thee shelter our souls with prayer ;
Between thee and thy Christ-Child, what harm can touch us there ?



"HOLDING THE CHRIST-CHILD FAST."



FATHER HECKER AT THE TIME OF THE INTERNATIONAL
CATHOLIC CONGRESS OF FERNEY.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF FATHER HECKER.*

BY L'ABBÉ DUFRESNE,
Geneva, Switzerland.

I.



MET Father Hecker for the first time in an international Catholic congress assembled at Ferney by Cardinal Mermillod. I had lost my sight more than a year before while finishing my theological studies at the University of Innsbrück, and I have always considered the spiritual light communicated to me by the venerable founder of the Paulists as infinitely superior to that of which I had been deprived. We were at the most violent period of the Kulturkampf, and Father Hecker made a little speech of about ten minutes on the attitude which Catholics ought to assume. He expressed himself in rather indifferent French, but with an extraordinary intensity of vigor. He spoke with the energetic faith of a contemporary of the first martyrs, and in listening to him one recognized a born orator accustomed to mastery over the largest audiences.

The idea he developed was that of the necessity of finding a remedy for the inferiority of Catholics in contemporary struggles. "In the middle ages," he exclaimed, "a Templar or a

* From the *Revue du Clergé Français* of March, 1898, by Elizabeth Gilbert Martin.

Knight of St. John of Jerusalem was bound to hold his own against three Saracens. To-day, on the contrary, it seems to need three Catholics to repel the assault of one free-thinker. The remedy for this pitiful state of things is a renewal of the soul under the action of the Holy Spirit as on the day of Pentecost. We must not look in the first place for an external miracle to insure our safety, but for a divine increase of the force and interior initiative of each Christian. It is not those who cry, 'Lord, Lord,' who will enter the kingdom of heaven, but those who are able to do the will of the Father with undaunted courage."

The members of the Congress of Ferney belonged to all nations. France, England, Germany were represented there as well as Spain, Italy, Belgium, and Holland. From his very first words Father Hecker was understood by this chosen audience and overwhelmed with enthusiastic applause. His whole spiritual doctrine was condensed into this little discourse, delivered but a step from Voltaire's château and within a few miles of Geneva, the city of Calvin and Jean Jacques Rousseau. Father Hecker reminded us of the famous cry of "Crush the wretch!" uttered in these very localities, and he picked up the gauntlet in the name of Christ with so masculine a pride that through his words seemed to flash the very lightnings of the eloquence of St. Paul.

II.

Father Hecker contracted an intimacy with my father, who was about his own age, and became the habitual guest of our family. We met each other during three consecutive years. In 1874 my brother spent the bathing season with him at Ragatz. In 1875 he was with us for several weeks in a chalet we occupied in Savoy, on Mount Salève. It was there that he received, July 29, the letter obliging him to return to the United States.

I will try to describe him according to the recollections of those who surround me. He was tall, with reddish-brown hair, and wore a full beard. His pallid complexion betrayed keen suffering and the excessive labors which had broken him down. His large, pale-blue eyes diffused abundant light. His entire person breathed an imposing dignity, as well as the simplicity and cordial familiarity of a man who has grown up among the people. His inexhaustible conversation was full of gaiety and wit. His different qualities were so harmoniously blended that

no one could tell which of them predominated. By his commanding individuality he reminded one of St. Paul, while by his disposition, his frankness, and his kindness he recalled St. Francis de Sales.

"He was a man of high and exceptional worth," is the still-repeated verdict of a notable Protestant who knew him very well. He was above all a thinker. His intelligence seemed always in labor with new ideas, and it constantly suggested striking comparisons to him. Certain lacunæ made one aware that he had not made regular studies, but this defect was amply compensated by the originality of his points of view.* His capacities as a metaphysician showed that he had in him the stuff of a theologian of the first order, in the sense in which that phrase is applied to certain Fathers of the church, such as St. Justin or St. Augustine. On the Trinity especially, and the movement of life in God, Father Hecker expressed thoughts that show the inspiration of genius. Nevertheless his thought was always related to action, and in him neither the doctor nor the mystic was separated from the apostle. As an orator, also, Father Hecker was very remarkable. Here, however, the gaps in his early literary education were injurious to him, especially on the artistic side of composition. As a writer he lost the color and relief which made his conversation so brilliant.

Father Hecker more than once related to me the principal circumstances of his life. He was proud of having begun by manual labor, thinking that it adds much to the energy and moral worth of a man to have had to make his own way entirely. He claimed that his name came from the word *Hacker*—which in old German signifies one who strikes blows with an axe—and that he must have descended from some soldier who had given vigorous blows in the combats of the middle ages. He liked to talk of the little newspaper articles which he had composed from the time he was ten years old. Nor have I forgotten the making of a clock which still figures in the house of the Paulists in New York.† One day when I was walking with him in the environs of Geneva he went into a baker's shop to get some bread. Not finding that which was offered him sufficiently well kneaded, he remarked with smiling good nature that he had kneaded bread himself in his youth, and knew by experience what pains and strength it required.

Father Hecker summed up as follows his moral evolution :

* See the first chapters of *Life of Father Hecker*, by Rev. Walter Elliott. Catholic Book Exchange, 120 West 60th Street, N. Y.

† This is an error. The clock was destroyed some years ago by fire.—Tr.

"I set up in the first place as a politician; but I soon recognized that this was to remain on the surface of things, and that at the bottom of every political question one finds a social question. As I went on further I discovered that the social question itself, if pursued into its depths, stirs up a religious question and can nowhere else be solved."

It would be omitting a characteristic trait if I did not say that Father Hecker liked Jean Jacques Rousseau from a certain point of view, on account of his reaction from the disheartening doctrine of Calvin. One might say that if St. Francis de Sales was

the Holy Calvin, to re-doctrine of religion all sion of Fa- was to dazzle ing democ- seau by the type of tian democ- ed with the of divine carried to the of the ideal

To com- ture of the I will add Hecker had a high degree

feelings. He venerated his mother, he talked voluntarily of his nieces when staying with intimate friends, and showed towards his brother George so profound an affection that he regarded him as a second self.



THE YOUNG TRANSCENDENTALIST AT
BROOK FARM.

raised up by Spirit against spond to a terror by a love, the mis- ther Hecker the unbeliev- racy of Rous- showing it a truly Chris- racy, animat- living flame charity and very heights of the saints. plete the pic- natural man, that Father preserved to all the family

III.

The first of Father Hecker's great ideas relates to the development of individuality, which, by the very will of God the Creator, is an unequalled natural force intended to be placed at the service of truth. It is to this force that the Anglo-Saxons owe their daily increasing success in the world. Individuality engenders initiative, and that a more vigorous, ardent, and overpowering action.

This first idea Father Hecker never separated from a second : that of sanctification. The more stress one lays on individuality, said he, the more necessary is it that the labor of sanctification should increase ; otherwise the balance between the natural and the supernatural will be disturbed and the only end attained will be an outbreak of pride and egotism. Hence it is primarily on the Holy Spirit, on his gift of fortitude and on the generous faith which he inspires, that Father Hecker relied to develop, in that measure which God wills, the initiative and the individuality of the Christian.

The chief impression received from the venerable founder of the Paulists by those who were near him for any considerable time was that of sanctity. Here I await the judgment of the church, but I must bear witness to what I have observed, and, if I am correctly informed, significant facts which have occurred since the death of Father Hecker could be invoked in support of what I affirm.

Father Hecker's habitual tendency was to realize absolute union with our Lord in the Holy Spirit. The familiar talks of the American religious on the verdant slopes of Salève, opposite the blue waters of Lake Geneva and the snowy summits of the Alps, made one think involuntarily of the discourses of the Saviour on the borders of the Lake of Genesareth or in the mountains of Galilee.

Father Hecker suffered much, both physically from nervous anæmia, and morally from seeing himself reduced to powerlessness in the prime of life. And reading his life has still further revealed to me the intensity of his interior trials during his stay in Europe. Still, he never complained ; on the contrary, he was always cheerful. This attitude was all the more meritorious because he seemed naturally headstrong, impatient of obstacles and contradiction.

He was penetrating and easily divined the faults of others, and as his wit was pungent, nothing was easier than for him to turn them into ridicule. But, although he expressed himself concerning others with much frankness, he always sought favorable interpretations of their actions.

Toward the church he professed the docility of a child, because he always beheld in her the authority and the action of the Holy Spirit. This was his third great idea. He held himself ready at any moment to render testimony by martyrdom to the divine mission of the church. "The Holy Spirit," said he, "in the external authority of the church acts as the

infallible interpreter and criterion of divine revelation; and in the soul as the Divine Life-giver and Sanctifier." And again: "In case of obscurity or doubt concerning what is the divinely revealed truth, or whether what prompts the soul is or is not an inspiration of the Holy Spirit, recourse must be had to the Divine Teacher or criterion, the authority of the church. For it must be borne in mind that to the church, as represented in the first instance by St. Peter and subsequently by his successors, was made the promise of her Divine Founder, that 'the gates of hell should never prevail against her.' No such promise was ever made by Christ to each individual believer. The test, therefore, of a truly enlightened and sincere Christian will be, in case of uncertainty, the promptitude of his obedience to the voice of the church."

Faith was his most heroic virtue. It was like death to him to recognize that his conscience obliged him to become a Catholic, and yet he triumphed over all his prejudices and repugnances. Later on this faith was not shaken when, under circumstances so painful for a convert, he was expelled from the Redemptorists. It was while listening to his account of so delicate a matter that I recognized how great a saint he was. It is impossible to say whether his humility or his courage was the greater on this occasion. Hence Cardinal Deschamps, himself a Redemptorist, declared that he had been able to leave the Order of Redemptorists without committing even a venial sin.

The utmost degree of death to self was the only limit set by Father Hecker to the work of sanctification, and he was a stranger to none of the states of annihilation of the mystic life. This is the fact which guarantees us against all danger of exaggeration when he calls for a more active spirituality as necessary in our time. "The summit of perfection is to accept being nothing," he had written in his journal while still a Protestant, and during his last sojourn in Europe he was accustomed to repeat the saying of the Gospel: "We are unprofitable servants." In speaking of the holy infancy of our Saviour and the necessity of making ourselves little, the thoughts he expressed would enrapture the most contemplative religious. Speaking one day of God so abasing himself in the Eucharist as to become the nourishment of his own creature, he fell into the commencement of an ecstasy which seemed to carry him completely away from earth. His favorite motto was: "One's love and his spirit of self-sacrifice are equal." In other circumstances he

added: "We march to light by the way of the cross, and from the divine wound inflicted by persecutions comes a brightness which shows to all beholders the truth of the church's mission."

Father Hecker's piety was wholly interior. He had an instinctive aversion for the devotion which expresses itself by many external practices, as is seen in southern countries. There was something extraordinary in his recollection and his absorption in God, so that his prayer must have been continual. Following the advice of Père Lallemant, S.J., he aimed at the imitation of our Saviour taken as a whole and not of his virtues in detail. It may be said that his whole spirituality issued from that of Père Lallemant, but was enlarged and carried to its utmost consequences. He wanted me to publish an edition of Père Lallemant's manual, omitting all that was intended exclusively for the Jesuits, so as to put this masterpiece more readily within the reach of Christians in the world.

If Father Hecker went too far on any point, it was perhaps his optimism on the subject of human nature. But it must not be forgotten that several saints, especially St. Francis of Assisi and St. Francis de Sales, have had the same optimistic tendency. Moreover, as his biographer observes, if Father Hecker ever fell into a delusion of this kind, he recovered from it during the interior desolations of the last sixteen years of his life. Should any objections be raised against his doctrine on this head, I could relate most explicit declarations from him on such subjects as original sin, hell, and the *Syllabus*.

IV.

I come now to Father Hecker's views on the philosophy of history and the providential consequences of the Council of the Vatican. It was while he was elaborating these various ideas that I knew him, just after the war of 1870 and during the most distressing period of the Kulturkampf. The founder of the Paulists presented these different historical considerations without attributing an absolute value to them, and especially without wishing to dogmatize in any manner, for he comprehended that in matters so delicate it is easy to run into exaggerations, and even into errors condemned by Pius IX.

Father Hecker did not in anywise belong to the naturalist school which attributes the evolution of dogma to the varied aptitudes of different races. He thought that God has no need of the qualities which each race possesses. He created them all



FATHER HECKER IN THE FIRST DAYS OF HIS FOUNDATION.

by granting to each a special genius and placing them amid surroundings where their characteristic qualities could be developed. Now, it has pleased God in his infinite wisdom to avail himself of the genius of different actually existing races for the development of his church, as in former times he made use of the genius of the Egyptians, the Assyrians, the Persians, Greeks and Romans. The Holy Spirit availed himself of the metaphysical and subtle genius of the Greeks for the great discussions and dogmatic formularies of the first councils, which have been of such great use in the development of theology.

This subtle genius of the Greeks, when not restrained within just limits by the divine authority of the church, went so far as to precipitate itself into interminable heresies rather than resist the temptation to formulate new systems endlessly. The Holy Spirit afterwards employed the Latin genius, so practical, weighty, capable of government, to develop in the church the external side of hierarchic organization and canonical legislation. On the invasion of the barbarians the Holy Spirit utilized the Germanic races, prone to individuality, independence, personal initiative, in order to bring about a moral renovation in the world. The Germanic genius combined with the Latin genius produced the sublime efflorescence of the Catholic middle ages. If the Germanic races have caused difficulties in the church by their too independent spirit, on the other hand, incessantly fecundated by grace, they have infinitely contributed to the strength and richness of her life. It is they who founded the Holy Empire with Charlemagne.

At the close of the middle ages there was a great decline on the human side of the church, and the principle of authority, greatly weakened by the Eastern schism, was not strong enough to retain the northern races within the sphere of unity. If when the Protestant heresy appeared the principle of authority had been stronger, the reform would have been wrought within the bosom of the church and humanity would have been spared the lamentable separation of the sixteenth century. Nevertheless the insufficient consecration of the principle of authority had already permitted, with Photius, the schism of the entire Orient. By the sixteenth century, then, the most essential task was not simply the reformation of the human side of the church, but the development of her divine organism to such a degree that the principle of authority should be put beyond the reach of all attack. It was for this task that the Holy Spirit raised up the Jesuit Order.

No one has excelled Father Hecker in characterizing the mission of St. Ignatius and pointing out his services. In the legitimate sense of the word, Ignatius of Loyola appeared like an innovator of genius. He renewed the spirituality of his times, suppressed the religious costume, the rising during the night, the office recited in common, in a word, the customary austerities, and replaced all this by still more arduous exercises of the will and a fuller development of the interior life. But what the Jesuits especially emphasized was exterior obedience. To the three vows already known they added a fourth, that of

a special obedience to the Pope; and their action, always directed towards the same end during three centuries, resulted in the definitive consecration of the principle of authority by the proclamation of papal infallibility in 1870.

As from the Council of Trent to the Vatican Council the majority of the elements remaining in the church belonged to the Latin races, this task of concentration and organization became more rapid and easy. But on the other hand, the church having lost the elements of the independent and individual Saxon races of the north, she assumed on her human side a much more southern aspect than she had in the middle ages, or will have when she once more embraces within her bosom the whole of her children.

The fact that the northern races, continued Father Hecker, are now becoming the most powerful, is a sign that they are going to be converted, for the church has always aimed at the head, and, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, has always planted the standard of the faith in the most important places. Thus she did at Alexandria, at Athens, at Rome, and scarcely had the barbarians appeared than, with a prophetic instinct of their future, she went to meet and to baptize them.

V.

In the foregoing Father Hecker confined himself to the philosophy of history. In what is about to follow he prophesied the future in a way, and offered for consideration some reflections upon our spiritual renovation. The subject became more delicate, but Father Hecker relied upon the uncontested principles of grace to formulate a certain number of general ideas which are very luminous and destined to awaken reflection in those who are in high places. As to the application of these ideas, that should be regulated by the different ecclesiastical authorities according to different countries and circumstances. Father Hecker in nowise contemplated putting all countries on the footing of the United States, nor imposing on each individual the Anglo-Saxon character. These reservations being made, what Catholic who is conversant with affairs will deny that the following considerations present a striking quality of truth? It must not be forgotten that Father Hecker said these things several years before the close of the reign of Pius IX. and that the developments of the pontificate of Leo XIII. have since justified him.

The Council of the Vatican, said he, will one day be re-

garded as one of the most significant turning-points of history. It will have closed a period and inaugurated another. In this new period external obedience to authority will not be in anywise diminished, but the side of interior obedience to the Holy Spirit—that is, to the illuminations and inspirations of grace of which all the saints have spoken,—this side will receive an infinitely greater development. The church being no longer absorbed in the consolidation of her external organization will devote all her forces to deepening, extending, and enriching the interior life of reflective consciousness, of inward holiness, of zeal and love, which have never been neglected but which will receive a still more powerful impulsion. Holiness, of which the cloisters have hitherto been the chief centres, will be spread much more widely throughout the world and among the masses of the Christian people, following the illustrious example given by the church of Corinth in the days of St. Paul. Authority being henceforward above all attack, it can fearlessly allow a bolder flight to the initiative of each soul under the impulse of the Holy Spirit. From this there will insensibly result an immense increase of force to Christians.

This movement will prepare the way for the conversion of Protestants and free-thinkers who are in good faith, by removing the most serious of the prejudices which keep them at a distance. Both classes are, as a matter of fact, convinced that Catholicity destroys a legitimate individuality by restricting man within a system of arbitrary authoritarianism and by reducing religion to purely external practices.

Now, in the new period a double current will be produced. On one hand the Catholics, sustained by the faith, will daily increase in holy initiative. On the other hand the Protestants and free-thinkers, even though long retaining an acquired force, daily run the risk of losing somewhat of that individuality which has made them so enterprising. The numerous Protestants who have less and less faith in the reign of the Holy Spirit will end by losing even the notion of the supernatural individuality of the soul, and will find themselves reduced, like the rationalists, to the exercise of a purely natural individuality. As to the free-thinkers, who are on the road to the destruction of everything by the corrosive acid of modern criticism, they will end in a scepticism which in the long run will certainly enfeeble the vigor of their individuality.

The sooner that Catholics comprehend the conditions of the new period, the sooner will the movement be precipitated which

will reconcile Protestants and free-thinkers to the church. On one side Catholics will possess an increasingly vigorous individuality sanctified by the innumerable means of grace at the disposal of the church, and on the other, a firm authority will protect among them the treasure of the faith. Outside of the divine authority of the church no power is great enough to resist the corroding solvent of the critical spirit centupled in its strength by the incessant discoveries of science. Unbelieving scientists long to decompose all things in their crucible. At first they are proud of their experiments; then of a sudden they stop in stupefaction, seeing that nothing is left in their hands but a wretched pinch of dust. Father Hecker was very amusing when he drew in this picturesque fashion the portrait of a German atheist.

The Catholic Church, well understood, demands a perpetual spirit of research to investigate the profundities of divine truth already known and to follow up its illimitable applications. Catholics who use their faith only as a lazy man's pillow are by no means obedient to grace. All who are here below ought to apply themselves to incessant labor; those who have not the truth to acquire it, and those who do possess it to penetrate and assimilate it. The existing persecutions are sent in order to hasten the movement of which we speak. The church, deprived of her human supports, has in fact nothing more to count upon but the generous initiative of her children. It is the situation of the Apostles, who after the Ascension had no hope save in themselves and the divine flame of the Holy Spirit. We ought not, then, to be waiting chiefly for some external miracle to bring about the triumph of the church, but to the increase of the divine force infused by supernatural grace into the soul of each Christian. When Christians shall become more heroic their adversaries will recoil.

To apply to contemporary souls a spirituality urging to personal initiative it will be necessary, said Father Hecker, to begin by forming confessors. It is they, in fact, who can do this with discernment, by gradually accustoming Christians to a greater individuality while avoiding dangerous exaggerations. Confessors have the evident mission of distinguishing in a soul led by the Holy Spirit that which comes from God from that which proceeds from nature or the demon. This rôle of spiritual direction Father Hecker recognized; but he was extremely hostile to the sort of stifling direction from which he had himself suffered, and which, keeping souls bound as in leading-

strings, prevents them from gaining the strength of which they are capable for the service of God.

Moreover, this did not prevent him from proclaiming the necessity of having the special inspirations of each soul controlled by a confessor. He said that every Christian is free to change his confessor, but that he must nevertheless end by finding one who will consent to give him absolution. In this manner, he added, will be assured both the liberty of the soul and the control of its ways by external authority.

VI.

To complete these reminiscences I will reproduce a few more of Father Hecker's thoughts in a fragmentary state, without seeking to unite them to each other.

The interior life has always had an infinitely larger place in Catholicism than Protestants are willing to recognize. St. Catherine of Genoa, St. Teresa, St. John of the Cross, who either preceded or followed close upon the appearance of Protestantism, have not yet been surpassed in point of mysticism.

When the Holy Spirit wills to produce a great spiritual movement in the church, it usually begins by availing itself of the interior paths. Thus it chooses an obscure man, even laymen like St. Benedict, St. Francis of Assisi, St. Ignatius of Loyola, St. Philip Neri; and this young patrician, this merchant, this captain, this student immersed in science, receive the mission to bring about a religious renewal of the first order. These unknown souls have the most vivid interior illuminations; they set to work, though often meeting the strangest contradictions; the authority of the popes intervenes merely to control their mission and to consecrate it by a formal decision.

When the two ways, exterior and interior, of the Holy Spirit are found united in a great Pope who is also a great saint, like St. Leo, St. Gregory the Great, no words can describe the omnipotent action of which the church is then capable.

The interior life gives such a habit of observing the least motions of the soul that it renders it very penetrating concerning what goes on in others. Father Hecker was astonishing in this respect. Thus, in 1867, after listening to Père Hyacinthe at the Congress of Malines, he had very unfavorable impressions concerning him, which he communicated to M. de Montalembert. During the summer of 1875 he told me that he had visited in Florence a Jesuit who must have been Padre Curci.

“People say that Father Hecker is too bold,” said he, “but he knows very highly esteemed religious whom he would never follow as far as they go, and the future will show that Father Hecker was right.” On this head we could repeat still more curious things, but we are bound to reserve.

If Father Hecker had the courage of a man of great faith, he also remembered that the prudence of the serpent of which the Gospel speaks is more than ever necessary in our day, in order to discover the perfidious ambushes of the demon. It is not surprising that the Catholic Church should be exposed to so many persecutions, for it possesses ideas capable of revolutionizing the world and which are like spiritual dynamite. These ideas are all-powerful for good, but if handled unskillfully may do great harm. “I know our adversaries,” said he, “having once shared all their prejudices; these prejudices should not be irritated without a motive. If too much light is suddenly given to a diseased eye one only wounds instead of healing it.”

In 1875, when he was recalled to the United States, Father Hecker was contemplating a visit to Russia, for which country he foresaw a great religious future, the Anglo-Saxon races being not the only ones which attracted him. Roman Catholicism seemed to him the just medium between Protestantism, which has rendered religion too abstract, and Greek orthodoxy, which gives to rites and ceremonies far too extended a rôle.

Father Hecker had also formed a project of returning to his own country by way of India and China, in order to study the civilization of these countries, so different from ours and as yet so slightly affected by Christianity. He was impressed by the profound sentiment of the Divine Immanence which the Hindoos entertain, and in the intimate union which God establishes with man by means of the Holy Eucharist he saw one of the principal means of grace to which our faith might attract them in the future. As to the Moslems, whom he had studied in Egypt, he had been struck by the intensity of their faith in the one God. He wondered whether the providential instrument of their conversion would not some day be the appearance among them of a prophet who would insensibly incline them towards Christianity, to whose external action they are obstinately closed.

Father Hecker had a great idea of progress which he reconciled admirably with the fixity of Catholic tradition. For him the church was the mustard-seed of the Gospel, producing a

tree which continually grows larger and puts forth new fruits and branches. He dwelt persistently on the fact that in the Gospel the expression "new wine" is consecrated by Jesus himself, who goes so far as to recommend that this new wine should not be put into old bottles. In connection with this Father Hecker showed that at every epoch in the history of the church there has been a founder of a religious order who would not abide by the type of already existing orders; and this fact is extremely suggestive. Father Hecker liked to establish a parallel between the two great paths of the sixteenth century; that of St. Ignatius Loyola and that of St. Philip Neri. The way of St. Ignatius has been at first much the most important, but in the long run that of St. Philip may become so, when one reflects that not the Oratorians alone but the Oblates of St. Charles Borromeo, the Sulpicians, the regular clergy of Holzhauser, the different sacerdotal societies which flourish so well in France, Belgium, Germany, and finally the Paulists themselves, are walking in it.

The United States were dear to Father Hecker. It was evident while in Europe that he suffered constantly from his prolonged absence. In the United States, said he, Catholicism finds a virgin soil; there it is judged for what it is intrinsically worth, and not in virtue of hereditary and historical prejudices, as in the old countries of Europe. Doubtless it may be persecuted there; but the church will then be too deeply rooted in the soil to be easily shaken. The Americans are men of great good sense and impartial minds; in the end they will recognize that Catholicism is the religion most conformable to the Constitution of the United States. The authority of the church is not so crushing a thing, since in the sixteenth century it defended human liberty against the fatalism of Calvin, and still defends it against the determinists and materialists. The Catholic Church, so long disdained, will suddenly regain her prestige when, in the twentieth century, she will be seen to have become a moral power of the first order in the first republic of the world. The strong hierarchical organization of Catholicism will become a precious principle of cohesion for the United States, because it will assist in grouping together populations of different tendencies and interests over an immense extent of territory. On the other hand, the fixity of this hierarchical organization will help to counterbalance the fatal effects of the excessive mobility of democratic institutions.

The venerable founder of the Paulists had the most lively gratitude towards Pius IX., who had assisted him so much.

One may say that from many points of view he exhibited a blending of the enthusiastic ardor of Pius IX. with the profound reflection of Leo XIII.

Here are some of the estimates he formed of several celebrated personages. He called St. Francis de Sales the most weighty of the French saints. He saw in Port-Royal a great movement perverted by Jansenism. Joseph de Maistre had always impressed him, especially by the predictions which terminate the *Soirées de Saint-Petersbourg*. In Lacordaire he liked the renewal of apologetics, taken not by the external but the internal side of the church and its dogmas. He thought Newman the greatest of the Anglo-Saxons. He said that Manning had written two remarkable books on the exterior and the interior action

Spirit, but it now to make of these two termine their finities. Mon-dear to him for and his intrenam because new ways to activity of lay-Father Heck-an article by entitled, "The longs to the



IN LATER YEARS.

of the Holy was necessary the synthesis actions and de-reciprocal af-talembert was his great heart pidity; Oza-he had opened the religious men. I heard er paraphrase Louis Veuillot Future be-Democracy."

He was in intimate relations with Father Ramière, of the Society of Jesus. Among his friends I must also name the Abbé Hetsch, a Protestant physician who became after his conversion a priest and vicar-general to Monsignor Dupanloup, who was another whom Father Hecker highly esteemed. Cardinals Deschamps and Schwartz were particularly congenial to him.

The last book I received from Father Hecker after he returned to America was on the Blessed Virgin. The divine maternity was one of the subjects on which he spoke with the greatest suavity and unction.

VII.

The foregoing pages are simply a development of those I wrote some years ago at the request of the Vicomte de Meaux, and which were published in the English edition of the *Life*

of Father Hecker. I have tried to describe him correctly rather than to estimate his ideas and appreciate their several consequences. In this connection I will limit myself to saying that the Sulpicians of the United States, so well situated for understanding the question, never fail to do homage to the memory of Father Hecker, as well as to the services rendered by his Congregation. For my own part, it is nearly twenty years since I began to regard him as the greatest spiritual instructor of our age. Doubtless Lacordaire, Newman, Ketteler, Manning, and a multitude of others have done much towards opening new paths for us; but no one has formulated with such a degree of plentitude and power as Isaac Hecker the synthesis of individuality united to personal holiness and obedience to the church. After what he has done the fecundating impulse of the Holy Spirit will not cease, and other men will surge forward to complete his ideas, or even to conceive new points of view. I am thinking at this moment of a humble and courageous Parisian priest, the Abbé Henri Chaumont, who died about two years ago, and whom his friend, Monsignor d'Hulst, called a saint to canonize. Without having known Father Hecker, the Abbé Chaumont had conceived the same ideas on the action of the Holy Spirit in the soul, applying them no longer to a religious congregation but to secular priests and Christians living in the world. The Parisian priest did not abandon himself to lofty philosophical considerations concerning personal initiative, like the American missionary, but he had such initiative himself in a very great degree, and he had a marvellous comprehension of the use that could be made of direction and the spiritual methods as taking the place for Christians living in the world of the aids of the religious life properly so called. He who writes these lines glories in having been successively the disciple of these two eminent servants of God, very different as to their abilities but pursuing at bottom the same end, and showing as much heroism in self-immolation as bold initiative in spending themselves generously in all departments of evangelical activity.





FATHER HOOD INSTRUCTING NATIVE COOKS.

AMONG THE TELUGUS OF SOUTHERN INDIA.

BY REV. N. G. HOOD.



PROPOS of the recent famines in British India, it may not be uninteresting to the readers of this magazine to learn something of the manners and customs of a large section of the Hindu population of Southern India—the sturdy and industrious race of Telugus, who occupy the northern half of the large province of Madras. I shall not enter here into the ethnology of the race, nor attempt to describe the system of caste. My object is merely to sketch a peculiar phase of their character which was particularly manifest on the occasion of the late dearth of rain.

The Nellore District lies between latitude $13^{\circ} 25'$ and $15^{\circ} 55'$ north, longitude $79^{\circ} 10'$ and $80^{\circ} 15'$; the area is 8,751.75 square miles approximately. The general aspect of the coast is that of a sandy plain, with large tracts of jungle interspersed with cocoa-nut trees and palmyras.

The Telugus, like most of the people of India, are essentially an agricultural race, depending for existence upon the product of their labors in the fields. Hence it will be easily understood what dreadful havoc and distress is caused by the failure of

the rice crop, which forms the staple food of the inhabitants. Among this people, in consequence, pagan and superstitious as they are, exists a very close connection, so to speak, between religion and agriculture. If the rains and harvests have been abundant, the gods have been propitious; if the reverse, then something has occurred to mar their good will toward their lowly subjects. This year (1897), owing to the failure of the monsoon, the autumn crops were entirely destroyed and cattle disease dealt death to numbers of domestic animals. What wonder, then, that recourse was had to Poleramma, that she might stay her destroying hand.

Poleramma is one of the numerous popular deities of the Hindus, invoked under different names in different places, but known to the Telugus by the above appellation, as the village goddess of destruction, supposed to be directly responsible for every misfortune, and particularly for cattle diseases, small-pox, and cholera. A few weeks ago a feast was celebrated here in Nellore town to honor and propitiate her. I will endeavor to relate the wonderful origin of this wonderful deity, and to give a description of the festival.

Once upon a time there lived a powerful king whose name was Sambasivan. This mighty monarch was waging war with a race of giants. Many and many an onslaught was made, and many and many a giant bit the dust; but, alas! it was to little purpose, for instead of the numbers of the enemy being reduced, they increased a hundred-fold, for out of the blood of the slain others sprang into life. The king had not even one son to help him. The more he thought about the situation, the more desperate seemed his position. Indeed, his anguish grew so great that the perspiration, running in streams down his face, washed off the puttie* and made a colored track from forehead to chin. The king then wiped his face and breast with his fingers and let the drops fall upon a stone. From those beads of perspiration sprang a female child, whose height was two feet, six inches. Amazed, the king called in his Brahmin astrologers. They told him that the being thus strangely brought into the world was none other than the goddess of destruction, and advised him to cause to be dug on the spot a pit as deep as the combined height of seven men, and to cast the goddess therein and bury her alive. Their advice was taken, and the god-

* "Puttie" is a frontal decoration much affected by the followers of Siva. It is a small spot painted between the eyebrows, about the size of a ten-cent piece. The devotees of Vishnu have a complex ornament. It consists of a trident-like figure, the outer prongs white, the centre one red.

dess met her awful fate. All this took place on the battle-field.

The monarch then left the scene for the peace of his palace. (The story fails to tell us how this could possibly be with the giants not yet overcome.) On his way he encountered a jackal.*



CULINARY MYSTERIES.

His joy was great at so happy a meeting.

To appreciate such good fortune at its proper value, and to confer a mark of his esteem upon the obliging jackal, the king thus addressed the animal:

"As you have given me a good omen, allow me to do something in return. Follow yonder path till you arrive at a spot where you will find the earth has recently been disturbed; there dig away, when you will come upon the body of a child. Feast well, and remember me."

The jackal did not wait for further instructions, but made off at once. He speedily reached the place indicated and set

* Amongst the Hindus it is considered a good omen to meet a jackal; so much so, indeed, that a rich man is commonly said to have seen the jackal's face.

to work upon the loosely packed soil. Just as he was about to satisfy his hunger on the body of the goddess, he found himself suddenly and firmly seized in a strong and powerful grasp, and addressed in the following words:

“Why do you seek me?”

Terrified at this unexpected reception, and recognizing a power superior to his own, he at once made this cunning reply:

“I happened to meet the king, your father, who told me to hasten hither and release you from this prison. I am to carry you home on my back as speedily as possible.”

Near at hand was a tree, to whose branches clung a strong parasite creeper called *Nellen Thiga*; a portion of this was torn down, fashioned into bridle and reins, which the goddess put on the head of the disappointed jackal, and then lightly springing onto the back of her improvised steed, she bade him set off in the direction of the king's palace.*

As the jackal sped along with his gentle burden a wicked thought entered his cunning brain.

“She is very light,” he reasoned; “I will upset her and run away.”

But, alas for the poor jackal! He was carrying a goddess. She, of course, divined the plan so unwisely conceived and acted accordingly. She allowed herself to grow heavier and heavier, so that the jackal was unable to run away.

Fearing further punishment from so powerful a rider, and seeing the futility of pitting his brains, cunning though they were, against the brains of a goddess who had already divined his plan, he thought it best and safest to own up his original intention and sue for mercy in these words:

“I came to eat thee up, O goddess, but how powerful thou art I now well know; I cannot even support thee on my back. Pray forgive me, allow me to go my own way, and thou shalt not find me ungrateful hereafter. Daily will I remember thee; thrice a day, indeed, will I invoke thee, at evening, midnight, and morning; † Akka (sister) shall be thy name.”

Moved by his repentance the merciful goddess dismissed her steed on the spot. Left alone, she underwent a remarkable change, transforming herself into a very repulsively leprous old woman. She continued her journey on foot and arrived at her father's palace. The king was holding court. What was

* The goddess is invariably represented in art as riding upon a jackal.

† It is well known that the jackal commonly emits its peculiar cry on three distinct occasions, viz., when darkness sets in, about midnight, and a little before daybreak.



A ST. MARY'S COLLEGE GROUP.

his astonishment and rage to see a leprosy-stricken old woman enter his presence unbidden! Furious with anger, he summoned a vettian (guard), commanded him to seize the intruder and without delay to cast her into the well situated at a short distance from the palace. His orders were instantly obeyed, the unresisting old lady was cast into the well, and—no, not drowned; who could destroy a goddess?

When the king's victim touched the water, three remarkable things occurred: first, the water, which up to this time was very bitter, became sweet and wholesome; secondly, a withered mango-tree near by shot forth green leaves and blossomed, and thirdly, the old woman was transformed into a beautiful child. Some neighboring shepherds, who had observed the change in the tree, came to see the cause. Looking into the well, they were amazed to observe the lotus growing and a lovely infant sporting in the water.

The news was at once carried to the king; he, with all his courtiers, came to the well. He ordered the child to be taken out and carried to the palace. Here she was tenderly cared for and carefully brought up till she became of a marriageable

age. Asked to make choice of a husband, she proffered a singular request. "Bring me," she demanded, "a cord that will extend round the world and a *tháli** as big as Maga Mheru,† then I will marry."

Knowing the impossibility of gratifying her, the king ceased to interest himself in her marriage and left her free to do as she pleased. It was after this that the goddess revealed her identity to the king. He was agreeably surprised to learn from his amiable daughter that she intended setting out at once to fight his old enemies, the giants. She bade good-by to her father and friends and sallied forth to battle. On her way she picked up a companion, which happened in this wise:

A party of shepherd boys were one day playing in the fields, when an old woman was sighted in the distance coming towards them. These naughty boys thought it would be a welcome diversion in their sports to amuse themselves at her expense. Accordingly a council was hastily convened, which resulted in the following plan: Each boy was to dig a hole and neatly cover up the opening with long grass and weeds; he into whose hole the old lady should happen to fall, was forthwith to help her out. The object of this wicked conspiracy drew near the fatal spot, and being a goddess (for it was indeed the goddess again transformed) she elected to fall into one of the holes prepared for her reception. True to the agreement, one of the boys immediately rushed forward to place his victim on her feet; but imagine his astonishment to find himself no longer a simple shepherd boy, but changed into a king and warrior ready to do battle against mighty foes.‡

On the way to the scene of war the goddess revealed to her ally her intentions in his regard. It was his task to kill all the giants; an easy one too, since they would be unable to multiply, as they had formerly done, because, she said, she would catch the blood of the slain upon her tongue and swallow it before it reached the ground and fructified. Of course the goddess and her doughty companion completely extinguished the terrible race of giants. The former returned to the king, and, having related her victories, took leave of him.

Such is the fantastic story of the origin of the goddess Poleramma. I should like to reiterate what was said at the

* The marriage token, which is made up of a number of fine cotton strands and worn like a necklace round the neck. To it is attached a small circular pendant of gold.

† Maga Mheru, a mountain supposed to be the dwelling-place of the gods.

‡ He is called Pothu Ragu. Pothu signifies any male animal; hence, having been a shepherd boy, he is Pothu Ragu, "king of male animals."

beginning of this article. The Hindu is nothing if not superstitious. In India, as in all heathen nations, exists a practical belief in the supernatural agency of wicked spirits—in a word, demonolatry, which leads, naturally, to terrible excesses and is responsible for the most absurd practices and illogical sequences. This is fully illustrated in the celebrations of the Festival of Poleramma.

The feast of Poleramma occurs only at irregular intervals, according to the necessity of the case, when anything untoward has happened which requires the intervention of the deity.

The recognized head of every village and town is an individual called the munsif. He is directly responsible for the well-being of the community, and hence is the person who takes the initiative in the matter of a celebration of any kind. If he considers the unfortunate state of the weather, failing crops, or any other similar misfortunes demand it, he calls a meeting of the principal inhabitants, or head-men of the village, to decide whether the feast shall be celebrated. If the meeting thinks the exigencies of the time warrant it, a subscription list is at once opened and the amount to be contributed by the heads of families duly fixed. In the meantime the munsif's crier is sent round to proclaim at the street-corners that Poleramma is going to be solemnized. This important individual is most elaborately "got up" for the occasion. His entire body is plentifully bedaubed with saffron-root paste, to the depth, indeed, of an eighth of an inch or more. This to the native mind lends a charm to the crier's person. Before the actual celebration of the feast—which, by the way, is always made to fall on a Tuesday, because the goddess is supposed to have been born on that day—a preparation of twenty-two days must be observed.

If any one should be foolish enough to refuse the amount specified, or even to delay payment, a company of runners is forthwith commissioned to treat him to a free concert. His house is besieged by these too-willing musicians and a vigorous drumming kept up till he gets sense to pay. Besides these compulsory contributions, other entirely voluntary ones are solicited.

A large earthenware pot is daubed with yellow paint and then spotted with kimgum—a kind of yellow pigment largely used by native women to make the beauty-spot on their forehead—and further decorated with margosa leaves. This pot is

carried from door to door, by a man preceded by drummers. Every householder is expected to make an offering of rice, rice-gungy, raggy, raggy-gungy, butter, buttermilk, or onions. Gungy, being a cooling substance, is generally given to assuage the anger of the goddess. When the pot can contain no more, carrier, drummers, and a few beggars feast on the contents.

Early in the second week of preparation a potter is given an order for a clay model of the head of the goddess; the head only is required, the trunk and limbs being made of straw. A suitable locality is selected where the future sacrifices can be conveniently made. The only condition of excellence required is that it should be as spacious as possible, as thousands of spectators must be accommodated. On a given spot a pandal is erected to receive the goddess.

The feast continues for three days, or rather for a night and two days. Nothing particular is done till the evening of the first day. About 7 P. M. all the masters of ceremonies assemble and set off in a body for the potter's house, bearing amongst them a goat, two rupees, a koka (female cloth, the principal part of a female's wearing apparel); this must be white when bought and afterwards dyed yellow; black bangles, earrings made from the palmyra leaf, and a nose ornament; betel-nut and leaf, cocoa-nut, limes, and from fifteen to twenty fowls; incense, fireworks, and torches. Arrived at the potter's dwelling, the select company, followed by the inevitable crowd, halt before the door. A very elaborate, not to say peculiar, ceremony is now performed, called the "*Eye-opening*."

The clay model, decorated with the cloth and ornaments above mentioned, is religiously carried forth, though not yet exposed to the public view, being carefully veiled. A dhoby (washerman) steps forward bearing a fowl, and having made the "thigathudich" (the warding off the evil eye), deftly wrings off its head. With a little blood thus procurèd he makes the puttie on the veiled head of the goddess.

Meantime, the betel-nut, rupees, and rice are given to the potter; the latter he places on a cloth, previously spread on the ground in front of the goddess, the other two he retains in payment for his model. At this moment he burns a little incense.

This done, some of the bystanders set fire to a quantity of straw, and in the light thus afforded Poleramma is unveiled. A strong belief prevails to the effect that if a person should unfortunately be standing in front of the goddess at the mo-

ment of unveiling, such a one would infallibly be burnt to death by the opening eyes of the idol. It is to prevent such an undesirable consummation that the straw is ignited.

The "eye-opening" ceremony completed, the dhoby again sacrifices. This time the victim is the goat brought by the



THE COLLEGE COOKS.

head-men. Amid the rolling of drums, the blare of trumpets, the shouting of the onlookers, the hissing, spluttering, and sharp crack, crack, crack of fireworks, the head is severed from the quivering body and placed on the cloth, face to face with the goddess. The head only is retained; the other portion becomes the exclusive property of the potter and his friends.

The sacrifice over, preparations are at once made for a procession. Torches are lit, the village waterman places the goddess on his head, the musicians fall into line, the drums are beaten, and the whole body is in motion to parade the town. As the procession wends its way through the principal streets offerings of rice and sheep are placed by many of the people op-

posite their houses. They sacrifice the sheep there and then in honor of the goddess as she is carried past. If the sacrifice is made by a Brahmin or Kômati (one of the merchant caste) both sheep and rice are given to a dhoby. Others, not so well to do, present rice and the head of the sheep only.

The procession wanders about the whole night; only in the small hours of the morning does it arrive at the place of public sacrifices referred to above. This reached and the goddess safely lodged in the pandal prepared for her, rice is deposited before her, when the first of a series of sacrifices immediately takes place. The victim is a she-goat. The head of the unfortunate animal is soon struck off and the skin dexterously stripped from the carcass, a portion of one of the fore legs is inserted horizontally in the mouth of the idol, when, to complete a peculiar ceremony, the ministers decorate the head with the midriff and present the whole to the divinity. One of the several dhobies in attendance secures the bulk of the carcass for his own personal use. At 5 A. M. the liver of the goat, previously cooked and reserved till now, is produced, along with a small pot of toddy and another of country arrack, and placed before the statue. A dhoby, who for the present is the acting priest, pours on the ground a little of the liquids in honor of the goddess, after which all the ministering dhobies, four or five in number, sit down to enjoy the liver, toddy, and arrack. When these have been duly disposed of, the head of the goat is removed from the presence of Poleramma and carried home by a dhoby. On this, the first day of the feast, special sacrifice is thrice made to the deity. In the intervals the priests take up a sitting position near the pandal and, surrounded by interested crowds of people, relate in appropriate terms the marvellous history and wondrous deeds of their powerful divinity.

Throughout the day numerous votive offerings are sent by the Brahmins and Kômatis; these are usually brought by the dhobies of their respective masters.

Towards evening the munsif puts in an appearance. His special duty is to make a fair distribution to the ministers of the large number of heads that have accumulated during the day. It is impossible to say if his august presence is required to avoid a squabble over a division of the spoils, or whether his visit partakes of the nature of a ceremony. I should rather imagine the former is nearer the mark, as offerings of gold and silver are not infrequently made by fervent devotees—and



A TELUGU WATER-CARRIER.

who could trust natives to make an equal division of gifts of the kind that appeal most to their cupidity?

Though the work of the day is over, the devoted dhobies give themselves no rest, but consume the hours of the night in relating to those who stay to listen the ever interesting history of Poleramma.

The second and last day of the celebrations is remarkable in many ways and notably so in the matter of sacrifices. A buffalo, an animal for which the Hindus have the greatest reverence and veneration, is to be done to death. To realize what it means to kill an ox is almost impossible, except for those who have actual experience of the Hindu character! A buffalo having been procured, the animal's head is smothered in a thick layer of yellow pigment, whilst from its neck is suspended a garland of magosa leaves; the keepers then

fasten to the horns a strong rope, by which the poor beast is led away to parade the town amid an unceasing din of pipes and drums. From early morning till evening the animal is dragged hither and thither, beaten and buffeted, lashed and cruelly tortured by a howling mob. Long before its compulsory wanderings are over it is only prevented from falling through blows and exhaustion by the timely aid of its tormentors, who are literally compelled to carry it along.

About 4 P. M. an event occurs, so strange and weird that I shall be accused, perhaps, of taxing the imagination of my readers to an unpardonable extent. Yet what I am going to relate does indeed take place.

A four-months-old lamb, which the shepherds of the district have presented for sacrifice, is slain, as usual, by a dhoby. He allows the blood to fall upon a quantity of cooked rice, contained in a winnowing basket. The carcass becomes the property of the "vetti," the village messenger. This unfortunate individual has a task to perform that is invariably accompanied by demoniacal possession. Such a common event is possession, so patent to every one, that people are rarely if ever deceived; indeed, no one would think of imposing upon his neighbor, for the simple reason that nothing can be gained and much may be lost thereby. Not seldom does one hear from non-Catholics expressions to this effect: "Before coming to India my belief in the supernatural was never very strong, but now I should be more than a fool to doubt the existence of God and the devil."

The rice saturated in the victim's blood is handed over to the vetti, who then makes his way through the streets of the town accompanied by about twenty men, whose duty it is to see that he scatters the rice at places corresponding to the sixteen subdivisions of the compass. The vetti rarely or never accomplishes his purpose unaided, for on the way the unfortunate fellow loses his senses and falls to the earth. In vain his companions try to rouse him. All to no purpose. So they are obliged to carry him to the appointed spots, where they themselves dispose of the rice in the approved way. It is curious to note that none of the crowd will ever immediately precede the possessed vetti, for all are thoroughly persuaded that to act thus is to invite a sudden death. The rice being scattered, the poor vetti is now reconducted to the pandal and brought before the idol. After the lapse of an hour or more he recovers his senses and is his usual self again.

Very elaborate are the preparations for sacrificing the buffalo, the last and most important of a long series of rites. An hour or so before evening closes in, a deep pit is dug at a distance of about thirty yards from the pandal. Lying between these is a large heap of rice, the offerings of the day. The munsif and others form into line, and with the buffalo in their midst proceed thrice round the pandal, rice and pit separately.

When the procession has passed round the pit and last time, placed near position that ly faces the centre of a now securely the victim's half of it is pariahs, the the same chucklers The two par- in opposite keep the bul- steady; four then seize tail, while yet support a held horizon- its shoulders the beast to the earth, and worn out continuous ment. The the village themselves in position near to supervise



A DHOBY, OR NATIVE WASHERMAN.

these important proceedings. The head must be separated from the trunk at the third stroke of the sacrificer's knife, which, by the way, is a common reaping-hook elaborately painted for the occasion. If the head fails to fall at the third stroke the sacrificer, a pariah, must desist, and his place is at once taken by a chuckler, who will have no difficulty in quickly completing the sacrifice.

The supreme moment is at hand. Up to this can be heard the shouts and laughter of an immense multitude; thousands upon thousands are assembled from the town and surrounding country. They exhibit no reverence for the ceremonies; it is a feast, and the business of each is to get out of it as much enjoyment as possible. But at this juncture silence falls upon the mighty throng. People standing near the victim are compelled to fall back at least ten yards to avoid stray drops of blood that otherwise may chance to reach them. It is said that if a drop falls upon a stranger, *i. e.*, not of the same district, he will acquire half the wealth of the town.

A number of men light torches to be in readiness to accompany the goddess to her last resting-place; rockets are sent hissing into the still evening air; then, one—two—three—the strokes are swift and certain, the poor beast's head falls to the ground. At once a mighty shout, increasing to a roar, ascends from innumerable human throats, sounding in the distance like rolling thunder. Swiftly four pariahs bear the head into the idol's presence, four chucklers hasten to cut off one of the fore-legs, which is inserted crosswise in her mouth, and the midriff is, as usual, placed upon her head. Twenty potters, each bearing a vessel of water, then wash away all traces of the blood; they push the carcase into the pit and speedily fill it up. One of their number now produces a ball of boiled rice, which he places upon the midriff, and on this again he puts a vessel containing oil and a cotton wick. The improvised lamp being lit, a waterman places the goddess and her accumulated possessions upon his head, and the procession is ready to start. The signal being given, the processionists, headed by the indispensable drummers and our old acquaintance the bell-man, move in the direction of the town boundary. Then occurs a scene of wild confusion. The people nearest the pandal make a rush and quickly demolish it. Every one is anxious to obtain a relic of the temporary dwelling of the goddess. Eager to satisfy their devotion, free fights are the order of the hour among the people. In the meantime the procession is on its way. When at a short distance from the village the vetti, having extinguished the light, appropriates the buffalo's head, rice, and oil, and takes his way home. Here the dhoby-priests and a few others are left to finish the journey alone.

When they reach the first boundary (there are several) the strangest of all the strange things connected with this feast occurs. The high-priest in the most obscene language heaps upon the goddess every kind of abuse. Nothing that can be said

of her is too vile, despicable, or profligate; everything indelicate and repulsive is hurled at this deity; all that is offensive to chastity is freely said of it.

At last there is an end to a long, violent speech, the declamatory flight of censure ceases, and then—is it possible?—this foul-mouthed haranguer in the most abject terms begs the precious goddess for forgiveness, alleging as an excuse for the tirade that his office exacts from him such unrighteous conduct towards her. At this point all disperse except a waterman, a cultivator, and a dhoby, who bears a torch. The trio hastening to the last boundary seek a convenient bush in which they conceal the idol, stripped of all its finery. This done, they run away as fast as their legs can carry them, never once looking behind.

Such, dear reader, is the feast of Poleramma. I do not know what you think of it. Of one thing I feel assured: reading this, you cannot but pray that our Lord's kingdom may come to oust that of his enemy, that his name may be hallowed amongst these poor people, who are indeed "sitting in the shadow and darkness of death." I have even great hopes that your heart will warm towards us in a distant land and aid us to spread that glorious Faith so dear to all who are of its household.

"O FOUNTAIN OF LOVE UNCEASING!"

—*Imitation, Bk. iii. chap. x.*

BY F. W. GREY.



FOUNT of Love unceasing! Living Fire!

Love that surpasseth knowledge, word, or thought;

How may I love Thee, Jesu, ás I ought?

How may I tell Thee all my heart's desire?

Dost Thou not know it? Lord of Love, inspire

My heart, my tongue to praise Thee, who hast bought

My soul at such a price, and who hast wrought

Thy work in me: Lord! lift me ever higher,

Still closer to Thyself: Thou wilt not hide

Thy secrets from Thy brother; Love Divine,

Art Thou not all mine own, and I all Thine?

Jesu! my Jesu! Who for me hast died,

Make Thou Thy Cross, thy Bitter Passion mine,

So shall my longing heart be satisfied.

RATIONALISM AND THE ENGLISH CHURCH.

BY REV. GEORGE McDERMOT, C.S.P.



IT is assumed, I fear, with a little too much confidence that the only forces of the time are Rationalism and the Church. It is not only Catholics who take this view, but many who belong to some form of Rationalism or another. I think I can understand how Rationalists have adopted it, whether in love or hatred. They see proofs of vitality before them, they must bear in mind historic facts running into these proofs, and they must recognize in the ministerial action of the church, either in the duty of worship or the exercise of charity, an absence of the sensational and hysterical. I may add at this point what seems forced upon me: that Rationalism seems a growing power in England, or perhaps the more exact word would be Naturalism.

STILL A LARGE "IF."

There is no doubt that if the field were clear between the Church and Rationalism or Naturalism an enormous accession would be gained to true religion. There are thousands of men who may be said to be "conscious of the presence of God," or who themselves say they have that consciousness, but who do not belong to any of the sects or to the Establishment. They are kept out of the church by the pretensions of the latter and the travesty of Christianity offered by the former. The Establishment stands forward in shape as the embodiment of the social idea of the Lord; it asserts the claim to be His Kingdom. It is a great institution, filling a large part of the material, intellectual, and æsthetic needs of the English people. It enters into the whole fabric of society in one shape or another, appealing to the eye and ear, the heart and the memory. Any intelligent stranger will admit that he is confronted by the strength and massiveness of the Establishment whenever he goes through England. When Cardinal Newman said he valued it as a great bulwark against Atheism he must have spoken of a time when it did not intercept the missionary activity of the church. He must have meant that its great social influence worked for good in maintaining or securing acceptance for a large part of Christian doctrine. At the present moment I have

no hesitation in saying that it is the most disastrous influence to the cause of truth in England.

There is no occasion to advance theoretical reasons for this opinion. I may admit that I, at a time not very remote, entertained the view cited from Cardinal Newman. Perhaps now, upon reflection, I could offer reasons why this view could only have been true at any time in the most restricted sense. I am very clearly of opinion that it is not true now even in the most restricted sense. I lay down these propositions broadly; that is to say, as laws of opinion operating on masses of men apart from incidental effects of such opinion on individual minds. For instance, the sacramental system of the Establishment may satisfy a body of men that they are in perfect accord with the early Church of England and the Apostolic Church from which she derived her life, but individuals may be led to see something anomalous in the fact that the Establishment is divorced from that Apostolic Church. If it be an effect or the effect of the attitude of the Establishment to apparently satisfy the whole demand of those who believe in a history of direct and immediate relations between God and man in the past, it seems nothing short of disastrous. If men believe in the necessity of these in some form or another until the end of time—and logically they must—is it not a disaster that a church disclaiming infallibility should profess to be the Church of Christ? The power of the Establishment as a social influence has never been as great as it is now. It overbears people by its prestige. The scorn of Positivist and Agnostic for its illogical character barely touches it. To either of these nothing can be more absurd than the idea of a church imposing dogmas upon the faithful and disclaiming infallibility. But the Archbishop of Canterbury takes precedence of every peer not of royal blood, the bishops sit in the House of Lords, the rural clergy sit as magistrates side by side with the landed gentry in every petty sessions court. The squire and the parson rule every parish. In all this is the answer to the Agnostic or the Positivist; but what an answer it is!

THE ESTABLISHMENT ANALYZED.

Of course it is no answer. Its effect among men of a strongly religious turn of mind, but without the paternal spirit, is to make them Pantheists, or upon humane men religiously inclined to make them Positivists. Now, these two kinds of thinkers constitute the classes of cultivated men upon whom the

missionary work of the church would be successful. The vulgarity and tawdriness of the minor sects in England, the shocking irreverence of much of the language used in their pulpits and at their prayer-meetings, doubtless with the best intentions, render it impossible for decent people to join them. Where is the man who does not believe Christianity a fetichism to find a resting-place? He will not go to the Establishment, whose creed is as shifting as a quicksand, whose conception of truth is as variable as the fabled form which changed the moment it was caught, whose history is an ingenious misrepresentation, and whose policy has been from the first the least defensible kind of Erastianism to be found in history. Even the garrison Lutheranism of Prussia, in the days of Frederick the Great, can have something said for it. It was at the very least a branch of the public service dependent upon the will of the monarch; but at no time in England was the great body of the Establishment ever subject to the sovereign in any other sense than the landed gentry might be regarded as subject to him.

A MATTER OF PHRASEOLOGY.

In consequence we find Rationalism or Naturalism going straight on to conclusions in England which in a generation or two will bring down the whole social fabric. It is not very long since Mr. Bradlaugh and Mrs. Besant stood in the dock for the publication of a work which was in no way more opposed to good morals than the articles which now appear in scientific or quasi-scientific magazines. It has been remarked that you can say anything in England if you know how to say it. This is the difference between the views put forward by the present thinkers on the subjects of marriage, divorce, and the system of relations included in them, and the opinions for expressing which Mr. Bradlaugh and Mrs. Besant underwent a term of imprisonment. When the Establishment stands in the way as the instrument of God's work among men and the exponent of the moral law He has inculcated, it is quite too intelligible why a man of talent and attainments should reject a morality which, rightly or wrongly, he thinks alien to nature. Of course I cannot enter into the considerations put forward as injuriously affecting individual happiness and social well-being in consequence of the Christian law of purity and of the indissolubility of marriage. It may be enough, for that matter, to state distinctly that experience has proved the stability of so-

ciety to depend upon purity of life; still I am bound to say the considerations referred to have at least such a degree of plausibility to recommend them that they are calculated to win acceptance even from persons of scientific training; to win it in a greater degree, of course, from persons who, without such training, have yet a taste for scientific literature, and above all from that large body of readers to whom everything which is new, unconventional, and startling is attractive as bearing marks of independent and untrammelled thought.

THE POWER OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND CHIEFLY SOCIAL.

To tell the truth, an enormous advance has been made in England both in the force of Rationalism as an opinion and the power of the Establishment as a socio-religious influence. So far as I can form a judgment, however, the Establishment has very little if any intellectual authority. It would be a cruel thing to evoke Asmodeus to unroof the heads or houses of the professors of Oxford and Cambridge, some of the clergy in snug parsonages, some of the dignitaries in palace or cathedral close. One would learn too much. But I am informed of this: there are clergymen and dignitaries who spend in charity and in connection with their churches a great part of what they derive from their incumbencies. I also know that there are clergymen in considerable numbers whose intolerance of dissent and whose arrogance in the government of their parishes afford evidence of the sincerity of their belief. We have, then, the great fact of this organization absorbing whatever is not bold and enterprising in intellect, but which has a tendency to what is called religionism. For the rest, it may be said in general terms there is little other influence of a moral or intellectual character to affect the cultivated classes; and this being so, men like Dr. William Byrd Powell and Mr. Henry Seymour can ventilate, with the certainty of recognition, rules with regard to the most important relation of life which supersede the sixth and ninth commandments and the whole teaching of our Lord and his church. It may be repeated, that every bold and enterprising intellect stays outside the Establishment, or at the most barely enrolls himself as a member through some regard for the prejudice which still favors the profession of some religion.

THE CRAVING FOR SUPERNATURALISM.

When I said that Pantheism attracts the intellect with a tendency to religionism, I judged by expressions of opinion

from persons of that description. Outside any particular church there are countless thousands who are drawn to the supernatural. In a sense spiritism, spiritualism, clairvoyance, and the many other impostures which have had and are having their day, show this as distinctly as the unsavory experiences which the neophyte of Salvationism goes to hear in the expectation of learning why it is that his life has been so bad and how it may become a good one. Granted there is a consciousness of God, a feeling that one is in the presence of a power which speaks within and overshadows his being, he surely must do something to acquire a more distinct knowledge of that which affects him. Is there such a consciousness?—such a feeling? It cannot be disputed. It may not be given to every one to perceive it—this is, perhaps, a misfortune for such an one; at the same time it is not an irretrievable one, for pure reason can lead in the same direction—but it is a fact within the consciousness of thousands. If this leads to Pantheism, as in a case just now before me, surely this is in a Christian country a great misfortune. The vast endowment of the Establishment, its hierarchy, its numerous clergy, its noble cathedrals, its great seats of learning, its immense influence woven into the life of society, cannot offer an answer to the question, What is the power with which I am now in contact and with which I desire to enter on harmonious relations? I am not speaking now of that emotional condition which believers so often experience, and which they frequently regard as evidence that they are in the right way. The state I have in view partakes as much of the intellectual as of the physical or sentimental—nay, to put it beyond question, I am speaking of a state experienced by men who are understood to be unbelievers and which has led many out of the form of time into the formless of the eternal.

Yet this great Establishment in England affords no help to so many of those who deserve and need it. It is a giant without a soul, seemingly playing the part of a Frankenstein minus the cynicism, but working evil as surely as if charged with malignity from head to foot. What side of the "Square Deific" does it represent? It cannot be the revelation of Himself by God to man, because face to face with it the best intellects say, without reply, that they find God in the universe, not as the Creator in his work but as his very self, as the identification of himself. A recent professor, who during life had been distinguished by hostility to the church, was shown after his death, in works that then saw the light for the first time, to

have been a Pantheist. It would be better, one would imagine, for professors of Oxford and dignitaries of the Establishment to help the church in her missionary labors than to assail her authority, dogmatic or historical; it would be better, though perhaps more difficult, to answer questions such as I have pointed out—questions men sometimes ask themselves with profound anxiety—than to deride the church in England because of the want of social status in the vast majority of her children and the absence of academical distinction from her teaching bodies; but the Establishment will not act in this way, and so we may look for an increase of Atheism.

ATHEISM TO THE RESCUE.

Accordingly, I have before me a "Plea for Atheism," elevated to the status of an apologetic tract. Nay, we need not wait for the future—such books are coming out rapidly; even the word "Plea" is beside the matter when dogmatic Atheism suggests that it has solved problems which religion itself has failed to solve. In addition, we shall have scientific impurity preached under such titles as *The Physiology of Love*;* we already have evolutionary ethics eliciting moral ideas because they were useful in the struggle for existence; and by and by we shall have as a consequence the enlightened free-thinker justifying himself for following his natural propensities in spite of the admonitions of conscience. The Establishment claims to be a branch of the Catholic Church. It can give no reason for separating from the church, which is the living fountain of authority on morals. What answer will it give to such an argument as this on the part of any free-thinker? "What is conscience? The moral ideas for which it stands are not an opinion founded on reason, but a prejudice ingrained in the mind through inheritance from a long line of ancestors—primitive men of arboreal habits, naked savages, barbarians—these, one's ancestors for the most part; why should I be bound by a prejudice so derived? I will not on the authority of a church whose right to existence is revolt against authority."

It is no wonder that a free-thinker of this kind should laugh at the pretensions to guide him on the part of an institution which owes its authority in religion and morals to that Defender of the Faith known as Henry VIII. I do not care

* *The Physiology of Love: A Study in Stirpiculture.* By Henry Seymour. London: Fowler & Co.

to go over the familiar ground: Somerset the murderer of his brother, Elizabeth the murderer of her guest—Macaulay has put the story in his matchless way—but I say it seems clear, since authority is the ground upon which the moral law is based, since revelation is, for the most part, the authority for our moral ideas, that this immense social institution, the English Establishment, can carry no conviction to him who regards conscience as a mere inheritance, religion an evolution from corpse-worship.



A LOST VOCATION.



GOOD-NIGHT, my heart: all dreams must end at last.
 Chill, sunless days will steal athwart the sky—
 Creeping, like guilty things that cannot die,
 From out the dark into the painful past.

One storm-wet cloud, lurking along the west,
 Shall rob the burning glory of some perfect day.
 In narrowing years forgotten vows will play
 Upon the wearied soul in strange unrest.

The sun, an eager youth in gladness hailed,
 Within the lifting shade of morning's tomb;
 He knew nor grief nor sorrow, till the gloom
 Crept down and left him where the light had failed.

He stands to-day, outside the busy throng,
 With empty hands before the vineyard wall;
 Listening amid the dark for sounds that fall
 From swinging blades, and chanted reaper's song.

"T'E'DO'," THE SCULPTOR.

BY CLAUDE M. GIRARDEAU.



HE dairy-woman of Grandcourt was just skimming the last panful of milk when the house-keeper's portly figure obtruded itself at the spring-house door.

"Lucina, Madam Grandcourt desires to have speech with you," she said, with the elegance of diction permissible in one of her exalted position. Lucina replied with a curt "Very well," without pausing in her delicate occupation; but presently she betook herself to her cabin to wash her already clean hands and to put on a fresh Madras and apron before appearing at "Court," as the plantation manor-house was called.

There she found madam enthroned in the sewing-room, the centre of a busy scene. The head-woman and her aids, spruce mulatto girls, surrounded a long table, shears in hand, snipping out dress bodies and skirts from the blue homespun for the slaves' garments. In the chairs ranged about the walls sat seamstresses of all shades from *café-au-lait* to jet black, their slick or turbaned polls, with huge silver hoopings in ears, bent over the dull blue breadths, their thimbled right hands rising and descending with machine-like regularity and monotony, as they drew their needles in and out of the cloth which had been woven in an adjoining room.

It was the last of November, 1850. Piles of garments ready to wear were stacked neatly on trestles in the rear of the place, in company with gray blankets of coarse weave which had just come on the rice-boats from the city. For Christmas was drawing near, the time of the yearly distribution of new clothes and bed-coverings, and already the cunning field-hands had put the Yule-log to soak in the canal in the paddy-fields, to lengthen the holidays; for as long as that log held out to burn, the meanest slave could claim exemption from the ditch. Sometimes the water-soaked live-oak trunk had burned for a fortnight, bright to the end.

The dairy-woman went up to her mistress and stopped before her with a series of curtsies, gracefully executed.

Madam Grandcourt looked approvingly at her.

"I sent for you, Lucina, to say that the butter design was uncommonly well conceived this morning. 'Twas almost a pity to put knife to it. I expect much company for the Christmas holidays and desire something especially fine in butter for a centre-piece for the dinner-table. Let us have your best work for the occasion. I have given you ample time for the conception and execution of an original design. See that you do your best."

Lucina listened, only half understanding, with downcast eyes, curtsied afresh at the compliment and again at the command, replied with a low but distinct "I will do my best to please you, madam," and was dismissed.

She walked slowly back to her cabin, her fine dark brows knitted, her thin red lips compressed. She had a pretty talent for modelling, and hardly a day passed but that the Grandcourt table was adorned with a high relief in bright yellow butter, ice-hardened. Either a swamp-flower or a camellia japonica, an ivy-leaf or a basket cunningly filled with grapes and leaves; or, invention languishing, the Grandcourt crest, the Winged Sheaf, stood upright on the dish.

But now Lucina's working wits sought vainly for an unusual inspiration. Her morning's task was finished and she would have leisure until noon.

She looked about the cabin for her two children, but found them not.

"Dey done gone again?" queried a bleary-eyed old-crone, switch in hand, the head-nurse of the brood of little slaves.

"Tu'n um ober t' me. I lick he *pion-meh-lady*, Lucina. Dat T'e'do' de debble an' all fuh run 'way."

So, instead of sitting in the cool shade on the cabin steps under the wedded branches of the great live oaks and beguiling the time with the ancient gossips of the quarter, Lucina went into the woods in search of the truants. Submerged in thought, she wandered aimlessly and far afield, and presently found herself on the edge of a clay pit; a cup-shaped depression in the boskage, veined like onyx with brown and green, red, blue and mauve, colors that caught her eyes and pleased her, until there came into the field of vision a small figure.

Light chocolate of hue, contrasting fairly with his single and simple garment of inevitable blue, that left at liberty both legs and arms, the elf squatted in the sunshine, oblivious to the wind in the sougning pines and the jubilation of birds, his long fingers busily at work. His mother crept near him, looked over

his shoulder. He was absorbed in kneading clay, modelling a clever little cup with a design of leaves in cameo.

"Why, Theodore!" exclaimed Lucina.

The cup fell—a hopeless ruin. The modeller burst into loud sobs, anticipating with pathetic resignation the descending hand on his unprotected rear. Not far away a baby lay asleep, half-naked, in the clay.

"What are you crying for?" inquired Lucina. "Oh, you dropped the cup. What a pity!"

She picked up the wreck of art and examined it professionally, the boy glancing up at her with furtive amazement, holding a sob in his throat.

Then, with sudden courage, he drew from hiding-places various other shapes in clay. Pottery—man's earliest natural effort in earth—little basins, squat pitchers of odd figures, plates oval, square, and almost round; all decorated with a selection of form and color instinctively correct and surprisingly original and bizarre. Encouraged by his mother's admiration and exclamations, the artist drew forth other treasures, more prized apparently, yet more crude—a baby's head, a tiny hand, a foot, of which the unconscious model lay confessed, with clay between fat fingers and prehensile toes. All these sun-dried, brittle, scarcely to be handled, folded in grape and fig-leaves.

"So," said Lucina, "this is why you run away every day? I'm sorry I licked you so often, little fool. Why didn't you tell your mammy—eh?"

The sculptor hung his lamb's head.

"You little fool!" repeated his mother, laughing yet with tears in her eyes, "you might 'a' saved that back and your bare legs many a lick."

She shouldered the sleepy baby, African fashion. "Come on home now, honey, and I'll get you something to eat. It's twelve by the sun. Then you can paddle with your clay all the rest of the time. I'll get old mammy to tend to the baby."

Theodore followed her with eyes and mouth agape.

Grandcourt made good its name that Yuletide.

"The mistletoe hung from the castle hall,
And the holly branch from the old oak wall."

In the chapel the altar was ablaze with lights and brilliant with roses. Our Lady's statue, brought by madam from Italy, was wreathed with white camellias, and stood sweet and glorious against a curtain of green fern and Yupon, coral with its Christ-

mas berries. The house-slaves on their knees adored the Crib and wondered at the glowing star, while the rich, strong voices of those who could sing rose in the Christmas hymn at midnight, to the deep tones of the organ evoked by madam's skillful fingers.

Among the worshipping slaves knelt the guests of Grandcourt—a dozen young people from neighboring plantations, a beauty from the city who had already captivated the brilliant Raoul de l'Isle d'Or at her right, and the proud and melancholy Luigi Rossetti at her left—this latter madam's near kinsman.

By candle-light, on Christmas evening, the great dining-room was displayed. The laughing procession thither stopped midway the hall with many an "Oh!" and "Ah!" of pleasure and gay admiration. In both dining-hall and picture-gallery the painted faces of Grandcourts and Rossettis observed the innocent revellers from the panelled walls with English decorum and Italian dignity.

The priest's benediction ended, Luigi's eyes fell upon the centre-piece of the table's decoration. He leaned forward to observe it more closely, and was about to call the Frenchman's attention to it when the excitable L'Isle d'Or cried out:

"Ah, what a delicious work of art! Is it a bit of your pleasantry, mon Luigi?"

He put up a glass to examine more closely the exquisite design in butter. Two cows, one standing, the other lying down, on a pedestal wreathed with delicately moulded flowers, supported by a flat surface of crystal on golden legs.

Instantly every eye about the table was riveted upon it. Verbal bonbons neatly folded in English, French, Italian, even Latin—that of Hildebrand rather than of Horace, however—were gracefully showered upon Rossetti.

"O madam!" exclaimed the beauty, who lisped, with a side-long blue shaft at Luigi, "what a condescension for so great an artist as Signor Rossetti to crown our pleasure with his wonderful genius. Pray, signor, is every plastic material one to your art?"

Madam smiled.

"But," protested the sculptor with heightened color and a sense of annoyance, "I assure you the work is wonderful, . . . but it is not mine."

A chorus of expostulation, incredulity.

"Whose, then? Have we another genius among us? What modesty!"

De l'Isle d'Or placed a hand upon his embroidered waist-coat.

"Behold the man! It can no longer be concealed. . . . In my leisure moments I discarded the pen for the modelling tool. There is another of my little efforts," he pointed to a superb portrait by Verplanck—"sculpture, painting, poetry—for I wrote 'Les Orientales'—music—for I composed 'Le Prophète'—all are one to me!"

A merry shout interrupted him.

Madam demanded silence.

"It is but fit that such transcendent genius should be crowned," she said, inclining her head to Raoul.

Then to the beauty: "Venus, arise; it is from your hands alone that Apollo shall receive reward."

The obedient beauty took off the wreath that rested proudly on her dazzling hair.

Raoul arose impetuously, dropped on one knee at her feet as she advanced smiling to him, and bent his black head for the rosy crown. Then they resumed their seats amid universal applause.

"Still," said a voice persistent, perhaps that of the Father Hilary whose bright eyes twinkled—"still the question remains: Who made the butter-cows?"

"With all due respect to Apollo," said madam, when the laughter had subsided, "and despite his garland of genius, I will produce the artist."

She whispered the butler at her elbow. He gave an order to another slave, who disappeared, to return in a few moments conveying Lucina in Christmas cap and gown. She blushed vividly at sight of the glittering company, yet stood composed. Luigi looked at her in sheer amazement.

"Tell me, my good woman," he said quickly, "surely you did not model these little cows in butter?"

"No, sir," said Lucina clearly.

Madam started violently and turned her chair about, her diamonds flashing.

"What do I hear? Why do you lie, silly woman? It is no disgrace."

"But, nevertheless, madam, I did not make them," said Lucina, trembling.

"Then go and fetch me the one who did," cried madam imperiously, clapping her hands smartly together in her curiosity and excitement.

"I am avenged," cried Raoul, "O ye incredulous! Will ye not now admit the splendor of my genius?"

A battery of bright eyes and wits were immediately turned upon him. In the midst of the brilliant bombardment and counter-fire Lucina re-entered the room, apparently alone. But as she approached they perceived a small brown creature clinging to her skirts. She unfastened his claws and held him at arm's length.

"He made them," she said simply to her mistress.

Every face around the table exhibited the liveliest curiosity and incredulity.

"Impossible!"

"It is a joke!"

"The little elf!"

"Is it really so?" exclaimed Madam Grandcourt. She held out a hand, but the boy shrank back from the jewelled invitation. "Who is he?"

"My son, madam; Theodore—"

The glances of the two women crossed like swords.

"What is his age?" cried Luigi, amazed and touched.

"He is ten, sir."

"What genius!"

Raoul arose and took off his rosy crown with a graceful, dramatic gesture.

"Fair Queen of Love, . . . with your permission, . . ." and dropped it lightly on the head of the little slave. It fell around his neck. Frightened, he buried himself again in his mother's skirts. Venus put an apple into one of his hands; Luigi an orange in the other.

"He shall stay in the kitchen this evening," said madam graciously, "and shall have his dinner from my table."

So Genius, led by Slavery, went into the kitchen.

The Christmas festivities were at an end. Luigi, who had profited by the holidays to make the acquaintance of Lucina and her son, went to his cousin with a request for the latter.

"You want to buy the little slave? What will you do with him?" inquired Madam Grandcourt with amusement.

"I should say that I would make a sculptor of him, but the good God has already done that. I can only show him the kingdoms of the earth."

"Like a second Satan? What would the slave be in Florence—in Rome?" queried madam, still laughing.

"He would be no longer a slave."

"Ah! truly. Well, take him. God knows I have no use for him here. A house-servant he shall not be, and the rice-ditch is no place for him."

She spoke with a bitterness incomprehensible to Luigi. But then he had never lived in America.

"But—his mother."

"Oh! as for that—she has another child"; and madam dismissed the subject decidedly.

Luigi, not being a slave-owner or an habitual purchaser of such merchandise, was troubled.

He went to Father Hilary, who listened without being able to advise. Then he went to Lucina, and the day the rice-boat left the landing the mother herself took her son by the hand and led him to his new master. In vain had Luigi petitioned Madam Grandcourt for the woman also. The mistress was inexorable.

"She is an invaluable dairy-woman," she replied lightly. "Besides, she has another child."

But from the day of Theodore's sale the Grandcourt butter dishes bore no designs other than the Winged Sheaf. Madam frowned, then shrugged her shoulders, and there the matter rested.

Months passed, when one day she was told that the dairy-woman was ill. She went to the cabin herself.

"You are a foolish woman," she said, sitting by the bed, "to fret yourself about your son when he is a free man, and will be a great one."

Lucina fixed her large eyes on her mistress' face.

"No; . . . what good would freedom do you? What would you do in Italy? What figure would you cut there? You would only bring your son into disrepute. Make up your mind once for all. On the Grandcourt plantation you shall live—and die."

She took her departure, and Lucina grew obstinately worse. One who held a grudge against her—perhaps desired her position as dairy-woman—"slipped her pillow" in the night, and so she died. And the baby, left to the tender mercies of the toothless slave-nurse, died also.

Fifteen years after these happenings, grave and gay, Grandcourt was in the hands of the enemy; the house ransacked for treasure and partly burned, paintings and statuary carried off,

the fine piano and magnificent harp demolished, silver and gold and crystal, French pottery and Italian tapestries, all contraband of war.

The family vault had been forced open, the coffins violated, the leg-bones and skulls of century-old Grandcourts littered the marble floor and shelves.

Ruin, with hideous visage and skeleton wings, brooded like a harpy over rice-field and rose-garden. No longer the wailing sound of slave songs in the ditches, the laughter of children in the quarter, the stamping of the stallions in the paddocks. The cabins were deserted, the parks and preserves plundered, the stables empty. Madam Grandcourt had been a refugee to the up-country for several years, dependent on the charity of some distant kinsmen of her husband, who were as proud as they were poor.

After the declaration of peace, despite their entreaties and vivid representations of the condition of the plantation, she determined to spend Christmas day on the place. At this time the Grandcourts were in the city.

After early Mass in the partly-restored cathedral, Madam Grandcourt got into a ramshackle wagon, to which was hitched with motley harness a half-dead horse and an army mule. With an old, black wizened creature for charioteer, she took the road to the Court for the first time in five years.

Such a highway! Worn, mangled into countless ruts by the continuous passage of trampling armies, heavy artillery, ammunition and forage wagons, stamping cavalry, toiling infantry, in never-ceasing procession, covered now with half-frozen mud, whose sharp edges cut the hocks of the blind horse, and whose deceptive slime and slush betrayed them into many a frightful hole; gaunt, leafless trees, fire-scarred, overhung their misery; and here and there, mute witness of the martyrdom of a once stately mansion, a ruined chimney stood sentinel over ash-heaps.

Madam shuddered at these forerunners of disaster, and drew her shabby veil more tightly over her patched and shivering shoulders. Late in the afternoon they reached the Court. She refused the bread and water humbly offered by the faithful negro, and directed her steps to the house.

The devastation on all sides pierced her very soul; but upon confronting the house itself, its standing walls gaping and smoke-blackened, only three of the splendid pillars of its marble façade left to support the crumbling roof, dismantled casements staring blindly at her like lidless eyes—the whole scene

of desolation wanly illumined by the death-like distance of a wintry sunset—she uttered a loud cry. Then, hurrying up the dangerous and decaying steps, she made her way into the dining-hall, and there stood gazing. Half the ceiling was gone, the remaining half hanging at a threatening angle over the paved floor, whose marble tilings, ruthlessly torn up here and there in the search for treasure, yawned to the cellar below.

Strange to say, the huge rosewood banquet-table still stood in the centre of the pavement. Charred and blackened, its solidity had resisted all attempts to remove or to consume it.

Madam Grandcourt, moving as if in nightmare, approached the head of it and there stood, her black veil thrown back, displaying her ghastly face and burning eyes. The concentrated agony of the last four years rushed over her, engulfed her, like a wave of the deep sea.

A ray from the descending sun suddenly entered the rectangle of a once splendid window, and lighted up, as if derisively, a figure facing her at the table's foot. She gripped the rosewood with both hands, until reason and sense reasserted their dominion over weakness. The man, who was almost as startled as herself, spoke first, in clear but halting English.

"Can it be possible that it is Madam Grandcourt before me?"

His voice, resonant and of pathetic timbre, awoke vibrations in the horrid place.

"I am Madam Grandcourt," was the reply, scarce above a whisper; "but—who are you?"

"You do not recognize me, madam? I am not surprised. Yet think; . . . who beside yourself would come here to-day, under such circumstances?"

His address was direct, graceful, polished, yet with a curious and subtle embarrassment.

She noted this, as in a dream. "Wait—wait!" she cried, loudly and harshly. "You are— No—no, it is not possible!"

They stared at each other, trembling under the trembling walls.

"Madam, where is my mother?"

"How can I tell? I had many slaves."

"Is she alive or dead? I do beseech you—answer!"

He leaned across the table as if to compel her with his eyes.

"Both of my sons are dead," she wailed suddenly, shaking her thin arms and clenched hands at the threatening roof;

"both—and my only daughter!—" then fell on her knees and bowed her head on her arms, moaning.

The young man pressed his hand to his heart, yet stood aloof, a spectator yet a sharer of her grief.

"My mother," he persisted gently, "and my sister. Are they, too, dead?"

"Long, long ago," replied Madam Grandcourt, sobbing bitterly, yet raising her head, "and your father also."

She cried out in her anguish: "God has punished me—God has punished me for my cruelty!"

But he glided around the table and gently helped her to her feet. The tears of age are brief but bloody. Her distracted mind displayed itself in the frenzy of her eyes.

He therefore lifted her hand to his lips, he knelt before her, he said sweetly in the soft language of her childhood and of his youth:

"I am your slave—and your son."

Her eyes fell on his dress, the collar about his young throat.

"A priest!" she whispered, her heart melting within her. "But your art—your beautiful, your wonderful art?"

"I gave it to God," he said simply. "Come with me, my mother."

He drew her away with soft persistence. As they stepped beyond the vacancy where once the leaves of a great door hung, the impending ceiling groaned, wavered, fell with a hideous uproar, burying the table in its ruin, filling the house with wild, clamorous echoes.

"Mother of God!" exclaimed Madam Grandcourt, clinging terrified to the supporting arm, "what an escape!"

They interrogated each other's soul with dilating eyes. Behold, as they fled panic-stricken from the fearful place, and stopped breathless in the weed-grown drive before the house, the evening star, a cross of dazzling splendor, hung magnificent and serene in the darkening east. Theodore's eyes grew radiant. He clasped his hands, his lips moved:

"Jesu, tibi sit gloria,
Qui natus es de Virgine,
Cum Patre et almo Spiritu,
In sempiterna sæcula."

"Amen," whispered Madam Grandcourt softly.



ST. CHARLES' COLLEGE, NEAR ELLICOTT CITY, MD.; PREPARATORY SEMINARY OF THE SULPICIANs.

OLD TIMES AT ST. CHARLES.

BY REV. M. P. SMITH, C.S.P.



FATHER VIGER, dearest of friends and doctor of our bodies, minds, and souls at St. Charles for more than forty years, has prepared for the Jubilee, with loving hands, a memorial volume, profusely illustrated and accurately historical. I should suffer grievously by comparison if I tried to cover the memorable fifty years of St. Charles life in a manner similar to his own, but there always was and there always will be a history of St. Charles which is beyond the reach of the Reverend Faculty. They get hints of it now and then, long years afterwards, when some grave and portly ex-student may say, "Do you remember the time I was carried out of the room in a dead faint and you gave over the class for the rest of the hour? Well, that was all a joke—ha, ha!" But, somehow, the faculty member seems never fully to appreciate the historical importance of such matters, and I dare say none of them will find place in Father Viger's book. That history is written—

where? On the overcrowded tablets of busy priests' memories, palimpsests whose early readings become legible only under the subtle chemicals of comradeship, and whose entire fabric is so soon to be, so often, alas! already has been, dissolved in the laboratory of the grave. Thus the world in general and future—St. Charles boys in particular—are losing a precious heritage. I shall be amply repaid if the present article succeeds in making some one write his reminiscences. Old students of other colleges do so copiously and diligently, and few have such notable materials to draw upon as we.

American patriots could profit by the example Charles Carroll of Carrollton set for them when he founded this school for "ministers of the Gospel of the Catholic persuasion." He did it in a lordly manner becoming the old Southern baronial aristocracy, but tempered with the simple, straightforward piety that is characteristic of Maryland Catholics. The site of the college had always been known in the Carroll domain as "Mary's lot," and with the passing years the grateful Sulpicians, to whom Carroll entrusted the entire charge of his bequest, have never failed, in prospectuses and the like, to couple with the name of their patron, "the august Queen of Heaven," that of their chief benefactor, "the venerable signer of the Declaration of Independence."

It was in the spring of 1830 that Father Deluol, superior of the Sulpicians in Baltimore, received from Charles Carroll the deed to two hundred and fifty acres of land and a certificate for fifty shares of United States Bank stock; and during the following year the patriot, in the ninety-fourth year of his age, laid the corner-stone, which was blessed by Archbishop Whitfield; but not until 1848 was the foundation actually completed. Father O. L. Jenkins, under pressure from Archbishop Eccleston, took up the work at a time when the college connected with St. Mary's Seminary had demonstrated the disadvantages of confusing the preparatory clerical course with the needs of a secular school. Father Jenkins had been a banker in Baltimore before he joined the Sulpicians, and he contributed to the new college financial ability and financial aid as well, so that he deserved to be called the second founder of St. Charles.

He fought a hard battle with the unreserved self-sacrifice of a true Sulpician. The good French fathers, eager to adapt themselves to the American character, took him as their model. Consequently his views of discipline were in vogue long after

his death, and it was doubly hard for them to relinquish the European standard of discipline which Father Jenkins, unknown to them, had absorbed into his own mind and applied as the proper method and model with a rigor which would have delighted



REST, RECREATION, AND STUDY.

Collet or Antoine—names remembered for their strictness. Student tradition remembers Father Jenkins as timid,

severe, and so averse to giving holidays that he often hid himself in the most ridiculous places to avoid being asked.

In those good old days it was a great luxury to have the necessaries of life, and students carried water to fill the lavatory—

known by euphemism as “the fountain”; they swept the corridors, kindled the fires, split wood, shucked corn, and strayed by instinct into the orchard to make occult compensation for their labors. Such duties have passed with the introduction of gas and hot-water pipes in the great house, the elevated reservoir of purest spring-water from the “Savannah,” the army of servants and sisters, the scientific head farmer and his goodly corps of yokels; but the hearty, simple spirit of the old days continues to be the approved way of living at St. Charles, fit and needed preparation for the trials and discomforts of priestly life.

Father Jenkins died at St. Charles, July 11, 1869, and was succeeded by Father S. Ferté—de la Ferté, if you will. I have his portrait before me now, and the refined, patrician face has its inspiration for me as it had in the boyhood years when he occupied so large a place in my daily thoughts. I admired

and loved and laughed at him, and I believe American boys will be doing the like as long as there are French Sulpicians of the old school to lead their young hearts through the exalted and blameless period of making ready for the priesthood. I have no fear of exaggerating the praises of my teachers. They are innocent as babies, chaste as maidens, and strong in character as only good men can be. We boys love and reverence them as far as our comprehension of their lofty spirit goes, and when our minds are no longer able to follow in the track of their perfections, we make up for the due appreciation by laughing, and loving them all the more. It seems to me I spent my first three years at St. Charles laughing.

It was exquisite delight to see Father Ferté—of course we called him “Mr.” Ferté—conducting a guest through the house. When they came to a door, Father Ferté’s irreproachable manners positively forbade him precede the visitor, and if, as sometimes happened, the visitor was equally polite, the procession stopped then and there indefinitely. His face was covered with wrinkles, as if the ordinary share of epidermis was not enough to contain the full gladness of his smile. While a boy was reading his composition he slightly reclined in his chair, gently patting the top of his head and rolling his eyes approvingly. At the end,

“Ah—h, Smeeth, did you liigue ett?”

“Yes, Mr. Ferté.”

“Sub omne respec—*tu*?”

This was usually so tantalizing that the desired criticism was not forthcoming. Yet one could explain one’s laughter no more reasonably than when, at confession, he threw the ample sleeve of his surplice over one’s head and, bending to catch the faintest murmur of the penitent’s lips, his nods of assent tickled one’s cheek with his little tufted side-whisker till the tale of school-boy misdeeds was interrupted by spasms of merriment.

“Oh, Mr. Ferté, I *hope* you won’t think me irreverent, but—but, I just can’t help it!”

We thought we had at least one just ground for laughter; that was his “spiritual direction.” He insisted on this exercise for the good of our souls, yet I have never, on my visits for the purpose, received from him anything more ascetical than—

“Ah—h, Smeeth, come in! Draw your chair near the fire. You find it cold to-day?”

“Not very, Mr. Ferté.”

"Yes, you are well?"

"Yes, sir."

"Your health, it is good?"

"Yes, Mr. Ferté."

"You have a good appetite?"

"Yes, Mr. Ferté."

"And your classes, you like them?"

"Yes, Mr. Ferté."

Happily, I was not oppressed with thirst for spiritual direction in those days.

Each of the faculty had his own conception of English pronunciation, and my name was a shibboleth. Father Ferté succeeded in getting it correctly at the expense of much hesitation on the vowel, but many of the others contented themselves with "Smis," which sometimes lengthened into something like "Smeeess." Father Vignon had special trouble with the *th*, and once made sad havoc of the boys' gravity at a function by sending the sacristan word to remove a large floral ornament—"it is wizzard" (withered).

"Ah, Smis," he said to me one day, "you will brush away dat cup-board from near to the head of St. Aloysius, in the chapel."

"What, Mr. Vignon?"

"Dat *cup-board*!"

"Cup-board? Oh, you mean cobweb, Mr. Vignon!"

Such episodes, tame as they appear in rehearsal, were for us the chief source of a joy of living which nothing since has supplied, unless it be the memory of them. They derived piquancy from the earnestness of their environment. No St. Charles boy can be lazy with a good conscience when he recalls Father J.-B. Menu, the disciplinarian most of the time between 1849 and the day he was laid in "God's Acre," adjoining the playground, in 1888. He was the most indefatigable worker I have ever known, driving through his ceaseless round of toil with the fierce intensity of a warrior in the thick of the fight. He was the terror of loiterers, just and uncompromising, quiet and uncomplaining. He was never known to take a holiday. If his own stint was accomplished, he insisted on relieving some one else, and it was his delight to sit on guard in the study-hall during afternoons when the one appointed for that duty was enjoying the sweet outer air. No protracted confinement in vitiated atmosphere impaired his stentorian lungs. He could sing all day—and often did, when he spent general holidays

teaching various classes their plain chant; and he was ready to sing all night if need be. He rose at three every morning to get a good start by indulging in the source of all his strength, his ardent and long-continued prayers. Every *prone* (conference) he gave the boys was written out and committed to memory. Often we heard them close with the words, "Ah! Il m'échappe!" Not one word would he speak extemporaneously, and I am sure this conscientiousness has produced its intended effect, though, perhaps, only after many years.



"EACH SEASON HAD ITS MATCHLESS JOYS."

Rev. P. P. Denis, still happily surviving, having celebrated his golden jubilee some three years ago, was the third president and exercised a sway over our hearts as undisputed as it was tender and loving. So perfect was our allegiance to him that only once was he known to reprove a man for making a noise in the study-hall.

"Some one is making a noise," he said on this occasion with great sweetness. "I have waited for him to stop of his own accord. It is now my duty to speak."

The boy was nearly mobbed that night at common recreation.

Father Denis' poems in French and Latin are of purest classical style and genuine artistic merit. An Horatian ode on the twenty-fifth anniversary of Pius IX. gained for him recognition by the Pope, to whom it was read; but to us the most grateful accomplishment of his scholarship was his incomparable Greek pronunciation. Each vowel and consonant was so distinct that we could write from dictation without error, though some of us had to go to the lexicon afterwards to translate our own manuscript.

Rev. F. L. M. Dumont, Rev. C. B. Rex, and Rev. C. B. Schrantz, the succeeding presidents, are known to me, indeed, and sincerely loved, but I do not know them from the student's view-point, save that each has been declared to be superlatively popular by the boys of his *régime*.

The society lost Father Rex in February of 1897, when he was only forty-one years old. "The life of Father Rex," says the college obituary, "short as it was, filled a large measure of usefulness. He deeply influenced all those with whom he lived as student, professor, and superior. His genial manners, his broadness of mind, his forgetfulness of self, while he was all attention to others, his incomparable tact and humility, the blending of manly with Christian and priestly virtues, made him an object of love and reverence in Baltimore as in Boston, in Paris as in Rome. The superiors of St. Sulpice acknowledged his extraordinary merit by appointing him one of the twelve assistants of the society"—the only American to receive the honor. Father Rex was a convert, having been received into the church at the age of fourteen after mastering the catechism unaided.

Besides those I have mentioned, fifty-two others have served faithfully on the faculty of St. Charles; two have since been elevated to the episcopate—Bishop Burke of Albany and Archbishop Chapelle of New Orleans; twenty-six are Sulpicians, and to each of these, above all, I would gladly pay an affectionate tribute. Yet when I had celebrated the last, two names would still remain which in the catalogue of the college lack the "S.S.," but in the catalogue of the students' memories are Sulpicians of Sulpicians. Old Father Piot, indeed, was once a member of the society, leaving to become pastor at Ellicott City. After laboring there for several years, fashioning his flock on an ideal nothing short of sanctity, he retired to the college to prepare for death. Incidentally he cultivated among the students a zeal and activity in holy pursuits which proved most fruitful of

good. His own exercises of piety were somewhat appalling to us. On cold, damp days, for example, he would spend his time in the woods, reading and meditating. We thought he was courting death, and amused ourselves by sending the junior students to wish him a happy New Year. Every one else in the house received such visits as a due, but Father Piot, even before they had entered, called :

“Close the door! I don't want a happy new year nor any other kind!”

Death was a tardy visitor upon this chaste soul. When he came, in May, 1882, he had been impatiently awaited for thirty years.

Dear old Father H. F. Griffin was associated with the Sulpicians for more than sixty years as student, seminarian, priest, and professor, and when he died at St. Charles in 1893 it had been his residence for forty years, having served as the basis of his pastorate over Doughoregan Manor and Clarkville. As he came and went on his trusty steed, Santa Anna, with a couple of dogs following, he was the delight of the play-ground. But no boy's prank could disturb the gravity of those faithful friends, nor any abundance of tidbits surfeit their appetite. They had learned their manners from their master, who was a Chesterfield by nature and a Sulpician by education, with a heart as hungry for boyish friendships as his horse was hungry for sugar. His repertory of adventure had most to do with his stage-coach journeys from Ohio to Baltimore in early youth, and he never wanted an audience, though I think it enhanced our pleasure to hear from his lips a faultless pronunciation of English, after long familiarity with the French variations.

I would be shooting wide of the mark, however, if I left the impression that English is not properly taught at St. Charles. From the beginning, in fact, the Sulpicians seem to have a passionate love for English grammar and literature. Next to the Greek and Latin, English has been the chief subject of instruction, and their thorough, painstaking methods have cultivated in American priests a taste and capacity for that kind of learning which, after their ritual and moral theology, is most important for them. Father Jenkins, the first president, compiled an excellent manual of English literature which, under the editorship of Father Viger, has proved a standard work. The English studies of the present day are largely under the direction and inspiration of Father John B. Tabb, who has cast his lot with St. Charles since 1875, and during that time has



RECREATION HALL.

years at St. Charles, assumes this year the presidency of the new college and seminary in the Archdiocese of San Francisco. He is the author of a volume on Ancient History and has ready for



PLAY-GROUND AND CEMETERY.



IN THE READING-ROOM.

reflected more lustre on the artistic attainments of American Catholicism than any other writer whom I can recall.

In this connection I cannot fail to mention Rev. A. J. B. Vuibert, of the Sulpicians, who, after thirty-one

the press on Modern History. This subject, indeed, and rhetoric are his *forte*. His marvelous memory, his accurate scholarship, the masterly arrangement and condensation of the matters treated, afford only a partial estimate of his worth.

His place at St. Charles will not easily be filled, and the Catholic youth of the Pacific coast are to be envied in having him and the accomplished though younger professors who go West under his leadership.

Thoroughness is the one fault I have found with the St.

Charles course of instruction; it has limited the range of studies, especially in regard to empirical sciences, and it has necessitated a longer preparation than many young men are willing to make. Yet, amid the prevalent tendencies of American education, it remains an open question whether thoroughness can be a fault. Certainly the Sulpicians have adhered to the method at no small cost to themselves. Their conscientious correction of the innumerable written exercises they exact is sufficient proof of this.

I would have been willing to give a pretty penny if by some magical recrudescence one of the corn-husking, wood-chopping boys of Father Jenkins's time could have taken a seat under the white oaks beside the ample seniors' play-ground, one September day two years ago, when Cardinal Gibbons (doubtless himself one of the old wood-choppers) brought his pennanted Baltimore Orioles to play with the St. Charles boys. What progress the years have seen! It was always a standing joke that boys who could not remember five popes in succession nor ever get *men* and *de* straight in their heads, could rattle off at a moment's notice the pedigree of every ball-player who has trod the diamond. But it is within the last few years, especially with the encouragement and active co-operation of Father Schrantz, that athletics at St. Charles have developed into a notable and admirable feature of the student-life.

In my day compulsory walks were the staple of outdoor exercise. We meekly followed our proctor to the limits of Elliott City, sending a chosen few the remainder of the way to purchase sweetmeats; and, on the return, closed ranks at the martial command of "Beads!" Or, we rambled off to the dismantled "Folly"; or, nearer home, loitered in the purple October haze beneath the bountiful chestnut-trees. Each season had its matchless joys, especially for us who were city bred—the hearty Christmas cheer, the January coasting on the lawn, the first peep of the crocuses, and the coming of the wonderful Maryland song birds in spring; cherry-time too, and then the winds were billowing the golden harvest-fields, and boys were marking on the walls the number of cups of tea they expected to drink before the homing season. In the swift, unrestful, changing after-life, boyhood at St. Charles looms significantly as the only centre of repose. Thither the mind turns, with what sad comparisons! It quails before the reproach of that serene existence, in which the purpose of life was definite, bright, and clear, mirrored in generous, ambitious hearts, and working its sublime pattern in daily upward strivings.

The religious impressions of the old life are the deepest and strongest. Living day by day under the care of saints whose outward looks and bearing assured us beyond cavil of their spotless souls, the boys who had consecrated themselves to the highest service of God on earth preserved the earnest, reverential candor of childhood. The daily morning offering before the statue of the Blessed Virgin; the weekly prone; the midnight communions on Christmas eve, when the beautiful Gothic chapel was sweet with unaccustomed flowers, and boys went up, four by four, four by four, interminably; the elaborate decorations in honor of the Queen of May; the melodious impromptu gatherings at twilight around her statue on the lawn; the outdoor candle *fête*; the long, loyal devotion of sacristans to their Hidden Lord,—such are the memories that stand like landmarks of a lost Eden and make us wonder whether we will ever be so thoroughly, blissfully in love with our religion again.

I took a young stranger to St. Charles a few days ago. He was shown every courtesy of the place by those incomparable hosts as if he had been a prince of the church, and he responded to the unique experience with lively enthusiasm for every commendable detail of the college life. He had seen the



“IN THE PURPLE OCTOBER HAZE.”

great barn and the clean Holsteins, the orchards and vineyards, the flower-gardens and the play-grounds, which the great house draws close to herself on either side with a motherly embrace; he had seen much of the interior, also, with its irreproachable cleanliness, its sweetness and light; he had fallen in love with half a dozen of the professors, and I was curious to hear his final word. It came with a sigh as we drove out the gate.

"Everything is perfect," he said, "but I feel almost as if we ought not to leave them here alone. They ought to have some big, burly business man to shield them from the world."

"But didn't you notice," I replied, "a monogram on all the doors and cupboards?"

"Yes; the Blessed Virgin's, was it not?"

"Precisely. That is to remind you never to fear for St. Charles'. It is the favorite saying of the Sulpicians that she is Superior here."

It was on the last day of October, 1848, that Rev. O. L. Jenkins, with an assistant instructor, four students, and one servant, arrived at an unfinished building on the Frederick turnpike in Howard County, Md., and established himself, in the midst of poverty and hardship, as the first president of St. Charles' College. During the fifty years that have passed his work, his aims, and his zeal have been perpetuated. The original charter stipulated that the only purpose of the college should be "the education of pious young men of the Catholic persuasion for the ministry of the Gospel," and the five Sulpicians, who were also stipulated for by the charter as sole trustees of the institution, have maintained their early design of limiting the curriculum to such preparatory studies as would fit recipients to enter upon a Divinity course. Nevertheless, at present, the ample and imposing edifice which dominates its own broad acres of field and forest shelters a faculty of seventeen members, with a student body numbering nearly two hundred and fifty; its registers have enrolled three thousand aspirants to the priesthood, and from them have been ordained nine hundred priests, serving as diocesans or regulars throughout America and Europe. Of these, five are bishops, four are archbishops, and one a cardinal.

The survivors of the three thousand who have studied at St. Charles are consequently preparing to celebrate, on the fifteenth and sixteenth of the current month, the honorable achievements of their college.

In conjunction with the faculty of the college a Jubilee



THE BEAUTIFUL GOTHIC CHAPEL, SWEET WITH FLOWERS.

Committee was appointed by the Alumni Association over one year ago, and this committee has since that time been actively engaged in perfecting arrangements. Its membership is as follows: Revs. O. B. Corrigan, M. F. Foley, and James F. Donohue, Baltimore, Md.; Rev. T. F. Kiernan, Parsons, Pa.; Rev. E. A. Kelly, Chicago, Ill.; Rev. M. P. Smith, C.S.P., New York City; Rev. E. A. Pace, Ph.D., D.D., Dean of the School of Philosophy, Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C.; Very Rev. Joseph M. Flynn, R.D., Morristown, New Jersey; Very Rev. John A. Mulcahy, V.G., Hartford, Connecticut; Rev. D. J. Maher, S.S., D.D., St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, Secretary of the Committee; Right Rev. J. J. Monaghan, D.D., Bishop of Wilmington, Treasurer of the Committee; Very Rev.

Philip J. Garrigan, D.D., Vice-Rector of the Catholic University of America, Washington, Chairman of the Committee.

The most conspicuous feature of this committee's work has been the collection of several thousand dollars through a system of diocesan treasurers under the supervision of Bishop Monaghan. This sum is to be presented to the faculty for use according to the decision of the Alumni Association, which meets during the Jubilee. The prevailing sentiment is that the money will be directed to the endowment of a Faculty Scholarship whereby young men who aspire to a position in the faculty of St. Charles' College will be enabled to complete a thorough course of post-graduate work in some one of the great universities of the world, and thus maintain in the future the high standard of scholarship which has distinguished the faculty of St. Charles up to the present time.

A special sub-committee has spent several months gathering the photographs of old students and teachers. The result of such an attempt is necessarily incomplete, yet more than one-half of the ordained priests whose first studies were made at St. Charles will be represented at the Jubilee in five groups corresponding to the five decades of the college. Each group will be supplemented by contemporary documents and engravings relative to the growth of the institution, and the last decade is further illustrated on the walls of the Recreation Hall by large class pictures. The aim of this committee has been historical rather than personal, and the various groups afford an opportunity for comparisons in which past and present will alike be honored.

During the celebration the old students will be guests of the college, which the students of to-day have spent their finest energies in decorating after the home-like and tasteful fashion which is peculiar to St. Charles. In the exercises, also, of the first day the present students will be the chief figures, for they will repeat before the regretful, reminiscent eyes of former graduates the pomp and enthusiasm of Commencement Day. The address will be delivered by Hon. John Lee Carroll, ex-governor of Maryland, and grandson of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, for whom the college is named and to whose munificence its existence is due.

The afternoon will be devoted to the third annual meeting of the Alumni Association, and the evening to an informal social gathering where "Don't you remember the day," etc., will be repeated a thousand times; and balconies, halls, and corridors will ring with the recollections of "ye olden time."

On the morrow, at 9:30 A. M., his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons will celebrate Solemn Pontifical Mass in the college chapel, a short sermon will follow, and later in the day, at a general session of old students, Right Rev. Thomas M. A. Burke, Bishop of Albany, will deliver an oration on the Sulpicians and their work at St. Charles; Rev. John J. Wedenfeller, of Charleston, S. C., will read a jubilee ode, and Rev. Dr. E. A. Pace, of the Catholic University, will speak on the relations between ecclesiastical training and higher education.

At a banquet in the evening toasts will be answered by his Grace Archbishop Martinelli, his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, Rev. William Orr, of Boston, and by Dr. Garrigan, the chairman of the Jubilee Committee. His Grace, the Right Rev. Treasurer, will close the celebration by presenting the fund which all St. Charles students feel is entirely inadequate to express the debt of gratitude they owe to the devoted, self-sacrificing men who have expended their lives in ceaseless, prayerful toil for the sake of the American priesthood, and with no other hope than for a heavenly reward.



THE JUBILEE CLASS.

COMMUNION HYMN.

After "Ad Quem diu suspiravi."

BY H. WILBERFORCE.

I.



O long and anxiously desired,
 Thou art my own at last!
 To whom my soul hath long aspired,
 Him hold I close and fast.
 Rejoice, my soul, rejoice and sing,
 Adore in love, and greet thy King.

II.

Oh, sad I was and sore distressed;
 Naught knew I, sweet or gay.
 For whom I love His steps impressed
 In places far away:
 But now my threshold, opened wide,
 Gives happiest pledge of joy and pride.

III.

To parched fields the rain is sweet:
 The grass grows bright again
 When morning suns with pleasing heat
 Refresh the dew-damp plain—
 But not so sweet and not so dear
 Are rain and sun, as *Jesus* here.

IV.

Thrice happy day, thrice happy hour,
 In which I welcome Thee;
 How comely rises from her bower
 A morn so glad for me!
 For he that hath Thee, Jesus Lord,
 Hath all content as his award.

V.

Say now, my soul, with what desire,
 What thought and pensive prayer,
 This goodness high wilt thou admire,
 This love beyond compare:

For, rustling through the morning light,
There stoops to earth the God of might.

VI.

Of nothing God has made my frame,
Of nothing mere and dark,
And added reason's holy flame,
Man's character and mark :
And to a world where wrong was rife,
By Cross and Manger given life.

VII.

Behold the gifts whereby each day
God e'er enriches man ;
Some honeyed gift or fair display
Is still His bounty's plan—
O Treasure of my heart's domain !
In puissance claim, and keep, and reign.

VIII.

We men of earth have selfish hearts,
(My selfish heart behold !)
Rouse Thou my love with fiery darts,
It lies too still and cold :
I fain would love Whom I adore,
And loving much, would yet love more.

IX.

Abide, abide, prolong thy rest,
Who com'st at morning's light ;
Ah, happy could I keep this guest
Till gloom of hast'ning night !
Would naught of earth, nor naught above,
Would naught could loose these links of love !

X.

Sing sweet, my soul, some angel song,
Some canticle of bliss :
Or in prophetic vision long,
See other realms than this ;
Where love with love meets face to face
And ages pass in one embrace.

CHURCH ATTENDANCE IN PROTESTANTISM.

BY S. T. SWIFT.



It is difficult to understand how a thoughtful member of any Protestant denomination whatever can look abroad on sectarianism without the greatest uneasiness. The facile breaking-down of doctrinal walls which men of a past generation built up with their lives is not necessarily a matter of gratulation to Catholic or non-Catholic. A growing laxity of thought which takes little note of ecclesiastical transitions that should, if theological phrases have one iota of spiritual verity behind them, be like the rending asunder of body and soul to those compelled to undergo them for conscience' sake, may make for social harmony, but not for Christian unity. Such fluidescence of dogma as enables it to run with equal ease into the moulds of the Westminster Confession and of the Thirty-nine Articles points to something very different from the melting-down of non-essential alloys in the crucible of divine love. Let us rather have the magnificent conviction of the Baptist divine who has just informed the world that "organic Christian unity must begin at the baptistery," going on to state that "Congregationalists, Methodists, Presbyterians, and Episcopalians have no logical standing-ground. There are but two consistent, logical positions, one of which is held by the Romanists, the other by the *Baptists*!"

A certain school claims that this doctrinal disintegration of Protestantism is accompanied by a "deepening of spiritual life" which should allay all anxieties.

But by what tests are we to discover this "deepening"? It certainly will not be proved by the multiplication of showy, many-lettered organizations or by the wearing of variegated badges.

It is certainly not evidenced by the growth of membership in the denominations, as THE CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE lately took occasion to point out on the evidence of the Methodist Year Book. But, indeed, this would hardly be a fair test nowadays. It must be expected that in proportion as those great walls of purely human invention which

have fenced off sect from sect so sedulously are blotted out, a corresponding erasure of what was once a dead-line between the straiter Protestant bodies and the world will be effected. If noted theologians leave one church for another rather than conform to discipline in a social matter, surely none of the rank and file can be pressed to take upon themselves church obligations which may incommode them ever so slightly. Still less can they be expected to go to the lengths indicated by our Lord when he even asserted that there should be downright enmity in families on account of religion. Only Catholic converts quite believe those hard texts nowadays.

We cannot base our analysis of spirituality on the attendance at communion services, for outside a few very "High" Episcopal churches, great variation in the frequency of communions is systematically made impossible, "communion days" being monthly or quarterly, and inability to attend service on those days involving the necessity of waiting for the next.

But Sunday attendance upon divine worship—on preaching; the gathering together in a public meeting-house for praise and prayer and preaching will be admitted, we think, by all Christians as a fair test of the spiritual vitality of a church society. Even the Quakers and the Salvationists, who decline baptism and repudiate all theories of sacramental communion, admit the validity of the text which commands us not to "forsake the assembling of ourselves together."

The *Northwestern Christian Advocate* has charged itself with the task of taking a census of the actual attendance, on a fair-weather Sunday of last winter, in each of 447 Methodist Episcopal churches in Chicago, Philadelphia, New York, Brooklyn, Boston, Indianapolis, Des Moines, St. Paul, Washington, Cincinnati, St. Louis, and Minneapolis.

In these 447 churches there were 83,179 persons present in the morning, and 105,596 in the evening. In 166 of the 447 churches the evening congregations were the smaller. This fact is immaterial for our present purpose. Such a state of affairs in a Protestant church merely indicates an unfashionable congregation.

But the average size of these 447 congregations was only 182 at the single morning service. In the thirteen cities canvassed, only 28 churches had more than 500 people in the morning. Of these, one was in Detroit, three in Indianapolis, two in Brooklyn, five in Chicago, four in Washington—where Methodism is again fashionable—one in Des Moines, one in

Boston, six in Philadelphia, three in New York, one in St. Louis, and two in Minneapolis. Philadelphia made the best showing. The morning attendance in the 75 churches she represented was averaged at 229. Yet 20 out of these 75 churches had less than 100 persons present.

Of all the 447 churches, 151 had less than 100 present in the morning, and 118 had less than 100 in the evening; while 50 actually had fewer than 50! Two-thirds of the whole number, or 296, had an attendance of less than 200. Bear in mind that these are not isolated meeting-houses among scattered rural populations, but churches situated in densely populated cities, where there is every convenience of locomotion. Dr. Patterson, commenting upon the census in the columns of the *New York Independent*, calculates that if the 500 Protestant churches of Philadelphia were located equi-distant from each other, there would be a church within three blocks of every building and vacant lot.

Clearly, these people are not at church simply because they do not care to go. That they do not, argues one of two things—a dying-out of their religious sense or a tacit recognition of the fact that it is not fed in their places of worship. Either state of affairs must react to produce the other. In Protestantism, the action of pulpit on pew is hardly stronger to-day than the action of pew upon pulpit. What aids has the minister to keep him on a higher spiritual plane than deacon or steward or simple pew-holder? What message has he of sufficient authority to induce the clever brain-worker to come and listen to it rather than sit at home concocting his own equally authoritative message for class-room or leader-column? American Protestantism has not even that dim consciousness of sacramental orphanage which English Protestantism has. It cannot comprehend how starved and atrophied is its faculty of worship. It does not understand the pitying chill the Catholic feels in its empty churches, with less to hallow them as “praying places” than the chamber where honest nightly prayers are said, or the “family altar” which one seldom finds nowadays outside the novels of Mrs. Stowe and Susan Warner. But it is beginning to realize some lack in its pulpit utterances, and it is making the tacit protest of absence against a diet of chaff. It really craves the authoritative teaching against which it fancies itself still protesting. Pastors themselves allude in the most open way to the weakening of their own authority. Said a prominent Presbyterian divine lately in an anniversary sermon:

“Every day that passes removes ecclesiastical authority in matters of religious belief *and conduct* farther into the past, and emancipates more souls from its bonds. True, this was the essential principle of the Protestant Reformation, but we Protestants are only now beginning to realize how much of the old principle of authority has been retained in our churches. . . . Men will not now take the trouble to try to persuade themselves, merely for the sake of conformity, that they believe what they do not believe. They will not come many times to hear a man who does not satisfy them that he believes what he preaches [Heaven help Protestant audiences if the burden of proof in this matter is supposed to be on the side of the preacher!], through all of whose discourses the unmistakable note of reality does not sound out clear and unterrified. They will not come to hear him even if he does seem to believe what he preaches, if he remains ignorant of facts which every intelligent man ought to know, and is intolerant of new light, for they know that reality is not to be hoped for from him. They will not hear patiently *a worn-out doctrine of Scripture which is not sustained by evidence external or internal* [the italics are our own] and which makes the Bible, to the modern mind, a self-contradictory and a ridiculous book. . . . As a distinguished clergyman said recently, speaking of attendance at divine worship and the observance of Sunday, ‘The whole situation is new. It is one which the church has not confronted for fourteen centuries.’ The separation of church and state, the decay of ecclesiastical authority, the weakening of social and family constraint, the change in opinion as to the ground on which the observance of the Lord’s day rests, all leave the matter to the voluntary choice of the people as it has not been left since the days when the church was a voluntary association of the followers of Jesus, living and acting in the midst of a society which took no account of it or its rules, except as they were won, one at a time, to voluntarily submit themselves to her discipline.”

We express no opinion on this tremendous closing indictment of the form of Christianity which came to America *via* the *Mayflower*. If it has really reduced our country to a state where the position of the church denominational is analogous to that which the church catholic occupied in pagan Rome, the situation is sad indeed. But we venture to believe that it will be a long time before even this disastrous state of affairs tells upon the One Church, who has so triumphantly demonstrated

in America that the air of civic freedom is the atmosphere in which she grows and thrives.

Offset against this specialist view of a man who sees no way of stemming the tide of intellectual and ethical lawlessness and therefore proposes to bend to it, we find given in a recent number of the *Outlook* that of a woman of high attainments and deep culture—withal as honest a soul as ever spoke or wrote—who gives a synopsis of the case from "A Layman's Point of View."

"What is it," she asks, "that the pew wants and does not always get in a sermon? Four things: the man behind the sermon, a plain man's knowledge of this world, a specialist's knowledge of the other world, a peremptory message. These four needs are seldom clearly or accurately stated even by those who feel them most keenly. All hearers wish to be made to feel their own manhood, and the value of life and the importance of its problems, by a glimpse into the life of the man who stands as God's messenger before them. I said glimpse, but a glimpse does not satisfy them. They really demand a revelation, through a man's thoughts, of the highest and deepest realities of existence. . . . In short, they wish a sermon which they cannot praise or abuse without blasphemy."

The hope of the future lies in the craving for positive, authoritative teaching in matters religious which is expressed in that last sentence. Can its writer not see that such a sermon can never be the outgrowth of any individual man's own "thoughts," except in so far as they are inspired by God himself, safeguarded by his own promises, delivered by a messenger supernaturally fitted for their transmission?

To return to our census. We find 163,658 of Philadelphia's 335,189 communicants "credited to the Roman Catholics." When he approaches these, Dr. Patterson's profound confidence in figures shades into positive timidity! These 163,658 communicants are gathered into 57 congregations, with 61 church edifices. Thus we see that the Philadelphia Catholic must presumably walk or ride considerably further than a Philadelphia Presbyterian, to get to his appointed place of worship. However, Dr. Patterson tells us that the Catholic churches are "always overcrowded at several services, making an impression of numerical strength which is an exaggeration, while the former (non-Catholic) largely present at every service a ghastly array of empty pews for the minister to preach to."

In the name of all that is mathematical, what does Dr. Pat-

person mean by his feeble attempt to undo the effect of his admission? Does he intend to imply that we build small churches and inconvenience our own people in order to impress passing Protestants with the crowds which issue from their portals? By his own figures, the average seating capacity of each Catholic church is 808 to 310 in each Protestant. He will have to go further afield before he can cloud our honest satisfaction in the picture he presents of our worshippers sitting, standing, kneeling, pressed up to sanctuary rails and crowded out to vestibules at each Sunday Mass, not alone in Philadelphia, but in every large city in the land!

What makes the difference? "Your people are taught it is a sin not to go to church," is the aggrieved answer usually given.

And are not yours? True, the great root-difference between Catholic worship and non-Catholic church-going lies deep-hid in the Heart of God Himself, buried in the Tabernacle, *focalized*, so to speak, on our altars. But why are Protestant churches built if not to be filled? Why are Protestant ministers trained and appointed? Not as priests, but yet as preachers. Not as the dispensers of sacraments, but still as ethical teachers. And the true explanation of a state of affairs which is forcing itself into notice in every city of the land is that at last stubborn facts are beginning to show them that all which has bound them to their people in even that relation is the rapidly vanishing shadow of sacerdotalism, the craving for authoritative teaching, that hereditary instinct, deeper than all negative assertions, which they themselves have slowly but surely undermined, but which still tells their flocks that "the priest's lips should keep knowledge."



CHIEF-JUSTICE TANEY AND THE MARYLAND CATHOLICS.

BY J. FAIRFAX McLAUGHLIN, LL.D.



HERE is a newspaper correspondent down in Maryland whose operations with the pen are not altogether dissimilar to those of Mrs. Anne Royall, the editor of a notorious paper in the olden day at Washington. He is the unrivalled scold of his day; she was the Paul Pry of hers.

"We have the famous Mrs. Royall here with her new novel, *The Tennessean*," says Mr. Justice Story in a letter from the Supreme Court to his wife, "which she has compelled the Chief-Justice (Marshall) and myself to buy to avoid a worse castigation" (*Life and Letters of Joseph Story*, vol. i. p. 517).

The effusion of Mr. George Alfred Townsend appeared not long ago in a New York morning paper, in the shape of a diatribe of abuse and misrepresentation of Roger Brooke Taney, late Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. It would be hard to do justice to this unique production. It may be described comprehensively as a twofold libel upon the Chief-Justice and upon the early Catholic missionaries of Maryland, whose apostolic zeal and self-denying lives have been hitherto, during two centuries and a half, a theme of universal praise among all respectable writers of every shade of religious opinion throughout Christendom. The Chief-Justice is called the "last scion of the old Calvert remnant"; that is to say, of the Catholic settlers of St. Mary's and the adjoining counties of Southern Maryland. This appears to have been his offence in the eyes of his traducer.

"His operations against the United States Bank," says his critic, "had the ferocity of a savage." Warming to his work as a vulgar scold, Mr. Townsend refers to the Dred Scott case, and adds that the Chief-Justice, when he delivered the opinion of the court in that case, "was seized with his last paroxysm. Like an aged savage chief, he seized his tomahawk and leaped into the ring of fire where the captive was already bound and painted black," with much more bathos of the same vapid sort.

But the meanest slander of all was reserved for Father Andrew White and his fellow-missionaries. "The malarious air of

the old counties, no less than the convivial habits of the Irish and French priests," says this intrepid romancer, "made drinking constant. Frolicking among the fox-hunters, male and female, was attended with lapses of civil morality. A story often repeated in Maryland is that one of the great Carrolls had to request his well-meaning parents to pay heed to the ceremony they had neglected for a common-law cohabitation." In other words, the English Protestant Revolution of 1688 was followed in Maryland by a century of such hounding down of Catholics and "popish priests" as was witnessed in Ireland after Cromwell got into the saddle, and Catholic marriages had to be performed in secret by the hunted Jesuit fathers. Marriage ceasing to be a sacrament among the reformers, and becoming merely a civil contract, or, to use Mr. Townsend's refined phrase, "a common-law cohabitation," the union in the holy bonds of wedlock in private of the parents of "that one of the great Carrolls" he alludes to, according to the unchangeable laws of the church, by a Catholic priest, is held up by this veracious gentleman as no marriage at all.

MR. TOWNSEND *versus* THE HISTORICAL WORLD.

It would be difficult to characterize this man's charge against the early missionaries of Maryland in the language of moderation. Every respectable historian who has written upon the subject differs from him totally, radically. "Before the year 1649," says the careful antiquarian, George Lynn-Lachlan Davis, himself a Protestant, "they (the Roman Catholic missionaries) labored with their lay-assistants in various fields; and around their lives will for ever glow a bright and glorious remembrance. Their pathway was through the desert, and their first chapel the wigwam of an Indian. Two of them were here at the dawn of our history: they came to St. Mary's with the original emigrants; they assisted by pious rites in laying the cornerstone of a State; they kindled the torch of civilization in the wilderness; they gave consolation to the grief-stricken pilgrim; they taught the religion of Christ to the simple sons of the forest. The history of Maryland presents no better, no purer, no more sublime lesson than the story of the toils, sacrifices, and successes of her early missionaries. . . . To the Roman Catholic freemen of Maryland is justly due the main credit arising from the establishment, by a solemn legislative act, of religious freedom for all believers in Christianity" (Davis's *Day Star of American Freedom*, p. 159).

It is not to be wondered at that Mr. Townsend is an ad-

mirer of the rascal Coode, who established Protestantism in the colony. "The early Catholic settlers of Maryland," he says, "were, in their nature of reactionaries, an unprogressive minority element. They made an ignominious attempt to reduce the Puritans on Severn, and were run out by Coode's revolution." But Mr. Townsend's Protestant champion soon became a backslider. The great Maryland historian, John V. L. McMahon, although a Protestant himself, has nothing good to say of the founder of that denomination in the Land of the Sanctuary. "Coode," says he, "was an avowed revolutionist in the cause of religion; and in the course of a few years afterwards, under the very Protestant dominion which he himself had so largely contributed to establish, he was tried for and convicted of the grossest blasphemies against the Christian religion. . . . When we next hear of him, he was asserting that religion was a trick, reviling the Apostles, denying the divinity of the Christian religion, and alleging that all the morals worth having were contained in Cicero's Offices" (*An Historical View of the Government of Maryland*, p. 238).

HIS STYLE AS REPREHENSIBLE AS HIS STATEMENTS.

One of Chief-Justice Taney's most heinous offences, according to Townsend, was his opinion "that the society of old St. Mary's prescribed the laws for the nineteenth century." It is hardly necessary to observe that the quotation is not from Taney, but from Townsend. The first and second Lords Baltimore do not seem to suit him at all. They do suit, and are very much admired by, those eminent Protestants, Bancroft, Chalmers, Judge Story, Chancellor Kent, McMahon, Davis, but not by the atrabilious Townsend. He is throwing mud at them as hard as he can, with the hope, perhaps, in the pelting shower that some of it may stick. Two things occur to us after a perusal of his paper, the stupidity of the thing throughout, only redeemed from drivel by the spice of malice, and the poverty-stricken style, if we are justified in calling it style at all, of the person who pours it along the town. Let us quote him, and see how he mangles the word *old*—italics ours. He is talking about "an outbreak of the *old*, tempestuous, gloomy rage" of the Chief-Justice, and proceeds as follows: "This provisionless *old* jurist, who leaves no posterity" (we were acquainted in Maryland with his grandson and two of his granddaughters) "exerted himself to harmlessness. He grew *old* as in a night. He was laid in the *old* Jesuit Novitiate's Seminary grounds at Frederick. His *old* neighbors of the peninsulas

closed the peace by stabbing Seward and shooting Lincoln, and rode away by the *route* to *old* St. Mary's." If this be style, it is a hodge-podge. Exploded scandals of forgotten partisan newspapers and trashy, blood-curdling novels, and the tales of garrulous old men and women who have survived their usefulness and hiss slanders as snakes and mad dogs drip venom—these are the materials which Mr. Townsend presents to a too-busy age as genuine history. The purple patch of tautology reveals the literary mendicant, and vocables like *old*, six times repeated, proclaim the journeyman with his pen.

A CURIOUS AUTHORITY.

Published in a widely-read newspaper, the article of Mr. Townsend, for that reason alone, calls for an answer. Its alleged facts, if left uncontradicted, may do harm among persons who are not familiar with the lives of those it maligns, and impose on many who accept the quotations as genuine from the single book relied upon by Townsend; whereas they are not genuine, but misquotations, altered avowedly to prop up the charge of murder against the elder Taney. In a court of law such perversion of testimony on the witness stand might bring down on the utterer the penalties of the statute. "My chase of his father's homicide," says this sleuth, with the instincts of a Scotland Yard or a Mulberry Street detective, "would have been ineffectual in the newsless newspapers of 1800-1812 but for an accidental consultation of an obscure local book. In James Hungerford's *Old Plantation Patuxent Sketches*, published 1859, is what is probably an account of the murder by Justice Taney's father." This book is a fiction, extravagant and unnatural, and abounds in duels, ghost stories, murders and the like, from beginning to end. The scene is laid in 1832, four years before Taney became a judge. One of the characters, a Mrs. Macgregor, tells the story of a murder by one Aylmer Tiernay, who killed Bruce Macgregor a great many years before the date of her narrative, which the author says was told by the lady in the autumn of 1832. While George Alfred Townsend uses quotation marks, as though reproducing the testimony of the book, and evidently intends to convey that impression, he is careful not to say so, and for a very good reason. Somebody might have the book, and be able to detect the imposture. Fortunately it lies open before us as we write, and we subjoin the exact words from it on which Townsend bases his charge against the elder Taney, and the garbled version of the text which he presents to his readers as a

genuine extract. His interpolation of new words and alteration of the quotation marks will easily be noted.

From Hungerford's *Old Plantation*, p. 302:

"What has become of the Tiernay family, Mrs. Macgregor?" asked Lizzie, after a very brief silence. "There is no one of that name living in the county now, I believe."

"They sold out their property after their father's death, and two of them left the county. The youngest, Dr. Tiernay, who remained, died some years ago, leaving no issue. What became of the oldest brother I do not know except that he removed to the far Southwest. The second brother, now a very aged man, occupies one of the highest judicial positions in the country, and is as distinguished for his humanity as for his talents. He is now, I am told, as remarkable for self-control and gentleness of manner as he was in his younger days for high temper and haughtiness."

Townsend's version of the foregoing:

"What has become of the Tiernay family? There is no one of that name now (1832) living in the county." Mr. Hungerford goes on: "They sold out their property after their father's death, and two of them left the county. The youngest, Dr. Tiernay, who remained, died without issue. The eldest brother removed to the far Southwest. The second brother, now (1859) a very aged man, occupies one of the highest judicial positions in the country. He is now, I am told, as remarkable for self-control and gentleness of manner as he was in his younger days for high temper and haughtiness."

HOMICIDE NOT NECESSARILY MURDER.

It will be seen that Townsend has taken liberties with the text. The "Lizzie" and "Mrs. Macgregor" who conduct the conversation in the book are dropped out; the words "Mr. Hungerford goes on" are Townsendesque intruders not found in the text, and the dates "1832" and "1859" are put there by Townsend but not by Hungerford. Why these alterations? Because in 1832, when Mrs. Macgregor told her story, the circumstance of the judgeship would not tally with the case of Taney, who was not then a judge, but in 1859 it would, because then he was one. The murderer of the romance was Aylmer Tiernay, an old widower, who only lived for one year after the bloodthirsty crime. The father of the Chief-Justice was a highly educated man, sent beyond seas by his parents on account of the persecutions of the times and trained at St. Omer. On his return he married Monica Brooke, a saintly woman of the historic

Catholic family of that name in Maryland, who lived until 1814. "My parents both lived to an advanced age," says the Chief-Justice in his autobiography. Such are the irreconcilable facts of time, place, and circumstances between Aylmer Tiernay and Michael Taney. If they cannot be twisted to suit, so much the worse for the facts. "Gath" brushes them out of his way with scorn and a stroke of his pen.

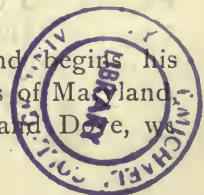
Now let us frankly say that there is a story handed down in Calvert County that an after-dinner quarrel once took place between the elder Mr. Taney and a Mr. Magruder (not Macgregor, Mr. Townsend will please observe), in the presence of several witnesses, when both were heated with wine. In the chance medley which followed Magruder received a wound from a knife in the hands of Taney, from the effects of which he unfortunately died.

No indictment appears to have been found against Michael Taney; no trial followed. A coroner's inquest was held, and testimony was taken, and there the investigation seems to have been closed. That much is known. It may be remarked that excusable or justifiable homicide, not murder, would alone justify such a conclusion of the sad affair.

A distinguished gentleman, born in Calvert County, once informed the present writer that the unfortunate event happened in 1799, when Roger B. Taney, the son, was a member of the House of Delegates of Maryland from Calvert County. George Alfred Townsend's story would make it appear that the slayer immediately fled, and was never again seen alive in Maryland, and that about a year later he died in Virginia. Now, we know from Chief-Justice Taney's autobiography that his father was alive and honorably engaged in public affairs in Calvert County during the years 1800 and 1801. The killing of Mr. Magruder was deplorable, but the community in which it occurred do not appear to have regarded it as murder, and the constituted authorities found no indictment and ordered no trial or prosecution of the offender. But George Alfred Townsend exacts vicarious sacrifice, and makes a puny attempt to immolate the son, one of the most virtuous characters in all our annals.

A SPOTLESS RECORD.

Mr. Townsend next executes a war dance and begins his fierce assault on the son. Among all the worthies of Maryland all the descendants of the Pilgrims of the Ark and Dove, we



invite any one to point out on the page of American history a single name that shines out more brightly than that of Roger Brooke Taney. A son of the Pilgrims who on the St. Mary's established the first asylum of civil and religious liberty in the world, and inheriting their virtues, their talents, and their faith, this man from early life to his death held high stations and after being in the keen sunlight of publicity for fifty years, he passed away with the love, sorrow, and eulogy of two continents commingling their tears over his grave. His civic virtues and professional eminence, all extolled; but his piety, his humility, his scrupulous discharge of every duty of his holy religion, these were the things in Taney which appealed to the Catholic heart and enshrined him in its affections.

He became Attorney-General of the United States and Secretary of the Treasury under Andrew Jackson. It was a stormy period of our history, and obstacles and difficulties mountain high closed in around Mr. Taney. Nicholas Biddle, "the King of the Feds," was in a mortal struggle with Andrew Jackson, the man idolized by the people as Old Hickory. On the side of the president of the Bank of the United States were Henry Clay and Daniel Webster; on the side of the President of the United States was Roger B. Taney. It was a battle of giants. At last Taney removed the deposits, and the whole land was convulsed with excitement. In the Senate Clay and Webster, reinforced by Calhoun, thundered their anathemas at the daring Secretary of the Treasury, and the bitterest political battle in our annals raged throughout the country. But Jackson and Taney triumphed, and the old Bank of the United States fell, to rise no more.

In 1834 Gabriel Duvall resigned his seat as associate justice of the Supreme Court, and Jackson nominated, but the Senatorial triumvirate prevented the confirmation of Taney for the vacancy. John Marshall favored Taney, and asked Benjamin Watkins Leigh, of Virginia, to vote for him. But it was of no use; an angel from heaven, coming as a friend of Jackson, would not then have gotten in. In 1836 the illustrious Chief-Justice Marshall died, and Old Hickory, who never deserted friends, sent in the name of Taney for the vacancy. Marked changes had occurred in the Senate, and although Webster and Clay still thundered against him, Taney was confirmed. For nearly thirty years he filled the exalted office. Let those read the Reports and ask the learned lawyers, who are curious to know what a great judge he was.

MR. BLAINE'S ACT OF JUSTICE.

Once more, a quarter of a century later, when Taney decided the Dred Scott case, he was loaded with abuse, this time by the Abolitionists. Every conceivable term of obloquy was heaped upon his head by his adversaries. He had delivered an opinion in which six of the associate justices concurred, and from which two dissented—Judge Curtis, who dissented only on the question of jurisdiction, and Judge McLean. But civil war impended, and while Taney remained calm and fearless, the *justum ac tenacem* of Horace, other men were lashed to madness. Time, the great healer, has softened the asperities of the slavery conflict, as it long ago effaced the fierce memories of the bank struggle. Even Mr. Blaine, who had joined the rest in furious abuse of him, lived to write these graceful words of Taney: "Chief-Justice Taney . . . was not only a man of great attainments, but was singularly pure and upright in his life and conversation" (*Twenty Years of Congress*, vol. i. p. 134).

At the ripe age of eighty-seven years and seven months, fortified by the last sacraments of Holy Mother Church, of which he was a regular communicant throughout life, Roger B. Taney was gathered peacefully to his fathers. In a letter to his biographer, Father John McElroy, S.J., his confessor, says: "An essential precept of the Catholic Church is confession for the remission of sins, but one very humiliating to the pride of human nature; but the well-known humility of Mr. Taney made the practice of confession easy to him. Often have I seen him standing at the outer door leading to the confessional in a crowd of penitents, the majority colored, waiting his turn for admission. I proposed to introduce him by another door to my confessional, but he would not accept of any deviation from the established custom" (*Tyler's Memoir of Taney*, p. 476).

MR. WEBSTER ON THE CATHOLIC CHIEF-JUSTICE.

Mr. Taney inherited many slaves from his parents; but while still a young man, following the example of Gregory the Great, he manumitted them all, and made a regular allowance for their support. General Jackson had been much abused by the bigots for appointing a Catholic to the office of Chief-Justice, but Daniel Webster, the former antagonist of Mr. Taney in the bank war, answered the bigots in 1850 at the Pilgrims' Festival in New York. "We are Protestants, generally speaking," said Mr. Webster, "but you all know there presides at the head of

the Supreme Judicature of the United States a Roman Catholic, and no man, I suppose, through the whole United States imagines that the Judicature of the country is less safe, that the administration of public justice is less respectable or less secure because the Chief-Justice of the United States has been and is a firm adherent of that religion." The ability, learning, and exalted virtues of Taney were attested at his death by the bench and bar of America and Europe. "A purer and abler judge never lived," said Reverdy Johnson. With touching pathos Charles O'Connor said: "I add my fervent prayer that the future historian of our times may not be impelled to write, as he drops a tear on the grave of Taney, *Ultimus Romanorum*." Benjamin Robbins Curtis, who had sat on the bench with Taney and who was one of the brightest lights of the legal profession in America, said: "He was master of all that peculiar jurisprudence which it is the special province of the courts of the United States to administer and apply. His skill in applying it was of the highest order. His power of subtle analysis exceeded that of any man I ever knew, a power in his case balanced and checked by excellent common sense, and by great experience in practical business, both public and private. The surpassing ability of the Chief-Justice, and all his great qualities of character and mind, were fully and constantly exhibited in the consultation room. There his dignity, his love of order, his gentleness, his caution, his accuracy, his discrimination, were of incalculable importance."

Such was the man selected by Mr. George Alfred Townsend for the honor of his abuse; such the man he has crayoned forth as one born with the hereditary taint of "a homicidal impulse."

A fuller and more Catholic biography of the great Chief-Justice than we possess is a desideratum. Tyler's pages want a Catholic side. The family feeling of the church would find ample edification in a larger portraiture, a truer perspective, which shall unfold the hidden spiritual virtues of this the most illustrious scion of the Pilgrim Fathers of Maryland. He had the sanctity of Sir Thomas More, and no inconsiderable share of his genius. Shortly after his wife's death a friend came to drive him into the country for a little needed airing. He excused himself, and said to Father McElroy, his confessor, who was with him: "My first visit shall be to the cathedral, to invoke strength and grace from God, to be resigned to his holy will, by approaching the altar and receiving Holy Communion."

A NEW SHEEN ON AN OLD COIN.

BY REV. HENRY E. O'KEEFFE, C.S.P.



SYRIAN woman lost a piece of silver—a Greek drachma—a coin—a groat. She lit a candle, she swept the house, she found the groat, she rejoiced. Christ is the woman, the lighted candle, Christianity—the lost coin, humanity. A hut in Palestine before the days of glass is like Christ's sepulchre before he rose. If perchance there be a window, it is shaded with lattice-work, it admits but little light. When Christ with a candle in His Hand flashed from out the sealed tomb, He resurrected humanity. He picked it up from the dust as he would a coin, and put it in the palm of His Hand. When Christ rose from the dead, humanity was a lost groat buried beneath the rushes strewn over the floor of an Eastern dwelling-place. The resurrection of Christ has lifted the problem of immortality from out of the dark chambers of the dead, from the heart's deepest depression, from the twilight of intellectual doubt, into the sunlight of faith. With faith and hope and love as a basis it is no longer a matter for speculation, conjecture; it provokes security, certainty.

“Or what woman having ten groats, if she lose one groat doth not light a candle and sweep the house and seek diligently until she find it?”

The hour had come for the solution of a tremendous question. Sweeping is not done without dust. When Christ was thrust down into the grave, the world was more unsettled than ever. Men were perturbed like grains of dust flying through the air from the sweeping of the sweeper. Their hopes were buried beneath the linen cerements that shrouded the dead Christ. Long before the glimmer and crimson of Christianity's dawn, the noblest among Pagans had yearned for life beyond death. Most pathetic literature it is—the record of the burning thoughts of those great heathens who strove to grapple with the reality of living for ever! The Sphinx of Egypt spoke nothing—immortal life was a riddle—a theory colored according to the hue of different minds. But the best men in their best moments or even when buried beneath the world's dust felt that, like the lost piece of silver, they would be found again and ridden of all defilement. Man is not only like the

Greek drachma—the groat, but also the Roman denarius—Cæsar's coin. The piece of silver bears the impress of an owl or a tortoise or the head of Minerva. So too, thanks to the theory of evolution, we presume that man bears the impress of former processes of lower life—emblems of dissolution—traces of decay. But on the other side, its polished surface, the coin is stamped in deeper print with the image of a monarch, the likeness of a king, the superscription expressing proof of another life, of reinvigoration, revival, victory. It is because we bear in our bodies the flesh, the bones, the muscles, tissue, tendons, joints, blood of the risen Christ, that we shall rise again. Christ's Body, stepping forth from the gloom of the sepulchre, reflects the fortunes of the body of man, its curative triumph, its security from disaster's clutches, from the jaws of death. The glorified body, once motionless and cold—it shall again quiver with quicker fire and truer expressiveness: the deliverance of Israel from Babylon, its freedom from Egyptian bondage. "And when I had seen him I fell at his feet as dead. And he laid his right hand upon me, saying: 'Fear not, I am the first and the last, and alive and was dead, and behold I am living for ever and ever.'"

Christ is a new species, but He collects all the lower species into one. The destiny of our bodies is included in the history of His—from the inorganic to the vegetative, from the vegetative to the animal, from the animal to the rational, up to the divine. The theory of evolution, if it be true, widens out the theory of the Incarnation and makes stronger the argument for final Resurrection. All nature is a great matrix in gestation—a mother laboring in the pain of parturition to give issue from her womb, the grave, to a resurrected Christ—a risen humanity. To support this portentous fact—by periods of elimination, selection, substitution—all nature is deranged—the dust will not settle because of the sweeping of the Sweeper. Christianity, the lighted candle, is shedding radiance and illumines the darkness of the problem. The woman, or rather Christ, is the Agent resurrecting the buried groat—humanity—from out of the rubbish of historical doubt. Ah! blessed be God for the science of biology, embryology, for seeming to hint at this truth of the Resurrection of man.

Human nature is a coin, a piece of moulded metal with a specific value, a medium of exchange between heaven and earth, the lodestone that resolves the mystery of death into the mystery of life. The dogma of the resurrection shone out in the sparkle of the first mineral dug from the bowels of the earth,

it is prophesied in the faintest perfume of the earliest flower, in the first cry of the new born, in the first scintillation of thought. Legal and historical evidence proves that Nature from her womb, the grave, delivered a perfect Christ, unlike the pagan fable of Minerva full-armed from the brain of Jove. A perfect Christ risen in perfection is the term of God's act. From God we came, to Him through Christ shall our bodies return. We shall be burnished bright like coin just newly minted. But, when our work is done, we shall learn that we were not minted to be merely bits of money—but rather the shining coins, those cherished heirlooms with which the Syrian women adorn the braided tresses of their hair. The ultimate end of the creation of man is not for him to be simply an article of commodity, but rather a thing of brightness to embellish the beauty of the world. A Christ who died, yet a Christ whose body did not submit to the irresistible workings of death, whose body suspended the laws of chemical rottenness, assures us of the everlasting character of the life of the body of man. Christ went about the tomb with a lighted candle. He revealed its grim secrets. He swept it. He did not answer all the difficulties at once, but He imprisoned man's enemy—death. He found the coin. He pledged eternal life. "Behold I am alive for evermore and have the keys of death."

When the woman found the lost groat, she called together her friends and neighbors, or as the Greek would have it, her "female friends," better expressed in old English by "friendesses"—"neighboresses." The world of Nature is a mother with feminine power, and there is special reason why she should rejoice at the magnificent import of the resurrection. It was from nature's bosom—the mouth of the sepulchre—that there came the birth of the history of the resurrection. The sorrows of her travail are past—she rejoices in her conquest over anxiety and struggle. Her alleluias re-echo in the laughter that ripples from water gurgling in the deepest recesses of the earth, in the harmony of the spheres, in the flutter of a bee's wing, in the chemical affinity of a piece of mineral, in the conflict of physical forces static and dynamic, in the motions of molecules and atoms in the constitution of matter, in the acid and alkali in the sphere of chemistry, in the astronomical laws of attraction and repulsion, in the poles both positive and negative, in the workings of electricity. Not to speak of the angels, or even of man, all the world of physical nature is ever singing: "Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia." "Rejoice with me, for I have found the groat which I had lost."

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

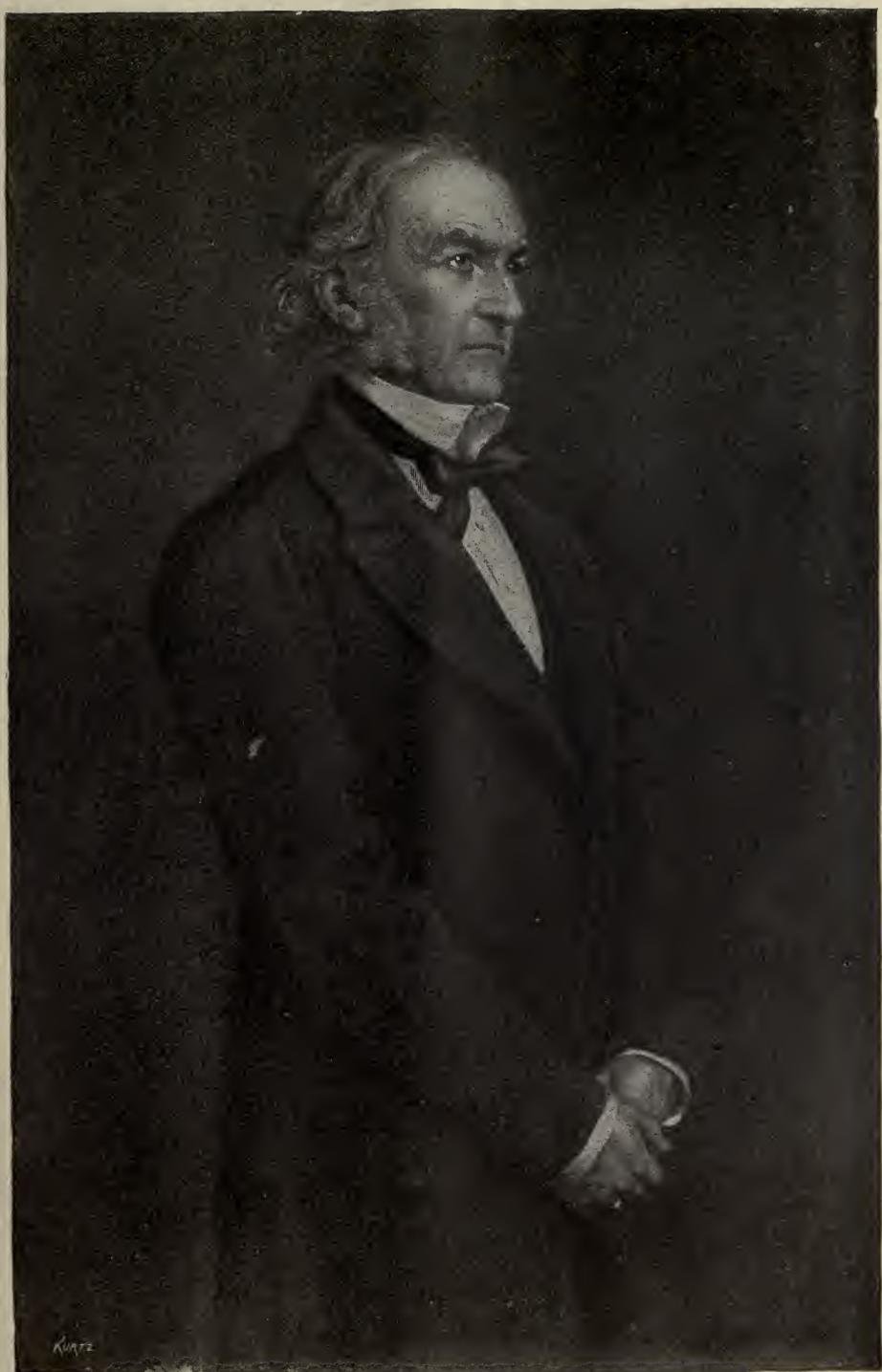


WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE died, as he had lived, outside the visible fold of the Catholic Church. There was in the minds of many undoubtedly a hope when the end drew near that he would see the truth as other great Englishmen of his day have seen it, and embrace it.

While Gladstone's mind was keen in its logical faculty and broad in its grasp of matters religious as well as secular, yet, whether it was from an innate quality or from an acquired habit, it was essentially "political" in its view of affairs. A politician, even using the word in its best sense, is the man who can accept situations and adapt his views to them. He trims his sails to the breezes, from whatever quarter they come. He is a man who feels the popular pulse, and moves and sways the crowds by controlling or yielding to popular passion as the case may be. He is essentially a time-server.

How different is the idealist of the Newman type! To such a one truth is God himself, high above all the storms and agitations of the earth's surface, not changed or modified by any congeries of circumstances—something to be sought for and loved for its own sake, and in the seeking and the loving something which brings its own reward—a reward which is a more than adequate compensation for whatever sacrifices one must make or whatever suffering one must undergo in its attainment.

One with a politician's temperament will argue, and argue convincingly, to himself that the providence of God has placed him in the Established Church. It must be of God, because I see about me in the hearts of men identified with it the fruits of the Spirit, and it is the will of God that I stay where I am and pilot this vessel, unseaworthy as it is, with its freight of precious souls, into the haven of safety, rather than desert it and allow it to go to pieces on the rocks of irreligion. If Gladstone in his earlier life had led, or even had followed, Newman or Manning over to Rome, there is no telling what great good he would have done. Whether his eyes were holden, and he had never been faced with the stern obligation of breaking away and sacrificing all of this world, if need be, for Truth's sake, it

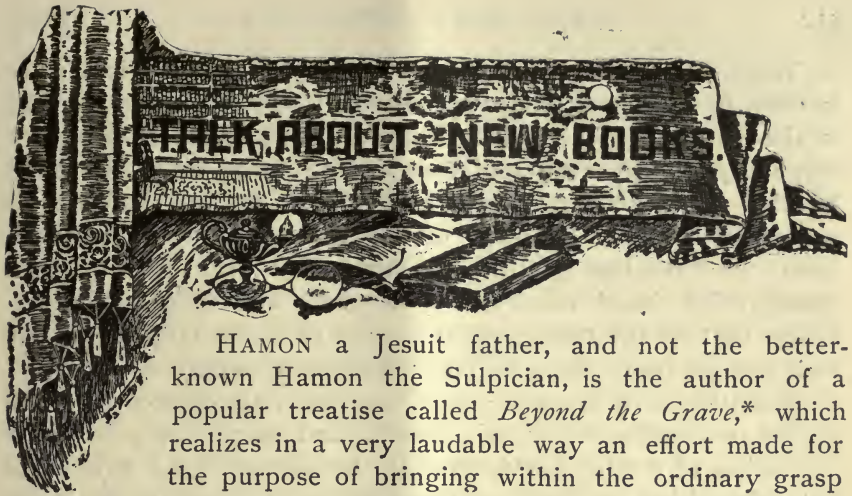


is not ours to say. Heaven's thunders of judgment belong to God alone.

Gladstone was a deeply religious man, and his long life, stretching across a desert of agnosticism in English intellectual movements and yet all the time pronouncedly religious, has been like the shadow of a rock in a desert land to many a wandering soul. What Victoria herself has done for the English domestic life Gladstone has done for religion.

In his political life, in which capacity history alone will enshrine his memory, he was perchance the greatest factor in a century that will be known as the age of great reforms. He began life as the representative of the sternest of the Tories, and he ended his life as the most liberal of reformers. He was as one constantly struggling for the light. As each reform movement presented itself for a hearing and a legislative solution, he withstood it as long as he could, and then, when the voice of popular clamor was so imperative that he could no longer resist, he gracefully yielded, and rather than be left behind got aboard the train, made friends with both conductor and engineer, and became the master of the situation. In the beginning, when slavery was the great question of the hour, he stoutly antagonized the abolitionist, but he ended by manumitting his own slaves. When popular suffrage was crying for its just meed, step by step he yielded and finally formulated for the democracy its strongest demands. When Home Rule for Ireland placed its lever in the cogs of the machinery of English legislation and obstructed all law-making until its clamors were listened to, he threatened and he cajoled and he coerced, but when by entreaty or by the lash Ireland would not be driven away, with a gracious smile and a warm hand-clasp he said, Then I will give you what you want.

Because he has known when to yield, the great heart of the democracy has taken him to her own, and he goes down to his grave amid the benedictions of millions of the human race. The children of the sons of men gather about his bier and shed the silent tear that his race is run, that no more will he stand in the halls of justice to legislate in the affairs of men. The mighty oak of the forest has fallen, and no more will the gathering dews dispense their moisture to the parched earth beneath, and no more will its welcome shade comfort the souls of the throngs who gather amidst its refreshing shadows.



HAMON a Jesuit father, and not the better-known Hamon the Sulpician, is the author of a popular treatise called *Beyond the Grave*,* which realizes in a very laudable way an effort made for the purpose of bringing within the ordinary grasp much of the speculative theology concerning the post-mortem career of the human soul. There is no sentiment that has anchored itself so deep in the human heart as the desire for immortality, and consequently the thirst for knowledge concerning the life beyond the veil is well-nigh insatiable. Christianity affirms in unmistakable words not only the reality of the other life but the mode and condition of existence for body as well as soul. In such contrast have the affirmations of Christianity stood over against the negations of paganism that this great germ-thought alone has renewed the face of the earth. It has completely changed the fundamental motives that have inspired the actions of the human race, and has made death the great fact of existence. "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and in the last day I shall rise out of the earth. I shall be clothed again with my skin, and in my flesh I shall see God." This statement of Job, voiced by others and realized in the resurrected Christ, has stripped death of its sting and its uncertainties, and has robbed the grave of its victory. It seems very difficult to understand how a Christian minister like Lyman Abbot, with his extensive knowledge of Scripture, can allow himself to go on record as saying that there will be no resurrection of the body save such as comes in the grass and the flowers. The unvarying trend of Christian sentiment has been to relegate this life and all that it has of joy or pleasures to the category of a place of preparation for what is the only real and lasting existence beyond the grave.

But apart from the fact of the resurrection of the body, what is of more curious interest is the manner of life.

* *Beyond the Grave*. From the French of Rev. E. Hamon, S.J. By Anna T. Sadlier. St. Louis, Mo. : B. Herder.

What is sown in corruption will rise in incorruption, what is sown in a natural body will rise in a spiritual body. What is the nature of this spiritual body, which seems to have triumphed over the ravages of time and to be no longer impeded by the limitations of space or confined by the barriers of natural obstacles? By what divine alchemy is it so released from the inhering qualities of extension that it may pass through the closed door, or so overcome the weight of gravitation that in the twinkling of an eye it is lifted up in the air and can go from place to place without apparent difficulty?

Scientific men are more and more getting control of many of the recondite forces of nature, and each conquest is a revelation of a new world, so that the fact that we have been but skirmishing on the outermost edge of nature's life is beginning to impress itself on our self-satisfied complacency. In what medium do the psychic forces operate? Are they governed by stable law? Is there not a world above or below our ken? The fly, it is said, may not hear the loudest peals of thunder, but is there not a music of the spheres so harmonious and so delicate that we wot not of, but is the very source of his life? The undulatory theory of light and the existence of the ether as the medium of the transmission of light, was a revelation to us. Maybe there is another medium more refined and subtile than ether in which the electrical fluid lives, moves, and has its being, and maybe still another within it again in which the so-called psychic forces operate.

When all the grossness of this material body is sublimated in the laboratory of the grave and we rise in incorruption, who shall fix the laws that shall govern our living?

It is a most curious study to co-ordinate the facts so common in the lives of the saints of how the spiritual body has triumphed over its material surroundings. To select a few of the many thousands which may be quoted. The Bollandists relate, and their testimony is unimpeachable, the following facts concerning St. Victor (A. D. 177): He was a great soldier who, when he was pressed by the judge to offer sacrifice to idols, answered, "I am a soldier of Jesus Christ, the great and immortal King." The governor commanded that he should be cast into a burning furnace. With a prayer on his lips, he went into the furnace. Three days after the governor ordered the calcined bones of the victim to be taken out. When they opened the door of the furnace they saw Victor uninjured, singing the praises of God. St. Catherine of Siena, in an

ecstasy, fell from her chair on her face into a quantity of burning coals. Her sister-in-law, Lysa, after some time, missing her, went to seek her, and found her with her face amidst the coals. Lysa uttered a cry, rushed forward and snatched the saint from the hearth. There was no burning flesh, no smell of fire, no apparent pain, no injury incurred at all. St. Joseph of Cupertino frequently was lifted from the earth and remained suspended in mid-air, and so with many other of the saints. Even on this earth their bodies possessed the qualities of agility and subtlety and impassibility which belong of right to the glorified bodies of the just. We may say these are miraculous instances because they contravene the known laws of nature, but, while admitting the miracle, may we not suppose that after all they are in perfect accord with, and are governed by, well-established laws of a newer and higher life?

There are some books which one so enjoys in the reading that one wishes afterwards to run about among one's friends and press, and even importune, them to read, as though it were selfish to have enjoyed the pleasure one's self and say nothing about it afterwards. This is the effect *A Voyage of Consolation** produces. It is so full of healthy wit and humor that one cannot read very much of it at a time without becoming so exuberant with this spirit as to find it quite irrepressible. It is genuine Yankee wit and humor—keen, breezy, and subtle; one has to keep one's perception wide awake to catch it, and perhaps to have a bit of Yankee shrewdness to recognize it always, for it often rests on just the turn of a hair in a word or a phrase.

The best part of the book is that the fun-making is not monopolized by one character strutting about in cap and bells to make the others laugh. There is a party of Americans travelling abroad, each one with wits as sharp as the others, and some fine tourneys of word-handling are entered into sometimes between them.

Behind this phase of the book, however, there is a delineation of some American traits of character which is nothing short of delicious in its clever satire. The unfortunate lack of the bump of reverence in the American cranium is exposed in a manner which quite chills the sensitive-nerved people who are over-attached to traditions. An illustration from the author herself is worth while giving. She has brought her party as far as

* *A Voyage of Consolation. Being the narrative of a sequel to the Experiences of an American Girl in London.* By Sara Jeannette Duncan (Mrs. Everard Cotes). Illustrated. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Pompeii; introduces them, at first with becoming gravity, into the city of the dead: "A strange place, however often the guide-books beat their iterations upon it; a place that leaps at imagination, peering into other days through the mists that lie between, and blinds it with a rush of light—the place where they have gathered together what was left of the dead Pompeians and their world. There they lay before us as they ran and tripped and struggled and fell in the night of that day when they and the gods together were overwhelmed, and they died, as they thought, in the end of time." Our party felt awed and oppressed for the moment, and then that irrepressible spirit of the curiously constituted Yankee which resents too great a strain upon his emotions at a time and will resort to any subterfuge to relieve the discomfiture of prolonged gravity, breaks out unexpectedly. The sturdy old Yankee Senator's wife threatened to become sentimental about the figures in the glass cases.

"'It's too terrible,' she said. 'We can actually see their features!'

"'Don't let them get on your nerves, Augusta,' suggested Poppa.

"'I won't if I can help it. But when you see their clothes and their hair, and realize—'

"'It happened over eighteen hundred years ago, my dear, and most of them got away.'

"'That didn't make it any better for those who are now before us,' and Momma used her handkerchief threateningly, though it was only in connection with her nose.

"'Well, now, Augusta, I hate to destroy an illusion like that, because they're not to be bought with money, but since you're determined to work yourself up over these unfortunates, I've got to expose them to you. They're not the genuine remains you take them for. They're mere worthless imitations.'

"'Alexander,' said Momma suspiciously, 'you never hesitate to tamper with the truth if you think it will make me any more comfortable. I don't believe you!'

"'All right,' returned the Senator; 'when we get home you ask Bramley. It was Bramley that put me on to it. Whenever one of those Pompeii fellows dropped, the ashes kind of caked over him, and in the course of time there was a hole where he had been. See? And what you're looking at is just a collection of holes filled up with composition and then dug out. Mere holes!'' . . .

"I wandered over to where Mrs. Porthoris examined with Mr. Mafferton an egg that was laid on the last day of Pompeii. Mrs. Porthoris was asking Mr. Mafferton, in her most impressive manner, if it was not too wonderful to have positive proof that fowls laid eggs then just as they do now. Dickey and Isabel bemoaned the fate of the immortal dog who still bites his flank in the pain extinguished so long ago. I heard Dickey say as I passed that he didn't much mind about the humans, they had their chance, but this poor little old tyke was tied up, and that on the part of Providence was playing it low down.

"Then we all stepped out into the empty streets of Pompeii, and Mr. Mafferton read to us impressively, from Murray, the younger Pliny's letter to Tacitus describing its great disaster. The Senator listened thoughtfully, for Pliny goes into all kinds of interesting details. 'I haven't much acquaintance with the classics,' said he as Mr. Mafferton finished, 'but it strikes me that the modern New York newspaper was the medium to do that man justice. It's the most remarkable case I've noticed of a good reporter *born before his time.*'"

It perhaps needs the attraction of a popular and clever author's name upon it to induce one in these days of light reading to get through a thoroughgoing historical novel—one of the kind, too, that stirs up all the long laid dust of past centuries, drags out half-forgotten facts of history, pokes up mouldering traditions from secret places, and makes the dead and buried of centuries ago speak again with human voices and of living human things from its pages. If one were not stimulated through the first few prosy chapters by the reflection that *Shrewsbury** was written by Stanley Weyman, and that surely if one keeps on he will find something worth while, the book might pall before one had read far enough to find out what it was really about. But such a queer medley and mess of affairs it turns out to be that one is forced to read to the end to see how the author disentangles it finally. It has at first the sort of fascination a Chinese puzzle holds for one, on a dull evening when there is nothing else to do than to find some entertainment that will just keep one from dozing before bed-time. But in the most unexpected way the author suddenly launches one into a situation that makes one sit up with a sudden catch in his breath for dread of what will happen next. There is a fool of a fellow—who is the narrator of the story

* *Shrewsbury: A Romance.* By Stanley J. Weyman. Illustrated. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

and who figures as a sort of mascot to the Lord Shrewsbury in the most unprecedented fashion and follows the fortunes of that sad-spirited noble as faithfully as ever court-jester did to his king, through smiles and tears—but finally to smiles again in the end when he turns up from nowhere just in the nick of time to save the handsome head of Shrewsbury from a spike on Tower Hill. The fellow so captures one's sympathies, and so outrages one's common sense from the unnecessary scrapes he gets himself into in his efforts to serve his liege lord, that one's fingers itch to have hold of the ears of his palpable dotard self, while one's eyes are ready to blink out some tears at the pathetic figure he cuts in repeatedly trying to keep out of mischief and as often tumbling into it head-over-heels, and at the peril of his neck every time. He is the most ludicrous, interesting, stupid, and impossible creature that was ever born of an author's brain. But the magnificent Shrewsbury moves on through the narrative, inspiring reverence, admiration, and, if one would presume to offer it, pity too for his strange, great soul struggling upward and away from the mean and disgusting intrigues of the court-life of his time, and ever dragged back again, like an eagle which would soar forgetting that its foot is chained in the trap. The timber on which the story is built up is composed of as rascally a set of characters as ever hung about the skirts of the greater ones of the earth. Minions so servile as to be unfit to serve; outlaws who out-Turpin Turpin in their daring; traitors who, like Ferguson, the arch-traitor in the story, "tempting men and inviting men to the gibbet, had taken good care to go one step farther, and by betraying them to secure his own neck from peril."

'Tis a pity, since the author wished to make a life-like history of the times—so life-like that the fires of Tower Hill seem again to thicken the air and the gloom of days when kings were made and unmade at the whims of intriguing rascals, falls upon one's imagination as he reads—that he could not have thrown a softer light upon the story by making it a little truer to life, or by even using an author's privilege of recreating the woman nature which he introduces into the narrative. The woman he has depicted is positively gruesome in her unnaturalness, both in the *rôle* of mother and of sweetheart. The very reading of her character would develop a full-fledged misogynist out of an incipient Romeo.

Tscneng-ta-jen, the lately appointed Chinese ambassador to

France is a Catholic, and of a family which has been Catholic for two centuries. His presence in Paris is a sort of official witness to the enduring character of Catholic missionary work in a country which is equally the despair of the secular agent of so-called Western civilization and the avowedly religious agent of denominationalism, active as they are. Monseigneur Reynaud, C.M., Vicar-Apostolic of the District of Tché-Kiang, a small diocese of some 60,000 square miles with a population of more than 23,000,000, has lately issued a little book on *Another China** than that seen by traders and non-Catholic missionaries, "who live *beside*, not *among* the Chinese."

While admitting that the vast extent of the country, its immense population, and the poverty of its people make the process of China's conversion slow, Monseigneur Reynaud finds the Chinese free from the vices of pagan Greece and Rome, and, indeed, with a standard of morality higher than that of most of our cities of the West. The greatest obstacles to their Christianization are those traits which the secularist would regard as akin to virtue, notably an exaggerated form of human respect, styled "the worship of the face." Their far-reaching filial piety, extending generations backward, inclines them, however, to receive Catholic teaching on purgatory, and one is not surprised to learn that the Chinese foundation of the Helpers of the Holy Souls flourishes, while the purely native association of Virgins of Purgatory, now we believe affiliated with it, appeals strongly to the Chinese woman. The celibacy of the Catholic clergy is highly esteemed by the Chinese, and Catholic devotion to the Mother of God finds a ready comprehension in a nation where a woman is always known as "the mother of"—Lipa, Atching, or whoever is her son. Protestant abuse of Our Lady is tolerably sure to empty a chapel.

Monseigneur Reynaud protests strongly against taking the verdict of Protestant missionaries—hard-working and fond of the people as many doubtless are—on the convertibility of the Chinese. The Chinaman is nothing if not logical. Not hard-heartedness but clear-headedness makes it impossible for him to accept the vague and incoherent creeds of the multitudinous sects who present their claims before him. In the diocese of Tché-Kiang alone are three branches of Episcopalianism, nine different kinds of Presbyterian, six varieties of Methodist, and two sects of Baptist! Were it for no other reason

* *Another China*. Right Rev. Monseigneur Reynaud, C.M., Vicar-Apostolic of the District of Tché-Kiang. New York: Benziger Brothers.

than their simple unity of teaching, one can well believe Sir Henry Norman, who, a Protestant himself, and admitting that among these denominational nondescripts are "men of the highest character and devotion, upon whose careers no criticisms can be passed," says that there can be no doubt that the Catholic missionaries "enjoy on the whole far more consideration from the natives as well as from foreigners, and the result of their work is beyond question much greater."

The principle of authority is all in all to the Chinese. The supremacy of "private judgment" can never be popularly accepted among them. Their language is full of proverbs which praise virtue and condemn vice—and these proverbs "are accepted by the Chinese as irrefutable arguments." True, we must not imagine that they live up to all their national sayings; still, "the language of an entire race cannot be one universal falsehood," and their ideas of right and wrong are proved, by their popular language, to be clear and sharp.

The Catholics in Tché-Kiang numbered, in 1896, 10,419, with one bishop, 13 European and 10 native missionaries, and 5 native theological students. There were also 35 Sisters of Charity, 29 Virgins of Purgatory, and 38 catechists. This diocese stands about midway, in size and importance, among the 27 ecclesiastical districts of China. The largest is that of Nan-Kin. In 1892 it contained 96,382 Catholics, with 128 priests, 32 seminarists, and 177 nuns. There are two Jesuit districts and six occupied by the Lazarists and the Franciscans. Augustinians and Dominicans are represented in the country. Most of the missionaries are French, some Italian, Flemish, and Dutch. Only one English-speaking priest is in the whole empire.

We regret to see indications, throughout this generally admirable little work, of the same timidity and hesitancy about flinging responsibility upon the native priests which we have deprecated with respect to our own missionaries among Indians and negroes. It is patent that the objection urged in their cases cannot hold good for subjects of an old, high-wrought civilization and an almost Oriental cast of thought. Yet we are told that "even at Peking, where there are old Christian families of three hundred years standing, the Chinese priests require the support of a European missionary," and that "the missionaries are of opinion that it is only after four generations that the Chinese can be thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the Christian faith." This sounds curiously as if faith came by heredity!

However, one is delighted to learn that there are excellent

Chinese Sisters of Charity, formed after the spirit of St. Vincent de Paul, and to read of the Chu family of Ning Po, "every generation of which gives a priest to the church," and which at present possesses two Sisters of Charity and a Virgin of Purgatory. The missionary instinct, which is certainly far from native to the Chinese character, seems to develop as rapidly in them as in any other nation. Many converts are reported who have never seen a missionary, but who have been taught by catechumens. Forty youths are now studying in the "Petit Seminaire" at Chusan, but the call for English-speaking priests is loud and strong. Indeed, this little book is published as an appeal for such, and all its profits are devoted to training "St. Joseph's young priests" for China, under the auspices of the Archconfraternity of St. Joseph, an organization which devotes itself to helping the education of apostolic priests for foreign missions.

The half-dozen later issues of Benziger's *Our Boys and Girls' Library* consist almost entirely of mild German tales by Canon Schmid. While they are prettily bound and can safely be guaranteed perfectly innocuous, we doubt whether the average American child will read enough of any one of them to receive much benefit from their invariably sound moral reflections. The *Pastime Series*, a set of somewhat larger volumes, also consists entirely of translations from the German. At least that is the case with the four volumes upon our desk. We trust the translator profits by the series. No one else seems to us likely to do so.

On the other hand, a thoroughly admirable children's book by an American woman comes to us from the same house. Her *Pickle and Pepper** are almost as delightful as Miss Dorsey's *Polly*, who certainly takes rank with Miss Alcott's creation of the same name. We do not quite see why it is becoming the fashion to call Miss Dorsey "the Catholic Miss Alcott." The life-likeness of their characters and a certain quaint humor about conversations not obviously funny are their only points of resemblance. *Little Women* and *Little Men* found flavor and zest in a homely mode of existence, unpunctuated by adventure, which is increasingly foreign to real life among American children, except in some very old-fashioned New England towns. "Things began to happen to me when I was eight, and have never left off since!" we heard a lady say

* *Pickle and Pepper*. By Ella Loraine Dorsey. New York: Benziger Brothers.

recently. "Things happen" to Miss Dorsey's little folk. Pickle and Pepper do not wander far afield, but they form a surprising friendship with a fascinating old "witch," who turns out not to be so very old, after all, and through whom their mother becomes suddenly rich—after a manner which is also not unwonted to the eyes of our children in this land of suddenly acquired fortunes and lightning-speed bankruptcies. The book is true to American life and to American child-nature. Very possibly a translation of it might not appeal to anything in the experience or fancy of a German child. Why struggle to foist it upon one? And why try to lure little New-Yorkers and Bostonians to read the estimable productions of the excellent Canon Schmid?

Marion Ames Taggart has struck out in a rather new line for a feminine author. The "Jack Hildreth"* series bids fair to be exciting enough, its local color is fairly true, and the hero carefully mentions in one or two places in each volume that he is a Catholic. At the same time, we frankly confess that we do not like the tone of the volumes, and that we consider the effect upon the average boy of reading the account of Old Shatterhand's swim for life and after duel, the murder of Rattler, and, indeed, all those portions of the book which are intended to be especially striking, likely to be about as beneficial as reading a decently-worded description of a prize-fight.

If the argument against familiarizing immature minds with blood and wounds and suggestions of cruelty, which has forced not merely vivisection but dissection out of our grammar grades and even out of our high schools, has the slightest validity, it certainly makes against stories of this stamp, no matter how rigidly their heroes are kept within the fence of the Ten Commandments.

The Cathedral Library Association has done a real service to religion in bringing out this beautiful volume.† The fact of its printing being entrusted to the well-known house of Desclée, Lefebvre & Co., of Tournai, is sufficient guarantee of accurate and elegant typography. In this respect the book is a model. There have been many Harmonies of the Gospels prepared and published by Protestants, but this is the first one known to us in which the Catholic (or rather *a* Catholic) version of the

* *Winneton, the Apache Knight. The Treasure of Nugget Mountain.* By Marion Ames Taggart. Benziger Brothers.

† *Harmony of the Gospels.* By Rev. Joseph Bruneau, S.S.

Scriptures is used. It is to be regretted that the author has not told us which of the seven or eight recensions of the original so-called Douay text was made use of. The preface tells us that the Harmony is "according to the English Douay version." This name is a misnomer, as the Bible was not translated into English at Douay, the New Testament was not published there. Then there is much confusion in the so-called Douay texts. Besides the original Rheims version, two independent translations appeared in the early part of the eighteenth century, while in the latter part three more versions, each different, were made by Bishop Challoner. Finally, in the beginning of the present century still another translation was published, at the request and under the approbation of Archbishop Troy. It is plain, therefore, that there is no such thing as *the* English Douay version."

The great value of this Catholic Harmony of the Gospels will be mainly found in its devotional use. If it is good for us to study the lives of the saints of the Lord, how much better to study the life of Him who was sanctity itself—the fount and source of that fair stream of holiness which for centuries has made glad the City of God! The Gospels, in connected and narrative form like this, will serve as the very best and most elevating spiritual reading. We commend this book to the daily use and prayerful study of every Christian. We owe a debt of gratitude to the learned collator of this Harmony of the Gospels, and we congratulate the Cathedral Library Association and its zealous director upon its publication.

The *Tales of John Oliver Hobbes*,* gathered into one massive volume, are hardly likely, we think, to be extremely popular. Published as they were originally, they created a certain *furor* among the clientage of Mudie's. Each tale was issued as the thin paper parallelogram with which you supply yourself from an English railway bookstall before a tedious journey and which you can throw out of the carriage window without extravagance when read. The wonder is that the writer of these crude, brilliant, neurotic sketches has ever proved capable of the sustained effort, the careful delineation of character, the painstaking philosophy of *A School for Saints*. The reading public has great cause to congratulate itself on the clarification apparently wrought out in her really great intellect through the illumination of conversion.

* *The Tales of John Oliver Hobbes*. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Lelia Hardin Bugg's new volume of short stories* is fairly entertaining. Miss Bugg is not often dull. On the other hand, it is a question whether one is justified in spending one's time in the society of such people as live at the Windsor Hotel, Ovington, or frequent the Pension Roget. Undoubtedly it is often our duty, in real life, to live with and to show kindly cordiality to tawdry, vulgar people of low mental tone and with no aspirations. But why should we pass our hours of recreation in their society? The frankly disreputable "Major" has a charming spirit under his unconventionality. The Bohemianism of *Westgate's Past* is healthful enough. But not even constant reminders of "the correct thing" reconcile us to the *personalialia* of the other stories of this collection!

The publication of a beautiful Souvenir of the late Silver Jubilee celebration of his Grace the Archbishop of New York comes as a fitting refrain, as it were, of that magnificent event. *Cathedral Bells*† is as beautiful a bit of artistic printing as ever left the press, and the highly wrought art of modern photo-engraving has been executed on its pages with surpassing taste. Author, illustrator, and engraver must have entered into a happy league of friendship and mutual harmony before they began the task of creating this beautiful souvenir of a beautiful event, so perfectly is the art of each blended together in its pages. There is but one flaw—a serious one in consideration of how long such a book is generally preserved—the cover is not worthy of the book. No expense seems to have been spared in the rest of the workmanship, and it is rather inexplicable why so important a feature should have been slighted.

Fabiola's Sisters‡ is the somewhat curious title chosen by the "adapter" of a story based on the Carthaginian martyrdoms of the third century. It is not in any sense a sequel to *Fabiola*, but a sort of imaginative expansion of the Acts of St. Perpetua. One of the earliest chapters is almost the best—that in which the stern Tertullian seeks an interview with the young wife and matron whose martyrdom was to lift her name to a place in the canon of the Mass, to warn her that he feared lest she peril her soul through worldly conformity born, not of fear but of love for her husband.

* *The Prodigal's Daughter and Other Stories*. By Lelia Hardin Bugg. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *Cathedral Bells*. A Souvenir of St. Patrick's Cathedral. By Rev. John Talbot Smith. Illustrated by Walter Russell. New York: William R. Jenkins.

‡ *Fabiola's Sisters*. Adapted by A. M. Clarke. New York: Benziger Bros.

On that interview and the after one, in which Vivia Perpetua tearfully asks the prayers of her slave woman that she may be strong to follow teaching so difficult of comprehension by "an ignorant catechumen," is based, in the tale, the strong and deep experience which blossomed into undying beauty in the arena. "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith" —and the faith whose light is not brilliant enough to pale the pleasures of the world is certainly not strong enough to nullify its pains.

The long-delayed life of Very Rev. Father Dominic,* the Italian Passionist who yearned from his postulant days, when "a map would be a conundrum to him and history an enigma," for the conversion of England, and to whom came, late in his hard-working life, the blessedness of receiving Newman and his earliest companions into the church, is before the public at last. We shall give an extended review of it next month.

There has come to our table, too, a noted book on Mexico by Lummis, called *The Awakening of a Nation*.† We shall reserve our lengthy criticism for publication next month.

THE MISTAKES OF INGERSOLL.‡

The Mistakes of Ingersoll is an unpretentious book of real merit. It consists of fifteen lectures which, though not originally intended for publication, are worth preservation in book form. The lectures deal with civil liberty, the inspiration of the Bible, the Book of Genesis, and the account of the creation, miracles, the relation of religion to the progress of mankind, and other topics of a miscellaneous character naturally suggested by the calumnies of Ingersoll. The book is not systematic, and its merit is not in the newness of its matter so much as in the manner in which the subjects are treated. The secret of the temporary and apparent power of the popular infidel of every age is his total lack of a sense of reverence. An obtuseness of soul with a voluble tongue enables him to obtain favor with kindred spirits, who have lost the power or are incapable of appreciating and estimating that which is above the grosser powers of sense, and all that is highest and noblest in

**Life of Very Rev. Father Dominic of the Mother of God, Passionist.* By Rev. Pius Devine, Passionist. New York: Benziger Brothers.

†*The Awakening of a Nation. Mexico of To-day.* By Charles F. Lummis. New York: Harpers.

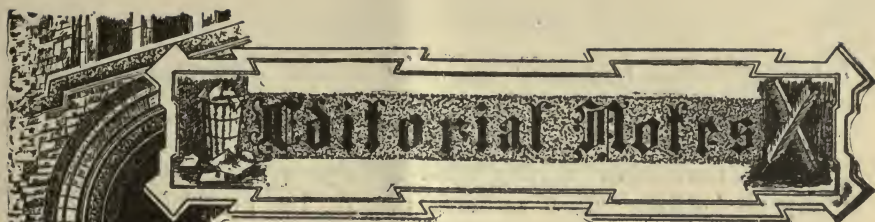
‡*The Mistakes of Ingersoll.* By Rev. Thomas McGrady, of Bellevue, Ky. Cincinnati: Curts & Jennings.

human life. The irreverent of every age must have a spokesman, and it happens that in our country Colonel Ingersoll is the popular infidel of the generation. Father Lambert has shown that sarcasm and ridicule are weapons that may be as effective in the cause of truth as against it, and no one who possesses any sense of humor and reads his books will take Ingersoll seriously. The writer of *The Mistakes of Ingersoll* approaches his subject from a different stand-point. It may be asked, Is Ingersoll worth a book? He is not a man who takes rank among the literary or scientific men of the day. His ability is that of a special pleader, an ability which too often serves to pervert the cause of justice and truth. Is it not, then, conferring an importance on him which is not founded in any title of native worth, to make him the subject of a dignified and temperate discussion? The present book, however, deals with the subject somewhat impersonally, and Ingersoll's Mistakes afford him the occasion for the exposition of errors and the refutation of calumnies that pass current in our day and merely happen to be clothed in living language by Ingersoll. But when he devotes special attention to the colonel the exposure of his inconsistencies is neatly done. An instance may be cited:

"He (Ingersoll) says: 'Compare George Eliot with Queen Victoria. The queen is clothed in garments given to her by blind fortune and unreasoning chance, while George Eliot wears robes of glory woven in the looms of her own genius.' In this comparison the agnostic shows what little respect he has for purity, maternity, and noble womanhood. We know that George Eliot has a brilliant mind; but does that cover her illicit liaison with Lewes? Is not a pure mother, who has reared twelve children and adorned her home with all the virtues of wife and parent, a more worthy example for imitation than the literary concubine? After all, it seems that Mr. Ingersoll does not value female honor very highly" (p. 254).

The writer's grasp of the principles of philosophy and his command over facts enable him to present strong arguments. The flowers of rhetoric are distributed in too great a profusion, and one might fancy that there is in places an ironical imitation of the colonel's style.

The very worst part of the book is the preface. Its mock modesty is unworthy of the author.



THERE are 1,452 Catholic young men in but six per cent. of the non-Catholic colleges of the country, according to the recent investigations of Professor Austin O'Malley. During the season of commencements this matter ought to command our most earnest attention. The article on "Collegiate Education" printed in this number ought to be read carefully by every one who has the interest of Catholic education at heart.

When, in the fall of 1895, Mrs. B. Ellen Burke began the Institute work for the teachers in our Catholic schools, the warmest friends of the cause did not anticipate its rapid development in such a few years. We were not aware of the number of women who were working in our parochial schools and academies. We did not know that we had such a strong body of trained teachers until they began to assemble in the Institutes and to compare methods of teaching.

The education of the children demands our deepest thoughts and strongest efforts. The work of leading, guiding, and fostering their intellectual and spiritual life is *the great* work of the world. We cannot do too much to aid the teachers of our children. The "Institute" has proven to be one of the important ways of aiding our teachers. Its growth since 1895^d has been marvellous. It is the duty of every one interested in the Christian education of children to aid the Institute movement, the Summer-School work, and all legitimate ways of advancing the cause of education.

Already arrangements have been made by Mrs. Burke to hold Institutes during the months of July and August in New York, St. Louis, Chicago, St. Paul, Providence, Springfield, Mass., Springfield, Ill., Fitchburg, Mass., Pittsburg, Scranton, La Crosse, and several other places. The Institute force consists of trained teachers, specialists in the subjects assigned to them, and they are selected from all parts of the country, thus

bringing to the Institutes the fruit of the experience of many minds working under various conditions.

Now that war is on, even if the end is not yet, still many are asking what policies are to be pursued when the battle-flags are furled. A danger may arise from our racial thirst for globe conquest. The dominant Anglo-Saxon trait is the acquiring of new territory, and the principal race-tendency is to expansion. English is fast becoming the language of one-fourth of the land of this earth of ours, and the destinies of four hundred million of people are wrapped up in its ideas. Among Americans this hunger for possession has lain dormant for near half a century, but, like the tiger's thirst for blood, the possession of the Philippines has awakened it again. The passion for conquest and dominion will not be satiated without the possession of some territory as the outcome of the war.

If not the Philippines, the Hawaiian group anyway. In the carving up of China, the Pacific Ocean will be the theatre of intense naval activity in the years to come. Russia has six hundred miles of littoral. England's shortest route to the East is through Pacific waters. Germany has her possessions there. Japan, as a naval power, is not to be put aside. America must have a coaling station, a harbor of defence, and a store-house of ammunition in the midst of these activities. To secure it the American flag must wave over Honolulu.

The possession of the Sandwich Islands means the cutting through of the Nicaragua Canal. It has not yet occurred to some of the dwellers on our Eastern shore that there is a Pacific Ocean side to these United States; and easy access to the waters of the Pacific is a very desirable thing, else we must sustain two navies at twice the expense.

The Italian imbroglio has become very much of a reality. In one city it is said, on the best authority, that there has been three times the destruction of life there was at Manila. The temper of these bread riots savors very much of the French Revolution. It is passing strange that 1798 should be duplicated in 1848 and again in 1898, exactly fifty years later. It would appear from this that there was not a little wisdom in the old theocracy of the Jews, by which the divine law established a legitimate outlet for these pent-up fires every fifty years.

WHAT THE THINKERS SAY.

CARDINAL GIBBONS ON FATHER HECKER.

The *Life of Father Hecker*, by Rev. Walter Elliott, done into French by Comte de Chabrol, has had a remarkable influence on the Catholic intellectual life in France. Such has been the interest awakened by the spiritual life of an American ecclesiastic that the demand has sent the book into five editions. As a preface to the fifth French edition the following letter of Cardinal Gibbons is published :

UNE LETTRE DU CARDINAL GIBBONS SUR LE PÈRE HECKER.

On ne lira pas sans intérêt la lettre que S. E. le cardinal Gibbons vient d'adresser au P. Elliott sur la personne et sur les œuvres du Père Hecker. Le P. Elliott est l'auteur de la *Vie* anglaise, dont la traduction en français a fait une si grande impression dans le monde religieux.* L'illustre archevêque de Baltimore y exprime son opinion avec la vigueur et la netteté qui lui sont habituelles.

CATHÉDRALE DE BALTIMORE, MARYLAND, 14 avril 1898.

MON CHER PÈRE ELLIOTT :

C'est une satisfaction pour moi de consigner pour la faire connaître mon appréciation sur le Père Hecker.

Le Père Hecker a été incontestablement un instrument de la Providence pour la diffusion de la foi catholique dans notre pays. Il a fait un bien immense en rapprochant de nous les non-catholiques, en diminuant les préjugés, en gagnant à notre sainte religion l'attention bienveillante du public, sans parler de la multitude de ceux qui, directement ou indirectement, lui sont redevables de leur conversion. Son esprit a été celui d'un enfant soumis de la Sainte Église, un esprit Catholique sans restriction et dans toute la plénitude du sens que ce mot comporte ; sa vie a été ornée de tous les fruits de la piété personnelle. Il était, en particulier, animé pour les âmes d'un zèle vraiment apostolique, hardi et toutefois prudent, de nature à attirer les protestants sans rien sacrifier de l'orthodoxie.

La divine Providence lui a associé une communauté d'hommes pénétrés d'un esprit aussi généreux que le sien.

La congrégation des Paulistes continue l'œuvre à laquelle il a consacré sa vie, la conquête des âmes à la foi catholique, et avec la bénédiction de Dieu, ils ont merveilleusement réussi. La grande mission qu'ils viennent de prêcher dans leur église de New-York City en a encore donné la preuve et par le très grand nombre de pécheurs qu'ils ont amenés au repentir et par la foule d'infidèles et de protestants qu'ils ont convertis, instruits et baptisés. Ils ont en outre prêché de nombreuses missions à l'usage exclusif des non-catholiques, et cela dans toutes les parties des États-Unis. Souvent leurs auditoires étaient presque entière-

* Le PÈRE HECKER, fondateur des Paulistes américains (1819-1888) d'après sa *Vie* en anglais par le P. Elliott, de la même Compagnie, avec une introduction de Mgr. Ireland et une préface de l'abbé Félix Klein. Librairie Victor Lecoffre. Un vol. in-12, 3 50.

ment composés de protestants. Ils ont de plus donné une puissante extension à la propagande des écrits catholiques instituée par le Père Hecker. Les Paulistes se sont montrés à la hauteur de grandes entreprises apostoliques.

Ils ont aussi organisé dans le clergé diocésain en diverses parties des États-Unis l'œuvre des conversions. A cette œuvre, comme à toutes leurs autres entreprises, ils apportent—nous n'avons pas besoin de le dire—un respect et une obéissance sans réserve à l'égard de l'autorité ecclésiastique.

J'apprends avec plaisir que la carrière apostolique du Père Hecker est appréciée chaque jour de plus en plus en Europe depuis qu'on y a publié et répandu sa vie et ses écrits.

En vous souhaitant les saintes joies du temps de Pâques,

Je suis votre tout dévoué,

J. CARDINAL GIBBONS.

The following is a translation of the Cardinal's letter :

CATHEDRAL, BALTIMORE, April 14, 1898.

MY DEAR FATHER ELLIOTT: It gives me pleasure to place on record my appreciation of Father Hecker. He was undoubtedly a providential agent for the spread of the Catholic faith in our country, and did immense good by drawing non-Catholics nearer to us, allaying prejudice, obtaining a fair hearing for our holy religion, besides directly and indirectly making a multitude of converts. His spirit was that of a faithful child of Holy Church, every way Catholic in the fullest meaning of the term, and his life adorned with the fruits of personal piety; but especially he was inspired with a zeal for souls of the true apostolic order, aggressive and yet prudent, attracting Protestants and yet entirely orthodox. Divine Providence associated with him a body of men animated by the same noble spirit.

The Paulist Community continues the work to which he devoted his life, the winning of souls to the Catholic faith, and God has blessed them with wonderful success. The great mission recently held in the Paulist Church, New York City, is an evidence of this, both in the vast numbers of sinners brought to repentance and in the numerous converts from infidelity and Protestantism instructed and baptized.

They have also preached many missions, addressed to non-Catholics exclusively, and in every part of America, nearly their entire audiences often being Protestants; and they have greatly enlarged Father Hecker's propaganda of Catholic literature. The Paulists have shown themselves capable of great apostolic enterprises.

They have also organized the work of making converts among the diocesan clergy in various sections of the country, and this and all their undertakings, needless to say, are carried on in entire respect and obedience to ecclesiastical authority.

I am pleased to learn that Father Hecker's apostolic career is every day more and more appreciated in Europe by the publication and circulation of his life and writings.

Wishing you the holy joys of the Easter season,

I am sincerely yours,

(Signed) J. CARDINAL GIBBONS.

REV. WALTER ELLIOTT.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

IN a recent address to the Armagh Catholic Literary Society Cardinal Logue said that one of the truths to be proclaimed from the house-tops at the present day, and especially to young people, is the necessity of selection of that upon which their mind is occupied. There is a class of reading which has been brought within reach of every one at present—a class of enervating reading that renders man unfit for any useful purpose. Not only does it render him unfit for the supernatural objects which we should have chiefly in view, but for any natural purpose; it makes a man lazy and inclined to rest upon the mere gratification of the moment, without seeking, as reason directs us to seek, some higher object. That is one of the effects which we have from novel-reading. In speaking of novel-reading I do not mean to condemn all novels—some of them are instructive and some of them amusing, and the mind requires recreation as well as the body; but I mean the novels that are mere trash, and which do not contain one sound, solid idea from the first page to the last. There are books that are worse still—books that go directly in opposition to every Christian truth and to every Christian sentiment, and those books are spread broadcast at the present day, and the worst feature connected with them is that they are insidious, and they are put forward in a harmless way as if they were not intended to do mischief. Then there are books that there is no necessity of warning any Christian against. They bear their own condemnation, and any person who takes up an irreligious book or an immoral book is simply committing a crime; and still it is necessary to be on our guard, not only to avoid that which is openly bad, but those things that have the poison concealed, and sometimes very skilfully concealed.

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Mrs. Cora Semmes Ives has dedicated to her grandchildren a fairy story and some nursery rhymes in a handsome volume, entitled *The Princess of the Moon* (William H. Young Co., 31 Barclay Street, New York City). Though making the claim that she belongs to a past generation when childhood was preserved from influences that might force development, or unduly excite the nervous system, she is much interested in the work proposed for the Columbian Reading Union. The following letter indicates that she can discuss questions which are not obsolete and demand attention from up-to-date thinkers:

In surveying the field of literature of to-day, I see much that is admirable in the children's corners of our magazines and journals; also in the list of books provided for the young by the Columbian Reading Union, especially for those beyond the years of twelve. The works by the eminent authors cannot fail to provide for all their intellectual wants, but the chief objection to those desirable books is the high price charged, which would prevent their use in any homes but those of the wealthy classes. There are many little ones who do not have access to the reading unions and clubs, where such reading is provided, and others again who can read and yet are too young to be admitted as members. For the want of amusing stories they read the sensational events recorded in the daily papers, or listen greedily to the discussions of such by their unthinking parents. Thus

the youthful burglars, highwaymen, train-wreckers, and even murderers, become their favorite heroes and heroines.

There seems to my mind to be a dearth of good, amusing cheap literature to counteract these evil influences, especially of the novel class. Do not imagine that Catholic children are entirely protected from these dangers, much as is accomplished by our parochial and Sunday-schools. Unfortunately the home influence fails to keep alive the good seed planted by the church, in many even of the wealthiest families. I have known of cases, and one especially I can now recall, whose extreme methods to protect the child caused the very evil which it was desired to avert. The parents of this youth of thirteen years so surrounded him with pious reading that they fancied their boy would be saved from all temptations. But children love the marvellous, and he was no exception to the rule, and on visits to his little friends he would fill his pockets with dime novels, as it was his only chance for reading anything amusing. Then again, at the schools their heads are crammed with the ever-lengthening histories, geographies, sciences, and innumerable other branches of learning, until many of the industrious and ambitious, who should be our future statesmen and heroes, become intellectual monstrosities, and in some instances insane. These youthful Gladstonians should be encouraged to emulate the example of the venerable statesman, who it is known frequently rested his brain with good light literature.

We hear of a lawyer being admitted to the bar of a Western city at the age of five, and that the wonderful prophesies of a girl of three is attracting the attention of admiring crowds in another. The suicidal mania in children has recently made its appearance, an alarming symptom indeed, which should cause those in responsible positions to reflect upon the importance of preserving the childhood of these little ones, who are to be the future moulders of the destiny of our country.

Old-fashioned parents used to consider it a duty to see to the proper amusement and recreation of their children. Among the brightest memories of my happy (Catholic) home were the occasions when my father granted his little ones the privilege to listen to his relation of allegories, or other stories. Many a fault to be corrected among his auditors was reached in this pleasant manner, and elevating and ennobling sentiments excited for future emulation.

The Sunday and holiday stories of the Bible and the saints from our mother were made the more attractive by the varied relations of our father, and all these hallowed memories made a lasting impression, to which their children love in their old age to refer.

A variety of food is as necessary to the mind as it is to the body, and the imaginations of youth need catering to as well as their hearts. Nature, botany, poetry furnish inexhaustible material for children's fictions, and a child thus carefully provided for, when it reaches the age of reason rarely cares to peruse the emanations of coarse, vulgar, irreligious minds. But how counteract the bad influences of the works flooding the country, for the destruction of children's souls?

The remedy I should suggest would be to provide them with amusing cheap literature, given, where it cannot be purchased, by our philanthropists—pretty much as the Paulist Fathers gratuitously distribute their wonderful tracts. Prizes might be offered for amusing children's stories, and the material thus acquired be published, and inexpensively bound, to distribute in the homes of the poor during holidays, at Christmas and Easter.

God grant that the pernicious literature of the present day may be banished from American homes, the humblest as well as the highest! In the glorious

vineyard of the church none are more capable of inaugurating such a campaign, in a striking and effective manner, that will win all good people, of every creed, to the fight, than the followers of St. Paul and the beloved and lamented Father Hecker. Those who are especially devoted to the spiritual and mental interests of our children, and who have achieved such wonderful success for their welfare, cannot fail to suppress, if not eradicate, the evils indicated.

* * *

A library of choice literature is most desirable as an adjunct to the school. Children properly taught soon come to feel a hunger for reading. If good literature is offered them they will use it, and thereby acquire a taste for good books. If left to themselves, young persons are liable to fall into the habit of perusing vicious novels and other printed trash.

Every school should have a library of carefully selected works to circulate among the homes of the pupils. The beneficial influence of such a library, not only upon the school children but also indirectly upon the community, cannot be overestimated.

The Rand-McNally School Library has a collection of standard works. The volumes are well printed, on good paper, are tastefully and substantially bound, and are sold at the moderate price of sixty cents.

Mr. Charles Wildermann (11 Barclay Street, New York City) has issued a circular in which the statement that Catholic books are kept at a high price because the sale is too small to warrant a large edition is declared to be a confusion of cause and effect. Would not more Catholic books be bought if they were cheap enough? He has ventured to make the experiment of a half-dime library of choice stories, with an attractive cover, good paper, and excellent type. The promise is given that ten new volumes will be added each year, if the results prove satisfactory by large sales. A list of the first series is here given :

Muggins. Fourth of July. Two stories by Walter Lecky.

Carlo's Revenge, and other Tales, by Mrs. James Sadlier.

Bertie and Sophy, by Rev. Francis Finn, S.J. *Who was Duncan Hale?* by a Priest of the Jesuit Order. *News of the Nowell*, by David Bearne.

The Sentinel of Metz. Little Lord Montague. Truth in a Fairy Nutshell. Three short stories by Mary Catherine Crowley.

The Heart of Clotilde, by Maurice Francis Egan.

The Doctor's Victory, by L. W. Reilly.

Ropes of Sand. His Day of Vengeance. Two stories by Emma C. Street.

Carmelita, by Anna T. Sadlier.

The Best Inheritance, and other Stories, by Christoph von Schmid.

Blind Rosa. The Conscript. Two stories by Hendrik Conscience.

The Sisters of Mercy, Mt. St. Mary's, Manchester, N. H., have published some premium books and dramas to advance the work of providing good reading for the young.

* * *

The managers of the San Francisco Free Library have decided to open to the public direct access to about 10,000 volumes. The general reader is not always desirous of some particular book; people of literary tastes like to look over volume after volume before settling down to read or study. In fact, when looking for some especial subject the average man and woman does not always know what work treats it in the way that best suits the object engaged upon at the time,

and accordingly the freedom to wander at will over so large an array of books and examine them before selecting is a privilege of no mean value.

The gratification over the decision of the managers is increased by the fact that it has been well deserved by the habitual patrons and beneficiaries of the library. Experience has shown that the reading public of the city can be trusted with the books. Something more than two years ago a test was made by placing upward of 5,000 juvenile books in a position where children could look over them and make selections direct from the shelves. During twenty-one months of this time there were circulated 118,000 juvenile books, and of that large number only thirty-six volumes were lost.

Other tests were made in opening the shelves in the branch libraries to the public, as well as those of the reference and periodical rooms in the general library, and here again experience has shown that no loss follows this privilege granted to the public. The class of people who make use of the library are evidently neither destructive to books nor dishonest, and fully deserve the larger and freer use of the rich stores of literature and learning which the new rule will open to them. Every movement which leads to an enlarged use of public libraries is not only beneficial, but is a step in the direction of giving to the people that which belongs to them. They pay for the support of the libraries by taxation, and have a right to as free use of them as is compatible with the safe-keeping of the books.

The annual reports of the Providence Public Library, Mr. William E. Foster, Librarian, show that the trustees are willing to co-operate with the schools in devising plans for providing under safe limitations reading for children.

The students of Brown University also form a part of the library's constituency. The librarian's interest, however, does more than take note of groups or classes of readers. He is more concerned with the needs of individual readers; he studies units more than unanalyzed masses. He is interested in discovering what individual book will best fit the needs of an individual reader. And conversely, as such individual book comes into his collection, he makes it a matter of concern to see that it reaches the hands of the individual reader, in some cases also classes of readers, to whom it will be of the most direct service. To be sure, the more general methods of the library, its general catalogue, its general plan of administration, its general choice of books, will go far towards covering a certain percentage of wants to be met by the library. Nearly every librarian can testify, however, that the best and most fruitful instances of service rendered by the library are not met haphazard; they come about through well-directed care, exercised in definite directions, with specific ends in view. They involve some use of the mails, a considerable amount of personal consultation and conversation, and the trained habit of mentally pigeonholing the tastes and requirements of various individual readers, as well as of the contents and special range of individual books.

M. C. M.



AFTER WAR.

Above the roar of cannon,
The battle-clamor shrill ;
Above men's groans and curses,
A voice cries, "Peace, be still !
Enough of blood and slaying,
Enough of strife and hate ;
The bitter wrong is righted :
Lo ! Peace stands at the gate."

O Peace ! God's white-robed angel
With spotless skirt and feet,
How welcome thy returning,
Thy gentleness how sweet !
The red sword of the nation
Drive hilt-deep in the sod.
Now twine thy lilies round it,
And both shall honor God !

JAMES BUCKHAM.



“THE IRON CHANCELLOR.”

THE
CATHOLIC WORLD.

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No. 402.

RIGHT REV. MATHIAS LORAS, FIRST BISHOP OF
DUBUQUE.

BY MOST REV. JOHN IRELAND, D.D.,
ARCHBISHOP OF ST. PAUL.



FROM time to time saints pass over the earth, for the greater glory of God and the greater edification of men.

Saints are those who have appropriated to themselves in a pre-eminent manner the spirit of Christ, and have risen in moral righteousness and in the endowments of the spiritual life so high above their fellows that we fitly consider them embodiments of the Christian religion, and exemplars upon whom we may safely fix our gaze, while we labor to reproduce the Divine Master in our own minds and hearts.

It were a grievous mistake to imagine that only those who have been declared saints by the official voice of the church have led a life of sanctity. In every age there are saints to whom the honor of canonization does not come. Those even who receive that honor are few in comparison to those who do not receive it. Only the saints who are canonized are entitled to public homage and public invocation, but all merit that their memories be revered and that their virtues be imitated.*

* In his introduction to the *Life of Blessed John Baptist de Rossi* the Most Rev. Herbert Vaughan (now Cardinal Vaughan) explains how it not infrequently happens that servants of God full worthy of canonization fail to receive the honor. One reason is that no organized effort is made to awaken public interest in such servants of God, and to lead the supreme authority of the church to institute official examination of their merits. Religious orders seldom fail to do the work needed to insure canonization for the saints appearing in their ranks. Hence it is that the modern canonized saints not members of religious orders are few in comparison with those belonging to the orders. It is not that saints are few outside religious orders; it is that outside religious orders steps are not so often taken to procure the canonization of saints.

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I do not hesitate to number among the uncanonized saints Mathias Loras, the first Bishop of the Diocese of Dubuque, and as my warrant for so doing I cite the story of his life. I appeal to the testimony of those yet living, who knew him during his missionary labors in the Northwest, and who, knowing him, admired and loved him.

It is fortunate for America that saints appear among her sons and daughters. America is in need of strong examples in the supernatural order.

Men have their destiny not merely within the lines of this earthly orb. Their destiny reaches out far beyond this orb, unto the realm of God in the supernatural world. The limitation of human thought and action to this present world excludes preparation for a future world, which is of much deeper importance than the present, and deprives even the present world of its own holiest and best elements, which grow and endure only under supernatural influences.

Now, America's peril is that she lose sight of the supernatural. So wondrously rich are her resources, so wondrously rapid her developments in the natural order, that she easily becomes dazed by her achievements in this order, and is likely to think that there is nothing, or at least that nothing needs be cared for save what brings earthly wealth, earthly joys, and earthly glory. Naturalism, and the worst form of naturalism—materialism—confronts Americans as the deadliest foe to their civilization and to the eternal welfare of their souls.

We must bring upon the scene powerful counter-agents, we must draw into the battle against naturalism the forces of the supernatural. And the strongest force of the supernatural is not counsel or precept; it is example. Let us have saints, men and women, who hold their souls above the allurements of earth, undefiled by the lightest miasma from the region of human passion, unmoved from the direction of duty by the clamorous interests of earth; who live in this world because they are created for it, but who live also for the higher world because they are likewise created for that, and who in all things turn the purposes of this life toward union with the purposes of the coming life, since the one is intended as a preparation for the other; and when saints have been given to us, let us observe well their ways and treasure sacredly the lessons of their lives.

The Diocese of Dubuque has had its saint—Mathias Loras.

The Diocese of Dubuque is indebted for its first bishop to the classic land of missionary zeal, to the land from which have come to America so many other apostolic and holy bishops and priests—a Flaget, a Cheverus, a Bruté, a David, a Dubois, a Cretin, a Badin, a Sorin. Truly the Church of France has merited well of the Church of America! France gave to America great apostles, illustrious exemplars of personal holiness and of apostolic virtues, worthy to be founders and patriarchs of a great church; and France gave them to America when there was most need of apostles, when the current of missionary zeal from other Catholic countries coursed sluggishly toward the shores of America.

Mathias Loras was saintly by inheritance. He was the child of a sturdy Catholic family, in which faith ran in the life-blood, in which religion was the bone and sinew of the education of youth. The days of revolution and schism were bearing heavily upon France, and the head of the Loras family had occasion to show of what stern stuff he was made. John Mathias Loras, the father of the future bishop, was imprisoned for loyalty to social order and religious unity. In vain his wife, accompanied by her eleven children, holding by the hand the youngest of them, Mathias, knelt before the chief agent of the Revolution in Lyons, to implore mercy for the protector of her little ones; she could not stay the hand eager to slay. The mockery of a trial was granted to him. As Monsieur Loras was led before the judge friends advised that, in his replies, he should in some degree explain away his past acts and dissemble the motives which had inspired them. "What," he quickly answered, "tell a lie to save my life? Never!" Shortly before he was led to the scaffold he was asked, as was the custom, whether he desired any favor that might in the circumstances be granted to him. "Yes," he said, "I desire to see my pastor, the parish priest of the church of St. Paul." The priest was hurriedly called. The intrepid Loras spoke aloud: "Sir, you have given your adhesion to the schism now desolating France. I know, however, that to those in danger of death any priest may give absolution; I wish, therefore, to make my confession to you, but, I pray you, understand that I have no part with you in your schism."

A brother of John Mathias Loras followed him within a few days to the fatal guillotine because he, too, had upheld order and religion. Two sisters of Madame Loras died martyrs, their "crime" being that they had concealed in their home

faithful priests who would not submit to the schism imposed upon the country by the revolutionary government. Our future bishop sprang, indeed, from a race of saints and martyrs.

After the death of Monsieur Loras the family possessions, which had been considerable, were confiscated, and Madame Loras was left without fortune and without helpmate to rear and educate her large family. But Madame Loras was a remarkable woman. She gradually re-established the mercantile business in which her husband had been engaged, and was thus enabled to procure for her children an excellent education. With especial care did she see to their religious formation, supplementing the instructions of well-chosen masters by her own intelligent teaching and by the continuous example of her own deep and enlightened piety. As a result of her work in this direction, vocations to the priesthood and to the religious life have been numerous among her descendants, and those descendants to the third and fourth generation have all shown themselves loyal and practical Catholics. In France it is a cherished tradition that the descendants of families who have suffered for the faith during the Revolution have been blessed by Heaven with rich spiritual favors. This has certainly been the case in the Loras family.*

Young Mathias was blessed with a vocation to the holy priesthood. After the usual seminary career, in which he was distinguished both for piety and for brilliant studies, he was ordained by the Cardinal-Archbishop of Lyons, and soon found himself promoted to charges of great responsibility, having had successively charge of two very important educational institutions of the archdiocese. One of these institutions was the Seminary of Meximieux, which at one time had among its pupils Joseph Cretin, afterward the first Bishop of St. Paul, and from which in later years came to our Northwest several well-known missionaries.

The way to ecclesiastical dignities in his native France was easy of access to the Abbé Loras; he could not but have perceived to what his qualities of mind and heart, and the rapid stages of ascent already made by him in his early priesthood, were surely leading. But a burning zeal for God's greater glory was devouring his soul; a holy passion to sacrifice himself in

* The writer of this introduction, visiting Lyons in the year 1887, was the honored guest at a family reunion of the descendants of John Mathias Loras, at the home of Olivier Loras, a grandson of the martyr and a nephew of the first Bishop of Dubuque, and there he had full opportunity to realize the truth of the Divine promise: "The generation of the righteous shall be blessed."

humility and self-denial upon a wider and more difficult field of spiritual conquest than his own country offered, was mastering his whole being, and distant lands, where, he had heard, laborers were few and souls were in danger of perishing, rose before his vision; and the more those lands were contemplated by him from afar, the more the hardships and obscurity of missionary life were revealed to him, the more he yearned to leave the comforts and the prospects of his native land and to spend himself among strange peoples beyond the seas for God and for humanity.

It is difficult for many to understand and realize the great zeal for religion and the great sacrifice of self which have actuated the legions of missionaries that for more than two centuries France has been sending to the four quarters of the globe, and which—to speak more particularly of our own fathers in the faith—have animated the missionaries from France whom we number among the founders of the American Church. One must have lived very close to some of these servants of God, as the writer of this introduction, to read clearly their souls and to estimate justly their motives and their virtues.

The Abbé Loras was attracted to America. In this connection an incident worth noting occurred. In the year 1823 the Abbé Loras was superior of the Seminary of Meximieux. Among the pupils of the class of rhetoric were three young men who in a special manner won his esteem, and to whom he was willing to confide the secret of his heart. The young men were dreaming of the foreign missions. The abbé called them to his room and said: "I also intend to devote myself to the foreign missions. I will go to America. When you are ordained I shall expect you to come to me and labor with me." One of these young men was Pierre Chanel, who afterward, in the year 1841, was put to death for the faith in the island of Futuna, being the first martyr of Oceanica, and who by a decree of the Sovereign Pontiff, Leo XIII., has been declared "Blessed," and placed upon the altars of Christendom. Pierre Chanel did not follow the superior of Meximieux to America, but to him, no doubt, he owed much of the zeal and charity which finally won the crown of martyrdom in the remote islands of the Pacific.

The arrival in France during the year 1829 of the Bishop of Mobile, the Right Rev. Michael Portier, in search of priests for his diocese, gave Abbé Loras the opportunity to put into

execution his long-cherished desire of consecrating himself to the foreign missions. For seven years he labored in Alabama as pastor of the cathedral of Mobile, superior of the newly founded college of Spring Hill, and vicar-general of the diocese, honoring his ministry by holiness of life, zeal and prudence of action, to such a degree that when, in 1837, the bishops of America, assembled in the Third Provincial Council of Baltimore, sought for an ecclesiastic worthy to preside over the destinies of the church in the vast Northwest, they turned their eyes toward Mobile, and selected Mathias Loras as first Bishop of Dubuque.

A great field, worthy of a great apostle, was opened to Bishop Loras. The Diocese of Dubuque then reached northward from the northern line of the State of Missouri to the boundary of British America, and westward from the Mississippi River to the Missouri River. The Diocese of Dubuque of 1837 comprised the territory which to-day is covered by the dioceses of Dubuque, Davenport, St. Paul, Winona, and the greater portion of the dioceses of St. Cloud, Duluth, Fargo, and Sioux Falls. Save the aborigines, who roamed in wildest freedom through this extensive territory, the dwellers were few—some miners around the village of Dubuque, some soldiers at military stations, some traders scattered among the Indians, some immigrants planning to build homes upon the untilled prairies. The religious equipment of the territory was three chapels and one priest. Grand, however, were the possibilities of the future! A soil unrivalled in fertility, a climate unrivalled in salubrity, an immense region enchanting in beauty of sky and beauty of landscape, prairies and forests teeming with nature's offerings, mighty rivers coveting the task of bearing upon their waters southward and northward to earth's great seas, for the weal of nations, the rewards of human industry—this was the Northwest to which Bishop Loras was sent by the providence of God and the commission of the Pontiff of Rome.

Even then it was evident that great and prosperous commonwealths would soon spread over this territory. For Loras, the question was how to build in this region of promise the spiritual edifice of Christ's Church, to bring it into strong and beautiful form worthy no less of the storied church herself than of the rich and youthful land over which she was seeking to establish the reign of her Founder.

A man of eminent qualities was needed as the first builder of Catholicity in the Northwest. He must needs be one whom

the early solitude could not dismay, whose large mind could survey and comprehend the coming years, whose sure judgment and skilled hand could lay deep and sure the foundation walls, whose whole life would so enshrine his name and memory in the esteem and love of men that for ages he should be proclaimed the model apostle, the glory of the church in the Northwest. Such was the first Bishop of Dubuque.

Without delay the new bishop sailed for France, where then, as long before and long since, levites, in the stillness of seminaries or among the busy scenes of the ministry, were dreaming of devoting themselves to the foreign missions, and where generous souls, through love for Christ, were filling the treasury of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, that the laborers in the foreign missions might have wherewith to be fed and clothed. He obtained there some money and some co-workers, and in October of 1838 took shipping in Havre on his return voyage to America.

The names of the companions of Bishop Loras on this voyage we must record. They are names of our fathers in the faith, and we love and reverence them—Cretin, Pelamourges, Galtier, Ravoux, Causse, and Petiot. One of them, Joseph Cretin, was destined to be in later years, when the time came for a division of the Diocese of Dubuque, the first Bishop of St. Paul, and to be, as Bishop Loras himself, a patriarch of the church in the Northwest.

The journey of Bishop Loras and his companions from the American sea-port New York to Dubuque shows the condition of this country sixty years ago; the same journey now consumes thirty hours of travel in sumptuous railway coaches. From New York they proceeded to Baltimore, whence four of the party, who were only sub-deacons, were sent to the College of Emmitsburg. From Baltimore they travelled toward the Alleghanies, crossing the mountains in slow stage-coaches. Leaving Pittsburgh, they went by boat down the Ohio to Cairo, and up the Mississippi to St. Louis. There, however, they were compelled to remain three months, navigation upon the upper Mississippi being closed for the winter, and an overland journey to Dubuque being considered too arduous an undertaking. The bishop could not be idle; he gave missions to the French Catholics of St. Louis and Carondelet. With the first north-bound boat he and his companions hurried to their chosen field of labor, arriving at Dubuque April 19, 1839.

A subsequent journey of Bishop Loras further illustrates the difficulty of travel in those days of early Western history. In the autumn following his arrival in Dubuque Bishop Loras and Father Pelamourges ascended the Mississippi as far as Fort Snelling, aboard the one steamer that was wont to make an annual trip to that distant military post. Their missionary labors not being completed when the steamer turned her prow southward, they remained at the fort, and when ready to return homeward they seated themselves in a birch-bark canoe and courageously took hold of the oars. At the end of the first day, their hands being badly blistered, the bishop practised on himself an heroic remedy, which he proposed in vain to Father Pelamourges. It was to heat the oar in the camp-fire, and then press it closely in his hands. The skin became at once dried and hardened. The process was not painless, but the bishop was quite ready on the morrow to row without danger of blistering his hands.

This incident was often told, in later times, by Father Pelamourges himself, with the addition of another incident of a somewhat more comical nature.

The same night strange noises were heard for long hours in the vicinity of the camp-fire. Louder the noises seemed to grow, nearer they seemed to come to the camping ground. "It is, no doubt," said they, "the terrible Sioux." Up rose the bishop, exclaiming repeatedly the one word he had learned at Fort Snelling of the language of the Sioux, "China-sapa"—black-gown. The noises gradually ceased, and the bishop rejoiced that the mere announcement of his priestly office had quieted the savages. But alas for poetry and sentiment! A little reflection after the dawn of the next day showed that the dreaded noise of the night had been the croaking of myriads of frogs in the swamps situated a short distance south of the site upon which the city of St. Paul has since been built.

When Bishop Loras's slender canoe glided over the waters of the Mississippi things along its banks had changed but little from what they were in the days of the first white men that saluted the noble river—the Franciscan, Hennepin, and the Jesuit, Marquette.

Bishop Loras's labors in the Diocese of Dubuque lasted until February 19, 1858. During the long years of his episcopate he was truly the man of God, truly the shepherd of souls. For the details of his apostleship we must refer the reader to the excellent biography of the bishop, given to the public by

one who knew him as no other did, his nephew and fellow-laborer, Rev. Louis De Cailly. In the introduction, which it is our privilege to write, we can trace only the larger lines of the bishop's life and character as we have learned them, not only from the pages of Father De Cailly's volume, but also from the traditional accounts of the bishop's career, which in our youth and early priesthood we often heard from the lips of the pioneer missionaries of the Northwest.

Bishop Loras was a true man and a true Christian. In him natural and supernatural virtues blended in beautiful harmony, the natural preparing the soil for the fullest development of the supernatural, and in turn the supernatural endowing the natural with the richest hue of the skies.

He was a gentleman of the old French school. He was most polite in manner, without allowing the smallest suspicion of affectation or studied formalism, scrupulously exact in his attire, which often betrayed poverty, but never meanness or untidiness, always dignified in bearing, even when stooping to apparently menial tasks that circumstances of the times commended to his spirit of zeal and humility. His word always revealed the honesty of his soul; it was ever unimpeachable. He was of gentle temper, too gentle almost for this hard, rough humanity amid which his lot was cast. Yet when duty spoke he knew how to be firm and brave even unto the courage of the martyr. He was most kind and affable to all, to the lowliest as to the highest, seeking to serve and please others, and in order to be able to do so forgetful of and even harsh toward self. His conversation was always charitable and genial, at times witty; his purpose was never to offend, but to do good, to diffuse around him innocent joy. It used to be said by some that he was economical to a fault in using money. It was not that he loved money, for he never retained it, or that he loved the advantages it could procure for himself, for he never used it beyond most necessary measure for himself; it was that he desired it for the succoring of the needy, who lovingly thronged round him, and for the wants of religion in the diocese which he always supplied so long as a penny could be reached.* It was a delight to meet anear Bishop Loras, and a continuous sweetness of life to be in abiding converse with him.

* "Be assured that I impose and shall continue to impose upon myself every privation, that the resources at my disposal may be greater. To a missionary those privations are but trifles; he knows that he is the minister of Him who had not whereon to repose his head." (Letter written August 22, 1839, by Bishop Loras to the *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith*.)

In every fibre of his being Bishop Loras was the Christian, the priest, the apostle. He truly lived a supernatural life, which is the life of the elect of Christ. "The just man," it is written, "liveth by faith." Faith permeated Bishop Loras's mind and heart, inspired his thoughts and acts, dominated his motives and affections. His piety was deep and tender. He loved God with the simplicity and the effusiveness of the love of a child for a father. He was a man of prayer. His delight was to hold converse with God. Every morning he made a mental meditation. Frequent during the day were his invocations for light and strength; frequent, too, were his visits to the Blessed Sacrament. Before undertaking any work of importance he was wont to recite the "Veni Creator." The last act of his life was the recitation of the breviary. He had become quite ill, and as the evening advanced he asked to be left alone in his room. "The office is long," he said, "and I must recite the whole of it before I go to sleep." Two hours after he had spoken those words the harbinger of death, unconsciousness, had come to him.

"Language is inadequate," wrote one who had known him well, "to describe his piety, his devotion, his entire consecration to God. Before the dawn of day, in summer and in winter, in sickness or health, would you find him before the altar in prayer, or engaged in the discharge of his sacred duties." It was an edification never to be forgotten to see him kneeling before the Blessed Sacrament pouring out almost audibly his fervent invocations to the hidden Saviour. People were happy to be near him when he conducted the sacred functions or the devotions of the church.

Such piety bore rich fruits in the daily living of Bishop Loras. Pure and unsullied, marked by the most scrupulous fidelity to duty, effulgent with every virtue, was his entire life. In it the most severe censor discovered no stain. From first to last Bishop Loras's long career gave glory to God and edification to men.

"Qui pius, prudens, humilis, pudicus,
Sobriam duxit sine labe vitam
Donec humanos animavit auræ
Spiritus artus."*

* "Saintly was he, with prudence richly dowered,
And lowly, and like unto an angel pure,
O'er mortal men his self-dominion towered
That through his life did constant e'er endure."

—Office of Confessors, Roman Breviary.

Those special virtues which are the fruits of the Gospel and belong to the saints of Christ's Church shone brightly in the life of Bishop Loras. He was remarkable for self-denial, for the spirit of personal sacrifice, which is the vitalizing element of all holiness, and one of the surest indications of a sanctified soul. Unselfishness and humility revealed themselves in all his acts. He was patient amid trials. The test of unalloyed devotion to God's service was allowed him—the ingratitude of men to whose welfare he had consecrated his entire strength—and he suffered not from the test. He loved the practice of poverty, because it brought opportunities for personal self-denial, and provided the means to give in charity to the needy. He lived for God and for souls; his one ambition was to be a true follower of Christ; the one reward which he sought was that of eternity.

They who knew Bishop Loras or who read his biography will not believe that the supernatural finds in these modern times no abiding place in the souls of men.

NOTE.—The above sketch of the Life of Bishop Loras will be finished in the October issue of this magazine.





BROTHER ALEXIUS, PROVINCIAL OF THE AMERICAN PROVINCE.

THE SONS OF ST. XAVIER.

BY LYDIA STERLING FLINTHAM.



STUDENTS of church history have many times observed that God in his Infinite Intelligence opposes to every evil a remedy, to every poison its own particular antidote. When Arianism was plunging the early church into misery and confusion, he raised up a Hilary in the West and an Athanasius in the East. The day that Pelagius was born in England, St. Augustine first saw the light in Africa. The great military

orders, still commemorated in song and romance; hurled their lances against the followers of Islamism, and St. Dominic and St. Francis of Assisi were the "hammers of heretics" successfully directing blow after blow upon the Albigenses and the Waldenses. Luther hurled denunciations against the Vatican; a bullet pierced a soldier at Pampeluna! That soldier was the great St. Ignatius, founder of the Jesuits, whose lives and principles have ever since been the sternest refutation of Luther's errors.

Broad though the statement may seem, every religious order, society, or congregation seems to owe its existence to an evil directly opposed to its own aim and end.

In our day, when doubt and infidelity under the name of liberty of conscience beset our youth on either hand, numerous religious orders have received the blessing of the church and have steadily opposed their benign influence to the deadly evil. Among these, in modern times, we find the Brothers of the Christian Schools, the Brothers of Mary, and of the Sacred Heart, and later still, but by no means least, the Xaverian Brotherhood.

The schools of America were always Christian in their tone. In former times God and his laws were taught and prayer began and ended each lesson. The characters of Washington, Franklin, Adams, and other patriots whose names are our household words, testify to the religious tendency of the early schools. Not until the first half of the present century was the now prevailing system introduced, and at that time there arose the founder of the Xaverians—its opposing force!

Theodore James Ryken was born August 30, 1797, at Elshout, in the Catholic province of North Brabant. His parents, pious and respectable people, died in his infancy, and he was entrusted to the care of a saintly uncle, a priest, who ably discharged the duty of training his young relative in learning and piety. More than one of Theodore Ryken's family had been blessed with a religious vocation, and in the priestly calling had displayed great charity and zeal in the cause of religion.

As we look for vocations and virtues to repeat themselves, so we are not surprised to learn that from earliest childhood the young Theodore showed himself piously inclined, shunned worldly amusements, was happiest when in solitude, and found his greatest delight in the company of destitute and helpless childhood.

When quite a youth he became the secretary of Le Sage Ten Brook, the celebrated convert, writer, and philanthropist, who has been styled the Orestes Brownson of Belgium. Ten Brook's loss of eyesight whilst yet in the vigor of manhood had forced him to lay aside his versatile pen, but with Mr.



ST. XAVIER'S COLLEGE, LOUISVILLE, KY.

Ryken as his amanuensis he was still able to continue his noble avocation.

In an orphan asylum erected by the generosity of Le Sage Ten Brook, Mr. Ryken first became impressed with the great value of Christian education, as opposed to godless teaching.

Sweetly, strongly, the voice of God whispered in his heart, and attentive to the divine prompting, the young man formed a resolve to establish a congregation whose members should devote their lives to that end.

After taking counsel with his friend and adviser, and calmly and earnestly deliberating the plan, he concluded that Europe was already well equipped with religious orders, and he turned his longing gaze toward the new world—America.

With the earnest desire of preparing himself for the life he had in mind, Theodore Ryken left Belgium and started for America, in 1835. Arriving in this country, he joined some

French missionaries and labored zealously among the Indian tribes of Illinois, Indiana, and Missouri. Later he travelled extensively through many States, familiarizing himself with the habits and customs of the people, and becoming thoroughly acquainted with their needs. With such occupations, together with prayer and austerities, he matured his plans, and, convinced beyond doubt of his special call, in 1838 he placed his resolutions before the Right Rev. Bishop Rosati, of St. Louis.

To the latter Mr. Ryken explained his intention of returning to Belgium, gathering together some pious youths, and, after proving them well, binding them by vows and coming to America to devote themselves to the instruction of youth in religion and literature.

The plan was heartily endorsed by the Bishop of St. Louis, upon whom the bearing and conversation of Mr. Ryken had made a deep impression.

Seven other distinguished prelates added their approval to that of Bishop Rosati, and, much encouraged, he returned to his native land.

There, in old Bruges—where historic memories cluster like ivy on the crumbling walls of some venerated cloister—with the approval of the bishop of that city, Theodore Ryken rented a suitable dwelling in the Rue de Bandet, and on June 5, 1839, the Feast of St. Boniface, he took possession of it.

Was ever beginning more lowly? There was not even the "two or three" to gather together in His Name. For five days the embryo religious lived entirely alone. How fervent were his prayers for companions! On the sixth day two young men arrived, sent by the Redemptorist fathers from St. Trond. These were examined and received, and from that hour applications from pious and worthy young men were frequent.

It is not difficult to imagine the trials and hardships of this new religious organization. How ever ready is the world to cry down the lofty aspirations of the soul that meekly seeks to follow in the footsteps of the Crucified!

Apart from the poverty and privations of this little band, frequent petty persecutions were encountered from the outside world; but these young men, with the example of their chosen patron, St. Francis Xavier, before their mental vision, gladly laid such offerings—the violets of humility—upon the altar of self-immolation.

The number of these young men rapidly increased, and their example and many virtues greatly edified the venerable



ST. JOHN'S NORMAL COLLEGE, DANVERS, MASS. NAMED "STONYCROFT" BY WHITTIER.

Bishop of Bruges, Francis Rene Bousсен. With characteristic caution, however, the latter waited for over a year before he issued the formal commendation of the Congregation of Xaverian Brothers. This authorized Theodore Ryken to proceed with its foundation in Bruges, and recommended the society to the charitable people of the diocese.

Through the interest of the inhabitants of Bruges, Mr. Ryken was enabled in July, 1841, to purchase Walleijes for the first novitiate and parent-house of the Xaverian Brothers. This property comprised a large mansion, the remnant of a famous feudal castle, surrounded by the usual moat and approached by an old-fashioned drawbridge. A handsome garden, planted with fruit and ornamental trees, was attached to the mansion, and a high wall and hedge enclosed the entire domain.

In the archives of Bruges, Walleijes has special mention as a place of great distinction, whilst to the pioneers of Xaverianism it is truly a hallowed spot.

The rules of the new society having been drawn up, and the approbation of the reigning Pontiff, Gregory XVI., being secured, the labors of the infant order now began in earnest.

In 1842 a night-school for young men was opened, which was promptly patronized. The following year the founder and

four postulants were invested with the habit of the order—a robe similar to that worn by their patron, St. Francis Xavier, whilst engaged in those remarkable missions in India and Japan. This habit consists of a simple black cassock, with belt and white collar. The religious names of the pioneers were: Brother Francis Xavier, the Founder; Brothers Ignatius, Alphonse, Dominic, and Stanislaus. Of these the last named still lives, and is director of St. Xavier's College, Louisville, Kentucky. Three years later all took their vows for life, and to that list we find added the names of Brothers Aloysius and Alexius, the latter of whom has the distinction of being Provincial of the American Province and President of Mount St. Joseph's College, near Baltimore, Maryland.

The Xaverian Brotherhood grew and flourished, and, in addition to the second school which they had by this time established at the Walletjes, the brothers were urged by the clergy to open an academy for boys of the middle and higher classes of society in the centre of the city. Thus was laid the foundation of the now famous St. Xavier's College, at present attended by over four hundred students.

This college is the largest establishment in Bruges. Eight large buildings have been added from time to time, and as external alterations are prohibited by law, in order that the ancient architecture of the city be maintained, the college presents a most unique appearance, with its lofty, moss-grown walls, its narrow, winding passages, and ponderous gates and turrets.

The first mission of the Xaverians was opened at Bury, England, in 1848, but the Catholics there being too poor to support a community of teachers, the brothers accepted an invitation to locate in Manchester. In that city they were remarkably successful, and to-day one of Manchester's greatest boasts is the Catholic Collegiate of the Xaverian Brothers.

Brothers Ignatius, Alexius, and Stanislaus were the pioneers of that mission, and to them belongs the no small honor of having introduced into Manchester the exercises of the "May devotions." Brother Alexius opened the exercises by reciting the rosary and litany, reading then a selection from some book of meditation. Brother Stanislaus led the choir and played the organ, and the voices of the old mingled with those of the children as the sweet titles of Our Lady floated heavenward. Crowds of people attended the devotions every night, and many owed their conversion, and others their perseverance in virtue,

to these meetings. Until the coming of the brothers the May devotions were unknown in Manchester. 'Tis true, there was ever cherished by the faithful a tender affection for our Blessed Lady, but it is a surprising fact that there was not even a statue of her in any church in Manchester!

The people of the city seconded every effort of the brothers in behalf of youth, and their schools rapidly became the centres of that piety and culture which to-day find noble expression in the Catholic gentleman of Manchester.

In the character of an educator, Brother Ignatius was himself a peer, as the government inspectors more than once, in their reports, asserted. On one occasion such an inspector—a Protestant—was so delighted with his methods as a teacher that he invited Brother Ignatius to accompany him on his visit to the schools, and introduced him to teachers and pupils as the *model school-master of England*.

As an acknowledgment of his merits in his chosen calling, the English government in 1893 placed Brother Ignatius on the "retired list," giving him a pension for life.

In 1853 Most Rev. Archbishop Spalding, then Bishop of Louisville, Kentucky, went to Belgium to procure young priests for his diocese from that thoroughly Catholic country.

Hearing of the new Brotherhood, he paid a visit to Brother Francis Xavier, the founder, to whom he extended an invitation to open schools in America. The zealous religious was not slow in accepting, for such had long been his desire. America's youth—open, honest, intellectual—they had fascinated him from his first acquaintance with them, long before the foundation stone of his congregation had been laid, and now that the building was erected, how eager his delight to see his dearest hopes about to be fulfilled! In the following year, therefore, six brothers, accompanied by the founder, took passage for America, and arriving in Louisville, Kentucky, were at once domiciled in comfortable quarters. Two schools were soon opened, St. Patrick's and the Immaculate Conception, and thus was the standard of Xaverianism planted upon American soil—a standard not upheld without a struggle, however, for the hardships consequent to all new settlements were greatly increased by the prevalence of Know-nothingism, which served to considerably retard the progress of the undertaking.

In 1860 the colony was strengthened by a band of six from the parent-house, and Bishop Spalding procured for the brothers a suitable dwelling, centrally located, where they opened St.

Xavier's Institute. This marked a period of prosperity for the Xaverians, and in 1890 the steady increase of students, and consequently the staff of teachers, demanded the purchase of a larger house. The name of the institute was legally changed to that of St. Xavier's College, which has now become one of the most successful seats of learning in Kentucky. The buildings occupy a square in length, and are surrounded by forest trees and beautiful grounds. Among those who point to St. Xavier's College as their Alma Mater are

pride of God's faithful shepherds to eminent business men high in the fields and science recall the days of the noble Brother. The present director of the college is Brother Stan- immortal pioneers of the Congregation, who honor of being its ber. ed the band in



THE FIRST GRADUATE OF ST. XAVIER'S.



REV. FRANCIS CASSIDY, S.J.,
Graduate of St. Xavier's, Louis-
ville, Ky.



BROTHER STANISLAUS.

many who are the tar, serving him as his flock, whilst pro- and others ranking of law, medicine, with tender recol- spent under the care thers at St. Xavier's. rector of the col- islaus, one of the of the Xaverian. also enjoys the oldest living mem-

In 1860 he join- Louisville, and for thirty-eight years has remained at that post of duty. In 1885, being appointed director of the Louisville house, he was obliged to resign his position of teacher at St. Patrick's; but the pastor and the entire parish, fearing the effect of his disconnection with the school, offered to pay his usual salary, to have him identi- fied with the young members of the con- gregation. As his heart has ever been in teaching, he gladly continues, at the age of eighty-one years, to visit the schools several times a week, and gives personal assistance when needed.

Brother Stanislaus is a born musician,

and the talent which found juvenile expression in whittling whistles, odd flutes, and indescribable instruments of many kinds, later distinguished its possessor as a musician of no mean order. He it was who furnished the music at the first "May devotions" in Manchester, and he it is who at St. Xavier's College regularly presides at the organ, touching the chords with the grace and ease of youth, despite the fact that the snows of eighty years have thrown their mantle round him.

When Bishop Spalding was called from Louisville and raised to the dignity of Archbishop of Baltimore, he made a farewell address in which were enumerated the many charitable institutions erected during his administration.

"There is yet one more," he said, "which cost me twelve years of incessant labor, and which I consider the *grandest work of my life*, and that is the introduction of the Xaverian Brothers into this city, to educate our boys in sound religious principles."

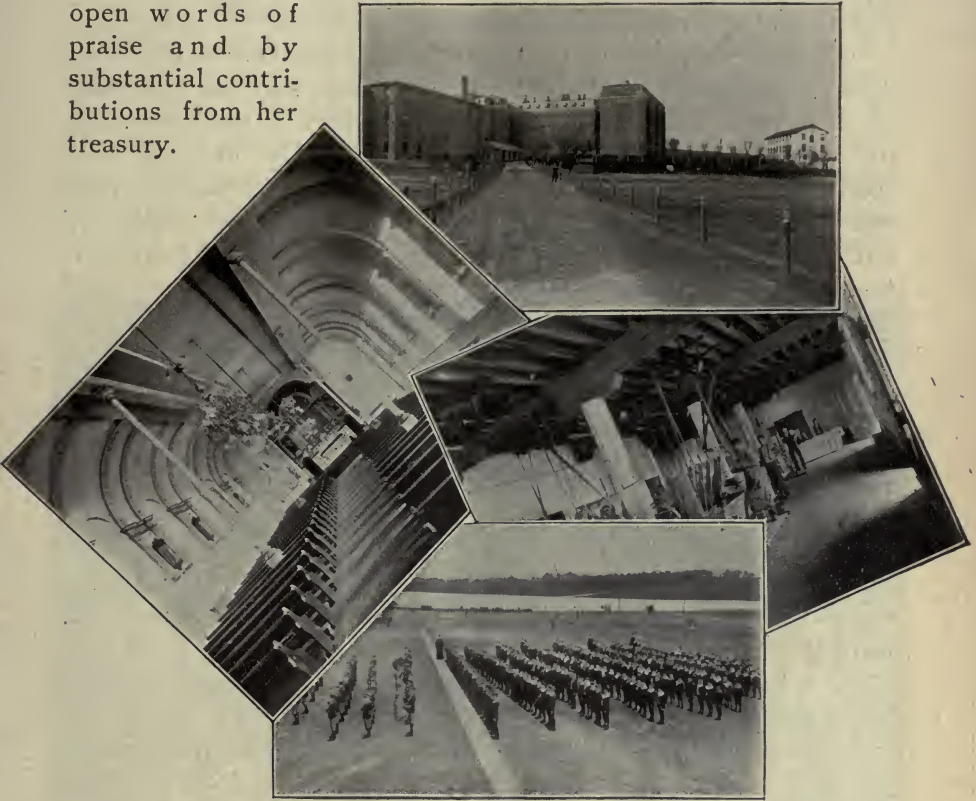
His love for the brothers was again displayed by his urging them to enter his new diocese, to take charge of St. Patrick's school in Baltimore, and of St. Mary's Industrial School, just outside that city. The foundation of the latter institution was due to the energy of Monsignor McColgan, a striking character in the Catholic hierarchy of America, called "the Father Mathew of Maryland."

It was he who founded the first Catholic temperance society in Baltimore, which formed the nucleus of that great society, the Confraternity of the Sacred Thirst.

In his visits as a priest, Father McColgan saw many evidences of neglect in parents towards their growing sons, and he conceived the idea of establishing a home in which such lads might be taught useful trades and receive a wholesome Christian education.

Archbishop Spalding, to whom he explained his views, readily approved of the plan. A meeting was held at which twenty thousand dollars were subscribed by the Catholics of Baltimore, and by personal exertions Father McColgan obtained many other donations, which soon enabled him to found the institution, and to gather therein many neglected boys, regardless of creed. By his influence he also secured the passage by city council and State legislature of measures which made it a semi-public institution. Baltimore has reason to pride herself upon St. Mary's Industrial School and its corps of zealous Xaverians, and she is ever ready to give evidence of her appre-

ciation both by open words of praise and by substantial contributions from her treasury.



ST. MARY'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, BALTIMORE, MD.

Brother Dominic, the leader of that faithful band of self-sacrificing brothers, is a man of great force of character and loftiness of spirit. Nor is that loftiness of spirit to be confused with hauteur, nor his force of character inimical to gentleness of method. It is his constant care, as it is also that of his associate brothers, to turn into proper channels the natural propensities of his charges. No boy leaves St. Mary's with the stamp of the reformatory upon him; no boy leaves St. Mary's with broken spirit and crushed ambition. In his person is respected and defended the priceless jewel of human liberty. He is not thrown into a mould to issue forth stamped with another's will, but he is tenderly guarded, his lessons made easy and pleasant, and kindness and benevolence are the weapons which conquer in almost every case.

The well-known missionary, Rev. Simon Herderick, C.P., sums up the qualities of St. Mary's Industrial School, in an in-

terview granted a reporter of the Baltimore *American* at the close of a spiritual retreat given to the boys.

"I have been in many institutions," remarked Father Herderick, "without commission and commissioned by the governors of New York and New Jersey, but nowhere is there anything to approach St. Mary's Industrial School. No bars, no manacles, no cat-o'-nine-tails, no whips, no lash, no cells, no bread and water, no keepers, no 'whaling expeditions,' no 'red juice,' and a condition of morality that no aggregation of boys anywhere, gathered for any purpose, can surpass, if they can equal! Brother Dominic and his Xaverian associates have done a marvellous work, and I shall commend them and their methods wheresoever I go to all interested in the preservation of youth. By the way, did the gentlemen who recently pondered the problem, 'What to do with our boys,' have a conference with Brother Dominic?"

The youth that enters St. Mary's finds there a great republic, where good conduct and desire for advancement are always encouraged and rewarded. His stay depends on himself. He needs no "influence" to secure his withdrawal. He is well fed, warmly clothed, and *especially* he has time for play.

The brothers, with true religious fervor, lose their identity in their labor. They are never separate from their pupils, but in work or play are their constant companions, though their presence is never regarded as a menace to freedom, the boys well understanding and appreciating the affectionate interest of their teachers.

St. Mary's School is an immense structure fronting on the Frederick Road, one of the principal thoroughfares leading into Baltimore. A large farm is attached, and the building itself is fitted with every equipment necessary for the acquirement of the trades. In 1897 eight hundred boys received shelter and instruction in the institution. Each boy is obliged to attend school, the hours for study being conveniently arranged to suit age and employments. Thorough and substantial progress has been made in all the lines of study, which embraces the branches necessary for a complete business education.

A thorough knowledge of the trades is acquired under skilled mechanics, and a practical acquaintance with them obtained by the application of such to the present demands of the institution. Thus, the boys in the carpenter shop assist with the repairing of the exterior and interior of the buildings. Those in the painting and glazing departments aid in renovating such

portions as need freshening from time to time. In the "House" tailor shop is made and repaired all the clothing required by the boys. The same may be said of the hosiery department; whilst in the bakery are employed five boys, who convert barrels of flour into bread, cakes, and pies for the use of the inmates. Five large greenhouses give occupation to a number, whilst the farm of fifty acres, once a dense forest of trees and undergrowth, but now cleared and drained, yields as a result of the boys' labors cereals and vegetables o



THE TAILOR SHOP.

such excellent quality as to always command the highest market price.

The brothers are justly proud of *St. Mary's World*, a neat little journal that issues from the press at St. Mary's Industrial School. It is a model of type-setting and printing, and would put to shame many a more pretentious sheet. Its entertaining and instructive pages are a source of edification to the boys, and many compliments have been paid the same by leading journals of Baltimore. The type-setting and press-work are done entirely by the boys of the school, and the interest which they must take in a publication of their very own is in itself

a training in language perhaps superior to any other method in ordinary use.

The amusements during recreation hours include all the games that engross the attention of boys everywhere. Football is practised, but under regulations that secure invigorating exercise without the possibility of danger to life and limb. In base-ball the boys have achieved high honors, the Seniors winning twenty-nine out of thirty-four games in contests with the best amateur clubs of Baltimore.

Perhaps nothing is more conducive to pleasure, however, than the music of the three bands, under the direction of a capable professor. The brass band consists of thirty-six boys, the orchestra of twenty-four, the fife and drum corps of thirty, whilst there are five trumpeters. There is also a vocal class of two hundred and fifty boys.

An annex of St. Mary's, which has been doing valuable work, is St. James's Home for working-boys, which was established in Baltimore City, by Cardinal Gibbons, in 1878. This is, of course, in charge of the Xaverian Brothers, and furnishes a home for worthy working-boys, who, after obtaining employment, contribute a small portion of their wages to defray the expenses of the household. Thus is fostered a feeling of independence, and besides there is furnished a pleasant security from the baneful influences of the world.

In 1875 the second chapter of the Xaverian Congregation was held at the parent-house in Bruges, and at this chapter the three provinces, Belgium, England, and America, were created. The provincial chosen for the American Province was Brother Alexis, who had acted as superior both in Bruges and Manchester, and who had besides for six years directed St. Mary's Industrial School.

One of the new provincial's first acts was to secure a suitable novitiate for the candidates of the order, and a favorable location was obtained in a large property on the Frederick Road, west of Baltimore. A substantial building was erected and solemnly dedicated as the novitiate, under the name of Mount St. Joseph, November 30, 1876. Simultaneously the Brother Provincial, at the instance of the clergy, opened a school for young men which was incorporated under the name of Mount St. Joseph's College. Both institutions have proved a success, the former adding from year to year many recruits to the army of Xaverian educators, and the latter carrying on its roll an average of a hundred pupils annually.

No Catholic col-
bears a higher repu-
St. Joseph's has
able direction of
Provincial of the
and President of
though over seventy
years sit lightly upon
of the zealous pro-
cares and anxiety
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hood's prime. In
which the Xaverian
weight of years has



BROTHER JOSEPH.

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achieved under the
Brother Alexius,
American Province
the College. Al-
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the truly noble face
vincial. Despite the
incident to such an
appearance of man-
fact, the ease with
Brothers bear the
frequently been a



BROTHER CHRYSOSTOM.



BROTHER PAUL.

subject of wonder.
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is a common thing,
singularity and sua-
the distinguishing
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ment of affairs at
Brother Alexius is
Brother Joseph, the
president of the in-
also the first mem-
Brotherhood in
birth and education,
ing home in early
with merit a position



BROTHER VINCENT.

To attain the age
or even ninety years
whilst piety without
vity of manner are
marks of their char-

In the manage-
Mount St. Joseph's
ably assisted by
director and vice-
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we find him leav-
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of trust under the



BROTHER ISIDORE.

In the early fifties we discover him in America, where, in Louisville, Ky., after a career of honor and usefulness, his restless ambition finds unflinching peace in the quiet cell of the Xaverian Brother.

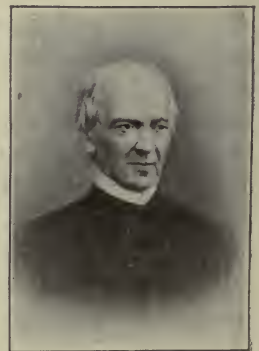
Brother Joseph was director of the colony of Xaverians that entered Baltimore in 1872, his first charge being at St. Patrick's school. Affairs here were found in a state of chaos, but under his masterful direction things assumed a proper shape and to-day no school stands higher. In many of the municipal chambers, editorial chairs, offices of prominent business houses and railroad companies, young men are found who attended St. Patrick's school when Brother Joseph taught there, whilst lawyers, doctors, and priests point to him with pride as their beloved and honored tutor.

Any account of Mount St. Joseph's, how slight soever, would be incomplete indeed without a mention of another, who in the capacity of prefect of studies has for the space of thirty years given an example of wisdom, tact, and unflinching devotion to duty which has won and held every heart whose good fortune it is to have met and known him—the noble Brother Isidore.

With a gracious and commanding presence he combines a charm of manner and a firm yet kindly dignity which, magnetic in their manifestation, serve to conquer the most incorrigible by gentleness, and to lead the more willing youth to heights never dreamed of by him before.

Whether in the class-room, making easy and pleasant the perplexing mysteries of book-lore, or in recreation hall, relating many a merry experience of a busy life, or on the grounds, released from the restraining walls—the best hour of all to a boy—the wonderful influence of Brother Isidore is remembered now by world-weary men, who recall with pleasurable emotion the ne'er forgotten days at their beloved Alma Mater.

"A look was enough from him," I have heard an old pupil say. "No rod nor



BROTHER FRANCIS.

discipline was necessary, whether at home or on the long tramps for miles over the surrounding country; his firm yet gentle and re-



WHERE REST AND WORK
ALTERNATE.

proachful 'Boys, boys!' would put to shame our most riotous inclinations, and quench completely any attempted infringement of the rules."

No fairer spot could have been selected than the one which marks the situation of Mount St. Joseph's. It is within easy reach of the Monumental City, and the commodious building, with its charmingly appointed grounds, is a fit ornament for a

section with which Nature has been generous in her gifts. Smiling fields, rich in grass and grain, spread to the gates of the college, and all around it is a country rich in historic memories.

Kentucky and Maryland are not alone the scenes of the Xaverian Brothers' labors. At the instigation of different pre-



THE "STARS" BASE-BALL GROUNDS, ST. MARY'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, BALTIMORE, MD.

lates, they have been introduced into Richmond, Virginia; Wheeling, West Virginia, and into Massachusetts, where they conduct schools in Lowell and Lawrence. At Danvers, Mass., is St. John's Normal College, where a thorough course in normal, literary, and scientific training is pursued by aspirants to the great army of educators, assembled under the standard of St. Francis Xavier. This magnificent property was christened "Stonycroft" by its one time neighbor, the poet Whittier.

The sons of St. Xavier, ever anxious to enlarge their field of usefulness, have recently purchased a magnificent property at Old Point Comfort, where there will be immediately begun a series of buildings to bear the name of Old Point Comfort College. Apart from all the interior equipments necessary for

health, study, and comfort, there will be a diamond, and bowling alley, and hand-ball court, but the brothers will make it their aim here, as in all their colleges, that brawn will be subordinated to brain; the intellectual man will take precedence of the physical man. And let me here ask if it might not be well for some of our colleges, presided over by others than religious, to gather a grain of wisdom from such a suggestion? How is it that we daily see noted in papers and magazines the progress of our young men in base-ball, foot-ball, rowing and swimming, but rarely, I may say never, a word as to their attainments in letters? Are the future rulers of our nation to be the long-locked, muscular creatures who figure so conspicuously in our journals as the models of "college education"? If so, then may we well exclaim: "Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!"

Our safety in the present, our hope for the future, lies in the methods of educators, for they are directly applicable to the orderly growth of religious life. And without religion what have we? Chaos! To the religious, then, we must look for the profitable instruction of our youth, and under their benign influence we may hope, without presumption, for a day when carping doubt and wretched infidelity shall be no more.



HOW MY UNCLE LOST HIS WILL.

BY MARIE DONEGAN WALSH.



I AM quite aware that ghost-stories are not the fashion nowadays; we have done away with such nonsense for ever, and explained all theories of a supernatural agency with good, sound common-sense facts, which appeal to our highly cultivated reasoning powers. If any one sees ghosts it is due to disordered nerves or a disordered liver, or treated altogether as a practical joke of a somewhat played-out character. But in spite of our vaunted progress and superiority to such things, I think human nature is much the same in this nineteenth century of phonographs and Röntgen rays as it was in the good old days when all men believed in spirits.

However, be this as it may, I never was much of a believer in ghosts; in fact, had not given the subject any consideration whatever, having been far too much occupied with other things, besides being a most practical person, without a touch of dreaminess or superstition in my composition. Therefore the story I am about to relate, which is the one incomprehensible episode in my otherwise humdrum life, may be interesting to others who feel in the same way about spiritual occurrences.

Of course those who sit in the seats of the scornful may explain the thing in the most lucid and scientific manner possible and in a way wholly convincing to themselves, but to me it is one of the mysteries of life and will always remain such. So I can only relate the facts as they happened, and leave wiser brains than mine to decide their meaning. But now for my story, which from this preamble may appear a much more exciting affair than it really is.

In the days when it all happened, not so many years ago, I was a young lawyer waiting patiently for the briefs that were so slow to come. I had my office in a good building in a prominent street (which cost me, by the way, far more than I could afford), but no luck ever seemed to come my way; and as time went on I became thoroughly depressed, for the outlook was anything but hopeful, and my little capital, slender at the best, slowly decreased. A profession or business of some kind was

absolutely necessary for me, for I was not like many fellows who have rich fathers to fall back upon if their playing at a profession fails as a means of livelihood.

My father had died a year before, when I was at Harvard; and when affairs were settled up it was found that we were considerably poorer than we had imagined, and my mother had only a small annuity on which she could just manage to live in comfort. Having studied for the law by my own special desire, and being at that time altogether hopeful of succeeding in it eventually, I hated to give up the profession I had chosen for a business which might bring me quicker returns, so I decided to struggle on awhile. My only near relative besides my mother was an old uncle, my father's eldest brother—reputed to be very rich but a terrible miser, and his behavior towards us after my father's death, at a time when he could have helped my mother in many ways, disgusted me with him. For myself I wanted neither his patronage nor support; for even from a child I disliked him and never willingly approached him.

A keen, successful business man himself, hard and stern, my uncle had the greatest possible contempt for my father's unlucky speculations, which had cost us so dear; and in the perfunctory visit of condolence he paid us, the only consolation he offered was the characteristic one that "poor Henry always was a fool in business matters, and he supposed his son would follow in his footsteps." This speech naturally did not mend matters between us, and relations became more strained than ever. The breach culminated about a year before the events I am about to relate took place, when I became engaged to Clare Summers, the prettiest girl in Baltimore, refined, lovely, and sweet in every way, and of a very good family, but, like myself, not over-blessed with this world's goods, and, moreover, the daughter of a man my uncle had had some business trouble with and disliked immensely. We were very much in love, Clare and I, and with love and youth between us and confidence of success, we felt all would come right in time, and were content to wait till fortune should walk in upon me suddenly, and I should wake up one morning and find myself famous.

Just after our engagement my uncle paid us one of his periodical visits (he only came when he had something disagreeable to say), and found my mother alone. He vented all his displeasure on her, working himself up to a state of perfect fury over the idea of "two young ignoramuses without a cent between them thinking of getting married," and winding up with

the parting assurance that if I persisted in this "unwarrantable folly" we should never see any of his money. And what my uncle says he does, as I have good reason to know. When I came home and heard of his visit my rage at his meddling in my affairs was almost equal to his own, and poor mother had to bear the brunt of two storms; but what mothers will endure is past the comprehension of mortal man.

Of course, like all hot-headed young fools, I lost no time in writing my uncle a letter, and telling him I would thank him not to trouble himself about my affairs; that I should marry whom I pleased, and he was quite at liberty to leave his money to any one he liked, as I had never counted on it in the least. Needless to relate, after my first passion cooled down I regretted the impetuosity of my letter, and my manner of wording it; but for the life of me I can't say yet that I regret the substance of it, for his attack was both unwarrantable and unjust.

We heard nothing more from my uncle after this, and I plodded on as best I could; but it nearly drove me wild to think of Clare, wasting her bright young girlhood waiting for me, when she might have had so many richer and better fellows than myself.

In fact, I had almost determined to go to her and break the engagement, cost me what it would; for it was an injustice to ask her to continue it. Through all my disappointments and failures my darling stood by me, and her brave, cheery words of hope were my only solace in a world that looked black enough to discourage any one.

And, indeed, I began to think the worst had come to the worst one cold winter day early in the new year, when I sat in my chilly little office (I couldn't afford to heat it even with a gas-stove) and looked dismally around from the scanty furniture and grim old law-books which formed my only stock-in-trade to my light pocket-book, where a few dollar-bills were the only thing left between me and failure, unless I drew on my mother's small allowance, which I had steadily refused to do in spite of her repeated generous offers—the dear mother! Just as I was seriously turning over in my mind by what work I was best adapted to earn an honest living, a ring came at my door, and the hope that springs eternal in the human breast rose within me and I straightened myself up in the expectation of the long-looked-for client. Alas for my hopes! It turned out to be only the postman with a letter; but even a

letter was better than nothing in the present low ebb of affairs, and I took it eagerly, only to experience a fresh thrill of disappointment when I recognized in the address my uncle's characteristic handwriting, minute almost to invisibility.

I knew the man too well not to believe that he had anything pleasant to communicate, and I was well aware that no idea of relenting would ever come into his flinty old heart. The letter was short, business-like, and to the point; altogether so like my uncle that I had to laugh there by myself when I had finished it—but not a mirthful laugh by any means! It ran:

“DEAR NEPHEW HENRY: I wish to make a new will, having mislaid my old one; and as you are my brother's son and a lawyer (though I hate the whole race of them), I feel it my duty to give you a little business in spite of your unwarrantable behavior to me. Of course, not being interested in the will in any way (as I told you at our last meeting), it is quite legal that you should draw it up! Therefore I shall be obliged if you can make it convenient to come out to Allanmore tomorrow evening and do this business for me. I will send carriage to meet you at 7:30 train.

“Yours sincerely,

“JOHN ALLANMORE WEST.”

What did the old man mean by this communication? Did he only want to remind me, for fear I might be tempted to forget the fact, that I was cut off his inheritance, or was it in contemptuous pity for my briefless state, or even perhaps intended as a grim practical joke? My uncle, however, was by no means inclined to joking of any sort, and I decided to write him an instant refusal, alleging too much occupation in the city as an excuse. But the extreme absurdity of it struck me in its most ludicrous light as I thought of how easily my urgent engagements could be postponed. At the same time I felt anything but inclined to eat humble pie, and accept that curt and peremptory summons just when he chose to extend the hand of patronage to me. “The old miser wants to save lawyer's fees by employing me,” I thought, “for I'm morally certain it is not from any love of his nephew. I believe I will astonish him after all by taking him at his word, as nothing better offers just now, and if he tries to get the better of me he will find his match.”

My uncle's letter had come just at the right time. Under

other circumstances I would not even have noticed it, but I had grown so desperate with enforced inaction that I positively welcomed a change of any sort—a tangible something to which I could lay my hand.

So I went home and informed my mother of my intentions, showing her uncle's letter, over which she waxed highly indignant, packed my slender portmanteau, and started next evening for Allanmore in a not particularly Christian frame of mind. Like all local trains, the train simply crept through the snow-covered fields of the dreary winter landscape; and when it finally drew up at the country station which was the nearest point to Allanmore, the short January twilight was already falling, damp and chilly. My uncle's carriage, which waited for me, was a lumbering, heavy affair, of the kind probably in fashion in the colonial days; and it was drawn by two fat old horses of ancient and solid appearance. But the inside of the vehicle proved most luxurious, and as I sank back into its roomy depths it appeared by no means the worst place one could choose for a long two-hours' drive through the hill-country, when the bleak winds were whistling outside with a cutting blast.

It scarcely seemed half-an-hour before we were passing the stone gates of my uncle's mansion, and bowling smoothly along the gloomy avenue of sycamores which led to the house. As we drew up at last before the portico with its imposing columns the house presented an appearance of uniform and absolute gloom; for not a light appeared at any of the windows, and I reflected half-jokingly, half-angrily, that my uncle had certainly not killed the fatted calf for my arrival.

By the time the coachman had ponderously descended from his perch and opened the door of the carriage, the hall door was flung open and an old butler appeared, holding up a lamp, behind which he peered out cautiously into the darkness—evidently expecting that I might be bringing a band of tramps or house-breakers in my train. He ushered me into a fine old oak-wainscoted hall, which looked cold and dreary even with its huge open fire-places, and explained to me on the way to my room that Mr. West never left his rooms in the evening, but would be pleased to see me after I had dined.

Matters were better in my own room, for it was small and cozy, more modern-looking than the gloomy apartments we had passed, and even boasted a small though economical fire.

After telling me that dinner would be served as soon as I was ready, the old butler took himself off with his lamp,

leaving me to the mild radiance of a couple of wax candles; and when my simple toilet was completed I proceeded to descend, but was somewhat taken aback at finding no light in the corridor, so I had to return for one of my tall silver candle-sticks to light me on the way. After several wrong turns—for the house seemed to be fairly overrun with corridors and staircases—I finally found my way to the dining-room, where my old friend, the irreproachable butler, waited on me in gloomy state.

It was a splendid apartment, hung with fine old family portraits, among which the most recent was my Uncle John, with his keen, cold face and piercing eyes, and as I sat in solitary magnificence in an oasis of light at the end of the long table, with a hearty appetite disposing of the various dishes the butler brought me, I wondered fancifully what would be done with all this brave company of Allansmores when their present owner went over to the majority. They would very likely be knocked down in a job-lot by an auctioneer, or perhaps my uncle might leave his portrait to my mother and myself as a token of his affection. He was quite capable of doing such a thing. One matter, however, the old gentleman had not economized on in this dreary old mansion of his, and that was his *chef*; for I never sat down to a better-cooked, better-served dinner.

I can see my *fin-de-siècle* reader raising his eyebrows as he reads my comments on the dinner, and saying with superior intuition, "*That* explains the ghost-story." But let me observe from the outset that the argument will not answer, for, fortunately for myself, I have the digestion of that much-abused bird, the ostrich; and even now, in my sober middle-age, have yet to taste the dinner which could give me the nightmare.

As I sat after dinner, smoking an excellent cigar, waiting till it should suit my uncle to summon me, it appeared altogether a desirable thing to own all this solid luxury and comfort; and I sighed as I thought of Clare, and how well it would have suited her stately beauty to be chatelaine of this fine old mansion, instead of a poor man's wife, with all the sordidness and petty troubles of a daily struggle with scanty means.

It is well for a man to be obliged to work and have the spur of necessity, for it brings out the manliness of his nature; but for a woman it is another thing, and, in spite of the New-

Woman theory, I think a woman is better and happier in her home life, undisturbed by business and its cares.

More and more bitter grew my thoughts as I went over "what might have been" under different circumstances; and when the noiseless butler approached once more to say that "Master would be pleased to see me now if quite convenient," I rose in anything but a complaisant humor to face my grim old kinsman, feeling more than half-inclined to throw the whole business over, and let the old miser find some one else to draw up his will than his much-injured nephew. But my good angel prevailed, and in the end I found myself meekly following the man along the interminable, badly-lighted corridors towards my uncle's rooms, which were situated in a modern wing of the house far apart. We had traversed, as it seemed to me, a distance of about half a mile, when the butler paused at last at a door at the very end of the corridor, knocked, and threw open the door, announcing pompously, "Mr. Henry West."

A tall figure drew itself slowly out of a capacious chair to greet me, and I could hardly restrain a start of surprise when I recognized in this feeble, aged figure, with its white hair, my Uncle John, whom I had last seen, barely two years ago, a hale and hearty man. Defiant as I felt, my feelings were somewhat softened by his appearance, and, as if divining this and resenting it, the old man hastened to greet me with one of his usual sharp speeches.

"Well, nephew Henry," he said testily as he shook hands, "don't stand there staring as if you had seen a ghost! I am changed, no doubt, since we met, but I tell you, young man, one doesn't pass through an illness like mine of last winter without its telling upon one, and I am no longer as young as I was!"

Taken aback by this direct reference to my thoughts, I stammered something about not being aware of his illness, etc.

"Of course not," he snapped; "you are not in the habit of troubling yourself much whether I live or die; but," with a keen glance under his shaggy eyebrows, "I don't mean to die just yet, and in any case it won't make any difference to you. By the way, do you still keep up that confounded nonsense with the Summers girl, or have you come to your senses at last?"

If he had intended to rouse me from my first impulse of pity for him into a deliberate rage, he succeeded thoroughly. All my old dislike and antagonism came back redoubled at his taunting words, and I was beginning a reply as insulting as his

own when it struck me how thoroughly childish it was to quarrel with an old man like this. So with an effort I restrained myself, and said in studiedly calm tones :

“I don't think I came here to discuss my private affairs, Uncle John, so we will leave them alone, if you please. I understood you wished to see me on business matters ; but if this is not so, I must ask you to excuse me, as I have no time to waste on useless discussions.”

“Hoity-toity !” quoth my uncle indignantly ; “what are the young people coming to, dictating what their elders shall say—private affairs, business matters, forsooth !” And he went on with a torrent of angry words ; but there was an odd twinkle in his eye as after awhile he drew his dispatch-box toward him, and proceeded to give me all the instructions about his will in the most business-like manner ; and when it was drawn up in due form, and I read it to him for his signature, he nodded approvingly from time to time as if in high good humor over the disposal of his property. I believe the old wretch thought he was inflicting a terrible punishment upon me in doing this ; but it really troubled me very little now who fell heir to his miserable money, as long as I was out of the running. At last all the formalities were completed, two of the men about the place were called in to witness the document, and the business ended. I waited in silence to hear if the old man had anything else to say, determined not to be the first to commence a conversation. He threw himself back into his chair with an air of relief, looking at me furtively from time to time, as if to see the result of his tactics ; but my bored air of utter indifference had produced its effect upon him, as I knew it would, and he grew really angry at last, piqued at his failure to draw me out ; so I was not surprised when he wished me a curt good-night, signifying his desire of being alone. Equally ready to gratify him, I jumped up at once and moved towards the door, but just as I opened it he called after me :

“As you confine yourself so strictly to business matters, nephew, perhaps it will not suit you to wait till to-morrow morning for your fee, but I must ask you to do so, as it is inconvenient for me to give it to you just now.”

If he thought I would say he did not owe me anything he was greatly mistaken, for I intended having my pound of flesh as well as himself ; so, disregarding the sneer in his voice, I merely answered coolly that it would do perfectly well in the morning, for I felt if the conversation continued my powers of

endurance would not hold out, and I should end by giving my uncle a piece of my mind.

When I reached my room it was nearly twelve o'clock, and I locked the door of my sanctum behind me with a feeling of relief, and prepared for a comfortable smoke by the fire, being glad to be alone once more, for my uncle's power of stinging and irritating me to the last degree had been fully exercised to-night. I was determined it should be the last time, and that before I went away I would let him know in plain terms that he and I were to be strangers for the future, as I had had enough of this sort of thing. Then I began thinking over what lay before me, seriously now, for all hope of ever inheriting a penny from Uncle John had been settled to-night, and it was time to be up and doing. But I was very tired, and gradually the warmth and the soothing influence of my cigar combined began to tell on me. I found myself, in spite of my very real trouble and anxiety, becoming prosaically drowsy, and I made up my mind to go to bed and follow the wise advice of letting to-morrow take care of itself.

I must have slept the very instant my head touched the pillow, for I remember no more after blowing out the candle and climbing into the old-fashioned wooden bedstead till I woke suddenly with a start from an unusually vivid dream, in which I thought I saw Clare walking away from me down a long passage. From time to time she would turn and beckon to me, and I tried to follow, but never seemed to come any nearer, after the elusive manner of dreams.

I rubbed my eyes, sat up, and became thoroughly awake in a second, with that strange sense of the quickening and perception of the mental powers which so often follows a sudden waking from a dream. But the strangest thing about it was that the footsteps went on as they had done before in my dream of Clare—softly, continuously, with a firm, even tread; but instead of receding, they seemed to be coming steadily nearer. Silence, complete and utter, reigned in the house, a silence almost oppressive, when one's own breathing and the ticking of the watch were unnaturally loud and startling, and only the sound of the monotonous footsteps continued, softly echoing down the corridor, coming nearer and nearer till they paused outside my door. I thought immediately of my uncle, that perhaps he was ill or needed something, and I waited for a second in expectation of a knock at the door, then called out "Who's there?"

No answer came, so I repeated my question. Still no response; so I decided on the usual solution of a midnight mystery in old houses—"rats"—turned over again and tried to sleep, having, as I said before, very little imagination and not being in the least nervous. But sleep seemed a difficult thing to-night, after my first sudden waking, and I lay there quiet but utterly sleepless, turning over in my mind the events of the day, when suddenly the footsteps began again, but this time in my room and coming towards the bedside. This was too much for human endurance. "Who are you?" I called again, springing out of bed and fumbling to light a match, for the fire had gone out, and the room was in total darkness and filled with an icy air which chilled me through and through.

I struck and struck in vain with the matches, which obstinately refused to light, as they always do when wanted, and again as I did so the footsteps sounded, this time nearer than ever, as if a person were slowly pacing round the room.

At last the match caught and the watery gleam of the candle lighted the room dimly. I gazed around with dazed eyes, expecting at least to see some shadowy figure start up out of the gloom. But not a thing was visible! I found my revolver, and clutching it in my hand searched in every nook and corner of the room, carefully lifting my candle to see. The fastenings of both door and window were alike undisturbed and absolutely nothing was to be found. Once more I tried to persuade myself it was a mistake, when the footsteps came again, actually *passing me* where I stood transfixed in the middle of the room, so closely that I could have touched the person (had there been an earthly being to touch). It is no exaggeration to say that at that moment my blood fairly ran cold with horror, for this was no tangible thing I had to deal with. If it had even been something I could *see*, the horror of the situation would have been lessened; but to stand there petrified, helpless, with those soft footfalls echoing around me, unable to speak or move—for when I tried to speak the words froze on my lips—with that weird, invisible presence surrounding and enveloping me, was horrifying.

A moment more and I felt my senses would have left me, when the footsteps appeared to recede from my side and pass towards the door, and then I heard them outside the locked door once more and pacing down the corridor!

"My God!" I gasped, when, as if delivered from some terrible oppression, the power of speech came back to me again.

Great drops of perspiration stood out on my forehead and my heart beat with throbs that seemed as though they were audible, while I felt as if struck by some sudden and crushing blow almost depriving me of thought and movement.

But with the steadily receding footsteps my terror seemed to fade a little and my practical nature speedily reasserted itself. Hastily I managed to get on some things and, grasping the candle in one hand and the revolver in the other, forced myself to set out for the door with stumbling steps, though a strong physical aversion to my task seemed to prevent me.

I unlocked the door with difficulty, for my fingers were trembling, and passed out into the corridor. Here, instead of the total darkness I had left it in when I retired to bed, the corridor was now literally *ablaze and flooded with light!* A large lamp was placed in a bracket on the wall, but I had not noticed its being lighted on my way to my room. At any rate, it was turned up now and flaring to its highest extent, blazing above and below the chimney, which was cracked in several places, and the panelling of the wall behind it was blistered and discolored by the strong heat. Nothing can be more uncanny in a quiet, deserted house at midnight than a strong, blazing light which almost seems to accentuate the utter stillness. It was the last touch needed to complete the strange occurrences of the night. I hesitated a moment, looked out on the windows of the corridor which gave on the garden side of the house, and then, opening one wide, I snatched the bronze lamp out of its bracket and threw it out of the window with all my strength as far as I could throw.

Not a moment too soon, for, not being the modern safety lamp, it exploded suddenly as it fell, but the flames were instantly extinguished in the wet grass. How I ever touched the lamp with my trembling fingers and carried it to the window is one of the mysteries of that most mysterious night, but sometimes strength, which afterwards seems incredible, is given to us in moments of bodily weakness.

I took up my candle and again resumed my journey along the corridor, for having recovered a little strength and courage with my physical exertions I obstinately determined to get to the bottom of the mystery. I opened every door and examined every recess, but nothing was there and not a sound disturbed the terrible stillness that reigned in this quiet house, where not a soul but myself seemed living and breathing. I paused for a second baffled, and once again came the sound of the

mysterious footsteps—slowly, softly, down some steps which lay just before me, bringing with them a renewed chill of cold horror. But I persevered in following and found myself at last in the new wing where my uncle's rooms lay. A faint glimmer of light shone out from under the door of the library, so he was evidently still awake, and it gave me a feeling of relief to realize that another human being shared my midnight vigils. Not a movement, however, came from within the room, and silence reigned supreme, unbroken even by the ghostly footsteps, which had now completely ceased. I knocked at the door, but no answer came. I pushed the door open, not without a feeling of apprehension as to what might confront me, for the events of the night had somewhat unhinged my nerves.

To my horror, as I opened it, a smell of burning filled the air and a dull, smouldering flame of fire leaped up into a blaze, fanned by the draught of the suddenly opening door.

The room was on fire! All the papers and inflammable matter on the writing-table were burnt, and the steady flames were creeping up the tapestry window-curtains near it. I instantly perceived the originator of the mischief in the guttering wax candle fallen from the candlestick, which had first ignited the papers. The arm-chair beside the table was empty—this much I could see through the clouds of thick yellow smoke already filling the room in volumes, so I tried to make my way to the further door leading to my uncle's bedroom to warn him of his peril before alarming the house, but at the first step I stumbled heavily over a prostrate figure near the window—my uncle, lying face downwards, motionless and rigid, apparently asphyxiated!

Unspeakably awful was the situation: alone in that burning room with the dead man in my arms, half choked with the fumes of smoke, and groping desperately for the bell-rope to ring, for though I lifted my voice again and again in a desperate cry for help no answer came.

I managed to turn my uncle slightly so as to feel his heart, and to my surprise found it still beating. With a superhuman effort and the courage hope had given me I half-carried, half-dragged him from the library into the passage, and then, darting back through the burning room to his bedroom beyond, almost tore the bell-rope down in my desperation, still shouting for help as I did so.

As a final effort I tried firing off my revolver, and at last, to my intense relief, heard a replying shout and a sound of doors hastily thrown open in the distance. In a second the quiet house became a scene of bustling confusion, for the butler, my uncle's valet, and many of the servants appeared—most of them in a half-dazed condition at being so suddenly aroused.

It was the work of a moment to send one of them for the doctor and two others to carry my uncle to a room far away from the fire, whilst the rest of us, with the help of the grooms and stablemen, who brought their hose and buckets into play through the windows, managed, after considerable exertion, to put out the fire, which by now had made considerable headway.

When I saw that all was going well, I returned to my uncle and found him quite revived, by the aid of the restoratives his valet had given him, and able to recognize me when I approached him. In the meantime the doctor arrived, and judging from his astonished appearance when he beheld me I must have presented a curious figure as I arose from my uncle's bedside all blackened by smoke and flames and singed out of recognition, though fortunately not burnt.

He had evidently received some explanation of the affair from the servant, and immediately proceeded to examine my uncle; and, after asking me a few questions as to how I found him, etc., declared that the old man was not in the least injured, but only shaken and stunned by his heavy fall, and that a little rest and care would bring him round again speedily. After taking a few hours' sleep, for it was daylight, I made a thorough inspection of the premises and the grounds, questioning all the servants and trying to find some clue to last night's mystery; but in the end I was obliged to confess myself thoroughly at a loss to account for it in any way.

The fire and my uncle's peril had completely banished the subject from my mind for the time being, but now that I was at ease concerning that, the mysterious footsteps and the strange light which had actually been the means of my discovering the fire, absolutely haunted my thoughts. The more I tried to understand it the more mysterious they appeared. My obstinate convictions on such matters die hard; but facts are more than convictions, and I acknowledged in my innermost thoughts that those had been no human footsteps that I followed last night along the corridors of Allanmore,

but a warning sent by Heaven in order that I might be the means of saving human life; else why, why had they penetrated even to my very bedside, and guided me straight to the door of my uncle's library? We think we are so unerring in our proud philosophy, we poor mortals, and in the great light of science which beats so strongly on our dying century, we can explain all things by natural causes. But let one ray from that spirit world which encompasses us like the air we breathe fall across our path, and we are fain to lay down our armor and confess ourselves vanquished by a power higher and more farseeing than our own. My meditations were interrupted by a message from my uncle asking to see me.

Now, I had made up my mind it was no use telling about the mysterious footsteps, for people would either think I was drawing on my imagination for effect, or else that I was slightly out of my mind—a conclusion I should most certainly have jumped at myself had any one told me such a tale.

My uncle, however, began the conversation; and, holding out his hand, said bluntly, coming straight to the point as was his wont: "I have a great deal to thank you for, nephew Henry. If it had not been for your presence in the house last night and your prompt assistance I should now be burnt to a cinder, and a coroner's inquest would be taking place here to-day; that is to say, if the house hadn't been burnt to the ground too! Believe me, I am grateful for your goodness, for we did not part on the best of terms last night, and after all it would not have been much more than I deserved had you let me alone. By the way," he said suddenly, "why didn't you let me burn? for if you had, you would have found yourself heir to my property this morning."

"Do you take me for a villain and a murderer as well as an idiot, Uncle John?" I asked indignantly. As usual, we were not many minutes together before we began to quarrel. "I only did my duty in rescuing you, as I would have rescued any human creature from a horrible death; and if I had not been there, your valet or some one else would have found you in time, so there is nothing so wonderful about it after all."

"Yes, my valet, very likely!" snapped my uncle with scorn; "away at the other end of the house, and hard to wake as the Seven Sleepers. No, no, Henry West; you know very well you are talking nonsense; and it is to you and you alone I owe my life, even if you did only consider me as the abstract fellow-creature and not your poor uncle. Gratitude is a hard

pill to swallow, it seems, for any one as proud as you are, but you have to take it from me, young man, whether you will or not." And he chuckled to himself in a knowing way, till I began to think his mind must be wandering slightly.

"Look here, Henry," he said at last, "add one more favor to what you have already done me, and tell me the whole story of last night from the beginning. First of all, what made you come to my room?"

So I told him I had been awakened by some noise in the night, and starting off to see what it was, found my way to his room at last, and discovered it on fire, etc. I could see, however, he was not satisfied with my explanation, as he pursued the subject as to *why* I had come in his direction, so far from my own quarters, how I had found the way, etc., and as I perceived that he was getting feverishly excited over it, just to satisfy him I told him everything, just as you have heard it, secretly rather curious to see what he thought of it. Contrary to my expectations my uncle did not interrupt me with any incredulous questions or sneers, but heard me in profound silence to the end.

"It is a strange story—very strange," he repeated, after a prolonged pause. "The strangest thing I ever heard; but I know you, nephew Henry, and that you are telling me the truth. I don't believe in such things myself, never did. But there seems no other explanation to offer for this than one of a supernatural agency, and if the footsteps had not come you would not have been aroused. Though *why* my poor old, useless life should have been spared by an interposition of Divine Providence, seems a strange and incomprehensible thing to me. Well, well, God's ways are truly wonderful, and when you get to my age, nephew, you will find many things in this life not to be explained by your modern science, wonderful as you think it; but I am truly grateful for the mercy which has spared me. Perhaps God wishes to give me time to do better things with my life, for I've been a hard man in my time and refused him much I might have given him."

He seemed to be going off into a brown study, altogether lost in his thoughts and apparently oblivious of my presence; but suddenly he roused himself to say sharply: "You say you found me lying on my face last night in the library. Did you notice anything in my hand?"

I replied that I had not, for my only thought was to get him out of the burning room.

"And all the papers on the table were burnt too?" he persisted eagerly.

"Everything that was outside," I answered, "but the desk itself is uninjured beyond being charred and burnt a little at the sides."

"Then let me tell *my* story now," said my uncle gravely; "and you, nephew, will have the kindness not to interrupt me till the end.

"After you left me last night I began thinking things over, and didn't find myself quite so happy over the disposal of affairs as I thought; for the injustice of what I had done seemed to rise up and reproach me. I am getting old now, and don't look at things quite in the way I used, and many a time in my lonely old age I have wished to be friends with my only nephew and his mother. I certainly might have treated you better at the time your father died; indeed I had the intention of doing so, but your confounded pride (so like my own) always stood in the way, and it was a hard thing for an old man like me to make advances to a younger one. Then came that unfortunate affair of your engagement to"—I made a restless movement at this point, but my uncle held up his hand and proceeded—"don't be afraid, I am not going to say anything more about it; you have chosen for yourself, and it makes no difference now; but I don't like the girl all the same. Your obstinacy on that point, too, so contrary to all my wishes, and the letter you sent me just afterwards, settled any lingering weakness, for as you know, I am a hard man and obstinate, as you are yourself, and find it difficult to forgive a slight or crossing of my will.

"Well, I heard, as time went on, you were not succeeding in your sturdy independence, and I made up my mind the other day to ask you to come here on business and try another time if you were willing to give in; thinking, like the old fool I am, that the sight of all you were losing by your obstinacy might tempt you to succumb; but I might have known you better and foreseen what exactly happened—that it would make you more set in your way than ever. Then last night I got angry again with your cool way of shutting me up, and thought you had all you deserved for being so pig-headed; but, as I say, the instant you walked out of the room with your head in the air I felt I was a blundering old fellow and had expected you to put up with more than human flesh and blood could bear. So I thought and thought of what way

I could get out of it without giving up my pride, and I began to look for the old will I had mislaid—turning out drawers and corners I haven't been to for years; and I found it at last in a long-forgotten secret drawer, for my memory is not as good as it used to be. But I was glad to find it, for my obstinacy would not have let me make another even then. However, I was weak and tired after my long search, bending over drawers and cupboards and staying awake so late in the night, beyond my usual time; but before I went to bed I wanted to get the matter off my mind and do justice to you at last; so I took the will you drew up last night and held it to the flame of the candle to burn it slowly, but as I did so one of my old attacks of fearful dizziness and faintness suddenly came over me and I swayed back in the chair, falling to the ground, and I suppose knocking my head as I fell against the table, for I remember no more till I woke this morning in the bedroom. Now, I did not mean to divulge this, but I have told you so that you may know it was my intention to change my will *last night, before* all this happened; for I know too well that in your pride you would accept nothing from me had you thought it done out of gratitude. No, don't deny it; you think not now, perhaps, but if I had come to you this morning and offered to leave you my fortune *because* you saved my life, I can well imagine the way my gift would have been thrown back in my face with scant gratitude. Why, even this morning you would take no thanks nor acknowledge any indebtedness on my part.

“Well, you have heard my story, nephew Henry, and will believe it as one honest man believes another. And I can only ask you to forgive me, and think a little better of me in the future. It's not a pleasant tale for a man of my disposition to tell; but, hang it all, I owe you far more reparation than humbling my pride a little. Go away now and think about it, and when you feel you can get over it come and tell me; but don't let's talk about it any more.”

I quite understood the old man's feelings—much the same as my own would have been under the circumstances—and I heartily grasped the hand he held out to me, for, as I told him, I also felt myself to blame for the estrangement which had parted us for years, for had I had less pride matters might have gone better all round.

Happily for us, however, a higher power had taken the guidance of affairs out of our hands and brought them to a happy conclusion; and who knows but what the occurrences of

that strange night at Allanmore had brought good to us both?

The next day, my uncle being much better, I left him to go home, and his last words to me on leaving were: "God bless you, Henry, for all you've done for me; don't forget to come and see me occasionally, for it will make new life in the old house to have your cheery presence in it sometimes. You and I are too much alike, lad, not to be friends, but"—lowering his voice—"don't bring the Summers girl to see me *too* soon. Let me get used to her gradually; but mind, I respect you for your obstinacy about it, all the same." I had to laugh at this characteristic parting as I drove away from Allanmore in the short dusk of a January afternoon, not without a shiver and chill as I looked up at the house where I had gone through such strange experiences.

When I reached home I found my mother and Clare together, and in a state of the greatest excitement, for they had read of the fire in a paper, but had no further news but my brief telegram telling of my own and my uncle's safety. Of course I had to go over the story again with every detail, and was made out something of a hero by my womankind; but they both looked pale and grave over the description of the footsteps, and Clare crept closer to me, with her great blue eyes dark and shining with excitement, and laying her hand softly on my arm, whispered: "Harry, it was your guardian angel, sent to warn you of the fire. He is always by your side, and why should he not be allowed to let you hear him in such a moment of peril?"

I had never thought of this explanation of my mysterious visitant; but God bless my darling for her beautiful faith, which is so divine a thing to our more material natures! It is certainly possible that might be the solution of the mystery; though Heaven knows I was not particularly worthy that such a mark of favor should be shown me, unless indeed it was on account of the prayers of those two good women whom I know are always praying for me.



MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S FOREIGN POLICY AND THE DREYFUS CASE.

BY REV. GEORGE McDERMOT, C.S.P.



GOOD deal of writing and speaking has taken place in America concerning the proposal for an Anglo-American alliance. I am not disposed to deprecate an alliance between the United Kingdom and the United States when it is for the advantage of both powers, but it is quite another thing when the idea is thrown out by a public man suspected by the ministry of which he is a member, and without a particle of influence among the rank and file of the Tory section of the Unionist party. Every one knows this section is the overwhelming majority of the party, that its success at the hustings is a fairly determinable matter; on the other hand, a hundred influences affect the candidature of a Liberal Unionist, and by no possibility could the most successful campaign make the Liberal Unionists anything more than a fragment of the coalition. Therefore, Mr. Chamberlain, the public man referred to, has not it in his power to establish an alliance on the part of the United Kingdom. I admit Lord Salisbury has thrown out baits for one with the United States, that his foreign policy has been cautious and creditable in many respects; and that conceivably if he led a strong Tory majority in both houses, instead of one held together by an uncertain influence which makes repulsion a temporary attraction, he would be warranted in entering on an alliance with any country. One of the baits thrown out by him was that Spain was a dying power, and this in connection with a double-barrelled suggestion: that the United States should be in at the death—that is, at the division of the spoils—and second, “England”—not the United Kingdom—would sustain the other against the European nations. England is “the predominant partner” in the Home-Rule controversy, according to the views of Lord Roseberry, but I totally deny that she is that in a war with civilized countries. England with Ireland against her would be as paralyzed as a man bound hand and foot. I may accept Mr. Gladstone’s high-sounding illustration of the respective forces of England and

Ireland in conflict, namely, a great vessel of war dragging a boat behind her stern; but a war with France, a rebellion in Ireland, and infinite possibilities in England, and with the United States as a basis for operations in Canada, give quite another aspect to the boat trailed in the wake of the leviathan. These are considerations worth taking into account on both sides of the Atlantic.

INTERNATIONAL WIRE-PULLING.

But it is not Lord Salisbury who is the special promoter, the irresistible medium of the alliance. Mr. Chamberlain, who grasps great schemes, aims at securing Germany as an ally against France, and Russia and America as one against the world. The utter infamy of the policy by which a war between Germany and France is sought to be brought about is only in keeping with the smallness of the materials and the weakness of the influences set in motion by, or on behalf of, Mr. Chamberlain. An article appears in the *National Review* for June which is entitled "The Truth about Dreyfus." It is an attempt under the guise of a vindication of that officer, convicted by a competent tribunal, to excite feelings of jealousy between France and Germany concerning their relations in general and those connected with the province of Alsace in particular. Nothing could justify this wickedness. When Mr. Goschen described the situation of England as one of "splendid isolation," he must have thought that her interests did not permit friendly sentiments or dealings with the rest of the world. The idea of the Elizabethan pirates who maintained there was no peace beyond the Line, the perpetual war on the Spanish Main in those days, and the lawlessness of opinion which permitted in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries English soldiers to help the rebels of friendly nations, have each and all their counterpart in the grasping spirit which underlay the recent policy of isolation. It simply meant, Bear no part in the comity of nations, so that your hands may be free to seize whatever you may safely lay hold of. The world is not so obtuse as not to have seen this; consequently distrust, hatred, and contempt were the feelings of mankind towards the power which would make the seas and oceans its highways and the territories of semi-civilized and savage nations the theatre of its commercial frauds. Isolation, however, will no longer pay.

THE CUNNING TACTICS OF FLATTERY.

So an ally is wanted against Russia in Asia; against France

in Europe, Asia, and Africa; against Italy in the Mediterranean, the Levant, and Africa; against Austria's policy in Turkey; against the world, because England's interests were deemed to be hostile to those of all other nations with the exception, fulsomely expressed, of the German Empire and the United States. At one time the British government described the latter power as the United States "of North America." I wonder has this added clause of a queen's speech during the Civil War passed from the memory of Americans? I remember well the construction put upon it in England at the time: it was regarded as an intimation to the public that the government was about recognizing the independence of the Confederate States, and indeed it could have meant nothing else. If America's mission is, in any way, to enlarge personal and political liberty, to contribute something to the advancement of the race by encouraging the exercise of honest judgment, and by respect for the dignity of human nature, in the assertion of the moral equality of mankind; if her aim is to add to the sum of happiness by securing within her domain the rights of all her people and by keeping far away from the lust of conquest which curses the states of the old world; and if she has been at all successful in this mission and aim, it is solely because a great slave-owning empire does not dispute with her the possession of the American continent. Bearing this in mind, she must assign their true value to the appeals of cousinship made by Mr. Chamberlain, the Tories, and those Whigs who out-Tory the Tories. The religious element is blended with the ethnological, the Protestant Teutonic stock, English and German; the Protestant Anglo-Saxon race, English and American; but no consideration of religion or of race would have prevented England from splitting up the Union if she could have accomplished it when the Southern States were winning victory after victory.

A COVERT THRUST AT THE CHURCH.

Among the expedients and influences set at work in newspaper and periodical, platform utterances and quasi-diplomatic representations, not the least sinister is the intemperate and officious assault on the French military authorities, the Jesuits, and the upper-class Catholics of France in the article to which we have already alluded. The paper in the *National Review* is signed "Huguenot." In it the writer speaks of the English military college, which corresponds to the *École Polytechnique* in France, as "our Woolwich"; we, therefore, suppose he is an Englishman—we are not prepared to say he is a Jew; but the

unreasoning fervor of his praise of the Jews—a praise hardly relevant—the unlimited bitterness of his references to any writer who does not regard their influence in a country as a blessing, and the wanton malignity with which he drags the Jesuits and the Catholics of rank into a quarrel with which they have nothing to do, are circumstances which might justify the opinion that he is, if not a Jew in belief, at least a person of Jewish descent and sympathies.

INTRIGUE AND SECRET INFLUENCE.

That an article with nothing to recommend it on the score of ability or matter should appear in a publication of the status of the *National Review* can only be due to the possession of special political knowledge or influence, or of a secret of some social importance. If the last consideration has anything to do with the publication, it must be connected with political influence. As for any special knowledge of the interior history of German intrigues in France, we do not believe “Huguenot” possesses it; still less has he an acquaintance with the secret hopes of the higher classes of Catholics, or that he knows more of the hidden policy of the Jesuits than any Newdigate or Whalley of the English Parliament, any Johnston of Ballykilby or similar Irish representative of Protestant civilization. Then the conclusion is, the article was written in the interest of some man high in the councils of the British government—written as the *avant courier* of a tentative policy and believed by the editor to have been inspired. The subject-matter, along with the circumstances of style and treatment, leads to the conclusion we have mentioned: the intention of forcing Germany and France, if not into a war, into relations so strained that the former country would become an ally of England.

THE SHORT-SIGHTEDNESS OF SELFISH AMBITION.

The European powers, considering England could be at any time arrested in her policy of aggression and her pursuit of commercial monopoly, indulged themselves in the luxury of reciprocal jealousy. Now, this condition of affairs had not been seen by Mr. Chamberlain or Mr. Goschen at first, but it was distinctly appreciated by Lord Salisbury all along. Humiliating as it is to Jingo insolence, the rampant war-party of England, with Mr. Goschen and Mr. Chamberlain at its head, must now acknowledge that that country only escaped from a combined attack on her possessions and commercial centres all over the globe by a jealousy such as that which has kept

from death the moribund empire of the sultan. Hence the alliances sought at Washington and Berlin, hence the rhetorical decoys to draw Germany, the common Protestantism, ancestral ties, the near relationship of the royal houses of Prussia and England, a combined policy in the East and in Africa, the ruin of France and its consequence in the partition of her commerce between England and Germany. These rhetorical flourishes, uttered like base coin wherever Englishmen could circulate them, are focussed in the article with which we are dealing. It is an argumentative challenge in a *res judicata*. One would suppose a competent tribunal of a country deciding on the guilt or innocence of an accused person might be relied upon; rather than a foreigner whose knowledge could not be greater than that of any other outsider, and whose ability to use the knowledge common to all was less than that of the many English Liberals who considered that the court-martial which tried Dreyfus and the French ministry of war should be left to decide a matter so exclusively their own. The very delicacy of the subjects involved, such as the alleged betrayal and purchase of military secrets, the debatable condition of the province of Alsace between the two powers, and the conviction of both that war was prevented on several occasions only by the intervention of Russia to save France from dismemberment, and to prevent Germany from obtaining an ascendancy in Europe—all of them matters so grave and unapproachable, so fraught with danger to the peace of the world, should have prevented their being treated in a foreign journal. One has not words to express what he thinks of the review which allowed them to be handled in a reckless article and by a writer under the obscurity of a pseudonym.

THE EFFORTS FOR AN ALLIANCE ARE FUTILE.

Having before us the efforts of Mr. Chamberlain, with another Liberal of his own stamp, in the same Tory cabinet, behind him—we mean Mr. Goschen—to form an alliance offensive and defensive with the United States; we write in the interest of that country when we say that no alliance between the United Kingdom and the States will be of value unless one made at the time when a really Radical government rules the British Empire. Mr. Goschen belongs to the banking interest, the plutocratic camp in the midst of London society, almost in possession of the press and acquiring possession of the land. For that body there is no country—the world is its oyster. All the resources of the British Empire would be employed, if it had

its way, in securing markets, violating treaties, cajoling, coercing, plundering. It cannot be for the interests of the United States that a league should be entered into with this party. Mr. Goschen is the figure behind the curtain, but Mr. Chamberlain is the actor before the world. The latter has one quality of clever men, he rapidly takes up the ideas of others; he has another quality not so valuable, he appropriates them without acknowledgment. He believes he is the prophet of the foreign policy beginning to be called Chamberlainism, while in point of fact, in its splendid and barbaric form, it is the offspring of Mr. Cecil Rhodes's genius, and in its shareholding and exchanges of the world shape it is the inspiration of the Rothschilds and the other giants of finance or of fraud. Now, Mr. Goschen has inherited the calculating talents of his race, and he sees that no more money is to be made by "the splendid isolation of England"; consequently the adventurous member for Birmingham, who, like Bottom, would play every part, is prompted to extend the empire, but in alliance with Germany and America. It would be invidious, perhaps, to say that even in the foreign policy which the Secretary for the Colonies has grafted on the business and usages of his office he is the puppet of the financiers instead of being the leader of the Jingo.

THE PROSTITUTION OF ALL PRINCIPLES FOR PERSONAL ENDS.

To support the wicked fantasy of a man incapable of originating anything great or sagacious, but gifted with the fervid perception which confers eloquence, and in the lurid light of which good and evil are confounded; which can advocate an immoral policy as warmly as a scheme of national regeneration, and on the other hand defend the latter on an emergency with more than the passionate rhetoric of a Burke or a Clarkson,—to support the wild fantasy called the imperial policy of a man like this, France is insulted, her ministers outraged, her system of jurisprudence scoffed at, her military tribunals, always believed to be courts of honor as well as of law, held up as corrupt boards sitting to do the will of the war-minister for the time being. This "Huguenot" proves too much. No one has a particle of honor or of conscience. Again, his assumptions are taken for facts, but we cannot allow them as evidence against the integrity of either the military or the civil courts of France. From beginning to end he flings out surmises, suspicions, theories, never a solid fact or an intelligible principle. M. Drumont is a literary gladiator who has assailed the Jews

with bigoted malignity, therefore Dreyfus was sacrificed because he was a Jew. We do not buckler the cause of M. Drumont, but we are at liberty to say that, though there may be much to explain his hostility to Jews, he does not possess the support of the high-class Catholics of France in what this *National Review* writer describes as his crusade against the Jews. We are aware that from time to time, in England and on the Continent of Europe, epidemics of hatred of Jews swept over the masses of the people.

THE CHURCH THE DEFENDER OF THE JEWS AGAINST OPPRESSION.

In Catholic countries, and in Catholic times in those countries which later on became Protestant, prelates of the church exerted their influence to protect Jews; even, as it were, compelled kings and great nobles to protect them. For such a purpose the powers of the church were threatened. Now, so far as I know, Jews were not favored in Protestant countries. Nay more, excellent men opposed the removal of their disabilities in England; there are excellent men among the clergy and laity of the English Church who still maintain that the admission of Jews to the bar, to the Houses of Parliament, to the army and navy, is incompatible with the claim of England to be regarded as a Christian country. We shall pass from this unpleasant feature in the case made for Dreyfus, informing "Huguenot," the editor of the *National Review*, the Protestant Jew, Mr. Goschen, and his agent, Mr. Chamberlain, who is converting the Colonial Office into a chamber for conspiracies against other nations, that so anxious were popes to protect the Jews, from the eleventh century to the latest hour of their moral authority in Europe, that they, to some extent, succeeded in establishing as a rule of evidence the principle that no Christian should be believed in a charge against a Jew unless he was corroborated by a Jew. In one country, the most intensely Catholic in Europe—Poland—this rule became part of the law of evidence; and it was the recognized law in the Papal States when Jews were persecuted everywhere else.

THE INTEGRITY OF THE CATHOLIC FRENCH NOBLES.

We are justified, therefore, in supposing that the Catholic nobles of the Faubourg St. Germain were not sufficiently interested in the proceedings of the authorities of the Freemason and Jewish Republic of France to have this Alsatian Jew, Dreyfus, condemned by the court-martial. These men of

pure blood and honorable traditions—all that had been left them in the cataclysm of their country—kept aloof from the bourgeois monarchy of Louis Philippe, as they had from the allurements of the First Empire and the adulatory homage with which they were courted by the Second. Theirs was not the custom to seek for place, or even to ask the favor of election to the Chamber. They lived in themselves—ready indeed, as in 1870, to give their lives for France—content if allowed to bring up their children in the religion of their fathers; too haughty to belong to a society which made its wealth by dishonesty, too careless to bear a part in a government which was pushing the country over the brink of the precipice. To-morrow, as in 1870, they would come forward to save the country given up to an invader's armies by the rulers who inherited the sense, the patriotism, and the religion of the Reign of Terror, they would pass through the circumcision of a Commune behind them, and in the face of the foe obtain such terms as would enable the Jews and Freemasons who had fled in the hour of danger to return to the interrupted exercise of government and robbery. This they would do, and having done it, they would go back to the Faubourg or the remnant of their estates and sit with folded hands while laws would be enacted depriving their children of education, and their relatives in the religious orders of bread, nay, the right to live in the land they had saved. We think, then, we can hardly accept the opinion of this English "Huguenot" holding a brief for Goschen *cum* Chamberlain as to the hand the upper-class Catholics of France had in forcing the court-martial to condemn an obscure German Jew.

THE PARABLE OF THE UNJUST STEWARD EXEMPLIFIED.

Mr. Chamberlain's angling for a German alliance at this juncture wears something of the character of the steward's proceedings which served to point the moral in one of the Divine parables. If political parties can be trusted in the matter, the Tories are getting indignant at his plotting against the head of the government, the Liberal Unionists are in a tremor of excitement similar to that which, experts say, affects a lady of a certain age who has secured an admirer and is expecting an important declaration. But the opposition, according to its sections, eyes him with various feelings—wonder, scorn, and hope. The Roseberry wing, to which office is not merely the reward of labor and sacrifice, but is the tribute due to that superior status to which labor and sacrifice are foreign, looks with hope to a government led by that noble lord who is re-

sponsible for the phrase "predominant partner" and the desertion implied in it, and Mr. Chamberlain, who has proved himself since 1886 the inveterate enemy of Home Rule. The genuine followers of Mr. Gladstone regard with scorn the man who plotted against his chief as he now plots against Lord Salisbury; while the rest of the opposition look with wonder at the minister whose utterances are the expression of a dominant militarism, but who, at a time not very distant, had compared the English government in Ireland to the rule of the Russians in Warsaw, that of the Austrians in Venice. His conversion to this latter policy is consistent with a German alliance, a league against national rights and the liberty of weak peoples, between England and the camp which menaces Europe.

THE DEPLORABLE CONSEQUENCES OF A FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.

We are not in love with the present government of France, but we should regard an attack on France by Germany as a terrible calamity whose consequences cannot be estimated, and could never be repaired in the generations yet to come. It is with a feeling akin to horror we contemplate the result of another war—we are putting Russia out of consideration for the moment—like that of 1870. A race which with many faults has many qualities of a high and engaging character would be reduced to servitude under a people conspicuous among Germans and the nations of the world for coarseness, brutality, and greed—we mean the Prussians. The politeness which earned for Frenchmen a character for insincerity in England would become the servility of the slave, the refinement of thought which expressed itself in a certain chivalry of action and sometimes in a gaiety, sometimes in an elevation of language, which powerfully attracted strangers of the best classes—this politeness and this refinement would be killed by the horse-laughs, the guttural explosions, and the more than Batavian elegance of the conquerors. But for the world at large, who can measure the injury? Fancy, at the fall of the Western Empire, the Barbarian nations in her provinces without a moral influence of inconceivable and irresistible might in the midst of them to reorganize and construct; wars upon wars carried on with a ferocity that knew no limit; passions uncontrolled and hardening into habits with each successive war, tumult, outbreak; law an empty name, or rather a sword to smite the feeble and innocent; magistracy only powerful when maintaining some iniquitous suitor in a high place, shielding some great criminal from the charges of humanity oppressed and wronged beyond the patience of the slave; all

this you would have if Prussia should again march over France. The finest influence of civilization, apart from the effect religion has on character, is found among the French. Englishmen cannot conceive it; else why do they regard the courtesy of a Frenchman as the symbol of dishonesty? Now, those qualities of manner, those graces of speech, those elevated tones of thought, linked as all are to a national character emotional and idealistic in an eminent degree, have a good effect on the rest of Europe. The nation of shopkeepers, with Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Goschen at their head, may think of unbounded wealth to be realized in an empire more extensive than a Cæsar ruled; but amid his dreams of gold and power one can conceive an Englishman missing somewhat the people of whom it was said they alone would go to war for an idea. We can conceive a German government in France, German fleets in the Baltic, in the North Sea, in the Atlantic from the North Sea to Spain. We can contemplate with a prophetic sense of vindictive justice an army composed of Germans and Frenchmen drilling night and day for the invasion of England; while the masses of Russia kept pouring from trans-Caspian railways on the north-western, from Afghan railways on the north-eastern, frontier of India.

A PROPHECY OF ENGLAND'S PUNISHMENT.

Now, this last speculation is no dream; so completely convinced of its unaërial character is an expert in Indian politics, that he recommends a conscription in England as one means to save India from Russia, while mainly relying, or pretending to rely mainly, on the cultivation of friendly relations between both states.* The other may be visionary in a degree because it supposes the defeat of France. But whether it is fanciful or not, Englishmen should be taught in America, if they mean to use that country to ruin France, that they leave out of account the part played during the War of Independence by Cornwallis and Burgoyne, for instance, on the one side, and that by Lafayette and his brother officers on the other. It is as paltry as many of Mr. Chamberlain's other methods to employ the writer in the *National Review* to work himself into an enthusiasm for justice, because a Jew from Alsace was convicted of selling military secrets which his position as an artillery officer enabled him to learn. It is not necessary for our purpose to express an opinion on the guilt or innocence of Dreyfus.

*The gentleman who takes this view is E. C. Ringler Thompson, late Assistant Agent to the Governor General of India, etc., etc.

He was tried and found guilty; we are not a court of appeal from the court-martial, and *pace* the writer in the *National Review*, we do not think it is creditable to any foreigner to pose as a court of appeal, but we are bound to consider the accused was rightly convicted until a higher authority corrects the finding of the court-martial.

THE EVIL RESULTS OF AN IGNOBLE POLICY.

To put the matter in plain terms, we think nothing more unscrupulous has taken place in our time than the line of policy pursued toward France by Mr. Chamberlain, except, indeed, his proceedings against the Transvaal. If the ability and influence of "Huguenot" were of a far-reaching character, or if the condition of affairs between France and Germany were on the same footing as in 1870, and on some occasions since, this dreadfully unprincipled production would be the spark in the magazine. The world would be involved. A war now between the two powers would not be a duel; all Europe would spring to arms; nay, the leading characteristics of the universal outbreak, which Macaulay so admirably described as following Frederick's invasion of Silesia, would again be witnessed. In China, in India, all over Africa, in Europe from the Vistula to the Rhine, from the Baltic to the Mediterranean, the nations in their frenzy would destroy all the best results of the progress of this century over three continents. Government would be pulled down and brute-force set up; horrors like those that attended the advance of the Mohammedans in Asia and Eastern Europe, the Vandals in Africa, the Goths and the hordes of Attila in the Western Empire, would afflict the world: fertile provinces would be turned into deserts, cities sacked or levelled to the ground; confusion, as of the days preceding the end of all things, would wrap the earth in its folds; until possibly some strong power, like Russia, would emerge from the universal wreck to restore that order which is a despot's law, that security for subjects which springs from an irresponsible will.

THE IRRESISTIBLENESS OF A DESPOT'S WILL.

We do not think, however, that this "Huguenot's" article, though the latest fly-leaf issued by Mr. Chamberlain as the exponent of a plutocratic imperialism, will bring on a battle of Armageddon. Men have earned immortality by the doing of acts, wicked indeed but commonplace in their performance—like the destruction of the Temple of Diana—so there is no reason why the vanity of a colonial secretary and the pen of a reckless hireling should not in the abstract accomplish much

harm; but there is, fortunately, a security for the peace of the world in the profound statesmanship and solid strength of Russia. That power believes the strong hours are bringing up the day when her purposes will be fulfilled; and so believing, she will risk nothing by premature action. She is advancing to India from the west and the north; her mind is set on Constantinople, though her progress has been retarded by a Crimean War and a Tory policy of alliance with Turkey, but no war against her by France and England as allies will again take place. France in the west is an effectual instrument of Russia's policy. It is the purest folly for Mr. Chamberlain and the English Jingo to think they can launch Germany on France, when her eastern frontier is exposed to the innumerable troops of Russia. Between the latter and France, Germany would be crushed in upon her centre with the certainty of fate. This is the security, at present, for the peace of Europe and the world.

THE BASELESS SUPPOSITIONS OF A FOOL.

It is idle for a writer like the Jingo penman of the *National Review* to hold up the military authorities of France as imbeciles, the officers as ignorant and incompetent, the rank and file—every branch of the military service—as feeble and cowardly. We cannot believe that such a change has come over the French nation in all its classes as that there are no longer talents of leadership among the men in command, no gallantry and endurance in the grandsons of the soldiers who conquered Europe almost within living memory. We do not think these marvellous phenomena are proved because Captain Dreyfus was convicted of having acted as millions of men, wrongly or rightly, believe most Jews are ready to act for a consideration. That there are Jews of admirable qualities no one will deny, but that these do not form the majority of the race, we fear, will hardly be disputed. Indeed, the absurdity of the tone of this article is conspicuous throughout, while the writer's unfitness for handling a question of evidence, involving matters of state and international complications, forces itself on the attention of any reader acquainted with the rules determining the admissibility of such evidence. When Mr. Chamberlain, in embarking on such a scheme of alliance to strengthen the hands of England in Europe, selects among other media of advancing his views a writer like "Huguenot" in the *National Review*, we think the United States should be slow in lending her ear to the statesman from Birmingham, charm he never so wisely.

THE OPEN-AIR FOLKS-PLAY AT MERAN.

BY E. C.



IN the southern part of Tyrol, where the foaming waters of the Adige and the Passer unite in a stormy embrace, lies beautiful Meran, embedded in roses and grape-vines. Magnificent villas surround it as with a costly girdle, and the heights above are studded with castles and ancient strongholds. Though snow-capped ridges mark the sky-line, the valleys are resplendent in the warm color of the South. This is the home of the Burggräfler, a bold and puissant race, proud of their hills and their freedom. In their neat red-trimmed jackets, their broad green suspenders, knee-breeches and white stockings, these great fellows offer an original picture. Their large shoulders give an impression of elemental force, while their clear eyes betray a child-like simplicity. As they stand before the church on a Sunday morning, hundreds strong, they would but need to shoulder their guns to be ready to march, a troop of well-fitted soldiers, to the battle-field.

And so it happened once, eighty years ago, when their "Anderle" led them, shouting and rejoicing, against the "Franzos." He was the pride of their race, this Andreas Hofer, a true hero of the people, about whose strong intent many weaker minds had risen and entwined themselves in a moment when in old Europe there seemed to be only bent backs and bowed heads. This is why even to-day in its innermost fibre the heart of each Burggräfler is stirred by the name of Andreas Hofer. Here in Meran every spot speaks of him, of his fortunes and misfortunes. Through these streets he once marched, triumphant and glory-crowned, at the head of his faithful followers. The same streets saw him betrayed and bound, his courageous wife by his side with their little son struggling to keep back his tears because his father wept not. There, in that little house, he spent his first night as a prisoner; here, he underwent his trial before being transported to Mantua.

Several years ago the popular writer Karl Wolf had the happy thought of choosing the Tyrolese war of freedom of 1809-1810 as subject for a folks-play, which was first given in



ANDREAS HOFER.

1892 on the occasion of the general assembly of the German and Austrian Alpine Club. The success was immediate, and since then it has been repeated every spring and autumn. These representations, interesting above all by their simplicity and fidelity to nature, are accompanied by ancient Tyrolese battle-songs and patriotic melodies, inspiring alike to actor and spectator, to Tyrolese and stranger, to peasant and citizen. In many places the dramatic effect has a touch of antique strength and largeness.

The play itself consists of a series of loosely-linked scenes from the national history, interspersed with *tableaux vivants*. The actors are citizens and peasants, grandchildren and great-grandchildren of the combatants of 1809. The costumes and weapons and many of the stage properties used are even inherited from those times.

The theatre is in a meadow, a quarter of an hour's ride from Meran. The open stage represents a village green; in the middle is a wooden peasant house whose movable front opens and closes according to the exigencies of the case; right and left are side streets. A majestic natural background is formed on one side by the softly undulating vineyards of the Küchelberg—the bloody battle-field of 1809. Beyond is the ancient castle of Tyrol from which the country took its name; on the other side is the thickly wooded Marlingberg, while over the whole towers the magnificent mountain chain with its sap-green meadows and its snowy crest touching the blue heavens.

Cannon shots, echoing from the mountains, announce the opening of the play. A hearty "Grüass Gott!"* in the Tyrolese dialect welcomes the spectators, and at the sound of one of their old folk-songs the action begins. It is the morning of the village fair. A shepherd calls his flock, petty tradesmen set up their booths, country boys and girls pass and repass, the whole a richly-colored picture with the quaint, brightly clad figures, artless and free in motion. On a sudden the busy fair life is interrupted by the appearance of a Bavarian † constable announcing the imposition of new taxes. The rough, mocking tone of the hated intruder, still more the importunities of the accompanying soldiers toward one of the peasant girls, cause the long pent-up feelings of the people to overflow, and the young fellows show a desire to let the strangers feel the weight of their Tyrolese fists. However, through the intervention of the jovial host of the Eagle Inn, a serious quarrel is prevented. Like the last ray of sun before the breaking of a storm, there is heard above the complaints and protestations of the oppressed people the subdued refrain of one of the loveliest of the Yodel-songs:

Und a Waldbua bin i,
 Und a Walddiandl liab i,
 Bin a Bua a junger,
 Schleich im Waldschlag umer.

* God greet you.

† Tyrol then belonged, through the varying chances of the Napoleonic wars, to Bavaria.

O diandl dein Treu,
Deine Aufrichtigkeit,
Deine schone Maniar
Hat mi hergfüart zu diar.

O diandl mei, mei,
In mein Herz wachst a Zweig,
Brock diar'n ab, frisch'n ein,
Aber treu muasst miar sein.*

At this moment appears the charcoal-burner, formerly a rich peasant, the "Moar am Egg," now bowed by grief and years. His son had been a scout, and when the French, led by a traitor, came upon the father's farm, they burned the house to the ground, binding and lashing the old man, while the son they hanged before his mother's eyes. The whole family now wander beggared through the land. "Since then," the old man says bitterly, "I know but one prayer: God in Heaven, be merciful and gracious. *Hoamzohn lass mi, hoamzohn!*"† And a hundred eyes sparkle with revenge, a hundred mouths repeat "*Hoamzohn.*"

The tale of the charcoal-burner, softened here and there by a word from his lovely daughter Therese, and his two grandchildren, produces a profound effect and is a masterpiece of eloquence.

Then Stauber, "das Kraxentrogerle,"‡ a creation full of appealing humor, comes to stir the fire. While fulfilling his trade as pedlar, he is at the same time the messenger for the leaders of the people. "Mander," he cries, "s ist Zeit, merkt's enk, s ist Zeit."§

At the moment of the greatest excitement the Ave-bell sounds, and each falls upon his knees. Here we have one of

* And I am a forest swain,
And I love a forest maiden—
A young swain am I,
And I slip through the glade.

O maiden! thy faith,
Thy sincerity,
Thy lovely way,
Have drawn me fast to thee.

O maiden mine, mine!
In my heart grows a sprig;
Oh pluck it and plant it,
But keep faith with me.

† Let me pay back.

‡ The pedlar.

§ Men, 'tis time; take notice, 'tis time.

the most beautiful features of the play. The Ave-bell softens the cry for revenge, giving the insurrection its true character of a battle for "Gott, Kaiser und Vaterland."* This is why Stauber says with such solemn earnestness: "Heunt läutet de Glogg'n nou zum Gebet. . . . Wenn de Glogg'n aber a mol a andre Sproch rödn, wenn sie Sturm läuten Lond aus und Lond ein, zelm Mander muass ma lei uan Schroa hearn im gonzen Lond: Zeit ist's, drauf los!"†

At the end of this first act follows the *tableau vivant* "Ave Maria." Stauber, Gstirner, and the landlord of the Eagle are seen grasping each other by the hand; at the side, the touching group of the charcoal-burner with his daughter and grandchildren; about them, the picturesque figures of men, women, and children. The fine combination of color and line, the expression of true and pure devotion, made a profound effect; the curtain fell, the last tones of the music died away, and still a silence reigned among the spectators, as if each feared to efface the impression. Then a storm of applause broke forth like the roar of one of their mountain torrents.

The whole first act is indeed a masterpiece of folk-poetry. Here is no catching after cheap effects, for one movement is developed from the other in natural gradation, the dramatic passion of the whole reaching its highest point in the person of the charcoal-burner. The attention of the spectator is nowhere divided or impeded by burdensome side-effects. The form of the leading theme stands out clear and sharp, and the lovely *genre* pictures which are scattered here and there cling round it like green tendrils around some sturdy trunk. One sees how the storm of the insurrection gathers itself, one hears the mutterings from afar which, quickly approaching, would break in a single clap were they not softened and transformed by the Ave Maria picture which, like a bow of promise, arches itself over the whole.

The second act represents the council at the "Sandwirth's" in Passeier, a faithful representation of the historical room in Hofer's house. Among the robust figures of the commune deputies the eye is immediately attracted by the manly appearance of Hofer. He makes known that the prayers and complaints of the people have been presented to the "liaben Kaiser

* God, Emperor, and Fatherland.

† To-day the bell still rings for prayer. . . . But when the bells once speak another language, ringing the whole country to alarm, then, men, but one cry must resound: 'Tis time: up, forward!



ANTON CHRISTIAN, WHO PLAYED THE RÔLE OF ANDREAS HOFER
IN THE FOLKS-PLAY AT MERAN.

Franz"* by the Archduke John, and then traces the plan for freeing the country from its foreign dominion. The proclamation in the name of the kaiser is to be spread among the people; shouts of joy accompany Hofer's reading of it. Stauber, "das Kraxentrogerle"—who during his wanderings keeps his ear open and, being born on "Frauensuntig,"† is

* The dear Emperor Francis.

† Our Lady's Sunday.

supposed, according to the legend, to be able to hear the grass grow—relates what he has seen and heard, and gives to Hofer “a Liabsbriaf,”* telling him not to let his “old woman” see it. In this “love-letter” the faithful Speckbacher† writes that it is high time the girl was married (meaning the reunion of Tyrol and Austria), the dowry is ready, as many guests can come as wish, and the 9th of April is to be chosen for the nuptials (*i. e.*, the general uprising). They all find the letter “fein ausgekopft und der Speckbacher ist Kuan Narr.”‡

After the details have been agreed upon, Hofer brings out a torn and blood-stained flag. “Often has it heard the whistling of the balls, but never once been lowered in battle. Where it has fluttered in storm and wind, there the Tyrolese have stood firm as their mountains against the enemy, unshaken in their love for Kaiser and Austria.” All bare their heads and shout: “Miar sein die alten, Hofer; miar sein und bleiben öster reichisch”!§ And falling upon their knees, they lift their hands in symbol of the sacred oath. “Up now, men,” cries Hofer, “with God, for Kaiser and for Fatherland!”

The act finishes with a touching *tableau vivant* representing the marching forth of the general levy. Armed with scythes, sickles, knives, clubs, old guns, they approach; the standard-bearer waves the flag aloft in circles after the old Tyrolese custom; a Capuchin monk binds a crucifix on the handle of a rusty sabre and goes with them as chaplain; here a mother blesses her only son, there a woman hides her face on her husband's shoulder, and children cling about their fathers' knees. The most brilliant feature is Andreas Hofer himself, on horseback, surrounded by his Passeiers. The sorrowing farewell of the women and old men, the wanton merriment of the young fellows, the high courage for battle displayed by the troops, whose hope is reflected in the face of Hofer, have a powerful effect on the spectator, who knows too well the tragic end of the hero. Suddenly, when the picture has fully developed itself, the groups, as if by a magician's wand, seem changed to stone, and no hand moves, no eyelid trembles, as the curtain slowly falls. The sudden transition is most effective.

The third act, Andreas Hofer's day of honor, opens with an indescribably beautiful picture representing the battle on the Isel mountain, and reminds one of the unparalleled plastic art

* A love-letter.

† One of the patriots.

‡ Well conceived, and the Speckbacher is no fool.

§ We are the old stock, Hofer; we are and we remain Austrian.

of the living pictures of Oberammergau. Otherwise this act is the weakest of the five. A lack of artistic unity and an unpleasant seeking after effect make themselves to be felt; another hand than that of the practised Karl Wolf having evidently come into play.

The scenes are enacted in the Hofburg at Innsbrück, where Andreas Hofer is made governor of Tyrol. As testimony of the kaiser's favor he is presented with the golden "Gnaden-Kette."* His first act as governor is to offer his country to God, in the historic words: "To-day I offer the land of Tyrol to the most Sacred Heart of Jesus, which will fortify me. This chain shall remind me to pray day by day 'God protect my fatherland, Tyrol.'" Then, as the affecting tones of the Austrian national hymn are heard, spectators as well as actors rise to their feet and the act closes.

In the fourth act we are again conducted to the village green. A stillness reigns over all since the departure of the men. Women and children pass and repass in the streets about their accustomed duties. Before the Eagle Inn sit a group of old men discussing the recent occurrences, while a swarm of school-boys play at battle.

Suddenly a young fellow bursts from one of the houses with the cry: "Up, men; the French are coming!" The inhabitants press from all sides in the greatest excitement. A moment and a division of French troops appears, leading the captured Hofegger.† The commanding officer orders the mayor to provide quarters for his soldiers, and threatens to burn the village to the ground if any one gives a signal or help to the insurrectionists.

"Understood each word, each," the mayor answers calmly; and then begs mercy for the prisoners; but the officer thrusts him harshly aside. "Not so, Herr Commandant," he protests; "who knows what the next hour will bring?" He has scarcely spoken when the report of guns is heard in the distance. Louder and louder they sound. The officer quickly gives his corporal orders to convey the prisoners under guard to Meran, and retires himself with his remaining men to take part in the impending fight. Immediately the peasants, young and old, press between the guard and the prisoners; a shrill whistle, and from the bushes around jump armed men, the soldiers are easily overpowered and the prisoners freed. The women then busy themselves with providing refreshments, foremost among them the

* The grace-chain.

† One of the patriots.

"Steinhuberin," unsuspecting the cruel blow awaiting her. Soon the victorious insurrectionists are seen entering the village. In advance pretty Pichler Annerle, the bride of Hans Honegg. The shouting stops as they approach bearing some wounded, among them the dying Steinhuber. Overcome with grief at the sight of her husband, the courageous Steinhuberin sinks with her two children by the bier. "Look," she cries, "look at your father! This the French have done." At this moment the French taken captive in the recent fight are brought in, among them the officer. "A grüass Gott,"* says the mayor, "we meet again." At this juncture Honegg, seized with a sentiment of revenge, is about to strike down the captive officer; when Annerle steps quickly before him, saying: "Since when does a Tyrolean strike a captive?"

This act, rich and beautiful in separate pictures, closes with the tableau "The Prayer after the Battle." It is introduced by the solemn words of the mayor summoning the inhabitants to give thanks to God for the victory. During the long chords of the choral the middle scene opens, and, as if by invisible hands, the figures of the foreground are joined to the middle group, forming one harmonious whole. There is the magnificent figure of Hofer, with the tattered flag in his hand and his eyes turned to heaven; at his side the picturesque Capuchin monk who, with raised crucifix, blesses the victorious combatants. In the foreground is the touching group around the dying Steinhuber. The whole arrangement, with its fine sentiment for color and for line, seems to adequately express the impressive subject.

The fifth act reveals the tragic catastrophe attending the "Blood-witness of Tyrol," as Archduke John called Hofer. The victories of the insurrectionists on the Isel mountain and the Küchelberg were to be terribly revenged, for the kaiser was forced to make peace with Napoleon and to give Tyrol to France. An imperial manifesto commands the Tyroleans to lay down their arms; but the excited people refuse to believe that their kaiser has given them, his loyal and victorious subjects, over to the French, and they hold the manifesto for false. Though Hofer's clear vision saw the danger and hopelessness of a renewed struggle, it was impossible for him to stem the tide of deep indignation, and the battle-flag was again unfurled. Later Hofer, being outlawed by Napoleon, was forced to flee; but his hiding-place, a lonely Alpine hut, was betrayed, and he made

* God greet you.

captive. His imprisonment forms the subject of the first picture. He stands in the middle scene, upright in mien, the unquenchable defiance of the hero against the oppressor, coupled with the submission of the ardent Christian to the decrees of God. His wife and child are on their knees by him, regarding him with anxious, supplicating gestures. The attitude of the enemy expresses only the mocking triumph of the conqueror. The icy winter landscape, with the snow-decked mountain-side as background of the group, heightens the mournful impression of the whole.

The next picture shows us the hero transported to Meran, where everything speaks of disaster. Women and children go furtively about the streets.

Then silently a sad procession moves through the town. In advance the soldiers, then Andreas Hofer, tranquil, fearless, with his wife and child, all bound fast. The inhabitants greet their hero despairingly, baring their heads before him. It is like a funeral procession. While the other pictures give occasion to admire the rich fantasy of the poet, this shows rather a classic sobriety all the more irresistible that it is seldom found on any stage of to-day.

In the trial of Hofer which follows, his character is once more shown in its simple grandeur.

"So this is the captain of the rebel horde?" begins General Huard.

"Na dos bin i nit,"* comes Hofer's simple answer.

"What then?"

"Andreas Hofer, governor of this province, placed here by my sovereign the emperor, which office, with God's help, I have held till now."

Huard explains to him that the emperor is no longer lord of Tyrol and that the Tyrolese must recognize the might and sovereignty of Napoleon.

"It must be so," answers Hofer, indicating bitterly the women and children bound, a speaking testimony of the power of the new sovereign. With angry shame the general commands them to be freed, for which Hofer with true dignity answers, "Vergelts Gott, Herr General, Vergelts Gott."† Then, as General Huard tells him that with time the French will teach the inhabitants to be obedient and grateful subjects, he answers, impetuous and bold: "That you cannot do. The land, the ground, the soil, that you can conquer; but the peo-

*No, that I am not.

†May God reward it.

ple, never! You cannot turn their hearts as a leather purse! Tyrol and Austria belong together and are fitted one to the other as mountain and valley, as heaven and earth."

The general then reproaches Hofer with having broken the treaty of peace. Open and honest, Hofer answers that he had news of the treaty; "But how could I believe it?" he continues sadly. "Could I believe that Austria and the kaiser would abandon and deliver us up, when we had battled with possessions and with blood?"

The demand of the general for information of the other leaders of the people is refused, Hofer replying, "I am here to give answer for myself. I give no testimony of others."

As Huard tells him the penalty awaiting him, his wife turns and implores mercy; but Hofer steps before her, embracing her and his child with deep affection.

"Rise; this is no time to beg and to entreat. All is dark above the mountains. . . . Let what will come to me. That is little matter, for in every heart in Tyrol a spark still glimmers, small, small though it be, and the time will come when this spark will flare up grandly. Like the sun, it will rise over the mountains and pierce down to the deepest valley. The double eagle will soar once more over our land. We shall return to our beloved kaiser, to our Austria."

Here the curtain falls, and the refrain of the national air "Zu Mantua in Banden" is heard dying away in the distance.

The last time we see Hofer is there in Mantua, as he takes a touching farewell of those around him. He thanks his confessor for "alle sein liab und alles Guate,"* adding, "In my heart is no anxiety, nor fear of death. With the world below I am done, and the way to heaven stretches out before me, through my confidence in God."

He demands pardon of his fellow-captives, who under his leadership have come to so heavy stress, "and when you are freed and again at home, greet for me a thousand times my beloved Tyrol. Tell the people that a man was shot in Mantua, a man whose love for his land death could not extinguish, and if one of you go as far as the Passer Valley let him greet my dearest wife. Tell her to teach our children the fear of God, to despair not; they are not orphans. . . . And now, in the name of God and with the help of the saints, I go my last way." Then he moves slowly towards the door; there turning, he calls once more, in a firm voice, the words known

* All his love and all his goodness.

to every Tyrolean heart: "Ade, schnöde Welt! Adieu, vain world; death is so easy. My eyes are not even wet. Long live my Kaiser Franz!" Immediately he leaves the stage; the remaining prisoners form a group in whose midst stands the Kraxentrogerle. After a short beating of drums a volley of guns is heard, quickly followed by the "mercy shot." During the tolling of the garrison church-bell the captives sink upon their knees. The Kraxentrogerle, suffocated by tears, swears, if God permit him to return home, that he will enter every church in the land and toll for "our Anderle." "I will say, 'People, kneel, kneel and pray with me, God give him eternal peace. As to a martyr, give him a palm-branch. He died for God, for emperor, and for fatherland.'"

Here the music begins in solemn tones "Das ist mein Oestreich," and a last magnificent picture, the apotheosis of Hofer, representing him an immortal hero, living for ever and for ever in the hearts of a grateful people.

This play of Andreas Hofer is full of the true folk-poetry, charming as a mountain forest with its fragrances and rushing waters, its obscure glades and hanging precipices. The whole representation is replete with life and reality, and not alone the poet but also the actors are deserving of the highest praise.

What gives to the Meran play a singular charm is a certain intimate psychological vein—the peculiar secret of all folk-poetry. This interior quality can externalize itself adequately only in the dialect, for in the dialect its entire thinking and representation, feeling and longing assume, so to speak, flesh and blood. Therefore is a people attached by every fibre to its peculiar speech, which seems to its ears the fittest and most harmonious medium of expression. For this reason it was only possible, by use of the dialect for our poet to treat his subject with such fidelity to nature that for the moment the past becomes the actual present, and an event belonging to history can exercise an emotional effect so profound on the spectator. Neither could the actors have entered so intimately into their rôles if for the expression of their deepest sentiments they had been obliged to choose as medium a language foreign to their thought and being. It is evident that some of the types, such as the "Kraxentrogerle," are of unique mould and impossible to render without the peculiar garb of their dialect.

The Burggräfler dialect, sonorous, rich in color, with a thousand peculiar turns of phrase, is especially adapted to a folks-

play, and the poet, a close observer of this people, has understood well how to sound the chords of their most intimate being. From this comes the warm life of the play, its healthy realism and its peculiar intimacy of representation, the rendering of the elemental character of the types, their capacity for profound emotion, their simplicity and strength. They are the Tyrolese as they live and breathe, inseparably grown together with their mountains, true to their kaiser and their Austria, lion-hearted in battle, pious as children in their faith. And here is touched the last and deepest moment of the psychological truth embodied in the Meran folks-play: the religious moment.

Folk-life is for ever inseparably connected with the religious representations which mould and move the conscience of the people. Therefore, folk-poetry indifferent to religion is a psychological impossibility. But the poetical treatment of the religious element is in corresponding difficulty to its importance. The poet has here, however, treated it in a most ingenious and delicate manner, making it to penetrate and support the whole drama without thrusting it forward at any point.

In a word, the Meran folks-play is a true picture of the people presented with that simplicity and naturalness which are the most salient characteristics of the real life of the freedom-loving Tyrolese, and a worthy memorial to him who was their "Blood-witness."



A SEEKER AFTER TRUTH.

BY FRANCIS W. GREY.



OF all the legends that are contained in the "Arthurian Cycle" that of "The Holy Grail" is surely the most beautiful. The long quest, the many failures, the final "vision of peace" to those found worthy—is it all true? Or is it a metaphor, an allegory? Did Sir Galahad really see that wondrous vision? Who can answer such a question? It remains unanswered and unanswerable; but Sir Galahad and the later Sir Launfal fill us with vague, unutterable longings and desires. Could we, too, only be found worthy! But to eyes dimmed with the mists of time and sense the Holy Grail remains invisible. In the "ages of faith" men might set forth on such a quest with some hope, at least, of ultimate success; but who is he that, in the full glare of civilization, may dare to follow in their footsteps? Sir Galahad is dead, and Sir Launfal—even Don Quixote lives no more. Civilization has made them "impossible."

But, for some of us at least, there is a quest that we may follow; a Holy Grail that we may hope to win, at last, after many wanderings and many failures. Chosen souls we may not call ourselves, yet chosen are we, by the grace of God; how otherwise could we begin the mystic search? Pure should we be, as Galahad and Launfal; indifferent to all the world as they were; single of purpose. Failing in these, how may we hope to attain to the "vision of peace"? And yet, even to those most unworthy in themselves, is this grace given to seek, to labor, and to find at last the Holy Grail of full and perfect truth, the Truth of God. How hardly won, God only knows; by what long wanderings, what doubts and fears, what failures and shortcomings, he alone can tell. But the "vision of peace" is granted at last, by his sweet grace. The Holy Grail is placed in mortal hands, never, if he shall keep us, to be lost again.

"What is truth?" Pilate—"jesting Pilate," as Bacon called him—"stayed not for an answer." But down the ages anxious souls, in bitter, deadly earnest, have asked the question, in saddest and most mournful iteration: "What is truth?" Is there any one to-day who can teach us "as one having authority"? He to whom "jesting Pilate" put the question could

have answered with God's omniscience and divine infallibility. But "He is risen; He is not here." Who, then, can answer us and set our doubts at rest? Amid "the strife of tongues" is there no "secret of His tabernacle" where we can hide and be at rest for ever? Is there no City of God we can seek while here on earth, and so escape from the city of confusion? Is there no living fountain that can quench our spirit's thirst—no "Holy Grail," no "vision of peace," no perfect truth to be attained except in heaven? When He said, "You shall know the truth," did he mean here and now, or only after death?

"What is truth, and who can teach us?" Is not that the first definite inquiry of the soul that is waking into conscious life? The lessons learned at a mother's knee have hitherto been sufficient for our souls; we believe because we love her, and she tells us that it is so. That is, from the very first until the very end we believe on the authority of another. But the first simple faith grows weak and faint, alas! amid the storms of opening boyhood, and we are driven, whether we will or no, to ask the question, "What is truth, and who can teach us?" Once more, if so it may be, we rely, instinctively as it were, upon her authority who taught us first, and wait for her answer with an anxiety we cannot fully understand. To the first question, "What is truth?" she answered, "The word of God, the Bible"; to the second, "Who can teach us?" she replied, from her own personal conviction, "The Holy Spirit."

Thus, then, began the "quest of the Holy Grail," the search for truth. The authority that had pointed out the way was a sufficient guide at first; the "word of God," that she bade us study for ourselves, presented no difficulties at the outset. But as the months lengthened into years the spirit of inquiry roused itself; the simple words of earnest faith—"It is God's word"—were not enough. If it were in very deed the word of God, why should it be so difficult to understand? If men were guided by the Holy Spirit, why did they differ among themselves? Again the answer came from most sincere conviction: "They cannot differ concerning the essential truths." Again authority laid the doubt to rest, and there was peace—for a time.

"Why do the different churches not unite in one Church of God?" From "Dissent" to "Church," and back again, we were allowed to pass at will, provided only that we never attempted to enter certain churches. "Why not?" The submission to authority was less perfect now. "Because they teach error"; there could be no doubt that the answer was sincere. "How can we be sure of that?" Surely, in the search

for truth we must learn all that authority—such as we know it—was able to teach us. “Because the Bible says so.” That was the final court of appeal, “to the law and to the testimony.” But the decision failed to carry full conviction. If all the “churches” claimed the Bible, why did they not all unite in one Church of God? Had not Christ said “one fold”? And the answer was, “Yes, in heaven.”

“What is truth, and who can teach us?” The Bible only could contain the truth of God; only the spirit of God himself could “guide us into all truth.” But all men claim the Bible, “High-church” and “Low-church,” Presbyterian and Congregationalist. Did the Bible contain “truth” capable of many interpretations? Did the one Spirit teach different “truths” to different souls? Or, could it be that to agree with *our own* interpretation was the test of “truth”? How should that be possible? Was it not written “no Scripture is of private interpretation”? Could it be pride that asked the question, or had the search for truth indeed begun? Was it self-will that would not be satisfied, or was the spirit “disquieted,” unable to rest, except in the very Truth Himself? If men differed, being equally sincere, what then is *truth*? Who had authority to settle the question?

The Church of God? Were we not told to “hear the church,” “the pillar and ground of the truth”? What is the church? Was it, indeed, “the blessed company of all faithful people”—of all, that is, who had the faith? But that was to come back to the very difficulty from which we would so fain escape: If by “the church” were meant all those who believe in Christ, wherein do they agree? If “the church” have the authority to teach us, what does it teach? To whose voice are we to listen? Is that authority given to “all faithful people” collectively, or to individuals as well? If so, “to whom shall we go”? Once more “the strife of tongues” begins again, the vision of Truth is lost amid the dust of controversy.

“Who can teach us?” Is it the “Church of England,” with her history, her prayer-book, her order and reverence, her distinctive claim to be “the church” as over against the many forms of “Dissent”? What does the “Church of England” teach? Surely, in her written formularies, plain, unmistakable, and of authority—for all who choose to accept them—we shall find truth at last. Or is it only the same difficulty in another form? Instead of “the Bible only,” we must appeal “to the Bible and to the Prayer-book”; but, at the very outset, we are met by a difference of opinion, important, at least, if not

absolutely vital. "The Low-churchman accepts the prayer-book because it agrees with the Bible," that is, with his individual or party interpretation of both; "the High-churchman accepts the Bible because the prayer-book says it is true." That is the beginning of controversy; the "search for truth" becomes a matter of personal choice, of individual temperament. Is there no authority? Yes, the prayer-book. Is that authority final? Surely—if you choose to make it so. Is it infallible? Certainly not; the church has erred before, has been "reformed." If liable to error, how can the church teach men? She has authority to teach; there is no other, there can be none, for is she not the Church of God?

Or is the third alternative the true one: that there is, and can be, no absolute truth possessed by men? That "truth" is beyond our reach in this mortal life, that to "know truth" is impossible for the human intellect with all its limitations? Is that the refuge of the coward? Is it to turn back, once for all, from that high quest for truth on which we entered with so much confidence, with such high hopes? Surely, Galahad and Launfal could never have attained the mystic vision had they ceased to hope for it as attainable while yet in the flesh; had they believed it reserved for heaven, not for earth. Somewhere, surely, truth is to be found; if not infallible truth, then truth which is of authority, could we but accept it as such.

A church with authority to teach, yet not infallible; which has erred before, and needed "reformation"; which has formularies, but no final court of appeal by which they can be interpreted, once for all; a discipline which cannot be enforced, since men will not submit to it; a tradition in favor of one party, denied as strenuously by others; that is the "Church of God," since men are fallible; how can fallible individuals constitute an infallible church? Must each man find "truth" as training, temperament, choice, or accident may decide? Neither Scripture, nor prayer-book, nor tradition, nor history, can settle the controversy beyond appeal; each text of Scripture is a witness claimed by either side; "Popery" and Protestantism stand side by side in the prayer-book; tradition is ruled out of court by one party, and gives evidence but doubtfully in favor of the other. Is there not that terrible hiatus called the "Reformation"? Are not the links sadly weakened if not broken altogether there? Is the church before the "Reformation" the same as the church after it? Who can answer the question with infallible and final authority?

What is the witness of history? Does it not tell of a Church Universal, one in doctrine, ritual, and discipline, in union with a visible head, all over Christendom? Does it not speak of a schism, wide, terrible, stupendous, but a schism concerning *discipline* only, and not concerning *doctrine*? And, in spite of schism in the East, did not the English Church remain for centuries in union with the Church Universal, until the "Reformation"? If the whole church had erred indeed, being composed of fallible human beings, must one small part sever from the rest, and claim for itself, pre-eminently, if not alone, purity, antiquity, Catholicity? Let us admit the claim; but is it proved? What says the other side? That the church severed, once for all, from ante-Reformation "Popery," and started forth, new and complete, on her divine (?) mission of Catholic Protestantism. The two are mutually destructive; which is *truth*? How can we *know*? If we reverently clasp one or other to our hearts as the "Holy Grail," can we be *sure* that it is not a devil's counterfeit, fit "to deceive, if it were possible, even the elect"? Is *certainty* reserved for God, and must we be content with probabilities?

So let it be, since so it must be. "Truth" is the teaching of the "church," in so far as it coincides with Scripture, with the writings of the Fathers, with the "Ancient Church." All this is denied by *men in authority within "the church"*; how, then, can "the church" be Catholic? Rather, how can it *not* be Catholic when so many *men in authority* are daily teaching "Catholic truth," and practising "Catholic ritual"? Once more so let it be, since we must accept probabilities, and believe, from first to last, on the authority of another. The first authority was ordained by nature, and we could believe, at least for a time, without doubt or question. The second *we must choose for ourselves*, according to the accumulated weight of probabilities; once chosen, it is ordained by God, yet not infallible. It is of Divine appointment, with authority to teach; we must accept its teachings, if we will and if we can, and compare them with the original evidence in order to prove them true. Were the authority infallible as well as divinely appointed, we could accept the teaching without doubt or question. An authority, sent by God himself, with God's own infallibility, commands obedience, which we could render willingly. But infallibility being withheld from "God's ordained priests," from "the Church of God" herself, we must first choose and then obey, as God shall give us grace.

Here then, at last, the quest for Truth begins, with hope of

winning it; for has not "the Church of God" authority to place within our reach the "Holy Grail" of "Catholic Truth," as perfect as is consistent with the weakness and sinfulness of fallible humanity? Brother, hold out your hands, yet look well that they be pure, for lo! the "priest of God" is here, to give to your unworthy keeping the very "Holy Grail," the "Truth" itself. Kneel humbly down, and take it reverently. Long have you sought in vain, amid the mists of "error" and the din of controversy. False guides have led you far astray; the "strife of tongues" has drowned the gentle accents of "our holy Mother the Church." But the quest is ended at last, the "vision of peace" attained, the "Holy Grail" is all your own.

Are not the doubts at rest for ever? Alas! men say that this is not the "Holy Grail" in very deed, but only a snare of the great enemy of souls. Are there no marks by which we may know it to be "truth," or short of actual *knowing*, be convinced? Is it indeed the Truth, the "Holy Grail," received as such "always, everywhere, and by all men"; if not by *all*, at least by all who call themselves "Catholics"? All "who profess and call themselves Christians" say that there *is* Truth. What are the jewels which the Divine Artificer himself has placed upon his Holy Grail, with his own hands, or by his direct authority?

"Priesthood"—his own and that of his successors: his was divine, eternal, and infallible; and theirs? A human ordinance? That were a counterfeit; if it be *true*, it must also be divine. But if divine, like his, it must surely be, like his, infallible, in virtue of its oneness with his own. Or has the stone been dimmed in human hands? So must it have been, if "priesthood" be divine and true, yet not infallible. Infallible their priesthood must surely be, mediately because humanly. His priesthood was his own, and altogether immediate; theirs communicated, and bestowed. Only so far as they are faithful, only so far as he shall keep them, only in so far as they shall prove obedient to the voice of his church. If like his own, then surely like him in his utter self-denial, his spotless chastity, his perfect holiness. If it be all this, then surely, to make obedience and infallibility not only clear and distinct, but even possible, he must have given to some one, visible, enduring head his own authority in fullest measure, his own Divine, Eternal Priesthood, his own infallibility, as the crown, the measure, and the very touchstone of unfailing truth. Surely the church to which he gave authority to teach all nations, he also endowed with infallibility; how otherwise can men be sure of truth, or

even convinced? How did he fashion first the jewel of priesthood?

"We cannot *know*"; is that the sum of all human knowledge in the things concerning the kingdom of God? Is it all doubt and question and endless controversy? Did he intend that the jewel of priesthood should adorn the Holy Grail of Truth? If yes, then must it, of necessity, be like his own—divine and perfect and complete, infallible, in virtue of his own infallibility. If no, how then can this be the true Holy Grail? If men have marred it and defaced it with ornaments of their own devising, has it not ceased to be his? "We cannot *know*, we can only believe"; but if at the very outset there is doubt, how can we believe? Did Galahad and Launfal doubt when the wondrous vision was vouchsafed to them?

"Baptismal Regeneration"—surely this jewel is as he formed it first. But men deny it, as blind men deny the sun. Does not tradition witness to it, and an unbroken chain of history? Is it not the heritage of "the Church Catholic, in all its branches"? Is it not of the very essence of "Catholic Truth"? But if the tradition be broken, or most sorely weakened, by the "Reformation"; if tradition, history, and doctrine be impugned and utterly denied by *men in authority* within "the Church of God," partakers of the same priesthood, the same commission to teach all men, how can we believe? Who shall decide the question? Party against party, "priest" against "priest," bishop against bishop; each equally in earnest, equally appealing to the Scriptures, to the written formularies of "the Church of God"—is there no court of final appeal to set the question at rest for ever? How can we believe unless we are taught "*one faith*"? Once more there rises from our hearts the weary, almost despairing question, "What is *truth*, and who can teach us?" Once more the answer is returned, "The Church of God."

But "the Church of God" teaches many different "truths," any one of which must not only exclude its opposite, but turn its opposite to blasphemy. How, then, can it be "the Church of God," who is One, Unchangeable, and Infallible? We grasp the Holy Grail with trembling reverence; is it a devil's whisper or our guardian angel's that bids us scan it closely, lest it prove a mockery and not the "mystic, wonderful" reality? Is there no end to doubt, to questionings—no rest, no *certainty*, no faith which *knows*? This third and brightest jewel of them all, "the Real Presence," too holy and too sacred to be described, is it His own? Even this do men deny who bear the impress of the "priests of the Church of God"; deny utterly,

entirely. Is our reverence a blasphemy unspeakable, or is their denial? Other "branches of the Church Catholic" have a jewel, as it were differently set, and call it by another name. Is their jewel as He fashioned it, or is ours? Must that, too, remain unanswered for want of an infallible authority to decide?

Is this the final end of life's long quest for Truth? Was it reserved for Galahad and Launfal only to enjoy the mystic vision of the Holy Grail? For us, must there be only faith which battles with endless doubt? For us, no *certainty* that the vision is true, no infallible authority to tell us what is *truth*? Only authority divinely appointed, yet liable to error, to contradiction by equal authority, equally divine, if indeed it be divinely appointed after all, and not a human invention? Is that the end of all? If so, God pity us and help us.

Can we not *know*? Did He not say, who is Himself the Truth, "you shall *know* the truth"? Not here? Why, then, should he promise to be "with us all days"? Why tell us, "he shall guide you into all truth"? Has he not bidden us to "hear the church"? How, then, can the church teach us anything but truth? Is she not "His Body," the very "pillar and ground of *the truth*"? Surely, as He is One, so she must be; as he is Head and she his Body, so must she teach one faith; infallible, as he is, like him, unchangeable and eternal. Is not this the Church of God indeed, as it *must* be, since it is his. Could we but find his church, surely she, and she alone, could place within our hands the "Holy Grail," and we might *know* without question, doubt, or fear.

Is not this the end of our long quest for Truth? Other guides have led us far astray; a stranger, habited as the "Church of God," has placed within our hands a strangely jewelled vessel, bright to our weary eyes, bidding us venerate it as the "Holy Grail." But her own children told us it was *not*; our own hearts doubted, feared, and questioned. We could not *know*, since there was no infallible authority to tell us, once for all, this is Truth. And now? Surely our eyes have seen the "vision of peace," since He has bidden us "hear the Church," and we have listened to the voice of His Vicar, who has his authority, and his own infallibility. Surely our mortal hands have held, and humbly, reverently, still hold, the Holy Grail of Truth itself, the very Truth of God. Surely our feet have journeyed from the city of confusion, and we have found our way, by God's great grace, after long wandering, and many doubts, and fears, and perils, into the City of God.

PRINCE BISMARCK.

BY REV. GEORGE McDERMOT, C.S.P.



ON Saturday, the 30th of July, Prince Bismarck died ; and so, in the opinion of the age, another of its three greatest men has disappeared. The third, Leo XIII., remains. In a sketch of Gladstone's character and work Mr. Stead said, in his characteristic way : " In this old world old men reign." He takes as proof of the proposition the Pope, listened to by the world at eighty-seven ; Gladstone, just gone at eighty-nine, and Bismarck, though in retirement, speaking—so he tells us—with the most masterful voice of all German-speaking men at the age of eighty-two. That voice, masterful or not, is now hushed ; we do not think that for years before it became for ever silent it carried any power beyond its owner's household. In Friedrichsruhe it was potent. For that matter, the great personality of the ex-chancellor overawed most men who came in contact with him, but in his household, family, retainers, and servants looked up to him as a god ; he was not merely a great lord ruling and protecting them, but he was as one of the mystic heroes who watch over the Fatherland from Valhalla, so mightily did he tower above his time. It does not appear that proximity made him small, or that the great powers of the man became stale, in the domestic judgment. On the receipt of the news of his death William, Kaiser of the Empire made by Bismarck, at once sailed the sea from Norway, where he had been on a pleasure-trip, the flag of the imperial yacht at half mast in honor of the dead,—sailed at once in order to be present at the obsequies.

A TRIBUTE TO THE DEAD DENIED TO THE LIVING.

Calling this potentate William the Witless does not seem to express a fact quite so much as an antagonism. The wisest of kings and emperors could do no wiser and more becoming thing than this act of the emperor-king. The services to the dynasty and the country rendered by him who had in his best years of youthful manhood been called Mad Bismarck, must have rushed in a flood upon the memory of the erratic sover-

eign, and, doubtless, a feeling that the Man of Blood and Iron had received hard measure visited the chamber or organ, or whatever it is, that in him does duty for a heart. Undoubtedly, nothing seems to explain the young sovereign's dismissal of the great minister unless it was a fear that he would be overshadowed by him. It is one of the inconveniences of personal rule, one of the drawbacks in the pleasure of being absolute over wills and lives, that some one like a shadow guides the absolute will, though he may not do away with the absolute life. It may be the royal barber that takes monarchy by the nose in more senses than one—we suspect that Oliver the Devil hoodwinked that crafty old politician Louis XI.—or it may be an innocent-looking aide-de-camp who gives counsel to his dread master, but up or down there is an adviser who really rules the king, albeit the dull majesty does not perceive the fact. In flinging Bismarck into the gutter the Witless One freed himself, at least he thought so; but there is a master somewhere, though the saddle does not gall. It may be old Hohenlohe who moulds Cæsar's mind. He has the experience of seventy-eight years and knows how to sit, actually or metaphorically, at the Witless' feet and orientally to reverence the words of wisdom flowing from the imperial lips or flashing to him upon imperial wires. Rough-rider Bismarck did not possess that art, though he had one of his own which passed muster with two kings. This art was the profession of a passionate loyalty to the House of Hohenzollern, expressing itself in maxims of combined absolutism and militarism, an exaggerated sentiment of feudal devotion to the king as the head and chief of the race hardened by Roman imperialism into a ferocity in application which makes the German statesman stand forth as the most tyrannical minister since Sejanus converted Rome into a shambles and a whispering gallery of informers.

BISMARCK'S UNPROMISING YOUTH.

The way men turn out at times is a mystery. No one would have predicted that the hard-drinking, duel-fighting student of Göttingen University would one day be the greatest figure in Europe for awhile. Think of him at Versailles, when that garrulous old gentleman—so he described poor Thiers—the moment the latter left after concluding the negotiations for the peace,—think of him fulfilling his promise not to mention the surrender for a few days by whistling the German hunting tune, "In at the Death." The aides-de-camp and others learned

from this whistling the result of the conversation between him and the hapless President of the Republic as plainly as if he had declared that the talkative Frenchman, after infinite circumlocutions, agreed to surrender Paris and so forth. One pities poor old Thiers then. He seems to have felt keenly the humiliation and disasters of his country; but his policy or his politics in other days prepared for it, led up to it. There is a Power above this world; and if French politicians play the Liberal-infidel or the devil and the fool in one, Nemesis—or it may be even Ate commissioned—comes behind with sinewy, asphyxiating hands. But all the same it was a wonderful time in which to be the central and controlling figure, a time life seldom gives a man was in those hours when France lay upon her face, German potentates forming a court around the old king who was receiving homage as the first German emperor. It was an empire fashioned in the war which revenged Jena, the occupation of Berlin, and many another ignominy and wrong wrought by France in the early days of the century, when Prussia and all Europe were in arms against her; and as Bismarck stood by the side of the emperor whom he made, in that supreme moment of the realization of such dreams of ambition as seldom visit the sleep of sane minds, he may have thought even then of a wider dominion than one over armies and nations—a rule over the souls of men.

THE METHODICAL MADNESS OF AN INSPIRED LUNATIC.

It was not until 1873, however, that the policy expressed in the Falck laws was embodied in action; but that this inspired lunatic, whose madness was so methodical, had the conception of it in the imperial scheme mapped in his mind, we think in the highest degree probable. His steps were not movements of chance; the war with Austria had been long determined upon, but how it was to be brought about may not have been so clear. We know enough of the circumstances of the war with France to conclude that that event should come to pass if life were sufficiently the ally of death to spare Bismarck for the task of filling to the full the other's maw. The folly and wickedness which pervaded French society were reflected in the court of the gingerbread empire of Napoleon III., and had their outcome in an administration which loaded the people with taxes to maintain an army formidable only on paper, and a system of commissariat by which scoundrelly contractors and corrupt generals amassed fortunes. France was

punished for the profligacy of this imperial child of the Revolution, but the stars in their courses are fighting for the overthrow of the Empire of Blood and Iron raised upon her defeat. No more significant instance of the superintending providence which sways the destinies of states and directs the moral forces of the world can be demanded than the utter failure of the persecution to which the church was subjected. There the revenge of France began to work, not because she in herself deserved such atonement so much as that her enemy earned overthrow.

THE LAST FLING OF FRANCE AT AN OLD FOE.

The wretched publicists of France, who vindictively sing pæans over the death of the conqueror of that country, profess to perceive the approaching dissolution of the empire constructed by him; and attribute this judicial punishment to one knows not what fanciful theory in which France is an object of the peculiar tenderness and care of the spirit or dæmon which presides over civilization and progress. Indeed, it was with something of a shock I read the shrieks of those birds of prey over the dead body of the wicked but undoubtedly great minister who raised his country to the pinnacle of power and fortune. When the *Figaro* says he goes down to the grave amid the execrations of France, it does not in the slightest degree help towards the recovery of Alsace and Lorraine or the repayment of the indemnity; it does not help towards some measure of atonement for the horrors of the war, or for the humiliations since. It is very paltry, indeed, face to face with the great issues recalled by the statesman's death. But splenetic as they are, womanishly petulant as they are, the French writers on foreign politics are keen enough to discover a power working amid the foundations for the ruin of the mighty edifice. This is the Socialist movement taking vengeance on behalf of humanity on a system which turned the nation into a camp. The roar of the Socialist tide, menacing though it be to-day, would not have been heard were it not for the resistance and triumph of the church. The *Jour*, which discovers in Bismarck's death "the beginning of the era of revenge," as it grandiloquently says, overlooks the circumstances in France itself which render the glory of that era very problematical. There have been some nasty disclosures recently which indicate something like the inefficiency so disastrous in the war of 1870.

A CASE OF "GLASS HOUSES."

Making all allowances for the Semitic and sensational sympathies of the friends of Dreyfus and Zola, it is still to be feared that they hit blots on army administration which display a weakness in the War Office, and the entire discipline of the forces, resembling the show of control exercised in a country whose army consists solely of volunteers rather than the iron rule of a military nation. A force so led, drilled, and supplied would have a poor chance against the training of the rank and file, the knowledge and experience of every one in command, and the perfect commissariat of Germany. The spirit of Bismarck is behind all the arms of the empire, as the strategy of Moltke is the property of every subaltern as well as of every general officer. So, *pace* the *Jour*, the *Liberté*, the *Temps*, the *Patrie*, we do not think that the effacement of his work will come from France as now she stands; and the Man of Blood and Iron himself would say so, with collected cynical contempt. But what would he say if the revenge in question were spoken of in connection with a Catholic France? He would then make pause, for his furious persecution, backed by irresistible might breaking in his hands like a rotten twig, would rise like a ghost to tell him, as men have been told before by a thousand examples, that a power exists which armies cannot conquer.

A SURPASSING ORGANIZER, NOT A STATESMAN.

It would be mistaking the Toryism of Bismarck to attribute to it any part of his hostility to France. He was not a statesman in the sense in which Burke and Gladstone were statesmen. He was simply an organizer, but a surpassing one. He conceived a policy, or rather he grasped the method for the nineteenth century to carry on the policy of Frederick the Great. He succeeded beyond the dreams of an enthusiasm endowed with the aid of fate as long as he adhered to the camp-statesmanship of that monarch. Frederick was a philosopher and knew better than to war with ideas. He fought only against material forces weaker than those he could command. Now, Bismarck, as conscienceless as Frederick, was too unimaginative to recognize an intangible power; and this though he seems to have had a strong belief in the supernatural. A brief glance at his life may give the reader some notion concerning the causes of his success and the failure, or at least disappointment and dishonor, which marked his closing years.

BISMARCK'S POLICIES PROVOKE THE CENSURE OF NATIONS.

Some time in 1863 Bismarck proclaimed, in connection with the movement of sympathy with the Poles running through all Europe, that the Prussian government was not a constitutional one like that of England, where the ministry were the representatives of the parliament. In Prussia, he said, ministers were the servants of the king. This was the first step in a line of action similar to that which Strafford advised his sovereign to try in England; and which brought that minister to the block, and later on his master. But in a very short time the consequence of this principle of Bismarck's, so like absolutism, took life in the reply of the King of Prussia to an address from the Chamber of Deputies, stating he would govern without a parliament, as his ministers possessed his confidence. Not a country in Europe at that time but, either by its government, sent remonstrances to St. Petersburg, or, by its press, appealed to humanity on behalf of unhappy Poland—not a country except Prussia. Now, when we find the Italian premier telegraphing to Prince Hohenlohe, on behalf of the Italian government "and of the whole country," that the name of this enemy of liberty and justice "is engraved with indelible letters in the history of both peoples," we can point to another proof of the dishonesty of the Italian revolution and the empty character of the cry for Italian unity which accompanied the declamation of Italian patriots against what they called the tyranny of their rulers. In the year spoken of above debates in the British Parliament took place upon the motion of sympathy with the Poles opened by Mr. Hennessy, an Irish member.* The speeches were worthy of the subject, and equal to the best traditions of the House of Commons in the eloquent assertion of those inalienable rights of men for which the noblest of every age and race have given their lives or borne imprisonment and prolonged torture in comparison to which any death would be a crowning mercy. In consequence, Lord John Russell sent instructions to the ambassador at St. Petersburg couched in language of great authority and firmness.

THE POLISH PERSECUTIONS.

As I have said, every country in Europe with the exception of Prussia was roused to rage and grief at the atrocities in Poland. It is not easy to tell them. The hand of the govern-

* Afterwards Sir John Pope Hennessy, a successful governor of several colonies.

ment fell heavily upon all; a great noble who only presented a petition in the most respectful language was sent into exile. Priests were marched off to Siberia, young men in thousands were drafted into the army. Six hundred and eighty-three persons were all that the terrible gleaning spared out of a hundred and eighty-four thousand employed in the trade of the country. Siberia and the Caucasus swallowed them up. In one prison in Warsaw fourteen thousand men and women were packed together in a manner to be imagined, not to be described—in a word, it seemed as if the Czar intended to make a clean sweep of the Poles.*

Austria and France, supposed to represent the opposite extremes of opinion concerning personal and political liberty, were at one in condemnation of the barbarous ferocity of the Russian government. The house of Romanoff and its ministers were Tartars under the thin polish of Western civilization. All Europe viewed the atrocities enacted in Poland with the eyes of men; all with the exception of Prussia, in whose councils Bismarck had already acquired a powerful influence. It is said he was prepared to join Russia, if France and England meant to take action on behalf of the Poles. So much for the reality of Italian aspirations, so much for Italian grievances, so much for the sentiment of "an united Italy." However, we pass from this subject to the early days of Bismarck.

"MAD BISMARCK" IN HIS HOME AND AT THE UNIVERSITY.

It will strike one, we think, that the education and the home influences before he went to the university and after his return from it were in the highest degree calculated to produce an imperious, prejudiced, brutal, and somewhat stolid country gentleman—a German Squire Western—rather than a statesman who for years held in his hands the threads of every movement in Europe, and a parliamentary debater of the first rank. He saw from his childhood that heavy drinking was the custom in his native province of Brandenburg among all classes, and especially in that of the inferior nobility to which his family belonged. His father was so extravagant that he nearly ran the family ashore, and the son was obliged to abandon the pursuit of the law in order to take into his hands the management of the farms at home. There is a curious resemblance in modes and manners between the families of the Bismarcks and the Mirabeaus. A remarkable vein of eccentric wildness dis-

* Report of Lord Napier, British ambassador, to his government.

tinguished many of the predecessors of the French tribune; and certainly the grandfather of the German statesman, if not many more of his line, exhibited a similar quality to an extent which savored of madness. "Mad Bismarck" was the descriptive phrase in the university and in Brandenburg in which his mental and social qualities were crystallized, and the expression vindicated the principle of heredity. The grandfather, who was a colonel of dragoons, used to announce his toasts after dinner by the blaring of trumpets and volleys fired by the dragoons. It was a royal style of doing business in the drinking line which the reader will recollect was practised by Claudius in "Hamlet." "Let the kettle to the trumpet speak, the trumpet to the cannoneer without, the cannon to the heavens, etc." This was an ancestral precedent which the grandson took to heart in all its meaning, and deeply honored in the observance of the drinking part of it.

HIS COPIOUS TOASTS TO THE HONOR OF HIS COUNTRY.

He drank copiously for the honor of Germany in foreign lands; witness the story told by Sir Charles Dilke of his performance in that behalf, when the London brewer on a visit of his to that city handed him a specially made and gigantic flagon full of old October. Bismarck himself described the particulars and his feelings on the occasion. The story is characteristic enough to be told amid the solemn inanities written about him in every country at the present moment,* including America. This man of "Blood and Iron" had something of Mirabeau's wild humor, and he reminds us too in the story of Lord Dufferin's tale about an incident which took place in "High Latitudes"—in fact, at a banquet in Ireland. Bismarck, when the brewer presented him with the argosy, fancied he heard an appeal of his country to sustain her fame; so he took up the mighty measure, which gradually rose as he drank until the bottom was above his face. He then left the brewery, sat down in a corner of London Bridge for a couple of hours, the bridge and the people going round and round him. This was the man of respectable habits who started the Kulturkampf, fined and imprisoned bishops, banished religious orders, persecuted Catholic ladies somewhat in the way that sort of thing used to be done in Warsaw, would not hear of religious education for Catholics and would not go to Canossa.

* August 1.

HE POSSESSED THE BETTER TRAITS OF HIS NATION.

This drinking and duel-fighting student had one splendid virtue, that of purity—like the old Teutons when they descended on the dying and corrupt civilization of Rome. In this respect he was a contrast to the wretched Napoleon III., and the satyr-crew of courtiers and carpet-generals who offered him the flattery of imitation. He made the acquaintance at Göttingen of a law-student from Hanover, afterwards known to fame as Herr Windthorst, leader of the Catholic Centre in the Prussian Reichstag. They fought a duel at the university, those who were to be such opponents in after life, and the giant Bismarck received a wound the scar of which he carried with him to the grave.

After leaving the university the subject of this note passed a year's service as a volunteer and then went home to live as a country gentleman, breeding sheep and attending to agriculture and to horticulture. He took an active part in local affairs as a member of the council, but he enjoyed relaxations from parish politics and farming of a somewhat mixed kind. He read a great deal, and at the same time sustained in his province the right to bear the sobriquet affixed to him at Göttingen, "Mad Bismarck." He roused the house by pistol shots in the morning, a mode of summons one might be prepared for on knowing that his ordinary beverage was champagne and porter, which extraordinary compound he was wont to drink in enormous quantities. Another diversion was remotely similar to the means employed by Samson to burn the vineyards of the Philistines—his trick of turning foxes into a drawing-room, to the alarm of ladies, the injury of upholstery and Berlin wool work.

DARING METHODS AND UNWARRANTABLE POLICIES.

It would be impossible to examine the system of government by which Bismarck, in violation of law, collected taxes, carried on the administration, and increased the army, from the time the king and himself had determined to govern without a parliament. We hope the history of the period will be written by some one not carried away by admiration of the success which followed the labors of this great bad man; or, on the other hand, embittered by a sense of the tyranny which respected no condition of life and regarded no claim of justice and of right. But such a history by some one astute to analyze the

meaning of the policy to which the first imperial chancellor devoted himself, the influences which aided or impeded it, and the part that policy will contribute to the future councils of Europe and the progress of civilization,—such a history would be invaluable, not alone to the secular and the ecclesiastical statesman but to the deep student of politics, who aims at finding in the events of a period and the temper of a people the explanation of great changes, and at the same time evidence of a harmonious system throughout the moral universe regulated by principles certain as the laws of the material order.

Nor is it to be inferred from the observation just made that I discover anything profound or far-reaching in the policy of Bismarck. To refute such a conclusion it would be almost sufficient for me to point out that the favorite reading of his life, in connection with the theory and principles of government, was the *Prince*. That some of the maxims of that work found a congenial soil in his mind, is proved to demonstration by the incidents leading to the war with France. But the *Prince* is not a work which could serve in the business of modern government, unless under conditions largely accidental and temporary. Now, such were the conditions from the time when, as a comparatively young man, Bismarck was elected to the first Prussian House of Commons, until, by a series of unexampled successes, he made his country the foremost power in Europe, stood himself among the highest of the aristocracy below the throne, and was master of estates in value and extent fitted to maintain a quasi-royal state.

ONE OF HIS BOLD IMPOSITIONS.

Some of the accidental and temporary circumstances were to be found in the character and disposition of the two monarchs he served, Frederick William IV. and William, afterwards the first Hohenzollern Emperor of Germany. Of course, this pretence of a revival of the old German Empire can impose on no one outside Prussia, any more than the erection of the statue to Herman (Arminius) could make that savage chieftain, who took Varus in an ambush amid the defiles of a German forest, the northern leader of a civilization in rivalry with the ordered society, the elaborate administration, the exact law of Rome, with its ascertained limits of individual and public rights. Other temporary and accidental circumstances were in the land reforms and the evolution of a peasant-freehold society in pursuance of them, in place of the serf-like class which con-

stituted the lower elements of agricultural life in Prussia. In working out this economic destiny this part of the Prussian people engaged themselves with native confidence and sagacity in the task before them. They were grateful to their monarchs, and because they were, they felt inclined to allow those concerned with other aspirations, even for the benefit of all sections of the people, to carve out their own way without assistance. In this passive attitude the new freehold peasants unconsciously gave more than a moral support to the ultra royalism and Toryism of Bismarck; it appeared upon the surface that he was the unacknowledged leader of this apparently conservative, in reality ignorant, element, from the fields and forests, against the townsmen tainted by the revolutionary societies of Hungary, Italy, and France, and the brawling, strong-drinking students of the German universities. "Now for a spell of hatred," quoted from Heine, told of the passions seething in the towns, and which it was deemed could only be dealt with in Berlin by the galloping of horse-artillery and dragoons through the streets.

PLAYING WITH EDGED TOOLS.

But the agricultural class, then so stolidly loyal, is now saturated with the spirit of socialism, that unchained devil which the fortune of Bismarck let loose upon the future to gamble for place with his successors. His successors in the dissolving empire and the old kingdom, perhaps, narrowing to more ancient Brandenburg dimensions, may regret that a Schleswig-Holstein question ever rose. To men of affairs it was one of those difficulties never to be touched; but Bismarck took it up, fondled it, defied Europe by it, made it the instrument of Austria's overthrow and supersedure from the leadership of Germany. In pursuing the policy of Prussian aggrandizement he went on farther still, until the two Corsicans, Napoleon III. and his ambassador Benedetti, afforded him the opportunity he waited for so earnestly—the war with France—and for which he had been preparing since the close of the war with Austria. It is unnecessary to recall the mangled telegram which precipitated the declaration of war by France, because hostilities had been fixed upon as a step in the evolution of his policy; it is sufficient to state that Bismarck held any means justifiable by which he could succeed, but fooling the representative of France and playing off his own sovereign as an instrument in the game of deception were means to succeed.

EXTREMES OF GREATNESS AND LITTLENES IN HIS CHARACTER.

He therefore stands before the world in the days of his power as a colossal lie, and in the days when, driven from power, he ought to have been in dignified retirement, we find him intriguing against his successors, publishing state secrets affecting the honor of his old master, as he called the first emperor, and secrets the publication of which might be a danger to the peace of Europe—and while doing this forgetting he had ruined the career and blasted the life of a great noble, the Count Henry von Arnim, for the bare suspicion of having done an act one-tenth as criminal as the least of his own delinquencies. Indeed, it is difficult to determine what should be said concerning this man, in many respects so great and in many so mean, possessing the virtues which belong to the home, while cold and pitiless in carrying out his schemes of personal ambition and patriotic aspiration. Inseparable from the rise of his own fortune was his desire to make his country great and to place his sovereign foremost among the rulers of the earth. Affecting an exaggerated feudal homage as a native of Brandenburg, he professed the creed that the elector of his native province was in a special sense his lord, and that he himself was his lord's "man," according to the old, old formula. Such a fantasy we could hardly believe would in the nineteenth century govern the acts of a carefully considered policy, only that we were aware there existed in this strong, coarse, hypocritical nature an element of that strange buffoonery akin to madness so often found in men with an amazing talent for the exercise of some forms of statesmanship. There is no doubt but it was possessed by Cromwell, and, going back a long way, such buffoonery marked the most subtle of the Plantagenet kings, Henry II., and, somewhat nearer our own time, the most subtle of the princes of the house of Valois, Louis XI. But be that as it may, we see that Bismarck was full of it; that in his last years it only left him when the disappointment of dismissal turned into spleen. In the angry, jabbering complaints of those years we have a key to his character; and we find him a man without dignity in old age, as in youth and manhood he was without honor and conscience.

ALL'S WELL.

BY C. S. HOWE.



HAT is it called—that tune you have just played, and who is it by?”

“The title is ‘All’s Well’ and the composer was Mozart,” replied the girl who had been playing, turning half round to face the questioner as she spoke.

“Old-fashioned!” remarked one of the few other occupants of the saloon, for it was on board a Mississippi steamboat that the conversation was taking place. “*Very* old-fashioned, I should think.”

“*Old-fashioned! Mozart?*”

“Yes, quite so. You never hear his music now except occasionally in a church; it is entirely out of date.”

“You’ve heard it to-day, and it’s awfully pretty,” said the girl who had first spoken, and who now, by means of the expression beloved of a wide class of young people when desirous of expressing unmitigated approval, warmly championed her friend’s choice.

The elder lady, the critic of the small audience, smiled indulgently as one who made every allowance for invincible ignorance as she returned to the pages of the journal from which the music had been a temporary distraction. The two girls quitted the saloon together, and going to the deck, amused themselves by promenading it. They had only known each other a very few days, yet a certain subtle attraction had already developed their acquaintance into a friendship that had in it some elements of permanence. Their dissimilarity in almost every point excepting age may have had something to do with this, if there is any truth in the saying that opposites agree. One—the musician—was from the Southern States, of an old Louisiana family, and on her return to her home in New Orleans after a summer tour among the great lakes and other water-wonders of the North.

It was at Niagara that she had met Beryl Yeldon, who lived in Boston, but who, like herself, was now on sight-seeing bound. It had been easily arranged that their paths should lie together

for as long as might possibly be, but this was for only a few days at longest, and this short time was nearly at an end.

"I wonder," said Beryl, "why I was so smitten with that old tune. Perhaps it was your playing that made it so telling. There seemed to be a story in the music—a musical picture; pathetic, yet with a ring of triumph in it. What can it be?"

"That same old tune has always had a strange fascination for me, and a story as well, although *I* don't know how to put it into words. It seems as though it might be the first song of a newly arrived soul standing on the very threshold of heaven, its uttermost hopes fulfilled, its final bliss secure. All over the long exile, the watching, the pain, and—for ever!"

"Ah, Monica! *Now* I seem to know why I was so thrilled. Your fingers, obeying some subtle nerve-power from your dreaming brain, stirred the dull keys of the piano to breathe an echo of your fancy into me—a mere embryo, which your words have put into form. Your imagination is stronger, I fancy, than mine could ever be. Is it because you are a Southerner or a Catholic, or both?"

"I must plead ignorance," replied Monica, smiling.

"Unfortunately," said Beryl, "it is not always of beautiful things you dream. Purgatory, for instance. That soul you picture, if it has passed through *that* ordeal, must have good reason for rejoicing that it is over, and for ever! Would not you in its place?"

"I should," said Monica simply.

"The belief in purgatory must make you terribly afraid of death. I suppose you *must* believe in it, must you not? *I* never could. It is far nicer to know, to feel sure, that when we die we go straight to heaven. I only wonder that you can be happy and think otherwise."

"Then *you* are not afraid of death?"

"Oh, no, not at all!"

"You *know*, so you say, that you would go straight to heaven?"

Beryl hesitated before replying. Her sense of truthfulness, which though it sometimes allowed her tongue to slip unwarily, was still strong enough, when she had sufficient time, to arrest the tergiversation that trembled on her tongue. She had already said too much, and feeling the ground beneath her feet uncertain at the best, hastened to make use of one of the convenient commonplaces that seem made to fit undesirable emergencies of speech.

"Of course. We all hope to go there."

"But did you not say you were sure?" persisted Monica.

"As far as one can be," replied Beryl, who, finding herself "cornered," was seeking eagerly for some loophole to escape. "But really, now, Monica darling, are we not getting rather uncheerful?"

"*Uncheerful!* The prospect of immediate possession of heaven?"

"How you tease! You know that is not a bit like what I *meant*. No, indeed; this world may not be heavenly, but it's good enough for me at present. I am not at all tired of it; neither, I am sure, are you."

Beryl here spoke the whole truth. The world was at its brightest for Monica Clive. Involuntarily she glanced at the hand on which glittered the as yet unfamiliar betrothal ring; for Beryl's last words were a forcible reminder of the high stakes she held in this world's happiness, and she smiled brightly as she replied:

"I am very willing to stay the whole length of my tether."

"I should think so! Is it not near here that you expect to meet Mr. Barham? I am longing to see your Frank, and hope he will come on board before I leave the boat. Do you really think he will?"

"Certainly I do. I expect he will come along-side early to-morrow morning, to go the rest of the way home with me. We cannot be far from the point where he promised to meet me."

"Then I shall be sure to see him, as I have nearly the whole of another day before me. Then comes the parting with you, Monica! I wonder, wonder when and where we shall meet again!"

"Why, next winter, of course. Have you not promised to come and stay with me at my home in New Orleans?"

But even this prospect of reunion, at no very far distant time, apparently failed to comfort Beryl for present separation from the new-found friend whose society had grown, she hardly knew why, so delightful, and after a few more turns on deck under the clear starlit night both girls went to seek their berths somewhat earlier than usual; for one of them, at least, meant to be up by sunrise on the morrow.

There is a fanciful transparency about to-morrow that permits us, so we think, to see not only all it contains, but, as

in a vista, the long procession of days that are to follow it. Yet, can it well hide its own secrets until the hour for their disclosure too often surprises us into owning it for the mystery that, as a part of the unknown future, it must ever be! It dawned over the broad waters of the Mississippi on one of the most awful sights the world can show—a ship on fire!

Hopelessly so. Almost from the hour when the fearful peril had been discovered it had been known that no possibility existed of saving the vessel.

All those who could had already left it in the boats; the rest, and there were many, remained to meet their fate. That fate—death by fire or drowning—was not only inexorable, but immediate. Already several of the unhappy people, maddened by the dreadful alternative, had thrown themselves into the waters; some of them to sink at once, while others, clinging to any floating thing that came within reach, tried to postpone the end that seemed to be inevitable.

One of those who had remained on the burning steamboat was Monica Clive, who—among a few others huddled together at the stern, the only place as yet free from the raging flames—was watching with intense anxiety the movements of one of the boats in which she perceived the form of her friend, Beryl Yeldon. She herself had helped to place her there—in the *last*, the only possible space available. She could have had it for herself, but had resigned it for her friend's sake; while Beryl, sick with mortal terror, was scarcely conscious of the vital sacrifice enacted on her behalf. She certainly did not overrate it, for in that eventful moment when they had stood side by side, the "one to be taken, the other left," she had cried, as she clung convulsively to Monica's arm:

"O Monica! I would not go only I know *you* can swim—I cannot."

The answer did not reach her, for acts in time of deadly peril take up less time than words; and the boat, with its perilously heavy freight, was over the side and afloat on the turbid, heaving waters; and Monica's voice was lost in the noise and confusion of the moment.

"Swim?" she asked herself. "Could she?" Yes, for a few minutes, in a smooth sea close to a safe beach, with ready assistance at hand in case of real or imaginary danger. One glance at the rough, tumbling waters, already dotted with the heads of desperate human creatures more or less vainly trying to keep death at bay to the utmost of their power, gave a

truer answer to the question than any she could frame for herself.

But now, as she stood at the stern looking far out towards the horizon, she saw something that she had not seen before—something that all along she had been hoping almost against hope to see coming towards her. She knew what it was, though as yet it was scarcely discernible. The steam-launch that carried her lover was bringing him as swiftly as might be to her side.

Would he arrive in time?

Again was her question answered by the elements, for an outburst of flames close to her last standing-place forced her to clamber down to the water's edge. No one but herself took the fearful descent, but life, just at this moment, looked very sweet to Monica Clive—when it and death had seemingly met to contest hand to hand, inch by inch, their right in her. As she touched the water a piece of wood drifted within her reach, this she promptly seized and, clinging to the frail support it afforded, she pushed as far as she could away from the burning boat.

The tide helped her efforts and the waves, which were high, occasionally raised her sufficiently to catch a transitory glimpse of the cause of her revived hopes. Nearer and nearer each time it surely came, until among those who were standing on the deck she was able to clearly distinguish the form of Frank Barham.

A little longer time, a renewed effort, and the next wave would lift her to eyes that she knew were, among the countless objects floating around, seeking *her* in every direction.

Next time!

A dark face rose above the water close by her poor raft, which was simultaneously clutched by the hands of some one in the last extremity of abject terror. It was one of the negro stokers who, with despairing eyes fixed on the crucifix suspended from Monica's neck, cried wildly:

“O missis! save me; pray for me! Me bad man—Cath'lic man—bad, bad! Good missis, *pray!*”

“Will you promise to be good if you live?” asked Monica.

“Ah! me will if—”

The water rolled over them both, drowning the rest of the sentence. The spar would not bear the weight of more than *one*.

Monica knew what was required of her. Her young life for

this nameless stranger's soul! Nor was the price, costly as it seemed at such a moment, too much for her to give. When the spar rose again only the man was clinging to it, too dazed to be more than half aware that his own safety had been secured by the sacrifice of his co-religionist and companion in misfortune.

"A wasted life," sighed those who set themselves to judge the individual merits of Monica Clive; and those—the frivolous friend of a day, the outcast companion of a minute—both of whom only lived because she died, and deemed the sacrifice, in its best light, as *useless* heroism! But to those thus saved was it given to see in Monica's a sudden, vivid glimpse of the Great Sacrifice, and seeing, they caught hold and saved their souls from hell.



MARQUETTE ON THE SHORES OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

On seeing the original manuscript map of the Mississippi River by its discoverer, Father Marquette.

BY JOHN JEROME ROONEY.



HERE, in the midnight of the solemn wood,
 He heard a roar as of a mighty wind,—
 The onward rush of waters unconfined
 Trampling in legions thro' the solitude.
 Then, lo! before him swept the conquering flood,
 Free as the freedom of the truth-strong mind
 Which hills of Doubt could neither hide nor bind,
 Which, all in vain, the valley mounds withstood!
 With glowing eye he saw the prancing tide
 With yellow mane rush onward thro' the night
 Into the Vastness he had never trod:
 Nor dreamt of conquest of that kingdom wide
 As down the flood his spirit took its flight
 Seeking the long-lost children of his God!



INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF ST. DIMPHNA.

GHEEL, THE INSANE COLONY OF BELGIUM.

BY J. H. GORE.

"But he that is of reason's skill bereft,
And wants the staffe of wisdom him to stay,
Is like a ship in midst of tempest left
Withouten helme or Pilot her to sway ;
Full sad and dreadfull is that ship's event ;
So is the man that wants intendment."

—Spenser, "Teares of the Muses."

I.

IN the sixth century of the Christian era the north of Ireland was divided into a number of small, independent kingdoms. Over one of these independencies bordering upon the sea ruled a certain pagan king whose fame has been so completely eclipsed by his daughter's that his name has been forgotten. The legend merely states that his queen was a woman of surpassing beauty, gentleness, and grace, and that she brought up her only daughter to be like her in thought, word, and action. Just as Dimphna, for such was the name of the

princess, was entering into womanhood her mother died, leaving the king in the very depths of sorrow over his great loss. So great indeed was his grief that the court attendants urged him to take to himself another wife, hoping that by so doing a part at least of his grief might wear away.

The advice of his counsellors prevailed, and a delegation was sent out to visit the neighboring courts in search of a worthy consort. They kept in mind their former queen and zealously sought her equal, but not meeting with success, they returned to report that none could be found comparable with the noble woman who had shared his throne with him. The hope that he might again be happy had buoyed him up, so this unfavorable report cast him down and caused him to rebuke his emissaries sorely. Then, to protect themselves, they appealed to their sovereign's vanity and said: "O king, we have not found the spouse whom you desire because there is none worthy of you. She whom you seek is near you; the living image of the deceased, one who is not her inferior in grace nor in beauty, one in whom the queen, whose love made you so happy, seems to live again. It is Dimphna, your daughter; she alone is worthy of you; choose her, raise her to the dignity of wife." Seeing that the proposition was not met with expressions of indignation, they hastened to paint her charms and describe her many virtues, nor did they cease until they saw their suggestions bearing fruit. The king at once called his daughter into his presence and declared to her his intentions.

But she, having accepted Christianity, saw in this unnatural proposition sins of which he knew nothing, and resolutely refused obedience. This brought about a conflict which very soon showed the father's greater power, and so, to avoid an immediate union, she feigned a less stubborn resistance and asked for a fortnight in which to reach a decision. The request was cheerfully granted, but Dimphna made use of this time in preparing for flight instead of arguing herself into acquiescence. In this labor she was aided by her religious instructor and two of her servants. The four succeeded in escaping, reached the coast and embarked in a sail-boat that had been put in readiness for that purpose. Propitious winds and a smooth sea enabled them to round Scotland and finally enter the mouth of the Scheldt, up which they journeyed until Antwerp was reached. But owing to the busy life of this town they feared to make it their home, thinking that the knowledge of their flight, which would sooner or later reach this world-port, might



CHURCH OF ST. MARTIN.

cause them to be suspected as the fugitives. They therefore decided to go further inland, stopping eventually at the hamlet of Gheel. Here the little church built in honor of St. Martin, the good saint who had shared his cloak with a beggar, and the quiet life around offered the homeless a promising asylum.

When the king learned of the escape of his daughter he sent men in pursuit, promising rich presents for success and death for failure. The pursuers eventually reached Antwerp. Here they heard of the party of strangers who had stopped in that city for awhile and the direction they had taken upon leaving. This unexpected trail was quickly followed and southward the hopeful seekers journeyed. At Oelen the party stopped for refreshments, and upon leaving offered a piece of gold in payment. To their surprise it was promptly refused, the hostess declaring that she had once before accepted a similar piece and up to the present time had been unable to dispose of it. In answer to the question from whom she had received it, she explained that there lived in the neighborhood two men and two women who frequently bought supplies of her, and that the younger lady was so amiable and beautiful

that she could not refuse the coin when proffered, although ignorant of its value and currency. The men learned where this party dwelt, and in a short time came near enough to the cabin they occupied to see that their suspicions were correct—that the occupants were the persons whom they sought.

The king, who had come to Antwerp when informed that definite clues had been discovered there, was promptly informed of the successful issue of the search, and immediately hastened to bring surprise and confusion to the peaceful dwellers in the little cabin. He commanded his daughter to prepare to accompany him home; she resolutely refused, nor was she moved by threats even when aimed at her life. Her faithful companion urged her to remain steadfast in her resolution, and received as his reward his death. The murder of this good man brought forth such expressions of grief from the daughter as to anger her father beyond all bounds. He commanded his attendants to kill her; they refused; then, incensed by a second disregard of his authority, he struck her down with his own sword.

The instant he realized the magnitude of his crime he fled, leaving the two lifeless bodies to the beasts of the fields. However the good people of the neighborhood, having been attracted to the gentle lady from over the seas and indignant that such a crime should have been committed in their midst, buried the two martyrs where they fell.

In a short time the report of the horrible deed spread abroad, and the pious folk of the land used it as an illustration of the extent to which vicious desires could carry one. The prominence thus given to the heroic defence of a principle made by Dimphna suggested that a more worthy sepulture should be provided, but as the suggestion was being put into execution those present were greatly surprised to find that the bodies were encased in coffins of the purest alabaster, instead of the rough boards to which they had been consigned. Thus a miracle had been performed, the victory over the cravings of a disordered mind had been crowned, and an intimation given that the act of honoring the dead received marks of the highest approval. It was then decided to further sanctify this hallowed spot by erecting here a stately church and dedicating it, in the name of St. Dimphna, to the healing of such mental disorders as might have come from base desires.

In the building of this church provisions were made for the reception of patients, for it was thought persons from a dis-

tance might be brought for cure, and even yet these rooms may be seen in one of the towers of this noble edifice. But it was not long until these accommodations were too limited, and neighbors were asked to house the unfortunates while seeking



A STREET IN GHEEL.

relief from their thralldom; then religious orders obtained permission to build chapter-houses where the afflicted and their friends might sojourn. Thus it was that the town of Gheel became a city. Each house erected was for a family coming in answer to the demand for homes for the unfortunates, or with a desire to administer to their wants. In but few cases was the occupation of caring for this class thrust upon the households; consequently, in the election of this form of hospitality, the moving force was that sympathetic nature which in its transmission from generation to generation shows itself now in the inhabitants of this kindly city.

The "innocents"—for by this name the insane were called—innocent of course, for "it was not this man who has sinned," said One wiser than we—sought healing in a pilgrimage such as Dimphna made in fleeing from evil, in close personal contact with the relics of her who was so pure as to resist the incar.

nate fiend personified in her maddened father, and in prayers to her who now as saint was the intermediary of the afflicted. The cure, therefore, was superhuman, and religious offices were the efficient causes.

Such was Gheel during the first period of its history.

II.

The second chapter, dating from 1851, does not begin with legend. It starts with a recognition of two facts: the advantages offered by home-life over the asylum in the treatment of certain phases of insanity, and the special adaptability of the Gheelois for the care of the insane. This realization forced itself upon the humanitarians of Belgium and brought about the establishment of state control at Gheel, with attendant measures for the application of more active remedial agencies than were formerly practised.

The inmate of an asylum is a being aloof from his fellow-men, and however careful his attendants may be, there will escape casual glances of an inquiring nature that show that he is the object of forethought and continual watchfulness, which, even though most humane and judicious to the last degree, will appear to the unfortunate as evidences of the dividing line that separates him from others. The grated windows, locked doors, and alert guards reveal only too plainly that he is there to be cured, and before the thought can shape itself into words comes and comes again the realization of the gravity of his ailment. Every softened word and pitying look bespeak only too plainly the engulfing floods that are closing over his mental world. The whole equipment by which he is surrounded keeps constantly before him the malady from which he suffers, and his chief food for thought is a conviction of his helplessness, with an ever-growing fear that recovery is beyond the bounds of the possible.

Scarcely better is the fate of the insane one who is left at home. The sight of objects once the source of joy but now of aversion is a constant irritation, the incessant calls for answers to idle questions is sure to bring impatient responses, the astonished stare of one unused to seeing persons thus afflicted causes the unfortunate one to look within, only to find its reason in his sad mental plight, and the passer-by stepping aside as if in fear reminds him of peculiarities that are beyond his control.

How different it is at Gheel!

For quite thirteen centuries the insane have walked its streets, and the peasants' familiarity with the whims and caprices of its guests eliminates every look and tone that might point to any inequalities of condition, and in time the new-comer will act as he sees others act. No notice is taken of their presence, the usual vocations are neither interrupted nor modified on their account, and thus uncontradicted and unnoticed the incentive for introspection is removed, they lose sight of the fact that they differ from those about them, and the first step towards recovery is taken.

When a patient is brought to Gheel he is taken at once to the infirmary, a commodious, comfortable building situated in a large garden on the outskirts of the town. Here the first diagnosis is made, and if there is no fear of violence to himself or others, he is put in the general ward for closer observation. Should the exigencies demand it, he may be isolated for a longer or shorter period; but if the necessity for continuous restraint be beyond question, the patient will be removed to an asylum, for a time at least. When a minute examination reveals the specific nature of the trouble and the characteristics of the patient, the council in its next weekly meeting decides where he is to be placed. In reaching this decision several things must be considered. If the patient is an object of charity for whose support the state and commune make provision, then he is assigned to an available household where such patients are taken, and where the care of persons with this particular form of insanity has been to the satisfaction of the authorities. If the patient, or his friends, pay for his keep, accommodations corresponding to the means at his command are secured. The nurse is then summoned to take to his home his new charge, and he is told as much of the patient's history and peculiarities as he should know in addition to the explicit directions as to the diet and care that is demanded.

The patient is taken at once into completely new surroundings; into a home, in fact, where he will be regarded with interest and not suspicion, with affection, not dread. He lives the life of the family and shares in its prosperity and adversity, he attends with them religious service in the church, kneels with them at the Angelus bell, joins in the family devotions; he recites the tale of his fancied wrong, and if it be for the thousandth time, he finds a willing listener whose experience suggests the most soothing answer; he sees himself the object of their filial concern—he who before, if not mistreated, was regarded with

scorn and disgrace by those to whom he was allied by blood and social ties; and thus he rises in his own estimation—rises towards the level of those by whom he is surrounded. He is free to go as he wishes, and no one anxiously asks him when he will return; he does not seek to escape, for where could he be happier? If he wanders away through inadvertence, he will be brought back by a neighbor or one of the guards, and feel grateful that he is home again.

Occupation also is provided as far as possible, and the guest encouraged by pay and praise to assist in the work of the house or farm, and in the withdrawal of his thoughts from himself he takes an interest in the joys and sorrows, trials and labors of those around him. Strange as it may seem, many of the patients work at trades, and although daily handling tools that might be used as weapons, but one injury has been intentionally inflicted within the past fifty years. It was interesting to notice in a shop where a number of men were making wooden shoes that one of them was reading aloud to his comrades, who seemingly enjoyed the story, if not his elocutionary effort.

Corresponding to the ward for men is one for women, with its series of individual rooms for such as may be violent. The entire building is otherwise free from evidences of restraint; the windows are not barred, padded cells are not seen, and no clanking chains are heard. It is the justifiable boast of the director that the only coercive measure employed is the leather wristlet that fastens the hands in such a way as to prevent any act of violence. In the one case in which I saw this used the woman pulled down her sleeves so as to practically hide this restriction upon a suicidal mania. No nurse is permitted to strike or bind a patient. In case of any great outburst the nurse must notify the physician of his district, and he alone can authorize the use of force or the application of the wristlet.

The female patients assist in the work of the families with whom they live. Many of them look after the children, and it seems as though the society of the little ones and their simple amusements find an echo in the undeveloped mind of the larger playmate. I watched for some time a man of at least sixty playing hide-and-seek with a group of children; it was evident that he did not regard this as a task; he followed without an effort the meaning of their simple prattle, and their little confidences awakened a responsive chord in his heart and brought

out the better feelings of his nature. It was particularly interesting to observe the attitude of the larger boys towards the insane whom they met. They appear to look upon each other as an overgrown boy with whom they might play, not as one to tease and annoy, or even stare at with anxious concern. But then why should they regard them otherwise? Was not each one as a baby carried about by such an one? And were not many of his wants attended to by one who could but little more than meet her own?

The rules do not allow any family to take more than two patients, and they also prescribe in explicit terms the care which they must receive, even the way in which the rooms must be furnished, the clothing to be worn, the beds

on which they sleep, and the food provided. The physician must visit each patient at least once a month, and the inspectors drop in at irregular intervals, by day or night, while the family is at work or at meals, and every violation of the rules or failure to follow instructions is recorded. This record furnishes in part the basis on which is determined the worthiness of each family to serve as nurse. Since the majority of the households of Gheel are supported by their insane boarders, it is important that the



CHAPEL OF ST. DIMPHNA.

record be good. It is pleasant to say that this is not the only motive for acting humanely. When we recall that for generation after generation the people have been daily exercising patience and showing sympathy, it is easy to see that it is the very nature of these people to be kind and gentle, and in walking through the streets of Gheel peace and good-will toward men shine in the faces of all whom you meet, show themselves in the clean houses on either side, and even in the demure way in which the occasional cart passes along there is evidence of the desire for quiet as well as peace.

Certificates are given to those who show especial kindness to their charges, or who at risk to themselves were able to restrain a violent person without resorting to force, and the diplomas, given out once a year with great ceremony, are objects of pride in the homes of the winners.

One of the questions which frames itself in the minds of all who hear of this unique institution is: "How does this large contingent of feeble-minded affect the native population?" The daily association with the simple from childhood on would surely influence more and more each generation—at least this would seem to be inevitable; but it does not appear to be the case, and in fact the great success which has attended the college at Gheel proves conclusively that the Gheelois are as clever as any of their neighbors. The explanation for this unexpected immunity from mental atrophy is found in the same fact that gives to the form of treatment here employed its great potency—that is, the entire population is apparently oblivious to the presence in their midst of anything abnormal. If this were not the case, it is easy to see how 2,000 insane living in the homes and walking the streets might cast a blighting influence over the mind-world of those who serve them.

The practical reader will by this time ask for results. Taking the last eight years, they can be shown in the following table:

<i>Year.</i>	<i>Admitted.</i>	<i>Cured.</i>	<i>Benefited.</i>	<i>Death-rate per 1000.</i>
1889 . . .	235	40	9	60
1890 . . .	227	55	11	63
1891 . . .	218	52	9	95
1892 . . .	243	46	15	84
1893 . . .	193	45	7	56
1894 . . .	266	42	6	55
1895 . . .	264	45	7	55
1896 . . .	275	30	8	56



THE INFIRMARY.

It will be understood that those who are released as cured or benefited are from the entire colony and not from the number admitted during that year, and the same is true of the death-rate. The decrease in the number of cures in the most recent years is owing to the strenuous efforts the director is making to have the curables kept at home, leaving the time and resources available at Gheel for the less fortunate but more needy.

When a patient has been pronounced cured, heart-breaking on both sides is the parting. He has become endeared to the family of his nurse by the sympathy born of his helplessness, and in turn he loves every member of the household as contributors to his release from the most terrible calamity that can fall to man. Rarely does an instance occur in Gheel of a patient wishing to change his domicile, much less to leave for good its hospitable walls. The affection for the sick one is like that tender love a mother has for an afflicted child or wayward son, and truly touching it is to see a slight woman take up in her arms her epileptic patient and gently carry him to a place of comfort, or when a grandmother walks along the street with her charge holding her by the hand—a patient whose malady

was such that he could not be left alone while she went to the nearest store. The patients invariably in their lucid moments speak with affection of their nurses, and also say that *they* are merely stopping for awhile in Gheel to rest, "for Gheel is such a restful place"; "but," they usually add, "there is a poor creature next to us who imagines he is here on a visit. But alas! he is insane and does not know it."

In other respects Gheel is like the average Belgian town, except perhaps somewhat quieter, for it has no manufactories, the people being engaged in farming or the conduct of the small shops usual in such places. The amusements are in no sense lessened in number nor changed in character because of the presence there of so many simple persons; the two bands give frequent concerts, sometimes with the assistance of one or more of the patients, for unfortunately several once famous musicians are among their number. If a performer refuses at the last moment to play or sing nothing is said, for such exhibitions of whims are by no means rare. In general music is found to have a beneficent influence over the patients and every encouragement is given for its support. The perennial kermesse, on the other hand, with its attendant side-shows, crowds of country folk, and excitement, has a contrary effect; but this institution is so firmly fixed in the land that a village would as willingly give up its curate or charter, or even its carillon, as to forego the autumnal kermesse.

There is one church festival, however, to which the Gheelois look forward throughout the year—the feast of St. Dimphna, on May 15, when every released patient who can possibly afford it makes a pilgrimage to the church of his patron saint, and in 1900, on the thirteen-hundredth anniversary, for whose celebration preparations are now making, thousands from many lands will journey to Gheel, walk again the streets whose stones they once listlessly trod, look upon the houses which in years gone by sheltered them—helpless as children—cross themselves before the grated recess containing a group of carved wood figures which represent the saint's martyrdom, reverently kneel in prayer of thanksgiving in the church dedicated to this patron saint; and as each one earnestly pleads that to others may come the blessing of cure, the pious priest will gladly respond "Ainsi soit-il."

ICH DIEN.

A FRAGMENT OF ROYALTY.

BY ELIZABETH ANGELA HENRY.



MAYHAP you are of the city for generations back and know naught of the homely charm of "milking-time" on the farm—that quiet sunset hour when the cows have come from the pasture and the hired hands gather around the kitchen table for their evening luncheon of bread and milk. It is an hour of gentle peacefulness denied, unless it be in misty retrospect, to the dweller on asphalt streets.

It was milking-time at Squaw Lake farm. At the foot of the lane stood the placid-faced cows patiently waiting the pleasure of the women-folk. The ripening grain was tinged with the reddish glow of the harvest sun dropping behind the old log barn, while overhead a flock of crows, lazily circling to the shadowy woods, cawed a plaintive "good-night" to the world beneath them.

Down the grassy lane went two girls, carrying stools and brightly scoured tin pails. As they walked leisurely along a young man came towards them from the bars leading to the public road.

"O Mr. Bertram! we thought you had gone to the store," exclaimed Bessie Moore, the younger of the girls.

"And so I did. Behold the result," he gaily returned, unrolling at the same time a package of late magazines.

The girls dropped stools and pails to examine the bundle, for such entertaining literature was scarce in the days of the early sixties.

"But, Mr. Bertram," questioned Bessie's companion, her sunny face half-hidden by a flapping sun-bonnet, "surely our poor little country store never risked an order like this without a buyer in view?"

Before she was answered a young man with a rake lying across his shoulder came around the bend of the lane and joined the little group. The last comer was a wholesome specimen of Irish-Canadian manhood, with the breeziness of the fields in his manly bearing and the tint of the flax-blossom in his clear

blue eye. He was Paul Moore, the only son of the house, and in whom centred all the love and hopes of the Moore family. Paul's rugged honesty is the standard by which his sister Bessie measures the moral calibre of the neighboring young men, while to Nora, the girl of the sunny face, Cousin Paul has been the boundary line of her simple life ever since her coming to the farm, sixteen years ago, an orphan without kith or kin. The cousinship is but the natural sequence of the loving terms of "aunt" and "uncle" bestowed upon his parents.

Some couple of hours later the same group of young people were seated upon the broad stoop by the kitchen door. Twilight's delicate dove-tints were veiling the farm, softening the angles in the zigzag rail fences and giving to Nora's face an added tenderness. In the pond down by the orchard the frogs sang their guttural night songs, the barking of a neighbor's dog echoed faintly over the hills, the whip-poor-wills whistled a cooing message as they flew from tree to tree, and as the gray shades deepened into dusk the tiny fire-flies appeared about which Nora told Mr. Bertram a pretty legend: how the early French settlers were accustomed to make a lamp for Our Lady's picture by imprisoning a number of the flies beneath a tumbler, and how the fierce wolves of the forest prowling around the cabins, seeing the sparkling bits of light, were frightened from any nearer approach.

Paul Moore, seated on a bench smoking, knew that this evening was not more free from care than the many that had come and gone during his twenty-five years of unruffled existence. Still he was uneasily conscious of looking his last on his household gods of peace and contentment. And yet, he thought, what could happen? His gray-haired father, laboriously reading the *True Witness* by the evening lamp, had no sign of unrest on his weather-worn face; his mother in the yellow rocker by the window, tirelessly knitting, was solely occupied in watching for nine o'clock, when the Rosary might be said and her day ended. Bessie was lightly lilting the air of a new song heard at the last quilting bee, and Nora—what about Nora? Paul took an unusually long pull at his pipe. He had not told her why he was about to bid upon neighbor Armstrong's hundred acres, but surely she might guess. Besides, he must first know if John Bertram can effect the loan he has promised him, and at bank interest.

John Bertram had come to the farm three months before. Paul was doing the spring ploughing on the Pine Ridge, a cor-

ner of his farm bounded by the town-road, when he first met Mr. Bertram, looking for a few weeks' lodging in the vicinity of Squaw Lake, convalescing, he said, after a long illness and requiring country air. So it came about that John Bertram was made welcome at the Moore farm-house and allowed to use the spare room, where for pastime he set up a laboratory and dabbled in chemistry.

Paul soon became interested in the quiet, well-read stranger. It was pleasant to have a man with whom to discuss the doings of the world so distant from his fields of wheat and clover. There are times when the state of the crops, the weather, and even the company of a charming girl, will not satisfy a man like Paul Moore. He craves, as it were, a keener mind to whet his own against.

The stranger, on his part, enjoyed the long country days, the rowing on Squaw Lake, and the chance talks beneath the big apple-tree with Paul's cousin Nora. He never worked among his chemicals until after nightfall, when he would frequently invite Paul to try his hand at experimenting, and long after the young farmer had retired sounds would reach him from the stranger's room, awakening in him dim longings for a life beyond Squaw Lake.

"Paul, it is nine o'clock."

"All right, mother."

"I believe it would be an easier matter to persuade the Archbishop of Dublin to eat meat on Friday than mother to miss saying the Rosary," remarked Bessie, as she crossed over to the red wooden pump for a drink of water before prayers.

Ever since Michael and Mary Moore's wedding-night had this pious Catholic custom of saying the beads in common been the rigid rule of the house. John Bertram, who had long ago forgotten to claim any creed as his own, was growing accustomed to the familiar sight of the family kneeling about the crucifix standing on a small table, beside it a bottle of holy water, but whether he ever wished to join in the evening prayers is uncertain. His hosts, with the innate courtesy of Celtic instincts, forebore expressing a desire that might be regarded as intrusion.

The lamp-light fell upon the bowed head of Michael Moore as he read the sacred mysteries with a voice full of reverence and strong faith; and as the fresh tones of the young people repeated the "Holy Marys," over the old mother's face passed a look of deep thankfulness that that Queen whom she had

taught her children to honor had, in turn, showered such countless blessings upon them. And with a glance of maternal pride her blue eyes rested a moment upon Paul, her first born, her darling.

"Do not fear; all will be made right, and may God keep you," were Paul's last words, as he resolutely turned from four white faces full of anguish and love.

It was evening of the next day, and over the peaceful farmhouse had swept a wave of black trouble, bending every head beneath it. Paul's presentiment of evil had taken shape an hour before, when two government detectives had appeared and arrested John Bertram as a long-wanted counterfeiter of her Majesty's stamp on paper and mint, and Paul Moore as an accomplice. Then was explained the real use of the laboratory, out of which was to be realized the promised loan for neighbor Armstrong's farm; and when the old father and mother pitifully implored Bertram to save their son, not by a word would the man who had broken their bread and enjoyed their friendship exonerate the young farmer from complicity in his crime! It was the first time he had been associated with an honest man, and he doubtless built on the efforts made for young Moore benefiting himself. Any admission of Paul's innocence implied his own guilt, he selfishly reasoned.

Days of weary watching and waiting followed. Michael Moore's gray head seemed to lower every day as mortgage after mortgage ate its way into the heart of the farm, with small help to Paul. Innocence counts for little against circumstantial evidence, especially in a poorly-feed lawyer's defence.

So Paul, the man whose word was as good as another man's bond, saw the sun rise and set through iron bars made strong for murderers and forgers. He thought his pain had reached its depths when looking on the sufferings of the dear ones at home, but at the turning of the heavy prison key his strong, upright heart seemed clinched by an icy hand that cruelly squeezed out drop by drop the warm blood pulsing with pride and youthful hopes.

A woman is most keenly wounded through her affections, but a man cannot live without the good name his father gave him. Paul thought of his fields; and his cell, roomy though it really was, grew close as an iron cage. He could see his old gray horse "Sib," which had carried him on many a merry prank in his school-boy days, coming through the clover to look for

apples in the pocket that always had one, and with an almost childish longing he wished to feel again the caress of that shaggy face. He crossed to the window to catch a glimpse of the sun that was now setting upon Squaw Lake, but his hot forehead chancing to touch the iron bars, a rush of shame went over him, making him feel as if he were what he was accused of being—a felon.

Paul well knew how desperate was his case. He had but his neighbors' word against the eloquence of a queen's counsel, backed by strong circumstantial evidence. Farther down the stone hall-way was the cell where the real culprit, John Bertram, was confined. At the memory of the callous selfishness which would end perhaps in sending him, innocent, to Kingston Penitentiary, Paul well-nigh forgot his Christian training under the weight of the cruel injustice done to him by the man who had violated a trust that even a savage would have respected. In a few days his case would be called, and should the verdict be against him, Paul knew he must submit. To appeal to a higher court would mean the selling of Squaw Lake farm, and what then would shelter his aged parents, loving little Bessie and Nora?

Dusk had crept unheeded upon the lonely prisoner, who was aroused from his bitter thoughts by a passing guard saying:

"It is nine o'clock."

At home they would be now saying the Rosary, and for him no doubt. Paul dropped upon his knees with a choking moan.

"Surely there is a higher court for such as I. Mary, Mother, have pity on me and mine!"

There by the iron-latticed window knelt the strong young figure, his hands holding the precious rosary and his clear blue eyes, so like his mother's, trustingly turned towards his pious Catholic home, confident in the mighty power of the "Communion of Saints."

It was early in September, and at Squaw Lake the farmers were busily threshing their grain, when Nora and Bessie found themselves in Toronto, where Paul's case was being tried. They were staying at the Red Lion Hotel, opposite the Government House.

The Queen City was in a big commotion. Last evening, the 7th of September, 1860, had come a royal guest to Toronto—Albert Edward, Prince of Wales. His was a triumphal march

from the wild coast of Newfoundland's Island along the shore of the St. Lawrence. Through village, town, and city he passed, carrying all before him by the prestige of his mother's name and his own winning, boyish grace. But it remained for Toronto to give the heartiest of loyal welcomes. It was late when he arrived by the *Kingston*, and the evening shadows were thickly gathering about his slight young form as he was cheered, addressed, and sung to by tireless throats. Yet even in the twilight could be seen the lighting up of the somewhat satiated eyes when five thousand children burst forth in "God save the Queen."

Seated by the window of her hotel, Bessie was listlessly watching the crowds coming and going to the afternoon reception held at the Government House in honor of the Prince, when Nora broke a rather long silence:

"This is the eighth. Only three days more."

And Bessie, knowing her cousin's thoughts, sadly repeated:
"Only three days more."

"Bessie, to-night his Royal Highness attends a ball at Osgode Hall, and—"

"Nora, why can't you talk of Paul, and not of that boy who has all the world to think of him? Oh, my poor brother!" and the quivering face turned from Nora.

"Bessie, you and I must also attend this levee. Hush a moment! We must be there as actors, not spectators, for I must dance with the Prince of Wales. Patience a little longer, dear, and please do not look as if you thought trouble had driven me crazy; for great Heaven, if this fail, Paul will go to prison, and then you may pity me, for my heart will surely be broken!"

But Bessie's warm, caressing arms quickly encircled the drooping figure, while she eagerly entreated Nora to tell her of the wonderful plan for saving Paul.

And then Nora told her that she had already obtained invitation cards through the assistance of the representative of their district in the Provincial House, who did not forget that when stumping the country Michael Moore's door was always open. But she did not add that her own bright eyes, exercised on a committee-man having more heart than head, were of considerable help in the matter. She would be one of the merry throng, while a costumer's rich brocade and white wig would transform little Bessie into a stately chaperon.

At nine o'clock that same evening, among the line of car-

riages that whirled up to Osgode Hall was one containing "Mrs. Moore and Miss Mona Moore."

Along the beautiful corridors of Caen stone swept Canada's wealth and fashion, put forth with its mightiest efforts. First came the reading of the address of welcome in the main atrium by her eminent Scotch lawyer, after which the guests ascended the broad marble staircase to one of the finest law libraries in America. The galleries were filled to overflowing, and the attention of every one was intently fixed upon a dais where sat a boy of nineteen, surrounded by gray-haired judges of the bench, humbly soliciting him to become a member of their law society.

A while later and dancing had begun, and as the young Prince moved in admirable time to the witching strains of Poppinberg's band it often chanced his eyes met Nora's.

Who would have imagined that the country girl's guileless gaze would accomplish more than a well-trained society manœuvre and so compel royal eyes to rest with pleasure upon her sunny face above a gown of simple white mull? In her hand was his emblem, a fan of three white plumes, tipped with gold. Perhaps it was but the natural gravitation of youth to youth.

Nora was apparently lightly chatting with her white-haired chaperon, when by the surging of the crowd in her direction she knew her chance had come. Another moment, and the heir apparent to a kingdom on whose dominions the sun never sets was proffering his request with as modest a grace as did ever the young men claim her hand at the harvest dances in the barn at Squaw Lake farm. As Nora turned to accept the royal arm she flashed a glance at Bessie that made that loving but timorous little companion pray as she had never prayed before.

Was it the sly young Royalty's doings that half his suite was also on the floor, thereby encouraging others and diverting attention from himself? The guests, looking on with envious amazement, did not wonder at the girl's flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes, in face of the honor paid her, a nobody, by one who, as a boy, was "father to the first gentleman in Europe."

But Nora, with the memory of Paul's dear face as she last saw it, saw only in the Prince one who could help her to win the prize of her life. Under cover of the dreamy music, the flashing of passing jewels, the ripples of low laughter, as the guests glided around the ball-room floor, she told her story to

her boyish partner, whose face was turned devotedly to her's, praying him to interpose his royal favor in her cousin's behalf.

The dance was ended, and when the Prince had led her back to little Bessie, whose part in the plot of the evening Nora had also told him, he murmured, bending low with as reverential a homage as ever afterward he rendered to the lovely Princess of Denmark:

"There are three of Her Majesty's Canadian subjects whom I shall never forget."

On Wednesday, the 12th of September, 1860, Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, stood on the rear of the royal car which was to convey him east to the United States. Thousands crowded the amphitheatre to catch a last glimpse of their future king. Close to the car stood a group of three: a young man between two girls. The Prince saw them, saw the grateful tears in the bonny eyes of Nora, saw Bessie's color come and go as she looked at him and then at her brother, and bared his young head with a smile so pleased and satisfied that an old woman called out:

"God bless your Highness, and bring you safe home to your mother!"



MARY'S BIRTHDAY.

BY MARY F. NIXON.



ENEATH Judean skies of heavenly blue
Upon this day a maiden undefiled
Was born of royal David's kingly line;
Ah, Mother Mary! sweet and pure and mild,
How must the very morning sun which saw thy birth
Have gleamed a thousand joyous beams upon the earth!

THE FUTURE OF THE TOTAL-ABSTINENCE
MOVEMENT.

THE holding of the Annual Temperance Convention in Boston affords the opportunity of making some comment on the Total-Abstinence movement, as it is a potential factor in the life of the American Catholic.

The report made at the convention claims an organized membership of seventy-seven thousand pledged total abstainers, and it adds, by way of commentary on this display of figures, that there is no other Catholic fraternal organization in the country whose membership is as large. A review of the reports of previous years shows that this growth has been attained by no methods of galvanic shocks whereby a false life has been imparted to a dying or dead organism, but there has been a healthy and normal growth from small beginnings through larger showings until the pretentious figures of to-day become statements of notable facts. In 1881 the delegates assembled in Boston College and represented a membership of 31,890. In 1888, seven years later, they occupied Tremont Temple and represented a membership of 53,755, while after a decade of years, in 1898, the membership has climbed to 77,223, and the organization is in the van of Catholic fraternal societies.

But, it may be asked, is this comparative membership a measure of the advance of temperance sentiment among Catholics, or if so, has it reached a point at which, its vigor having been expended, there is before it the period of decadence? There comes to all organizations, unless it be the divinely constituted Church of God, created to live all days even unto the consummation of all things, a time when from internal or external causes disintegration sets in. Especially is this the case with reform movements which have been called into existence by evils that are local and temporary. The Catholic Church has shown itself quite capable, by its approved methods of prayer and life-imparting sacraments, of coping with moral evil in any particular age, and we believe that the normal method of fighting vice is through the divinely given agencies in the church. To select one particular vice and make it the object of special antagonism by ways and means other than the ordinary remedial measures contained in the church's pharma-

copœia can only be justified by an abnormal prevalence of the vice to be antagonized, and consequently these remedial measures are to be utilized only as long as that vice exists in a condition of prevalence.

There has been no time in the previous history of the church when the condition of human affairs has demanded the existence of a special temperance crusade as we have seen it exist during the last half of the nineteenth century. While drunkenness has been a vice to be deplored on account of its blighting influences on body and soul, as well as its disastrous effects in other points of view, in every age, yet it has been given to our race and generation to see it raise its destructive hand over innumerable homes and hearts that have been laid waste by its baneful influence. Why this is so it is not ours to discuss here. We have a certain theory that the fierce strivings of mercantile competition which are the outcome of the spirit which makes this world the be-all and end-all of life, together with a strife for pre-eminence in other departments of human activity, has generated a debased state of nervous energy which has demanded the goad of alcohol in order to keep up in the race. That so-much-lauded "brilliant and restless activity of modern life" which has placed the English-speaking races in the lead of modern civilization has had as one of its waste products the vice of intemperance. A more contented and placid existence, which looks to the next world for complete satisfaction, which prefers to permit the shadow of this world to pass away, which never results in heaping up great fortunes or in creating wonderful industrial prosperity, which scarcely knows what strained vitality and over-wrought nerves are—this placid, contented existence of Catholic countries is evidently repressive of intemperance. Its festas are periods of innocent rejoicings, not debauches. Its drinking customs are but to satisfy the legitimate demands of nature, not to pander to the insatiate cravings of a diseased appetite. These are our theories; but whether they be true or not, the fact remains that in Catholic countries intemperance is scarcely known, and only among races that have lost the true faith, and only since they have lost the true faith, has drunkenness become an alarming evil.

We are considering just now not a theory but an actual condition of affairs. The fact remains in America, there has been such a prevalence of drunkenness as to warrant the use of extraordinary means to suppress the vice, and in our opinion, notwithstanding the efforts made by extra-church agencies, there will always be such a prevalence of the vice as will necessitate

the use of every energy that can be brought to bear, to encompass it.

The conditions of American life are favorable to the spread of the vice of drunkenness. The "pace that kills" has been set for the eager worker. One dreads being left behind. If vitality is insufficient, the only resource is to increase the pressure, even if it does jar and rack the machine. If the nerves give way, stiffen them up by increased potations of alcohol. Little wonder the percentages of the insane are growing day by day. Moreover, there is an all-powerful and far-reaching American institution which has for its main purpose the developing of the taste for alcohol. It is the saloon. By methods peculiar to the trade, with a shrewd business sagacity, through the dispensation of political favors and in other ways, the saloon deliberately cultivates the drink habit and thus generates a craving for alcohol. After this craving has been once created, by readily satisfying it it is so fostered that it easily becomes a passion. Millions of capital are directly invested in this business, and where there is so much behind a definite agency one may readily see that its purposes are sure to be more or less attained. Given, then, a widely extended and fully developed craving for drink, given the conditions of life which serve to increase it, given the easy means of satisfying it, and one may always expect results in the widespread evil of Intemperance. Be it remembered, also, that the above conditions are rooted in American life, and not easily to be eradicated except by a universal upheaval of all things.

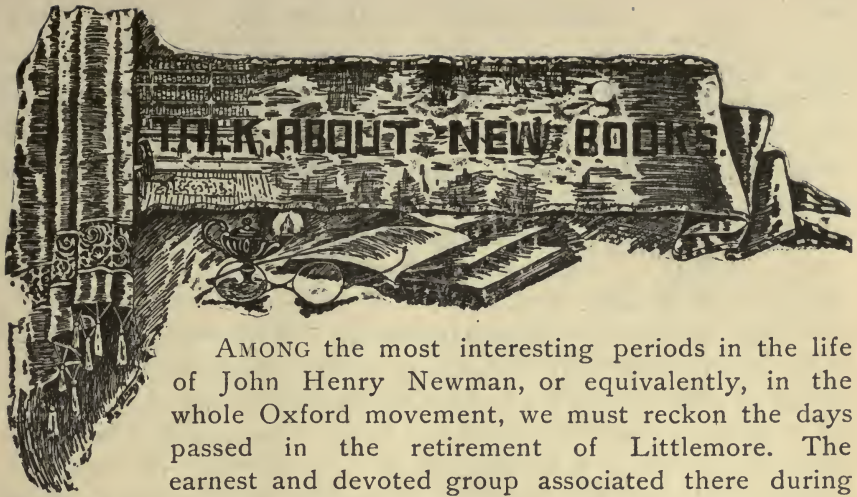
While there is abundant evidence that the opposition to the drink evil is increasing day by day, still in view of the afore-said facts one may readily believe that drunkenness has come to stay. The continued existence of its causes becomes a sufficient reason. The immigrant races, who never knew what intemperance was in their own land, are hardly acclimatized before they too are infected by the vice. The refining influences of culture do something to repress the vice, but it is only "something." Among the cultured classes the vice exists all the same, it only loses the element of brutality and bestiality and takes on the complexion of a refined "weakness." Even if we can say that with the elevation in the social scale there is less intemperance than there was a generation ago, there are other races not so elevated, and yet related to us by ties of religion if not of blood, who have need of the same methods of reform that have uplifted us. A perennial supply of material to be reformed will give a perpetual energy to the Temperance movement in the United States. It is the continued ex-

istence of the vice which imparts virility to the movements of reform directed towards its extirpation. We are quite prepared, then, to believe that the membership of eighty thousand is only the beginning of the army that will be arrayed against the drink evil.

While this army increases in numbers there is little doubt that it will increase in influence. The presidency of the national organization is now lodged in the hierarchy, giving it both prestige and influence as a religious work. It has secured such ecclesiastical approbations that the flippant scoffer is silenced. To seriously attack the basic principles of the movement is to place one's self in opposition to approved teaching of ascetic theologians. While the common opinion of the Catholic body commends activity on the lines laid down, it applauds the results secured. The recent convention shows that wise and prudent leaders are in the saddle and are able to guide the organization through the shoals which lie in its pathway.

The practice of Total Abstinence in high places is no longer a singular occurrence, but is becoming matter of common and every-day notoriety. These and many other facts point to a strong leavening influence which is not to be indicated by mere increase in membership, but which can only be measured by contrasting social customs through a long period of years. What perchance was the most significant event of the Boston gathering was the clearly-worded address presented to the convention and signed by the most influential of the clergy of the city. One who knows the springs of activity in the circles of church work in Boston will realize that so pronounced a profession of belief in and loyalty to the principles of Total Abstinence, as well as of antagonism to the degrading saloon, means in the early future a good deal of practical work done by the younger clergy on the lines indicated by the professions of their seniors. One cannot but comment on the fact that the practice of personal total abstinence is well-nigh a very common thing among the younger clergy in Boston as well as elsewhere; in Boston, undoubtedly, through the influence of their venerable archbishop, and elsewhere by a like example given by the watchmen on the towers of Israel.

The impetus given at the recent conventions to the organization of juveniles into societies, as well as the prospective teaching of Total Abstinence principles among the young in the parochial schools, are significant of what the movement will grow to if wisely guided and energetically pushed. It is our belief, then, with what has been done in the Total Abstinence movement, there are still further successes to be achieved.



AMONG the most interesting periods in the life of John Henry Newman, or equivalently, in the whole Oxford movement, we must reckon the days passed in the retirement of Littlemore. The earnest and devoted group associated there during the long months of struggle and doubt present a rare and inspiring picture of unselfish zeal. Any detail of their life, anything connected with their struggles, will always possess an interest for the many to whom the Oxford movement, its personnel, and its inner detail are matters of affectionate regard.

Surely not least is their undertaking a series of Lives of English Saints under the editorship of their guiding star. The experiment was a bold and novel one. Of hagiography England knew nothing; the very method of this new work seemed to promise opposition and contradiction, for Catholic lives were to be written and Catholic in tone they must needs be made.

The biographers, for the most part, were men of distinction among the Tractarians, and equally prominent in their subsequent career as Catholics, and not the least interesting aspect of the attempt was the ferment of religious feeling that close acquaintance with Catholic asceticism was nourishing in the writers' bosoms—just as familiarity with Catholic doctrine had already caused disturbance in their intellectual convictions.

The purpose and character of that series our readers are acquainted with; certainly not without delight do they witness the issuing of a new edition at the present moment. *The Life of St. Stephen Harding* is the one of that series just now before us.*

Perhaps you barely can recall who Stephen Harding was. He was one of the answers to those libels you meet with every day—those villanous calumnies about the wickedness and ignorance of the church of the middle ages. Have you

* *Life of St. Stephen Harding, Abbot of Cîteaux and Founder of the Cistercian Order.* By J. B. Dalgairns. Edited by John Henry Newman. New edition, with Notes by Herbert Thurston, S.J. London: Art and Book Company; New York: Benziger Brothers.

read *The Dark Ages*, by the non-Catholic Maitland? Well, the life of Stephen Harding will carry you through a long gallery of pictures that might have been picked from the leaves of that book—sketches of piety, industry, unselfishness, and devoted zeal that would put even some of our contemporaries to the blush. If you become familiar with the book, you will have ready answers on many a topic frequented by the cheap slanderer of Catholicity.

There we are, back again in the days of Hildebrand and William the Conqueror and the Truce of God, following the fervent group as they file out from their comfortable abbey at Molesmes to build up a new monastery at Citeaux, where, under the name of Cistercians, they can carry out the Benedictine rule in all its startling severity. With infinite labor and patience the author, in his fervent admiration of his subject, has consulted annals and chronicles and ancient biographies, cherishing for us each little detail that may bring nearer to us the great souls portrayed.

The present edition corrects numerous errors in scholarship which the original author—no trained historian—had permitted to creep in despite, no doubt, sedulous and constant care. The biography itself, though, is by no means in what is called popular style, and would interest nobody incapable of reading an historical essay. The style and composition are nothing like what we know Father Dalgairns can do—witness his happy and immortal volume on *The Holy Communion*, a book that most of us cannot even speak of without experiencing a thrill of joy and gratitude for its existence. But, of course—need we say it?—this Life is among the sensible, reasonable, helpful biographies of saints, is full of absorbing interest for the intelligent reader, and replete with information on topics of intensest usefulness. If you love to go back a half-dozen centuries and become acquainted with the great ones of the time, feeling and seeing their Catholicity, learning just how they went through the detail of religious life, gradually coming to discern their garments, features, customs—if you love to do all this, the reading of Father Dalgairns' book will assist you to it.

It has come to be a commonplace now, that a successful hagiographer must be well endowed with common sense. Mere piety, fervor, credulity, accurate collecting of details and grouping of facts, need to be supplemented by a generous supply of large-hearted human sympathy.

The lingering imperfections of the saints, says some one—we think Newman—make them all the dearer to us. The author who will help his readers must begin by realizing his subject less in the light of an incarnated perfection than as a sinful creature struggling by God's grace to cultivate and develop those glorious powers and capacities bestowed by a bountiful Creator.

If any, surely Augustine lends himself to such portrayal as will incite to emulation. Godless, reckless, vicious, he not only felt but actually succumbed to the violence of the temptations that surged about him, as about us. Up from the wreck of his faith and his purity he rose, by God's good grace and his own faithful co-operation, into the crowning glory of his day—to be for ever more among the brightest of the galaxy in the spiritual and intellectual universe. So to him has many a doubter and many a tempted one been drawn, no doubt to learn, from study of his living, lessons that will save from sin and shame.

More than once, and in various ways, his biography has been attempted. There lies before us now a translation of M. Hatzfeld's recent French publication.* It is neither heavy nor voluminous, the writer's aim being merely to introduce us to closer acquaintance with one whose multitudinous writings can scarcely be a means for impressing his personality on the general reader. But with the *Confessions*—inspired and inspiring book—we should all be familiar, and the present work forms such an interesting and instructive comment on the classic, that it will no doubt induce many to peruse that immortal autobiography.

A second section of the book gives us in two parts a sort of general sketch of the theological and philosophical teaching of the founder of scientific theology in the West. Those who are unfamiliar with the great doctor's characteristics, his marvellous learning, profound insight, piercing logic, and incredible versatility, will do well to gain from M. Hatzfeld an idea of why all succeeding ages have looked back to that illustrious convert as a standing wonder in the world of intellect. The volume is brief and easily read, and those of a speculative turn, or attracted by philosophic discussion, if they peruse this book, will probably conclude their few hours of labor to be well rewarded.

* *Saint Augustine*. By A. Hatzfeld. Translated by E. Holt, with a preface and notes by Rev. George Tyrrell, S.J. London: Duckworth & Co.; New York: Benziger Brothers.

It is a good indication of how universal the custom of congregational singing has become when there is a constant demand for new hymn-books. There are no churches that pretend to any vigorous life that have not in some way or other, if not as a constant custom at least at recurrent devotional seasons, introduced the practice of having all the people sing. It was strange some years ago, when congregational singing was only talked about, how the purpose of the movement was misunderstood. By some it was thought to have as its object to supplant the gallery choir and have all the singing done in the pews. If there were any at that time, we are sure there is none now among the most ardent advocates of the practice who has any design of abolishing the regularly constituted choir. The extent of the scheme is just to give the devout people who long for it an opportunity to voice the religious sentiments of their heart. Hence in extra-rubrical services, particularly, is the opportunity found for all the people to sing. A book so complete and so carefully edited as *The Parochial Hymn-Book** must certainly be a desideratum in making useful as well as popular so laudable a custom as congregational singing.

The argument that has the greatest weight with most religious people who are tossed here and there by every wind of doctrine is, To whom shall I go? Where is the voice that can speak to my soul with more than human authority? In a recent brochure† Father Edmund Hill, C.P., has in a very taking way that is all his own lifted the veil of his life's history and given the public some account of the reasons that made him, when a young man of twenty-three studying at the University of Cambridge, England, throw aside "a smiling future" and go over to Rome. The telling of his story in so attractive a way will undoubtedly give this booklet a considerable value as a missionary agency. Father Hill's experience will find its counterpart among the multitudes of young men and young women of the day. If this little book could be placed in their hands, it might be a guide to many through the dark and devious ways of doubt into a haven of rest. If some public-spirited Catholic, realizing the value of a book like this, would

* *The Parochial Hymn-Book*. Complete edition. Containing Exercises for all the Faithful and for the different Confraternities; the Ordinary of the Mass; complete Vespers and Compline; the Liturgical Hymns for the Year. Also more than Three Hundred Beautiful Hymns, a Mass for Children, etc. Edited by Rev. A. Police, S.M. House of the Angel Guardian, 85 Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

† *The Voice of the Good Shepherd: Does it Live, and Where?* By Rev. Edmund Hill, C.P. Catholic Book Exchange, 120 West 60th Street, New York.

take it into his heart to place copies of it in the hands of all the collegiate students of the country, what a wonderful harvest might be expected in conversions. The book is gotten out at a low price, evidently with a missionary end in view. It probably could be printed in large quantities for a cent, or at most two cents, apiece. Five hundred dollars invested in this way would give a copy to every student in the country. Yet frequently twice that amount is given for purposes which can only gratify vanity or contribute to personal pleasure. We bespeak for this valuable booklet a useful missionary career.

*Cyril Westward** is a controversial work intended to illustrate the reasoning which led the author—a sometime Anglican vicar—to make his submission to the Catholic Church. The argumentation is strung together on the thread of a quasi-novel similar in kind to Newman's *Loss and Gain*. Viewed as a story, the book does not call for, nor was it designed to pretend to, any serious consideration. From beginning to end it is polemical, and only according to the measure of its success in giving cogency, clearness, keenness, and point to the church's defence and attack in the face of English churchism ought it to be judged and appreciated. Still, even in its former aspect, it is hardly possible not to notice that the action would gain in verisimilitude and be less likely to repel an unfriendly reader if certain characters—Ritualists like Mr. Gandful and even a Calvinistic Broad-Churchman like Mr. Broadwag—were less vehement in their standing up for the Catholic and Roman side of the question, and more solicitous not precipitately to cut the ground from under their own feet in the presence of those who could not fail to notice and to take advantage of their temerity. Furthermore there are one or two little intrusions of the public debate sort which, few though they undoubtedly are, take away decidedly from dignity of treatment. For example, in speaking of a joke passed among a group of Anglican ministers at the expense of the organist of one of them, the author lets slip the following: "Whereupon there was a laugh and a general agreement that organists were a difficult race to manage. The said organists doubtless held a like opinion of the clergy, and especially of their wives."

As an apology and polemic the work is a good one. Indeed, accidental considerations aside, we confess to thinking

* *Cyril Westward: A Story of a Grave Decision.* By Henry Patrick Russell. London: Art and Book Co.; New York: Benziger Bros.

that scarcely any book of this nature, no matter how familiar the ground it covers, can well be deemed superfluous or other than interesting and beneficial. For, what soul that has ever toiled up the steep ascent that leads from fragments to the integrity of truth but exhibits in its stubborn fidelity to its guiding "Kindly Light," and in its vicissitudes of hope and fear and doubt and joy, a picture that moves both to gratitude the hearts of those already on the summit, and to encouragement and intelligent effort those still struggling on the way? Not that formally and of intent the work before us depicts any intense suffering of soul, such as it is the lot of many to whom faith comes late to undergo, for, once more, it is a controversial treatise; but, notwithstanding, there is the equivalent of pathos, even under the frequent appearance of the ridiculous hedging and twisting to which the Anglican contention has accustomed us, in the wild groping of earnest souls for a support which they know exists, and which, if they but opened wide their eyes, they could not possibly avoid seeing. Such soul-history is of too deep a human and spiritual interest ever to grow old.

So far as the author's argument is concerned, he gives us in his own presentation much of what is best in Newman and Rivington, and animadverts not unsuccessfully upon such strong Anglican authorities as Gore, Bright, Pusey, and Puller. What he aims principally at bringing out is that a visible, teaching, infallible church is a past, present, and future necessity, if the promises of our Lord are not to be barren of fulfilment, and that the Church of England is hopelessly at sea in its appeal to antiquity and categorically condemned by the historic churches of the *orbis terrarum*. Obviously the reasoning is not elaborated or exhaustive, but chiefly such as a skilful paragraph, a fair and square answer, a keen retort, or a well-levelled question is capable of conveying. This much is done uniformly well, at times cleverly, and nearly always with suggestiveness. To sum up, the book has a great interest inherent in its subject-matter, it gives a fair acquaintance with most of the leading questions of the Anglican controversy, and is popular and sketchy without being extravagant or shallow.

In this little book* the history of an ivory tooth venerated by the Singalese at Kandy is interestingly told. The tooth, which was a fraud from the very beginning, was captured by

* *Buddha's Tooth at Kandy*. Printed by L. Doneda, Codialbail Press, Mangalore.

the Portuguese and by them reduced to a powder in the presence of a great multitude, but it still lives at Kandy and is yet worshipped as the real tooth of the holy prophet. The book should be of profit to those who will not yet admit the absurdity and deceit of the Buddhist religion.

American statute legislation on matters ecclesiastical is a proper subject for careful study, and rapidly gaining in prominence and importance as the rapid development of the law continues year by year. It is clear enough to the lawyer that we are in the current of a movement toward more definite and precise legal establishment of the churches.

Such law, as a rule, is not within easy reach of the average American, and still acquaintance with its details is becoming daily a matter of more and more necessity. In different States, too, there exists such diversity that for some time past need has been felt of some such publication as that now presented to the public by Mr. Bayles.* In order to set forth this body of law as it develops the plan of publishing a series of State digests has been adopted, and we have now before us the volume dealing with Civil Church Law in New York State. It presents in handy compass the constitutional guaranties of religious liberty, the general provisions for the incorporation of religious organizations and regulation thereof, the powers and duties of church trustees before the law, and a summary of the special provisions for the various denominations. The book will be welcomed by a great many among the clergy, church officers, trustees, and attorneys, who at one time or another have to concern themselves with questions affecting the legal standing of religious bodies.

These little works † are in the style and appearance of Catholic Truth Society publications, and are exceedingly well done. In crisp, acute argument and cleverly-pointed dialogue they sketch such subjects as Private Interpretation, Bad Catholics, Talks with Nonconformists, Extreme Unction, and others of a like nature, and end with an Anthology to Mary from non-Catholic sources. This popularizing of Catholic controversy and theology is God's own work—perhaps in our day his chief work—and every well-managed attempt to carry it on should meet

* *New York Civil Church Law*. Edited by George James Bayles, Ph.D., Lecturer on the civil aspects of ecclesiastical organization, Columbia University. New York: James Pott & Co.

† *St. Andrew's Pamphlets*. By the Rev. G. Bampfield. Two vols. Barnet: St. Andrew's Press.

with enthusiastic encouragement and support. Both for this reason and for the further one that Father Bampfield's collection is exceptionally fine, we commend it to Catholic readers with the earnest petition that they first master it themselves and then put it in the way of some of those thousands of honest souls who are only waiting until the veil of misunderstanding be removed from before the face of the ancient church to rush forward to her maternal embrace.

I.—LIGHT AND PEACE.*

Good spiritual books in English are scarcely numerous enough to be called common, and those of which we have the largest majority, perhaps, are translations from the French, Italian, and Latin languages. In Italian above all, the language par excellence of spiritual writers, so much has been written that some one has declared it worth while to learn Italian merely for the sake of becoming conversant with its abundant spiritual literature. We must recognize, however, the vast difference of value existing among these numerous non-English books, not a few of them strange and distasteful to us Westerns, because alien in conception, tone, and execution. So it actually happens that first-class books of spirituality adapted for our use are no great drug in the market.

Let us on that account be all the quicker in drawing attention to one that has just been published. It is the new translation of a venerable work written two hundred years ago by Padre Quadrupani, the Barnabite. Thirty-two editions of the original Italian and twenty editions of the French translation attest to the esteem it has gained at different times and among various peoples. A translation presented to the English reading public many years ago is now out of print and has become practically unknown, so that we have to welcome the volume brought forth this current year as practically a new one.

And now as to its character. The book is superb. Free from exaggerated piety and shallow sentimentalism, lofty and aspiring in tone, broad, sensible, clear—in a word, breathing the spirit of St. Francis de Sales—*Light and Peace* is a book certain to bring increase of divine knowledge and divine love to those who nourish themselves with its savory maxims. Disciple of the great master of spirituality just mentioned, how could the author be other than he is?—inspired by that breadth of mind, that liberty of soul, that kind and gentle sympathy with human

* *Light and Peace*. By R. P. Quadrupani. Translated from the French, with an introduction by the Most Rev. P. J. Ryan, D.D. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder.



Ah well! A final port, an evening's rest
Before the long, long voyage—'tis fitting so.
No more great ships that to the earth's ends go,
But thoughts of one white sail—ah! that is best!

—*"The Old Shipmaster."* (See page 249.)

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ALL SOULS' DAY.

BY FRANCIS W. GREY.



GRANT them rest, for they are weary
Waiting for Thy promised light;
Grant them rest, O Lord, for dreary
Is their banishment in night:
Loving Saviour! Jesu blest!
Grant Thy faithful peace and rest.
Grant them peace, for they have striven
Long for Thee; for Thee have borne
Many a cross which Thou hast given,
Many a piercing crown of thorn:
Jesu! bid their sufferings cease;
Jesu! grant them light and peace.
Grant them light, that they, attaining,
Lord, at last, Thy dwelling-place,
With Thy Saints for ever reigning,
May behold Thy Blessed Face:
Jesu! call them out of night;
Jesu! bring them to Thy light.
Grant them rest where never sorrow
Enters more, nor pain, nor foe;
Grant them light that neither morrow
Night nor yesterday shall know;
Joy that ever shall increase,
Light perpetual, rest and peace.

THE INDIANS AS THEY ARE.

BY CHARLES CARSON.



THE Commissioner of Indian Affairs has just issued his Report for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1898.

It is not presumed that there has been any special premeditation in arranging a timely coincidence between the issuing of this report and the renewed breaking out of hostilities between the whites and the Indians in the Northwest. Anyhow, the latter fact will serve to call special attention to the report.

The policy of our government towards the Indians has been one of greed, outrage, and dishonor. As a race the Indian has been systematically robbed and degraded, until now he is a worm under the heel of the Anglo-Saxon. Little wonder that now and then he turns in his writhings. The government will send its troops to Bear Lake, the Indian will be defeated, and in the name of civilization he will be compelled to submit. So history will go on repeating itself.

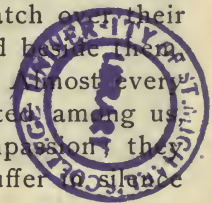
The report in hand deals particularly with the Educational Question. It proclaims that if you educate the Indian you solve his future status. Educate him without the religious principle or the moral atmosphere, and you will make of him a cultured criminal. You will put in his hand a double-edged sword to renew his massacres with more refined ability.

It is admitted on all hands that the mission school, under the supervision of the Religious Sisters, had achieved a considerable share of success both in educating and civilizing the Indian; but our government, by a policy that was born of jealousy and dictated by a spirit of antagonism to the prosperity of the Catholic religious school, destroyed the system that succeeded so well and replaced it by the present secular school without any religious training.

There is always a feeling of pity for the oppressed, especially with us Americans. We who live in this free country truly appreciate our liberty and, next to home, there is nothing more dear to our hearts, and nothing more carefully guarded, than that precious boon purchased by our forefathers at such a terrible price. It is this spirit of liberty that enlists

our sympathy with every struggling people, and that induced our country to be the first to recognize and encourage the efforts of Cuba to free herself from the oppressive yoke of Spain. But as we can easily see the faults of others and remain blind to our own failings, so too we can see the errors of other governments and sympathize with their oppressed subjects, while at the same time there may be a greater cause for censure at home; and that is exactly the state of affairs to-day. While we justly challenge Spain for the barbarous and inhuman treatment of the Cubans, we ourselves are committing the same crime against the American Indians, and even more cruel, relentless, and complete. All those broad lands that constitute our country, those millions of acres stretching from ocean to ocean, were bought with the life-blood of the red men.

Whether the white man had a moral right to this country is a question we will not discuss at present, but the manner in which they obtained possession of it was certainly wrong. True, the Indians are a wild and uncivilized people, but they had a natural right to the land they inhabited; even if the Indians held this country only by right of conquest, as some affirm, that fact would not justify the treatment they have received. Had the white man obtained possession of it by the same means it would have been far more honorable, but they cheated the Indians out of their land by fraud and treachery. They made treaties with the Indians leading them to expect pay for their lands, but of all those treaties scarcely one has been kept by the white men. Reservations are allotted the Indians under solemn promise that they will never be disturbed, but just as soon as the covetous eyes of the white man find that the land they have is desirable some excuse is found for driving the Indians from it and forcing them to take up abodes elsewhere. Although the Indians are of a roving disposition, they are more attached to their old homes than is generally believed. The forced emigration and exile from their ancestral abodes is one of the few things that will long prey upon an Indian's mind. "Here I have lived," said an old chief of the Chippewas; "here my fathers are buried; I watch over their graves. When I am dead I wish to be buried beside them, and my children must take care of my grave." Almost every year the banishment of the Acadians is re-enacted among us, yet the misfortunes of the Indians elicit no compassion; they have no Longfellow to sing their sorrows; they suffer in silence and without sympathy.



Few know the true situation of the Indians. Poor and despised, they live with no prospect of success in war, no possibility of providing a living for themselves, no adequate support from the government; for them the future is dark indeed. We have something to live for, some bright hope for the future cheers us, but with them there is none. Even God seems to have forsaken them, and they must fight their battles alone; they thoroughly appreciate the hopelessness of their situation, and accept it with a fortitude and resignation that ought to elicit applause instead of contempt. Deceived and driven from their homes by the white man, they have passed away till of that once powerful race there is left but a miserable remnant, and those few unfortunate stragglers only wait for death to free them from a bondage that weighs upon them far heavier than did the yoke of Spain on the Cubans or that of George III. upon our forefathers. It is merely a question of time when, like the Sun-worshippers and the Mound-builders, the Indians will be of the past, and mothers will tell their little ones of the great nation that once dwelt in their land, but has long since gone; wiped out by the ambition of the white man; sacrificed, victim to the cruelty and greed of an "enlightened" race. How we extol to the skies the name of any white man



THE FORCED EMIGRATION FROM THEIR ANCESTRAL ABODES IS ONE OF THE FEW THINGS THAT WILL LONG PREY UPON THE INDIAN'S MIND."



“IT IS MERELY A QUESTION OF TIME WHEN, LIKE THE SUN-WORSHIPPERS AND THE MOUND-BUILDERS, THE INDIANS WILL BE OF THE PAST.”

who dies fighting for his country and liberty! Yet how many Indians have sacrificed their lives at the same sacred shrine of whom we hear nothing! Deeds for which a white man would be immortalized are passed over with indifference: “It was only an Indian!” Only an Indian; but we should remember that the Indians may have been actuated by feelings of noblest patriotism, that there were heroes among them as great as those that grace the pages of our own history, whose hearts sorrowed for their nation’s misfortunes and bled for their suffering countrymen. When it is, alas! too late the American people will awaken to the fact that the Indians have suffered wrong at their hands. When they realize the full extent of their error, and how great has been the distress caused by it to the Indians; when the true history of this unfortunate people is known, it will confound those who love their country and cause them to turn away in shame and confusion. The account of our treatment of the Indians will be a sad passage for the historian of our nation, a passage that Justice will blush to see. The Indians are fully aware of the power that was once theirs and the respect they then commanded; they keenly feel the contempt of the white man and their own degradation; nor have they forgotten whose was the fault, whose was the treachery that wrought the ruin of their nation.

From the time the white man first set foot on American

soil the trials of the Indians began, and they will not end till that better land is reached where God at last will render the oppressed the justice denied them at the hand of the white man.

The Indians whom early settlers found in this country were not the Indians we see to-day. They were not then the beggarly, down-trodden race they now are; they were a mighty and powerful people, the noblest of all uncivilized races. The missionaries found them willing and even eager to embrace Christianity; the greatest obstacle they had to contend with was the scandal given by the criminal lives of their European countrymen. One unscrupulous, scheming white man would



"ALMOST EVERY YEAR THE BANISHMENT OF THE ACADIANS IS RE-ENACTED IN OUR MIST."

sow more evil in a day than a missionary could root out in a year. The Indians could not understand how it was that the white man would commit the same crimes the good missionaries told them they must avoid, and as a result they began to look upon all white men with suspicion; and can we blame them if they sometimes lost faith even in the missionaries? How often has the white man pledged his word with the Indians only to break it at the first opportunity? An Indian can forget almost anything—a lie, never. There is nothing an Indian despises so much as a liar. Can we, then, blame him for his distrust or his rage when he discovers he has been led to believe a lie? The

Indians have always treated the white man kindly, so long as they have been justly dealt with. In almost every instance white men have provoked the Indians to hostilities and called down upon themselves a just and terrible retribution for their unprincipled dealings. Not only was their action a crime against the Indians but against their own countrymen as well, for it was their perfidy and broken faith that occasioned those terrible massacres, caused the Indians to be remembered with dread, and established such enmity between them and the white man.

From the very beginning the Indians were taught to look upon the white man as seeking their destruction and the possession



"BUT THEY HAVE NO LONGFELLOW TO SING THEIR SORROWS."

of their lands. Our much-vaunted policy of civilization of the Indians has been in effect, if not in design, one of extermination.

The government may have had the welfare of the Indians at heart, but the policy it pursued is one that would make us believe quite the opposite. It is not the motive but the fact that we consider. Had the government found some good policy and followed it, some beneficial results might have been derived; but, like an unskilful physician, it has experimented first on one theory, then on another, while the patient sank lower and lower, and chances for life decreased



"THEY KEENLY FEEL THE CONTEMPT OF THE WHITE MAN AND THEIR OWN DEGRADATION."



REV. A. MATTINGLY, O.S.B.

with each dose of "policy." All hope is now practically past; it is but a question of time, yet the experimenting goes on. But the government, as such, cannot be held directly responsible for all the mismanagement of Indian affairs; only too often has it been used as a shield for the covetous designs of schemers, men who held justice and the rights of the Indians of little value when their own private interests were involved, and who, when the exasperated Indians threatened to wreak just vengeance upon their tormentors, retreated behind the protection of the government. Too often have the Indian officials been

appointed through party motives, and not out of regard for the welfare of the Indians. If there had been more Indian officials with some other object in view beside their pay-rolls, working solely for the welfare of the Indians, there would be less cause for complaint; but as a general rule the Indian agents have been men of little character, who were there merely for the money there was in it. True there are some who have conscientiously discharged their duty, and they demonstrate what good can be done, what gratifying results may be accomplished, by officials who are led by motives of honesty and fidelity.

If the officials in charge of the temporal affairs of the Indians would confine themselves to these duties only, there would be less cause for censure, but when they attempt to assume the management of the spiritual affairs of the Indians and to dictate to their religious conviction, they overstep their bounds and deserve the condemnation of every friend of justice. The Catholic missionaries seem to be the special object of their animosity. Why is it such jealousy and antagonism against the Catholic Church are maintained? Is it not to the welfare of the Indians that those brave, self-sacrificing men and women devote their lives? Those servants of the government who have knowingly and intentionally impeded their work of charity should remember that they may be themselves called to account for their actions. The Catholic missionaries have always been the first to brave the perils and hardships of a new country; they were

the first to make any headway in the civilization of the Indians. They labored with a zeal and singleness of purpose that could not be surpassed; many gave up their lives in the pursuit of happiness for the benighted savages. Catholicity is the only form of religion that ever has made or ever will make any progress among this race, for they see that it has a sincere regard for their welfare; whereas the zeal of other religious bodies appears to be based upon private advantage and emolument at the expense of the "Wards of the Nation." Everywhere to-day the cry of the Indians is for the "black-gowns." When the government placed non-Catholic ministers among them, the Indians tolerated them because they could not help themselves; but they yearn for the return of their old teachers and guides. The seed of Christianity and civilization sown by the holy men had already begun to take root when the white men first began to settle in this country. Long before the government exercised any influence over the Indian, the black-robed missionary had gained ascendancy over the savage heart, instructing by word and example, and the child of the forest bowed meekly to the gentle yoke of Christianity; yet, instead of encouraging those Pioneers of Culture to persevere in their good work, the government has rather impeded their activity. This would appear to be incredible



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were it not a fact of history: we see this in the policy that drove the Catholic missionaries out of so many agencies where they had built up flourishing congregations; we see it in the policy that forbade Catholic missionaries to set foot on the reservations, and in the law that flung Catholic priests into prison for the "crime" of returning to their little flock to give them instructions after the agency had been given over to some Protestant sect. The missions and missionaries have done more to civilize the Indians than has the government; in some agencies, where they have not been molested by pretentious

officials, their zeal has been rewarded with most gratifying results.

In 1883 the policy of the government toward the Catholic missions assumed a more favorable attitude; for a time it seemed that prejudice and jealousy, which have caused so much



"THE MISSIONARIES HAVE DONE MORE TO CIVILIZE THE INDIANS THAN HAS THE GOVERNMENT."

ill-feeling, which are so disastrous to all enterprises, either religious, social, or financial, had given place to a higher and more Christian principle, with the welfare of the Indian as the underlying motive. Schools were erected and equipped by the missionaries, and then the government appropriated a certain sum per capita for each child educated. This sum was less than it cost the government for the maintenance of the child at the government school, but by thrift and hard work the mission



IMMACULATE CONCEPTION SCHOOL AT STEPHAN, SOUTH DAKOTA.

schools flourished and the preference of the Indians was soon apparent. This pleasant state of affairs was not allowed to exist for long; another change was soon deemed necessary, and several less favorable amendments were made. These regulations included all contract schools, but were a covert blow at the Catholic missions, for they were by far in the majority. Some praiseworthy attempts were made at justification, but the real import was evident to all; it was but a makeshift, a prologue to the entire abolition of the mission schools as far as the government was concerned.

Let us take the Immaculate Conception School at Stephan, South Dakota, as an example. The history of this little mis-



"THE CHILDREN CARRIED HOME TO THE WIGWAMS THE STORIES OF THE GOOD BLACK-ROBE."

child. Not enough, surely, to leave a margin. Yet under the able administration of Father Pius Boehm and his faithful assistant, Rev. A. Mattingly, the school flourished, was able to compete with the government schools, and steadily gained in popularity with the Indians. Many more pupils would gladly have come to the "Seni Sapa tipi" if they could have been accommodated. The sisters were untiring in their zeal; they were loved and venerated by the children, for their first effort was to win the hearts of their pupils. The greatest champion in the eyes of the children was Father Pius. No picnic was planned, no excursion,

the undaunted courage and self-devotion with which it has been maintained, would make a long story in itself; it is but one, however, of the many Catholic missions among the Indians. It was founded in 1886 by Miss Catherine Drexel, now Mother Catherine, one of the few who have realized that among the Indians there is a fruitful field for charity. During the first few years of its existence the school carried from 110 to 125 pupils on the rolls. The government allowed appropriations for 100; all over that number were kept gratis. \$27.50 was the amount allowed per quarter (three months) for the board, clothing, and tuition of each



"THE WAY TO WIN THE CONFIDENCE OF THOSE UNTUTORED INDIANS WAS THROUGH THEIR LITTLE ONES."

sion was complete, if he were not there, and his presence was always known by the bevy of happy children that surrounded him. Kind, patient, and gentle, he saw the way to win the confidence of the untutored Indians was through their little ones, and well were his hopes fulfilled; the children carried home to the wigwams the stories of the good black-robe. Their elders listened, became interested, and came to see for themselves; thus truly was fulfilled the prophecy, "And a little child shall lead them."

Thus promising was the beginning; but in 1893, when



AN ABORIGINE.



AN INDIAN BRAVE OF TO-DAY.

the future began to look brighter and the success of the mission seemed assured, came the first step toward the abolition of the mission schools, and Father Pius was informed that the government schools should have precedence; that they should be filled before the mission schools, and that no child that had attended the government schools the preceding year would be allowed to attend the contract schools. The missionaries opposed these unfair proceedings, but to no purpose. In vain did the Indians protest. "We are Catholics," said

“Harm Dog,” “and we want our children educated in a Catholic school.” Father Pius tried to explain that it was the law, and although it seemed unjust, they must submit; but the Indians could not understand why they could not send their children to the school that suited them best. Many brought their children to the mission, insisting on leaving them there, and many were the protests when the police carried them off to the government schools. Father Pius attempted to test the law by retaining some children that had been brought to the mission in this manner by their parents, but he was promptly informed by the Hon. Commissioner Morgan that unless the children were sent back to the government school his appropriation would be withheld.



THE HOPE OF THE NATION.

After this year by year came the lessening of the appropriations; from one hundred the contracts only allowed appropriations for sixty-five; then forty-five, then thirty, and last year Father Pius

was notified that he need not expect any more aid from the government. But it is in crises of this kind that the fortitude and self-devotion of the real friends of the Indian stand out, in striking contrast to those whose interest is governed by pecuniary compensation. With no help from the government, no aid from the Catholics of the United States, and no hopes of assistance from the Indians themselves, the prospects were certainly not encouraging; yet, in answer to Bishop O’Gorman’s inquiry as to what he intended to do, Father Pius replied that he would continue the school as long as there was a penny left to buy food and clothing for the children, and not till necessity obliged would it be closed.

With a great effort the school has been able to continue

this year, but next year it must depend entirely upon private charity; unless there is aid from some quarter, it is very probable that it will be abandoned. But will the Catholics of the United States allow this? Will they allow the fruits of so many years of labor to go to naught when so little is needed? There has never been the interest shown in our missions and missionaries that they have deserved. From time to time ap-



OF ANOTHER AGE AND GENERATION.

peals have been made by the bishops or by the missionaries themselves, but every one has waited for some one else to set the example, and as a result the missionaries have been left to continue their work alone, without charity, without encouragement, almost without sympathy.

The American people are far-famed for generosity; there never was yet a nation stricken by famine or in distress that called in vain for aid. Yearly missionaries are sent to foreign countries, and many are the societies, etc., for the support of foreign missions. All this is very good and praiseworthy, but before we ex-

tend our charity to strangers we should listen to the call at our own door. If the cause of humanity enlists our sympathy to such an extent that we undertake a war, sacrificing countless lives and millions of money, in behalf of the Cuban revolutionists, who have no claim at all upon this country, how much more should our compassion be extended to the Indians, for whose misery we are responsible. The Catholics of the United States do not comprehend how much the missions mean to the Indians, or there would be no need for an appeal for aid. They are the stronghold of Catholicity and a permanent basis of operation for the missionaries. The school is the nursery of religion, and the influence of children brought up in the mission schools cannot be overestimated. Yearly sums are squandered in questionable charity, or in donations courting public recognition and applause, that would be a godsend to struggling missionaries. Not only Catholics but all who are Christians and friends of justice, should awaken to the fact that it is not only charity but a duty to second the efforts of those noble men who have sacrificed everything for the advancement of this degraded race, and who have done so much to atone for our general wrong. Although they may not be able to save them from extinction, yet they can smooth the way for the departing footsteps of this once powerful people, and may be the means of bringing many to the light of Christianity, and every soul thus saved will be repaid with a million of heaven's gold.



IMMACULATE CONCEPTION SCHOOL IN MID-WINTER.

COLLEGE WORK FOR CATHOLIC GIRLS.

BY PROFESSOR AUSTIN O'MALLEY, M.D., LL.D. (Notre Dame).



IN view of the discussion concerning the higher collegiate education for women a study of existing realities will not be without its interest.

According to the last report of the Commissioner of Education there are in the United States 163 colleges for girls exclusively; two of these—the College of Notre Dame, founded in 1851 at San José, California, and the Seminary of the Sacred Heart, founded in 1858 at Chicago—are Catholic. The College of Notre Dame has power to grant degrees, and it had 74 preparatory and 11 college students in the last educational census. St. Mary's Academy at Notre Dame, Indiana, also has power from the State to graduate students. I do not know whether or not there are other convent schools having faculty to give degrees. The College of Notre Dame and St. Mary's Academy have each granted a few baccalaureate diplomas.

Of the 161 non-Catholic colleges for girls eight are institutions in which the standard of courses is as high as that required in colleges for boys, but the remainder are, almost without exception, below the grade of a college.

As to "co-education"—the universities of Virginia, Georgia, and Louisiana do not admit girls to their classes, but the other State universities receive girls. The University of Michigan, for example, has about 700 young women among its students. Princeton, Columbia, Amherst, Dartmouth, Williams, a few other Eastern colleges, and, of course, all the Catholic colleges, exclude girls.

There are 61,629 girls in all the departments of our American colleges, and of these 27,716 are doing regular college work. 1,775 negroes, 179 of whom are college students, are included in this number. The total number of college girl students increases about 1,000 annually, and 3,277 degrees in course were granted to these students during the year 1894-95. The Baccalaureate in Arts is the degree most sought, as it still is in the colleges for boys.

CATHOLICS IN NON-CATHOLIC COLLEGES.

It is impossible to get statistics, which would be even approximately correct, concerning Catholic girls in attendance at

non-Catholic colleges, but there is a large number of these girls in such institutions.

The life in a non-Catholic woman's college, where attention to the "evils of Popery" is more absorbing than in colleges for boys, is not the best atmosphere in the world for the growth of a Catholic girl's faith. The devotion to religion is often firmer in a girl's heart than in a boy's, but the girl in the non-Catholic college is exposed to stronger temptations than those experienced by a Catholic boy in a similar position, because the emotional preacher is more potent in the girls' college than in the boys'.

I cannot speak of co-education from wide, personal experience, except in medical schools. There it is an abomination. Reports from colleges that have tried co-education assure us that the experiment is a success which, as Shakspeare's Celia would say, is "Wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that, out of all whooping!" Of course, much depends here upon standards of morality. Advocates of co-education consider the Catholic opinion on the need of chaperonage prudish, but the Catholic will cling to his opinion. I saw an expression in a Protestant journal recently which was striking: "Purity in the Roman Catholic sense of the word," meaning scrupulous purity. Are there two kinds of purity? If there are, we want the Catholic variety in our schools, at the risk of being accused of scrupulosity.

Apart from all conjecture, this fact is perfectly clear, that Catholic girls in large and increasing numbers are flocking to non-Catholic colleges, to the injury or loss of faith, and they will continue to do so until we supply them with Catholic colleges. We should have such colleges, and we can have them with the expenditure of only a little effort.

Setting aside the matter of university training, there is no doubt that girls are fitted to receive a college education. We are liable to exaggerate the depth of the term "College Education"—it requires no genius to penetrate its abysses.

WOMAN'S CAPABILITIES.

Woman was not created to darn nethersocks, and you will not make her a candidate for Congress by teaching her a little Latin and Greek and English. Up to the baccalaureate degree, at least, she is equal to the man except in original work. She is neither a cherub nor an amusing fool, as we marvellously wise male creatures shall find when the first view of Heaven bursts upon us. From the days of Mariana the mother of

Fulgentius, and Anthusa, the mother of John Chrysostom, down to the time of Augusta Drane, the church has been actually crowded with learned women that were in no degree injured by their wisdom, while the world was made better by their presence. There is no female Michelangelo, Beethoven, Shakspeare, but there is a Teresa, a Catharine, and a Mary the Mother of Christ, who knew secrets of divine wisdom more valuable and more beautiful than all the visions yet seen by artistic genius.

Give the girl the chance in life her brother receives. Every maiden is not destined for matrimony in these days, and why should the spinster be condemned to idleness or to slavery in the shop or the grammar-school?

But are not our convent schools as they exist at present sufficient for our needs? Up to the grade they reach they are excellent, they are one of the greatest blessings granted the church in America. There are occasional flaws in their methods of teaching, they are obliged at times through poverty to put certain teachers in the class-room who have not had sufficient training; but there is one glory of the convent school, something that the vulgarian, the "practical man," does not recognize, and that is the atmosphere of refining spirituality which exists in it. There is in that holy place the gentle restraint that makes ladies, the sacredness of purity, the charm of peaceful corridors that lead to the small lamp burning at the feet of the Madonna, the still chapel in which the Presence whispers a consolation not known in the unquiet haunts of the world; and no perfection of secular learning can supply all this in the formation of a girl's character. God forbid that we should change any part of that spirit! Keep this spiritual quality and add to it a broader secular learning.

Plutarch said (*De Educat. Puer.*, c. xix.): "The essential things in the education of the young are to teach them to worship the gods, to revere their parents, to honor their elders, to obey the laws, to submit to rulers, to love their friends, to be temperate." This noblest part of education is imparted more perfectly in convents than anywhere else in the world; indeed, non-Catholics appreciate that fact as we do, and in consequence some of our convents are crowded with non-Catholic girls—a disadvantage, perhaps, that is scarcely offset by the removal of prejudice from the minds of these non-Catholic young women.

WAYS FOR THE BETTERMENT OF CONVENT SCHOOLS.

That we may improve the mental training in these schools,

and gradually form colleges for girls, I suggest that a course of studies be adopted that will lead to the Baccalaureate in Letters. This is the ordinary classical course so changed that English takes the place of Greek—Latin is retained. Many convents already have teachers thoroughly competent to manage such a course. If they have no sisters to teach the elements of metaphysics and ethics required in the senior year, it will not be difficult to find priests able and willing to direct such classes. A normal school for sisters is a necessity which some communities are providing for. Summer *classes* under skilled teachers could effect good, and the "Catholic Institute" has begun this work; but the lecture is almost a disadvantage, because it beguiles religious superiors into the belief that real advance is being made. Even if the lectures are well given, tired women after the year's teaching cannot profit by them; the summer class is only a makeshift for a like reason. I do not wish to be misunderstood as holding that all our convent schools are mere high-schools. We have actually hundreds of sisters that are equal to any women teachers in the country, notwithstanding the private slurs of pessimistic Catholics, who after a few years' profound study in the public schools are, of course, thoroughly capable of passing judgment on matters of education even without investigation of facts. Our sisters are not aggressive enough; they mistake showy hollowness in secular schools for solidity, and are abashed; or individual initiative is checked by the spirit of their religious life. I just now remember three religious, one of whom is living at present, who would be known over the English-speaking world as literary craftsmen if they had published what they have written privately. I do not presume to suggest even that it might be better otherwise; I call attention to a fact.

There should be at least three years given to preparatory study in that English course, and afterward four years of collegiate work. An arrangement can be made whereby girls, whose parents do not wish to keep them at school until a degree is obtained, may after the preparatory course, or after the freshman year, get the "finishing medal," until we grow out of that kind of thing. It is not necessary to open all the classes of this English course at once. Let it be built up gradually while teachers for the upper classes are preparing. Beware of the English books prescribed by the "Council of Ten" for college-entrance examinations. Some need expurgation, others are too ponderous for freshmen.

THE CLASSICS ARE NOT OBSOLETE.

Despite the opposition of Mr. Grant Allen, there is no better method than a use of the ancient classics for a college training. It would be out of place to repeat the well-known arguments that show the value of a study of Latin and Greek in mental culture, but I should like to call attention to a serious modern fault in the teaching of these languages. Take Latin, for instance—it is treated as a very dead language indeed. Latin is no more difficult than modern German, yet after two years at German the average boy or girl, if taught with even ordinary skill, is able to read that language at sight. No college graduate after a seven-years struggle reads Latin with a facility at all comparable to that with which he reads German after two years' study. The causes of this bad result are that the student has been worried with grammar, which is an excellent study for philologists, but is not digested by young stomachs except in small quantity, and secondly, Latin is not *spoken* in class. Any priest will tell you that after one year's residence in a theological seminary, where lectures are given and recitations are made in Latin, he learned more Latin simply by hearing it spoken than he did during his entire college course. The *Ratio Studiorum* of the Jesuits, one of the most wonderful books in existence, requires that Latin be taught by the method of speaking it in class. If teachers spoke Latin even a freshman could read any author at sight, and then the study of Latin literature might really begin, and there would be no reason for the nonsense written by opponents of a classic course.

THE PROBLEM OF TEACHING LITERATURE.

Let us beware also of the German philological methods of teaching Latin that now infest all our non-Catholic colleges. Philology is a university study—the barest elements suffice for college use. An undergraduate class is kept for months at the study of an inscription dug up somewhere in Asia Minor, and that strange deed is applauded as scholarship. Even if it were not altogether out of place in a college course, it would be sheer natural-science work, like the study of botany, and we have too much natural science as it is, despite the healthy reaction that has set in against it.

The arrangement of a Latin course is so well established as regards the authors to be taken up in the different years that nothing more need be said, but the plan of an English course is difficult to formulate. The systematic teaching of English

is a new branch of pedagogy, and the courses followed are as diverse as the individuality of their professors. Mr. William Morton Payne recently gathered reports from the professors of English in twenty representative American non-Catholic colleges, and these reports are unsatisfactory, and very vague. Teachers often seem not to have a clear notion of what should be sought in the study of English. All are at ease as regards the study of rhetoric, except that they abandon this study too early in the course, and they agree that the grammar-evil should be abated, but what to do with English literature as such is a mystery to many educators. By many the study of literature is confined to the history of books and the biography of authors, to tombstone literature and "Harriet Chatter." History and biography in literary work are useful. One must read Shelley's life to understand some of his poems, and it is necessary to know the chronology of the Shakspearean plays, so far as we have any reliable chronology, in order to explain the marked difference in style between the early and late plays, and so on; but there is by far too much seeking after facts regarding the price Milton received for "Paradise Lost."

A teacher cannot crowd more than the dimmest outline of what English literature contains into the years of a college course, hence the necessity of dealing with principles of criticism which will fit the student for real work of culture in after-life. It is useless in a magazine article to go into the technical details of an English course, but the study and practice of criticism, using a few great writers as material, together with constant theme-work, are the soul of such a system. Exactly half the time given to English during the sophomore, junior, and senior years might be devoted to Shakspeare alone, and results in actual practice have justified this method, because almost all literary art is in Shakspeare. Professor Bain, of the University of Aberdeen, in *Education as a Science*, prefers the study of prose writers to that of poets, because, he says, the student will afterward use prose. From his remarks one is inclined to infer that he deems *imitation* of an author not only possible but the real study of that author. A student cannot imitate more than accidental tricks of style, which are valueless when taken away from their first possessor. Let children study both prose and poetry; but we should bear in mind that culture is the end aimed at, and the best means for attaining this end is in the work of the poets. A teacher that knows the full technique of the sonnet (a rare accomplishment) can impart more elementary skill in criticism by the

study of that form of verse than can be given to beginners by any other kind of literary composition. Students soon learn to grasp a sonnet as a whole, to understand what is meant by unity, whereas a long composition is too wide for such result at the start. Unity is the chief fundamental law of all art, and an early knowledge of what it implies is a great advantage. This is not narrow work: a knowledge of literature by no means implies an acquaintance with the latest popular novel; it often implies a dislike for that novel. Only the hack reviewer and the fashionable young woman are obliged to read all the offscouring of the "literary" press.

The study of dramatic form also, a new branch of literary school-work, is very valuable. It can be made as exact as natural science to please the lover of the palpable, it is "full of the refreshment of calculation and construction, the incorruptibility of line and law," and that study made upon a material furnished by Shakspeare will impart more knowledge of literature in three years than old methods will give in six.

The teacher of the principles of criticism need not waste time looking for text-books, because none exist. He or she must wander and labor like a bee in a score of meadows and gather juices that afterward will be turned to honey. Text-book work in literature is usually as mechanical as praying from a *Key to Heaven*, and mechanical, formulated teaching is the corpse of teaching. We should do our own work in all things, especially in methods of education. The Church is a leader, not a follower, and our best men and women are tired of the vulgarity of imitation. When Saint Thomas quoted Saint Augustine's remark concerning the light that may be taken from wise men who are not of the fold—"Si quæ forte vera, et fidei nostræ accommoda, dixerint, ab eis tanquam ab injustis possessoribus in usum nostrum vindicanda sunt"—neither saint advocated a simian mimicry. There is need of a Congress of Catholic Educators in this country which will begin with the systematizing of parochial-school work and text-books. When this congress is called laymen and laywomen should be urged to act. The clergy has often enough invited such co-operation, but the laity has been lacking in an appreciation of the importance of the matter. Lay teachers necessarily have a broader knowledge of methods useful in lower schools than the parish priest can have, and there will be no danger of "trusteeism" if the laity be given partial but actual authority in one board of each diocese.

SUNLIGHTS AND SHADOWS IN A NOBLE LIFE.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF THE EMPRESS ELIZABETH.

BY D. S. BÉNI.



THE sad and untimely death of the virtuous and beloved Empress of Austria awakens in my heart sweet memories of my younger days, when I first saw her as a beautiful and winning child in her Bavarian home. Again she passes before me, as I saw her fitting through the dance at the carnival ball at the Royal Institute, when, in 1852, she made her first appearance at the national capital.

The Royal Institute was founded by King Louis I. and supported by the crown, on the plan of St. Cyr, which was created by Mme. de Maintenon for the education of the daughters of the French nobility. Every year the king and queen honored the carnival ball by their presence, and the invitations were given only to those designated by the royal favor. On the night of which I speak, King Maximilian II. and his queen and court were present, but they did not attract half the attention the young and beautiful Princess Elizabeth did. The latter in it all seemed perfectly unconscious of her beauty. Neither poet nor painter could do justice to her loveliness; not that her features were strictly classical, but the expression of her countenance, the index to the purity and innocence of her soul, made her so beautiful that to see her was to love her. She was then about fifteen, as untainted by worldly contact as the pure lilies which she loved to gather in the parks of her ancestral home, Schloss Passenhofen, on the banks of Lake Traun. Like an artless child, with glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes, she flitted back and forth, seemingly unconscious of the royal visitors, choosing her own partners, and entirely absorbed with the innocent pleasure of the moment.

Two years later, after she had been wooed and won, and her imperial suitor had returned to Munich for the espousals, I saw the ardent young lovers, for lovers they certainly were, at the court ball given in their honor. They were like happy children on a holiday, for "the world is full of beauty when the heart is full of love." The Emperor was then in his twenty-fourth year, and the Princess Elizabeth was seventeen,

though she looked even younger. She had lost none of her peerless beauty, which needed not the aid of any ornament. Her dress was of white silk, perfectly plain, simply covered with tulle, which suited her sylph-like figure, for Milton's words might in all truth have been applied to this fair princess:

"Grace was in all her steps, Heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love."

One change I noticed: her beautiful blonde hair was now rolled back from her chiselled forehead and confined in a graceful knot, from which a white rose-bud hung carelessly, just caught by a diamond brooch, or half coronet, the gift of her imperial *fiancé*. This style of wearing the hair became the rage in Munich and Vienna, but no one could imitate it; the princess was her own coiffeuse; the style in its simplicity was peculiar to herself, and becoming only to the angelic face which it surrounded as a halo of light.

The marriage took place in April, 1854, by proxy, and after the nuptial festivities in the Austrian capital the warm-hearted young Empress received only a cold welcome from her Bavarian kinswoman, the Dowager Empress Sophia, who was at the same time her aunt and her mother-in-law.

The rigid etiquette of the Austrian court, established by Joseph II., the unworthy son of the magnanimous Maria Theresa, was a crushing weight upon the heart of the young Empress, and only the love which she bore to Franz Joseph enabled her to endure the surveillance and incessant reprimands of her imperial and imperious mother-in-law. Accustomed to the freedom of a bird in the air, or the graceful gazelle in the forest, the empty and heartless ceremonies of the court well-nigh broke her spirit. Compelled to sit for hours under the hands of the coiffeuse, who knew not her simple art, the young Empress often rushed forth, impetuously exclaiming: "*I will dress my own hair; here they know nothing but idle vanity*"; and suiting the action to the word, in one moment the graceful coiffure was completed; but not before she heard the oft-repeated words: "Does such conduct become the Empress of Austria? It belongs rather to a poor country girl."

But these were the little crosses which were sent to strengthen her soul and prepare her for the crucifixion of heart through which she was to pass in after-life.

Later in 1854, when Franz Joseph made his triumphal entrance into his possessions in Lombardy, I saw him in Venice, reviewing the army in the grand piazza of St. Mark. It was

a scene of magnificence which can never be described or forgotten. Before this day, the silence of Venice and the awful "prisons under the Leads" had always impressed me sadly, but to-day it was "the pleasant place of all festivity." Every palace, every house, and every balcony was draped with flags and garlands of flowers, the gondolas of white and gold flitted back and forth over the placid waters, and as we stood on one of the balconies of the Palace of the Doges and watched the evolutions of the well-drilled troops in their best attire, the richly caparisoned horses, the glittering arms, amid the strains of martial music, my young heart was all afire with "the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war." It is said that "man is a military animal," but who could witness a scene like that without enthusiasm? The Emperor was the picture of robust youth, and by his side rode the battle-scarred veteran, General Radetzky, bent down by age and the hardships of many campaigns. It was a touching contrast, and we knew not which to admire more, the Emperor's respectful, deferential bearing towards the noble old soldier, covered with honorable decorations, or the homage which the old general rendered to his young sovereign, the hero of the hour.

During the evening of that gala day, when my mother presented me to General Radetzky, he received me kindly, I might almost say tenderly, as he asked my mother how many children she had. At the answer "Nine," the old veteran bowed his head sadly and said: "Happy mother of good children! My only one is the sorrow of my life—I have only a blighted home and a broken heart"; and then in my presence he related the sad story of the separation from his wife and his wayward son. His tears fell upon the glittering decorations, which may hide but can never heal the wounds of a heart that has been pierced by the sword of sorrow. It was a revelation to me. A few hours before I had deemed him the happiest man on earth, who

"By his unrivalled skill, by great
And veteran service to the state,
By worth adored,
He stood in his high dignity,
The proudest knight of chivalry,
Knight of the sword."

Even Venice, the city he had besieged and conquered only five years before, resounded with praises of his valor. Honored and venerated by his grateful sovereign, beloved by his com-

patriots, admired and applauded by the world, decorated with the insignia of almost every military order in Europe—he had the wisdom to say: “All is vanity.”

At nightfall we ascended the Campanile of St. Mark, and at our feet lay Venice, which with its gorgeous illuminations presented a fairy scene—palaces, houses, gondolas glittering with Venetian lights; all reflected in the water with the stars above, showed the heavens beneath as well as overhead. But amid all the beauty and grandeur, and the strains of sweet music, my thoughts reverted to the tears of the old warrior, so brave in battle, so tender in sorrow, who had that day shown me some of the dark shadows of real life. The events of that day made a profound impression on my susceptible young heart. If I remember well, the day of the grand review was on Tuesday, and on Thursday we were to leave Venice in the imperial train for Trieste; but a letter telling us of the sudden illness of a relative obliged us to leave Venice a day earlier—happily for us, for the ship on which we would have sailed was lost with every soul on board.

When we arrived in Trieste on Wednesday evening the whole city was on the *qui vive* to welcome the Emperor, who was expected on the evening of the following day. The skies were not auspicious, but with the eager impetuosity of youth Franz Joseph, assured by the captain that his vessel would withstand a hundred storms, set sail; but Trieste saw him not until the city was in an agony of suspense, in true sympathy with the inconsolable young Empress and the Empress Dowager, who there awaited him. Vessels were despatched to seek the overdue ships. At length they sighted a vessel stranded on the coast, which was recognized as one of the imperial fleet. Happily assistance came at an opportune moment, and the Emperor arrived at Trieste on the evening of the third day. His vessel had been driven to the coast of Istria, where, storm-bound and storm-beaten, it had barely escaped shipwreck. The other vessels of the fleet did not escape so safely. Many were completely wrecked and hundreds of precious lives were lost. The scene which followed was a fulfilment of the words of Holy Scripture: “Laughter shall be mingled with sorrow, and mourning taketh hold of joy.”

Only a few days before we had taken part in the magnificent pageant in Venice; to-day we mingled our tears with the sorrow-stricken city of Trieste, for with the ill-fated vessels had perished the very flower of the young men of Austria. As an honorable reward for pre-eminence in the military and naval

schools of Vienna the best cadets had been picked out to escort the Emperor, and there was scarcely a family in Trieste that had not lost a brother, a son, or a friend. No welcome was given to the Emperor, but rather he was now censured and criticised and coldly treated for having recklessly exposed them to danger and to death.

Trieste was indeed a city of mourning. The broken spars and bow of the wrecked vessel were carried to the magnificent Cathedral of St. Juste, to form the catafalque at the grand Requiem Mass, which was celebrated by the venerable archbishop surrounded by ecclesiastics of every rank. The cathedral was heavily draped in black, and every soul in that vast assemblage was clad in the weeds of woe. The Emperor and Empress were really bowed down with sorrow, as they with their whole retinue assisted at the solemn Mass; the royal musicians were there, and the instruments which only a few days before had resounded with soul-stirring martial music now, muffled in black crape, gave forth a heartrending dirge, which was almost lost amid the sobs and cries that filled the vast edifice. That day had an influence on my life; whenever I recall the brilliant display in Venice, the bent form of the sorrow-stricken warrior rises up before me as the dark shadows in the background of a picture. To-day, as I recall the fair young Princess and Empress as I knew her, imagination pictures to me the careworn, heart-broken mother bowed down by a sorrow which admits of no consolation—the unhappy death of her only son. For her all earthly honors are of no avail, only her good works remain. She was a faithful and devoted wife, and as a sovereign she was to her court and her country the accomplished model of every Christian virtue; she was as gifted as she was good, and she was honored and beloved wherever her name was known. Her daughter Gezèle in 1873 married her cousin* Leopold, Prince of Bavaria, and a younger daughter, Marie Valerie, born about 1869, I think died in childhood. The Empress Elizabeth came from a family as noble in deed as in name. The Princess Helena, her sister, married the Prince of Thurn and Taxis, who had more wealth than the Emperor himself, holding in his own name ninety-nine magnificent estates, and since her widowhood much of her income has been devoted to good works. She was the foundress of the Monastery of the Visitation at Cottieschau, which she magnificently endowed.



THE PIONEER BISHOP OF COLORADO,
RT. REV. JOSEPH P. MACHEBŒUF.

CATHOLICITY IN THE SILVER SAN JUAN.

BY F. J. KRAMER.



DO wagon road entered Silverton in 1877, when the first Mass was said in the San Juan country. The only way to get into the mountains was to walk or to come by horseback over the narrow and steep trails. It did not mean an easy time to come in either of these ways. The mud-holes and the steep places in the trail made it a surety that the traveller did his share of work in getting around them. What one sees to-day in the mountains away from the railroad is no criterion of what the trails were in the early days. Occupation by white

men for more than a score of years has made changes even where direct signs do not show.

Father Hayes, a Jesuit father, was the priest to say the first Mass in the San Juan. A hall was kindly donated for the use of the Catholics, and those of us among the Catholics who could be present managed with some boxes, sheets, and with large quantities of colored tissue-paper, to prepare quite a fair-looking altar. There were several Catholic families in Silverton at the time, and the number of Catholics that showed up was much greater than was expected. That was the only Mass in Silverton that year.

The San Juan country is a portion of the main Rocky Mountain range, situated in south-western Colorado. Here the mountains bunch together, and for about forty miles across pile up peaks which range between 13,000 feet to 14,500 feet.

Silverton is situated nearly in the centre of this district, while more towards the edge are found the towns of Lake City, Ouray, Telluride, Rico, and Durango. The Rio Grande drains the eastern slope, carrying the waters to the Gulf of Mexico. The western slope, although at first the streams start away from each other, eventually drains into the Colorado and thence into the Gulf of California. In 1872 the first permanent settlements were made, and then began the development of the silver mines that gave the country the name of the Silver San Juan.

More than a hundred years before Father Hayes said Mass in Silverton two Spanish fathers had passed close by, mayhap through the present site of the town. The Franciscan fathers Escalante and Garcia in 1775 passed through the western part of the San Juan, their trip extending from a short distance below Albuquerque to as far as the Great Salt Lake in Utah and back again to Santa Fé. To-day a small stream flowing into the Grande is known as the Escalante—named after the Franciscan father.

The course of the fathers took them close by what is now Trout Lake, San Miguel County, one of the most beautiful lakes to be found in all the mountain regions of Colorado. They must have gone along the old Indian trails through the mountains, for only thus would it have been possible to penetrate the country to any distance. At the present time the narrow-gauge road, keeping near the bottom of the Las Animas cañon, climbs up to Silverton. But in the days of the Franciscan fathers, and even up to 1882, the only feasible path was the trail high up the mountain side close to timber-line.

I have been over nearly all the country through which the two Franciscans travelled in 1775. Its broad features have not changed in the more than one hundred years that have passed since then. What they saw can be seen to-day if we follow the path they followed. The trail in the mountains over which they

toiled is still in existence and the scenes are as grand as they were in the eighteenth century. You can to-day slowly follow the zigzags and windings of the trail along the mountain side. High above you, now as then, will glow and glitter the varicolored rock in the rays of the setting sun. Now as then, in the crevices of the mountain, high above timber-line, in places will still appear last year's snow. Above, floating in heaven's deep azure, will be, as then,



TRAIL FROM SILVERTON TO OURAY.

the delicately tinted clouds, ever changing their forms and tints into new designs. Below you, as was the case with the Franciscans, the gloomy green of the fir deepens the shadows of the cañon. Here and there the streaks of the vivid green of the trembling leaves of the aspen are thrown into strong relief against the general sombre hue. At intervals in the depth is reflected the silvery sheen of the murmuring waters of the Rio Las Animas Perdidas—the River of the Lost Souls.

After Father Hayes had made his appearance in Silverton a priest managed to visit the San Juan nearly every year.

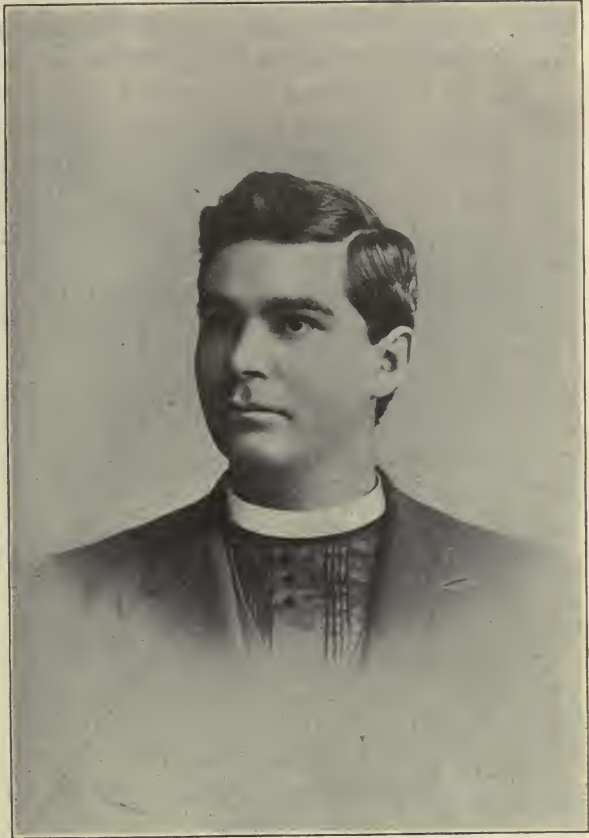
For awhile the mining boom at Leadville, and the talk of "petered-out" San Juan in the Denver papers, interfered with the progress of the San Juan. But as a whole the number of people in the country steadily continued to increase. As a matter of course, many of those who entered the country to prospect for silver veins were Catholics. But they were scattered all over the mountains, so that it was almost impossible to give even an estimate as to their number. Moreover, owing to the peculiar conditions of work in the San Juan in the early days, most of the Catholics had but little money, and consequently were unable to do much in helping the priest along. Everybody was interested in prospects, but even prospects that since have developed into great mines did not in the early days mean the control of much ready cash. In fact, the tendency of mine-owning was all in the other direction, for mining interests meant assessment work and, in the more promising claims, development work.

But progress was made. When in 1882 the railroad entered Silverton a Catholic church was already built. The first mission was given in it by Father Brady, of the Paulist order. I remember meeting him at the hotel, having come over from Ophir, where I then lived, and then first learning of his presence in town. I managed to hear Father Brady preach that evening, his sermon being on the Catholic doctrine of purgatory. The greater part of his large audience was Protestant. I was one of about twenty to go to confession that evening, most of them, like myself, being unable to be present at any other of the exercises of the mission. I know my staying to the sermon compelled me to ride horseback during the night fifteen miles over a mountain range.

In the early days, when the priest arrived in some small town, Mass would be said either in the house of some Catholic or in the parlor of the hotel. There were always more at Mass than went to confession and Communion. As in nearly all cases the opportunities to go to the sacraments were not plentiful, this was not as it ought to be. But experience has shown that they who came to Mass at such times became practical Catholics when they had the opportunity to attend church regularly. Where one little spark of interest in Catholicity is left, the chance for eventual conversion seems good. Such, at least, is the teaching of experience in the San Juan.

Until a priest becomes settled in one place, so that the people can depend with some certainty on his presence, a

Catholic organization of a necessity is very fluctuating. The place where Mass is to be said is constantly changing. Nearly always many most anxious to attend do not hear of the priest's presence. For many years we of Telluride experienced many inconveniences. The town, although situated in a county with a decidedly Catholic name—San Miguel, St. Michael—did not have a very strong Catholic population and could not support a priest.



REV. J. J. GIBBONS.

For a number of years, while living in the San Juan, I had the advantage of having the priest say a Mass at my house during each visit to Telluride. We lived a mile below town, and the priest, after his visit to Telluride, came to our house in the evening and stayed over-night. By rising very early next morning Mass could be said and breakfast eaten before the coach, and at a later period the train, passed by. It is under such conditions that one learns to value the consolations the church has to offer.

One of the men who had his share of hard work looking after the San Juan was Bishop Machebœuf, the first Bishop of Denver. He was a pioneer priest, first in Ohio, then in New Mexico and Arizona, and lastly, as Vicar-Apostolic and Bishop of Denver, in Colorado. He was one of that band of priests brought over in the thirties by Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati. All of them became prominent figures in the

church history of this country. Only one of that missionary band, Bishop De Goesbriand, of Burlington, is left. All the others have gone to the reward they so well earned.

Bishop Machebœuf had learned in the Western country, according to the phrase in the San Juan, "to rustle." His habits were of the utmost simplicity. I remember my first meeting with him took place on the cars near Montrose. I was entirely unaware that the bishop was in that section of the country. As he was unaccompanied, and as I had seen, at one time or another, all the priests of the San Juan, it did not at first strike me that he was even a priest. I happened to be seated near him, and only gradually it dawned upon me that he was a priest and that there was a slight resemblance to the pictures of Bishop Machebœuf. I did not feel certain of the identity until I noticed his lameness. I knew that years before the bishop had injured his hip, and that the rough frontier surgery had permanently lamed him.

The time of my meeting with Bishop Machebœuf was only



THE HEART OF THE ROCKIES.

a few months before his death, yet he was still a very active man. His habit of "getting there" by pushing straight ahead continued with him. When we got to Salida late at night, and

had to change cars, he pushed straight ahead to the car he was to take. Although an old man, he never thought to go out of his direct way to get on the depot platform by way of



A TYPICAL MINING CAMP.

the steps. With my aid he clambered up the platform and got to his car on the straightest line.

Our train was late all along the line, so our trip to Denver was a long one. The bishop managed to find his way to my heart during our long ride. I saw him only once again. He died during the following summer, having well earned his rest, for his life had been one of ceaseless activity.

If the priests who served in the early days of the San Juan, when railroads had not yet made travelling easy, would collect an account of their adventures, it would prove an interesting record. To go in winter on snow-shoes from one town to another, over unbroken paths, in danger from cold, from falls down precipices, from snow-slides, was not lightly to be thought of. Yet it was done many a time; but most men have forgotten, and the only record of it is the one kept by the recording angel.

While Father Edmund Ley was pastor of Silverton word was brought to him that at Ouray a dying woman was calling

for the priest. It was at half-past eight Saturday evening that he started on horseback for Ouray, having hired an animal for that purpose. A snow-storm was already raging, and Ouray was over the range twenty-eight miles away. This did not mean merely a long, cold ride—it meant also a dangerous ride. A good horse, in a great measure, meant safety from stumbling off the road down the sides of the cañon, for even in a stormy night the trail horse knows his way. But being on a good horse did not mean safety from snow-slides, and the road between Silverton and Ouray is a bad one for slides. During the long night Father Ley toiled over the difficult and dangerous road, towards morning arriving at Ouray.

Here he found the woman in a wretched condition, an inmate of one of the worst brothels of a mining town. He had her removed to a better place, after giving her the sacraments for which she had so earnestly pleaded.

Father Ley's arrival at Ouray did not by any means end the trip. The horse had to go back, for one thing. After saying Mass at Ouray on Sunday he began his trip back to Silverton on Monday morning. The roads were in bad shape after the snow-storm, and during that day only one-third of the distance back could be made. At this point he was compelled to leave his horse with a horse-herd, as it was impossible to get the animal through the snow, and seek lodging for the night. On Tuesday morning, afoot, he started for home. It was night before the little town of Chattanooga was reached, about two thirds of the distance from Ouray to Silverton. Before reaching Chattanooga a snow-slide came rushing down the mountain in front of him, showing that danger surrounded him. At this little town Father Ley stayed over Tuesday night, and the next day started on snow-shoes on his way. Hardly a mile out of town one of his snow-shoes broke, and it might have been a serious matter for him if this accident had not been seen from Chattanooga. It was only at nine o'clock Wednesday evening that, completely worn out, he arrived in Silverton. The unfortunate woman whose cry for the priest was the cause of the trip recovered from her sickness, and immediately began again her vicious career.

Without experience one can hardly imagine the dreadful toil it is to force a way through the soft snow after a storm in the mountains. Without snow-shoes it practically means being stuck in the snow. The snow-shoes used in the San Juan are what are known as Norwegian shoes. They are boards



THE HARDSHIPS OF MOUNTAIN TRAVELLING.

ten or twelve feet long, four inches wide, with their forward ends turned up. In the middle a strap is placed for the foot. With a long pole carried across the breast and one end touching the snow, the shoes are slid forward alternately. Snow-shoeing is not so bad with good snow, but it is fearful work when the snow is soft and sticks to the shoes.

One of the pioneer priests of the San Juan is Rev. J. J. Gibbons, now pastor of St. Francis de Sales in Denver. For a number of years, before the building of the Rio Grande Southern Railroad made all parts of the San Juan accessible, he attended Ouray and Silverton, and at intervals visited Telluride and Rico.

One afternoon at Ouray Father Gibbons received a telegram from Rico asking his attendance upon a friend dying from pneumonia. Father Gibbons made an immediate start, going to Ridgway on the cars, from which point he expected to take the stage to Rico. In this way, by first going to the north he would come back to the direct line about midway of the distance. But this plan was found impossible, as the stage had stopped running. If the stage line, with the resources at its command, could not get through, it was a certainty that a private individual could not make it. Father Gibbons was com-

pelled to return to Ouray, losing more than half a day in this attempt at reaching Rico.

Early on the next morning, at the first possible moment, Father Gibbons began his second attempt to answer the sick-call. His plan now was to reach Rico from the south. The two sides of a rough equilateral triangle gave the courses he now proposed to travel. He knew that the journey could not be made quicker than two days, and to make it in that time required his reaching the train at Silverton on time the first day.

Making, as stated, an early start on a good trail horse, Father Gibbons was soon picking his way over the snow. He was making fair progress when his horse stumbled and fell. The horse in stumbling fell on Father Gibbons' leg, pinning him to the ground. Luckily the horse was an experienced mountain animal and made no attempt to move after the fall. A struggling horse would almost certainly have meant death in the deep cañon of the Uncompahgre. Father Gibbons managed by means of his hunting-knife to dig his leg out of the hard snow and ice into which it was pressed by the weight of the horse. After freeing himself he was able to help the animal to its feet.

Notwithstanding his accident he managed to get to Silverton in time for the noon train. By going direct to the depot upon getting to Silverton he just managed to get on the cars before they started. At Rockwood he had to leave the train and lay over until next morning before starting towards Rico. Thus far he had been travelling away from Rico. Next morning, getting a mule, serviceable if not showy, he started for Rico; arrived at the town very late in the evening and eagerly sought the sick man. The latter was yet alive and able to receive the last sacraments, but died during the next day. A second sick man was visited, who also proved to be a Catholic and anxious to see a priest. For several days Father Gibbons was busy looking after the spiritual wants of the people. On Sunday he said Mass and during the afternoon held services over the dead, preaching in the presence of the greater portion of the population of the town of Rico.

On Monday morning he started back to Ouray, and this time on a direct line. On horseback he was able to make about nine miles, and then, turning his horse loose, he had to trudge seven miles over the hard snow with his heavy satchel to the stage-barn near Trout Lake. From there a buck-board took him to Telluride. Staying over at Telluride that

evening, he next morning heard confessions and said Mass. Then, sending his heavy satchel around the mountain, he made a direct line over the range, arriving safely at Ouray, having been ten days on his sick-call.

In crossing over from Telluride to Ouray, by way of Mar-



WHERE THE MOUNTAINS BUNCH TOGETHER.

shall basin, at this time Father Gibbons made a perilous trip. The trail through the snow was so narrow that when he met a pack train with ore coming down the trail he had to turn his horse loose, as it was impossible to get past the descending animals on horseback. The rest of the distance he had to make afoot. The town of Telluride is at an altitude of 8,400 feet, but Virginus Pass, through which he had to go, was 13,400 feet. On both sides of the pass for quite a distance travelling, before the snow is gone, is dangerous. Before getting to the pass, for three-quarters of a mile, the possibility of starting a snow-slide made every step dangerous. On the farther side the danger was from slipping on the ice and being dashed to pieces over the precipices.

The greatest danger to be apprehended in the old methods of travelling in the San Juan was from snow-slides. High on the mountain side a portion of the snow becomes too heavy to rest on the steep declivity. It settles and slides slowly on

to the top of the snow lower down the mountain side. The additional weight causes this snow also to start. So it continues, the snow sliding more and more rapidly and the mass steadily increasing in size, until nothing but the rocky sides of the mountain can withstand the momentum of its rush. The danger in travelling is not so much being caught while passing the path down which the slide must come as in starting a slide while going over the snow. The traveller's weight may be all that is needed to start the slide, and once started everything goes along with it.

With the coming of the railroad to the San Juan church matters have much changed. Every town of any size now has a church, and at Durango and at Ouray sisters have established hospitals. These two places and Silverton now have resident priests. Telluride and Rico have had resident priests for irregular periods, but with incoming settlers these periods will lengthen and some day permanent residence will be made.

I suppose the history of the church in the San Juan is very much the same as all over the country. The ups and downs have been somewhat more marked owing to the shifting tendencies of mining camps. All of the old-time families in the San Juan are interested in mining, and they are only awaiting the sale of their mines and the making of their "stake" to go to Denver. That city is the objective point of every miner in the State of Colorado. All this tends to make the settling down to an established basis somewhat slower than in ordinary settlements. But the advance between to-day and the day I attended the first Mass in the San Juan is very great and progress steadily continues.



A HUMBLE REVELATION.

BY EUGÉNIE UHLRICH.

IF you looked at Father McPharlin's soutane, you knew he had a vocation. On important occasions it was brushed and the frayings at the ends of the sleeves were trimmed off. It was, however, a matter of conjecture among those of his parishioners given to details as to what occasions were sufficiently important for such efforts. It was agreed that they must be "very special." There were some accurate observers who affirmed that the soutane looked freshest after the father's brief visits to the bishop. But they were also careful to add, that this freshness really did not improve it very much, as the usual dust was useful for concealing the shininess. Moreover, even visits to the bishop did not put buttons on the soutane. There was a deprecating sympathy in these discussions, for the soutane had a gentle dignity which kept away interference. It made one feel that while buttons, and brushings, and new cloth are fine things, there might be things that are finer.

Nevertheless the fingers of most of the neat housekeepers in the parish had itched at one time or another for a half-hour alone with that soutane. Once Mrs. Durnam, who had much prestige as a sensible woman and as the wife of the wealthiest farmer in the parish, collected ten dollars and, adding another ten herself, presented it to Father McPharlin for a new soutane.

"Now, that's very good of you, very good of you," he had said. "I would never have thought of it myself."

"Neither he would, poor man!" declared Mrs. Durnam afterwards.

But when no new soutane appeared there were whisperings, and Mrs. Durnam went on a visit of investigation to justify herself. Father McPharlin talked blandly about everything except soutanes. Finally Mrs. Durnam, finding strategy unavailing, said pointedly:

"Do you not wear your new soutane even on Sundays?"

A faint color came into his face; his mild gray eyes hesitated, and he ran his fingers nervously through his thick gray hair.

"My soutane? Oh, yes! I will tell you how it was. It was really too bad. That was the time the Daughertys had the diphtheria. The children were very bad and everybody is so afraid of the diphtheria."

"But, father, consider the diphtheria—when there are children!"

"Yes, yes, of course, when you have children it makes a difference," he said soothingly. "I always took very good care to disinfect—very good care indeed. But there was no money except what Michael was earning, and he couldn't work while the spell lasted. I gave them fifteen dollars, and then—they did not seem to need the other five very badly, so I gave it to the young doctor."

"The young doctor?" gasped Mrs. Durnam.

"Yes," he said apologetically. "He is really a very capable and worthy young man." He did not add that he happened to suspect that the young doctor was getting very close to nothing in the money way.

"I never see him at church," said Mrs. Durnam sceptically.

"Oh, no! It is too bad. But who can tell—who can tell? He has a good heart. You should call him in; the people will follow your example," he added with delicate flattery. "He has a good heart, as I said. He has gone to many a place where there was no money. So I let him think that the five dollars were from a charity fund to pay for services to our poor people. And so it was a charity fund," he said, chuckling at his conceit and rubbing his hand. "After all, this does very well, very well"—looking down admiringly at his old soutane.

Mrs. Durnam sighed at the hopelessness of the case; but as she watched him smoothing the folds of the old soutane with the caressing tenderness due a long-tried friend, she had not the heart to say more. She did not know but that she was even rather glad that he did not get a new one.

It was mooted, however, that when she next brought in some of her famous butter for Father McPharlin she left a bottle of some cleaning preparation of her own manufacture, which she made the grouty old housekeeper promise to use at least once a month. And when the hired man stuck a pitchfork through his own instep she sent for young Dr. Gustave Kesner, instead of for the old family doctor from the city. To be sure it was only the hired man, but there were compensations for the doctor. Elizabeth Durnam, the now grown-up

daughter, helped the doctor because the sight of blood made her mother sick.

Few of the country girls envied Elizabeth her looks, though some of them wished they too could have been sent away to school; while the lads looked past her at her father's money, for which they received very little encouragement from Elizabeth. But the young doctor looked at her from his own point of view. The eyes of the city-bred man delighted in the graceful sway of her body as she moved; the gleam on her loosely coiled brown hair; the whiteness of her teeth and the gentleness of her smile; and his ear was soothed by the soft modulation of her clear-cut speech. The charm of her manner took him back to gracious ways that had been slipping from him like lost poetry with the passing days. And that was more than two years ago.

On this particular morning he stood at the window of his office looking gloomily into the gray day. There had been a blizzard; then the wind had veered and brought a thaw. Now the road passing through the village lay like a dark streak stretching across the low hills, finally disappearing into the distance over the highest of them. The wind was blowing cold again and the ruts in the road stood up slippery and stiff. Over the nearest rise in the road came a rider on a horse scarcely to be distinguished from the color of the dirty and crusted snow.

"Only a boy," said the doctor, for the patch of black on the horse's back hardly showed until it swerved sideways into the cross-lots path that made the short-cut to the church and to Father McPharlin's house. "Must be a bad case, going for father first. Wonder if they'll want me too."

A little later the office door was opened by Father McPharlin. "Ah, good-morning, Gustave. How are you to-day?" It gave Father McPharlin a pleasure to call the younger man by his first name in that fatherly way, and the young man liked it too, and smiled a little out of his gloominess. "I was just thinking that if there wasn't any one sick this morning you might like to take me for a drive. Little Willie Hinch has just been in with the word that his grandmother is having a very bad spell of her peculiar kind of rheumatics. She's very bad and she wants me."

"Does she want me, too?"

"Well, not exactly. I suppose she thinks, poor woman! that doctors are rather useless, seeing that she can't be cured anyway. But she suffers so, Gustave. It's too bad in this nasty

weather, too. If you were to go along you might do some good. I know you would—they'd think you would, anyway. My old Jennie is not in shape to travel twenty miles, and I shall have to get a livery team if you do not take me," he concluded as a clinching argument.

The doctor looked at the priest curiously. Between the men was the bond of culture and intellect, though their tongues betrayed, only as a delicate flavor it is true, the Celtic origin of the one and the Swiss of the other. Neither had they anything in common in their views of life; yet they loved each other with that strange attraction of opposites which is sometimes the fascination and sometimes the tragedy of life.

Just now the doctor was amused by the innocent transparency of Father McPharlin's proposal. It was a charity visit, of course; but seeing that he did not want him to think so, he humored him by not comprehending.

"You need not hurry," Father McPharlin assured him. "I left Willie with the housekeeper getting a lunch, and we want to give him a little start, so they'll know when we're coming."

When the doctor's swift little bays passed Durnam's, Father McPharlin said thoughtfully: "Mrs. Durnam's a very good woman." All of his parishioners would have agreed to that, but most of them would have added, "But old Durnam's a hard-fisted old cuss." Father McPharlin said, "Her charity's out of her own earnings," and surveyed the comfortable farmhouse and the out-buildings with the appreciative smile of one who, having no rival desires, has no envy. "Ellie Durnam takes after her mother, too," he added with a side-long glance at his companion, who was looking sullenly at the horses' heads.

"Yes, they're both very good from your point of view, but it's easier to make a bargain with the old man any day."

"Yes, I suppose it is. A dollar is as big as a cart-wheel to him, and you are getting to have a very comfortable practice, Gustave."

"Yes, since Mrs. Durnam had the lucky idea about your needing a new soutane I have been all right. But that makes it all the harder that the two people who have been the kindest to me should now be the most unkind."

"How the most unkind?"

"You know very well that if you were to set Elizabeth's scruples aside she would marry me without any further parley."

"And why should I do that?"

"Why?—because you are my friend and Ellie's. I know you are, and yet you take a position against me."

"Against you?"

"Yes, for by whom else would I want to be married except by you? So that settles that point. And as for the others, I am willing that any children there may be shall be trained up in the way that you would like to see them go. Isn't that enough? Should I be a hypocrite and profess a religion I do not believe?"

"No."

"Then if I do not interfere with her, why should she want to interfere with me?"

"Marriage is a levelling process, for people cannot go on for ever in that ecstatic state when they are supposed to be blind to all differences and faults, any more than you could have hysterics for twenty years and be comfortable. There must be concessions and adjustments. It takes great force of will to hold out against an opposing idea, even if that idea is never enforced by expression. Women of the loving kind grow to be like their husbands."

"Then it is the old conflict between religion and science of which you are all afraid?" There was an angry flush in his face. "Curse religion and its mediæval superstitions!" he muttered contemptuously under his breath.

It is hard for the lover to see any good in obstacles, and anyway Father McPharlin had a long experience in soothing tempers. His lips tightened a little, and after a few moments he said gently:

"You have told me yourself that your mother was a Catholic and a pious and charitable woman; how the people for miles around loved her, and petted you during your student vacations because of the memory of your mother's goodness. But she died when you were young. Yes, we have not the power over life and death, and perhaps there is a presentiment in the soul of Elizabeth Durnam that she too might leave a son behind her who would live to curse what is most holy to her, and repeat against her religion the same old lies, even knowing that they are lies."

He was talking away softly, as if to himself: "Perhaps it was well that she died young, for to have lived and heard such words on his lips would have broken her heart, which would be more cruel. Yes, it would have broken her heart, for he does not speak in ignorance. He is a man of science, and before him

are the names of Pasteur, Lilly, Mivart, and others. He knows them all, and he knows, too, for he is not a fool, that they have minds as good as that of a little country doctor. But why should any one argue with him? Arguments only make a body without a soul. The soul is the faith, which is the gift of God, and this he will not have in his shut heart. Elizabeth is wise."

Dr. Kesner was silent with the air of one who is following his thoughts too rapidly for utterance. "If they were all like you," he said at last.

"Like me? Like me? There are those in my parish who are saints compared to me."

"Saints, saints! Louts and ignoramuses I have seen, but no saints."

"Ignorance is not always a sin, and manners are merely the outcome of the time and place."

After a few moments of silence Father McPharlin continued: "Do you think that old Mrs. Hinch's attack will be fatal? "

"Hardly; cases like that linger for many years."

"Poor woman!"

"That is what I say. A beneficent God is a hard argument in the face of that kind of thing. What's the use? Some people may see it that way, but I cannot believe so easily."

But Father McPharlin was silent. A mile ahead a square blot on the horizon marked their stopping-place. A figure turned from the dull stretch of road and stood out for a moment between the patchy snow and the gray sky, before it melted into the blur of straw-stacks beyond the house.

"He's getting there just in time to warn the children and the dogs to behave themselves," said the doctor with a laugh.

When they drove up, Hinch was standing in front of the house, his hand on the head of a great, loose-flanked, patchy-colored, coarse-haired dog, mongrel in every line. The dog pulled and barked. "Down, pup!" shouted his master. The pup did not down, and he struck him a convincing blow on the head. Then the beast slunk back growling, only to turn fawning and wagging when he saw that the invasion was friendly. His master came forward hesitatingly, touching his cap to the priest, and looking a little curiously at the doctor.

"Go right in, father," he said, as he went to the horses' heads to lead them to the shelter of the straw-stacks. "She's

been real bad," he added, with a backward glance at the doctor.

Mrs. Hinch the younger came outside the door with her hand on the door-knob, holding it fast against the children, who, foiled of a peep in this way, pressed a couple of curious faces against the window-panes, disappearing like a flash at a chance twist of their mother's hand on the door-knob.

"You had better go in first, father; she's been asking for you," said Mrs. Hinch, and offered the doctor a chair in the kitchen, as she motioned the priest into the next and only other room. "She won't be after takin' medicine just now anyway," she said apologetically to the doctor.

"'Sh, 'sh, there, you," to one of the children who, in her agony of fright to get away from the stranger, had crowded into the wood-box behind the stove, and, losing her footing on its shifting bottom of slippery cobs and short wood, came sprawling on the floor. The mother made a grab for her; but Kesner, having an intuition that the grab might mean a jerk and a scolding, or even a slap, picked her up and had her on his knee before the mother could reach her. The little one, feeling the savior in him, ceased her crying, but still, with finger in her mouth, kept her head turned away until won by the blandishment of a watch held to her ear. Mrs. Hinch looked on deprecatingly as the doctor wiped her not too clean hands and her tear-stained face with his spotless linen handkerchief, while the little one leaned her head contentedly against him. With the instinctive perception of the physician he felt the sturdiness of the warm little body, the hardy color of the clear-cut face, and his eye travelled to the unplastered walls, the bare pine floor, the rude stairs in the corner leading to the space beneath the roof.

"Built for a granary only. Hard on the little one, but she looks as if she could stand it. If she holds out, they'll have the house built and a fairly good 'best room' by the time she's old enough to have a beau." There was a low moan from the other room. "And, after all, paper and pine boards and the north wind and childhood are not nearly so painful a combination as the same with old age and rheumatism."

The opening of the door by Hinch let in a blast of cold air that seemed to gather up and extinguish all the heat in the room, and the doctor shivered, thinking of what such puffs meant to the sick woman.

Father McPharlin appeared in the door and whispered

something to the young woman, who disappeared for a few minutes and then returned, propped wide open the connecting door and spoke to her husband. They both knelt against chairs near the door, he with the little boy, she with the little girl, while Willie, who had slipped noiselessly into the house, knelt against the stairs for want of another chair. The priest read the litany for the sick, and the others responded with an earnestness that impressed Kesner as ridiculous. He bowed his head on his hands, but from below his half-closed lids he saw with baneful persistence how Hinch's left knee was thawing into muddy pools the patches of stiffened dirt and snow that clung to the space around the outside door. Even he felt irreverence in this contemplation, and closed his eyes to shut it out.

The prayer over, Father McPharlin came out, saying: "Now it's the turn of the body, doctor, and if you can make that as easy as is her mind, it will be well indeed."

"There's not much use, doctor," said the sick woman. "Only God could help me, doctor—only God."

"But we can try a little, anyway," he said.

He had the physician's imperviousness to conditions, but the cold hand with lumpy knots at the joints and its mushy swellings made him shudder. He noted the weight of cotton covering that was piled on her to supplement the warmth of the fitful fire in the chill room, and thought of the wearying pressure on the aching bones. "And we can hope for the spring and the sun," he added.

"Oh, yes, the spring and the sun—the good, warm sun."

When he came back into the kitchen Father McPharlin was seated at the table, and Mrs. Hinch had set a cup of coffee and some doughnuts before him. In her bustling office as hostess she seemed more at ease and pleasantly conscious of a clean gingham dress and a fresh apron. She poured another cup of coffee for the doctor, and asked him to sit down.

The doctor himself felt rather uncomfortable. The appearance of Father McPharlin's soutane, with its missing buttons and its thread of white giving evidence of the clumsy mending of inside tears, seemed somehow to fit the occasion better than his own dapper outfit. Mrs. Hinch and her husband were giving him only courtesy, but Father McPharlin they were treating as one of their own, with only the line of respect putting a limit upon affection. Even the little girl had deserted him to lean against the father's knee. And the doctor gloomily

speculated as to the chances of a rheumatic patient where salt meat and doughnuts were articles of luxury.

When they had refreshed themselves and had arisen to go, Father McPharlin stepped into the other room to say good-by to the sick woman. The doctor followed.

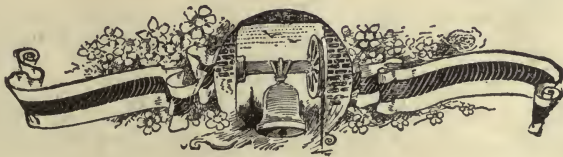
"Good-by, father," she said, "and God bless you for coming to me this day. May you not need to come many times more. Oh," she said, "it is so hard, so hard! Pray to God, father, that he will take me, take me!" She clung to the priest's hand and looked up at him yearningly, as though she believed that he might hold the release she sighed for. Then an indescribable expression of resignation and peace came into her eyes and transfigured the shrunken, pain-racked face. "Yes, pray that he may take me; but not until he is ready, not until he is ready!"

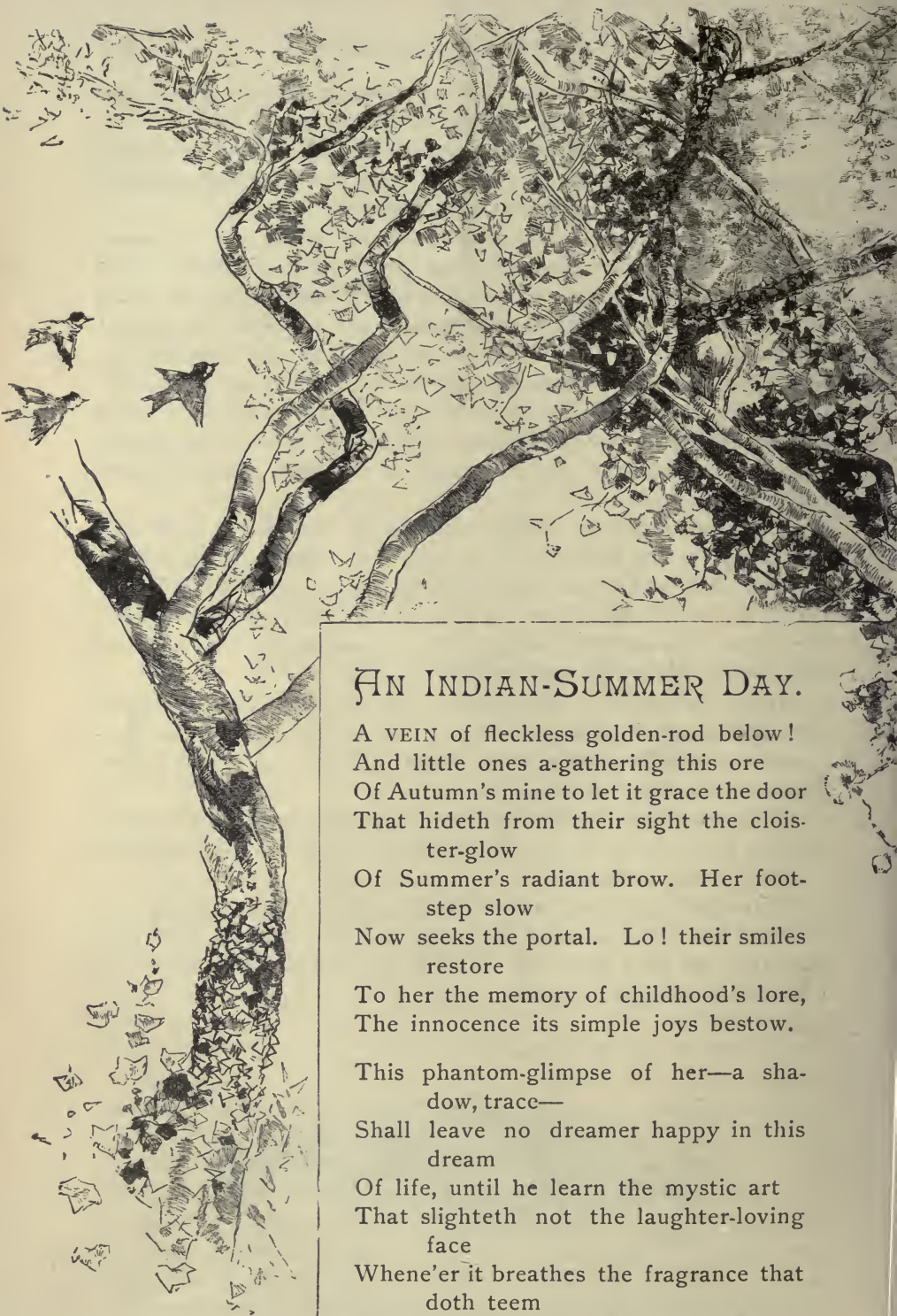
The doctor felt a choking in his throat and a blur over the things in the room. He turned to go out without saying a word. Outside Hinch was holding the horses. He held out his hand to him with a husky "Good-by," climbed in and took the reins. Father McPharlin, after a handshake and a "God bless you," followed, and they were gone.

There was still a dimness in the doctor's eyes when he looked at his companion, but save for a shade of deeper earnestness in the priest's clear eyes he showed no emotion. Presently the doctor spoke:

"She may live in that misery for twenty years, and she is willing, if it's the will of God! I believe it's worth trying for; maybe I too can find it."

"Gustave, my son," cried Father McPharlin, grasping the doctor's free hand in both his, "you will find it, you shall find it. And the day that you do, I'll, I'll—really, I believe I'll buy a new soutane!"





AN INDIAN-SUMMER DAY.

A VEIN of fleckless golden-rod below!
And little ones a-gathering this ore
Of Autumn's mine to let it grace the door
That hideth from their sight the clois-
ter-glow

Of Summer's radiant brow. Her foot-
step slow

Now seeks the portal. Lo! their smiles
restore

To her the memory of childhood's lore,
The innocence its simple joys bestow.

This phantom-glimpse of her—a sha-
dow, trace—

Shall leave no dreamer happy in this
dream

Of life, until he learn the mystic art
That slighteth not the laughter-loving
face

Whene'er it breathes the fragrance that
doth teem

Within the bosom of the clean of heart.

A GREAT FRANCISCAN, A GREAT WIT, AND A GREAT ENIGMA.

BY JOHN J. O'SHEA.



O panoramic survey of the Irish Centenary would be complete unless it included the personality of the Rev. Arthur O'Leary. That eminent Capuchin, in an age distinguished for brilliancy in letters and debate, was for many years the most conspicuous on that exalted stage. It is a strange irony of fate that he is now all but forgotten. On this continent, indeed, it would not be rash to say he is all but unknown. To prove how true this statement is, one fact need only be adduced. The writer took a copy of Bishop England's *Life of O'Leary*, quite recently, from a shelf in a foremost public library. The work was printed as far back as the year 1822, and its pages were still uncut—pretty clear evidence that it had never been read through.

ALL BUT UNKNOWN, AND WHY.

Not even the *Drapier Letters*—we might indeed conjecture not those of "Junius," high as these ranked in political literature—created more interest in the realm of polemical discussion than the pamphlets of Father O'Leary. They were more potent in their effects upon society than either series of their famous predecessors. They were emphatically history-making documents—that is, some of them. So invaluable were they in preserving peace for the time in Ireland that the government of the day, hostile as it was, and hostile as public sentiment was, to the idea of Catholic enfranchisement, felt justified in endeavoring to secure the author as a permanent ally. O'Leary was offered a pension by the ministry, and in an evil hour he accepted the proposal. This at a time when measures were being actually prepared to banish all regular clergy, including his own order, altogether from Ireland, appeared to many a very anomalous transaction on both sides. It is little wonder that it placed O'Leary under a cloud of suspicion, and it accounts, to a large extent, for the singular oblivion which has fallen upon his memory and his writings. And yet the suspicion may be altogether unjust.

Father O'Leary, it ought to be remembered, was a man possessing no regular financial resources. The position of a priest in Ireland, during his period, was very precarious, very often dangerous. The prospect of an annual income upon which he might safely depend was one not to be lightly thrust aside. If he could accept such an offer without any violation of his own private convictions and the rules of his order, he can hardly be blamed if he saw nothing very invidious in it. Yet it is pitiful for his own reputation that he viewed the matter in that light. His influence with his fellow-countrymen at one period of his career was very great. It would still be accorded its full meed of acknowledgment had he, like all his brother-priests in Ireland, held aloof from a government that had not the courage of its own convictions with regard to Catholic emancipation.

THE BITTEREST PERIOD OF PENAL PERSECUTION.

We can hardly fail to notice here an historical coincidence which proves the futility of measures of religious persecution to keep pace with the onward march of enlightenment and the better feelings of liberal humanity. It is barely two hundred years since the system of oppressive penal laws in Ireland was initiated. By the Acts 7th and 9th of William III. it was ordered that all archbishops, bishops, and priests exercising popish jurisdiction quit the kingdom by the 1st of May, 1698. The date is memorable. So ineffective have these laws proved to keep back the spirit of modern progress that at the end of a period of barely two centuries we find them almost completely swept off the statute-book of Great Britain, and the same government that forbade a Catholic to have an education and denied his legal existence now willing to concede him the advantages of a separate university training. In this circumstance we have one of the most powerful illustrations of the vast change which has accompanied the development of democratic ideas on this continent as well as in Europe; and it is well to follow the course of this development in order to ascertain how large a part the establishment of the American Republic, with its generous system of religious equality and perfect freedom of conscience, bore in the broadening out of European ideas during the century now drawing toward a close.

Father O'Leary's span of life covered the very bitterest period of penal persecution in Ireland. It was during his life-

time that acts of parliament were passed enabling a son to oust his father from his property by "conforming" and offering the same scale of premium for killing a friar as killing a wolf. It was during his time also that the Irish viceroy, the Duke of Grafton, introduced a bill for meting out to the Irish priesthood, when caught, the treatment of Turkish slaves. And yet, by the force of his writings, he was enabled before he died to influence English public opinion so as to procure a considerable relaxation of the barbarous code in law as well as in practice. He was perhaps more instrumental to this end than any public man in Ireland, inasmuch as he had on more than one occasion made the English government his debtor by his efforts toward the tranquillizing of the country.

HIS BIRTH AND EDUCATION.

There is some doubt about the exact birthplace of Father O'Leary, as well as about his family and his early bringing-up. All that Bishop England, his chief biographer, states is that he was born in the western part of Cork county in the year 1729. His family were obscure, but they were of the class who in more favorable times had held the honorable position usurped by the Elizabethan and Cromwellian settlers. His education in Ireland was very limited, because in that period it was a penal offence for any Catholic teacher to impart knowledge of religion to Catholic youth. Nationality and the Catholic religion were stamped out by the same iron heel, as though they were the plague. Somehow young O'Leary contrived to get away to France to receive a proper education—the one hope of his poor parents' hearts, as in so many Irish families, being to give one of their children, as they beautifully put it in their own homely way, "to God," though of the after fate of those parents the biography says but little. It was at St. Malo's that the boy received his training; he chose the ecclesiastical life, made his vows, and was duly ordained. Shortly afterward he was given the post of chaplain to the local prison by the Duc de Choiseul, who was his friend, but he showed his independence by refusing the request of his noble patron that he would induce a number of Irish prisoners of war who had been in the British service to transfer their allegiance to the French flag. Although these Irishmen were Catholics, serving under a government which persecuted their religion, he still indignantly repelled the suggestion that they should fight against their lawful sovereign; and this circumstance he was

able to turn to good account afterwards in his famous pamphlet entitled "Loyalty Asserted." His winning manners and ready wit made him many friends in France, among others the Cardinal de Luynes, Archbishop of Sens. In 1771 Father O'Leary returned to his native land, and became attached to a little Capuchin chapel in Cork city, known down to a late period as "Father O'Leary's chapel."

HIS FIRST PAMPHLETS.

Shortly after his return an eccentric Scotch doctor resident in Cork, a man named Blair, published a pamphlet called "Thoughts on Nature and Religion," abounding in atheistical sentiments and blasphemous expressions; and Father O'Leary came forward with a reply that at once established his reputation as a worthy successor of the author of the Drapier Letters, so full was it of caustic reasoning, brilliant metaphor, and sprightly wit. The pamphlet created a wonderful sensation; and it was soon followed by another of quite a different order—a politico-religious dissertation proving the loyalty of Catholics and their right to accept what was known as the Test Oath. This pamphlet dealt with the delicate question of the deposing power of the Pope in a singularly able way; but many of its arguments proved unacceptable to some of the religious orders on the Continent, and were strongly condemned. But Father O'Leary was nothing daunted. He evidently had in view the aim of making the position of Catholics, and especially Irish Catholics, something that human nature might at least be able to endure somehow, not the Samson-like slavery that it in good sooth was.

About this time much alarm was excited by the fears of foreign invasion. France and Spain were helping the infant American colonies, and their fleets hovered about the English and Irish seas to prevent reinforcements being sent from England. Father O'Leary wrote, of his own volition apparently, a nervously argumentative pamphlet, entitled "An Address to the Common People," showing them strong reasons why they should take measures in defence of the country; and this at once enlisted the gratitude of the government. The good impression he had made in this important quarter was speedily followed up by services which he was enabled to render, both by writing and going about among the peasantry personally as a priest, to effect the suppression of Whiteboyism. His writings on this subject provoked a controversy with the Protestant bishop of

Cloyne, Dr. Woodward, who endeavored to twist the circumstance into a proof that there was something in the nature of a Popish conspiracy in the nocturnal misdeeds of the Whiteboys and the sporadic revolts of the peasantry against the payment of tithes to the Established Church. This controversy led to some unpleasantness between Father O'Leary and other ecclesiastics, but considering the difficulty of the Catholic position in those days, such divergences of view are hardly to be wondered at. One of the most interesting polemics in which the Capuchin was engaged was an encounter with John Wesley. Strangely enough, Wesley, though a seceder from the Established Church, thought well to take up the cudgels for it when it was openly attacked, and his arguments provoked a severe castigation from the dreaded pen of Father O'Leary. Yet the two disputants afterwards met at the house of a mutual friend, and Wesley confessed he was delighted with the conversation of his brilliant antagonist. A splendid pamphlet on "Toleration" was also produced by him at the period of the No-Popery riots (Lord George Gordon's), in which Father O'Leary scored heavily over the fact that the toleration established by William Penn in this country was forestalled by the establishment of that principle by Lord Baltimore in Maryland.

HIS PRIVATE BENEVOLENCE.

Father O'Leary was as active in works of private benevolence as in pamphleteering. He spent every penny of his surplus income in the relief of want, and so well known was his generosity in this way that a special medal was struck for him by his friends in Cork when he took his departure for Dublin. Father O'Leary was, on all these grounds, one of the most beloved of Irish priests, and never a word was uttered in depreciation of his character until a few years ago. Therefore it is useful to examine the facts of his life as known to his contemporaries as well as disclosed by documents of whose existence they had no knowledge.

Without a doubt Father O'Leary exerted an irresistible influence upon the minds of his countrymen at the period when he first appeared upon the public stage. In order to grasp the idea of its potency, we must go back in fancy to a situation in which there was but little interchange of thought among men, such as there is to-day, by means of the press and the free movement of commercial life. Education was confined to a few, newspapers were a luxury restricted to the

towns, roads were scanty and rugged, the stage-coach, with its six miles an hour, the only means of land travel, the telegraph undreamed-of. Still there was political electricity in the air. The system of the unenfranchised was thrilling with an indefinite anticipation of a new dawn. Evil agencies were at work in some quarters, whispering into the peasant's ears that the dread spiritual influence which forbade him to strike back at his oppressor was being exerted for the attainment of worldly domination and mental enslavement. Governments stood aghast at the terrific spectres which misgovernment had conjured up. Yet in Great Britain, at least, they shrunk from the idea of removing or minimizing the intolerable evils which in France had driven the people to the wickedness of despair and revenge. In the eyes of the statute law the Irish peasant was a helot. He had no legal existence, yet he was utilized as a beast of burden. He was a machine from which money could be wrung, and to that extent he was valuable; but no more. He could be made to support an idle and dissipated aristocracy and a Church Establishment not much better in its ministry. A tenth of his produce went to maintain a clergy and an ecclesiastical system which he hated because he knew them to be false, while the priests of his own beloved faith were obliged to skulk in holes and corners and put up their "chapels"—never churches—amidst outhouses and stables, in the back lanes. What the tithe-proctor spared the rack-renting landlord swept away with the help of the law. A leaden pall hung over the peasant's life, and turned his hopes into a waste as dreary as the Scythian steppes. Bitterness and discontent surged incessantly in his heart and made him an eager listener to schemes of escape and revenge. The man who could command the respect and enchain the sympathies of so impressionable a people as the Irish, at such an epoch, was a force not to be despised.

FATHER O'LEARY WAS NO TRAITOR TO IRISH INTERESTS.

We have gone over the evidence collated by Mr. Fitzpatrick in his valuable book, *Secret Service under Pitt*, and, having [weighed it carefully, find no proof of any action on Father O'Leary's part to justify the abominable charge brought against him by Froude, adopted by Lecky, and re-echoed to some extent by Fitzpatrick himself, that he was a spy. There are some passages in the correspondence between Orde, the Irish chief secretary, and Lord Sydney, William Pitt's brother-

in-law, which indicate that Orde intended to utilize him in such a way, but there are, against these, others expressing disappointment and failure in this design. Yet Fitzpatrick asserts that mysterious relations existed between Father O'Leary and the government, though he does not produce a scrap of proof to sustain the insinuation.

It is to be feared that Mr. Fitzpatrick, in his laudable pursuit of truth as to spies and informers in Irish political movements, may have worked himself into a certain susceptibility of mind over the subject. He had little of that attribute which has been aptly styled "the historical temperament." He was an amiable man, very tenacious of his theories, and capable of taking infinite pains. This ought to have constituted him a genius, according to an authoritative definition; but it did not. He was a valuable man on a trail, but beyond this his literary talents were of little account. He had hardly the faculty of classification of his facts, much less the fundamental ideas of the philosophy of history. He has contributed nothing decisive regarding the doubt about Father O'Leary. That fact in itself tells powerfully in favor of the baselessness of the doubt. When we remember that Mr. Fitzpatrick had access to all the state papers bearing on the subject, and to heaps of private correspondence preserved in family archives as well, we ought not to be content with a verdict of "not proven." We must take into account a very important factor—the character of the priesthood. Too little stress has been laid upon this point. We have Father O'Leary's correspondence to prove that he spurned, while in France, the suggestion of inducing Irish soldiers, taken prisoners by the French, to desert from the British service to that of their captors. He had higher notions of the duty of a military chaplain.

FATHER O'LEARY AND DR. HUSSEY.

Mr. Fitzpatrick's suspicions extended to other prominent ecclesiastics. He refers in particular to Dr. Hussey, Bishop of Waterford and Lismore, the personal friend of Edmund Burke, and the medium of that statesman's conversion, if he really were converted, to the Catholic faith. Dr. Hussey was the first president of Maynooth College, and it was owing to his labors, in conjunction with Archbishop Troy, of Dublin, and Bishop Moylan, of Cork, that that institution was granted to the Catholics. Dr. Hussey had for several years been engaged

in confidential transactions between different European governments. He was so trusted by both the Holy See and the Emperor Napoleon as to be selected for the momentous task of drawing up the famous Concordat at the Tuileries. Previously he had been asked by the Spanish government to take over the duties of the legation when the Spanish minister was quitting England because of the alliance between his government and that of France—and this alliance and its object ought to be borne in mind just now. The alliance was formed for no other purpose but to help the United States to wring its independence from England; and but for that help, so generously accorded, it is safe to say that there never would have been a United States to make war on Spain. The truth about Dr. Hussey's hold over great personages seems to be his own overmastering personality. He was a man of extraordinary gifts. As a pulpit orator he was unrivalled in his own day. Charles Butler, a contemporary writer, was present at one of his sermons in London, and he testifies that at one passage the congregation gave a general shriek of terror, and some fell fainting to the ground. He acted at one time as private secretary to the English home secretary, the Duke of Portland, and by that means became acquainted with King George III., who also fell under the influence of his personality. How it came to pass that he was suspected of being a governmental agent it is not difficult to guess, since any one soever to whom the government of that time showed favor came to be regarded as a consequence with aversion, if not with distrust and suspicion. There was no foundation but mere vague rumor, save an expression in one of Edmund Burke's letters to Dr. Hussey: "From the moment that the government who employed you betrayed you, they determined at the same time to destroy you." The impression that he had been so employed seems to have been pretty general, for when he died "Sylvanus Urban," a political writer, wrote of him thus: "The enemies of administration said he was employed by government to sow the seeds of dissension with a view to bring about the Union. Others considered him an agent of France."

When all the evidence is weighed regarding Father O'Leary and Dr. Hussey, we see no reason why Edmund Burke himself should enjoy immunity from suspicion of dishonorable motives if men like these two eminent ecclesiastics are open to it. They were political publicists just as he was—or rather, Father

O'Leary was as much one as he. Father O'Leary took the same view of "French principles" as Burke did; he had the same profound respect for the British Constitution and the same abhorrence of secret agrarian organizations. In the latter respect he only shared the sentiments of all the Catholic priesthood, who have always been the uncompromising antagonists of the secret societies, because none so well as they know how inimical these are to the social welfare and the material improvement of the people. Burke wrote much in the same strain, though he never failed to denounce the odious system of government which drove the people into those unlawful combinations. If he was rewarded by his party when they got into power for his political services, is it to be charged against him that he was doing anything dishonorable, as it is insinuated against Father O'Leary?

In weighing the probabilities in such a case as this, we must not overlook one very important element—the influence of the priestly character. All testimony goes to show that Father O'Leary was a truly zealous and holy priest. His career at St. Malo, where he was educated, and as a member of the Franciscan Order in the obscure little church which long bore his name in Cork, was eminently edifying and won for him the fervent affection of all with whom he was brought into contact. In social life he was highly esteemed, and his company was sought after by the choicest wits of the day as soon as his talents had attracted public attention. As a controversialist he has never been surpassed, and his political principles may be regarded as those which paved the way for the broad and tolerant system of our own Constitution. One of his biographers, Mr. Pratt, speaks of him enthusiastically as "the blameless priest who is known to have long considered himself as an advocate pleading for the Protestant in France and the Jew in Lisbon, as well as for the Catholic in Ireland; the patriot whose loyalty is sound; the philanthropist who, clothing humanity in the robes of eloquence, employed his voice and pen in exhorting mankind to lay aside religious distinctions."

AS A CONSTITUTIONAL AGITATOR.

The first appearance of Father O'Leary on the public stage was as the writer of "An Address to the Common People of Ireland," at a period when the allied fleets of France and Spain were in the Channel with the avowed purpose of making

a landing in Ireland, and emissaries of the allies were at work in Ulster and Munster stirring up the Presbyterians in the one place and the Catholics in the other to make common cause with the invaders. There cannot be a scintilla of doubt that in exhorting the people not to be seduced by these emissaries Father O'Leary was acting in perfect accordance with what he believed to be his own duty and for the best interests of the people. We may regard him as mistaken, but we cannot accuse him of selfishness or disingenuousness; and there is no doubt that it was because of this letter and the effect it had upon the popular mind that the government considered him worthy of some mark of appreciation. He was a consistent advocate of the cause of the oppressed Irish people, notwithstanding that he was opposed to any revolutionary methods of attempting their redress. He was what is now called a constitutional agitator, and was, after Grattan, perhaps the most popular man among the delegates to the Volunteer convention in Dublin, in 1783. We are left in doubt by Mr. Fitzpatrick whether the treachery of which Father O'Leary was suspected was manifested in his conduct at this convention in keeping silence over a forged letter purporting to come from Lord Kenmare, but afterwards admitted by the writer, Sir Boyle Roche, to be fraudulent. This letter had the effect of shelving the question of Catholic emancipation, and is by several authorities regarded as the first step which led to the '98 rebellion. There is nothing whatever to show that Father O'Leary was in the secret of this letter, which was in reality concocted in Dublin Castle; hence the insinuation is most unwarranted. In another place the odious guess is hazarded that the priest was put on the track of certain French emissaries, men whom he had known in France, for the purpose of keeping the government informed of their movements. In other words, that a priest's character could not save him from the insult of a Catholic official ranking him no higher than a common detective base enough to "shadow" people for a consideration. It is not amazing to find a writer like Froude stooping to pick up a bit of scandal so utterly unlikely, but it is strange to find a respectable historian like Lecky giving qualified credence to it, and a Catholic collator like Mr. Fitzpatrick trying to piece out a case by ill-fitting odds and ends and illogical theories.

If the human countenance be not, like human speech, an instrument contrived to conceal men's thoughts, Father O'Leary

was a man incapable of the baseness attributed to him. He had an open, winning face, enlivened by kindly eyes which flashed the native drollery of the Celtic character. "His manners," says Mr. Pratt, in his sketch of him in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, February, 1802, "were the most winning and artless, anticipating his good-will and urbanity before he opened his lips, and when they were opened his expressions did but ratify what those manners had before insured. And you had a further earnest of this in the benign and ineffable smile of a countenance so little practised in guile that it at the same time invited to confidence and denoted an impossibility of your being betrayed."

The famous order called "The Monks of the Screw," of which Father O'Leary was at one time a member, was not altogether, as many suppose, a convivial club solely. It embraced in its membership some of the most illustrious Irishmen of his time. Among these were Flood, Grattan, Curran, Lord Charlemont, Lord Chief Baron Burgh, Lord Avonmore, Judges Day, Metze, and Chamberline, Bowes Daly, and many more lesser lights, literary and professional—famous wits and orators all. O'Leary did not seek for admission to this select circle; he was invited within it, and he was one of the most brilliant of the whole galaxy. Men of this calibre could hardly be deceived about those whom they associated with on the most familiar terms; no political or literary impostor could be long in their society without detection of his true character.

HIS CLOSING YEARS.

Father O'Leary's closing years were spent in London, and some of his finest sermons were delivered in the little chapel of St. Patrick's, Sutton Street, Soho Square. Those sermons were mostly devoted to the task of removing the prejudices in the public mind regarding the aims and organization of Catholic religious bodies, and they produced a lasting impression on the public mind, as many of them were printed and circulated in pamphlet shape. But the greatest effort of his life, perhaps, was a magnificent oration at the funeral obsequies of the venerable Pontiff, Pius VI., who fell a victim to the French irruption into Italy. The brutal treatment to which the aged pope was subjected by the agents of the Directory certainly cut short his earthly career. They were mean enough to deprive the feeble old man of his walking-cane, which they sent as a trophy to Paris, to be jeered at by the *canaille* who had got drunk

with the blood of fallen greatness. On this theme Father O'Leary expatiated with an eloquence which drew tears of pity and indignation from an audience representative of the English and French nobility, and embracing many distinguished prelates and the principal foreign ambassadors in London. The closing words of his moving peroration may in some sense be applied to the orator's own case, now that his memory is, as we believe, unjustly stigmatized :

“The member died as the Head, the servant as the Master, **the vicegerent as the King** who had delegated the power. He died, as Christ died on the cross and St. Stephen on his knees: he died praying for peace to the world and forgiveness to his enemies. The tear starts in the eye of pity at the recital of the unmerited sufferings of greatness and the wanton persecutions raised against unoffending innocence. ‘Yet, weep not for him who died a death that kings themselves might envy. He died the death of the righteous; and may our last end be like theirs!’ ”

The orator followed the subject of his oration to the grave within a brief span. He died in London, at the house of a friend, Mr. John Murphy, of Howland Street, on the 8th of January, 1802, and was buried in St. Pancras churchyard. Over his grave his friend, the Earl of Moira, erected a fine* monument; and a tablet in his own church of St. Patrick's does justice to his piety and his talents. It has not yet been proved that these memorials of affection were undeserved.



PFARRER KNEIP AT WÖRISHOFEN.

BY E. M. LYNCH.



NO one can fail to be astonished with the ways of Wörishofen. The *Kur-Costum* alone is a startling thing. Everybody goes barefoot, or else in stockingless sandals (ladies with small and shape-ly feet prefer the former style). Most men have open-throated shirts, very light coats, and no hats. Some have trousers to the knee only, like the shooting-breeches of the Austrian sportsmen, or like bathing-drawers; while others wear long-legged things, much turned up above the ankles. Under-linen is discountenanced by the disciples of Pfarrer Kneip. Like the men, ladies go hatless, and they wear very short skirts. The other morning the thermometer stood at barely 50° Fahr.; it rained, and there was deep mud in the roads, so that a long, wet skirt, dapping on the stockingless legs of the fair pedestrians, would have been a sort of "last straw." We often walk in deep mud on cold, rainy days here.

The most approved shape for ladies' outer garments is a sort of "Empire" dress. Corsets are tabooed, as well as everything else that the good country priest who invented this peculiar variety of water-cure considered unnatural. He had a fund of ridicule always at command for the falsities of fashion. On one occasion he said: "The women-folk come to me with a horse's tail added to their own tresses, and they imagine I'm such an old fool that I don't see what they're wearing. As the horsehair is bristly, they take lard to plaster it down; and then they think to make the lard dainty by drenching it with perfume, forsooth!" Powder and paint called forth his scorn; trimmed hats also. He said: "*Das Frauenvolk* think to look nice by tossing straw and hay on to their heads; and ribbons upon top of that, and false flowers to crown all. And then, if they can add a poor little dead bird or two, they believe that they have a lovely headdress." Gloves also are contrary to "Kneip-Kur" rules.

There is a French saying that not even the consciousness of uncommon virtue produces the glow of contentment in the human breast that the knowledge of being well dressed imparts.

At Wörishofen the "cure-guests" must know they are absolute guys; yet everybody goes about smiling contentedly!

A good many ladies have come to reduce a "too, too solid flesh." These "cases" are not becoming to the "Empire" style of dress. Some thin people are making a water-cure in the hope of putting on a little fat. There are paralytics and rheumatic sufferers; and people who have not recovered from the effects of serious accidents, as well as the multitude ailing more "from taking physic than diseases." Certain subjects are anemic, while others are badly plethoric. There are fewer acute cases than chronic. An asthmatic patient said that "all the ills that flesh is heir to" are represented in Wörishofen, with the exception of leprosy; but perhaps she unconsciously exaggerated.

There are people from all the ends of the earth among the patients, with just now a larger number of Hungarians than of other nationalities. There have been hardly any English, but probably many will come in the Princess of Wales' footsteps. (Her royal highness spent two days here last summer.) Among those following the course of water-treatment are an Austrian archduke and archduchess, and their numerous family. Even their baby of a few months old is taken out to the woods and laid down upon a rug in the midst of its imperial relations, when they are taking the prescribed afternoon airing. A Bourbon princess and the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg and family are now among the "cure-guests."

The routine of the day is something like this, for the majority: Pfarrer Kneip said, in fine weather, six A. M. is a good hour for rising. A barefoot walk in the dewy meadows before a substantial breakfast is recommended. Next, a little rest. In the afternoon six minutes are allowed for wading in a shallow stream, after which a walk is taken to help the circulation; or ten minutes, barefoot, in the wet grass. According as body or limbs are ailing, so the morning douches are prescribed, and the warm baths, half-baths, etc. After douching, patients have exercises with a pole or dumb-bells, in a covered hall; or they walk in the open air if strong enough, thereby to produce a reaction.

The old priest used to say, that to go into this *Wandelbahn* was like going into a mad-house, and he protested that the patients might perform their evolutions there as quietly as any other exercise. Yet, be it outside or inside the *Wandelbahn*, the new-comer is apt to think that there is a conspicuous ab-

sence of sanity at Wörishofen. At Dr. Baumgarten's weekly lecture to the visitors, the other day, one among the numerous questions was: "Does the Kneip treatment afford any cure for mind-disease?" The lecturer paused to reflect, and then answered with a truly enviable *aplomb*: "The question is not material to us. There are no sufferers from mental disease at Wörishofen."

Inquiries do not always relate to such grave matters. Some one asked: "What is good for making the moustache grow?" The handsome Rheinland doctor answered: "A decoction of the stinging-nettle." Pfarrer Kneip's prescription for improving the growth of the hair of the head was: "Wear no hat, and apply cold water to the head, *rubbing it well in.*" Possibly he meant, *keep the scalp clean!*

The good priest's remarks lose much when not given in his own clownish dialect, but many of his sayings bear translation. A lady came to consult him. She began by, "I am the Countess of So-and-So."

"Is that all that ails *you*?" asked the healer.

He held that this age is mainly sick through its too great luxury, and tea was his pet aversion. Wörishofen coffee is a preparation of malt. Only in private do patients indulge here in "berry-coffee." But the Pfarrer believed in plenty of plain, nourishing food—especially during the water-treatment. The patient who has had his bath, and goes for a walk, is recommended to take with him some small refection, and not to wait, foodless, from his breakfast till his substantial German dinner in the middle of the day. In the afternoon visitors wander off across the fields or into the woods. Some are told to drink milk systematically and copiously; others take sipping draughts of water, walking about between the drinks.

There have been some remarkable cures lately; and, as a consequence, sick people have flocked into Wörishofen afresh; but Pfarrer Kneip's death has robbed the place of its prime attraction. There are 2,500 strangers now here, while at this time last year there were 4,000 or more.

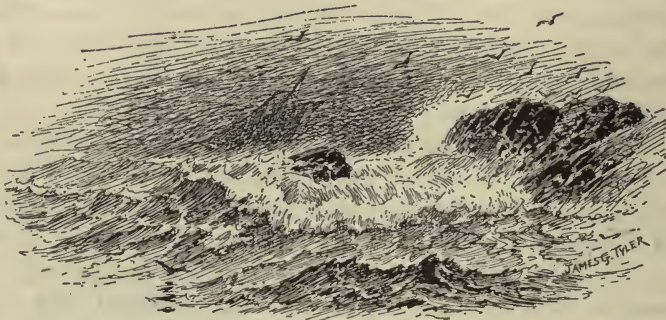
One of the "characters" of the Kneip-water-cure headquarters is Bruder Max, of the dispensary. When I first saw him he was rubbing the ears of two ladies with a greasy rag. A third came up and said: "My eyes are often weak. Rubbing the ears is good for the eyes; Bruder Max, please rub me!" Then one of the first two, gesticulating towards her friend's husband, said: "*He* really should be rubbed, Bruder Max.

His eyes are sometimes bad. Oh, do please *insist* that he shall have his ears rubbed." And this lady also had her way, for the same rag scrubbed the man's ears, too; Bruder Max's face was quite grave. It is a round face, with fine large eyes and a long nose, "tip-tilted like the petal of a flower." He dispenses medicine in his monk's habit, and looks a "perfect picture." Everybody is fond of Bruder Max. Having made my purchases, the other day, I went away, leaving behind me the four ear-rubbed patients. When next I returned for drugs I asked: "What did those ladies want to have rubbed upon their ears, brother?" To my great surprise the solemn monk's face relaxed and he broke into a peal of laughter, but he quickly pulled himself together and looked as grave again as a judge. "Malefzoel," he answered. (Let me render this dialect-word by croton-oil, or liquid fly-blister, or any such severe stuff.) "Malefzoel! A splendid remedy! Were *you* here *that time*? Well, one of the ladies came again just now, and she cocked up her ear to have it rubbed, though it was all swollen—swollen like anything!"

"And do you really mean to say that you rubbed it again?" I asked.

"Ah, that I did!" replied Bruder Max with evident relish.

The good founder of the water-cure at Wörishofen used to give his advice gratis to sick people, and the offerings that their gratitude prompted them to make have gone to beautify the parish church; to build and endow the school-home for children, and for many other good works. This Bavarian village, which used to be very poor and backward, has grown large and acquired prosperity under the influence of its late beloved pastor.



THE NEW FRENCH LOURDES.

A HARD CASE FOR THE DEVIL'S ADVOCATE.

BY J. M. STONE.



HE world has never seemed so full of interesting problems as at the present time. Scarcely have the clashing of arms and the tumult of battle ceased than an entire reconstruction of the political chess-board becomes necessary and questions of racial significance engross the attention of many. But, in spite of the passions excited by the great temporal issues of the day, the general indifference to what is above and beyond our earthly horizon appears to be passing away, and the world to be gradually ranging itself under two standards.

On the side of Lucifer, utter infidelity, varied by sporadic attacks, traffic for devilish purposes in hypnotic influences, hallucinations of many kinds. On the other hand, divine revelations, prophecies, visions, conversions which partake of the marvellous. This sundering of spirits is none the less marked because of the difficulty of deciding which the pretender is and which the king; and vexed questions must still remain vexed questions, through the whole process of germ and bud and leaf, till the time when by their fruit men shall know them. Until then we must be content to observe, to notify, to surmise, leaving the solution in more competent hands.

THE RELIGIOUS AWAKENING.

Traces of a general tendency towards an awakened interest in the intangible, the immaterial, are not wanting in England, although the Anglo-Saxon temperament is slower than the Latin to receive new impressions, and less sensitive to spiritual phenomena both beneficent and malign. But when once we have crossed the Channel the change which has taken place in the mental attitude of the people during the last few years becomes strikingly apparent, whether it arises from a righteous recoil from the crass materialism which has so long held them in bondage, or whether it is but another stratagem of the enemy of mankind to seize the ball at the rebound and to use the opportunity for fresh conquests. Both influences are, no

doubt, at work, and France is teeming with currents and counter-currents of spiritual manifestations (to use the word in its broad and general sense) which cannot fail to arrest the attention of the most superficial observer.

To begin with the literature of the day: its latest and most characteristic developments have all a metaphysical tendency. One series of remarkable publications show how a soul, rising out of the abominations of sensuality that had touched its lowest level, aspires not merely to clean living and elementary piety, but to a mysticism as austere as that of a St. John of the Cross. They describe Durtal as first entangled in the meshes of Satan, morally submerged, almost drowned in a sea of turpitude, but at a given moment beginning to work out his salvation by the faithful following of a gleam that pierces the thick darkness in which he lay floating towards perdition. He attains thus to the solid foundation of Christian faith and works, and through them to the delectation of pure mysticism. He threads the thorny paths of the purgative and at least surveys the illuminative way, entering into the exquisite aspirations of those saints for whom the veil which divides the seen from the unseen is a mere film. The success of the work is a sign of the times, the fact of its having passed through many editions in the course of a few months testifying to the popularity of the subject. A further illustration of the spiritualizing movement is distinctly present in the kind of art now in vogue in France. This year's *Salon* marks a strong reaction against scientific realism, with its accompanying denial of all that cannot be explained or touched—*Der Geist des stets verneint*, which derides the intervention of powers beyond the realm of natural causes. The *Salon* is in a certain sense a barometer for estimating the degree of intensity of popular feeling. Last year Franco-Russian subjects chiefly obtained. The dominating note of 1898 is the occult, rising here and there to the supernatural. Among the subjects treated are miracles, apparitions, phantoms, legends, allegories, mystical studies, sibyls, witches, fortune-tellers, in confused but fluent profusion. The walls of the popular exhibition display an elaborate introduction to a life which, however checkered, grotesque, distorted or profane, is not, as was so long the case, entirely of the earth earthy.

STRIVINGS FOR THE SUPERNATURAL.

The change in the thinking life of the nation is thus very marked. It is as if painters, poets, journalists, dilettanti,

bourgeoisie, and peasants, sickening of the husks on which the materialists have fed them for years *ad nauseam*, weary of clamoring for a different food, claim for themselves the right of famished beggars to snatch what is denied to them, wherewith to satisfy their cravings. It may be doubted whether the last state of many of these is not worse than the first, but at any rate it is a changed one. Moreover, amid the chaos two distinct currents may be traced, meeting as extremes do meet, on at least one common debating ground. This is a return to the old belief in forces above and beside nature. But while the one current tends to a more fervent revival of religion than any France has seen since the great Revolution, the other makes solely for the occult, deals with the black arts, and counterfeits divine things, for the same reason that Satan is the ape of God. The only point at which they meet is the recoil from the doctrines which Zola and his fellow-propagandists have so long and successfully dinned into the nation's ears.

Gradual in its course for some years, the return of great numbers of wanderers to the religious traditions of the past has advanced of late by leaps and bounds, precipitated by numerous causes, among which not the least is perhaps Zola's recent abortive attack on Lourdes. Even those who still remain unconvinced of the divine nature of the marvels which take place there are now obliged to admit that they cannot be explained by natural causes. But Lourdes may possibly in the near future give way to a newer shrine, as La Salette paled before Lourdes itself. The apparitions which have taken place at Pontmain, at Pellevoisin, and more recently still at Tilly-sur-Seulles, seem to indicate that the Blessed Virgin has chosen for herself other sanctuaries on French soil in which to work perhaps still greater wonders of conversion and healing.

APPARITIONS AT TILLY-SUR-SEULLES.

During a recent journey through the northern provinces of France the present writer visited Tilly, its curé, and the field of the apparitions, conversed with the *vojante* Marie Martel, and spoke with several of the simple village folk who have themselves witnessed the apparitions.

Leaving the train at Audrien, a village situated about half way between Caen and Bayeux, the traveller enters a miniature omnibus, known in the country-side as *la patache du Père Morel*, and is set down in half an hour before the inn at Tilly dignified by the title of Hôtel St. François. The innkeeper, Père

Morel, as he is familiarly styled, his honest face wreathed in smiles, his every gesture expressing affectionate welcome, hastens forward to greet the pilgrims and help them to alight. Leading the way through the cleanest and most inviting of kitchens he shows us to our rooms, and having deposited bag and baggage our next step is to seek the doyen-curé, M. Guérout. His appearance and manner answer to the description we have received, and indeed would serve as a type of the Normandy *curé de campagne*. Simple, frank, straightforward, he is nevertheless measured in his words, devoid of enthusiasm, and gravely informative. In spite of all our efforts to draw him out on the subject of the apparitions, he will commit himself to no opinion, although he is quite ready and willing to tell the story, the *Divina Commedia* of the village. While he pronounces Marie Martel to be *une très-brave fille*, he only qualifies the strange series of events of which she is now the principal medium, instrument, or interpreter by the frequent expression *C'est bien curieux*. We too have determined to maintain a judicial attitude, not to jump at conclusions or to take anything for granted. One of us, indeed, is rather inclined to be sceptical on the subject of the visions so much talked of at Caen and Bayeux, but we have come to study the question on the spot, and are determined to glean all the information obtainable.

THE STORY FROM THE VILLAGE PRIEST.

The curé's narrative ran thus: Some three years ago about sixty school-children, with the nuns who have charge of them, saw from the windows of the girls' class-room a figure like a statue of the Blessed Virgin floating in the air, in the direction of a certain field about half a mile from the school-house. Beneath stood a tall elm-tree which has since become famous. Our Lady was surrounded by angels, and had long, blue floating draperies flecked with golden stars. Again and again the bright vision floated before the eyes of the whole school, and the wonder of the children and of the nuns was only equalled by their delight. Weeks passed, and still the whole school "saw" the apparition almost daily. They saw no longer at a distance, but on the spot above which the vision hovered. The excitement in the *pays* grew intense, and the nuns began to ask themselves whether Our Lady did not intend by thus appearing to express some wish, which they had not yet understood. One day they all agreed, mistresses and

children, to pray that she would deign to let them know her desire. After this, instead of the gracious vision of the Mother of God with her attendant angels, and the celestial radiance surrounding them, they saw a large church standing in the meadow just beyond the elm-tree, with its choir turned to the east, and in shape like a basilica. This seemed to them to imply that a church should be built on that spot; but as far as the school-children and the nuns were concerned the apparitions now ceased, and it was the turn of others to see. Many of the country people driving in carts through the village, or in passing to and from their work, would frequently see the church in the meadow. So common was the occurrence that to their simple minds it almost ceased to appear wonderful.

Meanwhile, three young peasant girls, Louise Polinière, Jeanne Bellanger, Marie Martel, the two first natives of Tilly, the other from the neighboring village of Christol, begin to be rapt in ecstasy. Our Lady appeared, spoke to them, answered questions put to her by the *voyantes*, and revealed to them certain facts which they were to communicate to the persons concerned in them. These visions differed from those of the school-children, the nuns, and those of the other village folk, inasmuch as *they* saw collectively, and without any disturbance of their natural condition, whereas the three girls saw separately, at different times, and in a condition of ecstasy, some say of catalepsy.

One of the listeners interrupted the curé at this point to ask him if he had himself been favored with a vision.

"No," he answered—they thought regretfully. "I have seen nothing except a reflection in the eyes of Marie Martel, and this others have also seen, and often. We thought of trying to get it photographed, but we found that a similar attempt had been unsuccessful in another case, so we abandoned the project. The picture reproduced in the pupils of the girl's eyes was of course very small, and looked like a tiny statue; but we could observe the exact position, and it tallied in all points with the description she afterwards gave us of Our Lady's appearance in her vision."

COLLECTING INFORMATION FOR THE ECCLESIASTICAL COMMISSION.

Our interest in the *voyante* increased as the curé went on to say that Marie Martel had been told by the Blessed Virgin to go every evening during the month of May and pray in

the field where the church had appeared, Our Lady promising that she should see her again on the Feast of the Ascension.

It was then the 15th of May, and the curé said that she would probably, as each day hitherto, have an ecstasy, see a great number of angels, and perhaps Joan of Arc, who frequently appeared to her, as well as a holy nun lately deceased, about whom he would presently tell us; but that the middle of the vision would be occupied by dim clouds, which she would be unable to pierce. It was his duty, he informed us, to be present every day, in order to collect information for the ecclesiastical commission appointed to investigate the matter, and that, if we pleased, we might accompany him to the field. We accepted the invitation gladly, and M. Guérout, continuing his story, told us that one of the most curious circumstances attaching to the revelations made to Marie Martel was the fact of her being in communication with a certain nun, the prioress of a Norbertine convent near Paris, who had died a short time ago. She had been asked to pray for the nun's recovery during the illness which had preceded her death, when it was revealed to her that the improvement in her physical condition would be of short duration, and that her death would occur at a given time. On the day mentioned the curé received a telegram early in the morning, before going to the church to say Mass, the purport of which was to inform him that the mother prioress was better. He saw Marie Martel as she was leaving the church after Mass, and gave her the news. But she assured him that the nun had passed away the preceding night, mentioning the hour at which she had breathed her last. Returning to the presbytery, he found a second telegram awaiting him, which exactly corroborated the girl's statement.

Hearing of these things, Madame de B——, the mother of the deceased nun, came to Tilly for the purpose of questioning Marie Martel, who told her that her daughter had appeared to her twice, the first time in a suffering state with a crown of thorns on her brow, the second time radiant with happiness and crowned with roses. The lady showed her a large photograph of the whole community, of which her daughter had been prioress, and asked her to point out the one who had appeared to her. Glancing at the group, she unhesitatingly pointed to the mother prioress. There was nothing in her dress or position among the others to distinguish her from the rest of the nuns, and the girl's promptness in singling her out

caused a thrill of emotion to pass through the spectators of the little scene. Soon after this occurrence some workmen, most of them unbelievers, were employed to do some work in the vault in which this nun had been buried. It necessitated the removal of some of the bricks which lined her grave, and to their amazement they found them to be luminous with a strange brightness which could not be accounted for. Several of the workmen were converted, and others were deeply impressed by the circumstance, as the nun had always had the reputation of being a saint.

WE SEE MARIE MARTEL HERSELF.

By this time it was nearly five o'clock, Marie Martel's usual hour for going to the field, and the curé rose, saying he would fetch his hat. A walk of about five minutes brought us to the house in which the *voyante* lives with her adopted mother, Madame Henri. It was a modest abode, exquisitely neat, with a bright little garden on one side. Madame Henri received us courteously, and placed heavy high-backed chairs for each of us round the oval table in the middle of her parlor, while we waited for Marie. In a few minutes the girl entered quietly and stood by the door, so unobtrusively that we scarcely noticed her at first. About middle height, with the rather prepossessing appearance of the typical Normandy peasant, scrupulously clean, and neatly attired in a dark stuff dress with a small white woollen shawl over her head, there was nothing, save perhaps the dreamy expression in her eyes, to distinguish her from a dozen others. As we walked to the field each of us had ample opportunity to speak to her and ask her what questions we pleased. They were answered simply and with apparent frankness, in the strong accent and incorrect phraseology of the *pays*. Evidently she had no more education than her fellows. One of us asked her about the lameness from which we had heard that she suffered formerly, and which was said to have been cured miraculously. She told us that in one of her visions the Blessed Virgin had told her to lay down her crutches and to walk away without them. She had done so, and since that day had been quite cured of her lameness; but instead now suffered great pain in her arms, especially on Fridays, when the agony she endured in them was intense, and that except for about half an hour after her ecstasies she was almost constantly in pain.

THE PLACE OF THE APPARITIONS.

When we reached the place where the first apparitions had been seen, we perceived a number of people praying before a statue of the Blessed Virgin, over which a rough, shed-like chapel had been raised temporarily by the bishop's orders, to mark the spot pending the inquiry. Behind it rises the celebrated tree, now quite dead, thanks to the devotion of visitors who have robbed it, first of all its leaves and then of its entire bark. After kneeling for a few moments before the little shrine, with its lighted candles and already numerous *ex votos*, Marie Martel proceeded to the next field, separated from this one by a ditch. Followed by some forty villagers, the curé, and ourselves, she knelt down on the spot where, according to the vision, the sanctuary steps would be. Those present placed themselves in a circle about her, some kneeling devoutly, in spite of the wet grass, others more prudently standing. Her eyes bent on the ground, she began reciting aloud the Joyful Mysteries of the Rosary, all present joining in the responses. It began to rain, and several umbrellas were opened. Some cows left off browsing and, coming close to us, eyed us complacently. Two children arriving late on the scene flopped down beside the *voyante* and began to join in the prayers, in a matter-of-fact way, as if visions, ecstasies, and revelations were quite every-day things.

MARIE SEES THE VISION.

At the third mystery the girl raised her eyes, and immediately lowered them. She went on praying, and a moment afterwards a thrill seemed to pass through her. She again looked up, and her whole face became as it were transfigured, radiant with joy, reverence, and love. Her wide-open eyes gazed, without even the faintest trembling of the eyelids, at something we could not see, and remained thus for more than a quarter of an hour, while at intervals she whispered fervently, "*Saints Anges,*" at which the assistants answered, "*Priez pour nous.*" Now and again she started and turned her head from one side to the other, as some fresh object of wonder and delight claimed her attention. During the whole time she appeared like one in possession of indescribable bliss, and we wondered, as we watched the effect produced on her by a vision of angels, what would be her expression on seeing the Queen of angels herself.

Once she moved slightly, as if some one had appeared suddenly close to her side, and murmured, "*Vénérable Jeanne d'Arc*," to which we added, "*Priez pour nous*." Then another quiver of the beaming face, while the upturned eyes glistened with fresh rapture: "*Mère Prieure*," rose the repeated invocation, in a voice of deep emotion, from the girl's slightly parted lips, and "*Priez pour nous*" from the forty witnesses of the strange scene.

Custom may, perchance, stale the enchantment of the sensation, but those who, like us, realized as never before the nearness of the seen to the unseen, must experience a feeling of awe in the presence of one whose consciousness is alive only to that which we are wont to think of as "afar from the sphere of our sorrow."

But at last the radiant light began to wane as the sunset hues fade before the approach of night, tears gathered in the eyes of the *extasiée*, the lids closed over them, she bent her head, her trembling fingers sought her beads, and her voice regained its monotonous intonation as she took up the rosary at the point where she had left it. When it was finished she rose, a little unsteadily, and appeared to be somewhat dazed for an instant, but only for an instant; then she was simple Marie Martel again, with only that strange visionary look in her eyes to distinguish her from any other good little Normandy peasant girl. Followed for some distance by the little, straggling crowd, we accompanied her, together with the curé, back to her home. She told us how much she was looking forward to the Ascension, when she should see the Blessed Virgin again. What a pity that we could not remain till then! We asked her to pray for us and ours, and she promised to do so, asking for our prayers in return.

"That will be *une bonne communauté des prières*," she added "till we meet again."

"And after the Ascension," we asked, "when will you next see Our Lady?"

"She has promised to come on the Feast of the Assumption," replied Marie, "but after that I know nothing."

"Are you not going to be a nun?"

"Yes, later, when I may; but I am to remain at Tilly for the present. After the Assumption, perhaps, we shall know something more."

We left her with Madame Henri at her door, the curé walking with us till within a short distance of the Hôtel St. François.

THE CLERGY WITHHOLD JUDGMENT.

"*C'est une brave fille,*" he said; "we shall see what is to be the outcome of all this. Some of the clergy blame the late bishop's countenance of even so much public demonstration as premature, but it was unavoidable. Although there have as yet been no miracles *du premier ordre*, there have been partial cures on the spot, and some have been completed afterwards. We are praying that if these things really proceed from the good Spirit we may get [a tremendous miracle, and that matters will then go forward quickly." A covered cart passed us at this moment, driven by a young man who looked like a well-to-do farmer. "That is one of the people who have '*seen,*'" remarked the curé.

Our landlady at the inn was much interested to hear of our visit to the field and told us that she often went there, although she had never *seen*. "It is perhaps through want of the right kind of faith," she said wistfully. "I did not go to-day on account of the damp, which is bad for my rheumatism. I suppose, to be in right dispositions for seeing, one should not think of precaution. The rain never wets Marie Martel, however much it pours. She goes in all weathers. My husband too, he has seen the Blessed Virgin several times."

When we next saw "Père Morel" we questioned him on the subject. "Oh, yes!" he answered with his cordial manner, "I have seen her as plainly as I see you. It is the greatest happiness of my life."

The next morning we walked up the hill which rises to the right of the Hôtel St. François, to inspect the school-house from which the first series of apparitions were seen. It was market-day at Tilly, and the people from Caen and Bayeux were establishing themselves with their wares in the open space in front of the inn. On the brow of the hill a pleasant-looking country-girl with a large basket on her arm, seeing us reconnoitre, stopped to point out the field with the leafless elm, pointing like a beacon heavenward. We asked her if she too had seen?

"Alas! no"; although her brother, who had stood beside her, had seen the Blessed Virgin as plainly as he saw the tree and the hedge and the field beyond. These things were not to be had for the wishing. At Bayeux, where she lived, the greater number of the clergy did not believe them; but then so few of the clergy had seen anything. If one saw, there

was nothing more to be said—*voilà!* The effect produced on us by the recital of these marvels was perplexing in the extreme. We had no evidence but the corroboration of many witnesses, and the apparent *bona fides* of the ecstasica. It was hard to maintain a judicial frame of mind in the teeth of arguments the objections to which were neither answered nor admitted. "Seeing is believing"; and we added mentally, "getting a good many other people to believe."

DEPOSITIONS HAVE BEEN TAKEN.

A considerable number of documents in the shape of letters, depositions, etc., have accumulated in the course of the three years during which Tilly has been before the world. Three of these may be transcribed here as representing the experiences of three different classes of people.

We will first take the statement of M. Boullon, a clock-maker, a man about thirty years old, very intelligent and thoughtful. He says:

"On the 17th of April last (1896), a Friday, I was just finishing breakfast—it was about 8:30—when my friend, M. Charles L——, dropped in to wish me good-day. We began to talk about the apparitions and he asked me what I thought of them. I replied: 'They are nothing but illusions. I have been present five or six times without seeing anything, and I shall not go again.' Nevertheless my friend L—— persuaded me to accompany him to the field. He was to leave for Bal-leray at ten o'clock, and we had a good hour before us. About forty people were praying under the elm-tree. My friend jumped the ditch, climbed up the opposite bank, and examined the ground suspiciously. Then he returned and placed himself beside me, facing the tree. Twenty minutes passed, and I said to him impatiently, 'It's all nonsense; let us go; you will miss the coach.' We walked away, but had scarcely gone thirty paces when I said, 'Let us have one more look before we go.' We turned back, and I saw distinctly, at a distance of two yards to the right of the tree, the figure of a woman standing with her feet on the bank. She was clothed in white, her head covered with a veil, and looked exactly like a statue of the Immaculate Conception. I could see her features distinctly, and noticed that she was very white, and in all things like a statue except that there was no pediment. Without telling my friend that I saw anything, I begged

him to wait for a few minutes, and I walked towards the figure. When I was about five yards from it the vision disappeared suddenly. We waited a little and then went on our way. When we reached the gate my friend said, 'If I thought I should see anything I would stay here all day.' Upon this I turned and looked back, and was so struck with what I saw that I fell on my knees. This time it was the living form of a woman, standing to the right of the tree, holding an infant in her arms. She was the same height as the first apparition, her face was as pale but fuller, and I could distinguish every feature except the eyes, the color of which I could not see. Her look was not fixed like that of a statue, but was animated with a sad but benevolent and kind expression. The sun shone out brightly at this moment, and L—— fell on his knees, exclaiming in a voice full of emotion, 'I see her too!' To both of us there also appeared a plain iron crown hovering over her head. We rose, and together approached the vision as if to touch it, although we had at the same time the impression that it was impalpable. When we were about twenty metres from the ditch the figure began to move, turning its profile towards us. It walked to the tree, and leaned its head gently against the stem, on the spot up to which the bark had then been peeled off. We were both impressed with the fact that the movements were not in the least stiff or automatic. We continued to advance, and when we were at a distance of three metres from the figure it vanished as before. Then we went away, this time definitely, greatly rejoiced at having seen, and at the end of the field, close to the old disused quarry, I turned once more and perceived the same figure in the form of a living person, but intangible. This time my friend saw nothing. There were thus three distinct visions at intervals of four or five minutes, lasting about an hour in all. In the evening I returned to the field alone, and again saw what I had previously seen the second and third time. The crowd was in front of me and opened me a passage spontaneously. This time the vision lasted twenty-five minutes. Since then I have seen nothing further. To sum up the result of my experiences, I must note—first a movement of great sensible devotion and joy, as if the vision were of divine origin; but, secondly, a troubled sensation, which might perhaps point to a diabolical source. Nevertheless I still continue to hope that it was indeed the Blessed Virgin who appeared to me."

A NEWSPAPER MAN'S TESTIMONY.

The next document is supplied by M. Gaston de Méz, a journalist, in a pamphlet entitled *La Voyante et les derniers événements de Tilly*, in which he describes a visit which he paid to the school at Tilly in order to solve his doubts on the subject of the first apparitions. He says: "It was four o'clock. In the class-room were assembled Marie Martel, two nuns, a few ladies, two little boys, and the *doyen*. Marie, leaning against a table in the bay-window and supported by a friend, was reciting the rosary. I was a little behind her, my eyes fixed on the horizon. Suddenly I saw a kind of white cloud, slightly tinged with pink, which appeared to rise up behind the hedge. It looked like the top of the veil of a gigantic statue of the Immaculate Conception, and appeared to be moving from the earth upwards. But just as I was expecting to see the whole of the statue revealed, the vision, instead of completing itself, disappeared entirely at the precise moment when Marie Martel went into ecstasy. After a few moments I saw the same thing again repeated, but less distinctly than the first time. Was it an optical delusion? Right and left on the other parts of the hedge there was nothing to be seen. When the ecstasy was over I related what I had noticed, and the superioress declared that she had seen it also. All fell to praying once more, convinced that if they increased their fervor the Blessed Virgin would appear to me. The cloud dispersed and in its place I saw architectural lines representing the top of an edifice, of which the bulk would be hidden by the hedge. It seemed to be composed of brilliant enamelled bricks of a color between violet and pink. To convince myself that I was not the victim of an hallucination I rubbed my eyes, looked away from the hedge, then looked at it again and saw the same thing. I continued to see it for a few seconds, then the whole thing vanished. Such are the facts, and I explained them thus: That which I took for the veil of a statue was an iridescent light on the upper edge of the foliage, which disappeared each time that a cloud intercepted the rays of the sun. I was afterwards able to follow this play of light with a field-glass, but was puzzled to find that the iridescence was not produced on the other crests of the hedge. With regard to the embryo building which I perceived, I have never succeeded in accounting for its existence. I saw it perfectly; that is all I can say, and I affirm it on my word of honor."

The writer goes on to add that what he has seen may possibly have a diabolical origin. He holds no brief for Tilly, and of the three *voyantes* Louise Polinière is the only one for whom he has any sympathy.

The third document which we place in evidence is a letter from the Marquis de L. L. addressed to M. Gaston de Méz: :

TESTIMONY OF A SCEPTIC.

"MY DEAR FRIEND: I have just arrived from Tilly, where the devil, according to M. Brettes, has shown himself under the form of the immaculate Virgin, resplendent with beauty and light. He even pushed his coquetry so far as to surround himself with demons who for the occasion had put on the white robes of seraphs. The Satan of MM. Brettes and Mérie* received joyfully the prayers and invocations of five hundred persons, from 9 o'clock in the morning till 2 o'clock in the night; these five hundred persons fearing neither cold nor mud to render him homage. In spite of the formidable douche, little to his taste if I recollect rightly the teaching of the catechism, he appeared smiling and happy. Decidedly he is a good devil, full of benevolence and resignation. The fact is not to be denied. But to speak seriously, the 8th of December was a grand day for the Catholics. Louise Polinière and Marie Martel came to the field in the afternoon. Louise had two very long, sweet, and peaceful ecstasies in which her commonplace features were transformed into positive beauty. What can I say of Marie Martel? From a state of ecstasy she passed into one of rapture, and it is impossible to imagine a face more dazzlingly bright with celestial joy. She seemed to send out rays of light. The poor girl, tortured night and day with excruciating pain, lived for two long hours in another world. Her smile was angelic, and the tender words "*O ma bonne mère*" were constantly on her lips. Her arms were extended in supplication, her eyes raised to heaven. She walked slowly forward, escaping from the arms that supported her. It was a most consoling sight. The apparition was particularly luminous, standing on a crescent with the inscription, 'I am the "Immaculate Conception."' The two *voyantes*, separated from each other by the dense crowd which rose like a wall between them, and questioned apart in their own homes, were found to have had identically the same vision. This was my fourteenth visit to Tilly, which is as much as to say that my inquiry has been

* Two writers violently opposed to the Tilly apparitions, which they condemn as the work of a diabolical agency.

most thorough. As I was unable to study *de visu* the events which took place at the school, I have given myself up to the scrupulous investigation of what concerns the *voyantes*, and all that I have discovered about Louise Polinière and Marie Martel has confirmed me in the conviction that the laws of mysticism are immutable. Cures and other favors follow each other in rapid succession, and are clearly defined and very characteristic. These are my freshest and most recent impressions. *Le culté de Tilly est fait*, and the devil and modern science are on the alert. In these days, when all honest faith is threatened with annihilation, the testimony from on high must be equal to the peril which confronts us. Tilly is logical and could not be otherwise.

“Yours sincerely,

“MARQUIS DE L. L.”

Far be it from us to pretend to decide on the nature of these things. Our business is but to collect “the abstract and brief chronicles of the time,” to present the various opinions of those who have studied the matter from the beginning, and then to wait until it may be said *Roma locuta est*.

A LETTER FROM THE PARISH PRIEST.

A letter received from the doyen-curé, M. Guérout, since the above was written contains the latest record from Tilly. He says, writing June 14, 1898:

“A learned, pious, and distinguished ecclesiastic came to see me last Friday, having travelled two hundred leagues in fulfilment of a promise in case he should be cured by the intercession of our Lady of Tilly of a malady which had been declared incurable by the medical faculty. All that science could achieve had been done for him and the doctors had declared that he was to all intents and purposes a dead man, and that even if he should partially recover it would be nothing but a misfortune, for it would mean madness and idiocy. The patient had recourse to our Lady of Tilly on the 27th of October, 1896, and his cure was so complete that not only have his intelligence and memory remained intact, but his physical condition, which for years was one of intense suffering, is now such that for about twenty months he has been and continues without a shadow of pain or illness of any kind. Nevertheless, in spite of repeated favors, we remain in an attitude of respectful and prayerful waiting, conforming ourselves beforehand to whatever shall be the decision of the Church, and desiring only that the holy will of God may be done.”

THE LIGHTHOUSE.

BY REV. WILLIAM P. CANTWELL.

I.



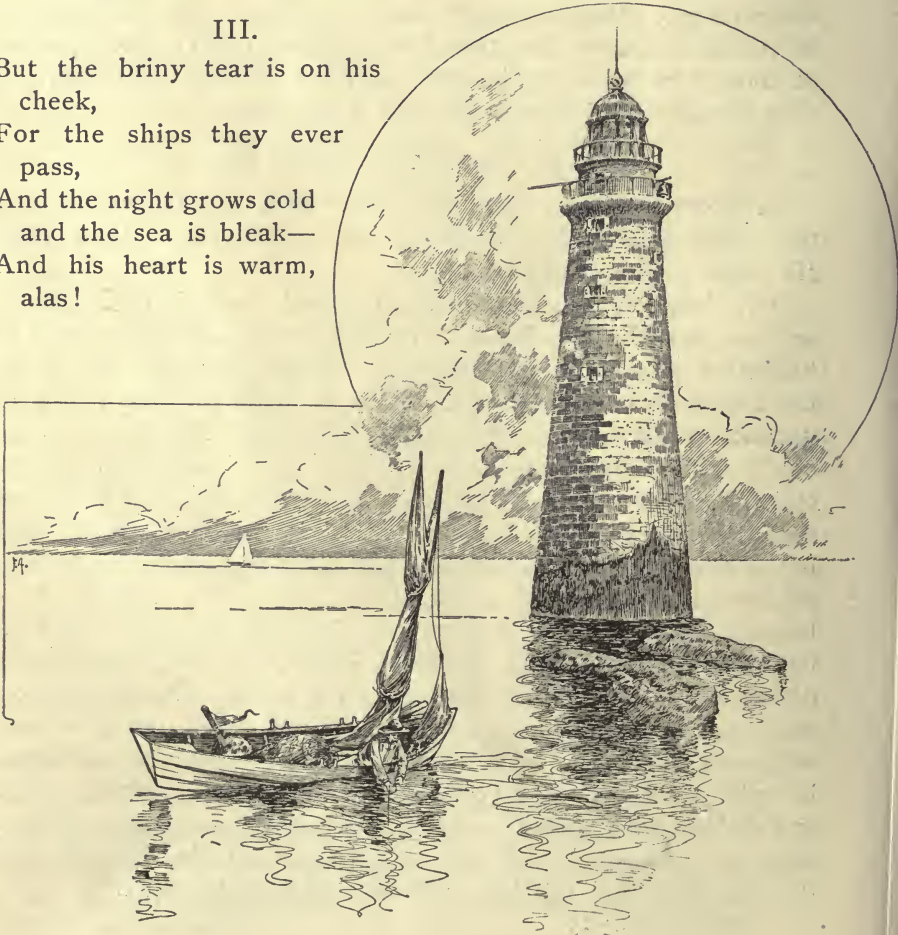
RIM and gray stands the faithful light
 And the waves crouch at his feet—
 Stands like the sentinel of night
 Guarding his silent beat.

II.

High o'er his head his strong arm flings
 His lantern's flaming blaze;
 And the phantom ships with the fleecy wings
 Melt through the glimmering haze.

III.

But the briny tear is on his
 cheek,
 For the ships they ever
 pass,
 And the night grows cold
 and the sea is bleak—
 And his heart is warm,
 alas!



A MODERN MIRACLE.

BY GRACE V. CHRISTMAS.

I.

"Faith in womanhood
Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high
Comes easy to him ; and tho' he trip and fall,
He shall not bind his soul with clay."

—Tennyson.



AND so you really are a Catholic, Mr. Foster? How strange it seems."

As Mrs. Carlton spoke she glanced swiftly up at her audience of one as he stood, tall and straight, on the tiger-skin rug before the fire, and then as rapidly veiled her eyes with their long lashes. It was one of her "little ways," and as a rule highly effective.

Albert Foster looked rather bewildered. He was a frank-faced, honest English lad of two-and-twenty, very proud of the fact that he had arrived at man's estate, and anxious to impress the same upon all his friends and acquaintances.

"Of course I am a Catholic—never been anything else. But why do you think it strange?" he asked, smiling down at the pretty woman in the lounging-chair.

For a moment she hesitated. "I shall not offend you, shall I, if I say what I think?"

"Oh, rather not!" he answered. "Surely you know by this time you can say whatever you like to me." And his boyish face deepened a little in color as he spoke.

The men of Eva Carlton's acquaintance capable of resisting her fascinations were few in number, and her present companion had cast in his lot with the majority.

"Well," she said slowly, "I have always been under the impression that Roman Catholics were a very gloomy set of people who went about thanking God that they were not as other men, don't you know? But there is nothing of that sort about you."

Albert threw back his head and laughed—that laugh of intense enjoyment which was peculiar to him and which always had such a cheering effect upon those who listened to it.

"Don't you think you are mixing us up with the Metho-

dists? There is nothing gloomy about our religion; rather the other way, or I should say—”

Mrs. Carlton nodded her dainty little head with an air of profound wisdom.

“I know what I am talking about, my dear boy,” she said. “Some of the dullest, dowdiest people I have ever come across were Roman Catholics, red hot Papists. The men pulled long faces and talked to me about my soul, and the women had not an idea how to put on their clothes, and looked as if they were going to faint every time I opened my lips.”

Albert Foster laughed again.

“You have been unfortunate in your experiences! Where did you pick up such a crew?”

“Oh! some I met in Rome when I was there last winter. Newly converted they were and tremendously proud of it.”

“Oh, well, that explains it,” put in Albert eagerly. “They had not thoroughly imbibed the Catholic spirit, don’t you see? There had not been time for it to soak in. They were like the sponge-cake in a ‘trifle’ when the cook has been stingy with the brandy. Besides, even if you have met gloomy Catholics, it does not follow that it is their religion that makes them so. It may be their liver.”

“Very ingenious,” said Eva, smiling up at him. “Did they teach you to argue like that at Upton?”

Albert had been educated at the grand old Benedictine monastery of Upton, where he had distinguished himself at cricket and foot-ball, and in the athletic line generally, been the “star” of the theatrical company at the annual Shakspeare representations, and acted as ringleader in many an escapade.

“If you knew I was an Upton fellow you must have known I was a Catholic.”

“How literal you are,” remarked Mrs. Carlton, lifting her penciled eyebrows. “I suppose I *did* know, since you will have it; but, as I said before, you do not fit in with my idea of the genus.”

Silence reigned for a few moments in that pretty firelit boudoir with its softly tinted draperies, Eastern prayer-rugs, and violet-scented atmosphere.

His hostess’ last speech had set Albert thinking. Why did she persist in saying he was unlike a Catholic, he wondered? Cant of any description was very foreign to his nature; but, on the other hand, he was thoroughly uncompromising in matters of faith, and no amount of ridicule, spoken or implied, could

induce him to yield an inch where his religion was concerned. Upton boys have always been noted for the ease and well-bred polish of their manners in society, and also, what is of infinitely greater importance, for their firm principles and moral backbone. That there are exceptions to this as to every other rule is a fact we have no intention of disputing, but Albert Foster was undoubtedly entitled to claim the credit of both these advantages.

"Had he failed in any way?" he asked himself. Certainly the greater part of his time for the last three months had been spent amongst Protestants, and a good deal of it in this identical boudoir. Were the heretical surroundings beginning to tell on him, as his Jesuit confessor had warned him would sooner or later be the case?

He was not particularly susceptible, few young men of his age are nowadays, but he had fallen completely under the spell of this lovely widow with her mocking hazel eyes, her piquant face, and her gay flow of talk, and the marvel would have been if he had escaped its magic.

She was a Protestant and some seven or eight years his senior, and in his wildest dreams he never imagined the possibility of a nearer tie than friendship existing between them. All he asked was to be allowed to bask in the sunshine of her presence, and worship her, on the pedestal where his boyish folly had placed her, as his ideal of all that was good and pure and womanly. He believed in woman with a capital W, and as yet had discovered no reason for abandoning the faith that was in him.

"How dull you have grown! Are you trying to live up to your Catholicity?" asked Mrs. Carlton suddenly, with a gay laugh. "Ring the bell, will you, and we will have tea—'the cup that *cheers*,' don't you know?"

With an effort Albert pulled himself together.

"Thanks, no; I must be off," he said. "I—I have got a special engagement on—"

"How confused you look," she said archly. "You are going to meet the auburn-haired young lady you were having such a flirtation with at your mother's 'at home' the other day? It is no use your denying it."

"I am *not*!" exclaimed Albert indignantly. "There is not a girl in the United Kingdom I would cross the road to look at so long as I could see you—and—"

"Yes, yes!" she interrupted hastily, satisfied with the suc-

cess of her words and wishing to check further protestations. "Calm yourself, there is a dear boy. I won't tease you any more. Tell me where you are going really," she went on in that low, caressing voice which had wormed so many secrets out of unsuspecting masculine victims. Mrs. Carlton was a woman who never lost a chance of exerting her power even in the most trivial matters. "There ought to be perfect confidence between friends, do not you think so?"

Albert colored crimson. "I—I am going to confession, if you want to know," he blurted out. "It is the eve of the Immaculate Conception."

Up went Eva's eyebrows until they almost met the fluffy golden curls on her forehead.

"Really?" she said incredulously. "What good will it possibly do you to confide your peccadilloes, give yourself away, in fact, to a man who is probably far worse than you are?"

"It doesn't make a pin of difference whether he is a sinner or a saint," said Albert stoutly. "He has power to absolve me from my sins, and that is all that matters."

A little gleam of admiration crept into Mrs. Carlton's eyes as she looked at him. "That boy has the courage of his opinions," she reflected, "even with me."

"Well, I won't detain you," she said quietly, "come and see me again soon."

"Won't I?" he answered eagerly. "Thanks awfully for letting me bore you."

And then, as a rustle of silk on the stairs announced the arrival of feminine visitors, he effected a hasty exit, hailed a hansom, and was driven rapidly off in the direction of Farm Street.

II.

"Man's world is bleak and bitter;
Wherever he has trod
He spoils the tender beauty
That blossoms on the sod,
And blasts the loving Heaven
Of the great good world of God."

—*Adelaide Procter.*

It was a fortnight later and Mrs. Carlton was indulging in another *tête-à-tête* in the firelight, her present companion, however, being of a very different type to Albert Foster. He was a tall, dark man of middle age, unmistakably a soldier, and having the appearance of one who has found that there is

"nothing new and nothing true," and has further made the discovery that "it don't signify."

Clive Fairfax's creed was at the same time simple and negative. He believed, as he expressed it, "in neither man, woman, nor devil"; he was a pessimist by temperament and conviction, and was wont to affirm that virtue and goodness were exploded theories, conspicuous only by their absence in fallen human nature. It was this man who had constituted himself Eva Carlton's principal adviser, and evil genius, ever since the death of her husband some four years ago. He was distantly related to her on her mother's side, which provided him with an excellent excuse for establishing himself on terms of intimacy in the South Kensington flat where she had taken up her residence. So far, however, he had not evinced the slightest inclination to fall in love with her, which sign of eccentricity on his part piqued her into giving him a larger share of her attention and her thoughts than she bestowed upon easier prey.

"I don't know whether I hate Clive Fairfax or whether I like him," she had admitted to a woman friend in one of the confidential moods which visited her so rarely; "but what I do know is, that he interests me more than anybody else in the world."

"There is something rather out of the common about your new protégé," remarked Colonel Fairfax, as he stretched his long figure luxuriously in a low, cushioned chair opposite the one where Eva sat toasting her daintily clad little feet by the fire.

"Which do you mean?" she asked mischievously. "There have been two or three new ones this year."

"Why, young Foster. There is grit in that chap, Eva, and I don't fancy somehow you will be able to twist him round your little finger as you do the others."

"You mean to imply that he is not so much under my influence, is that it?" asked Eva, the light of battle flashing in her hazel eyes.

"Precisely. The foolish boy is in love with you, we can all see that; but I do not think you will be able to laugh him out of his opinions, for instance, or make him swear black is white, to please you, as you did not long ago in the case of young Moore."

Mrs. Carlton tossed her head disdainfully.

"Pooh! Archie Moore was a perfect weathercock."

"Not as a rule, by any means. I am not in the habit of flattering you, am I, Eva?—but I will admit that you certainly have the knack of inducing nine men out of ten to think and say and do exactly what you please. It seems to me, however, that Foster will not be the tenth."

"Perhaps"—with a sneer—"his priests have warned him against you, and their influence is probably more powerful than yours."

His words were having the precise effect he intended upon his listener, though he himself might have been at a loss to explain his motives in thus rousing the demon of her self-love. It is possible, however, that, outwardly indifferent as he was, the charming widow had now and then made him suffer by her numerous flirtations, and that he would welcome the chance of seeing her pride lowered.

The cool, level tones acted as an irritant upon Eva Carlton's nerves as she sat silently staring at the glowing embers and revolving various plans in her active mind.

"I will make you admit I have an influence over him," she said at last positively. "He told me the other day he was thinking of 'making a retreat,' as he calls it, at Manresa. Well," with a defiant little laugh, "I fancy that on the day fixed for his departure you will have the pleasure of meeting him here at dinner."

Clive Fairfax shook his head incredulously, and a cynical smile played on his thin lips.

"Possibly," he answered, "he will postpone his little journey for one evening."

"No, no! postpone it altogether; give it up, I tell you," she exclaimed eagerly. "You will see. Have you any engagement for the 15th?"

"None, I think," he said; "but even if I had, I should promptly throw the other people over in order"—with a little ironical bow—"to witness your triumph, my fair cousin."

"Yes; you do not believe it, but you will witness it. Now let us talk of something else. We have had enough of Albert Foster. When does your battery sail for India? and—do tell me—have you heard anything more of that affair about Major Smythe's wife?" . . .

That evening, when Colonel Fairfax had left her, Mrs. Carlton went over to her writing-table with an air of decision, and composed a fascinating little note, inviting Albert to tea with her the following day. She was determined to prove to

Clive Fairfax, the man who attracted and repelled her at the same moment, that she did possess an influence over the majority of his sex in general, and young Foster in particular, even if he himself had so far succeeded in remaining impervious to her wiles. What her overweening vanity would have revelled in would be to see the boy relinquish his religious opinions at her bidding and for her sake, but, highly as she rated her power, she hardly dared hope for success in that laudable attempt.

Albert Foster meanwhile, little dreaming of the pitfalls which were being prepared for him, was making his preparations for a week's retirement at Manresa. The idea of a retreat was quite a new departure for him. He had never been one of what he called the "praying lot" at Upton, and although since he left college he had lived the life of a practical Catholic in the world, he was a little bit inclined to shirk his morning's meditation or visit to the Blessed Sacrament when it was a question of a polo match at Hurlingham or half an hour's chat in Eva Carlton's boudoir.

Lately, however, he had begun to think a little. There was some talk of his studying for the bar, though his own tastes led him in the direction of tea-planting in Ceylon; but the fact that he was the heir of a wealthy uncle obviated the necessity of adopting any profession unless it happened to please his fancy. It was this point he wished to consider, and it was by the earnest advice of his confessor that he was now making arrangements for a week's absence from Cinderella dances, Gaiety burlesques, crowded "at homes," and the seductive society of Eva Carlton.

III.

"Blessed are those who die for God,
And earn the martyr's crown of light—
Yet he who lives for God may be
A greater conqueror in his sight."

—*Adelaide Procter.*

"And you will not do a little thing like that to please *me*?"

The soft, pleading tones stirred Albert Foster's pulses, and for an instant he wavered in his resolution. He had been spending a very bad quarter of an hour in that firelit, flower-scented room which was hallowed by such blissful memories and connected with some of the happiest moments of his life.

On his arrival Mrs. Carlton had received him even more

graciously than usual. She was more tenderly intimate in her manner than she had ever been before, and had he been older and more experienced this very fact would have warned him of his danger. She led him on to talk of the subjects that interested him most, and listened to his eager outpourings with the sympathy of an affectionate elder sister mingled with the subtle sweetness of a practised coquette. Then by degrees she skilfully introduced the topic of religion, and gave a little well-assumed start of astonishment when he told her, with a somewhat embarrassed laugh, that he was "going into retreat."

She had made use of several weapons in order to gain her end. A few stinging shafts of ridicule were interspersed between the earnestness of her pleading and the flattering appeals to his intelligence, judgment, and knowledge of the world. How could he, so up to date as he was in all other respects, believe in such mediæval nonsense and cling to a worn-out superstition which had had its day in the dark ages and was now openly acknowledged by all scientists to be a fallacy? Perhaps he did not dare to disobey his priests, however; possibly he had given himself up body and soul to their guidance, and in that case it was of no use for her to waste her feeble powers of persuasion. But—with a relapse into the old dangerously caressing manner—would he not give up his idea of a retreat for her sake, for the sake of the friendship which linked them together, and so on.

She had failed in her endeavors to induce him to abandon the Manresa project altogether. That was a dismal certainty, though there had been moments when, owing to her pathetic eyes and her intense personal magnetism, he had been on the point of yielding to her wishes. With regard to her secondary request, however, he was more than a little inclined to compromise matters. Surely one day's delay could not signify—so he argued with his conscience—and, well, hang it all, it was churlish of him to withstand her pleading as he had done. Secretly he was himself a little bit astonished at his own moral courage; and the devil, having come off badly in the recent encounter, now began to tempt him with thoughts of self-complacency.

"Well, look here, Mrs. Carlton," said Albert abruptly, in reply to her final plaintive appeal, "I can't give up my retreat altogether, but I will stretch a point to please you and put it off for a day. That will leave me free to accept your kind invitation for the 15th."

"That is something," murmured Eva pensively. She was intensely irritated with him, but her tones were as dulcet and her manner as caressing as before. "I see you are not quite so hard-hearted as you appear," she added.

"Hard-hearted to you!" he exclaimed fervently. "If you knew what it costs me to refuse you even the smallest thing!"

"Why do you, then?" she asked innocently.

The boy's handsome face flushed crimson at her question. "Because," he began—"oh, well, it sounds such a canting thing to say, Mrs. Carlton, but you do force a fellow to talk like a prig sometimes; well because I feel that I ought to make this retreat, and, yes you may laugh if you like, my confessor strongly advised me to, and I intend to follow his advice."

Once more a gleam of half-unwilling admiration came into his listener's eyes as the impetuous words fell from his lips. How was it, she reflected, that he was so brave, so fearless of her ridicule? What was the magic used by the Catholic Church which caused her children to be so outspoken in defence of their faith?

She puzzled over this question for some time after Albert Foster had left her, but none the less was she resolved to again put him to the test on the occasion of her little dinner party.

When Clive Fairfax was ushered into Mrs. Carlton's drawing-room on the evening of the 15th even his cool self-possession received a momentary shock at the sight of Albert Foster, with a gardenia in his button-hole, making himself agreeable to a pretty girl friend of his hostess' who had been invited to complete the *partie carrée*.

"Is the triumph partial or complete?" he murmured as he held Mrs. Carlton's hand.

Eva was looking radiant in a Parisian gown of shimmering yellow, but his keen gaze at once detected the discontented, restless expression lurking in her hazel eyes and at the corners of her mobile mouth.

"You will see later on," she answered in the same tone.

The sting of her recent defeat still rankled, and she ardently wished that the inevitable question could have been deferred.

Mrs. Carlton was celebrated for her little dinners, and the present occasion proved no exception to the rule. The newest ideas in decoration and the most recently invented delicacies were invariably to be found adorning her table and figur-

ing in her carefully chosen menu, and in the rôle of hostess she was irresistible.

For reasons of her own she skilfully avoided all dangerous topics until the moment of dessert had arrived and her guests were trifling with purple grapes and French bonbons. Then, with a mocking gleam in her brilliant eyes, she let fly one of her poison-tipped arrows in Albert Foster's direction.

"You will have nothing to say to us worldly people when you come back from Manresa," she said. "This is quite our last 'merry meeting,' I suppose?"

Albert flushed up and glanced reproachfully at her with his honest blue eyes.

"What is Manresa?" interposed his neighbor, Lottie Blake, a lively brunette of the end-of-the-century type, outspoken and advanced, and all that is most "modern." "Are there gold fields there, like Klondike? Oh, I do hope you will 'make your pile,' Mr. Foster!"

"Yes; you would welcome him back in that case, would you not, Miss Blake?" put in Colonel Fairfax, with his cynical smile.

"You are not so far out in your guess, Lottie," said Mrs. Carlton, with a malicious little laugh. "I expect Mr. Foster would say that Manresa was a *spiritual* gold field. Is that a correct definition?" she added, turning to her victim.

"Quite correct; it does you credit," answered Albert in colder tones than he had ever before used to his divinity. He was keen-witted enough to see that—as he expressed it—she meant to "get a rise" out of him, and that was a thing he was determined not to stand even from the woman with whom he believed himself to be in love.

"No, but really," persisted Miss Blake. "Do tell me what it is, Eva? What is Mr. Foster going to do?"

"Mr. Foster," began Eva calmly, leaning back in her chair and opening her spangled fan, "is, by the advice of his confessor, going into strict retirement for eight days at a Jesuitical establishment to meditate upon the state of his soul."

Lottie Blake put up her long-handled pince-nez and proceeded to make a critical examination of Albert's features. "How deliciously mediæval!" she exclaimed. "Are you looking for a new sensation, or what are you doing it for?"

"To oblige his father confessor," remarked Clive Fairfax. "There lies the word of the enigma."

With a tremendous effort Albert controlled the feelings of

anger which were taking possession of him. He was the only Catholic present, and it behooved him to keep cool and prove by his example that his religion was a practical part of his daily life, and not merely a romantic theory reserved for special occasions.

"I seem to have created quite a sensation," he said quietly. "There is nothing extraordinary in making a retreat, I assure you. It is an every-day matter."

"It is wonderful how contented you Papists are in your leading-strings," remarked Miss Blake, still regarding the young man as though he were a newly discovered phenomenon of nature. "Tell me, Mr. Foster"—leaning forward with a confidential air—"is it not a fearful bore always having to do what the priests tell you?"

"Certainly it would be," replied Albert calmly, "but I have never heard of such a necessity. In grave matters, when it is a case of right and wrong, that is another thing, but as regards liberty it seems to me that we Catholics have a larger share of it than other people. Look at the Ritualists—they are under the thumbs of their clergy, if you like!"

Clive Fairfax smiled to himself under his heavy moustache. He admired the boy's spirit, though at the same time he considered him a fool for his faith.

"You have not pulled it off this time," he murmured to Eva when they had adjourned to the drawing-room, taking advantage of the cross-examination on confession which Albert was undergoing at the hands of Miss Blake.

"As you see," was the petulant answer. "I got him to postpone it for a day, however."

"Oh, I quite admitted that possibility! Well, he deserves to be left in peace now."

"Fancy *you* standing up for a Roman Catholic!" said Mrs. Carlton, as she subsided into her favorite lounging-chair by the fire.

"Pooh!" returned Colonel Fairfax shortly. "I have no sympathy with the lad's religious convictions; I think them simple rubbish, to put it mildly, but I do admire the way he stands up for his folly." . . .

"You are quite determined to go to-morrow, Mr. Foster?" said Mrs. Carlton an hour later, when her guests were making their farewells. Colonel Fairfax and Miss Blake were comparing notes concerning the rival merits of their cigarettes, and she and Albert were comparatively alone.

"Yes, I must go," he answered shortly. His ideal's conduct this evening had greatly puzzled him, and though she still remained on her pedestal, its foundations were beginning to be a trifle shaky.

"And I thought you cared for me!" she said recklessly, forgetful for the moment of her usual endeavors to postpone the inevitable declaration, oblivious of everything but her own wounded vanity.

Albert's eyes lit up. "Care for you!" he echoed fervently. "I should think I did; but how can I explain? Don't you see that my religion must always come first, and"—as the remembrance of his late injuries returned to him—"you have been turning it into ridicule all the evening."

"May I interrupt these confidences to say good-night to you, Eva?" interposed Miss Blake at this moment, "or shall Colonel Fairfax and I efface ourselves gracefully? We seem distinctly *de trop*."

"Fancy *you* effacing yourself, Lottie!" exclaimed her hostess greatly relieved at the interruption.

"Good-night, Mr. Foster; good-by, rather."

"I shall see you again next week," said Albert. "You talk as if I were going to the North Pole."

Eva Carlton raised her eyes to his for an instant. "Our next meeting will find you altered," she said slowly.

As Albert Foster walked home in the moonlight Mrs. Carlton's parting words, and the prophetic tone in which they were uttered, kept perpetually recurring to his mind, and it was with an undefinable sense of some impending change in his life that he took his departure for Manresa the following morning.

IV.

"They shall see God who, bearing and believing,
Keep their hearts pure.
Some stony steps, and yet a little climbing:
The rest is sure."

It was at a musical crush that Eva Carlton and Albert Foster met again after the latter's return from Manresa.

"This is a surprise!" she exclaimed gaily. "I pictured you beating your breast in one of those uncomfortable costumes the saints of old used to wear, instead of attending a worldly function in correct evening attire."

Albert gave a resigned sigh and offered her his arm.

"Have you not had enough of that old joke?" he asked. "As for my being here, that is the mother's doing; she wanted an escort. Come and have some tea or something? I have lots to say to you."

Mrs. Carlton looked searchingly at him as she allowed herself to be led away in the direction of the buffet. The boy was altered and her prediction, spoken half in jest, was verified. Yet, how was it possible that only a week's experiences could have given that touch of dignity to his manner and bearing, toned down the buoyancy of his spirits, and bestowed upon him that expression of peace and newly acquired serenity?

"I am waiting for the revelation," she said presently, when he had provided her with a strawberry ice and conducted her to a flower-decked recess a little apart from the crowd.

"I won't keep you in suspense," he blurted out, his complexion rivalling the crimson hues of the Chinese lantern which hung above his head. "I have made up my mind about my future, and I am going to Rome in a fortnight to begin my studies at the English College."

"What studies?" inquired Mrs. Carlton vaguely, unable to realize the drift of his words. "Are you going to school again? You have been at one college; is not that enough?"

Albert Foster laughed his old laugh of unrestrained enjoyment.

"Yes, I am going to school again," he said, "and I shall be kept pretty tight at it, I fancy. I am going—at least I am going to try—to be a priest, Mrs. Carlton."

Eva gazed blankly at him, her ice-spoon suspended midway between her plate and her lips.

"A priest!" she exclaimed, in a tone of the liveliest horror. "Impossible! The Jesuits have been getting hold of you, Albert. Throw off their influence and be a man."

"Don't take it like that," he said softly. "You are the very first person I have told my news to except my mother, and though you are not a Catholic and do not realize all that it means to me, still I did count on your sympathy."

There was a little break in his voice as he spoke, a pathetic vibration which in some inexplicable manner appealed to the highest part of Eva Carlton's worldly nature. After all—so ran her thoughts—the boy had loved her more sincerely, perhaps, than many of his seniors who had laid their devotion at her feet, and in renouncing the sunny side of life for the sake of a delusion he was performing a heroic action, and deserved a little consolation and encouragement.

"Yes, and you shall have it," she answered, laying her hand on his arm. "I think it foolish of you to destroy your life and renounce everything that makes life worth living, which is, I believe, the law laid down for the priesthood; but I wish you happiness in what you have undertaken, and"—in a lower tone—"you have taught me a lesson, Albert, which I shall not quickly forget."

Albert Foster took her hand in his for an instant and raised it to his lips. It was his final farewell to what was not precisely love, but "love's first flash in youth," and though, since those eight days of meditation had revealed to him his inner self, his whole being was penetrated with a longing for higher things, yet it was not without a sharp pang that he turned down the page in this first chapter of his life's history.

On a bright June evening, some seven years later, two priests stood waiting for admittance at the door of the "Orphan's Home" at Weybridge.

"You will find this an institution after your own heart," remarked the elder of the two. "Thoroughly well organized, and a woman at the head of it who has thrown herself heart and soul into her work."

"Who is she?" asked his companion carelessly. He was tall and fair, with an expression of calm serenity, which had earned him the title of the "modern Sir Galahad" from enthusiastic members of the "devoted female sex."

"She is a Mrs. Fairfax," was the reply he received, "and has rather a curious history. She has been twice married, though she is still under forty. Her second husband, who died eighteen months after the marriage, was an agnostic, and although she herself was professedly a Protestant, she persuaded him to see a Catholic priest on his death-bed. Then she was received into the church, and spends most of her time and all her fortune, which is a considerable one, in doing good to others. Yet I hear she was tremendously admired, and worldly to the tips of her fingers. God's ways are wonderful—Oh!" as the door opened—"come in."

The visitors were ushered into a bright but plainly furnished room lined with well-filled book-shelves, and further adorned with one or two framed prints of sacred subjects, and in a few moments the matron of the orphanage made her appearance. As the elder of the two priests went forward to greet her the eyes of the younger dilated with astonishment,

and a scene from the past rose vividly before him. Once more he was in a firelit boudoir perfumed with the scent of violets, the rosy flames flickering on gleaming statuette, on priceless china, and on oaken cabinets, and the musical tones of a woman's voice were echoing in his ears. "And so you really are a Catholic? How strange it seems!" . . .

As the matron's glance fell on him she uttered an ejaculation of surprise.

"Father Foster!—is it possible? Don't you remember me?"

"Mrs. Carlton!" he stammered, "what in the world are you doing here?"

For an instant the old mocking gleam of amusement shone in Eva's hazel eyes, which, dimmed by much weeping, had lost a little of their former brightness.

"*Que fait elle dans cette galère!*" she murmured. Then turning to the somewhat bewildered spectator: "We are old friends, Father Keene, and it is six—seven—how many years since we met, Father Foster?"

"I don't know; six—seven I suppose," answered he in a dazed sort of fashion. "But," he repeated, "what are you doing here, Mrs. Carlton?"

A pensive look overshadowed Eva's expressive face.

"That is not my name any longer," she said softly. "I—"

"Why, of course; what a fool I am!" exclaimed the young priest in his old boyish manner.

"Then it is you who are the matron of this orphanage, and have done such wonders here, as Father Keene tells me. I have been puzzling my brains to remember why the name was so familiar to me."

"I daresay you would like to talk over old times," interposed Father Keene, "so I will make myself scarce. Mrs. Fairfax will show you over the orphanage, and you will find dinner at the presbytery at seven o'clock. Your train does not leave till 9:30."

"Now tell me everything," began the priest eagerly, as soon as he and the matron were left alone together. "Thank God, you have the faith at last; tell me how it came to you."

Then, in the gathering twilight of that fair June evening, Eva told him the story of her life since they had parted, seven years ago. She spoke of her ever-increasing attraction for Clive Fairfax, her subsequent marriage, and the marvellous manner in which love—such as she had never before experienced—had altered and softened her entire character, filling

her with hatred for her former self and her petty vanities. She dwelt on the heaven-sent influence which had so inexplicably caused her to labor and strive for her husband's salvation, her gratitude and joy at his final repentance, and her own reception into the church.

"Did you ever pray for me, Albert?—Father, I mean; the old name slipped out."

"I have prayed for you night and morning since the day we parted," he said simply; "prayed with all the strength of my soul that you might be led into the true fold, and since my ordination your name has never been omitted from my Mass."

"There! that explains it," she exclaimed. "Prayer has made more converts than controversial conversation or eloquent sermons have ever succeeded in doing. Thank God for your vocation!" she added fervently. "And to think how I jeered at you about it long ago!"

A smile lit up the young priest's features.

"You knew no better then," he said. "But you have responded gallantly to God's grace, and by the path of sorrow he has led you to himself at last."

. . . As they parted, half an hour later, at the door of the orphanage the spirit of mischief, never entirely dormant in Eva Fairfax, again rose to the fore.

"Father," she said demurely, "do you think the cook has been stingy with the brandy?"

For a second or two Father Foster stared at her in blank bewilderment, and then his laugh rang out upon the still evening air.

"Rather not," he answered. "It has thoroughly soaked in, and I think there is no danger of any Protestant applying to *you* the epithets of 'dull and dowdy.'"



HAMLET'S MADNESS AND GERMAN CRITICISM.

BY REV. GEORGE McDERMOT, C.S.P.



WHETHER Hamlet was really mad was a question that used to be discussed with serious interest by critical students as distinguished from mere critics; but the discovery of the sources from which, probably, Shakspeare derived most of the matter and possibly something of the form of his play has caused the discussion to be shelved, as if in the light of more recent information there never had been a question to be discussed. It may seem to some of our readers inexplicable that men of high attainments should employ themselves in examining characteristics of a mere figment of the imagination, as if they belonged to a man who had really lived; but the value of an analysis of the psychological elements which combine in forming a great creation is very much greater than an examination of the qualities mental and moral which are attributed to a purely historical character. We say attributed, because no biographer has the inner man in his mind—he forms his own notion of him from acts and words; but these leave a good deal unrevealed. Now, we think that the fuller information we possess concerning the sources of Shakspeare's Hamlet does not alter the question of Hamlet's madness one iota, though no doubt it suggests to us why he made the action of the play turn upon madness, real or affected.

GERMAN ANTAGONISTS.

The anti-Shaksperian movement in Germany can only find in the madness of Hamlet a proof of the unscrupulous use which Shakspeare made of writings he found ready to his hand, and an inability to mould the materials he seized into an artistic whole. This madness in the old play which Shakspeare used had been assumed for a purpose, as in the old story on which the play was based it had been assumed. Among the writings which are held in this German movement to have supplied Shakspeare with his material is an old German adaptation which probably appeared about 1589.* Altogether it is con-

* *Der Bestrafte Erudermort.*

tended that as the madness of Hamlet in the previous works had been put on, so must it have been in the work of Shakspeare; and that any inconsistencies in Hamlet's conduct, however startling, are to be referred to Shakspeare's want of skill in adapting the works of others, or his eagerness to cause a sensation,* but by no means to the conception of a character upon whom external influences produced a morbid melancholy which ate into the brain.

Conceding all that Rümelin and Benedix, the heralds of this German attack on the traditional veneration of the English-speaking world for the genius of Shakspeare, ask with respect to his employment of existing works in the composition of his plays, we insist that there are mental and moral characteristics in his Hamlet not to be found in the Hamlet of the earlier works; that these characteristics constitute a new creation; and accordingly that whatever value there had been in discussing the question of the reality of Hamlet's madness before the discovery of the sources upon which Shakspeare drew, the same value still belongs to the examination of the psychological phenomena exhibited.†

THE TEST OF MADNESS.

In the old and somewhat crude tragedy the madness of Hamlet was put on, like that of King David or the madness of the elder Brutus. In these historical instances it would appear there was nothing of the subtle and varying moods described in works on mental alienation, and which lie in the experience of medical men. We think the test of madness in the last resort is legal responsibility, at least it is the practical one we can rely upon chiefly; but there are shades of mania between the shifting of the mental balance and the stage at which moral responsibility ceases—so many and minute that it can be readily understood how it is that men more or less mentally affected may be considered to enjoy the possession of their faculties. We are of opinion that Shakspeare knew this, understood it as well as any man who, without being a specialist in mental disease, has still bestowed attention on mental phenomena. He must have met with some very strange cases among the Puritans, the merchant adventurers, and the soldiers of fortune of his time. In our opinion Raleigh was a madman, and in the opinion of every man during the last years of

* To win the applause of the groundlings.

† One thing seems very clear, that Mr. Donnelly's theory is untenable.

Elizabeth, outside their stern and gloomy coteries, the Puritan of one kind or another was reckoned a madman. There might have been some question concerning the soldier of fortune who went to foreign countries under a private leader, but in the most favorable view of him he was regarded as a rolling stone, and his friends were, upon the whole, pleased if they heard no worse account of him than that he had fallen in the attack on a town, or had died of famine in defending it. The worst thing they could hear was that he was still alive, with the possibility of being hanged by a provost-marshal, or of returning home to be an eyesore and a burden. Again, Shakspeare had among the actors and dramatic authors of his time instances of a viciousness, malignity, and profligacy which to him must have argued mental overthrow. The sweet and equable temper to which his contemporaries bear testimony could hardly permit Shakspeare to look upon such men as Greene otherwise than as wretched creatures whose profligacy, exaggerated vanity, and consciousness of deserved failure had worked like madness in their brains. Indeed, this extract from the sort of autobiography which Greene wrote—it is hoped in repentance, for he says so—is so like the jealousy of madness, that we offer it in proof *pro tanto* of our implication that men against whom no commission *de lunatico inquirendo* would be sped are still mad, very mad indeed: "Is it not strange that I, to whom they all have been beholding, . . . be . . . forsaken? . . . There is an upstart crow beautified with our feathers, that, with his tiger's heart wrapped in a player's hide, supposes he is as well able to bombast a blank-verse as the best of you, . . . is in his own conceit the only Shakspeare in a country." The detestable profligate here accused Shakspeare of having been beholden to him, and then abandoning him in his necessity. It was written in 1593, the perfect Hamlet in the beginning of the seventeenth century. There was not a word of truth in the libeller's statement, but it can readily be conceived that with Shakspeare's unexampled power of introspection he could take this instance and a thousand others in his own experience, and fuse them into an harmonious whole in the alchemy of his mind.

CHARACTERISTICS OF HAMLET'S MADNESS.

No doubt, if he were to make the madness of his Hamlet an assumed one, to be carried through the difficulties of a long ordeal, with watchful and jealous eyes marking his moods and the

certainty of his uncle's anger poisoning over the slightest reason for suspicion, he must also have borne in mind the knowledge that the long-sustained assumption of such a character is the most difficult exercise of concentrated will, if indeed such a character can for a long time be sustained. The case of King David is nothing more than the putting on of external characteristics for an occasion which in a simple state of society would be at once accepted as proof of madness. With regard to the elder Brutus we have not sufficient information, even if we are sure that the story can be trusted; still, taking the tale, we have features that seem to confirm the view we are trying to impress. The impression produced in this instance is that of folly bordering on imbecility; though long sustained, if the story be true. Consequently there would not seem to be any great tax upon the will necessarily, such as that demanded by the vast range of mental phenomena which lay within the reach of Hamlet's reading, and which, by the abnormal activity of his mind, came within the field of his speculation.

Take Hamlet's disposition as we have it in the play, and not through the medium of German criticism, and we find him oppressed by a profound melancholy. This we should like to analyze into its component parts, but our space will not permit it; but there is one thing clear, that in the older play and the story or saga on which it was based a fierce vindictiveness, and not melancholy, was the mental characteristic of Hamlet. The affectation of madness is the means in the saga and the crude old play of working out a revenge; but the first thing we find in the Hamlet of Shakspeare is the melancholy we have spoken of, his complete isolation from the court, a desire to return to the university, as if the whole purpose of his life had been changed by a violent wrench.

A priori there is in this determination evidence of extreme mental tension, and we can only understand it as something affecting a gentle, pure, and elevated mind almost like despair—that is, his horror at his mother's marriage with his uncle and the pregnant fact that the latter took the crown as well. The exclusion of himself he does not seem so much to have resented, as that it afforded evidence that the throne had been unfairly played for, and that this was most probably by some foul practice on the life of the late king. Still, this was no more than suspicion. The moral element, we think, important here is the justice that would not condemn upon suspicion. This is a thing no German could understand, but it is this

exaggerated sense of the authority of positive law which marks the character of Hamlet as one which three centuries ago only an Englishman could conceive, and which only one Englishman could work out in the manner it has been accomplished in this play.* He required more positive proof than the suggestiveness of circumstances. In its absence his mind was sinking lower and lower; then comes a message from the other world to supply the proof he wanted. It seems to us that the processes of thought in Hamlet and the working of events outside him afford a very satisfactory instance not only of the care bestowed by Shakspeare on the construction of his plays, but of the genius that rose so high above the playwright's art as to set in motion the forces of individual life in parallel lines with those of the surrounding social life, and to link them in the closest union under exceptional conditions, without violating in the slightest degree one rule of probability.

We think, therefore, that Shakspeare really intended that Hamlet was affected by a degree of mental tension amounting to mania; and we add, with a certain degree of tentativeness, that the delicate, overwrought sense of justice which would not condemn the usurper of his throne of a murder not clearly proved was a symptom of mania like the religious mania of the sectaries of the time.

AN ETHICAL MANIA LIKE UNTO THE SECTARIES.

We have stated it was an ethical mania analogous to the aberrations of Calvinism in Scotland, the furious moods of the sectaries in Germany, and the singular doctrinal tenets of those various shades of extreme Protestants in England who came later on to be included under the generic name of Puritans. Our space will not permit us to examine the intensity and variety of the displays of Hamlet's madness. It is enough to say that sometimes it is in the direction of intellectual activity and power, sometimes his mind is a stagnant pool in which all foul, degrading, desperate images rise and grow and rot like the rank weeds on Lethe's wharf. This explains why the chivalrous and just-minded Hamlet sitting at the feet of Ophelia says things gross enough for a stew and base enough for a robber's haunt. This, we take it, is an aspect of the mania of Hamlet which is not unlike the terrible contrasts in religious excitement when one hears of a plunge from spiritual ecstasy

* Any lawyer who knows the meaning and force of circumstantial evidence will, we think, agree with this criticism.

down to the lowest gulf of sensuality. If the mania be ethical, as we hold it to be in Hamlet, and not religious, there can be no reason in mental laws why there should not be contrasts as marked, inconsistencies as startling, as in the case of religious mania. This we think is the gauge by which the faltering, the hesitation in his purposes is to be measured, and the transitions from high and pure philosophy to a materialism alien to his nature.

The vagaries of extreme Puritanism afforded a temptation for parody—we have a hint of it in the case of Malvolio—but there was a danger in presenting the views of those stern sectaries in anything like serious language and action. The court was suspicious, and its eyes were upon the stage and wherever a book might be sold in which any reflection on the government in church and state might be offered. We have a petition from Shakspeare and the other “sharers in the Black Fryers playhouse” disclaiming the introduction into their plays of “matters of state and religion.” The stern and gloomy Puritan with his views upon church and state could not be made a character of except in an indirect way for mockery, but phenomena mental and moral exhibited by him might be made interesting if lodged in a character centuries back, and deducible from external circumstances injuriously affecting a nature of great sensitiveness and intense sense of honor.

This we take to be the explanation of the perplexities presented in the character of Hamlet. There is a species of madness which arises from distempered fancy, but which does not render a man unfit for the duties of life. In the same way that the vanity and self-centredness of Malvolio ate into his brain, poisoning his good qualities so that he would be capable of anything mean and vindictive in dealing with those he fancied injured him, but could still be a good servant of his mistress, so the profound and noble character of Hamlet, though warped by excessive self-consciousness, a sense that he had been unjustly treated, and a feeling that he was laboring under the depreciation of inferiors to the degree that he was swept into the night and the wild, he still preserved a love of justice which, in the extent to which he carried it, was a symptom of madness. This seems to be the conception Shakspeare intended; and upon some other occasion we may offer further proofs of our theory.



THE OLD SHIPMASTER.

BY JAMES BUCKHAM.



HE haunts the empty wharves where once were heaped
Great bales of silk and Orient fabrics rare,
And pungent spices scenting all the air,
And sandal-wood in tropic fragrance steeped.

No more a world's mart here—no more for him
The creaking yards, the broad and bellying sails
Of the good ship that battled with the gales,
And nine times touched the round world's utmost rim.

His slow step echoes from the warehouse wall,
That slants and sags beneath the sodden weight
Of moss-black shingles. One decree of fate
To ship and master, storehouse, wharf, and all.

Ah well! A final port, an evening's rest
Before the long, long voyage—'tis fitting so.
No more great ships that to the earth's ends go,
But thoughts of one white sail—ah! that is best!

ECONOMIC ASPECTS OF THE LIQUOR PROBLEM.

BY REV. A. P. DOYLE.



MOST interesting volume dealing with the Economic Aspects of the Liquor Problem has just been issued by the National Department of Labor, under the supervision of Carroll D. Wright. This volume is of very great value because it represents the results of extensive and searching investigation into the condition of the liquor-traffic as it exists here and now in the United States. It possesses additional value inasmuch as the investigations have been carried on with no other purpose in view than a sincere desire to get at the facts. There is no endeavor to exaggerate the drink evil in order to emphasize any one of the reputed remedial measures, nor is there any evident design of marshalling figures in order to antagonize any one of the well-known political methods of dealing with the liquor problem. The fact that the report is made by the government over the name of so eminent a statistician as Commissioner Wright is the fullest guarantee of its accuracy and its completeness.

We are quite conscious of the fact that in gathering material for such a report it is very easy for any one to obtain a one-sided view. The questions may be framed in such a way as to show the animus of the questioner. They may be tactfully put so as to draw out answers that will serve to support some preconceived notions, or, even after figures have been ever so truthfully gathered, returns may be manipulated in such a way as to exaggerate certain conclusions which would not in any sense be warranted by a more honest interpretation of the data in hand. Figures never lie only when there is a prevaricator behind them, and in no department of statistics have there been such varied conclusions drawn as those which are quoted in regard to the evil of intemperance. This is quite natural because, perchance, around no other topics have such bitter personal contentions raged as about the liquor interests of the country. There are almost as many pet theories proposed for the remedy of the drink plague as there are for the cure of consumption, or for the relief of the Cuban fevers. We have not been able to detect a particular bias in a single paragraph of this report, nor any leaning to one theory or another. The calm and consistent mathematical

calculation as well as the cold and colorless deduction are the chief merits of this report under consideration.

The first thing that impresses one in analyzing its varied tables and multiform investigations is the tremendous proportions to which the liquor interests of the country have attained. With the growth of the population there has been a steady increase in the consumption of intoxicating drink. Sometimes we temperance people lay the flattering unction to our souls that matters are not as bad in this present year of grace as they were a generation ago, and from many signs of the times we are often justified in these opinions. Undoubtedly with all the agitation that has gone on, and the strenuous endeavors that have been made by legal as well as persuasive agencies, there is less drinking in many quarters and there is more condemnation for drinking habits to-day than there were a quarter of a century ago. The business of selling liquor is less respectable and the public use of drink more apt to be frowned down with us than it was with our forefathers, and figures bear out the statement that there is less public intoxication. In spite of this the consumption of liquor of all kinds has gone on increasing from 4.17 gallons per capita in 1840 to 16.42 gallons per capita in 1896. This very large increase is due to the introduction of malt liquors. The actual use of distilled spirits has declined from 2.52 gallons per capita in 1840 to 1 proof gallon in 1896, while the use of malt liquors has increased from 1.36 gallons in 1840 to 15.16 gallons in 1896.

One might hastily conclude that the decrease of intoxication is due to the introduction of beers, but the observation of experienced men goes to prove that there is far more intemperance from beer these days than from the stronger drinks; especially is this the case among women. In the city of New York alone, during the last year, there were 23,295 arrests for disorderly conduct, principally on account of intoxication, and there were 21,630 persons arrested for mere intoxication besides, making 44,925 arrests in all on account of the abuse of liquor. Of this 44,925, nearly 40 per cent. were women.

One might imagine that the period of industrial depression through which we have just passed would naturally increase the consumption of intoxicating drinks, since among the very poor it is more economical to use cheap beer as a beverage than to get tea or coffee and to light fires to cook victuals; but it is gratifying to note that the hard times have contributed to a notable diminution in the use of all kinds of beverages, but particularly of spirits. Possibly the bicycle, the use of which

has become so common, has contributed to decrease the patronage of saloons. But whatever the cause, while there has been a steady increase when measured by decades, in the last few years since 1892, the consumption of distilled alcoholic stimulants has not increased. Moreover the use of the milder beverages has barely been steady, and the general total of all kinds has decreased from 17.04 gallons per capita in 1892 to 15.42 gallons in 1896.

The people of the United States are an exceedingly thirsty nation. They drank in 1896 883,678,219 gallons of intoxicating drink, and if one counts out the children, each adult must have consumed on the average 30 gallons. Considering that a quart would go pretty far in making the head reel and the feet unsteady, and that there are 120 quarts in 30 gallons, each adult could get pretty well on to drunkenness every third day. Verily no one would accuse us of being a sober race.

Commissioner Wright's report reduces the number of places where liquors are retailed to 161,483. This represents the number of retail saloons in the country—one saloon to 433 of the population, and by eliminating the children, one saloon to every 200 adults. In order to make a living out of 200 adults ways must be devised to encourage constant drinking. A great many must drink to excess to make up for the many who do not drink at all. So that we are in this country confronted by this state of affairs: a huge organization, with millions of capital invested, infesting the cities and hamlets of the country; ever on the alert to cultivate drinking habits by a code of etiquette all its own; defying the just laws enacted for its restraint, by a political influence; claiming all day to do its work, and then stealing the small hours of the night and the consecrated time of Sunday. In order that the 161,483 retail places of the country may make a paying interest on the capital invested, excessive drinking must be produced. The relation of the retail liquor-traffic as it exists here and now to the vice of intemperance is one of cause and effect, and so energetic is the cause there is little wonder that it claims its victims by the thousands, and it is not at all surprising that there are public-spirited men who consider it a terrible menace to our homes and our liberty, and who are willing to pledge their fortunes, their lives, and their sacred honor to banish it from this fair land.

Yet, what will one do? There are \$957,162,907 of capital invested. It gives employment to 241,756 hands. It yields a revenue to the government in one way or other, by special

taxes, fines, and custom duties, of \$183,213,124.51. This is the statement of the financial status of the liquor-traffic. What are we going to do about it? Abolish it entirely?

Suppose legal prohibition should prevail for a time. Suppose by some strange political combination, as occurred in Canada a few weeks ago, it would be the will of the people, as manifested at the polls, that the government should use its mighty hand to suppress the manufacture and sale of intoxicants; the next day, after a night of nervous strain and excitement about the polls, undoubtedly some of the very ones who voted for prohibition would be the first to clamor for something to steady the overstrained nerves or to whip up the flagging vitality. The tremendous drain on one's vital forces that is occasioned by the effort to keep up with the pace that is set by the intellectual and commercial life in this country demands a stimulant. Without a doubt, the only reason there is so much drunkenness in this country is the very same reason that makes us a nation of neurasthenics. Were we living a quiet, peaceful life, content with but few things, and not ambitious for place, nor avaricious for gain, nor eager for pre-eminence, there would not be the same demand for alcoholics. Alcohol is the goad, and when the beast flags, after days of work and nights of revelry with no rest, goad him on till he drops in his tracks or winds up in an asylum for paretics.

If, however, in our judgment, the policy of prohibition will never be realized, the efforts spent in fighting the saloon are not without their beneficial results. Prohibitionists are men with all the enthusiasm of high ideals and heroic measures. They spend and are spent in the effort to suppress drunkenness. They disseminate thousands of dollars and tons of literature, and throngs of people who have been saved from the withering scourge of drunkenness rise up and call them blessed. I have no special condemnation for them. They mean well, but are mistaken; but I cannot withhold my condemnation for the many who, seeing the ravages of the drink evil, do nothing and say nothing, though a word would mean a great deal from them.

The continued growth of the liquor-traffic may be expected. It is full of energy. It is backed by plenty of capital. It has its thousands of minions. Its capacious maw has plenty of victims to feed on.

In order to restrain the evil tendencies of the liquor-traffic the Supreme Court of the United States decreed on the 10th of November, 1890, in the case of *Crowley vs. Christensen*, that the sale of liquor is the proper subject for restrictive

legislation. "The police power of each State," it says, "is fully competent to regulate the business, to mitigate its evils, or to suppress it entirely. There is no inherent right in any citizen to thus sell intoxicating liquor by retail."

The larger the number and the more efficacious the quality of the restraining influences that are thrown about the growth of the liquor-traffic, the more quickly and more completely will the evils resultant therefrom be eliminated.

But more potent than prohibitory legislation is the placing of something which will be a substitute for the saloon. The saloon is not an unmixed evil. It does satisfy certain legitimate wants. Around it as a centre gathers a great deal of the social life of the plain people. The sense of freedom, the political talk, the free-lunch counter, the good-fellowship, the daily paper, and many other little things which enter into the rest and recreation of a working-man when away from the dull and hard routine of work, are all provided by the saloon. The problem is to provide all this in just as abundant measure, but without the sting of alcohol. If men of wealth who do not care to identify themselves with the organized temperance work for one reason or another, would devote their efforts and money to the creation of settlement houses, athletic clubs, gymnasias, lunch-wagons, cheap but well supervised theatres, they would do not a little to neutralize the baneful effects of the saloon.

In addition to the statistical knowledge concerning the liquor business itself, the report furnishes us with an amount of very interesting information concerning the extent of the use of liquor by employees who are subject to night-work, exposure, and overwork; concerning the relation of pay-day and Sunday to intoxication, and also to what extent the manufacturing, agricultural, and transportation interests of the country are contributing to the sobriety of their employees. The latter is of special interest, because an extension of this same work too will help to solve to a very large extent the question of drunkenness among the working-men of the country. Investigation was made among 6,970 employers, where 1,745,923 hands were employed, and of this number 3,527, or more than 50 per cent., require that their employees shall not use liquor when on duty, and many insist on total abstinence both on and off duty as a condition of employment. If still other employers were as strict in the condemnation of the abuse of intoxicating drink among their employees, we may readily see that it would not take long to eliminate intemperance from among the working-people.

THE LATE CONVENTION OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

BY G. M. P. BOWNS.



WHAT the doings of so great a body as the Triennial Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church should interest the whole world is not to be wondered at. From a human stand-point it ought to be of inestimable importance. Matters of great moment are to be discussed, which seem to be the deciding points between faith and infidelity, and doctrinal questions are to be settled which will either build up or destroy faith.

Says the *Churchman*: "An assembly, meeting as the General Convention does in the name of Christ and depending for guidance on the 'mighty power of the Holy Ghost,' ought to be the most august and the most influential of all human gatherings. Nowhere should it be possible to find more generosity in temper, more self-controlled utterance in debate, more wisdom in action, more single-heartedness in purpose, than in such a body." Conducted under such guidance and with such temper, the results of the convention should be of special import. What shall the historian write? Will it be of disappointment, discouragement, disloyalty? Will it be of what it did not rather than of what it did? What criterion have we upon which to base any expectations? All the signs of the times at present writing point to a repetition of the proceedings of former years. The position is anomalous, endeavoring to be logical by being illogical, to be consistent by being inconsistent. The contradictory character of the assertions and formulated canons, the negative and nebulous character of the doctrinal schedules, suggest a body of respectable men satisfied with themselves and not disposed to quarrel over matters of dogma. "Let every man be persuaded in his own mind." Scarcely had this "trienial" begun its momentous work when it placed itself in a most extraordinary predicament. At the last convention Article I. of the report of the Committee on Constitutional Revision was adopted, sent to the diocesan conventions, and returned by them to the present convention for final adoption.

The House of Deputies entered into consideration of this report. The title proposed in the preamble, viz., Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, does not meet the approval of the High-Church party, and by the tenderness of their persuasion, by their intense devotion to the sublime good of the church, the deputies almost unanimously rejected the proposed title. Simultaneously a message was received from the House of Bishops announcing the adoption of the title just rejected by the lower house. A dead-lock ensues upon the question simply of a name, despite the dependence upon the "mighty power of the Holy Ghost," who had but three years back directed them to accept and submit the same to the several diocesan conventions, completely undoing the work of the last convention. This law-making or law-suggesting body of the *branch* church places itself on record, through the medium of its well-known diplomacy, as follows:

"*Resolved*, That in view of the technical difficulties at present encompassing the matter of constitutional revision, the subject of the consideration of amendments reported by the joint committee be indefinitely postponed."

Were the "technical difficulties" only apparent when the upper house learned of the action of their brethren in the lower house, or were they but adopting the "jingo" methods attributed to less pretentious bodies, to hold the popular favor? Is it in debate rather than in the importance and fidelity of its legislative acts that the convention most fully reveals its spirit? If so, the spirit of the convention, at its very beginning, is evidently to spend three weeks in "verbosity" and fully exemplify the spirit of self-repression.

Bishop Potter, of New York, surely did not intend for us to conclude that the convention was guided by the Holy Ghost, "who should teach us all things," when he said: "You must not expect to settle anything. The only good to be expected from the discussion is such as might follow an interchange of opinion." We can scarcely conceive of the good to be arrived at by a discussion so broad, an interchange of opinion so extensive, as that which produced the above bit of conclusive legislation. The apparent purpose of each succeeding convention is to make null and void the work of the preceding, or to leave it in a labyrinth of "*nugæ canoræ*" (melodious trifles).

Canons are made and unmade by petition, and the formula is so carefully prepared, so adroitly launched, that it may

mean anything or nothing. A petition from the anti-Ritualistic party presented to the convention attracts our attention, as clarifying the atmosphere of any doubt as to the status of a clergyman of the Episcopal Church. Said the petitioners in their memorial:

“Believing it generally accepted among churchmen that the ministry of Christ’s church is not sacerdotal, we hereby request that steps be taken for abrogating the office of institution as at present contained in the Book of Common Prayer.” Then follow the objections, viz., the use of the word altar, which, though struck out at the time of the Reformation, is now re-incorporated, and it authorizes *designing* persons to *displace* the holy table and to teach that in Holy Communion there is a sacrifice. 2d. It refers to a sacrificing priest, which, as we stated, is contrary to the “general acceptance.” 3d. It forms a base of authority for advocates of sacerdotal teaching to sustain their position.

Such an anomaly strikes the Catholic as peculiar, at least. By this “general acceptance,” whatever that may mean, a priest in the Protestant Episcopal Church is not a priest, his priestly functions are *not* priestly, and yet his name is priest.

This positiveness of definition is astounding; and yet is it more so than that which we listened to from the lips of a rector not long since when asked what the Episcopal Church taught regarding the existence of other children of the Virgin Mary? Note the dictum of authority: “The church neither affirms nor denies the existence of other children, but she *would rather* believe that there were none, as it would rob from the glory of our Lord.” *Medium tenuere beati.*

Peace is maintained by abstaining from war. Unity is desired only in so far as that unity is open hostility to the Catholic Church. In what an adroit manner has the Bishop of London, England, reached for unity. A pronouncement just made by him to Bishop Wilkinson is surely a novel means for *seizing* unity. Hitherto, even among the more lax of religious bodies, the rite of communion has been accepted as a sacred pledge of unity. Now, Bishop Wilkinson finds many dissenters within his diocese who have no church affiliation in the community, yet desirous of communing in Christian unity, with no intention of becoming a part of the church. He has qualms of conscience as to the correctness of such action. He looks for authority; scoffing at the possible power of Papal authority, he seeks the high and mighty Bishop of London, whose private interpretation is more authoritative than his own, and this authority electrifies the theological world by solving the diffi-

culty under guise of "courtesy"—"communion by courtesy." There seems to be no real significance in the term; the evident object "to console" means nothing.

But amid all these lesser matters to those outside her communion arises a question on which the liberty-loving American Christian world is looking with no little degree of interest—the much mooted question of *Divorce*. The English Church has met the question, and by its extraordinary skill in verbal construction has sent forth its *dictum*. Hear it: "Always and at all times the church has held that the marriage bond was indissoluble except by death, and that the remarriage of divorced persons was invalid and unlawful." *Vox, et præterea nihil*. History, we believe, has recorded some instances that are not consistent with the above assertion. A divorce court exists in England, and is the very urgent and powerful reason for the remarrying of divorcees adduced by Mr. J. G. Hodges at the Synod of the Canadian Church. Said another: A majority of the church authorities are in favor of the remarriage of the "innocent" party; "what the law of God has not forbidden the law of man should not." Of course, St. Paul was not a fair exponent of the law of God when he wrote: "The wife is bound by the law as long as her husband liveth; but if her husband dieth, she is at liberty to be married to whom she will; only in the Lord" (I. Cor. vii. 39).

Our Lord himself said: "Have ye not read, that he which made them at the beginning made them male and female, and said, for this cause shall a man leave father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife, and they twain shall be one flesh. Wherefore they are no more twain, but one flesh. What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder" (Matt. xix. 4-6). But what the law of God has forbidden let the law of his church do likewise.

By what power of inference can aught else save the indissolubility of the marriage bond be promulgated?

By the nature of divorce it is either right or wrong. If divorce is wrong, can it be made right by petition or "general acceptance"? Right is a virtue by necessity, right is the foundation of morality, indeterminate of customs, however long standing. If it be right for the innocent party to marry, why stop them? If it is wrong, why permit it? Very apropos are the charges upon which the Rev. Dr. Benjamin F. De Costa, an Episcopalian clergyman of New York City, arraigns his church and all Protestantism. As one has said, Dr. De Costa is not "a thoughtless, foolish young man"; he is a wise, thoughtful

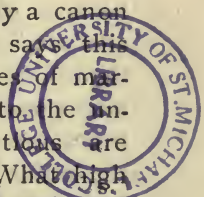
man, persevering in his labor for the cause of Christ as he sees it, and devoted to the interests of humanity; a man recognized for his scholarly attainments, a man free from mercenary motive. Such a man it is who charges Protestantism with being chiefly responsible for the state of things, viz., "blatant infidelity"—she having deliberately degraded marriage from a sacramental plane and unloosed the monster divorce, now preying on society. To meet this monster fifteen hundred clergymen have presented the following memorial to the convention:

"We, the undersigned, bishops and clergy of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States—being persuaded that any canon of our church on the question of marriage and divorce ought to be consistent with the words the priest must use when he solemnizes holy matrimony, according to the service contained in the Prayer-Book—do hereby declare it to be our conviction that any legislation on this subject in the way of an amendment to our present canon ought to be based on the following principles:

"1. That the marriage law of the church is clearly set forth in the marriage service, namely, that Christian marriage consists in the union of one man with one woman until the union is severed by death.

"2. That this law does not permit the marriage of any person separated by divorce, so long as the former partner is living, whether such person be innocent or guilty."

Things which were once vices are now manners and customs. "Was the Blessed Reformation a Blessed Mistake?" Surely the founder of the church had two living wives, and the authorities declared them legal. One would hesitate to destroy the smallest little flicker that might light the way to consistency. It certainly would prove a most embarrassing position to an ordinary person, acting a priest not a priest, when he says: what God hath joined—he means God has not joined, or maybe he has joined for a little while. Now speaks the senior Bishop of Connecticut, speaking as one with authority, though private, he says in effect: The proposed canon does not assert the indissolubility of the *matrimonii vinculum*; it is only a canon of discipline. It will effect nothing but confusion, says the learned episcopus, to show that the church disapproves of marriage after divorce. The direful results that will fall to the unfortunate *priests* not *sacerdotes* who are conscientious are summed up in the necessity of leaving their cures. What high and holy principles influence the attachment to their places? One asks the question, Is it because of sympathy with the *cure*



that "conscientious priests," because there is no *verbal assertion*, may remarry the divorcee without objection. The basic principle of the Protestant church is private interpretation. Why should these "conscientious priests" wait for an official interpretation? It may mean a great deal and it may mean nothing to them.

By such a petition it will not be possible to change the relation of the parties already joined together with one or two or more husbands or wives living. If the church's position "is, and always has been," as stated in the petition, viz., that remarriage of a divorced person is bigamy and the state of the person so united is a sinful one, then why present such glaring misconstructions of the tenets of the church, bishops of dioceses, familiar to every reader, startling the whole ecclesiastical world, affirming the innocent party may remarry. Allowing that the exposition of the Scriptural law given by the Incarnate God (St. Mark x. 6-9) is of no importance when the great "theological minds have spoken," and these parties "no longer very innocent," though only permitted to be married in the vestry or office, why set the seal of approval on their lost innocency by giving them Holy Communion? Self-repression, skilful diplomacy, no doubt will still permit the canon to exist with its fog of doubt, its miasma of social and spiritual death, lest some one shall take offence.

It is commonly believed that the convention will not take the stricter ground. Even if it did, by what authority will it be able to enforce its decrees. The fashionable set of New York society is against such an interpretation, and moral laws are the result of petition, you know, and rely for their binding force not on the word of God but on public sentiment. If the decision is not based on the fundamental principle that matrimony is a sacrament which no man can put asunder, where will they stop in numbering the causes for divorce? Once concede the right of divorce, and a door is thrown wide open to the destruction of home and family.

Truly did Bishop Whipple say at the opening: "Never since the Lord ascended into Heaven has he given to any church such a glorious mission to plan out and such great work to execute." It is a gigantic undertaking to harmonize this worse than "Mexican muddle." "Spargere voces in vulgam ambiguas" may pour oil on the turbulent waters, but the signs of the times are ominous. "Blatant infidelity" on the one side, on the other one God, one Christ, one Holy Ghost, one Teacher, one Church, one faith, one doctrine.



*My truly yours,
R. M. Johnston*

RICHARD MALCOLM JOHNSTON, GENTLEMAN
AND MAN-OF-LETTERS.

BY REGINA ARMSTRONG.



We write our own epitaphs; some of us in words, the most of us in deeds. To few is it given that the moving finger writes what one's own desire might suggest or one's desert compel as life's fitting transcript in mortuary epitome.

In the published works which he has left, no less than in the quieter annals of his life, Richard Malcolm Johnston has simply and convincingly written himself down—gentleman. "For a gentleman," he tells us, "is one who lives justly and considerately among men and humbly before God."

It was so that he lived, and now being dead, his own words best describe him.

He came of the old régime of the South, and was born in those days when the term gentleman had back of it lineage, courtliness, and gentleness, and a social setting that was little less than baronial.

His great-grandfather was the first rector of the parish of Cornwall, in Charlotte County, Virginia, an appointment under the reign of George II. This Rev. Thomas Johnston came from Dumfries, Scotland, and married Francina, the daughter of Colonel Thomas Bouldin, of Revolutionary fame.

Their son, William Johnston, removed to Georgia when the father of Richard Malcolm Johnston was only eleven years of age, locating in Hancock County, where the Johnston family has lived until very recent years.

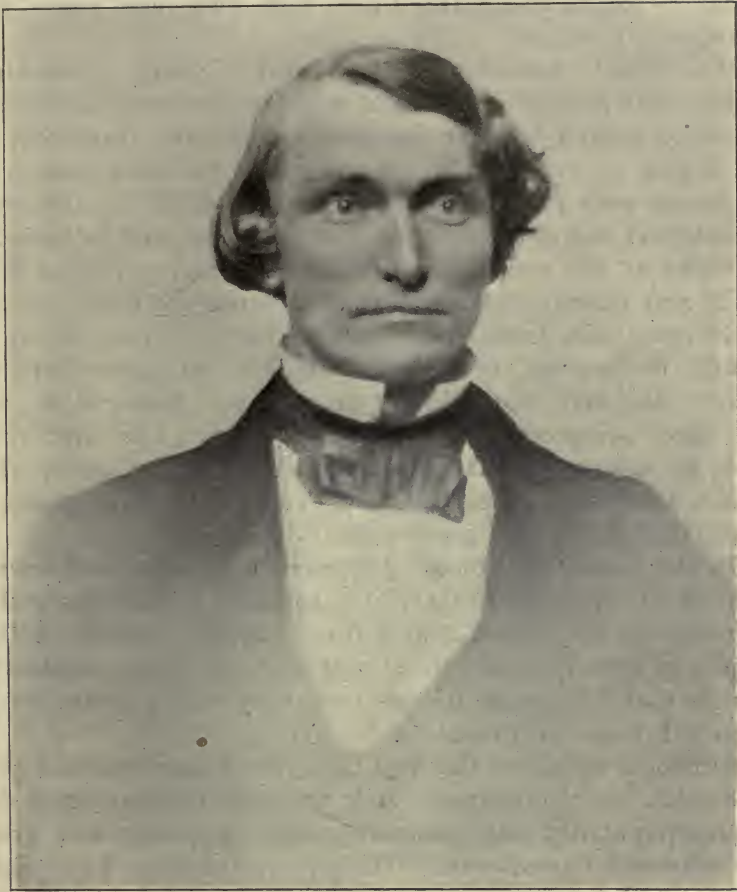
The father of the author, Rev. Malcolm Johnston, was a well-known Baptist minister, and owned a large plantation near Powellton, in Middle Georgia. It was here that the future author and lecturer was born on March 8, 1822. It was here also that his boyhood was passed and his education was begun in the traditional country school. And it was here that he re-



ROCKBY, NEAR SPARTA, GA. HOME OF RICHARD MALCOLM JOHNSTON.

ceived those impressions which, long dormant, eventually evolved in the pleasing form of the *Dukesborough Tales*, for Dukesborough is but another name for Powellton.

From this neighborhood school he entered Mercer College, graduating with the first honors of the first graduating class of



RICHARD MALCOLM JOHNSTON AT ABOUT 39 YEARS.

that institution. After a year spent in teaching he took up the study of law and was admitted to the bar in 1843.

In 1857 he was offered at the same time the judgeship of the northern district of the State and the presidency of Mercer College. Both of these offers he declined, to accept the chair of belles-lettres in the State University of Georgia. He held this position until the beginning of the war, when he left Athens and opened the Rockby School for boys on his farm near Sparta. He had about forty boys under his instruction during the war, and he was also on the staff of Governor Joseph E. Brown, and was of great aid in organizing the militia of the State.

At the close of the war Colonel Johnston removed to Maryland, establishing the Penn Lucy School for boys at Chestnut Hill, a suburb of Baltimore. This school was named as a

memorial to his daughter Lucy, who had died some years previous in Georgia.

Mr. Sidney Lanier was, for several years, professor of mathematics in this school, and a warm friendship and literary sympathy existed between the poet and Colonel Johnston, who had begun to write the stories on which his fame rests.

He was over fifty years of age then, and with no thought of publication; but as a relaxation from his cares, and to revive the memories of his youth, he embalmed its fading images in the quaint and homely characters that preserve the bourgeois type of Georgia. Mr. Lanier, recognizing their literary ability and faithful delineation, prevailed upon him to have them published. The first stories were sent to the *Southern Magazine*, and were accepted without remuneration. The first recompense he received for his work was through the kindly offices of Mr. Lanier, who sent a story to the *Century Magazine*, for which the author was given eighty dollars.

In the meantime Colonel Johnston, long associated with the Baptists of his native State, had become a Catholic, and the patronage of his school, drawn from Baptist influence, suffered greatly in consequence. So strong was the feeling against this change that his closest friends said they would prefer for him to have become an infidel.

Although strong in the new faith, his nature was too gentle to combat such influences and material contingencies. His literary popularity was increasing and promising still greater and substantial emolument. He gave up the Penn Lucy School and devoted himself entirely to literature and the lecture platform. He gave yearly courses of lectures to the senior classes in the Johns Hopkins University and the Notre Dame School at Baltimore, besides being one of the popular attractions at the Catholic Summer-School at Plattsburgh. He also travelled, filling engagements in the principal cities, lecturing and reading selections from his own works.

Honors and recognition came to him. By three universities he was given the degree of LL.D. His short stories appeared in all the standard magazines of the day, and one of his books, *The English Classics*, is used as a text-book in the advanced classes of colleges and universities. His original work in this book was supplemented by Mr. William Hand Brown adding some chapters on modern writers, for which he was given a half-interest in the proceeds.

Of his published works, *The Dukesborough Tales* appeared

in 1871-83, *Old Mark Langston* in 1884. These were followed by *Two Gray Tourists* in 1885, and *Mr. Absolom Billings and other Georgia Folks* in 1888. *The Primes* and *Widow Guthrie* are among his latest publications. The Appletons, who have published most of Colonel Johnston's books, say that the *Widow Guthrie* has had the largest sale.

In 1891 the Bowen-Merrill Co. issued a collection of his essays, which are perhaps as finely analytical and scholarly as any like mod-
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the South af-

ter opposing secession; for with himself, as with most Southerners, the principle of patriotism counted far more than individual preference and the far-seeing conservatism that recognized the only outcome possible of secession. It was so with General Lee, who turned from the halls of state, where his voice had been lifted in protest, to take up arms in defence of the very measures he had deplored. There were no Lacedæmonians in the South.

Colonel Johnston had this passionate love for his country and particularly for his native State. On one of his recent, if not his last trip to Georgia, he came away in company with Robert Erwin, vice-president of the road on which they

were travelling. "Robert," he said wistfully, "tell me when we get to the State line. I want to know when we are on the last foot of Georgia soil."

Mr. Erwin told him.

He put his head out the window and gazed longingly as the distance shortened; so abstracted was he that his friend had fears of his meeting with some accident. He seemed entirely oblivious of the projections on the bridge which spans the river marking the States' division. He long continued to gaze back into the receding land. Mr. Erwin ordered a bottle of champagne. "We will drink to Georgia, Colonel." So the toast was drunk, and with what tender and sad memories may easily be imagined.

Of his conversion to Catholicism there is much that is beautiful and infinitely pathetic. Bred in Protestantism, and with the unreasoning prejudice of generations surrounding him in tradition and association, he yielded slowly to the conviction of Catholic tenets. He has said that he was over thirty years of age when, for the first time, he saw a Catholic priest.

During the Know-nothing campaign of 1855 it was necessary to offset the diatribes of his opponent against the Catholic Church. For this purpose he consulted Catholic books, a friend lending him the writings of Bishop England. These not only furnished him with arguments but dispelled his own prejudices. He continued to read books of this character, Newman's *Justification* in answer to Gladstone carrying him far beyond a negative condition of mind in regard to the Church. As an antidote he read Hooker and Laud; they were no longer convincing.

His wife had been a Catholic for some years, and he knew that his acceptance of her faith would be a joy and comfort to her. He relates that he was sitting out under the chestnut-trees on his lawn reading Balmes, when the decision came to him with overwhelming force. He closed the book and walked to the house. The struggles, indecisions, and waverings of years had been brushed aside by the wings of faith on which his soul must evermore rest. To his wife he said simply: "I am going with you, my dear." This was in 1875.

He was not unmindful of the fact that such a step would provoke difficulties and work material changes for him. But it was not for the man to falter who had refused the presidency of Mercer College, with such incidentals as a house and a three-thousand-dollar yearly salary, because he had felt that his

Baptist faith was weakening and he could not, therefore, loyally accept the offer. He did not stop to consider. He had turned his face to the light; humbly yet firmly he would follow the way it led. The attendance of his school began falling off. His



MANSFIELD HOMESTEAD, NEW HAVEN, CONN. BUILT 1740.

most intimate friends, while unchanged in their affection, could not conceal that they felt that a barrier had come between them. But he never wavered or seemed to acknowledge the change. It is said that few could forget the edification he gave who saw him serving at his son's Mass. He accepted whatever conditions confronted him in a spirit of gentlest resignation, and, instead of repining over individual misfortune, with calm eyes looked over the broadening horizon and publicly said: "I am glad to see the prejudice concerning the Catholic Church fade away." Of Southern Protestants he said: "None had doubts now that a Catholic may be as much a patriot and a gentleman as other people. Thousands and thousands not only say prayers for their dead, but are glad when Catholic friends and sympathizers do likewise."

Colonel Johnston was married in his young manhood to Frances Mansfield, who came of New England stock. Their golden wedding was celebrated four years ago, and he survived his wife by less than a year. Of their union were born eleven children, of whom seven are living. Strong in his friendships,

his home ties were above everything, the family being singularly united. Their devotion to him was touching.

Colonel Johnston, like his friend, Sidney Lanier, was an excellent musician and a master on the flute. His wife was a brilliant pianist, and there were musical evenings when the entire family played together.

In appearance Colonel Johnston was tall and slender, his figure slightly stooped. One could not look into his face without recognizing his character, which was the embodiment of gentleness and sweetness. His hair was perfectly white and he looked feeble. He often taxed his strength, fainting at one of his last appearances on the platform and being carried from the stage.

He was amiable and kind to a degree, and of unusual conversational powers. He delighted in telling anecdotes, of which he had an apparently inexhaustible fund.

Although his speech was halting, he was most interesting to hear. He had a keen sense of humor, and an intimate knowledge of human nature.

His writings are distinguished for their fluency and polish, yet he lacked both these qualities in speaking, slurring his words and retaining the Southern colloquialisms to the last.

He was very absent-minded and absolutely without guile, so it is not strange that his business interests suffered. He was the sort of man whom his friends always wished some stroke of good luck would befall, so that he would be placed beyond the need of care. He had the Lovelace sense of honor. If there was anything he loved, he loved honor still more, and in all the relations of his life he was conscientiously just and considerate.

An instance of the extremes to which he imposed such obligations on himself is related.

He appeared on a programme with George W. Cable, Thomas Nelson Page, and Mark Twain. Each had an allotted time for his reading. It was so limited that it was impossible to give anything representative, or in which one could do himself justice. Of the four, Colonel Johnston was the only one to observe the regulation. The others took their own time.

He had a human sympathy with every one. He was wont to say that the Georgia negro had five times the sense of the South Carolina negro, for the very good reason that the Georgia negro was always with his master. He referred with pride to the fact that one of his slaves had become a bishop.

Of his characters in fiction Miss Doolana and Bill Williams were his favorites. "I started out to make Doolana mean and stingy, like her father," he said, "but she wrenched herself out of my hands; 'I am a woman, and you shall not make me mean.'"

His place in literature will be definitely fixed. As a man of letters he had no small part in his day and generation. Yet when the final word is written the context must come from his own thought, the essence of his life among men.

Colonel Johnston, above all his other literary qualifications, had the knack of story-telling. His characters are living, human. In his *Dukesborough Tales*, the title under which most of his stories are issued, the people of a certain section are reproduced with inimitable felicity and faithful regard to accuracy. Unlike most types in which quaintness and humor predominate, they are not overdrawn. They stand before us homely children of the soil in homeliest mien. For a little space we observe their rustic trials and joys, their



"IN APPEARANCE HE WAS TALL AND SLENDER."

tears and all-too-fleeting mirth. And we feel, somehow, that when we close the book we do not close their lives.

The humor which pervades these tales is not strained; it falls alike on the just and the unjust, and is diffused in tenderness and loving sympathy.

With what a delicious touch the boy is drawn who chatters with fright in learning his lesson. "An ye-empire," said he fiercely but not over loudly, "is a ke-untry ge-uvrned by a ye-emperor"; yet who, reading it, fails to recognize the deeper plea for the consideration of such little ones in those schools where "the back of genius was kept as sore as stupidity's."

Even for Mrs. Malviny, whose surname varied, and who spruced up in her widowhood and relaxed into a sloven in her occasional married estates, we feel no disgust, but even a secret regret at her failure.

The slumbering possibilities of Bill Williams and the clear-cut character of Betsy Ann Acry do not belong alone to Georgia. Wherever there are human beings, these types are to be found; the good-natured, self-centred clown, and the arch, straightforward girl.

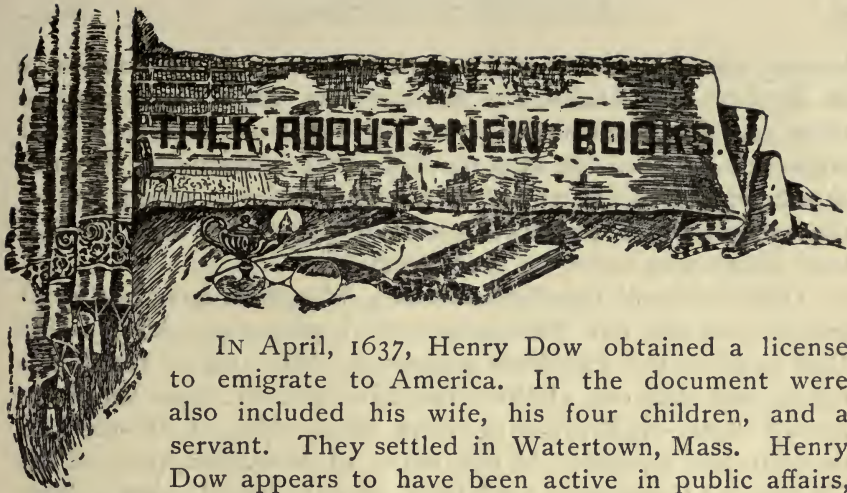
In his more didactic writings Colonel Johnston does not employ that broad sympathy that leavens his fiction. He will have no middle ground where intellect, reason, and the conditions for true living exist. One must be wholly good, consistent, and unselfish, or the goal is lost.

He can comprehend Socrates and Belisarius, but for George Eliot and Madame de Staël he has only a wail of regret. Benjamin Franklin, whom he styles the only American Philosopher, he condemns as selfish, mercenary, and lacking in most of the traits of manhood. What he says of him is interesting, and in the main convincing, for he quotes from Poor Richard's Autobiography: "Franklin was the first to exalt Plutus among the superior gods—indeed, to put his throne at the summit."

But of literature he possessed the most delicate, the most just appreciation. As a critic he had almost poetic sympathy with the beautiful, and a wise discrimination as to the best.

His own style is serene and facile, possessing the charm of delicacy and a mingling of the humorous with the philosophical. His phrases and sentences are always happily put, and show a wide and intimate scholarship singularly free from pedantry.

His life was but the reflex of what a gentleman should be. The definition he has given us in lasting and simplest eloquence, an asphodel to lay on his tomb, no less than the living interpretation of the human and vital quality of his writings. Above all else he was a gentleman, living "justly and considerately among men and humbly before God." Whatever he bore throughout his long and vicissitous life, he did it willingly, uncomplainingly. When he came to die, the years stood out before him without reproach. "Life is so weary," he said, "I am glad to go."



IN April, 1637, Henry Dow obtained a license to emigrate to America. In the document were also included his wife, his four children, and a servant. They settled in Watertown, Mass. Henry Dow appears to have been active in public affairs, and this disposition animated his descendants. The details, though condensed, are suggestive of the family history of early settlers in New England, and interesting in themselves and by reason of their suggestiveness. When his grandfather cleared a farm in Weare, N. H., the forests were infested by wild beasts, and the settlers' homes in danger from raids by the Indians. A few anecdotes from the time of his grandfather and that of earlier ancestors in the wilderness, which he tells with the directness of *viva voce* narrative,* illustrate the difficulties which surrounded the lives of those pioneers with whom began the first work in building up the United States. Coming down to his own boyhood, he gives an experience of driving which shows that in this country, at all events, the cruelty inflicted by check-reins was realized very early in this century. Now, in England and elsewhere in the United Kingdom the stylish appearance which, it is thought, check-reins give to a horse is held sufficient to justify their use and to answer the allegations of cruelty made by merciful and experienced men.

His admiration of the simple, peaceful life led by his forefathers supplies a key to his own social and moral views; and the determined spirit in which he asserted them in his crusade against the liquor-traffic. "If," he says, "we of this day would keep constantly before us the picture of the plain, perhaps homely, but virtuous lives of our ancestors, we might the better inculcate for the benefit of our children . . . a fear of God and love for man," etc. This is a true and touching sentiment, and given expression to at a time when greatly needed. There is a danger that the imperial spirit which seized upon the

* *The Reminiscences of Neal Dow.* Portland, Maine: The Evening Express Publishing Company.

Roman republic, and to which must be attributed the overthrow of liberty and finally the ruin of the state, may descend upon us. Of course there is in one important matter a wide difference between the two republics—the necessity for America to extend the sphere of her commercial activity, which implies the obligation of defence, if not of aggression, and the fact that Rome was under no such necessity.

The officers of the Revolutionary War must have had some tincture of the old Puritan sense of personal relations with God such as the Israelites possessed. We are informed in a casual way that one of them burst in upon the quarters of the commandant of Ticonderoga and in a voice of thunder demanded his surrender in the name of the Almighty and the Continental Congress. An Irish Williamite ballad gives William of Orange credit for a somewhat similar saying at the Boyne :

“God will be your king to-day,
And I'll be general under.”

The Orange author of this old ballad preserved the ways of thinking and of expression of his Puritan ancestor, who had settled in Ireland in Cromwell's time. Every one recollects Cromwell's order to the troops crossing a river in face of the enemy: “Trust in God and keep your powder dry!” It is quite remarkable the effect which their study of the Old Testament produced on the early Puritans when their descendants in Ireland, under conditions of life so widely different, preserved them to a degree not inconsiderable. The second generation of the Puritan in Ireland aimed at being a country gentleman, and so he was desirous to forget the usages and the history of his predecessors; but the influence of early training was too strong. It was different with the American Puritan. He was in an uninhabited land fighting for existence, like primitive man, against the forces of nature and the beasts of the forest. He had a more dangerous foe than these to contend against; he had the native, upon whose untamed nature the white man's acts of injustice and cruelty had branded themselves in characters of fire. Face to face with the vast solitude of this unknown land; around him the primeval forest, above him the skies with their changes of cloud and the movement in solemn beauty of the stars—all influences to make the soul strong, stern, and profound in the midst of difficulty and danger, it is only to be expected in his case that the Scriptural language and mode of thought would be constantly with him.

Dow's earliest venture upon his own account was when he was only seventeen years of age. He and some relatives purchased some land in Maine, and thither they went on a journey of an arduous character, poling a flat-bottom boat upon the rivers which formed the greater part of their highway and camping out during the nights of their journey on the water. On this expedition we have a curious instance of his zeal on the drink question. He was only seventeen years of age at the time, and his cheating the guide into the practice of total abstinence may be excused as a boy's act. The fact was, he had promised this man a good supply of drink, because he refused to accompany the party on any other terms. The promise was fulfilled to the extent of one quart of liquor, so that the beguiled guide had to observe total abstinence almost for the whole time. Some seventy years ago the region which they sought was primitive forest, with paths here and there such as the feet of the nomad Indians had made in their expeditions for war or the chase; now it is intersected by roads, covered by farms, and inhabited by communities as prosperous as can be found anywhere in the States.

At this time, June, 1825, having business at Boston, he had the pleasure of hearing the oration which Webster delivered at the laying of the corner-stone of the Bunker Hill Monument. A few days later he was one of the procession in honor of La Fayette when that gallant Frenchman was received by the citizens of Portland. Five years later he married Maria Cornelia Durant Maynard, the descendant of one John Maynard, who came from England in the year 1660. These Maynards seem to have been thorough Americans, for there were four of them at the battle of Bunker Hill. In connection with this bit of history we are informed that Mrs. Dow's grandfather, a lieutenant, was wounded there and that the bullet was never extracted. He subsequently became a captain. He was a school-teacher, and after the Revolutionary War went to South Carolina. He offers in his own person evidence of the adaptability of Americans for change of circumstances and the successful coping with altered conditions and new duties. We find the same quality in a high degree among the Greeks and Romans, and the English of the time of Elizabeth; and the possession of it doubtless explains much of the fortunate commercial adventure of the Greeks and the English and the enduring colonization of all three peoples.

One of the first public conflicts in which he was engaged

was in opposing an appropriation for a Latin school. We find him at the age of twenty-nine a bank director, a position he filled for forty years, a circumstance very honorable because he could only have held it by the suffrages of the shareholders. It meant a succession of votes of confidence in his ability and integrity. There were several other enterprises in which he held an honorable place besides his partnership in the firm of Josiah Dow & Son. For instance, he was trustee of a savings-bank, and for awhile president of the Portland Gaslight Company; he was on the directorship of railroad, manufacturing, and other corporations.

With regard to public questions, whether of a local or national character, his convictions were strong and held with a tenacity which nothing would loosen. That he formed correct views upon all political and social questions that interested him is more than any one could expect, but it is to be allowed his views were not taken up for self-seeking or ambitious purposes. His first essays in politics were on the subjects of temperance and slavery. At the time he began the advocacy of abolition the institution of slavery was a power supported by wealth, custom, usage, and the prestige derived from the notion that the slave-owners were the only part of the people capable of the higher exercises of government, and whose courage and diplomacy alone could steer the country through the shoals and quicksands of international complications. He had a great experience of men during his long life from boyhood, when he used to hear the little boys "hurl into the teeth" of himself and the boys who were Federalists the calumny that Washington was a coward. We have read with amazement this statement, and the explanation that those "Jacobin scamps," as he calls them, took up the idea from the talk of their elders at the fireside and table. Upon this circumstance and the accounting for it, we can only observe that the difficulties which beset the leaders and the American people must have been beyond anything told in history of a similar insurrection. There were great difficulties in the rising of the Netherlands against Spain, but we do not find on the part of Protestant or Catholic a word said against the patriotism of William the Silent. Yet this man was ambitious, he repeatedly left the country to find security in Germany, while Washington risked upon the game life and all that makes it endurable.

Up to Mr. Harrison's presidency there were eleven presidents born during Mr. Dow's lifetime. He was of age when

Adams and Jefferson died, but their terms of office had terminated before his birth; but by reading and hearing traditions to be relied upon, from the time they held the chair, he became as familiar with the leading events of their time as if he had been living then. The value of an experience like this can hardly be conceived, it cannot be overestimated. It did more for Gladstone's influence on his party and the people of England than his genius and scholarship. It explains the ascendancy he possessed over the House of Commons. The judgment of the "old parliamentary hand" settled disputes in which he was himself involved as though Mr. Speaker were only the registrar of his decrees. Now, we think, a long experience must have been useful to Mr. Dow in the formation of opinion on public questions, whether they affected his neighbors only or the whole American people, by the knowledge he derived from it concerning parties and sections, and their animating principles, and concerning their prejudices, their attractions, and their estimate of expediencies. So far as we can judge himself, anti-slavery and anti-liquor were double centres round which local and national questions and interests revolved.

From his eighteenth to his twenty-fifth year he belonged to the volunteer fire department of Portland. We mention this because his connection with that body has an important bearing on the early days of the temperance movement in that place; and, of course, may be regarded as the beginning of the high-handed views of reform he put in practice later on. The laws of Massachusetts continued in force for some time after the separation. One law of this description was that requiring service in the militia between the ages of eighteen and forty-five. From its operation among the exempted classes were the members of the fire brigade and the members of the Society of Friends. Dow was as Quaker doubly exempted. But he did not rely on his exemption on either ground; so that he was dismissed from the Quakers as one favoring the use of "carnal weapons," a clear proof that his reason for refusing to serve in the militia stood upon another ground than disinclination purely for such a quasi-military occupation. The reason he gives—it is painful reading—is that the musters of the militia were scenes of drunkenness unparalleled in their character. Everything calculated to excite the disgust and contempt of a decent man was witnessed there. The lines reeled disorderly during drill, the vast majority of the men were dirty and more or less ragged, serving to bring out more

prominently the epaulettes and feathers of the generals and colonels, and the regulation uniforms of the more particular among the inferior officers and the men. An opportunity came to prove the honesty of Dow's sentiments on this matter—the excitement commonly known as the "Aroostook War." He wrote, on behalf of the fire department, to the governor of Maine informing him that "The firemen of Portland can be depended upon for a regiment if necessary."

We have an incident of the anti-slavery agitation connected with the position held by Dow in the fire brigade known as the Deluge Company, of which he was captain. A meeting had been announced to be held in the Friends' Church at which prominent anti-slavery leaders would speak. It became known that an attempt to "mob" it would be made, whereupon the mayor requested Dow to be present to maintain order, as the watch was inadequate to deal with the emergency. He was eminently successful in preserving the peace. It was from the influence he obtained in this department—rising in it to be chief, and as chief-engineer—that he obtained a powerful lever in the first effective efforts to advance the cause of temperance. The account he gives of the exclusion of liquors from the celebration of an anniversary of the company is at this stage a strong proof of the influence he was to exercise. He did not escape criticism, but later on all the fire companies except an ultra "fashionable" one adopted the rule. Eventually this company came in to the practice, and with reference to its conversion there is an anecdote characteristic of the readiness and strength of will possessed by the subject of this notice. When he was Mayor of Portland he took the pipe out of the hands of a drunken pipeman at a fire and served in his place. It somewhat surprised the captain when he saw the mayor executing his order to remove the pipe from the roof a little later on.

Whatever may be thought of the views held by Dow on the liquor-traffic generally, fair-minded men must award him praise when they consider the condition of the State of Maine before the Maine Liquor Law was enacted. It would appear, from testimony cited in the work before us, that in the rural districts almost all the trade in the neighborhood was done at the grog-shops. The population is described as a poor set of fellows, half laborers and two-thirds loafers, who hung about the village whetting their appetite for rum with crackers and codfish. Medical men are quoted for the murderous results of

drinking as practised in town and village in Maine, and authorities of various kinds speak of the very great misery and destitution which prevailed throughout the State.

Mr. Dow declares that his native State would not be rich as she now is in all that constitutes the prosperity of a country—which we take to be, as he implies, material wealth, moral elevation, and the considered pursuit of knowledge suitable to one's condition in life—only for Prohibition. He tells us that in 1850 there was not one savings-bank in Maine, that in 1890 only five States outnumbered her depositors, and this though she ranks as the twenty-ninth State in population. This he attributes to the operation of the Liquor Law; and we conclude this notice by submitting a statement made by the Hon. Frederick Robie, a former governor, in which he bears testimony to the "immense advantages" worked by Prohibition. "The vast sums of money," says Mr. Robie, "which formerly went into the tills of the saloon-keepers are now spent for improving farms, households, and a thousand other ways which benefit society, and the entire State feels the beneficial effect."

Father Gigot, whose *Outlines of Jewish History* was published a year ago, has now issued a sequel, entitled *Outlines of New Testament History*.^{*} Its admirable and accurate division, its clear, succinct style, and its brief yet thorough and reliable treatment of matter, are characteristic of the writer. He has added another valuable contribution to our growing library of helps to Scripture study.

Again and again we have reiterated the statement that most people do not understand what wonderful interest and pleasure will reward a very little study of the Bible. Catholic activity in this direction is constantly progressing nowadays, but still there are too many who fail to appreciate and use the opportunities which are now so easy of attainment. Those who find time to devote to such matters of grave interest and moment as are developed in each few months of history, seem to be most strangely and unreasonably blind to the fascinating charm of Scriptural studies. Many a bright young Catholic woman who values her leisure moments sufficiently to read up geography, foreign literature, economic history, or social theories, because she realizes the utility of information thus acquired, will smile at the notion of being "up" on the Bible. A brief

^{*}*Outlines of New Testament History.* By Rev. Francis E. Gigot, S.S., Professor at St. John's Seminary, Brighton, Mass. New York: Benziger Brothers.

experience would teach her the lasting beauty and unequalled value of the fruit to be gathered by passing moments among the leaves of Sacred Scripture and works concerning it.

We look for improvements large and speedy. The publication of the encyclical *Providentissime Deus* and the revived activity of Catholic scholars in the last quarter of a century have been the sure forerunners of a popular readiness to learn more of the Bible, and the instruments for such study have been forthcoming in generous profusion. Such works as Fouard's volumes, and various recently published lives of Christ, and Father Gigot's publications, are giving the people a love for reading upon these subjects.

The book before us, as a help to intelligent reading of the sacred text, is worthy of all praise. Its plan and arrangement of detail are as nearly perfect as we may look for. Scarce a superfluous word occurs, and any given point may be looked up in a moment, if one has once grasped clearly the general scope of the New Testament; and indeed, for those who have but a vague and uncertain idea of the New Testament as a whole, this book is an invaluable aid. A few hours devoted to it will make the history of our Lord and his Apostles clear as a bird's-eye view, and the Gospel heard in church each Sunday will thereafter be intelligible and full of meaning in every detail. It is the kind of a book which, if appreciated and used, and kept by one's side for a few months, will make the reader a sure authority on a thousand matters concerning the relation of different Scriptural passages and scenes that are constantly being asked about without any one knowing just where the answers are to be found.

A work entitled *A Guide to the True Religion** would rather seem to deserve the title: A Historical Sketch of the Foundation and Progress of the Christian Religion. How it answers either its title or the following profession of the preface, "The author has endeavored to show that as Christ is truth, he cannot be the author of two or more faiths differing from each other," we have been quite unable to discover.

A short collection of poems,† many of them occasional and of local and personal rather than of universal interest, makes an interesting addition to the works of our minor poets, and the promise of this first volume will make us look with interest

* *Guide to the True Religion.* By the Rev. P. Woods. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

† *At the Foot of the Mountain.* By Emily R. Logue. Philadelphia: H. L. Kilner & Co.

for succeeding ones. There are a few faults of technique, as a matter of course with a young writer of verse, but in the more matured pieces we find a happy expression, an earnest sympathy with the subject, and a purity of conception which are very winning. We see every reason for answering in the affirmative the following question of the author:

“And this is my question to-day,

As each beautiful record I trace,

Oh! as the long years pass away

Will one word of mine merit a place

In some world-weary heart, dreaming on through the cold
Of a day that the sunlight will turn into gold?”

There is no aim in life more worthy of human praise or more pleasing to God than that which lately inspired an Englishwoman to put into clear and simple language, such as children can easily understand, a brief sketch of our Lord's life, together with plain and instructive explanations of his parables, the Apostles' Creed, the commandments of God and of the Church, the Sacraments, and various other important points of Catholic doctrine.* The story of Christ's love and labor for our souls works great things in the hearts and minds of men, giving them oftentimes their first strong impulse along the path of salvation and stirring them continually to zeal and fervor of spirit until death finds them ready to meet him face to face. It is a story whose eloquence never palls and is never equalled by the eloquence of men; one that is sure to move the hearts of all, young or old, simple or learned, if only it gain free entrance into them. The purpose of this book is to give it full play in the hearts of children, to help it plant in them early and deep the seeds of grace, to acquaint them with the saving truths of our holy religion and thus to preserve that innocence which makes Jesus love them so tenderly. A noble aim, as we have said, the winning of souls to Christ, gave birth to this book. A hearty love for that same grand work will not let it lie in the dust of booksellers' shelves, but will send it far and wide into Catholic homes, where its simple turns of speech and numerous illustrations will render it intelligible and attractive to the young, while the sweet story that it tells and the lessons it unfolds will work great good in their souls.

An exquisite little brochure † tells of a devotion which

* *Catholic Teaching*. By Winifride Wray. London: R. Washbourne; New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

† *The Seven Dolours of the Blessed Virgin Mary*. By Eliza Allen Starr. Published by the author.

has evidently been a consolation of many years to its gifted author. We are first led into the beauty and tenderness of the spiritual side of the Seven Dolors, and are then, with souls filled with compassion for the Mother of Sorrows and chastened by the spirit of the great events from the Presentation to the Entombment, conducted through monastery and cathedral, convent and gallery, and shown how these mysteries of suffering have found expression in Christian art. Rarely have we seen so sweet a blending of the artistic and the devout. Rarely have we found so fine an interpretation of the old Catholic masters or one so charmingly expressed. To every client of Mary, first of all, and then to every one who loves what is most chaste and sanctifying in literature, we heartily commend the work.

CLERICAL STUDIES.*

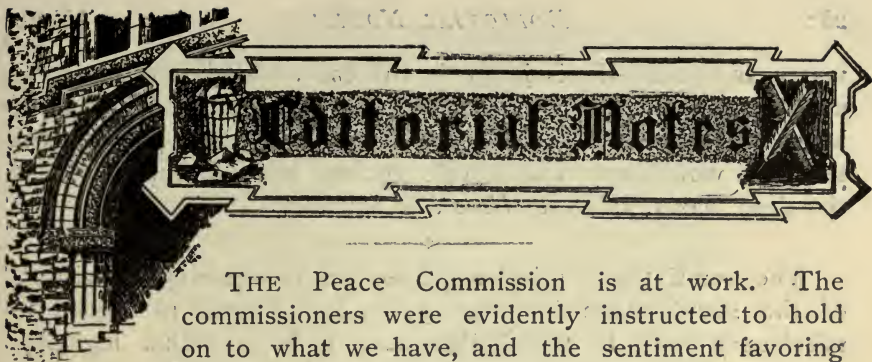
The president of Brighton Seminary has conferred no small benefit upon us in giving us his thoughts on clerical studies. Seminarians and the clergy in general have occasion for gratitude and thankfulness for the volume before us.

The importance of the subjects treated and interest felt in them would insure a hearing to a writer less widely known and less highly appreciated than Dr. Hogan. He is no tyro; he is a master expounding the principles and the development of a science whose every part is familiar to him. The whole course of studies is taken up, thoroughly examined, and, if we may be permitted to use the word, illumined in a beautifully clear and attractive style.

Erudition, practical common sense, and suggestion are constantly in evidence. Throughout there is presented a noble ideal standard of excellence. From the day of his entrance into the seminary until he passes out to the work of the ministry, the student of theology will find Dr. Hogan exceedingly helpful. And in the career of the graduate of the seminary a frequent reference to *Clerical Studies* will, we believe, be no small aid in deepening and broadening what, after virtue, is most desirable and attractive in a clergyman, cultured learning.

This brief notice is but a welcome to Dr. Hogan's volume; in a later issue we hope to present our readers with a fuller review of this excellent book.

* *Clerical Studies*. By Very Rev. J. B. Hogan, S.S., D.D., President of St. John's Seminary, Brighton, Mass. Boston, Mass. : Marlier, Calanan & Co.



THE Peace Commission is at work. The commissioners were evidently instructed to hold on to what we have, and the sentiment favoring the policy of expansion is growing in public opinion. The Commission will hardly deal with anything more than the arrangement of the conditions of the Treaty of Peace, to be submitted to Congress next March. Certain internal questions of the separation of church and state, the fixing of school revenues, and the arranging of certain land tenures will come later, and the fairness of the American courts of adjudication can be depended on.

It is lamentable that the great Episcopalian Church did not have the courage of its convictions on the question of divorce. No one knows better than the Episcopalians the frightful ravages of this social abomination, and no one knows better than they also that the only effective barrier against the further spread of divorce is to take the courageous stand of forbidding ministers to remarry divorced parties. To admit of any exemption breaks the nerve of the law, and once that is done there is no standing-place between the Catholic position and free divorce.

It is very evident from the proceedings of the "Triennial" that the Episcopal Church is not a body with any divine authority, but rather a parliamentary organization in which morality and dogma are made by the vote of the majority or by the use of the right of petition, and enforced or not enforced only by the consent of the constituencies who elected the delegates. The worldly people of wealth and fashion want divorce, hence the church cannot decree against it.

To have taken the subject up and to have failed to enact the "stricter" law will have the result of still further lowering the standard of action in regard to the remarriage of divorced persons. Now an Episcopalian minister practically can re-

marry any one. He is judge in the case. All he needs is the statement from the party coming to be remarried that he is innocent. It was Bishop Potter's opportunity to provide the salt that would save fashionable society from corruption. But the dose was repulsive. *Hinc illæ lacrimæ.*

The non-Catholic religious papers are recognizing the wisdom of the stand taken in these pages last month in regard to missionary work in the Philippines. It is said that logically, on the principle of private judgment, the Tagals have just as much right to their belief in the teachings of the Catholic Church as General Morgan has to his adherence to the Baptist doctrines. Why, then, spend money to take from the Filipinos that which is their own, and that which they enjoy, particularly when it cannot be replaced by anything better?



LIEUT.-COMMANDER DANIEL D. V. STUART, U.S.N.

CATHOLIC OFFICERS IN THE ARMY AND THE NAVY.*

LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER DANIEL DELEHANTY
V. STUART, U.S.N.

The first and last battles of the war are always of popular as well as historic interest.

The subject of this sketch has the distinguished honor of having fought the last battle of the war. Daniel D. V. Stuart was born in Albany, N. Y., in the year 1847. His youth was

* In this department the Magazine will present each month the portraits of distinguished Catholic officers, with short sketches of their careers. It will be our endeavor to make these short sketches authentic in all the detail of statement, so that they may be relied on. While sincere Catholics are not given to flaunting their religion, still at the same time because they are Catholics is not an adequate reason why they should be ignored in the public prints. It will be a revelation to some to know how many and how prominent the Catholics are in army and navy circles.—THE EDITOR.

spent in the city of his birth, where his parents still reside. He received his early education at the Albany Academy, and when not yet sixteen years of age he was appointed a naval cadet by the Hon. Erastus Corning, member of Congress. He entered Annapolis Academy, in 1863 and was a "middy" two years during the Civil War. His cadet life was one of earnest application; he was faithful to the trusts reposed in him, and exemplary in obedience. He was graduated in 1869, and then began his steady promotion—made ensign in 1870, promoted to be master in 1872, he was made lieutenant in 1876, and raised to his present position, lieutenant-commander, in 1897. At the outbreak of the war he was on duty at the Washington navy-yard, in the ordnance foundry, having just returned from a South American cruise during which he acted as navigator on the *New York*. With the characteristic spirit that has made Mr. Stuart beloved by his associates and respected by his superiors, he applied to the Navy Department for sea-service. His application was favorably considered and he was sent to sea, assigned as executive officer to an old-time frigate, the *Lancaster*, at Boston, and thence ordered to Key West. Upon the *Lancaster's* arrival at Key West he was transferred to the command of the *Mangrove*, a vessel of about nine hundred tons displacement. This vessel was devoid of all the comforts peculiar to naval life; it was a lighthouse tender and had been turned over to the Navy Department. Unmindful of his own ease or comfort, he impressed his genial and happy nature upon all who were dependent on him, and it is said that not once were there any sounds of discontent among his subordinates—"If Captain Dan can stand it, why so can we."

The *Mangrove* was attached to the North Coast blockading squadron, and assisted in the blockade off Havana for a whole month; the remainder of the time it aided in the blockade off Cardenas. Mr. Stuart's ship, the *Mangrove*, was under fire four times: Havana, Matanzas, Sagua la Grande, Caibairén. A hotly-contested engagement was fought at the last-named place on Sunday, August 14, two days after the close of the war.

It was here that Lieutenant-Commander Stuart displayed his fighting qualities, as well as his clear-headedness amid trying circumstances. "Give her one, Dayton, and find out her distance," was the characteristic command, and for two hours he directed and encouraged his men, ordered the course of his vessel, against three Spanish gunboats, assisted by riflemen all along the shore.

At the end of the two hours of fierce fighting, during which the *Mangrove's* guns fired 103 shots, one of the Spanish vessels sent out a flag of truce, with a letter from the authorities of Santa Clara, stating that peace had been proclaimed between the United States and Spain two days before. With courteous acceptance, the *Mangrove* steamed away. However, so effectually were the shots directed against the enemy that the Spanish gunboat, *Fernando Cortez*, was damaged to such an extent that she had to be towed to Havana harbor. Said a sailor, writing to his home: "Such matchless courage as was shown to-day at Caibairen is unknown. There is not one, from the mate to cabin boy, but would give his life in defence of his flag and to do the bidding of Lieutenant-Commander Stuart." At Key West he was transferred again to the *Lancaster* and ordered to Portsmouth, N. H.; thence, after having been detached, to the ordnance department at Brooklyn navy-yard. Unmindful of himself, considerate of others, charitable in judgment, firm in convictions, practical in Christianity, faithful in devotion to the church, he justly merits the existing confidence of his superiors, good-fellowship of his equals, and the devotion of his inferiors.

Mr. Stuart's love of honesty and hatred for any suggestion of dishonesty is shown by this characteristic statement, the writer overheard. Refusing to make a minor requisition, he said: "I will make a requisition for everything that is needed, but not one requisition, however small, for anything needless—that is dishonesty, robbery. Even in so large an institution as this we must be careful that we are not culpable through indifference."

WHAT THE THINKERS SAY.

JUS PRIMÆ NOCTIS.

(Rev. Henry A. Brann, D.D.)

BIGOTRY and ignorance are twins; and a very nasty pair they are when they are engaged in assailing the Catholic Church. No lie is too ridiculous or too stale for them to hurl at her, with the purpose of defiling her white robes. When Goethe makes Mephistopheles say of man, "*In jeden Quark begräbt er seine Nase,*" the poet must have had the ignorant bigot specially before his mind, for whether he rants in a pulpit or manufactures interviews in the newspaper sanctum, he is always sticking his nose into the ill-smelling places of history with the hope of finding a scandal that may redound to the discredit of the church which he hates.

If men would only study history in its origins, in original documents, instead of taking the second-hand statements of the writers of compendiums, how much of this ignorant bigotry would disappear! Would that the recent prescription of the Roman Congregation of Studies to the bishops of Spain ordering the study of theology and canon law in their original sources, and proscribing the use of the so-called text-books, were extended to history also, and that the ranters and the editors could be induced to make a good course of history among the manuscripts and original documents which abound in the archives of every good library.

I am led to this train of thought by an incident that recently occurred. Several of our newspapers within the last month have published attacks on the morality of the Philippine clergy, and among other things charged them with using a right reprobated by every human law as well as by the law of nature, and by the divine law. The *Herald* has been particularly guilty in this respect in quoting as authority for its statement the general-in-chief of the American army sent to Manila. But it is more likely that the statement, in the supposed interview with the general, is the creation of the brilliant newspaper reporter who published it.

He probably found it somewhere in some of the many scandalous works published against the clergy, and that was authority enough for him. To publish it would amuse the public, and make every debauched libertine chuckle with delight.

It is true the Talmud speaks of this right as practised against the Jews by their pagan persecutors, and it is more than probable that among the pagans it had a sporadic existence. But it never did exist among Christians. Louis Veuillot, in a work published in Paris in 1854, thoroughly investigated the subject and proved that the so-called right is a pure myth. His work, *Le droit du seigneur au moyen age*, reached the third edition in 1858, and although scrutinized by all the French infidels of the time, his contention was never shown to be erroneous even in the smallest particular. Schmidt, in 1881, wrote a classic

work on the same theme, "*Jus primæ noctis, eine geschichtliche Untersuchung*,"* and came to the same conclusion as Veuillot. Starcke, a Protestant writer of the University of Copenhagen, in praising Schmidt's work says: "Karl Schmidt has made a thorough and intelligent study of the subject, and he has come to the conclusion that it is not proved that such a right, namely, a legitimate claim to the first night, existed either in Europe or elsewhere at any time or at any place."† And again, page 125: "The *jus primæ noctis* must be historically proved before we can give credit to it."

The fact is, that all the archives have been searched, and no trace found of the existence of this so-called right. There is no vestige of it in the decretals of the popes, in the collections of councils, in the German law books, nor in the French *Coutumiers*, or books of customs, nor in the published sermons of preachers, nor in the writings of jurists. Not a solitary instance of this right has been found in any of the sources of mediæval information.

Yet, in spite of all this, the enlightened wits who edit newspapers will repeat the stale calumny because it injures the Catholic clergy; and ranters will continue to imitate the debauched and burly drunkard who was the author of the *Tisch-Reden*. The "Reformation" was begun by this smutty fellow, and I suppose it must be continued by smutty fellows to the end. Part of their stock in trade is "The smutty joke, ridiculously lewd."

FAILURE OF DENOMINATIONALISM.

DR. BENJAMIN F. DE COSTA, pastor of the Episcopalian Church of St. John the Evangelist (New York), on the eve of the gathering of the Triennial Convention of the Bishops and Lay Deputies at Washington, D. C., made the following statement from his own pulpit:

"The time has come to think. It is simply criminal to attempt to shut our eyes to the facts presented by the census, showing the spread of irreligion in the land. Millions of young men of three generations have gone down to unsanctified graves. Morally, denominationalism has not saved the people. It has not saved religion or morality. This morning Christianity is ignored by the masses of the people. Sectarianism has played a high game and it has lost. Even among its membership, if reports be true, there are men who reflect little or no credit upon its work.

"What is the prospect? Take the fact this morning that there is no plan for the conversion of the people from irreligion. One hundred years ago there were one million people out of the church; to-day there are fifty million. How long is it going to take at this rate to convert the nation?

"They say the old church was not fit to live; that it was not a success. I want to call attention to the fact that denominationalism is not a success.

"Denominationalism does not hold the people, and to-day there are fifty million out of the seventy million people in this land who are either hostile or indifferent to the teachings of the church.

"There is a set of reformers who would reform the Bible, and rid it of what they call myths. They would have us believe that Christ was blind, leader of the blind; that he did not know as much about the Old Testament as they do. So the reform goes on, and I ask this morning if it is not time that every rational

*Freiburg, 1881.

† *The Primitive Family*, p. 124, by C. N. Starcke, Ph.D., University of Copenhagen. Appleton, 1889.

man, not wholly given over to denominationalism, to pause and ask whither are we drifting?

"It is something pitiful to see the secretaries of church societies prepare figures to show an increase in the membership of their organizations, when the masses are drifting further away from the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour. You can count the gains on your fingers, while the census counts up the losses by millions. Blatant infidelity prevails throughout the land.

"Now comes in higher criticism, which only asks to be let alone. Thank God! it is not to be let alone. We must take care of the Bible at all hazards. The one thing we have got to do is to remember that sectarianism has nothing in accord with Christianity.

"What we need is a combination of all existing bodies animated with the spirit and thought, one Lord, one faith, one hope, one baptism, in one grand body, which will win the respect and confidence of the people of the land. If those who call themselves Christians cannot stand together in such a work, in a short time they will not be able to stand at all."

Monsignor Mooney, Vicar-General, Diocese of New York, was asked by one of the great New York dailies what he thought of Dr. De Costa's statements and how far they applied to the Catholic Church, and replied as follows:

"As to my own church, it is certainly not showing any decline, either in the number of its members or in loyalty on their part to its teachings. We have had, generally speaking, a fair field from the beginning of the Republic's existence, and that is all we ever asked or do ask, and the result is that the state of the Catholic Church in our country is, from almost every point of view, satisfactory.

"Moreover, we regard the future without apprehension, for we feel we have every reason to be confident, judging from the present outlook, that our church will keep pace with the growth and development of our country to the same extent that it has in the past. We believe that the dogmatic teaching of the church will always furnish an ultimate resting-place for the sincerely religious-minded, while its presence and its influence will be a conservative force of which the moral and social world stands in need.

"In fact, our faith, which we hold to rest on a divine basis, obliges us to maintain that the truths of Christianity, no matter what vicissitudes they may suffer, must in the end prevail. Therefore there can be no permanent discouragement with us as to the outcome of the circumstances that may now confront us, for we rely on the workings of the Spirit of Truth promised to this church by its divine Founder to bring about final success within the domain assigned by himself."

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

THE Rev. Mortimer E. Twomey, of Malden, Mass., has given excellent lectures at the Champlain Summer-School. Some time ago he wrote as follows in an article on Reading Circles and Parish Work: The members of a Reading Circle should be drawn from the varied walks of life. Those who are teachers in schools most naturally enter into this movement, but to the workers in store and shop it is no less a boon, and through them all the general benefits are procured to the parish. The teachers, owing to their occupation and pursuits, are the more readily adapted to certain works, such as is involved in the reading necessary to essay-writing, and that writing itself. The others, to whom is wanting time or opportunity, engage in the ordinary work of the circle and profit by the labor of the writers. But all find their minds more open to truth, their intellects made keen, their grasp of knowledge more sure, and their hearts better awakened to holy influences. Such workers give a new impulse to the work of Catholic education, as well where there are Catholic schools as where there are not, and such persons elevate the tone of the community wherein they live. They do not lose interest in general church affairs, nor sodalities, nor other societies; rather, they gain in devotion to every object, from the stronger and surer methods of understanding to which the Reading Circle trains them.

Reading Circles are as yet in their dawning. They have arisen with beautiful splendor, and they promise a brilliancy and radiance of light as they mount higher. In the aggregate, perhaps, their spirit and influence have been best shown in the Catholic Summer-Schools. The leaders in these most excellent enterprises have so frequently and eloquently expressed their appreciation of the Reading Circles that it is sufficient here to call attention to the acknowledged fact that the success of the Summer-Schools in the past is greatly due to the Reading Circles of the different sections, while the hope of the future is most powerfully centred in their steadfast co-operation, and with the same zeal, the same enthusiasm, the same interest that they have entered into the Summer-School movement do they enter into every movement that involves the glory of God and His Church.

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An article by Mr. William Archer in the *Pall Mall Magazine* calls attention to the supremacy of the great minds in literature, and the value that may be discovered in the best productions of American literature. English critics of the beginning of the century so convincingly set forth the reasons why America, absorbed in the conquest of nature and in material progress, could not produce anything great in the way of literature, that their arguments remain embedded in many minds even to this day, when events have conclusively falsified them. It is quite a commonplace with some people that America has not developed a great *American* literature. If this merely meant that, in casting off her allegiance to George III., America did not cast off her allegiance to Chaucer, Shakspeare, Milton, Dryden, Addison, Swift, Pope, the reproach, if it be one, must be accepted.

If it be a humiliation to American authors to own the traditions and standards established by these men, and thereby to enroll themselves in their immortal fellowship, why then it must be owned that they have deliberately incurred

that humiliation. One American of vivid originality tried to escape it, and with what result? Simply that Whitman holds a place of his own, somewhat like that of Blake one might say, in the literature of the English language, and has produced at least as much effect in England as in America. If, on the other hand, it be implied that American literature feebly imitates English literature, and fails to present an original and adequate interpretation of American life, no reproach could well be more flagrantly unjust. It is not only the abstract merit of American literature; though that is very high, but precisely the Americanism of it, that gives it its value in the eyes of all thinking Englishmen.

* * *

A Directory of Catholic Authors in the English-speaking world is now in course of preparation by Mr. William Bellinghausen, Freiburg, Baden, Germany. He wishes to make a complete collection of all who have written a book, pamphlet, or articles for periodical literature. Full name and address is requested. Such a vast undertaking deserves encouragement and prompt co-operation from all concerned.

* * *

The Rev. Thomas Bouquillon, D.D., of the Catholic University of America, contributes to the Catholic University Bulletin a very wide-reaching article on European Congresses of 1897. If this is the age of congresses, Brussels is the city of congresses, for of the forty-three noted by Dr. Bouquillon, nineteen were held in that enterprising Belgian city. A great number of these congresses were convened in the direct interest of social and economic questions; and many, called for another specific purpose, concerned themselves with social questions indirectly. At the International Congress for the Protection of Labor, held at Zurich, August 22-28, Catholics and Socialists met for the first time in convention, and gave united support to many questions, among them the forbidding of Sunday labor in general, and of night-work for women and children, the determination of a minimum age for the work of children in factories and of a maximum to constitute a legal work-day. They parted company on the question of woman in industry, the Catholics insisting on her higher mission to society, and favoring her gradual exclusion from industrial pursuits, the Socialists standing for absolute independence and equality for women, regarding the family only as an association based on interest, and suggesting that the children be placed in the care of the state. Socialistic opinions dominated the congress. There was but one Woman's Congress, and that began at Brussels on August 4. Dr. Bouquillon makes this significant allusion to the Congress of Women:

A serious observer, if he be fair-minded, cannot fail to see that we have here a question whose solution will vitally affect every side of social life: religion, family, morals, social economics, politics, education, population, labor, salary, hygiene. The most difficult problems confronting society belong to the woman question. The effort of woman to aid society in their solution merits at least serious consideration.

One of the most notable of the congresses was the Fourth International Scientific Congress of Catholics, held at Fribourg, Switzerland, August 16-20.

In the scientific, historical, social, and professional congresses Catholics were, as a rule, well represented. There were six distinctly religious congresses of Catholics, one of which, the Congress of French Catholics, held at Paris, November 30-December 5, was an important factor in bringing about union and co-operation among the Catholics of France.

M. C. M.



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THE VIRGIN'S SLUMBER SONG.

Slumber, slumber, Mary's Treasure,
On Thy mother's loving breast;
While I sing in joyful measure,
Baby darling, sweetly rest.

Slumber, slumber, Son and Brother,
Close Thine eyes and dream of me.
Never, never lived a mother
Blessed with such a babe as Thee.

Slumber, slumber, sweetest flower,
Blossom of a stem divine.
Jesus, God of love and power,
Rest Thee sweetly, Baby mine.

BERT MARTEL.

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VOL. LXVIII.—19

AT THE CRIB OF ASSISI.

BY MARIE DONEGAN WALSH.



THE last rays of a gloriously setting December sun are pouring down in crimson waves of splendor on the hill-side of Assisi, and striking direct through the high windows of the "Sagro Convento," the home and last earthly resting-place of the great St. Francis of Assisi. In the dim Lower Church, where the tomb of St. Francis lies deep in darkness, the twilight shadows of a short winter's day have already settled; but in the Upper Church daylight still shines clear and rosy, throwing into bold relief the exquisitely frescoed walls and the marvellous wood-carving of the choir.

This lofty church of Assisi, now in possession of the Italian government and disused and dismantled, has a desolate and forsaken aspect, and is no longer used by the Franciscans as a place of worship. The choir is deserted by its brown-robed occupants, and the sweet sound of the chanting of the Divine Office no more resounds through the long aisles and soars to the vaulted Gothic roof; while in the empty Tabernacle over the dismantled altar the peaceful and serene presence of the Prisoner of Love no longer lingers with His tender benediction.

But a certain melancholy grandeur lingers in the ancient shrine; and the grand old frescoes on the walls are full of the simple faith and piety of those ages when religious scenes were a strong and living reality to the artist's heart, and not a mere picturesque accessory of the craftman's skill, as it so often is in our days.

All around the walls, in a series of frescoes, the whole history of the life of St. Francis is painted in detail, more curious than beautiful in their unfinished drawing, lack of perspective, and crude coloring; yet instinct with deep religious feeling, and full of interest on account of their associations.

A pair of strangers were wandering through the church, lost in admiration of its solemn beauty; pausing every now and then to linger before some fresco that aroused their special interest. They are two ladies, evidently American strangers;

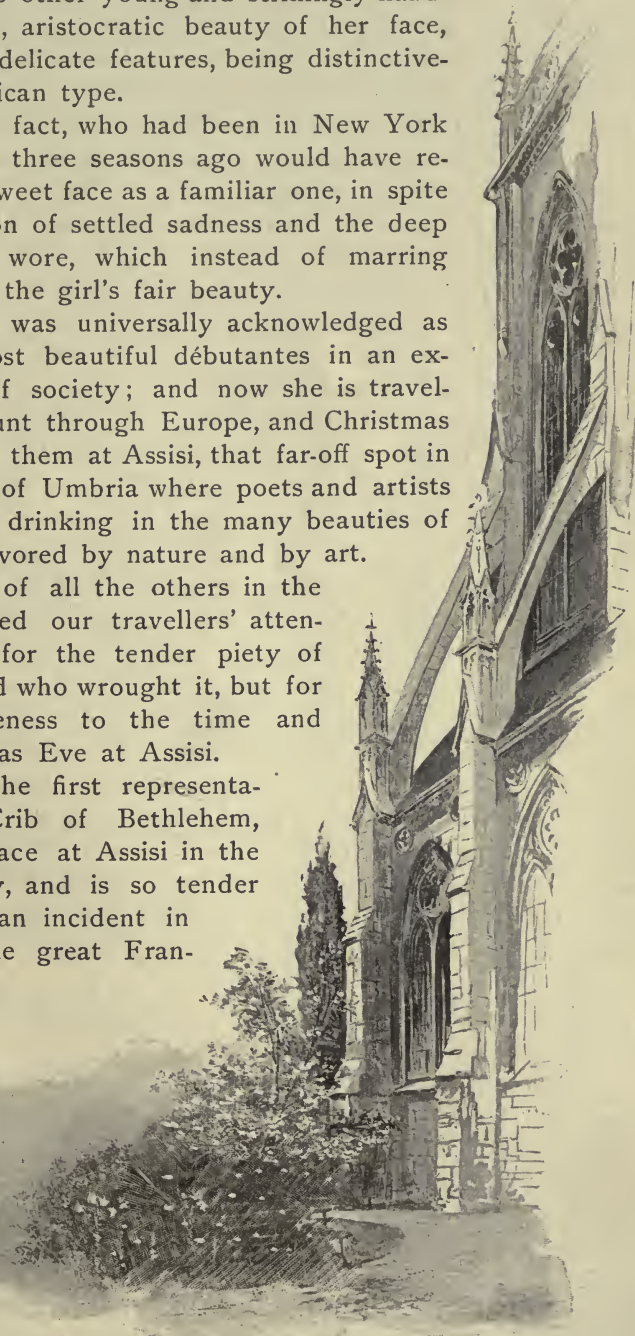
one elderly, the other young and strikingly handsome—the pale, aristocratic beauty of her face, with its small, delicate features, being distinctively of an American type.

Any one, in fact, who had been in New York society two or three seasons ago would have recognized that sweet face as a familiar one, in spite of its expression of settled sadness and the deep mourning she wore, which instead of marring only enhanced the girl's fair beauty.

Avis Leigh was universally acknowledged as one of the most beautiful *débutantes* in an exclusive circle of society; and now she is travelling with her aunt through Europe, and Christmas Eve has found them at Assisi, that far-off spot in the mountains of Umbria where poets and artists love to linger, drinking in the many beauties of a land most favored by nature and by art.

One fresco of all the others in the church attracted our travellers' attention, not only for the tender piety of the master-hand who wrought it, but for its appropriateness to the time and place—Christmas Eve at Assisi.

It depicts the first representation of the Crib of Bethlehem, which took place at Assisi in the twelfth century, and is so tender and touching an incident in the life of the great Franciscan founder.



“THE LAST RAYS OF A GLORIOUSLY SETTING DECEMBER SUN ARE STRIKING DIRECT THROUGH THE HIGH WINDOWS OF THE SAGRO CONVENTO.”

In the simple language of the "Fioretti" (Little Flowers) his historian narrates of St. Francis of Assisi that, being consumed with such ardent love of the Babe of Bethlehem at Christmastide, his apostolic heart was inflamed to make all hearts join with him in his worship of the Infant King.

And as the saint humbly prayed that he might be able to compass his desire, an inspiration came to him; and on Christmas Eve, taking two of his brethren apart to aid him, St. Francis set about preparing a copy of the Crib. First, with the work of his own hands, he made the semblance of a cave or grotto with its rough manger of straw; and then persuaded a "contadina" (peasant woman) of Assisi, with her husband and tiny baby, to come and represent the characters of Our Lady, St. Joseph, and the Infant Saviour.

Finally the dear saint of the gentle heart, who so tenderly loved all God's dumb creatures, brought in an ox from the hill-side and the little ass which had carried him so safely on his many mountain-journeys, and yoking them together, he placed them at the head of the Crib, docile and obedient to his slightest bidding. At last, when all was complete, St. Francis, overwhelmed by love and devotion, sank down on his knees at the foot of the manger and, weeping and praying with joy and ecstasy, spent the whole night in contemplation beside the rude representation which was the work of his own patient hands.

What a picture it must have been, on that Christmas Eve at Assisi long centuries ago! The manger, poor in its bare simplicity and Franciscan poverty, yet rich in the gloriously simple faith of the saint and ecstatic; the group of brown-robed attendant monks, full of sympathy and reverence for their dearly loved master; and the gaping, curious crowd of the townsfolk of Assisi, who had come to gaze, more in curiosity perhaps than in devotion, at this new pious fancy of old Pietro Bernadone's visionary son.

Softened and subdued in spite of themselves into reverence by the childlike faith of St. Francis, they too remained to pray by the Crib; and wondering, they looked with awe unspeakable at the slender figure of the saint kneeling so motionless, so absorbed, with a look of unearthly rapture and ecstasy shining on his pure, ethereal features.

The burning zeal of St. Francis pouring out the overflowing love of his seraphic heart at the Crib of Bethlehem had gained the favor for which he had so humbly begged; and in his wake the "Poverello" (poor man) of Assisi drew many an erring



THE VIGIL OF ST. FRANCIS.
CHRISTMAS EVE 1223.

and world-weary heart to his Master's feet that Christmas Eve.

Crude and simple, perhaps, as St. Francis' Crib had been, the fresco of Giotto representing the incident is none the less so; but Avis Leigh and her aunt lingered near it, loving to recall its story—for the pilgrim to Assisi learns to live again in the life of St. Francis and to treasure every painted or written record of his life. High up on a scaffolding an artist was painting, making a copy of the fresco, reproducing the quaint outlines line by line and bit by bit.

He seemed absorbed in his work and never even glanced at the passing strangers below him, for tourists are the rule and not the exception at Assisi. Then the ladies passed on to admire one and another of the frescoes, slowly making the round of the church; but still the artist painted on till the rosy sunset light faded; and at last, with a start, as if realizing for the first time that the painted figures on the wall before him were fading into gloom, he put aside the brushes and prepared to make his descent.

At the sound of the opening door by which the two travelers were just going out the painter turned his head, and that instant's glance was enough for the girl. Avis Leigh clutched her astonished aunt's arm tightly, and drawing her rapidly after her, hurried out and down the staircase, never pausing for breath till they had gained the door of their hotel once more, which was only a short distance from the church.

"My dear Avis, what has come over you? You must be ill or bewitched!" ejaculated the bewildered old lady, as soon as she recovered her breath. "You nearly killed me dragging me down those stairs so fast; but oh! my dear, you are as white as death, and look as if you had seen a ghost."

Once inside the safe shelter of their own rooms the girl tried, but not altogether successfully, to laugh away her aunt's fears, explaining that she had felt suddenly faint and weary (which was indeed the case).

"Indeed, dear auntie, you must not trouble about me," she said at length tenderly; "I was very stupid and fanciful to frighten you so, but I shall be all right to-morrow. It is only that I have been doing too much sight-seeing, and have become tired and out of sorts."

All through the long, tiresome *table d'hôte* and in the quiet of her room afterwards Avis's thoughts were strangely disturbed; and though she held a book before her eyes, it was but a pre-

tence of reading, for her mind was far away in the dreamland of memories, recalling all the incidents of the last three years which this Christmas Eve in Assisi had summoned up! It was indeed a ghost that the poor child had seen in the Upper Church a few short hours ago—the ghost of a dead and buried love she never thought would revive again; for in the mysterious painter of the fresco Avis Leigh had recognized Herbert Carlton, the man to whom her girlish love was once given, and to whom she had been engaged two years ago! It was a sad little story and full of bitter-sweet recollections to the girl, and Avis had locked it up, as we lock up so many of our deepest thoughts and feelings, deep in the inmost recesses of our hearts, even from those nearest and dearest to us, and she had striven to forget it utterly.

But on Christmas Eve, the very day of their engagement, it always arose to confront her, and on this one especially, in the face of that chance meeting, the memory refused to be thrust away, and bit by bit in her lonely vigil Avis had to go over it all again.

How happy she had been that Christmas Eve when Herbert first told her he loved her; and her parents had consented to the engagement, only stipulating that she should wait a year before she married, as she was so young—too young to know her own mind, they said. Then all the happy months that followed; Avis so rich in her youth and love and sweet faith in her lover, which he amply repaid with honest, manly affection. But just before the time appointed for their marriage, early in the next December, the cruel blow came which was to ruin their happiness. For a long time Herbert Carlton became grave and serious, and seemed constantly preoccupied and worried, though tender and loving to his *fiancée* as of old; but Avis' quick eyes noticing the change and fearing he had ceased to love her, summoned up her courage after many doubts and fears to ask him what was the matter.

He told her the truth—that he was about to become a Catholic, and feared her and her parents' displeasure, knowing that they came of a family strong in its Protestant convictions, who could see no good in any one belonging to the "Romish Church," and would look with horror upon an alliance with a member of that creed, more especially one who had left the "faith of his fathers" to become a "pervert" (as they call it). Carlton had been perfectly right in his apprehensions. Avis begged, prayed, and interceded with him to give it up; using

every loving art and persuasion, and reproaching him that he cared for her no longer, till his heart was almost torn asunder in the struggle between love and duty. The blood of Puritan ancestors ran in Avis's veins, and at last, weary of importuning and dashing herself in vain against the solid rock of her lover's convictions, she declared passionately: "I will never marry you, Herbert, *never*, if you are a Catholic, much as I love you!" And so they parted.

His religion cost Herbert Carlton, as it has cost many others, the supreme sacrifice, not in this case of worldly honors and goods, but the one love of his life; and in the first darkness after the struggle can he not be forgiven if he thought his lot was hard, and that the Master had asked too much from him in return for the gift of faith?

He still worked on hard at his profession; steadily, doggedly painting his way to fame, and plunging heart and soul into the art which was to take the place of happiness to him in the future.

Herbert Carlton never saw Avis again after their bitter parting, for he went abroad immediately to paint, and the only reminder of the man she had loved so dearly were occasional rumors of his whereabouts abroad and the success of his pictures. Avis on her part plunged wildly into all the dissipation of society, for her one desire was to forget—to bury the past and shut her eyes resolutely to the prejudice that had blinded her; and in vain she fought against her own sense of self-reproach, and the fact that she had acted cruelly and foolishly.

The loving, impulsive girl, whose sweet girlish gaiety and innocence of heart had first won Herbert Carlton's love, was fast turning into a woman of the world; brilliant and sparkling when she chose, but with an undercurrent of sadness and sorrow. Her contact with the world, however, did Avis Leigh good in one way: it made her more tolerant and broad-minded, and since the bitter outburst of foolish prejudice which cost her her life's happiness many of her dear and trusted friends had become practical members of the church she had despised and hated.

Now and again a more than usually bitter half-hour came to Avis, as with a gay party of friends she wandered through some gallery or exhibition of pictures where Herbert Carlton's name figured at the foot of many a gem of art—a gorgeous sunset in Algiers, a moonlit river scene on the Nile, a Moorish mosque in all its wealth of Eastern coloring—and every one spoke in terms of highest praise of the artist whose exhibits

were so well known a feature of every art exhibition, not only in America but in the capitals of Europe.

Time went on, and Avis, brilliant and beautiful as ever, continued her series of society triumphs, outwardly successful, inwardly disappointed and disillusioned, till in the dark days of January another blow struck the girl's already aching heart. One after the other her parents fell ill with typhoid fever, and within three short weeks Avis was left an orphan, lonely and desolate in the beautiful home where she had reigned so long as queen.

Fate had indeed been cruel to her, she thought bitterly: all had gone which made life worth living; first her lover, then her parents and her home, for the empty riches of her solitary abode seemed home no longer without her dear ones. Her mother's sister, Aunt Ruth, came from her quiet home in the Quaker City to keep her niece company; but even her gentle companionship failed to rouse the girl from her grief, and she passed day after day in a complete apathy, far more painful than demonstrative sorrow. Even after some time had elapsed since her loss and the first grief had grown less keen, it seemed impossible for Avis to interest herself in anything, and she went nowhere and saw no one.

One day her aunt, trying to divert her by telling the news which some callers had brought, happened to mention Herbert Carlton's name, and spoke incidentally of the report of his marriage. "He had married the daughter of a French count," the visitors said; and they wondered if he was ever coming home, or would take up his residence abroad with his French bride.

Poor Avis! it seemed as if another blow had been dealt her; not in the fact of Carlton's marriage, for any thought of a reconciliation with him was as far from her mind as ever; but the thought that he too had forgotten her utterly and completely, and that she had passed out of his life for ever. All the butterfly friends of her gay society life dropped off one by one, too; for Avis Leigh in her heavy mourning, silent and quiet, and no longer giving receptions and entertainments, was a very different person to the society girl they used to know; so our young heroine found out bitterly the value of worldly friendships and acquaintances in times of trouble.

Wholly disillusioned of the world, Avis tried to find comfort in her religion; but the church services seemed cold and formal, altogether conventional and utterly lacking what she

had hoped to find. Finally, passing a Catholic church one day, the girl had the curiosity to enter it. She did it half shamefacedly and feeling quite reprehensible in so doing. After that she began to be attracted and interested in spite of herself. It is the first step that costs in religion as in anything else, and soon Avis Leigh became a frequent visitor to the quiet little church, sitting there for hours in the peace of that Presence which makes every Catholic church so truly the "House of God."

The sequel to this is not hard to surmise. It was only the old, old story, new in every heart, of the triumph of divine grace, and after many a struggle with her prejudice and pride Avis gave way to the overwhelming conviction which mastered her; and in return for her sacrifice found the peace and comfort she had never hoped to find again on earth at the foot of the Cross.

After her conversion, which caused a nine-days' wonder among her friends, Avis Leigh went abroad with her aunt, bound for a pilgrimage to Rome and the Holy Land; and the good old father who had received her into the church begged her to stop on a visit to Assisi on her way, and see the home of dear St. Francis, of whom he had spoken to her so often. And it is thus she came to be found at Assisi this cold Christmas Eve, in company with her good aunt, who, though not having the least leaning towards Catholicity herself, looked with leniency on the religion which seemed to give her dearly loved niece so much comfort and resignation; for, after all her troubles, Avis was slowly gaining strength and courage once more. Amid new scenes and faces the dull misery passed from her young face, and, in spite of the mourning she wore and the ineffaceable memories of troubles past, she seemed more like her old self again—more like she was as Herbert Carlton's girl-love than the brilliant, worldly woman of those hollow society days.

But as she sat by the fireside in the Assisi hotel on this Christmas Eve all the trouble seemed to have come back to the beautiful face; for that one glimpse of the artist in the Lower Church revived all the dormant memories and made them doubly keen.

He was so little changed, she thought, since the Christmas Eve she saw him last, standing at the door of her father's drawing-room with that grave, questioning look on his face as he said "So it is to be good-by, Avis?" as if giving her a last chance. And in her childish resentment she had never even answered him.

And now, when it is too late, Avis acknowledged to herself what she had never even dared to dwell on, even in her secret thoughts, that the love of her youth was not dead and buried, as she thought, but had endured through all her gay life and through all her trouble.

Then the poor girl pulled herself together with a powerful effort and with her accustomed courage. It was only a temptation, to be met and conquered as she had already conquered others, and she reproached herself for the momentary weakness. What business had she, Avis Leigh, to be stirred so strangely by the face of a person she had known and loved long ago, but who was nothing to her now? Why, *worse* than nothing when he was another woman's husband, and should not even want to recognize her; for in that momentary glimpse of Herbert Carlton's face Avis had seen that no gleam of recognition rested in his grave eyes. No; they had met as strangers, and as strangers they must remain; though the longing to see him, to speak to him, if only once again, seemed to grow stronger and stronger.

"We must leave Assisi to-morrow," Avis thought to herself, "for in a small place like this these meetings are always liable to take place, and I could not stand them—could not go through another."

A few minutes after, when she had roused herself finally from her thoughts, the girl stepped softly into her aunt's room adjoining, to call the old lady; but no one answered. Aunt Ruth, having found her niece but poor company in her abstracted mood, had gone down-stairs to the "salon" to talk to some of the guests at the hotel; and presently she returned full of the information some one had been giving her about the beautiful representation of the Crib of Bethlehem arranged in the Lower Church of San Francesco, which was to be lighted up this evening.

At first Avis refused to accompany her, alleging as an excuse that she was very tired and weary. "I am so tired of it all, the sight-seeing and the strange country, and I feel home-sick to-night, and wish we were on our way homeward! Dear auntie, let us leave Assisi to-morrow," she said.

"Leave on Christmas Day?" asked the old lady, surprised. "Why, you were so anxious to spend Christmas here; but do as you like, my dear, if you are so anxious to go," she continued good-naturedly, "for I am ready to start again when you wish. But I should like to go and see the Crib to-night; they say it is so very lovely."

So Avis bravely put aside her own feelings and accompanied her aunt to the church; and they were well rewarded by the beautiful scene that met their view as they passed through the arched cloisters in the moonlight and entered the dim precincts of the church.

Gloriously beautiful at any time is that Lower Church of

Assisi; for even in full daylight the sun's rays only fall with a subdued and mellow radiance through the narrow windows and cast shadows, purple, gold, and crimson, on the marble pavement. Within this dim Gothic sanctuary the everlasting calm of eternity seems to dwell, as if the gentle spirit of St. Francis still hovered over it and around it; but on Christmas Eve it is transformed from a shrine of mediæval piety to a living representation of the Stable of Bethlehem on that Night of Nights, nineteen centuries ago, when Mary and Joseph knelt by the side of their new-born King and worshipped him.

The great Gothic arches of

the church, stretching away into gloom, seem to frame as a picture the lowly manger of straw with its figure of the Babe of Bethlehem, surrounded by



his Mother and foster-father and the kneeling shepherds, while numbers of starry lights cast their radiance on the scene. Childish and simple this representation might appear to a mere on-looker, but, oh! how touching in its tender devotion to one who looks below the mere surface of things, and thinks of the great mystery it so graphically pictures.

Around the Crib kneels many a silent, motionless figure in the Franciscan habit, so still that one might fancy the living friars part of the painted representation, and in the deep mysterious awe of the place, in the stillness of the Christmas midnight, one feels it would cause no wonder if the brown-robed figure and pale, ecstatic face of St. Francis would reveal itself to come and kneel once again, as he did on earth, by his well-loved representation of the Crib of Bethlehem; for, though not present to our bodily eyes, the spirit of the dear Saint of Poverty is very near Assisi on Christmas Eve.

Avis and her aunt gazed spell-bound on the sight before them, but with widely varying emotions; Aunt Ruth with curiosity not unmixed with wonder, but with an involuntary softening of her heart towards the religion which could produce a scene so deeply religious in its almost childlike simplicity. "Blessed are the pure in heart!" murmured the dear old lady softly, as she gazed from the Crib to the face of an old Franciscan friar, bowed with the weight of years, who knelt with clasped hands in an attitude of deep devotion, his aged face lit up with a light of tenderest love and devotion.

She turned around to look for Avis; but the girl had fallen on her knees not far away, her face buried in her hands, as she laid the burden of her sorrows at the feet of the Babe of Bethlehem, there to seek strength and comfort; for the struggle going on in her heart was bitter, and stronger than it had been for years rose up the love she thought she had put behind long ago.

It swept over her in a tide the girl felt powerless to resist—the poor human longing for the happiness she had forfeited, and which could be hers no longer. Bitter tears rolled down her face and sobs shook her slight frame as she knelt, unheeding all around. The simple peasants near glanced at her in pity, and with a compassionate exclamation of "Poveretta!" applied themselves to their rosaries again, for in these Umbrian hill-sides, alas! sorrow and want and suffering seem but the common heritage of every-day life, to be borne with patiently. . . . And Avis prayed on, patiently, almost hopelessly, fight-

ing the struggle with her thoughts, till at last light seemed to dawn through the darkness, giving her strength to banish all thoughts of the love which from a blessing had come to be the torment of her life. With the coming of the Infant King of Peace comfort flowed in to her sorely-tried heart, and she felt that, come what would, now she had more strength to endure, and if happiness was to be denied her, peace would at least be hers. The old priest in New York had been right when he begged his young friend to visit Assisi, for the unfailing peace of the home of St. Francis had done its work and brought balm to another wounded heart.

When Avis rose at last to join her aunt near the door they turned back on the threshold to take a last look at the Crib, and another figure took its place in the group there, a familiar figure which, in spite of its bowed head, Avis recognized as Herbert Carlton's! He was standing quietly not far from the manger, his eyes fixed upon it thoughtfully with an earnest expression on the strong face she knew so well, and in the bright light of the candles shining around the Crib Avis saw he had changed greatly and grown older, thinner, and graver. It was by no means the face of a happy or successful man, brilliantly successful though she knew his career to have been; but of one who had struggled and suffered but conquered in the end, and who yet bore the marks of the trial.

Suddenly Carlton raised his head and looked unconsciously straight in the direction where Avis stood apart in the dim shadow, and in that glance he too recognized the face of his old love! Their eyes met for a second, his wondering and almost incredulous, hers deep with unutterable sadness. Beautiful and unapproachable as a sorrowing angel Avis appeared to him in her fair young beauty, the shadows but serving to whiten the fairness of her skin and lighten the gold of her shining hair; and as he looked at her almost spell-bound the girl turned to go, unable to bear the tension of the moment. Carlton's first impulse was to spring to her side and break the spell, for even yet he thought his eyes must have deceived him and that it was no flesh-and-blood Avis who stood there in the shadows, but the dream-like vision of a Christmas midnight evoked from his own sad thoughts and the associations of this mediæval world. Then as she turned away he recognized Avis fully, for she looked just as she had when she turned from him on that Christmas Eve in New York two years ago, and in the action he accepted a renewal of her dismissal, and once more seemed

to hear the bitter words that had rung so often in his ears: "I will *never* marry you, Herbert, *never* as long as you are a Catholic, much as I love you." Hope died for ever within him now, and Carlton tried to turn away his thoughts and resolutely crush down his trouble, as he had done for months past.

The softening which had come over his face at the sight of Avis passed quickly away again, leaving it even harder and sterner than it was before, for a bitter flood of anguish overwhelmed the strong man at this moment. He had been true to Avis all these years, but the first sorrow of their parting had become more passive, and it was hard, hard to see her again and to be obliged to renew the struggle of two years ago—a fiery furnace he had hoped never to pass through again.

He tried to pray, but words failed him in the face of his misery, and he could only kneel there silent and hopeless; but surely the compassionate heart of the Babe of Bethlehem could pity and forgive the poor human weakness, for he too knew the bitterness of the cup of self-sacrifice.

Another trial, another struggle, was going on in the place where Avis had laid down her burden of sorrow, and Herbert Carlton prayed—not for strength to resist temptation, for, thank God! that had been met and conquered long ago, and the thought of giving up his religion for his love never entered his steadfast heart, but for forgetfulness—that he might be able to forget the love of his life and learn to give it up willingly and freely; above all, that he might never see Avis again to disturb the peace which had been so hardly won. The sweet face of the Christ-Child smiled upon him from the manger, and he seemed to hear the words: "He that loveth father and mother, brother and sister more than Me, is not worthy of Me." And Herbert Carlton raised his face to the arched roof above, where St. Francis's mystic wedding with his Lady Poverty is painted in Giotto's glorious fresco, and the deep peace of the spot stole gradually over his senses, while for a few brief moments the joy of renunciation was his.

The storm had passed and the calm came after it, and, strengthened and consoled, Herbert Carlton rose from his knees and passed out of the church softly into the glorious moonlight which was flooding the picturesque town of Assisi with its silvery light. As he stood there a sudden desire seized him to make his way to the Upper Church and visit his beloved Giotto frescoes in the moonlight, to mark the effects of its mellow lights and shadows on their quaint beauty, and perhaps to ban-

ish for a time the present in the art he loved and which was to be the only companion of his life's loneliness. The moonlight poured through the church as he entered it, and in the pale, ethereal light the pictures on the wall assumed almost an appearance of life, and the spiritual features of St. Francis and his companions shone with a strange, clear radiance like faces in a vision.

Slowly Carlton wandered through the sanctuary, pausing every now and then to admire his special favorites, and finally stopping before the fresco he was copying, "The Crib of Assisi." The artist had just stooped to lift the draperies from his copy when a faint sound, like a suppressed sigh, met his ear, and turning sharply towards the doorway whence the sound proceeded, he just caught a glimpse of a shadowy figure disappearing. In a second he was at the entrance, and in his haste almost stumbled up against a black-robed figure on the greenward in front of the church.

Surely the golden hair, the tall, slender figure were the same he had seen by the Crib, and, forgetting all his resolutions never to see her again, he cried out, "Avis, is it you?" the sudden shock and effort for self-control making his voice almost harsh as he spoke.

The girl drew back swiftly into the shadow with an involuntary cowering movement; and, as if made aware of the brusqueness of his manner by the action, he forced himself to speak gently and evenly, for who was he that he was to address her by her Christian name? And when Carlton tried again it was more in the calm and courteous manner of a chance acquaintance.

"Miss Leigh," he began again, very quietly this time, "forgive me if I startled you just now. I could not realize it was really you, and I am naturally astonished to find you in this remote corner of Italy." His self-possession was returning now and he got on bravely, but the evident trouble of his companion unnerved him. "I am sorry to find you alone and in trouble; you perhaps have lost your way down to the hotel; your friends—?" . . . He came to a full stop, hesitating, for the task of making conversation alone was hard and no response came from the dark figure in the shadow. Poor Avis was beyond words, for a passion of tears, long fought against, shook her from head to foot, and only a suppressed, tremulous sob broke the silence at last after Herbert's gallant effort at talking. His studied coldness of manner, instead of reassuring

her, as he had intended, had quite the opposite effect, and man-like, at the sight of tears Herbert Carlton could endure it no longer, and self-control flew to the winds as a wild, irresistible influence to tempt his fate once more came over him. "Avis, my love, my darling!" he pleaded, the whole intensity of his strong love ringing in his voice, "we have met again at last after all this long time. It is your fate; forget the past, forget the prejudice and your decision on that dreary Christmas Eve, and take me now, dear, Catholic as I am, for you are alone and in trouble, and you want some one to take care of you. Avis, you loved me a little once; listen to me, only for this time," as she tried to turn away, "and I will never trouble you any more. My life has been hard—God knows how hard!—these last two years, and you make it harder by refusing me even one kind word in parting."

His voice ended abruptly, for he could go no further, and silence reigned between them, broken at last by Avis's tones, low and trembling. The passionate pleading of the man she loved had touched her strangely, but the fatal rumor of his marriage rose up like a spectre before her. Was he deceiving her and himself, and was his love but a passing emotion evoked from a sudden impulse of pity for her loneliness and the memories of "auld lang syne"?

"Forgive me, Herbert; I was wrong—wrong that Christmas Eve, and wrong to-night. They told me you were married long ago, and I thought perhaps you only spoke to me in a sudden impulse and in pity for my loneliness, and so—"

Suddenly through the hush of the moonlit night the joy-bells rang out with a glorious peal from the monastery, to give warning that the holy night is ended. Midnight is striking and another Christmas is breaking over a sleeping world. Merry talk and laughter were hushed into utter stillness, and Herbert Carlton raised his hat as his companion involuntarily bowed her head to salute the holy hour in which the Christ-Child came on earth. Avis and he were at last one in faith as in love.

Over hill and valley, from every church and monastery on the Umbrian hill-side, the peal of Christmas bells softly echoed and re-echoed with a rhythmic chime, and below in the valley the lights of "Our Lady of the Angels" twinkled through the darkness. Looking down over the broad spaces of the rolling Umbrian plains and the vast expanse of starlit sky, they thought of another plain near Bethlehem, where the

shepherds watched their flocks by night, and the light of the heavenly host shone in the dark blue sky while their angelic chorus fell on earth's listening ears, bringing its divinest message of peace and pardon. Upon this scene St. Francis looked on a Christmas midnight long ago, and its inspiration caused the first representation of the Crib of Bethlehem; which after all these centuries, when the tender heart of the Seraph of Assisi has long ceased to beat on earth, is still so faithfully carried out by his Franciscan brethren in his early home, and over the place where his relics now rest in the everlasting peace of the saints.



A PORTRAIT.

FRAIL as the petal that falls from the rose,
 Fair as a day in June;
 Dear as a babe in its dreaming repose,
 Sweet as the sweetest tune.

Pure as the purest saint above,
 True as a mother to me.
 Image on earth of a heavenly Love,
 Mine for eternity.

JOOST VAN DEN VONDEL, THE CATHOLIC,

PRINCE OF DUTCH POETS.

BY REV. CHARLES WARREN CURRIER.

IN Amsterdam, the quaint metropolis of dear little Holland, as the gray mist rises from the canals that flow through the Dutch Venice, the tourist will, sooner or later, find his way to the *Dam*, in the very heart of the city. The *Dam* is for Amsterdam what the *Puerta del Sol* is for Madrid, and the *Place de l'Hôtel de Ville* for Brussels: the great square to which all flows, and whence all goes forth. Towering high above the more modest structures rises the Royal Palace. At a remote period it was the town hall, and later it became the residence of Louis Bonaparte during his brief reign. The second edifice on the dam, that demands our attention, is the *Nieuwe Kerk*, situated quite near the palace. This magnificent edifice, once used for our Eucharistic Sacrifice, is now devoted to the cold worship of Protestantism. Within its walls repose, together with the remains of Admiral De Ruyter, Holland's greatest naval hero, those of Joost van den Vondel, Holland's greatest poet. De Ruyter lies in a tomb occupying the site of the altar, as was pointed out to me, while on the occasion of my visit the poet slumbered in an obscure grave, marked by an insignificant slab. I have a faint recollection that a monument has since been erected in his honor; but it matters not, for Vondel needs not marble to perpetuate his fame—he will live for ever in the hearts of his countrymen. The name of Vondel is familiar to every child of the land of dikes, but outside of Holland few know anything of the Dutch Dante. The world of letters owes a great debt of gratitude to the pen of Mr. Leonard Charles van Noppen, who has recently given us a beautiful English translation of "Lucifer," Vondel's masterpiece.

HIS EARLY LIFE.

By birth a German, Vondel's life belonged entirely to the Netherlands. The poet first beheld the light at Cologne, in

1587, the year that witnessed the execution of Mary, Queen of Scots. He remained in the city of his birth until his tenth year, when his family migrated to the United Provinces of Holland, which were then in their most flourishing epoch. After a brief sojourn at Utrecht, they removed to Amsterdam, where the elder Vondel engaged in the occupation of a merchant. The musty counting-house, in which Joost assisted his father, was little suited to the genius of him who was later to rise to the very summit of literary greatness. Poetry was more to the liking of young Vondel than the selling of socks and stockings. His first effusions gave little indication of his future greatness, but the association with men of learning like Roemer Visscher, Spiegel, and Hooft gradually developed the talents of the young poet. His success in after-life was not altogether owing to his genius, for he labored hard and incessantly to perfect himself in the art to which he intended to consecrate his life. At the age of twenty-three he bound himself by matrimonial ties with Maaiken de Wolf. The assistance of this faithful companion aided Vondel no little in the prosecution of his beloved studies, for by the death of his father he had succeeded to the hosiery business, and Maaiken undertook to conduct it, so that the poet was enabled to devote himself to the cultivation of his beloved Muse. His friendship with the learned men who at that time flourished in his country awoke within him a love of knowledge, and, after perfecting himself in the modern languages, he began, at the age of twenty-five, the study of Latin and Greek, and in a short time he was enabled to read the classic writers.

His first drama, "The Passover," appeared in 1612, the beginning of a splendid series of Bible tragedies, unique in the history of literature. It opened to him the doors of the Chamber of the Eglantine, one of the most brilliant literary societies of his country, and thus placed him on a level with the most distinguished literati of his day.

HIS FRIENDSHIP WITH THE VISSCHERS.

Those were times of great religious discord, when the bosom of the Calvinist Church of Holland was torn by the fierce controversies of Arminian and Gomarist, Remonstrant and Contra-Remonstrant. In the midst of these storms there was one mansion in Amsterdam into which the din of religious strife never penetrated. It was that of Roemer Visscher, the writer of epigrams, known as the Dutch Martial. In the household

of the Visschers, the ancient Catholic faith, so despised in Amsterdam, shone like a quiet and steady lamp in the midst of darkness. Thither came the distinguished poets of the time to seek rest in the bosom of a literary gathering from the controversial tempests that were agitating the outer world. Vondel met here in this charming circle some of the most distinguished literary men of his day. Here he read his latest poems and listened to the charitable criticisms that were passed upon them. Like two radiant stars in this intellectual circle, illumining with their presence the guests of the Visscher mansion, shone Roemer's two beautiful daughters, the blooming but sedate Anna, and the vivacious Tesselschade, whose beauty was celebrated by Brederoo. Poets themselves, these young women exercised an influence upon the literature of their time which has seldom been surpassed. Not a poet of the day who was not inspired by them, or who did not dedicate to them some of his poetic effusions.

The familiarity of the Visschers could not, however, preserve Vondel from taking an active part in the troubles of his country. The Gomarists, or extreme Calvinists, had triumphed, and with the iron heel of a religious oligarchy they trampled upon the liberties of the Republic.

POLITICAL AND RELIGIOUS AGITATION.

Vondel wielded manfully his pen in defence of those liberties, and got himself into trouble in consequence. His allegorical tragedy "Palamedes, or Murdered Innocence," was a scathing denunciation of those who had been instrumental in bringing about the execution of the aged Johan van Oldenbarneveldt, the greatest statesman of his time. The hatred of the party in power forced the poet to seek safety in flight, but his hiding-place being discovered, he was brought before the court, and might count himself lucky in getting off with a fine of three hundred guilders.

The years of Vondel's life passed on in the midst of political and religious agitations. From 1618 to 1630 he wrote little, but in the latter year he began his satires, which only served to embitter his enemies the more. Now followed a translation of Seneca's "Hippolytus," the "Farmer's Catechism," the "Decretum Horribile," against the Calvinistic doctrine of predestination, and other works. Poetry in that age, more than now, was the vehicle by which to convey instruction as well as reproach. It served to please, but also to bite and sting. A

channel of praise and glorification, it was also frequently used to cast ridicule upon men and things. Like Dryden's "The Hind and the Panther," it rebuked the strong and defended the weak under allegorical figures. It was, to some extent, what the editorial of the modern newspaper afterward became. Vondel was not sparing in its uses in attacking the vices of his age. This shows the versatility of his talent, for the man who afterwards, like Dante, was to soar to the loftiest heights of mystic contemplation, was at one time, like Juvenal and Perseus, the scourge and terror of many of his contemporaries.

The great epic "Constantine" may be said to mark an epoch in his own life. For this work he read the Fathers of the church and ecclesiastical historians, and he entered into correspondence with his friend, the learned Hugo Grotius. The work was never published, for the death of his wife cast such a gloom over the life of the poet that he had not the heart to complete it. The loss that Dutch literature suffered hereby was irreparable.

HE BECOMES A CATHOLIC.

The star of Vondel had been constantly rising, and he was now universally acknowledged as the greatest poet of his time. Meanwhile his religious convictions had undergone a change. Whether it was the familiarity of the Catholic Visscher family, the dissensions among the Calvinists, or the study of Christian antiquity, that had influenced his mind, the fact is that Vondel, thus far a Protestant, had been drawing nearer and nearer to the Catholic Church. It was only a few years since, in his "Funeral Sacrifice of Magdeburg," he had composed a heroic poem on the Lutheran king Gustavus Adolphus, but his tone had entirely changed, for the saints and the Blessed Virgin, whom he called "the Queen of Heaven," were now his themes, which gave evidence of the transformation that had been wrought within him.

In 1641 he openly avowed himself a Catholic, his daughter Anna having preceded him to the church and even taken the veil. Vondel ever afterward remained a devout Catholic, though he lived in an atmosphere of the coldest Protestantism. The church found in him an ardent champion.

He lived thirty-eight years after joining the church. In the evening of his life he felt the weight of the cross which every just man must endure, for at the age of seventy he was com-

pelled to earn his living by the sweat of his brow as a clerk. He continued to write poetry until the age of eighty-seven, when his increasing infirmities forced him to bid the muses an eternal farewell. He slept his last sleep on February 5, 1679, in his ninety-third year. He was laid to rest in St. Catherine's Church, the Nieuwe Kerk in Amsterdam.

HIS MASTERPIECE "LUCIFER."

Vondel's greatest work, his masterpiece, is "Lucifer." He wrote it after his conversion, for it was published in 1654, thirteen years before Milton's "Paradise Lost." There is strong circumstantial evidence in favor of the theory that the Dutch poem exercised great influence on that of the Englishman, and this has been the contention of several learned critics. At all events, it is certain that Vondel did not borrow from Milton, though both may have been inspired by earlier writers in Spain, Italy, and even England.

Unlike the great English epic, the scene of "Lucifer" is placed entirely in heaven, but toward the end of the poem the fall of man is touched upon, the incidents of which are related by Gabriel to the conquering hosts of heaven. The principal theme of this soul-stirring drama is the rebellion of Lucifer and his angels, and their defeat by Michael and his heavenly warriors.

"Lucifer" is a drama, modelled after the Greek. It is rhymed throughout, blank verse being less suited to the genius of the Dutch language. The dialogues and colloquies are in hexameters, while the chorus varies in rhythm according to the nature of the theme.

There are those among the interpreters of Vondel who think that the "Lucifer" is an allegory, typifying the struggle of the Netherlands against Spain. In like manner did a certain school endeavor to give a political interpretation to the *Divina Commedia*. In regard to Vondel's work, his critics who adhere to the political theory do not by any means agree as to its meaning, for according to some it refers to the Thirty Years' War in Germany, while yet others maintain that it represents the English rebellion of 1648.

Others, averse to the political theory, regard it as the type of the struggle between good and evil. The real meaning of the poet may perhaps never be known, and, like Dante's immortal work, the "Lucifer" will probably for ever remain the subject of much discussion.

It is strange that the English-speaking world has never taken more interest in the literature of Holland, composed in a language so much akin to our own. For the first time the "Lucifer" of Vondel has been translated into English by Leonard Charles van Noppen, an American of Dutch descent.

HIS LATER WORK.

Although the "Lucifer" is Vondel's greatest work, his other poems deserve also to be better known. We have translations of Goethe and others; let us hope that some day Mr. van Noppen will favor us with a complete English edition of all the works of the Dutch poet. They have generally the merit which not all poetical works possess of being pure, while those written after the poet's conversion to Catholicity are of a deep religious tone.

Nothing is more pathetic than the sweet little ode composed by Vondel on the death of his infant son Constantine, who was born while the poet was working at the epic of the great Roman emperor, after whom the boy was named. Little Constantine lived only a short time, his death and that of his mother casting such a gloom over the poet's soul that he gave up the poem, which would surely have enriched Dutch literature. The arrangement of the words in this ode is most pleasing to the ear, and their sound seems to call up before the mind the image of an infant suddenly snatched away by the ruthless hand of death:

Constantyntje, 't zalig kyndje,
Cherulyntje van omhoog,
D'ydelheden, hier beneden,
Uitlacht met een lodderoog.

Constantine, thou child divine,
Cherub mine from worlds above,
Laughing eyes of thine despise
Vanities that mortals love.

The original must necessarily lose some of its charms by an English translation, as we have nothing to take the place of the diminutive, so sweetly expressive in the Dutch language. In the continuation of the poem, the soul of the child tries to console his mother by the thought that he still lives in a better world. That mother was soon to follow her darling, leaving her desolate husband to mourn his two-fold loss.

Sometimes the poet tunes his lyre to the softest melodies; he places us 'mid all the loveliness of rural scenes, and we seem to catch again the notes of the Mantuan bard, in his incomparable eclogues. Now we hear the song of the birds, then the gentle murmur of the rivulet, as it meanders through the low lands between banks that summer has clothed in richest verdure. Rising to loftier flights of style in his admiration of nature, the poet breaks out into fervid eloquence as he sings the praises of the river on the banks of which he was born—

Doorluchte Ryn, myn Zolte droom.

O glorious Rhine! my sweetest dream,
That heard my infant cry,
What words can praise, enchanting stream,
Thy lovely majesty?

At other times, filled with patriotic spirit, the bard attunes his lyre to the sound of martial music, and sings the glories of his country, when he celebrates the victory over the Spanish fleet off the coast of Zealand, or that of the Venetians and Hollanders over the Turks in 1549.

Again we catch the faint notes of doleful melodies, as he strives to pour the balm of consolation into a wounded heart, or stands beside the bier of a departed friend. Outside of his religion, to which Vondel came when the sun of his life was beginning its descent, and which he calls the "hidden pearl," that he had received from God's grace, the poet obtained great consolation from his art. The translation of the Psalms was like a balm poured over his afflicted heart, at a time when the misconduct of one of his sons filled him with grief, and, at a later period, he derived great pleasure from the composition of his tragedies. To these belong, among others, "Jephtha," "King David in Exile," "King David Restored," "Samson, or Holy Vengeance," "Adonias, or Wretched Striving for a Crown," "The Batavian Brothers," and "Adam in Exile." The last he calls the tragedy of tragedies. "Noah" was composed when he had reached his eightieth year, and in it he gives us a graphic description of the destruction of the antediluvian world.

Among the classic writers whom he translated I will mention here Euripides and Sophocles. Dutch literature is also indebted to him for a translation of the whole of Virgil.

HIS THEMES ENTIRELY RELIGIOUS.

His religious poems have made him the foremost Catholic poet of his day. This is especially noteworthy when we reflect that he had not enjoyed the benefits of a Catholic education, that a great part of his life had been spent among the chilling influences of Protestantism, and that he continued to live in an atmosphere hostile to the church.

At a time when Catholics in Amsterdam were obliged to serve God in out-of-the-way nooks and corners, in buildings which have bequeathed their names to many of the Catholic churches that exist to-day, the Catholic poet of Holland devoted his fertile pen to those sublime subjects, as dear to the Catholic heart as they were hated, by so many among his countrymen. The Blessed Sacrament, Our Lady, the virgins, martyrs, and the saints in general, these were some of the themes that called into action the loftiest inspirations of the poet's genius.

We have gloried in the possession of a Dante, a Tasso, and many more; we have loved to study their works. Let us not forget that in Protestant Holland, in an age of bigotry and persecution, there flourished a Catholic poet, reclaimed from Protestantism itself, and one of the brightest ornaments of the church, as well as of literature—a poet of whose Catholicity there never has been the faintest doubt, as it is admitted by himself, and denied by none. His works will afford an inexhaustible mine to the student of literature, as much as those of Shakspeare, Milton, and other bright stars who, either before or after Vondel, have shone in the firmament of literature.





TOWARD BETHLEHEM.

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.



TOWARD that sweet city where the Virgin mild
Brought forth her Child
Fain would I turn upon this Christmas day,
And softly pray

That I might see the place wherein he slept,
While Mary kept
Her watch and ward about His sacred bed,
And kissed His head ;

And I would pray that I might see His face
In that poor place,
And be a shepherd or a worshipper,
Bringing my myrrh

Unto the little Babe who is my King—
Heaven's offering ;
Bringing my frankincense and all the gold
That earth doth hold.



And I would kiss the crib wherein He is,
And I would kiss
The little swaddling-clothes that wrap his form
Safe, safe and warm.

O little city far beyond the sea!
'Tis not for me
To journey unto you. Here must I bide
This Christmas-tide.

Hush! tho' wide wastes divide us, still near me
Your walls may be,
And I can dream of you, and shut mine eyes
And see arise

The little manger-bed where once He lay
So far away.
And I can love Him just the same as tho'
Across the snow

I came toward you on that first Christmas night,
Led by love's light,
And laid my gifts before Him. Now, as then,
With those wise men,

I too can journey o'er the midnight hill,
Weary, until
I worship Him and feel Him at my side
This Christmas-tide.



A WORD ON THE CHURCH AND THE NEW POSSESSIONS.

BY REV. HENRY E. O'KEEFFE, C.S.P.



THOUGH my country be only the spot where Providence has placed me to do the most that I can for humanity, nevertheless it is dear to me for another reason. It is an object of sentiment; it prompts the affections of my heart as deeply as do the remembrances of those who are bound to me by the strong ties of blood. There is a divine purpose beneath every mood of emotion. Love of country, love of home, love of kin are in their varying degrees but human and personal loves, yet they control very largely the issues of history.

But doubly dear to me is my country if I believe or hope that she has a special mission to extend Christ's kingdom across the face of the earth. She becomes lovable beyond expression if the feeling comes to me that she has a sacred vocation among the nations. Yet every nation has been or is possessed more or less with the same idea. Impartial students of history, however, know beyond doubt that not only nations but whole races are no longer destined to play heroic parts in the world's future drama.

How strange are Providential workings! Time was when Spain covered the seas with her ships of commerce; when from her realm there rose troops of saints and heroes, artists and poets, soldiers and statesmen; and now there are none so low as to do her reverence. Her decay begins with the dawn of the eighteenth century, while two centuries before that—in the period of romance and chivalry—her Flower of Castile shed her jewels to reveal to Europe the vision of a new world. Spain's golden era was in the reign of Charles V., her decadence begins with the Bourbon dynasty. For the last two centuries the deep interior Catholic spirit which once characterized her has been losing its vitality, and in high places her holy religion has become merely external and official. Yet the power that lurks beneath religion and the craving for religion has saved her people to the faith.

Along with this spiritual degeneracy has come the waning of her material splendor. Suffering anæmia within, she sought aid by drawing blood from without. She taxed her possessions

beyond measure. She intimidated her peoples. Her officials became venal, and some of her clergy the victims of the state.

To speak of the defects of one race at the expense of the other argues a lack of the philosophic spirit. Nations as well as men fulfil their ends in human life; then die and are confined to the tomb. It would be a vulgar national feeling which would provoke us to glory over a feeble foe; but if an inspiration has possessed us that our Republic has a work to do, it would be but false humility to deny it. The sun of a strange century is lifting itself upon the horizon. A new race with the mingled blood of Saxon and Celt and Latin has risen up to adjust a new complication in history. Let us not sin against the light or deliver our trust into the hands of men, but into God's. The retention of the recently acquired fruits of conquest seems inevitable if we are to complete the humanitarian purpose for which the higher spirits opened out an unseemly war. Islands—some of them mere barren rocks in the sea, others laden with fruitage and flower—seem to be honestly ours in the judgment of the world.

Of old it was said of the Romans that they lusted for dominion. True as this may be, Heaven rewarded them for their civic virtues by converting their world-wide colonies into gardens of Christian civilization. It has a very weak parallelism in modern history in the example of the British Empire. With our inventive genius and political temper it is obvious that material amelioration would be shed upon every land that our hands could touch. But most of all can we breathe new life and inject new blood into millions of peoples who have lost the first fervor of the religion of their fathers. A thousand difficulties present themselves. The horror of it all is that perhaps in our country religious bigotry will be violently tempted to vent its spleen in vandalism worthy of barbarians. The art treasures, the churches, paintings, jewels, mosaics, and sacred vessels must not be polluted by irreverent hands. Let us gently and prudently, if we must, separate state officialism from church government, but let us revere as is becoming a liberal Christian nation every expression and embodiment of religion. Most pathetic it is to see the England of to-day striving in her mediæval cathedrals to remove the whitewash from wondrous frescoes, and gathering together the fragments of rich stained glass which religious bigotry shivered into a thousand pieces. This was not necessary, as was proved by her most happy colony—neighboring Canada—whose cities are for the most part Catholic and eminently prosperous.

It is good that at this moment we are distracted away from our internal problems. The time had not come for their solution. Departments of trade and commerce have become congested with us, and now a new crisis in affairs has revealed new avenues of industry and adventure.

The very competition among the contending missionary forces of the different sects will evoke from our souls the desire to sacrifice ourselves in the name of that church which has ever been the fruitful mother of heroes. Possibly in few countries of the world can you find a clergy so much like ours leading lives of such holy freedom and high moral purpose. It is no reflection upon other countries to believe that our methods for the propagation of Christ's gospel are quicker, healthier, and more thorough. We are increasing so rapidly that we must soon have an outlet to spend our energies, else tepidity shall take hold of our spirits, as it has in many of the nations of Europe.

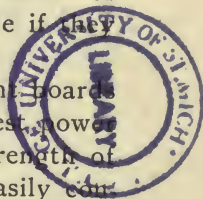
Our leaders of state are men unskilled in the arts of diplomacy. Our country has had no intimate relationship with any foreign power. We are young and quite unused to the ways of the old world. The fear is that to hold our new position we shall be driven to create fresh armies and build strong ships, but this is the least part of the difficulty. The danger shall rather be when we lose the consciousness that our purpose in history is to effect the betterment of high and low types of races by imparting vigor to their religion and giving them the material benefits of our mechanical genius.

O glorious mission for the Republic of these United States! Again and again in history the sceptre passes from Juda, and tribes which were chosen as divine instruments forget the fact and wander over the face of the earth.

Our prayer to the God of nations must be that there shall come no strained relationship with our new and foreign friends. If we find it wise not to respect all land tenures, let us at least be not ruthless in confiscation of church and school properties. We have much to learn from England in her treatment of India. English subjects are confined to penal servitude if they violate the sanctity of the temples of the natives.

As Catholics we have nothing to fear from Protestant boards of missions to our new countries. Wealth is the weakest power in missionary tactics. The warmth and glow and strength of Catholicism, so fitly represented in America, will as easily conquer not only those who are Catholic to the marrow of their bones, but likewise the Mongolian, the Negro, and the Malay.

We cannot leave the Antilles and the Philippines to be



fought over and gobbled up by European kingdoms. Our love of those historic realities—liberty, progress, democracy—will not permit it. Of themselves these peoples are helpless, without armor for protection and susceptible to internal revolution.

At present the opinion prevails that matters are too immature for the outlining of any formative policy by the governing body of the church in America for the church in the new acquisitions.

It is easy to see how European Catholics, who are ever dreaming of their golden past, should from motives of sentimentalism sympathize with Spain, the last great Catholic kingdom. Students of history are likewise influenced in her favor when they remember how she pushed on civilization and broke the storm of Saracenic tyranny which threatened to darken the sky of Christendom.

This last consideration affected to some small degree a few of our own public men, who could not be accused of lack of love of country. But the past is gone. Our duty is to construct new methods of usefulness for the future.

There are social conditions utterly unlike our own which must be accepted for the present. There are historic privileges and vested rights which in strict justice may not be destroyed unless by full compensation. It must not be forgotten that Christianity is the greatest moral force in the world; that religion does infinitely more to dispel savagery and tyranny than bayonet and sword. Excesses and abuses arising from land ownership, government grants, and public moneys can be remedied without poisoning religion, the well-spring of morality.

Of course, as yet, the problem viewed from all points is insoluble; but eventually, with a due control of all the facts and a reverence for the principles of justice which are intimately bound up with the facts, it will, let us hope, be brought to a happy and honorable solution. It will not be wise to dampen the ardor of missionary enterprise. The older countries recognize this fact in their treatment of even their smallest colonies—as instance the case of France with the isle of Madagascar.

We have reasons to be apprehensive, for in our country, as in other countries, the fury of religious differences may be converted into political capital.

The addition of millions of Catholics to the already eleven millions who are children of the United States will in no way affect the even tenor of the present ways of church or state. These new peoples are unconsciously pining for that untrammelled freedom which is the secret of the purity and success of the Catholic Church in the Republic of the United States.



A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF ST. PAUL.

CATHOLIC LIFE IN ST. PAUL.

BY MARY ISABEL CRAMSIE.



ST. PAUL may well be called a Catholic city, founded and named as it was by the building and dedication of a Catholic chapel. From the early days when devoted priests sat in the councils of the Indians, travelled in their canoes, shared their hardships, and partook of their hospitality, down to the present time, heroes of the faith have not been wanting among us; heroes imbued with the same missionary spirit that animated a Hennepin as he penetrated the silent forests and woke the echoes with prayer; or stood beside that most picturesque cascade, St. Anthony Falls, whose music had been chanted for ages unheeded, and whose sky-tinted water, unfettered and unburdened, leaped gladly down into the rapids below. And yet it is but a short span that connects the city of to-day with the few log huts that stood along the river bank less than sixty years ago. Streets were unknown. The roads were covered with grass and weeds, and fretted with stumps of trees. But the little log church, built by Father Galtier, stood upon the bluff overlooking the great river, its shadowy cross bending with the waves, and deepening and broadening into many sacred symbols with every change of the eddying current. Were its multiple reflections a prophecy of the noble spires that were so soon to lift themselves into the blue sky above the restless river?

Fathers Galtier and Ravoux were fresh from their own



“ THAT MOST PICTURESQUE CASCADE, ST. ANTHONY FALLS.”

sunny land. Moved by the earnest plea of the Bishop of Dubuque, they had left behind them home, friends, and country to brave the storms, the rigorous climate, and the possible hostilities of the Indians in a northern wilderness. Souls were perishing without the light of faith or the consolation of the sacraments, and, filled with divine charity, these Christian pioneers pressed resolutely onward.

On the 26th of April, 1840, on the first boat of the season, Father Galtier left Dubuque, and a few days later he landed at the foot of Fort Snelling. There was no St. Paul at the time, and Mendota, across the river from Fort Snelling, being the only place where supplies could be obtained, he selected it for his place of residence.

A wilderness all about him; not an acre under tillage; a few scattered families in huts on either side of the river; a few camps of Sioux more intent upon gaining the scalps of their hereditary enemies, the Chippewas, than upon the consideration of religious truths—this was his mission.

Did he flinch from duty? No; though, like a brave soldier advancing to battle, he fully realized his position. Trials, sufferings, and privations were to be his portion; but armed with infinite patience, he went



OLD TOWER—FORT SNELLING.

among them, baptizing young and old, calling back to their religious practices the careless and the hardened, and spending himself in long journeys through the wide territory over which the few settlers were scattered.

The following year the little log chapel was built, so poor that, as Father Galtier says, "It would remind one of the stable at Bethlehem." But under its humble roof the Holy Sacrifice



"NOT ONLY THE FIRST CHURCHMAN BUT THE FIRST CITIZEN OF ST. PAUL."

was offered up; the beautiful story was told again and again; hymns that stirred the heart with half-forgotten memories of childhood, and that brought to their ears echoes of voices long silent, were sung; and through the mist of unaccustomed tears the inspired face of their pastor shone with more than an earthly light.

The fall of the same year brought Father Ravoux, who is still with us. For fifty-seven years his tall, spare figure has

been a familiar sight in and around St. Paul, and he is looked upon as the embodiment of the early history of the church in Minnesota. For seven years he stood alone—vigilant, tireless, uncompromising. Rigid in self-discipline, his life harmonized with the Gospel of self-denial which he preached, and his example reached more effectually than scores of sermons the reckless, careless, pleasure-loving but generous frontiersmen.

His name and deeds are a sacred tradition among the Sioux, whose language he mastered, and whose instinctive reverence he recognized and led to the true God whom they had long earnestly but blindly sought. He has been spared to witness the glorious fruits of his early labors, and, despite his crown of years, we pray the day may be far distant that shall leave vacant his place in the cathedral sanctuary.

God must have had a special love for the little mission in the wilderness. He must have designed it for a great religious centre whose light and spirit would illumine and inform the coming generations, for on the Feast of the Visitation, 1851, he crowned it with his choicest blessing in the person of the saintly Bishop Cretin.



REV. J. N. STARIHA, V. G.



REV. J. J. LAWLER,
Rector of the Cathedral.

At the time he left France he was parish priest of Fernel, the home of Voltaire, where by his piety, zeal, and personal sanctity he had done much to counteract the evil influence of that arch-infidel. Mission work had always been in his mind, with China as the field of his labors; but when his old friend, Bishop Loras, pleaded for help, he decided in favor of the western world.

Who shall describe him?

Who paint the humility that made him the servant of all, the tenderness that made him the father of all, the love that radiated like the sun's rays from the fire of divine charity within his soul, the gentleness and sweetness that invited confidence and insured immunity from rebuke? In that gracious presence the gleam of lost ideals arose and whispers of beautiful possibilities stirred the heart.

What wonder, then, that at the mention of his name a reverential look comes into the eyes of those who knew him, a sudden seriousness into the voice as when speaking of something holy. Indeed, there are still to be found men and women who invoke his aid devoutly and confidently, and whose tears of affection flow as they recall his many deeds of love and heroism.

His mind was as great as his character was beautiful, and his far-sighted policy outlined, at least, in a vague way, every good work that has since been accomplished in the diocese. Devoted to home vocations, a seminary was one of his dearest hopes; and when Archbishop Ireland formally opened the St. Paul Seminary his first thought was, Thank God! Bishop Cretin's hope is fulfilled.



REV. P. J. HART,
Chaplain 3d U. S. Cavalry.

He diverted the tide of Western immigration which had been flowing toward the gold-fields of California to the Northwest, by establishing bureaus of information and using the press throughout the country to further Catholic immigration. Minnesota's rapid advance to statehood is due, in some measure, to his energy in this direction.

Within a year after his arrival he opened a school for boys, which was taught by



REV. WILLIAM COLBERT,
Chaplain 12th Minnesota Volunteers.



IN THE STATE THERE ARE OVER 8,000 LAKES.

members of his own household, and the following year he secured the Sisters of St. Joseph for the girls' school in the old chapel annex. Our noble Archbishop, with his accustomed magnanimity, gives him

even the credit of awakening the temperance sentiment which has always been one of the distinguishing marks of the Diocese of St. Paul.

His daily life was a marvel of activity—busy from five o'clock in the morning until ten o'clock at night. He rang the Angelus himself, answered the door at any hour of the night, and, Sunday after Sunday, he said two Masses and preached three sermons. His death in the sixth year of his episcopate cast a cloud of sorrow over the whole city. Catholics and non-Catholics alike mourned the loss of one whose life had been an example and an inspiration to all who knew him.

Again the burden of responsibility fell upon the shoulders of Father Ravoux, and again he gladly laid it down before the new bishop, whom he called "a gift from heaven."

In a quiet way Bishop Grace continued the work of his predecessor. A man of superior gifts, but sensitive to the highest degree, he effaced himself completely, while with wonderful tact he moved others to the fulfilment of his plans. He was not physically strong, but his refinement, dignity, and gentle



MINNEHAHA FALLS.

courtesy attracted, and his genius marshalled into active service the best forces of the parish.

His sermons were masterpieces of English; sublime in thought, elegant in diction, and delivered with all the grace and power of the finished orator. His fame as a preacher spread until the cathedral overflowed with rapt listeners whenever it was known that he was to preach. No one could be indifferent to religious truth as he presented it; and who shall say into how many hearts he scattered the precious seed that blossomed later into the full flower of faith?

He was regarded as one of the ablest prelates in America,



LAKE
MINNETONKA.

and his pastoral letters were used as models in many parts of the country. During the last ten years of his public life his labors were lightened by the appointment of Monsignor Ireland as his coadjutor, but after the celebration of his episcopal silver jubilee, in 1884, he resigned his see, unable to bear longer even a divided responsibility. Five years later, at the suggestion of Archbishop Ireland, he was made titular Archbishop of Siunia, and soon after he retired to St. Thomas' College, where the remainder of his life was spent.

He is gone, but his works remain. During his administration schools flourished, societies were organized, charitable institutions were fostered and founded, and churches were

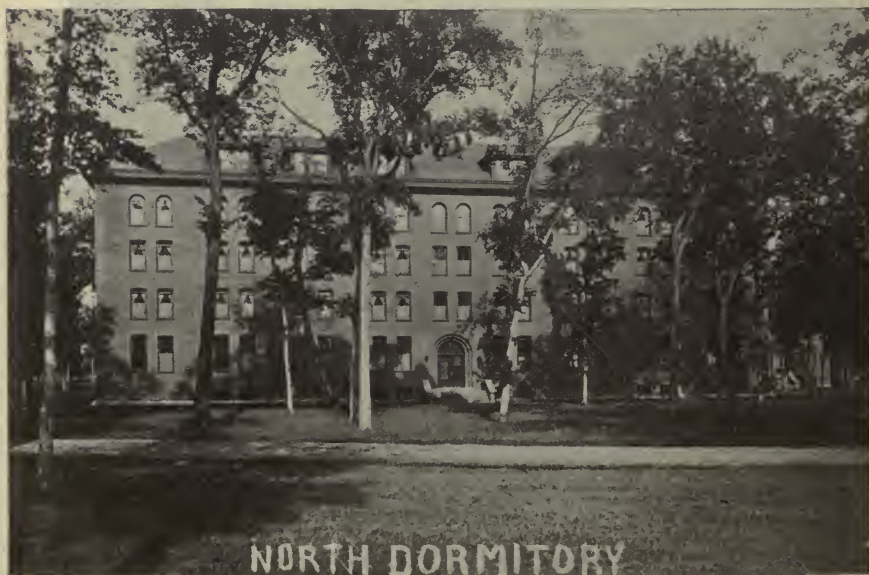
multiplied. But it must always be remembered that beside him as priest, pastor of the cathedral, and coadjutor stood one whose magnificent ability was the strength and support of every movement.

In no way did he show greater wisdom than in the selection of his assistants. He hurried to Rome when Monsignor Ireland was named by the pope for the see of Nebraska, and laid before His Holiness the needs of his own diocese with such effect that the appointment was recalled and the church of Minnesota saved from irreparable loss.

He called from St. Cloud the priests of St. Benedict, whose untiring energy built up the beautiful Church of the Assumption, always a centre of most edifying devotion.

He recognized in Father Caillet those qualities which have made his name a household word, his memory a benediction, and to him was given the pastorate of St. Mary's, "the first fair branch from the parent stem," which under his wise and prudent management became one of the first parishes in the city.

He selected for the priesthood boys whose rare talents have made them leaders in the world of thought, renowned in the field of science, eminent as professors, distinguished as bishops; whose culture has fitted them for the advance guard of the



ST. PAUL'S SEMINARY.



THE SEMINARY IS A SPLENDID MONUMENT TO THE MUNIFICENCE OF ITS
FOUNDER, JAMES J. HILL.

church of the twentieth century, yet whose richest possession is their zeal and simple piety.

The dear old cathedral! Begun by Bishop Cretin, and for a time the only church in the diocese, it will always be an object of interest and affection. Boys who played in its basement and sang Mass at its altars have been consecrated and called higher, but its old brown roof is hallowed to them, and its time-stained walls hold many of their dearest memories. The "Te Deums" that rang to the roof for joy, and the "Dies Iræ" that moaned along the galleries for grief, will often find a responsive echo in their hearts; and when the time comes to

build a new cathedral befitting the dignity of the archdiocese, the old stones will be treasured as sacred relics.

The cathedral has always been the heart of our Catholic life, sending through all its members the pulse of a progressive spirit and the warm, rich strain of charity and benevolence. It has been blessed with a royal line of pastors, and these with their able assistants, supported by a loyal and generous congregation, have succeeded in making it a centre of higher education. Here are found the only Catholic high schools in the city. Cretin

for boys, under Brother Emery, work for both state. At the last year bishops, professors, and boys with life united in tribute of gratitude to their faithful as-

From the School, conducted by the Sisters of St. Joseph, many of the most successful of our public school teachers have been taken. These have re-earnest, conscientious work and their memory is a delight of their for-



FATHER IRELAND,
Chaplain 5th Minnesota, 1862.

The good work of the cathedral clergy in other than educational lines is evinced by the number and activity of its societies. The St. Vincent de Paul Society is the central bureau of investigation into the condition and necessities of the poor, its committee acting in conjunction with the secretary of the Associated Charities. Branch conferences have been established in the other parishes, from which representatives are sent to the quarterly meetings of the central council, where reports and plans are discussed and a uniform system of relief preserved. The Ladies' Aid Society provides as far as possible clothing

High School, the direction of is doing noble church and alumni banquet shops and sional and business fresh young all before them in their trip and grateful old friend and sistant.

Girl's High ducted by the Joseph, many successful of school teachers en. Some of tired, but their scientific work and their mem-ful possession mer pupils.

and other necessities for them to distribute. The old-fashioned Rosary Society, distinctively charitable in its purpose; the Altar Society, devoted to work within the sanctuary, and the Sodalties of the Blessed Virgin and of St. Agnes are deserving of special mention. The Perpetual Adoration Society brings hourly



RT. REV. J. B. COTTER. RT. REV. JOHN SHANLEY. RT. REV. JAMES MCGOLRICK.

before our Blessed Lord in the Tabernacle numbers of devout worshippers, whose absorption is a sermon on spirituality. In this silent union of the human with the Divine Heart the soul must be purified, and the heart strengthened for the trials that no life can escape. Some of its most zealous promoters are men, and their presence at all hours is most edifying.

It is not to be wondered at that temperance flourishes in

our city. Our great Archbishop creates around himself a temperance atmosphere, in which societies spring up as naturally as flowers under the genial breath of May. The old Father Mathew Society, the pride of his youth, still exists—veterans, gray-haired but vigorous, who, like the Old Guard, die but never surrender. Death itself seems loath to touch the old heroes; but when it does, their dying eyes are surely gladdened



RIGHT REV. JAMES TROBEC.

by the presence of their beloved leader, who holds in tender remembrance these friends of the olden time.

Of the other total-abstinence societies, the Crusaders and the Cadets are strong in numbers and enthusiasm; the Angels of the Home are doing what their name suggests; but the women's Sacred Thirst Society is the crowning glory of the movement because its activity reaches out in so many directions. It is represented in the Associated Charities, in the Rescue League,

in the Friendly Visitors, and in other practically undenominational organizations.

Its members haunt the legislative halls in the interests of minors; their voices are heard in the councils for reform. They visit the jails, modestly seeking the Catholic women who may be unfortunate enough to be behind bars and leading them to better conditions. They gather together Catholic magazines and papers for distribution in the work-house, reformatories, and asylums, and even the axe-men of the pineries are beguiled from their winter's weariness by the ever-welcome

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ticon views, talks on science, or sketches of foreign travel
are given. This attracts, the good seed is sown, and the work
goes on.



HON. MYRON W. COLE,
Founder of the Catholic Truth
Society.

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the Sacred Thirst
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With the growth of the city the necessity for division
arose, and parish after parish was formed, until twenty-three
churches are now extending the influence of the cathedral, each
doing God's work faithfully and successfully, each weaving a
shining thread of Catholicity into the busy life around it.

Since 1851 the Sisters of St. Joseph have been with us,
advancing their work from the old chapel-annex to the beauti-
ful academy on St. Anthony Hill, toiling in the parochial
schools, caring for the orphans, and ministering to the sick.
St. Joseph's Hospital is an institution of which the city may
well be proud. Its doors are ever open to the sick and suffer-
ing, and many an "exile from home" has found in the tender
care of the sisters a balm for home and heart sickness as well
as alleviation of physical pain. Theirs is the service beyond



HON. WILLIAM LOUIS KELLY.



HON. JOHN W. WILLIS.

JUDGES OF THE DISTRICT COURT.



HON. JOHN D. O'BRIEN.



HON. DANIEL W. LAWLER.

price—the service of love, which creates its own atmosphere, and is a most powerful factor in the recovery of health and strength. It has several free beds supported by one whose prosperity has never chilled her heart or rendered her unmindful of the homeless poor.

In higher education we have the Sisters of the Visitation, also, with their splendid academy at the head of Robert Street; and in the parochial schools, the Benedictines, Franciscans, and School Sisters of Notre Dame.

The Little Sisters of the Poor came among us about fifteen years ago in their usual manner—empty-handed. "God will provide" is their beautiful belief, and in most unusual ways their faith is justified. They provide a haven of rest for the aged, worn and weary with the storm and stress of life, many of whom have all the helplessness without the charm of childhood. Among their inmates at present is "the oldest inhabitant," who has reached the ripe age of one hundred and six.

The Sisters of the Good Shepherd, whose work has been in a manner sanctified by the Master's forgiveness of the penitent Magdalen, are bringing earth a little nearer heaven by reaching out a helping hand to the desperate and binding up their broken lives. All this work brings before the world the power and holiness of a religion which can make human nature forget itself in deeds of heroic charity and complete self-abnegation.

Catholic life in this city is not a separate stream flowing on in strength and beauty, but keeping well within its banks and reflecting only the forms and faces that are borne upon its own breast; it is a deep current mingling with the stream of municipal life, touching the dark places, rising to the light, an element of power and purity through every curve of its difficult course.



HON. PIERCE BUTLER.



HENRY C. MCNAIR.

In the district court we have two judges. The senior Hon. William Louis Kelly, is a man of marked ability and spotless life; an ideal gentleman and a fearless judge. The junior judge, Hon. John W. Willis, is young, talented, and ambitious. His youth promises him the time, and his talents the power, to fill any measure of ambition; but no field of action, however wide, can affect the fervent Catholicity which was God's crowning grace to a naturally beautiful character.

In the bar of St. Paul may be found men of great and some of national reputation; but the Catholic members of that distinguished body are among the ablest in the profession. Hon. John D. O'Brien, to whom all eyes instinctively turn for aid and counsel whenever religion, truth, or the public welfare demands a champion; Hon. D. W. Lawler, a distinguished gradu-



THE LARGEST SERIES OF FLOUR-MILLS IN THE WORLD.

ate of Georgetown College, on whom the degree of LL.D. was lately conferred, and Hon. Pierce Butler, with a brilliant and irreproachable public career, might be selected as representative Catholic lawyers.

In medicine, as in law, our Catholics rank with the best.



RIGHT REV. THOMAS O'GORMAN.

From the university faculty down to the bedside of the suffering poor they may be seen, teaching, relieving, consoling. Their success is visible, but their charity will never be known until the secrets of all time stand revealed.

Beside these might be ranged a number of business men, scholarly, clever, public-spirited; men of culture, whose charming personality brings their Catholicity into avenues it would never otherwise reach. The Catholic Truth Society owes its

success to their untiring efforts. Reading circles are enriched by their thoughtful contributions. We find them on the school board, in the Associated Charities, presiding over the Christian Temperance Federation, which includes representatives from every charitable and philanthropic organization in the city, and at the front in every movement which makes for the intellectual and social advancement of our people. Mr. H. C. McNair, chairman of the committee on schools, and Mr. Myron W. Cole, founder, president, and chief promoter of the Catholic Truth Society, deserve great praise for their devotion to the cause of secular and religious education.

In musical, literary, and art circles we are well represented. Many of the members of the Mozart and Schubert clubs, in which the best classical music is studied and performed, are Catholics. Two of the best organists in the city are Catholic women, one of whom directs the Schubert Choral Society and is superintendent of music in our public schools. Literary societies and reading circles have developed much talent, and many have taken the first step toward literary distinction by the conscientious study which enables them to discern and appreciate the best in literature.

With the breaking out of the war, patriotism, which is a religious virtue, sent two of our priests to the front. Father Hart, at one time assistant pastor of the cathedral, but lately post-chaplain at Fort Snelling, was with General Shafter before Santiago. From his own report he "performed funeral services for thirty-four persons in the space of eighteen hours." During the truce he went along the field baptizing and hearing confessions until the roar of the artillery told him the battle was begun. Father Colbert, also of the cathedral, did heroic service at Chickamauga. Though not exposed to the enemy's fire, unaccustomed hardships and the deadly fever filled the hospitals and kept him busy night and day. His genial nature and simple, friendly ways made religion attractive. He smiled himself into all hearts and became the idol of the camp. Catholicity will always be a beautiful memory to the boys of Chickamauga.

But the spirit that moved over camp and field moved over the magnificent solitudes of long ago, when a brave missionary stood alone under the matchless brilliance of a Minnesota sky and called upon the great Apostle of Nations to bless and aid him. It moved downward with the years that saw our city rise in grace and beauty, animating and sustaining the toilers of the church, until their labors were rewarded by the

inspiration which gave to our city and state a temple worthy of the apostolic name.

The seminary of which Bishop Cretin dreamed, and for which his successor hoped, became, under our illustrious Archbishop, a grand reality when three years ago the St. Paul Seminary was blessed and dedicated to its sacred work. It is a splendid monument to the munificence of its founder, Mr. James J. Hill, who, although not a Catholic, devoted the princely sum of \$500,000 to its building and endowment.

The stately buildings, the wide stretches of velvet lawn shaded by old trees that nodded and whispered to one another long before the silence around them was broken by the voices of civilization, the glimpses of the river sparkling and rippling between the mighty bluffs that mark its course, the dark ravine fragrant with ferns and musical with the silvery tinkle of Shadow Falls, make it a picture of ideal beauty, and an object of interest to all who visit our city.

Its equipment is in keeping with its surroundings, modern and complete in every detail; and it numbers among its professors men eminent in the special work to which they are devoted. Its influence is felt without as well as within the church. An institution whose sacred mission is acknowledged and appreciated, it is a source of pride to our broad-minded citizens, who recognize in its head not only the first churchman but the first citizen of St. Paul.

Our beloved Archbishop! When generations shall have swept onward and upward to the plane whereon he now stands—in the light of that future whose sun his eagle eye has already pierced, let the history of his achievements and influence be written.



THE NEW STATE-HOUSE, ST. PAUL, MINN.

"THE CHRISTIAN" AND THE CRITICS.

BY REV. SIMON FITZ SIMONS.



HE man who demolishes an imposture in any shape is a benefactor of his kind; hence the dramatic critics who have had the courage and honesty to tell the plain, unvarnished truth about Mr. Hall Caine's *The Christian*, have done the world a real service and given themselves real cause for self-congratulation; even if they have brought down on their devoted heads the scarlet wrath of the distinguished author.

The chorus of acclamation which greeted the work when it came from the press in the form of a novel was so long and loud as to mislead men of usually sound judgment. There is, it is true, some fine writing in *The Christian*. There are some strong and striking scenes, and highly dramatic situations. There is humor, and raciness of thought and speech, and even pathos of a certain kind. There are some excellent portraits, true to the life; and some scenes that stand out from the canvas. Canon Wealthy and Lord Robert Ure are living realities, albeit by no means new creations; and the scene wherein is depicted the heartless trial of Polly Love before the Hospital Board of Managers is certainly drawn with a master-hand. But in spite of all this, the book—and it is to be presumed the same is true of the play—is far from being the happy commingling of the "idealism" and "realism" which Mr. Caine so fondly imagined he was presenting to his readers. Briefly, the difficulties with Mr. Caine's much-advertised work are: first, that its author cannot be accepted in his self-appointed office of teacher; next, that he is far indeed from being a great artist; and lastly, that he does not seem to have mastered sufficiently the philosophy of the passion of love to weave it successfully into the warp of a story of struggling human lives.

MR. CAINE POSING AS A TEACHER.

Mr. Caine cannot be accepted, first, as a Christian teacher, for the reason that the tendency of his work is largely anti-Christian. Not only does he insinuate that humanity and religion are at variance, but the scope of his work would seem

to be an effort to establish as a truth that principle is just as good a basis of morality as religion. Not only does he preach that "principle" may supersede religion in the "moral life," but Drake and Rosa, who seem to be the author's ideals, are the living embodiments of this theory. Then, according to Mr. Hall Caine, "the mighty hand of the church" rules over nothing but a mass of trembling hypocrites. He represents his grotesque hero, John Storm, as consoling himself for his hypocrisy with the thought that "ten thousand other men whom the church called saints had been hypocrites before him." He informs the reader that religion had made Storm not only a hypocrite, but a "coward also"; and that, furthermore, religion it was that "had deprived him of his will, of his manhood, and enervated his soul itself." Not only can Mr. Caine not be accepted as a Christian teacher, but he cannot be accepted as a teacher at all.

It was, of course, to be expected that a writer who proposes to substitute principle for religion as a basis of morality would naturally have somewhat hazy views about propriety, and consequently no one need be surprised to find Mr. Caine somewhat confused when he enters the domain of conduct; or that the lines between right and wrong are rather indistinctly drawn. It does not seem to be so much Mr. Caine's fault, however, as his misfortune, that he is unable to distinguish the true from the false. For such decided wickedness as that of Lord Robert Ure—the cynical, sceptical scion of sweldom—Mr. Caine has, of course, unhesitating condemnation; for the pomposity, worldliness, and hypocrisy of Canon Wealthy he has unmeasured scorn; for open vice, branded by the world as infamous, he has proper censure. Indeed, where the paths are open and the evil so clearly marked that the simple and the wayfaring may walk unerringly, Mr. Caine never halts or stumbles; but where the ways become tangled and the paths complicated, his vision is not always true, his instinct not always unerring. He hesitates about what is right and what is wrong. He does not walk sure-footed among the dangerous passes he undertakes to climb. He seems incapable of recognizing the false ring of debased coin. He cannot distinguish the true from the false. This is exemplified in the development of nearly every one of the leading characters in the work. It is true of Glory; it is true of Drake; it is true of Rosa; it is true of Brother Paul. It is pre-eminently true of John Storm. Glory's rollicking gaiety, often original and refreshing, is not infrequently

made to serve not only as the excuse, but as the justification of many speeches and rencontres of doubtful propriety and undoubted indelicacy. In spite of her cleverness and originality, the author too often depicts her as brainless, or indelicate, or both. Even the part she plays towards Storm is not always marked by honesty and sincerity; so much so, indeed, that the author feels constrained to invent the fiction of two women in her, the "visionary woman" and the "real Glory." It is the same with his ideals, Drake and Rosa. Drake's "principle" (which takes the place of religion with him) sees nothing wrong in the deception which he practises on Glory when he uses her as the unwitting instrument of Storm's ejection from his church; and Rosa tells Glory: "'Duty,' 'self-sacrifice'—I know the old formulas, but I don't believe in them. Obey your heart, my dear; that is your first duty." John Storm's short yet violent career is one long chain of deceit, duplicity, and hypocrisy. He is the creature of impulse; but his instincts are only too often in the direction of duplicity and hypocrisy. It does not mend matters greatly to find that the deception in him is often self-deception. He practises deception on others as well, and without a scruple abuses their confidence. He enters a monastery to mislead its inmates and trample on its rules. Common honor and common honesty are flung to the winds. It is impossible to glean from the work whether this duplicity and hypocrisy have the author's censure or his sanction. Indeed, the conclusion is often forced on the reader that the author finds a species of justification for the conduct of Storm in the overwhelming force of circumstances; or in the still more overwhelming force of Storm's genius, which bears down all moral questions before it. The theft of the key from the father's room—indeed, the entire episode of Brother Paul's nocturnal exit from and return to Bishopsgate Street, is revolting in the extreme, though doubtless meant to be thrilling. An honest man in John Storm's place, even one with a spark of honor or moral feeling, would have fled instantly from the monastery rather than enter on such a chapter of hypocrisy—such a crusade of demoralization; but Storm takes everything as a matter of course. So much for Mr. Caine in his self-appointed "duty" of teacher.

LACKING IN ARTISTIC MERIT.

This confusion of morals and labyrinthian tangle of the true and false is due not so much to Mr. Caine's incapacity as a

teacher as to his incapacity as an artist. There is in *The Christian* a material scope and a display of power sufficient to make a work of fiction of a high order of merit. What is wanting is the magician's wand to give balance and color to the whole. The balance-wheel which preserves the various proportions is just as necessary to produce a great work of fiction as the machinery which prepares the material. It is perfectly easy to imagine "Othello" or "Lear" so distorted and ill-proportioned as to make them jarring and incongruous, instead of being the most incomparable of dramas. A slight touch of color from the simulated madness of Edgar, the genuine folly of the fool, or the real madness of Lear, added to either of the other two characters, would mar and confuse all three. A generous leaven of the manliness and nobility of Kent infused into the villainy of Edmund, or *vice versa*, of Edmund's crimes among the virtues of Kent; a sprinkling of the graces of Cordelia over the filial ingratitude of Regan or Goneril, would confuse the entire play, so symmetrical and beautiful in its perfect balance. The same is true of painting. A dab or two of misplaced color will ruin irretrievably the most beautiful work of art. And it is precisely in this balancing of his characters that Mr. Hall Caine is so woefully wanting. To the "sapere" of Horace he is an utter stranger. He lacks the insight of the poet and the clearness of vision which is able to distinguish between the various parts, and which gives proportion and harmonious arrangement to the whole. In a word, he lacks the instinct of truth. There is not in fiction so absurd a hero as John Storm. From first to last the author seems to be hesitant as to whether he should make him a hero or an imbecile, with the inevitable result that he divides the honors about equally between both—on one page making him little less than the angels, and on the next an idiot as simpering as Sir Oliver Martext. At one moment he has all the zeal and discretion of Saul of Tarsus; at the next he is the counterpart of the hero of Cervantes.

This wavering and uncertainty begins with John Storm's history and ends only with his marriage and death. He is a cross between a zealot and an idiot, an apostle and an impostor, a genius and a hypocrite, a fool and a philanthropist. Mr. Caine exalts him, invests him with extraordinary, almost superhuman, powers—almost deifies him. In sober and solemn earnest, to all appearance, he makes him a reformer, a hero, a prophet, and finally confers upon him the martyr's crown; and all the while seems to be laughing at him as a visionary, a

fanatic, a fool, an imbecile. At one moment he is unmistakably the author's hero; at another he is the butt of his ridicule. A fool, we are told by the highest authority, is to be treated according to his folly, but when we are ready to apply this principle to Storm, the author steps in and arrests us by the solemnity of his tone and the gravity of his demeanor. No one likes to read of the Knight of La Mancha in serious vein, or to regard him as an altogether serious personage, yet the author of *The Christian* asks us in all seriousness to take as a type of his realism a visionary who out-Herods Herod, who outdoes Don Quixote, and who, if a type of anything, is typical only of the windmills which his prototype demolished. Nothing could be loftier than the burning eloquence with which Storm denounces the sham and hypocrisy of London society. He is the equal of a Basil or an Ambrose. Nothing can be more beautiful than his sublime ideals, nothing nobler than his plans for the regeneration of London society; but, on the other hand, nothing could be more ridiculous than the scene in Drake's quarters, when he first leaves the monastery; nothing could be more ignominious, or even ludicrous, than his Damien craze and its farcical outcome. Yet here, as in many other places, it is difficult to say whether the author expects us to laugh at Storm or weep with him.

There are, however, instances in which Mr. Caine manifestly makes merry at his hero's expense. There is not more truth in the adage that no man is a hero to his valet, than in the axiom that, in a serious work, the hero should never be made ridiculous. The hero of the Novel without a Hero is the only instance we recall, among serious works of fiction by great writers, in which the author pokes fun at his hero; but, for all Thackeray's humor, "Heigh-ho Dobbin" and "Gee-ho Dobbin" has our unfaltering respect and confidence from the start. The ridicule is merely superficial. It is shaken off as lightly as the dewdrop from the lion's mane. Beneath his shy demeanor, his awkward, clumsy, over-grown exterior, Captain Dobbin carries a heart of gold, a true nobility of soul, and a judgment which, through all the mazes of *Vanity Fair*, never loses its equilibrium. Thackeray would never be guilty of covering with ridicule a hero of his creation in such fashion as Mr. Caine deals with John Storm.

This unbalanced judgment plays sad havoc with the story. The author often finds himself in situations the most embarrassing. Tragedy invades the realm of comedy, and comedy usurps

the throne of tragedy. The results are frequently most ludicrous, the denouements grotesque in the extreme. The reader smiles where he is expected to be serious, laughs where it was expected he should weep. Passages which he opens with a thrill he ends with a shrug; and at the close he lays down the work, wondering whether the author intended to hold up the hero for admiration or contempt.

PHILOSOPHY OF THE PASSION OF LOVE.

But, possibly, the greatest objection to the book, from an artistic point of view, is what seems to be the author's philosophy of the passion of love. Never was love so unlovely as that portrayed in *The Christian*. There is nothing tender, nothing touching, nothing soothing, nothing tranquillizing, nothing humanizing in the love pictured in its pages. It is not even a devouring flame. It is a fierce scorching breath that blights and hardens. It is true that fate deals somewhat harshly with the lovers. But never was love more tragically fated than in "Romeo and Juliet," and yet there is in it, as pictured in its awful tragedy, a tenderness and pathos that sinks deep into the heart of humanity, and in some mysterious way calms and soothes it. Mr. Caine's conception of love, as depicted in *The Christian*, is the reverse of all this. Even in Glory's love there is neither tenderness nor pathos. But had Mr. Caine deliberately undertaken to contradict Emerson's dictum, that all the world loves a lover, he could not have done it more effectually than by creating the hero of *The Christian*. Never was lover so absolutely grotesque as this hero. John Storm is a rhinoceros in love. His antics under the sting of Cupid's piercing dart are exhilarating in their delicious absurdity. Whalers tell us that when the gigantic mammal feels the keen edge of the harpoon he darts off with lightning speed and dives, sometimes, in a hundred fathoms of water. There must have been a kinship between Storm and the tribe of the great cetacean, for, when Cupid's harpoon reaches his blubber, he instantly buries himself out of sight, only to come to the surface again, like his whaleship, for another wound; and then dives deeper than before. On one particular occasion, when the weapon was more keenly pointed than usual, Storm was not satisfied by diving into the monastery; he dived down deeper still. The very next morning he stands before the altar with bowed head and takes the vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience for life. Let any man read the last chapter of the third book of *The Christian* and

preserve his gravity—if he can. The real state of the case seems to be that, while we are expected to imagine Storm and Glory in love with each other, they are in love only with themselves. The objects that lie nearest to their hearts are their plans, their projects, their ambitions, their schemes, their fancies, their whims. Storm thinks he loves God; he is sure he loves Glory. The truth is, he loves only himself. He never stops to consult for her happiness or comfort at all. When he thinks of her, it is only as a beautiful tail to his evangelical kite. Glory does not seem to be a whit better in this regard. Two plain, common-sense people, actually in love with each other and in their right minds, would, under the circumstances in which the author has placed them, have cut the gordian and tied the true-lover's knot in the second chapter, and saved the author and his reader all the wearisome pother and much ado about nothing. But the fact is, John Storm is not a personage in his right mind. It is a diseased mind, and not his love for Glory at all, that is at the bottom of all his eccentricities. Instead of being put upon a pedestal to serve as an example of an unhappy victim of the grand passion, it would have been a mercy to him to place him under the care of the nearest physician who happened to be skilful in cases of scrofula or diseased liver. Mr. Hall Caine should alter his philosophy of love.

Possibly we have given Mr. Hall Caine's latest work more attention than it deserves. If so, our apology must be that we have seen great names subscribed to high praise of *The Christian*. The New York press tells us that Mr. Caine is one of the personages of the hour. And Mr. Caine, himself, once told an Edinburgh audience of the grave responsibilities that devolved upon him as a teacher of his fellow-men.





A BAVARIAN PASTORAL.

BY JOHN AUSTIN SCHETTY.



T was a short, unbroken line of cottages—in truth, a village street; the only one, too, in that quaint little place. It ran along in an even line to where the little church blocked the way, then stopped as if satisfied—as if in deference, for the church was very old, even older than the village. Perhaps if some old warrior of Roman times and Roman ways could but live again, he would tell of many a lonely watch kept in its old stone tower, around which the church itself clustered like an adopted child; square and grim it stood now as it had stood for ages, though it had long since fallen from its high estate, for no helmeted warrior peered from its narrow slitted windows, as of yore; none but the owls kept it nightly company.

And the village? It lay spread upon the Bavarian plain like others of its kind, its nearest neighbor some six miles off, though plain to view like a distant ship. Peak-roofed cottages, built of a composite of stone and sand, gazed stolidly at one another, just as they had done, to the best recollection of the oldest inhabitant, for ever so many years; nothing ever changed there except the church-yard, which grew larger every year. The great, bulky stones that served as paving for the solitary street

were just as uneven and annoying to the feet now as when old Gustave the joiner had trod them as a boy. Gustave would have said so had he been asked ; and Gustave was a man to be relied upon, for not only did he make the coffins for such of his friends as died, but he had been mayor of Hochbau as well—which was the highest honor in the gift of its three hundred inhabitants—consequently he knew whereof he spoke. The old man had never been further in the world than Mannheim, whence he returned so full of impressions that Hochbau listened open-mouthed for weeks in sheer wonder at the tales of the wondrous buildings, the noise and traffic, and above all the ships, the great, wonderful boats that came up old Father Rhine laden with unheard-of things. But old Gustave had never gone again ; he loved old Hochbau better than them all, he said. Truth to tell, the experience had rather startled his quiet old peasant wits, so that at present he was content to wear very ungainly trousers, huge, baggy affairs, needlessly short and needlessly wide, that looked as though they were made of leather, to say nothing of a pair of mammoth spectacles affixed dangerously near the end of his nose, through which he was wont to gaze with a paternal air at the young folks, or very importantly at the old ones, as the case demanded.

Down at the corner, where the high-road from Altdorf intersected the village street, stood the Gasthaus of the Black Eagle, and over the entrance, swayed by the passing breeze, hung an effigy of that noble bird with wings and legs outstretched in seeming ecstasy, and apparently standing on his tail, in a very effective way. At the Black Eagle one went in one's leisure time to drink beer and dance with the buxom belle of the village, and there on Sunday afternoons could be heard the cheerful clink of glasses and shuffle of flying peasant feet.

Half way to the Black Eagle stood Adolf Grossman's abode. Like the others, it boasted little adornment—a building of two rooms on the ground-floor, a kitchen and sleeping-room, with a loft upstairs for the children ; that was all.

Adolf had raised a large family and was now quite an important personage. As collector of the imperial taxes he wore a soldier's cap with the government coat-of-arms just over the peak, and seemed of late to have adopted a military swagger. People deferred to him now ; the Herr Pastor himself had insisted on his coming into the parlor for a glass of wine, an unheard-of honor, and which was accorded habitually to none but

Franz Altman the miller, who was the richest man in the place. Consequently, though his worldly circumstances were of the vaguest, being increased to a few marks only by his present position, he resolved to quit working in the fields for other people—for Adolf's wealth, up to the present, had never allowed of his doing anything else. Old Gustave—who, in view of his high standing in the community, felt at liberty to discuss things and people very freely—gave it as his opinion, in confidence to his particular crony, that Grossman was not doing right; he was spending far too much time at the Black Eagle sipping beer and shuffling cards, while Liza his wife toiled bareheaded in the sun for Hans Bruener, who owned many acres. It was a shame! that was all about it.

Poor Liza! people told her a great many things, but forbore telling Adolf, who had grown rather morose of late and whose surly temper was not to be trusted, as they well knew. She bore it uncomplainingly; what good would it do to complain? He had always done as he wished; he would do it now, she knew. Therefore, when the sun was sinking and the outdoor toil done, she hastened home with seeming cheerfulness to prepare their frugal supper; yet thoughts would come as she warmed the milk, for was she any stronger than he, thus to toil while he rested? She had borne his children, worked for them just as she now worked for him; and now they were gone to homes of their own, leaving her a worn-out woman to care for herself. Through years of his domination she had grown into a dumb sort of submission that took a good deal to rouse into questioning, but at times the whole world, or what she knew of it, seemed very selfish. How her back ached after the hours of stooping! Sometimes her head swam and it seemed as though she were always weary—a weariness that never found rest. It seemed hard, truly, thus to live till death came; surely God!—but then, as though to bid her be patient, a little hand would steal tenderly, shyly, yet confidingly into hers, and looking down she would find little Nicholas, their last child, looking up to her wistfully, strangely, it seemed. Poor little fellow! she had almost forgotten him—he the only one left. He was loving now; so had the others been, and they—

Yet there was something different about this one, whose eyes followed her round so oddly, as though, childish as he was, he intuitively guessed her trouble and sought to assuage it. It soothed her to take him in her arms and, with his cheek pressed to hers, shed the only tears her bruised heart ever knew; he

was very young yet, else he too would have had to work. Her other children had been strong and rugged, but this one was delicate, with a silent, quiet way very different from the other peasant children. At present he went to school, trudging manfully off at six o'clock in the morning, for there was daily service in the church which all scholars perforce attended. Yet, though he was as devoted as the rest, often as he crouched on the hard stone floor, the little mind was dwelling on the mother at home—the patient, sad-eyed mother. Ay, he had sharp eyes, had little Nicholas! No one ever dreamed—least of all his rough, boorish father—how keenly the childish eyes took in every action of the others, how the little heart palpitated and throbbed with pain at his father's rough words or his mother's heavy sighs. There in his corner, unobserved, he saw what no one else seemed to guess—the breaking of one devoted heart.

Liza was not the only woman who helped till the soil. When an imperial army takes all the strapping young men and the stalwart older ones for itself and its uses, leaving none but the old or the very youthful, there is nothing left for the women but to work in their places. This seemed natural enough to her; her mother had done precisely the same thing for her father when he was away. Therefore it was that Liza had companions; Martha Wissner was one of them. Martha was a gossip of the first order, always primed with a dainty morsel of news which she was prepared to share with any one at the first opportunity. Did the morsel bite or choke you in the swallowing, so much the better. In addition, she was a widow and compelled to work daily to live. Martha's outward self displayed little beauty; her visage always looked as though some one had but recently let go of her nose—there was a florid hue about that organ suggestive of strangulation of the blood. In addition, her mouth was quite devoid of teeth, and, as false ones were unheard of in Hochbau, Martha remained a widow.

So they worked side by side one day, Liza and Martha; it was warm, and they had been toiling diligently on their knees in the soft earth for the last hour. Martha stood up; her rugged face, bronzed by the sun and open air, looked not unlike an Indian squaw's, while her hair, drawn back very tight from a low forehead, was gathered at the neck in a series of crossed lines that suggested one of her own native bretzels. Liza still worked.

"Ach, ja! Liza; do stop for a minute. Why kill one's self? One gets no thanks the more," she said, in the patois of Rhenish Bavaria. Liza kept on, unheeding.

"You—you will slave! You have a husband; if it were I, now—" Liza paused a moment, whereat a sparkle came into the other's eyes; she planted her closed hands on her hips and, surveying the kneeling one commiseratingly, smacked her lips with anticipation.

"Ah, these men! But he is a wretch!" she exclaimed. "As I came by the Black Eagle but awhile since they were drinking, and dancing too. But these women—they are so bad; some of them anyway. That Freda— Bah, 'tis a shame!"

"Martha, stop your babble! I am tired." It was Liza who spoke in a hard, dry voice;—she had ceased digging and was sitting on the ground, her head buried in her hands. The other looked at her half-pityingly. It was cruel to talk to her of these things, she knew; yet she enjoyed it, for it gave her a strange sense of power—even though it were but the power to wound and bruise; a thorn has such power. But she must seem sympathetic.

"Ach, ja! But they are not all alike, these men. No, thank God! they are not all alike. Mine—" she paused and sniffed suggestively, but the other seemed not to hear her,— "mine," she resumed, feeling for her apron and drawing it to her eyes, while her bosom began to heave, "mine—he—he—" then came a series of wheezy sobs—"he would have died for me!" And forthwith she burst into a paroxysm of tears that had the desired effect of rousing the other and making her look up. Martha saw her face was strangely white, and then Liza staggered to her feet; whereat the other approached her sympathetically.

"Go thou home and rest," she said. "If old Bruener comes this way I will explain to him; so go!" And Liza, without a word though faltering slightly, turned away. Martha watched her pass on through the fields toward the village; once she paused near the brook that runs there, and, stooping, dipped her apron in it and placed it to her head.

"Ah, well! if anything happens, I at least have acted like a neighbor to her," murmured Martha, shaking her head solemnly at the memory of her generous friendship; then, as she resumed her digging, she felt herself to be the embodiment of virtue and charity indeed.

Liza trudged on. As she neared the Black Eagle she, too, caught the strains of a fiddle, but never looked toward it—keeping her eyes averted as though to look would blast them. So she arrived home. The rooms seemed dark after the bright sunlight, and it was with a startled exclamation, therefore, that a moment later she beheld her husband seated therein. He had not been at the Gasthaus, then! The reaction made her weak, and, staggering toward the table, she fell into a chair, burying her head in her hands.

“How now?” cried Grossman sharply.

“Ah, Adolf!” she cried, wearily raising her head to gaze at him, “I—I—am afraid I am going to be ill.”

“Ah, bah!” he answered testily. “Ill—of course, ill! And what has made you ill, I would like to know?”

Little Nicholas, who had been gazing with a trembling heart from his place in the corner, now drew near and, laying his head on her bosom, whispered, “Mother, what is it? Tell me!” For answer she only pressed him fondly; then with an effort rose to prepare the supper. Her silence irritated Grossman, who, gazing at her a moment, muttered: “A plague on them! One gets nothing out of these women any more!” And strode outside forthwith. The day was declining. Up the village street a few stray geese lagged a moment, then waddled homeward; the sun’s rays streamed diagonally across the thoroughfare, and, catching the glass in the windows of the opposite dwellings, covered them with a golden radiance. Across the plain came a few puffs of air, bringing with it the flavor of new-mown hay and the tinkle of cow-bells, as the herd wended their way homeward for the night. All savored of peace; yet there were human passions struggling here as elsewhere—human frailties, human sin! Unmindful of it all, the man outside puffed away contentedly at his pipe, while some villagers on their way home, mindful of the coat-of-arms on the cap, bowed to him deferentially. Adolf returned the salutation majestically, as though he were the major domo of the king himself; then, thinking it time to eat, re-entered the house. Liza had warmed the milk and set a dish of smoking beans before him. This was his favorite morsel, and with a sniff of satisfaction he sat himself down to do justice to it; but just as he took it in one hand and seized the spoon with the other, there came a rap at the door. Grossman frowned, and the next moment Martha poked her head in.

“A glorious evening, Herr Adolf; but how goes it with

Liza?" she began familiarly. The frown on his face, deepening, quickly became a scowl; then suddenly, with a quick movement, he flung the whole contents of the dish at her without further ceremony.

"To the devil—you old washerwoman! What brings you here?" he cried with a roar that nearly frightened little Nicholas out of his wits and caused the intruder to slam the door hurriedly, while she blessed herself at her narrow escape; for the beans, by some miscalculation, striking the print of the royal family hanging on the wall, left the poor king's face a vision in stucco-work, while the queen and the rest became obliterated entirely. Adolf was in a great rage at the result of his handiwork as well as the loss of his dainty. "If that petticoated old meddler ever shows herself here again, I'll throw her out! That she may drop dead is my wish!" he fumed; and Liza, knowing that he disliked her above all people in the place, scarcely wondered at it. Then getting up, he wiped the print off carefully, seeking to repair the damage; but the incident served to put him in a bad humor, and, hastily finishing his meal, he strode out into the night, while Liza, having put the dishes away, dragged her weary limbs to bed.

Next day Martha worked by herself in the fields, and though she felt that Liza must be ill, yet the memory of her former experience deterred her from making any inquiries at the house. She made amends, however, by giving her views and impressions first to the school-master's wife—whom she knew would be glad to get them—then to a niece of old Gustave's, and so on through the category. Her opinion in a condensed form was, that "Grossman was a lunatic, and that Liza was a fool to put up with it. When she is dead," said Martha, "he will marry that Freda—see if he don't—the wretch! Oh, these men!"

"Yes, these men," repeated the school-master's wife with a pessimistic air, until, catching sight of her liege lord in the distance, she suddenly recollected having something very urgent to do, and, forthwith getting rid of the news-bearer, slipped into the cottage. The school-master's wife promptly informing him of Liza's illness and old Gustave's niece doing him a like service, the news became public property in no time. It annoyed Grossman, who was secretly furious at the interest they manifested in the matter. To the school-master, old Gustave, and Franz Altman the miller he explained that, while his wife was unwell, there was no reason for alarm.

“Liza is ill,” he said carelessly, “but then all women are that at times”; for these being people of note he thought it wise to be affable. He felt no such obligation in the matter with others, however; so that when old Wilhelm the cobbler sought to sympathize he cut him short by brusquely telling him to mind his own business. Truth to tell, his hard peasant head had little of sentiment in it, and when he saw his wife sitting up and even able to go about the house, he concluded in all sincerity that there was nothing radically wrong with her; thinking himself generous indeed because he was content to say so little about it. Though her face were pinched at times, he never noticed it; so, after staying dutifully at home for a few hours, he betook himself at length with great relief to the Black Eagle, where of late there was always a chair reserved for him. It was congenial there; about twice a week a fiddler came that way with a wheezy old fiddle and scraped away in a lively strain. At such times Adolf found that he still could dance—and enjoy it too; then Freda Schuman made a capital partner, and was such enjoyable company besides.

Meanwhile Liza had much time to herself—time to think, time to even grow rebellious and despairing; but she was no fighter, being accustomed instead to moulding herself to other wills stronger than her own. Yet she was wounded in her soul. She thought the wound was truly her own secret, a something locked from prying eyes in the recesses of her own heart; but she recked not of the quiet little figure in the corner. When he gazed at her so solemnly, or stole up with childish affection, she thought and called him a loving little Nicholas, but never dreamed he guessed all.

Thus a week or two passed away. It was afternoon; Adolf was out and little Nicholas had not yet returned from school. She was washing some dishes when she suddenly grew strangely fatigued, her head swam, and with an effort she staggered to the bed which occupied one corner of the room; with a confused idea that everything was going round and round, she sank upon it. Liza lay very still. A numbness oppressed her, deadening all sense except that of thought, while an icy chill seemed rising to her very heart. Everything in the cottage was just as it had always been. On the lead-colored walls hung the same collection of prints, the same picture of the royal family; in one corner stood the table with its dishes left to dry, in the other stood a dresser with the white and blue cups given her

at her marriage displayed conspicuously on the top shelf. Through the open windows came the scent of new-mown hay, the cackle of some village geese—the breath of creation redolent with life; a volume of sunlight streamed through the open doorway, making radiant whatever lay in its path; part of it flooded the faded red coverlet of the bed, bringing the old block pattern into plain relief. After a time a small figure entered in seeming haste; then catching sight of the other, whose eyes were closed as though asleep, tiptoed quietly over to the corner. At length Liza's eyes opened and their glance rested gratefully on the boy; little Nicholas' knees were drawn up, and his elbows, resting on them, supported his head. As his mother's eyes fell upon him, something in the glance made his own dilate; they became fixed on hers immovably with a fascination that showed dread, fear, and longing all in one. He too looked numb, as though he were frozen into immobility; sitting there in the shadow, he seemed elfish. Soon little drops of moisture stood out on his forehead, but he was too absorbed to notice them. Ever and anon Liza's eyes turned slowly from him to the open doorway; yet no figure, if she sought one, crossed the threshold. She was alone—she and the boy!

After a time the little figure, rousing itself, crept, half in fright and awe, toward the bed; as it did so the arm of the other moved instinctively, and passing over his curly head clasped itself about his neck, whereat something like a smothered sob escaped him, but beyond that no sound, no word was spoken by either. Still the sunlight, the sounds and breath of life were all about them; and so the minutes passed, while the boy's eyes, large and full, gazed into hers as though they would have absorbed her very soul. No tears dimmed them; but were his heart-strings being slowly severed, one by one, they might have looked the same. At intervals her bosom slowly heaved and sometimes her lips moved, but no sound came from them; again she turned her head inquiringly toward the door, while the clasp of her arm about his neck tightened. He bent his face to hers, his eyes filled with the pain of a dumb animal that cannot adequately understand how or why it suffers.

“Mother!” he whispered, a world of despairing entreaty in his voice—“Mother!” Then he paused, frightened, for the clasp of her arm relaxed.

Without there was still brightness as before, but within there was none; the sunlight had stolen away. He was alone!

The fiddler was at the Black Eagle again. So was Adolf, and Ulrich the forester, full of conviviality and wine! Freda Schuman, too, was there, and some others; among them the proprietor, who, leaning both hands on the table, was obsequiously awaiting orders for further refreshment. The fiddler gave a preliminary squeak; Freda looked up expectantly.

"I take schnapps," said the forester, addressing the inn-keeper.

"Ja wohl!" replied he; "and Herr Adolf?"

"Ah bah! I dance this time instead," and he winked at the fraulein. At the same time a small figure made its appearance in the roadway, but none of the party observed it, seemingly. The fiddler, bending to his work, gave forth an opening strain; whereat Adolf stood up with the fraulein, while the forester with a grin observed, "Truly a giddy pair!" at the same time taking his liquor from the host. But as he would have raised it to his lips he paused in amazement, for a small child, whose face seemed familiar, appeared unexpectedly in their midst and advanced straight toward the company.

"Ay, ay! Grossman, your young one, as I live!" he cried.

Adolf turned sharply and looked down. Standing beside him was Nicholas, with a face strangely white and set, strangely old, strangely altered! The frown on his father's face gave way to a look of inquiry, while the fraulein instinctively withdrew her arm.

"Father," spoke the diminutive one with just a slight tremble in the childish tones, "mother is—is dead!"

"What!" cried Adolf with a blanched face, "your mother? Why, she—" He broke off falteringly, while the music died away in a wail. The forester's joviality was gone; he gulped down his liquor and brushed his hand across his eyes. The fraulein clasped her hands; Grossman seemed stupefied; while the child, gazing straight before him, waited patiently until his father, abruptly turning, walked away from the room as one in a dream. Nicholas followed at his heels without a word, like an accusing angel, leaving the others of the party gazing blankly at one another. After a moment the forester, hitting the table a terrific thump, vociferated "It's a shame!" and, picking up his gun, left without further ceremony. The fraulein slipped away and the fiddler laconically packed his instrument in its case, while the one or two others looked at the host, who shrugged his shoulders. . . .

The afternoon train rolled into Speyer with a shriek and a rumble. From the long line of carriages a few soldiers, some civilians, and all manner of travellers alighted and, quickly scattering like so many particles blown by the wind, went their several ways. Among them had been a quiet, black-robed stranger, who, separating himself from the rest, paused a moment irresolute. The streets of the old cathedral town were thronged with people. Villagers from the neighboring hamlets, attired in their best, jostled soldiers and students while gazing about in wonderment at the buildings and the shops; they walked on the sidewalk, in the middle of the street, anywhere, everywhere, and all filled with Sunday good humor and jollity.

The stranger, who had the air of a scholar or student, was a man of forty perhaps, with a pale, thoughtful face and a slight, slender figure. He gazed about him at the soldiers, the peasants, with a reminiscent air, as though they had been familiar to him once upon a time. In the distance the old cathedral loomed above the line of houses, showing plainly against the background of sky. He looked at the edifice, then at his watch, and closing it with a satisfied snap, strode off slowly through the town until he found himself in the vicinity of the church, which he entered. Within all was quiet and filled with the subdued radiance of the afternoon sun; a few devotees were kneeling here and there, but they heeded him not as he passed on down among the tombs—the last resting-place of the Hapsburgs and those great memories, who sleep so quietly now, though they made history once. Having made a tour of them all, and loitering to read many an inscription with melancholy interest, he entered the streets once more and sauntered toward the railway station.

The stuffy room was crowded with peasants waiting to return to their village homes, and standing unobserved in a corner, he watched them with a strange interest while the women talked, the babies squalled, and the men smoked. At length the train arrived, whereat there was a frantic struggle for seats; they were all third-class carriages, and he squeezed himself in with the rest, keeping unobtrusively in a corner, as though desirous of being unobserved. Then, with a banging of doors and much confusion altogether, they moved off. At each stopping-place the train disgorged its load, until after a little one could sit comfortably on the wooden seats. At length the guards called "Bischoffheim," and the train having stopped, the stranger alighted. As he started to move away some one

called, "Nicholas! Nicholas!" With a quick movement he turned, to see a peasant seize a little boy and, taking him by the hand, lead him off. Turning away with a sigh, he set out through the main street of the village and along the high-road, walking along with the air of one who knew the way thoroughly. It was the hour of twilight, and the sky above was filled with all the glory of the dying day; a halo of light filled the western sky as though to crown the vanquished sun-god as he sank to rest, while the dark blue in the east became dotted here and there with a few venturesome stars, shimmering and trembling at their own temerity as though half fearful to linger where one so glorious had dwelt before. On either side of the roadway stretched fields of waving corn, which undulated like waves of the sea in the passing breeze. Sounds of laughter, of men's voices, floated up from the village he had left, and here and there a startled hare dashed across his way, but otherwise he was alone on the plain. At length there loomed up before him the dull, rambling outline of a village; there was yet sufficient light to discern objects by, and presently he made out the peaked roofs of its cottages. He was now at its outer edge, but instead of entering the main street, he turned and by a short cut found himself at a little church-yard. Pausing a moment, as though moved by some emotion, he lifted the latch of the gate and entered; all was quiet within, and devoid of living soul but himself. He wandered unerringly among the sunken crosses straight to where a little mound of earth rose covered with small field daisies, and from which a plain little wooden cross protruded; stooping, he gazed at the cross and read "Liza Grossman" in the dim light; then, the memory of other days with a sad, patient mother face rising before him, he flung himself prostrate on the heap of earth and sobbed aloud.

Long he knelt, while the soft summer breeze fanned his cheek and sighed about him, and the fitful shadows changed to gloom; at length he arose and, plucking a handful of the daisies, walked slowly toward the church-yard wall. His sorrow had given way to resentment—the old, old canker he had tried so desperately to down in all the passing years; the mound with its daisies had made him a boy again, with all the old griefs tugging at his heart, the more relentless for their long subjection. He felt, therefore, that this was not the place for him, and turned to go; as he did so he was startled to find that he was no longer alone. An old, bent figure had come slowly, feebly up the narrow path. He could not distinguish

the face—some old villager, perhaps—and wishing to leave him undisturbed, he drew back in the shadow. The old man came slowly forward, then pausing, with clasped hands, sank tottering to his knees. The other started; a strange, subtle instinct moved him, after a moment's irresolution, to advance. The old man was kneeling at the very grave *he* had so lately left, his bowed figure bent over its grassy surface as though he were peering at the sleeping one beneath, while he kept repeating brokenly, all oblivious of the other's presence, "Thou hast never forgiven me, Liza—thou, who wert once so patient and forgiving. Never once, through all these years!" His voice died away in a half groan and sob, while the other, certain now of the old man's identity, felt his pulses throbbing as though they would burst. His resentment!—that thing of years—where was it now? Gone! Yea, that pathetic figure, whose limbs tottered with age, whose hair was whitened with remorse, had dispelled it, exorcised it, like the evil thing it was. Again the old man was pleading for forgiveness.

"Send me but a sign, Liza—but a sign that thou hast forgiven me—" he was saying when the other, his mind teeming with the recollections of bygone years, gathered up the shrunken figure as one would a child's, murmuring:

"She has forgiven you, father—long, long ago, and so—have I!"



IRISH LOCAL GOVERNMENT ACT.

BY REV. GEORGE McDERMOT, C.S.P.



THE measure recently passed to improve local government in Ireland makes an extraordinary change in the spirit and system under which counties and other areas were taxed and ruled. It may be broadly stated that the people can henceforth administer their local affairs; whereas formerly the counties were ruled by the landlords alone, and the affairs of other areas, such as poor law unions and their subordinate divisions, were to all intents and purposes administered by them. In an article of this kind it would be only a trial to the reader to give a detailed account of the new system; but a comparison between it in its leading features and the old one, coupled with a short history of the uses to which the old system was put, may be interesting and instructive to all our readers—must be one and the other to any person concerned for the welfare of the people of Ireland.

THE GRAND JURIES AND THE ACT.

I am prepared to say that the people generally are anxious that the act should be availed of in the wisest manner. I am glad to recognize that in every county the members of the superseded bodies, namely, the grand juries, are to some considerable extent disposed to give the Local Government Act a fair trial and to co-operate in its working. No doubt they were awarded by Parliament a sum equivalent to £16,000,000 to permit the measure to pass, and this would logically include such co-operation. Moreover, it is their interest to take a part in the local administration both as tax-payers and residents to be affected by the resolutions, appropriations, and orders of the County Councils and the subordinate bodies. If they were to hold aloof, it would be hardly just to allow them to say that they were injuriously affected by the acts of men whose political views were at variance with theirs and whose social position was different from theirs. At the same time it would be shutting my eyes to facts if I were to suppose that all grand jurors looked at the reform in this manner; nay more, that so far as they could manifest themselves as public bodies, they, with only

three exceptions—the grand jury of Cork, that of Roscommon, and another—evinced a desire to render the measure as inoperative as possible. The members of the grand juries were glad in their individual capacity to receive a present of their share of the poor rate,* but in their social or quasi-corporate capacity † they were disposed to keep the power which they sold as individuals. Accordingly, in the House of Lords a few of their number endeavored to mutilate the measure; nay more, an effort was made to retain the grand juries as co-ordinate county authorities in finance and administration. The measure is now an accomplished fact, and there is ground for hoping that there will be a union of all classes in using it for the benefit of the country.

THE HISTORY OF THE GRAND JURY SYSTEM.

In order that our readers may realize the social and political significance of this measure, and its possible effect in repairing many of the evils of the past as well as in promoting schemes of industrial and agricultural improvement, it will be necessary to give in a few words an outline of the Grand Jury system, the powers conferred by it and the way they were exercised. Broadly speaking, when the entire country was divided into shires at the close of the war between O'Neil and Queen Elizabeth, the sheriffs of the counties possessed the power of summoning freeholders and householders holding lands for a chattel interest on the estate of some freeholder to the assizes to serve on what came to be called the grand panel and the long panel; in other words, as grand jurors and petty jurors. But before all Ireland became shireland there were parts of the country which had been divided into shires. In these parts, the sheriffs, by custom partly, and partly by virtue of positive enactments, had the power to select any persons they chose to act as jurors. Consequently we find common soldiers, adventurers from England, serving-men, and so on acting as an inquisition to determine what fine should be imposed upon the estate of some "mere Irishman" upon whom the sheriff had cast an evil eye. These acted as grand jurors, and the fine was supposed to be appropriated for county purposes. Later on in the day the same persons sat as a petty jury to try the unfortunate owner of the estate for his life, and he might deem himself very fortunate if by agreeing to another fine he escaped

* This measure is estimated at £16,000,000 capitalized value.

† Their corporate existence only lasted during the one assizes, though their committees and the officers appointed by them held on. They might enter into contracts for apparently an indefinite time.

being hanged before his own door. This is the origin of the jury system in Ireland, and the spirit of that system, with much of its irresponsible power in the levying and allocation of rates, was enjoyed by the grand juries now superseded by the Local Government Act.

THE MARQUESS OF LONDONDERRY THE GREAT OPPONENT.

The most conspicuous opponent of the new measure was the Marquess of Londonderry. He is the representative of Lord Castlereagh, who dragooned Ireland into rebellion in 1798 by methods the like of which are not to be found in the history of any country except that of Turkey. In some circumstances, and these morally of very great importance, because men are largely the product of their institutions and customs, their traditions and inherited animosities—in some circumstances the fury which profaned the homes of Bulgaria and Armenia is blameless in comparison with the calculated atrocity which sent in the soldiery on the people in parts of Ulster and Leinster; blameless in comparison with the bigotted malignity which caused the Irish yeoman to disregard the ties of race and country and language in carrying out the policy of government. The very English and Scotch regiments were practically of the same blood as the peasants of the northern and eastern counties whose wives and daughters they subjected to the last horrors of military license; but lest some pity should arrest the British soldier when appealed to in his own tongue, mercenaries from the shambles of German despots were let loose upon them by Castlereagh. The specially energetic opponent of the Local Government Bill, as we have said, was the heir* of the honors and estates of the “carotid artery cutting,” as Byron described Lord Castlereagh. Now, when this man, this Marquess of Londonderry, was selected the last time the Conservatives were in power for the lord-lieutenancy of Ireland; when under him the prisons were filled by evicted tenants and the men who espoused their cause; when the police were made to play the part of Janizaries in maiming and murdering their own countrymen; it is impossible to form a judgment of the relations between government and the Irish people, or upon what principle the Lords and Commons of the United Kingdom rule Ireland.

Our desire is that all classes in that country should unite in turning the measure to the best account; but we do not want any class to proceed on mistaken lines, and above all we object to some classes throwing themselves into transports of gratitude.

* In the collateral line.

We are determined to point out danger-signals, lest the corrupt, the vicious, the malignant should, by abstaining from a share in working the act, be free to cast discredit upon what in the proceedings of the different councils and the social position of the members may not meet with their worshipful approval. This is our reason for referring at some length to the noble marquess; and that the more readily because in his attitude he represented irreconcilables in three southern provinces, and the entire brigade which surrounds the landlords in very many parts of Ulster. Even in the House of Lords he was supported by men from whom we should have expected better things; all this going to prove how great is the difficulty in reconciling the elements of Irish society under the conditions which bind her to "the predominant partner."

POINTING OUT THE DANGER-SIGNALS.

With regard to the question of the amount of gratitude due to the present government, we must observe the measure only gives in a somewhat maimed manner powers of local government conferred upon England and Scotland more than a dozen years ago. In the case of both of these countries the measures were, indeed, an extension of powers beyond those possessed by the local authorities, but their principal value lay in the improved machinery and the large increase of the popular influence. That is to say, the local authorities in England and Scotland were, from the nature of things, in touch with the people and amenable to public opinion. Consequently matters of administration and works of improvement would not ordinarily become subjects of party warfare. Moreover, in towns and urban districts there was a real popular control in both of these countries. In Ireland it was altogether different. The origin of the Grand Jury system, and the powers exercised by the sheriffs and the grand juries in earlier times, have been already given in outline. It has been said in a former page that the spirit which animated those bodies in early times has been transmitted to our own day; and with that spirit an irresponsible power of taxation and county administration, together with a large patronage. A few words more to fasten upon the reader's mind the fact that the local government which prevailed in Ireland was not merely a machinery unsuited to the requirements of an active and enlightened age, but it was a system, in intention and operation, constructed to perpetuate the degradation and robbery of the great body of the people.

TRADITIONAL ANTIPATHY TO CATHOLICS.

It had been one of the functions of these bodies to make presentments against Catholics and outlaws. In the early part of the eighteenth century the great part of the presentments consisted of declarations returning Catholics whose estates had been confiscated as being persons without visible means of subsistence, and this with a view to their transportation to the North American settlements. Unquestionably there were many unfortunate gentlemen and others—against whom judgment of outlawry had been passed—living in the hills and mountains, the bogs and other inaccessible places. At each assizes their names would be called and posted up; while the grand juries proceeded to pass a presentment for the expenses incurred in hunting them, or to be incurred in hunting, killing, or capturing them. The amount of the presentment was to be levied—so ran the order in pursuance of powers in that behalf—off the goods and chattels of the Catholics of the parish, barony, or county at large. Nothing could be better calculated than such powers to make the *posse comitatus* a Protestant standing army in each county; not only that, but property qualification, where Catholics were concerned as litigants or where they were tried for criminal offences, became a trifling affair. It would seem at first sight that a people virtually outlawed like the Catholics of Ireland, could be no worse off if tried by a jury some members of which were ignorant men of no means, than if they were tried by men with some means and some education. That, however, is not the case. The low class Protestant was abjectly servile to his betters, and made it his business to go any length to please them in maintaining the thrice-happy constitution in church and state by which a Catholic earl of ancient lineage lived on sufferance, while any Protestant from France or Germany, no matter how poor and good-for-nothing, possessed by virtue of his religion all the privileges of a subject of George I., King of Ireland.*

RECKLESS TYRANNY IN EXECUTING PRESENTMENTS.

One part of this odious power exercised to the present moment was that of presenting for malicious injuries to property. Sometimes by special enactments the power was extended to include injuries to particular classes of persons. As late as 1887 an act was passed by which any person injured in

* The reader must remember Ireland was a distinct kingdom till the Union.

the service of a landlord—this was the effect of the act—any policeman in attendance on a boycotted person, any soldier engaged at an eviction, if injured could obtain compensation, and in case of the death of any one belonging to these classes the amount could be claimed by his next of kin. By an act passed some years before this one, called the Crime and Outrage Act, any person injured, or the next of kin of any person killed, by the agents of a secret society of an agrarian character could claim compensation. It would be superfluous to dilate upon the temptations afforded by such laws to make unfounded demands, and the spirit of reckless tyranny likely to be produced in those exercising the powers conferred upon them. That such claims were, at least, as numerous as those which had some degree of right we have no hesitation in saying. We say, too, that presentments have been made without regard to the bearing of evidence, and in cases where the facts proved seemed to warrant the presentment the amount granted, in the majority of cases within the last nineteen or twenty years, was excessive. Take an award, according to the tests to measure compensation in respect of person or property in England, and we maintain that those presentments were unreasonable.* The fact is, they expressed the vindictive findings of men who hated the classes upon whom the levy should fall, and who were determined by their proceedings to prove to their servitors that nothing should be lost to them or their families on account of fidelity to their employers. If any man in the employment of the landed interest chose to apply for a guard of police the rate-payers should pay for it. Beyond all *a priori* deduction as to what amount of abuse there would be, went the actual abuse of the privilege. One would know that in a given number of instances demands for guards would be made where they were not really needed, and possibly turned to profit by the protected person and his family; but no one would think *prima facie* that there was hardly an exception among the county court judges, magistrates, landlords, agents, bailiffs, process-servers, and “land-grabbers,” to whom guards and escorts were granted, who did not in some way or another make profit out of the arrangement. The higher persons employed the police as servants, the lower persons sold them farm produce. Now, when we consider that a poor country burdened with taxes, and believed to be paying

* There have been no enactments of this kind in England for centuries, but the method of measuring compensation referred to is that in connection with the appropriation of land by public bodies, and the findings of juries in actions of assault or injuries owing to the negligence of railway companies, etc.

annually an amount much beyond her proportion and her means to the imperial expenditure, was subjected to this wrong, not for the public benefit but to satisfy the malignity and greed of a powerful and unscrupulous class, we have no words for what we think. We can only wonder at the patience which bent under this instance, as under a thousand more; the endurance which survived all contained in the story of the relations of Ireland and England.

THE NEW POLICY OF THE "DAILY EXPRESS."

As we have been saying, these topics are not introduced through resentment; we are very far from feeling anything but a desire that the county councils shall prove themselves useful agents and servants of the public. There are Conservatives who honestly wish this. We take the *Daily Express*, under its new management, as an exponent of the sentiments of those Conservatives who recognize that as Irishmen all their interests are bound up with their own country. Men who are not fools, if they mean to permanently reside in a country and leave families to enjoy the property they may have acquired, regard the land of their birth as a secondary object. Much more in the case of men born in a country to whom that of their ancestors can be little more than a name. Very many Irish Conservatives have been settled in Ireland for centuries, but owing to influences legislative, religious, social, and political they have never regarded it as their own country. We welcome the promise held out by the *Daily Express*, not long since the most insolent and malignant of the anti-Irish press in Ireland, a promise so well expressed by Lord Charles Beresford's dictated letter to the editor some time ago. The letter was written in answer to a request that he would write an article on the Local Government Act for the new series of the *Daily Express*. He was unable to do this, but in his reply he says, or rather his secretary for him: "The unhappy fortunes of Ireland have ever been chiefly due to the divisions amongst her sons, and he hopes that . . . the measure of local self-government . . . will bring together all classes of Irishmen in an effort to work together for the good of the country and to prove Ireland's capacity for managing her own affairs, as this act enables her to do." Indeed, the tone of the letter is throughout excellent,—of course we dissent from the proposition that the act enables Ireland to manage her own affairs; in point of fact, it only enables counties to govern themselves

within the prescribed limits of local administration,—but we take it as a fair proof, appearing as it does in the *Daily Express*, of the desire of an important section of Conservatives to turn the measure to good account in developing the resources of the counties, improving communication within the counties, providing on better terms for the relief of the poor, making the sanitary laws effective, affording facilities for better methods of industrial education, and, in a word, for the effective discharge of the business of county government.*

A BODY WITH A STRONG DEMOCRATIC FLAVOR.

There is, no doubt, a good deal of complication in the system now constructed, owing to the existence of bodies whose powers are transferred to the County Councils or the subordinate councils, while the bodies in question are still kept alive. For instance, while some of the functions of the Poor Law Unions are transferred to the District Councils, the older bodies are to remain in accordance with a provision that makes the members of the one practically the same persons as the members of the other. From this one curious result arises: that as Poor Law guardians they will be under the jurisdiction of the Local Government Board, while in their capacity of members of a District Council they will be subject to their County Council. If they do not please the Local Government Board, they may be dismissed by that board and paid guardians appointed in their place, so that an autocratic bureau no way in touch with the electors and councils or the people at large has in its power to deprive the new bodies of a very important and beneficent part of their power. This danger, we apprehend, is not so likely to arise. We have a well-grounded hope that a strong public opinion will support the new bodies when they are once in working order. The qualifications of the electors are democratic enough, the qualifications of the candidates are the same. In point of fact, every one not disqualified on the ground of belonging to certain excluded classes may be elected to the county or district councils; that is to say, any elector may be a candidate if he be not a clergyman of some denomination, or a person laboring under civil disability or the like. At the same time it can be stated with confidence that there is no very general desire to exclude men of experience in county government, and, of course, of wealth and social

* The subordinate bodies, such as the district councils, have their own functions, but in obedience to or preparatory for legislation by the county councils.

position, from seats in the county and district councils. We have reason to believe that a very considerable sprinkling of the old grand jurors will be found among the elected, unless it be their own fault. If these men take the new conditions honestly and fairly in hand, if they unite with their less favored countrymen in an effort to improve the state of their counties by outlay of a judicious character on works of public utility, and to elevate the condition of the people of the future by supplying to the young the means of advancement in the various walks of life open to them, and to hold out to the small farmers in a systematic manner the class of aid which is now so very imperfectly afforded by the Royal Dublin Society and the county agricultural societies, from such co-operation a spirit of union will spring up, and that will produce a public opinion strong enough to check the high-handed measures of the bureaus, the reckless legislation of majorities in the British Parliament, the subtle and stealthy invasions of personal and public liberty by lords-lieutenant of the Londonderry kind, and chief secretaries of the Marquess of Hartington kind. Indignant Tories forty years ago described government in Ireland as the rule of Larcom and the police. When Lord Londonderry was at the head of the Irish government, a few years ago, it was Balfour and the police; it is still Balfour and the police. And why is this? Simply because there is no opinion in the country, because the people of all ranks are divided, each section caring only for the approval of those belonging to it, and England contemptuously indifferent to each and all of them. It will be another matter when all classes are brought together in representative assemblies, where they are sure to give and take after a little time; to discover that they have a common interest in the welfare of their localities; that it is to each other they are to look for help, not now or then but always; that it is poor policy to play the game of their English masters by dissension, and that they have played the game so long that there is hardly a people or a country left them. We say that out of the knowledge gained in such work of co-operation will arise an opinion which will not merely preserve the rights they have won against the tyranny and intrigues of corrupt boards and officials, but will enable them to obtain the boon of national government, the power by which alone anything considerable can be accomplished to raise the country to a place befitting her natural resources and the qualities of brain and hand with which her children are gifted.



SOME VISITORS AT CANNES.

BY E. M. LYNCH.



SIR WILLIAM had the deepest voice I ever heard. It was slow, too, and solemn, like the double-bass in a string-band. By no stretch of imagination could you think of him as a youth or a child. Yet he was only thirty-five or forty when his ponderous presence loomed above the Cannes horizon and his bell-like tones tolled through hall, corridors, and stairways of our hotel. Sir William did not come alone. His short figure, with its over-weighting shoulders and massive black head, was but the first in a long procession. I have seen a dark owl mobbed in the sunshine by a host of darting, brightly colored birdlings. That owl and his following reminded me of Sir William and his family procession. There were three girls, pale, thread-papery, golden-haired, who seemed to have stepped straight out of *Punch's* pictures of high-bred English childhood.

These three were always escorted—or shall I say supported, or dragooned?—by a be-spectacled, middle-aged governess. The eldest of these, a girl, was about twelve; then came two delicate flaxen boys and an intervening girl. This trio was guarded by a young governess, who was intent upon modelling herself in the likeness of the elder preceptress. Happily, however, she still lapsed sometimes into a smile, and occasionally forgot to assume the pedagogic tone. The youngest of her wan, elf-like pupils was six. After these came Algernon, the only child of them all that was not blond (he had chestnut ringlets and big, hazel eyes), and following Algernon was a chubby three-year-old sister. How pretty they were! But how much too languid for children! Yet the governess often called them to order as “noisy.”

Algernon and the chubby sister were under the tutelage of a rosy, motherly nurse. It was a comfort to know that those little things, at all events, had somebody to give them sounding kisses and “bear’s hugs.” Members of the middle trio used sometimes slip away from their attendant governess in the hotel garden to find Nursey under the palm-tree; and thence I have heard a piping treble pleading for “a kiss and a bear’s hug for me too, please.” Whereupon sounds, loud and many, as of the castanets of the Neapolitan dancers who sometimes came for our entertainment in the *salon*, would issue from beneath the palm, and a moment later the happy hugged one would dart off to retake a place in the processional ranks. There was another functionary—a sewing-maid for the elder girls. Nurse “mended” all the little ones. I hope that that sewing-maid was just a little human. She would sit with the nurse in the shade, plying a busy needle, and once I heard her laugh with little Algernon; so she cannot have been quite as rigid as the governesses.

On arrival at our hotel there were other members of the party: a courier, who presently disappeared altogether, and a footman in livery—no mere valet, but a parti-colored, bright-buttoned functionary, who might be seen at any sunlit hour following Sir William with photographic plates, or fresh proofs of views, or standing in readiness to carry off the camera—for Sir William was an enthusiast in the matter of sun-pictures. John waited on “his family” at a long board in the hotel restaurant. A capable machine was this typical English footman. In their rare moments of playfulness the children found no aider and abettor in this demure personage.

Almost equally with photography, the grave Sir William concerned himself about his sons and daughters. Photography, however, he found the easier study. He observed his progeny as an ardent entomologist observes rare insects; and just as beetles scurry away in dread of the cold, fixed scrutiny of the scientist, so the children quailed under Sir William's dark, questioning eyes.

One day the eldest girl tore her frock. It caught in the carving of the sideboard. The child held up the three-cornered rent by its point, and laughed almost heartily.

"Etheldreda, why do you laugh?" boomed the deep voice. Her father stood still for the reply. Etheldreda's laugh became a quavering titter.

"Etheldreda," called out the sad voice, "why, *why* laugh?" A pause. The titter was only a wail now.

"So rag-y," gasped the child.

"Ragged?" repeated Sir William, gazing solemnly at her. "Ragged? But wherefore—?"

Looking down the long line of faces, he appealed to the elder governess to explain the mental processes whereby a torn frock became comic to the thinking of his eldest-born.

Miss Mitching was equal to the occasion. She quoted Dugald Stewart to prove that "Surprise excites a feeling of mirth when surprise is accompanied by no higher emotion."

Sir William would have liked to cross-examine Etheldreda on the evidence of Miss Mitching, but the child seemed much frightened; tears threatened, and there were few minor ills Sir William dreaded as much as tears.

Towards him his children dared not be demonstrative. Miss Mitching discouraged caressing ways, even amongst themselves. Indeed, such frail fairies were generally too listless to be expansive. They were prone *to cling*, and the buxom nurse had some way of infusing a certain warmth into their ways. But she was alone in this faculty.

Miss Mitching's contemptuous estimate of all the eight was summed up in these words: "There is so lamentably little—mentally, morally, or physically—in any of them."

To this the second governess demurred, at the first hearing. She was severely snubbed for her pains.

It was part of Sir William's system for the better understanding of his children to start topics of conversation at table. Once, seeing Araminta, aged eleven, intent on the intricate hotel monogram upon her plate, he called out: "Fond of china, Araminta?"

The child changed color and nervously pushed her plate and glasses together. The rattle was disagreeable. She looked for a reproof from Miss Mitching.

"*China, Araminta?*" repeated the solemn double-bass.

She looked appealingly at her father and piped, "My doll's set."

It belonged to deportment to "speak when you were spoken to," and "to look at the person addressed." Poor Araminta was doing her shy best, at the cost of agonizing bashfulness.

"*Tolzet?*" quoted Sir William. "*Tolzet?*"—looking to Miss Mitching for enlightenment.

"*Doll's set,*" that lady explained. Still Sir William could not understand, and John had to fetch the toy before light broke upon the paternal mind.

If any subject interested the children, it failed to appeal to the father; and the young folk had not the smallest taste for home or foreign politics, or for the intricacies of the newest photography. They cared in a listless way for colored pictures. Sir William said he "detested daubs." Algernon alone, who had a tin German army and a photographic album filled with German royalties, regarded the Fatherland as his province, and would throw in an occasional remark, with more or less happy effect, in the pauses of Sir William's talk. Once, when the little fellow's prattle flew very wide of the mark, his father laid both palms upon the table, leant forward so that his shoulders looked heavier than ever, and gazed into the child's face. What eager eyes! What hungry craving for enlightenment! What a forlorn attempt to fathom a nature so unlike his own!

The little boy grew frightened. He flushed scarlet and writhed on his high chair. At last he began to cry.

"What *have* I done?" moaned the deep voice.

"A nervous child," put in the younger governess.

"*'Nervous?'* I don't know what '*nervous*' means!" came the booming syllables one by one.

John knew what was needed to mitigate the strain. He caught up little Algernon, and sped away with him to where he could be folded in Nurse's capacious embrace, and sob himself back to calmness, while she stroked his chestnut head and purred over him.

But Algernon's impulses were not always those of dread or discomfort. I saw him once, of his own free will, come back to the room to sit by his father during the morning cup of coffee. The school-room party were just trooping away from

the breakfast-table. Sir William came back from an early photographic expedition. The rainbow-tinted footman carried in something precious in rosewood cases. Algernon slipped his hand into Sir William's. The mite in black velvet and vandyke-point collar tried to stride in step with the "compressed Hercules"—Sir William's nickname with some pert young ladies of our hotel. Algernon hoisted himself with great difficulty on to a chair.

"Why did you return?" said his father, not gruffly but in his usual deep, slow notes. The voice expressed sadness and wonder.

"Thought you hadn't had your coffee," piped the treble.

"But you have had your milk?" A long pause.

"Algernon, do you want anything?" Still silence.

Coffee came, and the silence was less irksome.

"Algernon, I asked: Why did you return?"

The child's voice trembled now. "To sit by you, father. I think—I think I'll go now," struggling down from his perch. "Thank you," he added politely.

"Go *where?*" said Sir William, fixing the child with that perplexed and perplexing gaze. "Where, I say, are you going now?"

Very faintly came the answer: "To the nursery."

"'Nursery?' Is it *pleasanter* in the nursery?"

No answer came, save the patter of little feet—not striding any more—across the polished floor of our *salle-à-manger*.

It was a sad life for children, and sad for the anxious, uncomprehending parent too. Sir William would talk to them by the hour, but always on "grown-up" subjects. He would watch them yearningly as they ran away from him, thankful, poor small mortals! to make an end of the rain of questions that he poured upon them. His wistful eyes never saw them running *towards* him. Whenever the children were obliged to face their formidable father, they drew up and prepared for a catechism. If the topics were not painfully grown-up, they generally bore upon the work going forward in the school-room. On one occasion he made them all wretched over their failure to spell *ecstasy*. On another, when Araminta had incautiously declared she had "learnt all about the Hebrides," it proved that she knew not where were *Ouist* and *Barra*; neither did *Etheldreda*. The governesses were scarcely less dejected than the little girls. Very often at luncheon, as I sat at my table in the window, I have seen Sir William look slowly, slowly

from one to another of the pretty, wan faces. What was he searching for? Some clue to the separate riddle that each of his children presented to him? Was he looking for some likeness to their consumptive mother, now nearly three years dead? or for some sign by which he might know if they would live or die? I cannot tell. But Mrs. Woods, who makes it her business to ferret out the history of every one in our hotel, says that Sir William has never smiled since Lady Anna's death, and that she, poor ghost! was a tiny, moonlight-colored being, coughing, coughing always, from the day she was sixteen—a birthday which was her wedding-day also.

Once Algernon actually started a conversation. His father and he were sitting with a long bench's length between them. The boy was in his elf-like attitude of chin on hands and elbows on knees. Sir William, profoundly unconscious of everything else, was turning negatives upside down and inside out. When Algernon's thin treble called "Father," Sir William dropped a glass.

"Which do you like best, father—prayer or praise?" piped the child.

Sir William swung slowly round. "I don't understand you, Algernon."

There followed one of the frequent irksome pauses.

"What praise? What prayer?" questioned Sir William, sonorously, at last.

"The psalms are praise—mostly," stammered the child.

"And 'prayer'?"

"Prayer is, is—oh, *asking for things.*"

Another long pause.

"Which do you like best, Algernon?" came at last.

"P-p-praise," said the elf, truthful in spite of an access of timidity.

I can see them, if I shut my eyes, as they were, one warm spring day, among the scarlet geraniums and bright-flowered shrubs of our gay terrace. The elder girls, hand-in-hand, all circled slowly round chubby "Baby." The warm wind blew their manes of pale hair about their faces. The sunshine glittered upon those northern locks and crowned each child with an aureole. Algernon gravely watched the scene from under the shade of a gaudy mimosa. He sat on an upturned flower-pot in his favorite attitude of contemplation. I believe his dim, five-year-old brain grasped far better than his clever father's the thoughts and inclinations of the rest of the family.

Yet Sir William tried hard to 'unriddle his offspring. He read Herbert Spencer on education. He loved, in a way, his ailing flock. But he was constrained to mutter in a despairing bass: "The children are so many Xs to me."

That day, on the terrace, the two elder boys sat languidly teasing the hotel's stately St. Bernard dog. The two governesses conversed apart. Nurse and a mountain of things to mend were in the Marshal-Neil-covered arbor. She and baby sometimes blew kisses to each other. Suddenly Sir William, John and the camera appeared upon the terrace, and a great shadow fell upon all. The boys and the governesses "stood attention"; the St. Bernard seized the propitious moment, and fled; the girls stopped their quiet dance. Baby only went on smiling and blowing kisses toward the arbor into which nurse's portly form had discreetly withdrawn. Kind, troubled Sir William forthwith began to puzzle himself about them all, and to ply the assembled company with searching questions. "Was Talbot less well to-day than usual?" "What was the *meaning* of that game? Or was it no game, but a dance?" "Was baby *wise* in sitting on the damp grass?" "Dry, was it? Oh, ah! and a shawl had been spread? Indeed! very good." "Had Araminta observed the blooms of the *Solenum jasminoides*, or why had she got a bit in her hand? Habits of observation were worth cultivating, eh?" and so on, and so on; the anxious glance searching face after face, and discovering nothing!

Nothing! except, perhaps, that all feeble attempts at play had stopped, and the children were shrinking together shyly. Miss Mitching and her coadjutrix threw no light on the perplexed gentleman's cogitations; partly because they feared to offend him (it is difficult courteously to tell a *positive* father that his children are *negative*, one and all); partly because they themselves stood in great dread of Sir William's sledge-hammer questions, and his If-not-why-not? style of address; but chiefly because each feared the other's judgment. Neither could bear to seem to curry favor, to be time-serving. Still less would either like to appear wanting in acuteness. They had thoroughly compared notes. Both thought little of the mental powers or emotional capacity of their pupils. That feeble Eight were alien to the professional ladies. They judged the children coldly, by the white light of a very limited reason, without any illumination from the beautifying rays that affection, or imagination, would have shed upon their "charges." How could the governesses explain to a loving parent that he "could

not get a straight answer to a simple question" (as he sometimes complained) because there was "nothing in" his children, who were mere lumps of apathy that the sharpest categorical weapons *must* fail to pierce, because there was absolutely nothing to offer resistance? How say, as Miss Mitching was rather proud of having said, that the children were "like bubbles, fragile things that floated brightly for a little while, by reason of their very emptiness"? Or having privately assented to any such estimate, how come out now with a new opinion? how reverse the sentence, upset the verdict, and with her yoke-fellow standing by?

Nurse would have described the children as her "lambs," her "doves" (possibly "dovies"), her "golden daffadowdillies," her "precious sensitive plants"; and Sir William as "a thistle." And there might have been some illumination for him in her characterizations. But, as Sir William never consulted "vulgar persons," he missed any light that Nurse might have been able to throw upon his family.

And their dead mother? Could *she* have unriddled his perplexing progeny for the father? I doubt it. She was, Mrs. Woods says, the counterpart of her children.



ISLE OF STE. MARGUERITE.

FRANCESCO.

A TALE FROM A ROMAN NOTE-BOOK.

BY T. B. REILLY.



VERY evening they come to the quiet little chapel on the Via di Lucchesi where the white Host gleams in the candle-light. They kneel on the stone floor; one to the right, the other to the left of the doorway. Their half-whispered "Aves" sound like the rustling of dead leaves in autumn. Once when the stained, quilted mat, which shuts out the jarring noises of the street, was lifted at the door, a shaft of light from the slanting sun struck across their faces, and I saw in their glistening eyes the longing that comes only with weary days of patient sorrow.

It was long ago in the days when the Portia Pia trembled under the sharp blows of Garibaldi that the first real sorrow crept into the lives of Vittore Felici and his wife. When Lorenzo, their first-born, fell before the invaders and his home-coming ceased, they felt the sorrow and cruelty of war. He was a young lad; but his heroism is spoken of until this day. And old men over their glass in the wine-shops will tell you how swiftly the white steel of his blade glittered through the air; how he snatched the falling colors from a comrade's hand and flung them before the breach, until he fell pierced with seven ragged bits of lead. He was a brave lad. He died a hero; and all that Vittore would say was: "Blessed be God!"

It was only with Annetta's coming, two years later, that the sorrow of the father's heart lost its bitterness. When he looked upon her face the old fire came back to his gray eyes, and he lived over again his own past in her young life. "Misericordia!" he would exclaim to Lucia, his wife, "how beautiful she grows. Do you remember, cara mia, when you were like her long ago upon the mountains? I sometimes think I have grown young again." And the spring-time of their own lives came back to them clear and sweet like the sound of Annetta's voice ringing through the cortile below.

Then came Francesco—"Francesco mio," Annetta used to

call him. And when she saw the tender watch and care he gave to his aged mother the girl's heart went out to him in trust and gladness. His coming, for Vittore, was that of a stern, unyielding rival; but as long as Annetta was happy, the man said nothing. The affection that had once been his and Lucia's was slowly straining its way from them into the young heart of the lad. And one night when Vittore had taken down the Bible to read a passage before the candles burned away he came to the words, "For this cause a man shall leave his father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife, and they two shall be one flesh." He stared at the lines for a moment, then he flung the Book from his lap and went out into the night. "What right had any one to take Annetta from him? Might death crush the man that would dare such a thing!"

It might have been the sweetness of the night breeze from the hills, or the chiming of the waters in the fountain—whatever it was, it brought the man back to one day long ago upon the mountains. He saw himself looking into the upturned face of a young girl, and heard himself ask her to come with him for weal or woe. With that memory, one of the sweetest he had ever known, his anger vanished; and going to the room he picked God's Book from the floor and placed it on the shelf, and as he turned away something wet glistened on his cheek in the candle-light.

All through their early lives Vittore watched the boy and girl play together. And as he kept his half-jealous vigil Annetta passed into womanhood, but old age creeping down around his own heart laid a touch of silver on his hair.

One day, when the boy and girl were grown up, they went to the great bay in the South. Francesco's brother was to sail over the seas and they were there to bid him God-speed. As they stood in the shadow of the great ship, a longing for the sea came into the lad's heart; but it was only for a moment. His hand tightened, almost fiercely, upon that of Annetta, and he turned his glance quickly upon her to make sure that she was really with him. Hand-in-hand they watched the long, black ship swing through the water until it was a gray speck far over against the red west. And as it disappeared the fishing-boats came bending homeward through the fires of the sun. The lad and girl had been silent for a long time. His thoughts were far in the future, and her heart was with him.

They were out beyond the cliff's point, and the only sound that reached them was the moaning wash of the tide among

the rocks. The red lights of the sun had died out in the west, and the after-glow had left long strips of gray and black hanging above the horizon. It was star-time when they turned from the sea. And as they passed through the shadows Francesco placed his lips upon Annetta's forehead and whispered passionately: "For ever, cara mia, for ever?" Her hand tightened upon the lad's arm and her eyes looked him full in the face as she answered slowly, "Why do you always ask, Francesco? Do you not believe, do you not understand—a woman's love is always the same, even unto death."

In the long after days the lad had cause to remember the words. The sunlight was warm and strong now; but when the driving of the storm and gloom came upon them, the little things of the past acquired a double sweetness. The years brought sterner thoughts and harder struggles. Francesco no longer felt the temptation of the sea. He was contented with the narrow streets and their dull, cool shadows. He kept his watch in patience, waiting for promotion, and the fulfilment of a promise given long ago in the South. Annetta wondered why the time dragged by so slowly; but her heart was filled with a song that grew more clear and sweet as the days drifted by. When the hot, flaming sun sank behind the hills, she would steal into the cortile below and sing with the chime of the water showering into the fountain's pool. And in the shadow of the wall, out of sight of Mamma Lucia, she would read Francesco's notes again and again. Those were days when everything seemed splendid in the light of promise. The tempests of the heart were greater than the roaring of the mountain storms. The world was not such a bad place after all.

Summers came and fled. The rains of the winter months had beaten down time and again the flowers that grew in Annetta's garden; but the memory of the day when she stood beside Francesco at the sea was still afire within her. Then to the heart of one came a sorrow. The lad's mother died. The darkness and utter loneliness of that day no one but himself could understand. The dead, merciless thud of the clay upon her coffin-lid tore through his soul like ragged steel. And Padre Giovanni will tell you how they found the lad that night lying across his mother's grave in the moonlight, and when they lifted him from the damp earth he called upon God to send back the mother he had taken. "Ah! yes, amico mio, he was sick, very sick for many days. Misericordia! how the fever burned and his skin was like fire. And sometimes in the dead

of the night he would lay and moan, 'Mia madre, mia madre!'" And Sister Agnese will tell you how, when the first sane light came into his eyes, and he looked about him, he asked for Annetta. And the girl, who had kept her long, dreary vigil by the sick lad, bent over him and whispered: "I am Annetta. Do you not know me, Francesco?" And the quiet nun declares they cried like two children.

Then came the long, sweet days of convalescence. But when the lad again grew strong, he was sad. They were kind to him; yes, he knew that, but he did not want sympathy or kindness. He longed for something beyond all that. He wanted Annetta. For seven dreary months he hungered, until the summer-tide had come again, and with it the dull, sickening heat that hangs so heavy on Roman streets.

Annetta longed for a breath of the open sea and the coolness of the mountain villas that stood over against the east, but as long as Francesco was in Rome she was contented.

Then came a golden August, for it brought the lad's promotion. At last he and Annetta were to be married. Yes, by Padre Giovanni, for had he not baptized and confirmed them both in the great white church on the hill? Yes, and they would go again to the bay in the South, and when they returned Annetta would have the cosiest house, with cortile, and doves, and flowers, and fountains. Their dream-castles of those days were too rare and splendid for this prosaic world. They played and laughed in the sunshine; but when the creeping of the shadows began, they grew afraid like children in the presence of death. They were blinded by the love-light that flashed from eye to eye, and when that was gone they groped their way through darkness.

To Annetta it seemed as if the day would never break. They were to be married on the third Sunday of September, and two long weeks were yet to come and go.

Francesco, in the service of his king, held his promotion well. He was proud of his keen, bright sword, and of his skill in its use. Perhaps it was the sharpness of the lad's temper, or it may have been, as the old men declare, the heat of the red wine that did the mischief; be that as it may, Francesco had slapped a captain's face, before a crowd, upon the Corso.

Such things are settled with suddenness in Italy. They met in the early morning under the pines in the Villa Doria. As Francesco bared his arm and whipped his blade through the air, he turned to the doctor at his side and said: "Should his steel

find my life, Luigi, tell them why I fought. For honor, Luigi, for honor; tell them nothing else—they would not understand.” Then he faced his adversary, and a fierce light came into his eyes as his blade swung into position. Sharp and quick the keen steel cut through the air. Once, twice, a dozen times blade met blade, and the crash of the steel was wicked. One minute passed, then two, three, and Francesco’s breath came faster and faster as the captain forced him backward one step, two, another. His wrist was like lead, his throat was parched; something flashed into his eyes—he could not see for a moment. It was the sun lifting upward from behind the hills, and its glare fell upon the lad’s face. The light glittered along the quick rapiers, and Francesco’s eyes were losing their judgment. The odds were against him, and he knew it. He prayed that the stroke might be swift and sure. Then a leer crept into the captain’s face; he tried a subtle feint and failed, and before his blade could reach position Francesco twisted it from his grasp and sent it spinning through the air. The effort was desperate and sudden. The lad missed his balance, and his blade lunged forward and pierced the captain’s side. A thin stream of red spurted out upon the grass.

The doctor caught him and laid him gently on the ground; pressed a spirit flask to his lips; tore away the stained shirt and held his finger in the open cut; but his efforts were useless—the captain was dead!

It was a terrible moment for Francesco. He could not understand why the captain did not speak. In a moment more the terror of the situation came upon him. His past, Annetta, his mother—a thousand thoughts surged across his hot brain. And behind them all was the white face of the dead man lying in the gray light of the morning, with a thin, red stream trickling from his breast to the ground. One hurried glance at the staring eyes of the captain, a silent pressure of the doctor’s hand, and Francesco fled. He dared not face Annetta. What right had he, a murderer, to speak with any man?

Only one letter did he write, and what was said therein no man knows. For three days no word passed her lips; and on the fourth, her wedding day, they found her wandering in the streets dressed as if for marriage, and crying aloud for Padre Giovanni.

They brought her home, and when the long illness had passed they took her to the South; but the touch of death was upon her, and into the lives of Vittore and his wife came

another sorrow, greater perhaps than their first. The old man's step grew slower and slower, and his bared head in the chapel shone white as the northern snows. The fire of his eyes was gone. He was draining the chalice, and the dregs were thick and bitter.

It was one May morning, two years afterward, when a letter was handed to Vittore. It was travel-stained, and when the old man saw its mark he paused; a quick, angry light flashed in his eyes, but died away almost immediately, and as he turned toward the sick-room he kept repeating: "As we forgive them that trespass against us."

Annetta was sitting in the sunlight, for somehow she had lost the warmth of her blood. Her veins seemed to be filled with freezing water. She had seen the postman come and go, and wondered at her father's delay. She called, and through the doorway came Vittore and Lucia. They told the sick girl of Francesco's pardon and his return; and in her thin, weak hand they placed the single petal of a rose, crimson but dead. She looked at its scarred face and faintly traced in ink was the single word—"Annetta." The cheeks of the girl grew bright, then paled. She felt her throat burning, and the room seemed to be going round and round—then came darkness.

Out on the gray wastes of the sea a ship was bending toward the east, and its sails shone like gold in the heart of the sunset. To the watcher on deck it seemed as if the boat would never reach land. Long days and nights it had raced through the waters, and Francesco's heart grew lighter with the ending of each day. Hour after hour he would stand upon the deck watching the great waves gather and break, each one bringing him nearer home, nearer Annetta. And once in the dead waste of the night when a storm burst upon them, when the white lightning hissed upon the water, and the awful flood flung the ship about like a plaything, he tried to pray; but every noise seemed turned into a voice, and that voice was Annetta's. The crested waves that flashed along the sea had a gleam upon them quick and wicked like that which played along his own rapier one gray morning long ago.

And sometimes the ghastly face of the dead captain would leer at him from the green waters and cold drops of sweat would stand upon his forehead. Time and again he would rest his hands upon the ship's rail and close his eyes. Then at last came peace, for the dead man's leer would slip into darkness,

and in its place came a sad, wistful face that had followed him for two long years. It was always before him, full of longing; beautiful in its faith and sorrow.

Land at last! How well he knew those hills, blue in the morning sunlight; and the houses, gleaming white and yellow on the rising slopes. A second time Francesco stood by the sea wall, but he was alone. He looked out to sea, and the moaning tide seemed to be crying: "Are you happy, *cara mia?*" The irony of the words burned into his soul like hot steel. Again the face came before him; it looked at him long and earnestly, and as it faded into the water he muttered something. The wind from the sea wore the words from his lips and hurled them back along the cliffs, where their echo rang clear and sharp above the hungry waves—"even unto death—unto death—death!"

When Annetta opened her eyes there was fever in them, and her blood was like molten iron. One thin frail arm lay outside the coverlet, and a shadow fell upon it. Outside the sky was rain-burdened and gray. The vines along the yellow walls were thick massed and dripping wet. Through the half-closed window a shadow, blurred and dim, fell across the red bricks of the floor. In the garden the oranges hung like spheres of dull gold. Long, long days had Annetta watched their blossoms swell and burst. And once she had said to her father: "I feel as if the blossoms were calling me; perhaps I shall go with them. The lilies, too, shall miss me, *non è vero, padre mio?*" But Vittore's tongue was parched, and he turned away quickly that the sick girl might not see the tears. And now the blossoms were gone and the fruit was ripening, but still Annetta lingered. And to-day in the heart of Vittore was a strange unrest. Perhaps it was the gloom of the rain that hung upon his spirit, or the look of pity that came upon the face of Padre Giovanni; he could not understand, but felt that the darkness of death was settling upon his soul. In the shadow of the wall, where the grass was growing tall and strong, hung a single rose dripping wet and crimson. And to the old man's memory came the picture of a face, not like the face upon the pillow in the sick-room, but one fair and comely; and in the warm brown hair that waved to either side of the forehead was a red rose that a young lad had placed there when he plucked it from that same bush long ago. The old man's eyes were dim, and his furrowed cheek was wet, as he

toiled upward to the sick-room above the cortile. He could hear the splash of the waters in the fountain, and the cooing of the doves upon its rim; but the sick, feverish girl could neither see nor hear these things.

Annetta did not know her father's voice, nor could she see two gray heads bending low before a crucifix that hung upon the wall. Her eyes were following a thin line of light that played along the ceiling. To the girl, in her delirium, it was a pleasant river streaming toward some sea beyond. And its passing sounded like the chiming of sweet-toned voices. She did not know, when the "Ave" rang, that day was done. She only knew that her river had changed from silver to midnight, and that the great dull roar of a storm was sweeping upon her. Then she watched the tide as it crept higher and higher. She heard the screeching of the wind as it fought among the waves, and she felt the strong waters pulling her down into black hollows. She struggled, but the great sea beat her back again and again; then she felt herself sinking slowly, slowly. Like a flash her white form lifted upright from the bed. One fearful cry left her lips as she thought the waters were above her, and its echo brought the shadow of a man against the open doorway. She did not see it. She was in the midst of roaring waters and was looking into the face of a hero. His strong arm was lifting her out of the flood. His eyes burned her face like sharp fire, and above the thunder of the wind and waves she heard his voice, and it was Francesco's.

The watchers in the gloom felt her muscles relax as they laid her back again on the pillows. She moved uneasily; her eyes slowly opened, but their look this time was one of peace. Her lips moved as though to speak, but no sound came from them. It seemed as if she tried to pierce the shadows where there was nothing to see except the flickering gleam of a candle burned low within its socket, and the lurching shadows of the watchers that fell upon the walls. Through the silence of the gloom came the sound of a voice. It was that of Padre Giovanni, and he was praying for the passing of a soul. "Ave Maria, gratia plena"—and the broken answer came slow and difficult—"Sancta Maria—ora—nunc."

Then a cry rang from the bedside. A man's shadow lifted itself against the opposite wall, and in the candle-light he looked into the face of the dying girl. A swift flash of light filled her eyes for a second. To the half-crazed man it was a smile of forgiveness. He bent lower. His lips were upon her chill

forehead when there came to him slow and faint the broken words: "Francesco mio—even—unto—death!" There was a low sigh, her breath came slower and slower; then the lines of her face quietly slipped away. An infinite peace had touched her soul.

Outside the wind moaned through the palm-trees and the rain beat steadily upon the walls. Through the darkness of the night, going toward the hills, a man went with the curse of a parent ringing in his ears!

From within a narrow room, where the candle-light had died in the socket, came the moaning of a gray-haired man and woman, and the voice of a priest chanting a litany for the dead.

In a quiet little spot in the Campo Santo of San Lorenzo, outside the walls of Rome, the blue smoke of violets lies thick and sweet in the green, lush grass. In the southern corner, facing the west, is a narrow mound of earth, and at its head a wooden shrine, wherein the Mother of Sorrows keeps watch over the fair sleeper at her feet. And every day on the Via di Lucchesi a gray-haired man and woman toil slowly along through the shadows toward a chapel where white-veiled nuns keep watch, and pray before the white Host that gleams in the candle-light.

The last time I saw Annetta's grave was on a clear October day. The violets were in bloom, and the slip of ivy Sister Agnese had put at the base of the shrine had spread all over the warm, brown clay. But beside the shrine and its watcher was another mound, and at its head stood a granite shaft. I thought of Vittore, and turning to the old grave-digger said: "Her father?" He made no answer, but leading me to the rear of the mound pointed to the stone. And from the graven letters on the rock I read:

FRANCESCO RENDA.

Died November 17, 1896,

Aged 27.

And the old man, leaning on the handle of his spade and looking off into the shadows, said: "Ah, signore! you should have seen it. Misericordia! it was an awful sight. Sometimes I dream of it at night. I see the horses and the soldiers tearing down upon us. I hear the roaring of the guns and the cries of the hungry men and women calling for bread. They come out of the darkness upon us and we fall back; but Vittore is too old to move quickly, and the horses come fast, signore.

I try to shout, but my tongue is like lead. I try to move; I cannot. And just when the hoofs are upon him, a young soldier leaps from the crowd and flings the old man from danger. Then the voices cease; the lights grow dim, and I see nothing but a lonely street and the quiet form of a young soldier lying in the shadow. There is blood upon the stones—red, thickened blood, signore, that burns my eyes to look at. There is a piece of rag over the face, crimson and wet, and when I lift it the lad's eyes seem to stare into my very soul. Do you dream, signore? Ah! blessed heaven, may your dreams be not like mine. I can never forget them. They come in the lonely nights, signore, and sometimes when I lift the rag from the face I see Annetta standing by. Ah! you knew Annetta? She comes all in white, and looks into the upturned face and calls: "Francesco, Francesco mio!"

The old man's eyes were wet, and as I turned away the sunlight, slanting over the walls, flooded the granite shaft and showed two more lines of script; and as the red light burned each letter into fire I read:

"Greater love than this no man hath,
That he giveth his life for another."



THE DEATH OF MONSEIGNEUR AFFRE, ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS.

BY I. A. TAYLOR.



It is fifty years ago that Monseigneur Affre, Archbishop of Paris, was shot in the streets of his own city.

The world changes, and with it its methods of rewards and punishments; so that it is rare in the present day, or even in the present century, for a man to be accorded what some, in whom ancient modes of thought and ancient estimates of value survive, may even yet consider the grace of martyrdom. Blindly, perhaps, men have at last subscribed to the limits of their power laid down by the Founder of Christianity; and having recognized the fact that, though they may destroy the body, there is after that no more that they can do, they have relinquished the attempt to coerce consciences.

Nor is it often that in these days a man is called upon, in any direct fashion, to give up his life in the cause of charity. It is not that charity is not adding every day to its roll-call of martyrs; in the mission field, in the hospital, or even in the crowded haunts of great cities, men and women are continually laying down their lives in the service of God and of humanity--none the less surely because death may not come in a day or a month or a year; but in general it is not easy to point to such a man, or to such another, and to say that he deliberately elected to die in order that others might, if God willed, live.

But if ever man made the distinct and deliberate sacrifice of his own life to save the lives of those committed to his care, it was Monseigneur Affre; and it is fitting that, at this time more especially, we should remember to thank God for his example.

It is the story of the end alone which is to be related here, and the years which led up to it may be passed quickly over.

Born in 1793, he was educated at Saint Sulpice, and in the year 1831 was filling the post of grand-vicaire at Amiens when, on the occasion of a visit of Louis Philippe's to that

town, he took the opportunity of declaring, in the presence of the king and with fearless and characteristic disregard of the probable effect of the announcement upon his own prospects of ecclesiastical advancement, his conviction that the sovereign was "roi illégitime." It was likely enough owing to this candid expression of opinion that when, five years later, the Bishop of Strasbourg made known his desire that Monseigneur Affre should be appointed his coadjutor, a delay of three years was interposed by the government before his confirmation in that office, which did not take place before the year 1839, when he had already been five years Canon and Vicar-General of Paris. He did not long remain Bishop-Coadjutor of Strasbourg, for a few months later his translation to Paris took place.

Such were, very briefly summarized, the ecclesiastical antecedents of the man who, after nine years occupation of his see, was to meet his death at his post. In character he was shy and retiring, although none the less firm in his defence of ecclesiastical rights. He loved the poor and the unhappy, and was a frequent visitor at the hospitals of his diocese. As a matter of principle he refrained from making any use of his position on behalf of his family, and at his death bequeathed to them the property alone which had become his by inheritance. His personal habits, simple and austere, were such as best prepare a man for the stress of a great occasion. The occasion came.

It was June, 1848—that period of revolution. Once more the streets of unhappy Paris were the scene of civil warfare, blocked with barricades and stained with blood; and the struggle was raging when a letter was brought to Monseigneur Affre, proposing that he should intervene, and asserting that it lay in his power, by becoming the messenger of peace to the insurgents, to put an end to the bloodshed which was taking place.

How the summons found the archbishop engaged we have no means of knowing; but, given the condition of Paris, it is not difficult to conjecture. His heart must have been wrung with pity for the people who were his charge, and who were murdering each other in the streets—pity alike for wrong-doer and for wronged—for the former more indeed than for him who suffered wrong, since the loss of the victim is but temporal, that of the oppressor eternal; that love of the sinner which is the dominating-passion of the true priest of God must have been strong within him; while, with the distrust of his personal judgment natural to a humble man, he may, likely

enough, have been racked with doubt as to the most effectual method of bringing his influence to bear upon the contending parties. It may well have been a position full of difficulty for the archbishop, single-minded and devoted, yet shy and retiring as well, and fearing to take a false step which might injure rather than advance the cause of peace.

To the influence possessed by him over the laboring classes of Paris the very appeal that had been made to him bears witness, no less than the sequel to the story.

"We did not look upon him as the cardinal," said a Protestant London workman, speaking of the late Cardinal Manning; "we looked upon him as *our friend*"—a magnificent tribute to the victory won by the Cardinal-Archbishop of Westminster over prejudice of class and creed. And it was probably to the friend of the working-men, invested besides in the eyes of a population in which Catholic faith and tradition was still a living power with the dignity belonging to the head of the church, that the appeal to Monseigneur Affre was made. To the archbishop it is likely that the summons to be up and doing came as a solution, eagerly accepted, to his perplexities, and as the answer to the prayers we cannot doubt he had been sending up to God for enlightenment as to his own duty in the crisis in which France and Paris were placed. It was like the soldier's call to active service, and with the promptness of the soldier he obeyed it.

It was natural enough that the government, apprised of his intention, should seek to dissuade him from it, dubious as to the chances of any favorable result likely to ensue from his intervention, and likewise apprehensive of the risk he would incur in offering it. But the archbishop was not to be turned from his purpose. His point of view, and that from which the matter was regarded by those who would have held him back, was necessarily different. "Circumstances present difficulties to those alone who fear death," was a saying of a Frenchman of a very different type; and it is astonishing how obstacles are accustomed to disappear when once that dread has been surmounted. To General Cavaignac's exposition of the danger with which the enterprise was attended the archbishop's answer was simple. He did not refuse to admit the risk, but he denied its importance.

"My life matters little," he said—"ma vie est peu de chose. I shall expose it without regret."

The argument was unanswerable; he gained his point. A

proclamation was placed in his hands promising pardon to the insurgents on their submission, and Monseigneur Affre went home to prepare for his mission and to strengthen himself for the part he had to play.

"Come," he said cheerily; "we have much to do."

Passing through the streets a few hours later, on his way to the quarter where fighting was being carried on, he was once again called upon, for the last time, to exercise his office. Victims who had already fallen in the struggle were being carried past; and as he met them he stopped to bestow upon wounded and dying the final blessing and absolution.

"The good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep." The murmured words were caught by those near him, as he proceeded on his way to the scene of the combat.

One more effort seems to have been made to dissuade him from carrying his purpose into effect. It was General Bertrand who this time attempted a remonstrance, receiving the same reply which had before been made to Cavaignac.

"Ma vie est peu de chose," repeated the archbishop. "The people," he added, "have been deceived—we must bring them back."

The time to make the attempt was come. All must have been conscious—the archbishop no less than the rest—that it was a forlorn hope upon which he was bent, a desperate enterprise. But it was to be tried. A truce of half an hour had been arranged in order that the overtures of peace might be made. Preceded by one of his priests, Monseigneur Albert, disguised as a workman and carrying a green branch as a symbol of peace and conciliation, the archbishop climbed the barricade at the entrance of the Faubourg Saint Antoine, and stood face to face with the insurgent mob.

Some, it is said, were inclined to be friendly, others mistrustful. But what the result of the mission might have been had he been given time to deliver the message with which he had been charged, will never be known. In words, at least, that message was never given.

"My friends—my friends—" he had begun, when suddenly a shot rang out. Some chance gun had been fired, possibly by accident; and the frail chances of success were at an end.

"We are betrayed!" the cry went up from the unfortunate people beyond the barricade. Without a moment's delay the fire was returned, and in the confusion of the renewed fight the messenger of peace was struck by a ball.

"I am wounded," he said, and fell. It is related that as they saw it several of the insurgents around flung away their arms and broke into weeping.

The archbishop's part, so far as it was an active one, was played out; his work was done.

Raising his master in his arms, a faithful servant who had followed him was carrying him out of the scene of the combat when he, too, was struck by a bullet. The archbishop lifted his head.

"You are wounded?" he asked.

"Yes, monseigneur," was the reply, followed by his master's orders to lay down his burden.

Others took his place. On an improvised litter, formed of a mattress supported upon crossed guns, the dying archbishop was borne, as was fitting, by the insurgents for whom he had given his life, to the presbytery of St. Antoine, the progress of the bearers being delayed at each moment by the necessity of surmounting the barricades by which the streets were blocked.

"It was not we who killed you," protested the poor fellows as they went; "it was the Garde Mobile. We will revenge you."

One almost fancies that a smile must have touched the lips of the dying man as the promise was given. They would revenge him! More blood to be spilt, and in his own cause—to avenge the death of the man who had given his life to put an end to the bloodshed which had already taken place! Once more, wounded as he was, he roused himself to preach the gospel of peace.

"No, my friends. Enough blood has been shed. Let mine be the last," he pleaded with his would-be avengers.

The presbytery was reached, but it was found, on examination, impossible to extract the ball. The night had closed in—the long day was over. It was eleven o'clock.

"Is the wound serious?" asked the archbishop of one of his priests, who was kissing the hand which would never more be lifted to consecrate or to bless.

"Yes, monseigneur," was the reply, melancholy but truthful, "very serious."

"It is likely that I shall die?"

"Yes, monseigneur," again came the answer, "humanly speaking, it is likely that you will die."

Then quietly, as he would have accepted of life, Monseigneur Affre accepted of death.

"My God," he said, "I offer you my life. Accept it, to prevent the effusion of blood. *Ma vie*"—once more the old refrain was repeated, unaltered by what had passed,—"*ma vie est bien peu de chose*, but I should die happy if that could be."

Presently the last sacraments were brought, and the ultimate confession of faith—especially of faith in the Blessed Sacrament—was made. And still his thoughts were with his people—the people for whom he was dying, and who, in their impotent struggle, were themselves agonizing in the streets outside; and he sent his last message to his flock.

"Tell the workmen," he said, "that I conjure them to lay down their arms, to cease from this terrible struggle and to submit to the authorities. Assuredly they will not be abandoned by the government."

"I have done no more than my duty," he said to those who surrounded him, and whom one may believe were wearying him with their commendations. "Praise will be given to me that I little deserve."

So the night, the long, painful night, wore away while the fight went on outside; and in the morning, at four o'clock, the archbishop's own doctor was conducted to the presbytery by the insurgents themselves, who in their own blind way doubtless recognized the fact that it was their friend, their protector, who lay dying. To his presence among them, helpless as he was, they clung with a pathetic persistence.

"Leave him to us," they entreated when it became a question of removing him to his own palace. "Leave him to us. He will bring us good luck. We will defend him."

And they set guards of their own round the precincts of the presbytery where he lay.

But he desired to die at home. The insurgents reluctantly prepared to let him go. A litter was made ready, and once more the working-men of the quarter became its bearers.

"Pray to God," the archbishop bade them,—"*not that I may be cured, but that my death may be holy.*"

That prayer, we may well believe, was answered. The next day fighting in Paris had ceased; the city was quiet. But the Archbishop of Paris lay dead.

AVE ROMA IMMORTALIS.



It is not often we have the good fortune to meet a work like Mr. Crawford's *Ave Roma Immortalis*.* It treats of the topography of Rome; but instead of the rather guide-book manner of Professor Lanciani's excellent work on Roman antiquities, the topography is the setting of associations made interesting as a fairy tale. Like Lanciani, our author tells of the marvellous evolution of a state from the settlement of a few shepherds and robbers under a chief, amid the low hills whose valleys are mostly marsh-land flooded by the Tiber and tributary streams from springs rising out of the heart of these hills; tells of the evolution of the state from the time when those men, half shepherds, half robbers, went down from the Alban mountains with Romulus and built their huts, until the time when the city on these hills ruled the civilized world. Nor is this the whole evolution—whether you call it the rise to a higher life or the decadence begot of mental paralysis; from the ruins of the material power exercised by the city on the hills, from the fragments of her empire, from the ashes of her greatness, another power arose intangible, irresistible, swaying all the lands that the empire ruled and realms far beyond the remotest frontier to which the legions of the old order had borne their eagles. Mankind had seen nothing like this new kingdom over souls. Its influence was strong as steel for centuries, then a time of weakness came; but the evolution went on, and to-day, as though the steel had become adamant, this spiritual kingdom is the centre and the bond of the enduring elements of the moral world.

In the treatment of the antiquities of Rome we find in Mr. Crawford's volumes the same felicitous method by which a subject, interesting for the most part only to students and specialists in archæological history, is offered to the general reader with all the attractiveness of a novel or finely wrought play.

THE STORY OF ANCIENT ROME.

His suggestions concerning the robber chief who began the

* *Ave Roma Immortalis*: Studies from the Chronicles of Rome. By Francis Marion Crawford. New York: The Macmillan Company.

city are well thought out; and his inferences relative to the statesman and soldier who founded the empire out of the chaos of civil war, proscriptions, massacres, conflagrations, terror, jealousy, and class-hatred, are not without authority, though we do not blindly accept them. It is hard to know what to think of the first—that is, the foster-child of the she-wolf—he is so shrouded in the deep twilight which three thousand years ago mantled hill and valley of Italy. What do we know of the most civilized of the Italian peoples then, the Etruscans? From pottery ware and fragments of wall or shrine theories of their greatness among the early civilized races of the world have been formed, as if they stood side by side in their social economy, laws, science, and civilization with “mystic Babylon.” Of the great Julius we possess positive knowledge, and can safely infer more than we know, or may infer with confidence, concerning any man who has ever lived, including Napoleon Bonaparte. One reason of this, and that over and above his own writings and what others say about him, he was straightforward to simplicity, so that every word of his can be relied upon; while Napoleon was so constituted that to lie was more natural to him than to tell the truth. About Julius Mr. Crawford has much to say and he says it well, but he omits one or two important connections. However, for the present, we shall go back to Romulus and the beginning of the Roman State and reserve what we have to say of Julius.

We can fancy those half shepherds, half robbers, so like in their lives the bandits of our own day, though not in their dress or in their language,—we can fancy them rushing down the declivities from the flame and thunder, the darkness and the thick rain of falling ashes shot up from the volcano whose throes and travail had so often broken their rest in the silence of the night. Not in a panic altogether do they rush away, with their sheep and goats and a few black cattle, for they are fierce, rough souls, ready to fight with danger, even from the invisible powers as with a wild boar, but with the resolve to light new hearths under roofs where the earth is solid and fixed—not hollow as a cavern of appalling sounds, not swaying and tossing with a mad Titan's energy of intolerable pain flowing down from Alba to the river which was called Rumon in the interspaces and on the green slopes of the Palatine sacred to Pales, the goddess so dear to the husbandmen, in the generations following before the patricians rooted them from out the land.

“And Pales loves the straw-built shed
Warm with the breath of kine.”

From her, then, the Palatine Hill was called, and as it became the site of the hut which served as the palace of Romulus, and later on of imperial abodes, it gave its name to kings' dwellings over the earth, and to sovereign jurisdictions even in the distant north, in the Rhine-land, in far off Britain, in Hibernia, upon whose shores no Roman ever stood. Settling then upon the Palatine—a deep, wide trench round its foot—this “man of Rome,” this Romulus and his followers, laid the foundation of the state which was to pass through so many perils and changes to the possession of an empire of adamant, so absolute its material and moral control in the fear and reverence of men. In the old kingdoms of the East there was a stolid servitude which obeyed with dull eyes and bore all things; no limit to endurance in Chaldea, Assyria, in the old or the new Babylonia: nations of men died under the lash, drawing the stones of the pyramids. Whatever changes took place in Egyptian or oriental dynasties, the life of the common people was not touched; they rose to their labor, passed the day in the fields, and retired to rest not thinking of anything, though at any moment a governor might carry off the population of a province to colonize a city just built in the heart of a desert to serve as a milestone on the march of empire. The blind submission of the Mussulman to fate, the indifference with which he hears the most ghastly intelligence, seems a survival from those ancient days of deathlike tranquillity under the most terrible visitations of fortune. It was not so in Rome. At the word of a demagogue a street tumult would threaten the peace of the great city, a delay in the coming of the corn fleets would shake the imperial authority to its base; and yet, though the world was rocking to its foundations, the air black with scoria—nay, even though all the signs that chill the blood when one reads the terrors that are to usher in the close of the world's life, the soldier would stand at his post as if he felt in himself the grandeur of a fidelity which nothing could inspire save the all-embracing law and the world-wide majesty and might of Rome.

TRAINING THAT MADE HEROES.

What kind must that training have been which wrought out of the little robber horde the qualities conspicuous in patrician

and plebeian in the fierce conflicts with each other and against all states of Italy one after another, in the centuries after the foundation? They must have brought with them noble traditions from their homes around that volcanic mountain, and told them under the stars above their settlement in summer nights, or in the winter seated round the blaze, when the good logs of Algidus crackled on the hearth. It matters not how much of fiction may have come down folding its bands round the ball of fact. There must have been something of high race in the first king of the town by the Rumon River, for no common man among a primitive race would have invented such legends as made him of god-like and royal blood; and such mysteries as his nursing by the gaunt, fierce mother of "the wolf-bitch brood," and his going up to heaven at his death in right of his inheritance as son of Mars and the hapless vestal of Amulius' fated blood. Awful as a Greek tragedy in its horrors, and pitiless as the hard bronze in which the sculptor confers immortal life in death upon his creations, is the succession of events preceding the birth of Romulus and bearing on his life. Fratricide secures him individual sovereignty—that is, if we can believe that Remus lived, and was not merely an appellation—as though there were in his blood a fate which drove him to unnatural cruelty, such as forced his grandfather to slay his sons and their sister, the beloved of Mars, from whom this grandson sprang. So like is it to that tragedy of early Greece when the Furies had dominion over the fate of one ill-starred race; but no wave of melody bears it to us from the past, no choral poetry like the thunder and the music of the seas, no strains of pathos like the summer wind among the boughs, no agony like the shriek of the tempest when the giants of the forest swing their arms with a clangor madder than despair, not one note such as those which call up within us the passion of the hapless *Œdipus* and his house. The story of Romulus is hard as granite, but it is rich in the promise of a desperate strength and a law of government inexorable as fate. The judgment of the elder Brutus on his sons is folded there, the marching forth of the Fabii is in it in a most heroic aspect, so is the burner's hand of Scævola on the altar, the conspiracy of the three hundred assassins each one of whom was vowed to give his life for Rome, the sublime loyalty of Regulus, and every deed by which the state was served at a high sacrifice apart from the hurly-burly of the battle-field.

We do not propose to follow our author through the days

of the kings. He has pursued a path which leaves a white light shining in his wake along which the reader can follow him with unmeasured pleasure. In his omissions he has been skilful as in the incidents of progress he selects. He leaves out the characteristic Sabine marriage which gives us another touch of the quality of the first king, and from which in an indirect as well as a direct way proceeded the early rise and fortune of the state. Doubtless he dismissed it in deference to the discovery of the critics that it was merely an etiological legend to account for the ceremony of violence forming part of the marriage rite until the jurists made the contract binding by the mere words, I, Gaius, take thee, Gaia, and I, Gaia, take thee, Gaius; but the stream of the story loses nothing by the omission. Like the central scene of a great play, that one which flashes back significance and power on introductory scenes and orders the march of those which follow, bursts upon us the crime of the false Sextus, and the tragedy which succeeds. In the blood of a pure and dishonored matron the liberty of Rome is born; and yet there are strange shadows across the disc, as though some in Rome thought, as Lars Porsenna did, that the great house of Tarquin had suffered wrong. Was there no one but their father to do justice on the sons of Brutus? And surely the conspiracy of royalists must have been deemed dangerous when vengeance so swift and unsparing fell upon all the suspected.

We may pause for a moment to consider that Servius, the sixth king from the man of Rome—the “Doer,” “or the man that can do,” as the stormy Teutons meant by the term “the king”—from this man of the hut, this “Doer” the sixth, was Servius, who drew a mighty wall around the city grasping the seven hills. This was the last defence made by Rome for nine centuries; and our author well observes, with reference to it, that nothing else—not even temples, palaces, monuments, piled up in the later years,—nothing can tell so well the certainty of the power of Rome than that she needed no walls when she became mistress of the world.

We have an instructive enough picture of early Roman life—which we can hardly call imaginative, but rather inferential—deduced from facts of the far-off time interwoven with circumstances of the present under analogous conditions. It is clear enough that in the first generations after the Republic was founded the young men and those in their prime were with the legions. Half the year fighting was going on, and the old

men only and the children stayed at home with the women. In their little houses the latter sat spinning and weaving wool—an honorable employment for the matron of the city shop when it was not above the place of great ladies to sit at the head of their maids while the spindles and looms were working. We remember how “sad Lucretia” was found employed when her husband and his friends, among them “the false Sextus,” rode from the camp to visit her. There was much in common in the life of the city four hundred years before our Lord’s time and the life which was lived when the Roman barons turned it into a wilderness of ruins and a den of robbers and murderers. Thirteen centuries later there were only fourteen thousand people in the city which in the time of Augustus was said to have contained a population variously estimated at from over two million to over six; but as in the early times so in the fourteenth century, the boys played in the streets, fought and ran races. Again, as in the times of the successors of Augustus, the handful of citizens, when the popes were away, fought each other like grown school-boys for the honor or immunity of their city divisions. They seemed to have sufficient courage when pitted against each other, but the sight of a noble with his retainers made their blood run cold as if judgment of death were pronounced upon them. Perhaps it was no wonder; for in the dark, fateful centuries from the fall of the Western Empire they, or rather their predecessors, had experienced every extremity which fortune in her dreadful moods shapes for the vanquished. Sack after sack had desolated the city, the streets ran blood, nameless deeds of violence profaned the church and the home, fire raged in house and temple; but that was not all: youth and maiden, men in the prime of life and their wives, regardless of rank and delicacy of nurture, were swept away into captivity, chained in gangs, goaded by spears and sometimes trampled upon by the horses of their guards. In one shape or another the plebeian of the middle ages stood in danger, night and day, of similar horrors from the barons or the mercenaries they hired to fight their rivals, or to oppress their fellow-citizens in Rome or their serfs in the country. One turns with pleasure from this base and bloody picture of the fallen city to the greatest Roman—the greatest man that ever lived.

THE CHARACTER OF CÆSAR.

The stage may be said to have been prepared for Cæsar by the wars and proscriptions of Marius and Sylla. This, how-

ever, would be a very inadequate way of treating the subject of his career. Though we purpose to part company from Mr. Crawford in estimating the circumstances which had an influence in forming the character and in preparing for the public life of the great Julius, we are at one with our author concerning his genius and generosity of temper. We are not able to accept a theory presenting Cæsar from his boyhood as one so much affected by the condition of the masses that he formed the scheme of breaking the power of the patricians, and as perpetual dictator securing the comfort and providing for the advancement of the former. If, in his later life, a policy like this shadowed in the theory seems to manifest itself, we are of opinion that it was moulded then from the conditions around him acting on a humane and eminently enlightened mind.

But to judge correctly we must go back to incidents without fear or favor. How far he was involved in the conspiracy of Catiline it is impossible to say—our author does not refer to this topic, and we commend his judgment, holding, like some philosophical students of history, the theory just mentioned—but that Cæsar was involved in the conspiracy is unquestionable. At the same time he was too prudent to commit himself to an enterprise which he must have soon seen was a desperate one; and the probability is that he withdrew in time—that is, before any compromising act on the part of Catiline rendered a retreat unavailable. We do not find him among the young nobles who formed the guard of the consul, but we do find him in his place in the Senate under such suspicion that Cato publicly challenges him as being then and there in communication with the conspirators. The accusation was wrong as it turned out, but that does not conclude the matter. The suspicion is still material, even though the impeached letter was only a *billet-doux* from Cato's own sister. Reading between the lines of Sallust's party pamphlet, there is reason to suspect there was a movement against the power of the patricians somewhat on the plan of the agitations of the Gracchi, but not solely or perhaps mainly agrarian. It is a subject that has not been examined, so far as we know, with the care so remarkable an event deserves; but we say in a tentative way that there was a social heaving at the time, that the guidance of it fell into bad hands in the person of Catiline, a nobleman of abandoned character and desperate fortunes, and that his leadership spelled disaster. There must have been some reason for driving Cicero into exile besides that of executing some of the conspirators without a trial. If the Plebs

really supposed that Catiline was moved by a profligate ambition, and that, like him, his followers were enemies of the state, seeking their own rise in its ruin, and wealth in universal robbery, it is incredible they would have supported the banishment of the most upright man in Rome, and one who shed upon their city and country the highest credit by his eloquence and learning. In saying this we do not overlook the fickleness of the mob, but all the Plebs did not constitute a mob. We are very distinctly of opinion that the "mob" of this time consisted of some disorderly elements in the Suburra and the clients and freedmen of the nobles. It was not until the time of the successors of Augustus that the populace became a vast, hideous, idle, and vicious mass ready for any mischief, any wickedness; as ready to fire and loot houses as to burn or impale Christians. In point of fact, the very startling incident which ended in the slaying of Clodius, the instrument of Cicero's banishment, was not the rising of a lawless mob. It was a battle between the attendants of Clodius and those of Milo, some distance from Rome; and the fact that the latter was found guilty by a majority of the judges affords some proof that bad as Clodius was—and no one could be more infamous—he must have represented a strong public sentiment in his hostility to Cicero. It was the latter who was condemned in the judgment against his client.* We therefore conclude that Catiline's conspiracy had behind it a deep dissatisfaction; and though none but slaves and a few discontented veterans took the field, the Plebs hardly wished success to the authorities of the state. Now, it seems to us that Cæsar had been using Catiline for his own purposes, and that he only drew back when he realized the hopelessness of the conspiracy face to face with the energy and vigilance of the consul.

If this opinion be correct, it makes Cæsar nothing more than an able and ambitious waiter upon fortune, but far, very far indeed, from the long-sighted statesman who bent all things to the noble and beneficent imagination of a world ruled by law and enriched by commerce; all the nations gathered together into one state, sharing a common prosperity, speaking a common language, inspired by a common interest, and resting, after ages and ages of war and crime and horror, under what Pliny later called "the immense majesty of the Roman peace."

* Cato openly voted as one of the judges for Milo's acquittal; no one was so strenuous, except the consul himself, in having the conspirators declared public enemies.

He brought that to pass indeed; but it is hard to believe that the friend of Clodius, the ally of Catiline, the foe of Cicero and Cato, felt in his early days any promptings except those which urged to action every ambitious youth in Rome who was conscious of talent for public life. A great proconsulship by which he might restore his ruined fortunes most probably was the summit of his hopes. That he would not have acted worse than others in plundering the people under his rule was well understood. Every man except one, in that period,* who went out to a government, considered there was no alternative but to wring from the people of the dependency enough to recoup him for the sums spent in bribes to secure his appointment, and for the payment of his debts in general. In addition, it was necessary to put aside what would enable him to spend the remainder of his life in dignified ease; and third, he should levy a sufficient amount for defence against the charges his enemies would bring against him in the first hour of his return. Our author has not mentioned such particulars as we have just noted down, but we have done so in pursuance of the opinion we ventured to express, that Cæsar was not above the ordinary young noble in moral principle. Indeed, he was inferior to many of them in public spirit, but he possessed a tranquillity and fearlessness of mind beyond the degrees of those qualities with which the most favored men are gifted; and by their aid he seized the prizes of life when the time served, until finally he laid his hand on the imperial power and opened a road for the procession of men upon each of whom madness fell like a curse in order that humanity, driven to despair, might avenge itself upon them. Abject as men were in the Rome of the emperors, when no one dared to think the hour his own, when each one left his bed in the day-time with the shadow of death upon him, and returned to it at night with the thought that a message from the emperor permitting him to die would break his slumbers; or if he slept, perhaps to dream of such a message—paralyzed under the ever-threatening sentence, environed in the world-wide prison of the empire, for no distance could outstrip the vindictive pursuit of a Caius or a Nero—there was nothing for a brave man to do but rid earth of the monster. Men could not always stand the cruel caprices of those tyrants, and so the legacy from Cæsar

* The exception was Cicero. He stands apart from all Roman governors in his justice to the governed and freedom from every kind of corruption.

was a state reeling under the atrocities inflicted by one man until the measure was full; then his murder; next a successor to march the same round of madness and cruelty, terminating in his death, until at length the pure, strong Teutons descended to make a beginning for the end of the hideous and appalling game.

We hope in another issue to follow this admirable writer in his treatment of Christian Rome.

MY BAROMETER.

BY REV. WILLIAM P. CANTWELL.

I.



HE rain it raineth drearily
Throughout the lonesome day;
My life it draggeth wearily
From dark to dark away.

II.

The sun it shineth cheerily
Throughout the gladsome morn;
My life it runneth merrily—
God pity the forlorn!



ETHICAL CULTURE IN PLACE OF RELIGION.

BY REV. PETER O'CALLAGHAN, C.S.P.



ENVIRONMENT makes the man; my religion is to do good to my neighbor; culture does more for a man than religion; what we need is ethical culture; this is the religion of the future. Far more good could be done if all the money which is now spent on churches and the ministry were expended in erecting hospitals for the sick and aged, and asylums for neglected children."

Such are the shibboleths of the pseudo-ethics in our day.

"Do you ever consider how you are going to keep alive amongst an irreligious people the same charitable sentiments towards the sick and needy which you have inherited from your Christian parents? Are you quite sure that men without religion will not think it cheaper and wiser to fulfil their obligations towards the sick and aged by a spray of some deadly poison in their nostrils? And if they are troubled with too many children, whether these be sick or well, do you not think that they will devise even a simpler remedy than that which the Spartans used to get rid of their sick children? What makes you think that hospitals and asylums are more necessary than that Christianity which has taught men to appreciate the excellence of such institutions?" are some of the simple replies that suggest themselves to these statements.

Unbelievers of the sort better than these modern sceptics aim at higher ideals. Religion, such as they have known it, has seemed to be a failure. The evil still in the world appals them. They would enthrone culture in the place of religion, and hope all men may be moved by the love of knowledge, virtue, and refinement to seek after the best and highest.

Deprived of the all-satisfying blessings of religion, these high-minded sceptics have sought comfort in their books. But their minds have been dwarfed by too much book-knowledge, which has not been corrected in them by a sufficient knowledge of real men and real human needs. The character and the variety of the books they have read have confused them and made them miss the road to truth; therefore they remain, though

honest seekers after truth, hopelessly entangled in the underbrush of strange and false doctrines. With untrue conceptions of the most important of human needs, and with poor remedies for the needs which they do partly understand, they are badly equipped to become the benefactors of the race, such as they long to be. They feel keenly that there is much that is wrong in the world, and they honestly desire to right it. They would share with the rest of mankind the blessings which they have derived from books and art, and all that makes for refinement.

The fundamental error of this new religion of culture arises from a confusion of cause and effect. Culture is not so much a cause of morality as one of the accidental products of moral living. Although, like almost every effect, it reacts upon the causes which produced it, helping to sustain them in their effectiveness, it has in itself nothing which is essential to morality. It is not the seed of moral living; it is only one of its fruits. Morality belongs exclusively to no one condition of society. The gentleman of society looking with disgust upon the poor ignorant laborer returning from a hard day's work, whose face is bespattered with mud, whose clothes are faded and patched, who may be very offensive and ill-smelling, is perhaps incomparably beneath the object of his disgust, if he be judged by the standard of true manhood. That ignorant laborer, probably, pays all his just debts; lives in conjugal purity, and recognizes conscience as the court of final appeal. He may fail in some of the requirements of that court, but he tries, on the whole, to follow its decrees. The gentleman may be dressed out by money he has not honestly earned; the woman whom society calls his wife may be divorced from her legitimate husband; he may be guilty of many sins, and yet remain a man of culture—perhaps he is now on his way to attend a lecture on "ethical culture" or "social menaces." The ignorance and vulgar speech and uncouth manners which generally characterize the "lower strata of society" are not such "menaces" to society as are the iniquities of the cultured which are often spoken of by them in such elegant language as to make vice seem no longer the ugly thing it is. But the moral code is no respecter of persons; the fine words of a George Eliot cannot lessen the depravity of an adulteress. If we set aside the outcasts of this great city of New York, who form a class by themselves, we shall find that the average twenty families in the one tenement house of the uncultured have a

higher average of sound morality than the average twenty families in the block of the educated and the cultured.

The vulgar of this great city are more moral than the so-called "higher classes," because they have a stronger religious motive for restraining their passions than that which is provided by the fragment of religion which society recognizes as "proper." Culture deals too much with the externals of life, and cannot provide that categorical imperative without which morality is impossible. The promise of greater and more elegant comfort in this life as the reward of cleanliness of body and soul will have but little influence on men, even if they were to be persuaded that the promise can be fulfilled.

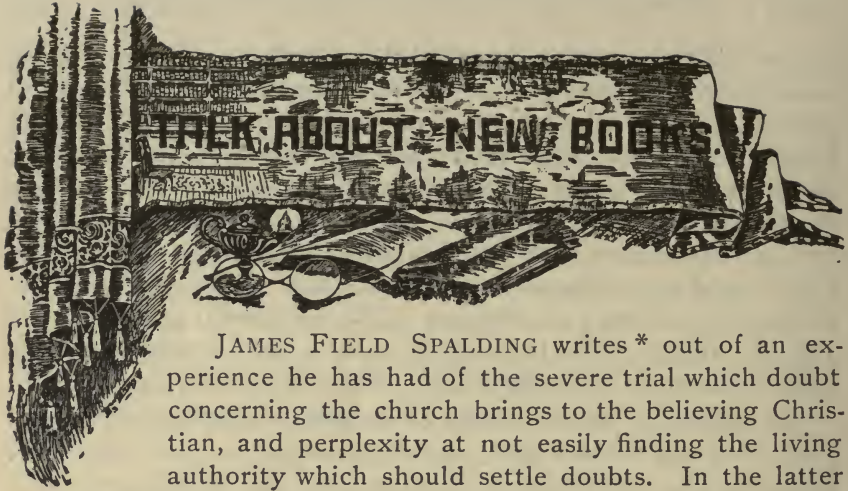
Morality means the doing of duty because it is a duty; and it cannot depend upon any peculiar social or physical condition as its foundation. Fresh-air funds, parks and play-grounds, improved tenements, public baths, hospitals and asylums, reading-rooms and libraries, free schools and university extension may improve the soil, but they cannot furnish the seed of morality, or provide the sun, which is religion, under whose rays alone morality can reach a substantial growth. If these external helps to moral living are used as if they had in themselves the seed of virtue, the harvest-time will come and bring only a crop of tares. These externals may make immorality less offensive to our nostrils, but they cannot make it less attractive and potent with an irreligious race, or make it less dangerous to society.

The standard of the world of culture is not the standard of true manhood. "The lower strata of society," if judged by moral worth, which is the standard of true manhood, must often be called, in all justice, the hope of society. Religion and the moral law, with all its old sanctions, are the fundamental requisites for the upbuilding of the moral character of the race; without these there is no progress. They do more for man's progress than all those external conditions of life which are generally designated as man's environment.

The "religion of culture" is a misnomer, for although true religion always promotes moral living, everything which pretends to make for morality is not religion. It is only by such a misnomer, however, that we can express the ideas of those who have regarded culture as something better than religion—a power in itself, and a new dispensation of enlightenment destined to supersede religion. Culture has been conceived as a religion only in the world of books; and the world of books

is a world of unreality peopled by all forms and shapes of book-knowledge, which stalk about, sometimes in the garb of poetry and sometimes in that of fiction, and again clothed in history—or rather, what men have said on historical subjects. At times these spooks of bookdom are dressed in the utopian dreams of communism or some other form of socialism, which are like that gauzy stuff which spiritualistic mediums use when they would pass themselves off as visitors from another world; at other times they are decked out with the fantastic ideas of a false ethics, a pseudo-theology, or a pseudo-mysticism which make them most unearthly, and yet far from heavenly.

Conceived in such a world of unreality, and dressed in this garb of pseudo-ethics and pseudo-theology, culture will never take the place of religion in the hearts of real men and women. Its remedies for human ills—whatever their therapeutic value may be in its own unreal world—will never cure the maladies of the hearts and souls of struggling humanity. Religion alone has moved men deeply, because it alone has brought comfort to the naturally religious heart of man. That heart will be for ever disturbed until, as St. Augustine puts it, “it finds its rest in thee, O God!” Man has higher duties than his moral obligations to his neighbor and to society. His highest duty is that of adoration of God. Unless he fulfils this highest duty, he can hardly be trusted to be faithful to lower obligations. Even if it were possible to make men moral simply by education and refining surroundings, there would still be need of religion to direct them to the fulfilment of their highest duty. Without religion, morality itself is only barely possible; no race has ever yet advanced in the moral scale except under religious influences. Education and refinement may help to make effective the work of religion, but culture can never take its place.



JAMES FIELD SPALDING writes* out of an experience he has had of the severe trial which doubt concerning the church brings to the believing Christian, and perplexity at not easily finding the living authority which should settle doubts. In the latter aspect the writer seems to have expected that the city on the mountain should be visible at once to every man without exception; in the former he must have been for awhile above a waste of waters, like the dove which found no resting-place for her foot.

His book consists of an introduction and twenty-one chapters examining the phenomena so startling in this age, namely, the utter absence of mental and physical calm, the heart in an agony, the mind strained to the verge of madness, the nerves shattered as if by excessive use of stimulants, and temporarily braced as if by them. This fearful effect upon the whole man, body and soul, Dr. Spalding attributes to the spirit of the age, the fiercest in the pursuit of wealth and social distinction, the most impatient and intense in the pursuit of science, that the world has ever known. The heart, in the midst of the excitement of the chase after dollars, drawing-rooms, or the laurels of learning, is in tumult and despair; for nothing comes of the agitation of the winds and waves, there is no haven where the restless soul can find peace; to hope one must go out into the darkness when the fever and the fret are done. Our author found the haven in the church, and surcease of his agonies there. In a good chapter, "Vague Notions of a Church," he points out the most common cause of the inability men have in obtaining the tranquillity and confidence so sorely needed. They do not know where to go. It is pathetic when the mass of pain is thought of for which a remedy is at men's hands, only their eyes are sealed; and then the future! In the bargains we read of between the devil and those who signed bonds he has been

* *The World's Unrest and its Remedy.* By James Field Spalding. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

very generally outwitted in a manner that showed a remarkable want of capacity on his part. Perhaps it was good-natured contempt. We hope he will be kind to the men of science who believe in everything except God and His revelation, and that he will act on the genteel principle he expressed in this couplet :

“*I to such blockheads set my wit,
I damn such fools!—go, go ; you’re bit !*”

We recommend Dr. Spalding’s book to our non-Catholic friends for its promise of helpfulness, its broad and tolerant spirit, and the inestimable value of an experience, intellectual and moral, of which a great part was pain ; we recommend it to Catholics because it supplies in an intelligible way the information which would enable them to meet the honest difficulties of their non-Catholic friends.

Mr. Lang’s name on the title-page of any collection of old times would be a guarantee for careful editing. Every one has had experience of the power the Arabian Nights tales have exercised over his childhood—only second to the influence of that marvellous piece of realistic diary, *Robinson Crusoe* ; and we are of opinion that the coming generation will find in the edition before us* a great treat. We are not quite so sure that all the excisions have been so successful in the design of improving the narrative form and bringing out the points of the stories as Mr. Lang thinks, or at least hopes for ; but many of them are presented in better garb for the Western infantile intellect than when loaded with the weight of Eastern humor. The illustrations are good, and we think the book a very suitable gift for young folk in the Christmastide.

St. Clotilda,† one of the newest series of saints’ lives, is excellent and excellently translated. It is hardly necessary to do more, in a brief notice like this, than to say with regard to the place of woman in society an important truth is implied in the part she is divinely commissioned to bear in the church as an instrument of worship and as the most perfect social institution. In consequence of her exclusion from the priestly office in any shape, and from any administrative function except the duty of a servant, one might hastily conclude that the fortunes and in-

**The Arabian Nights Entertainments*. Selected and edited by Andrew Lang. New York : Longmans, Green & Co.

†*Saint Clotilda*. By Godefroi Kurth, Professor at the Liege University. London : Duckworth & Co.; New York : Benziger Brothers.

terests of the Christian world have risen and been decided without the intervention of the female sex. At the fireside women have exercised the function of teaching, they have administered the moralities of the home, which are the foundation of those of public life, and taught the paternal relations of God and the reciprocal obligations of love and obedience, which in connection with their children they were so peculiarly fitted to impress, with a power and influence which preceded the authority of the preacher and spiritual director.

The mother of Clotilda took the greatest care to remove her and her other child, Sedeluba, from the poisoned atmosphere which settles in a court. It must be considered that the two sisters were encouraged to invoke the saints at a time when it was the universal practice, from palace to cot in Christian lands, to hold communion with the servants of God in heaven. Near them in the local church was enshrined the heroic memory of the slave martyr, Blandina. Our author, so admirably rendered by Mr. Crawford, has an instinctive perception that the image of this noble virgin was constantly before the eyes of the young princesses. It is in the highest degree probable, and it surely teaches an invaluable truth, that there is nowhere the equality of human-kind as in holy church. The daughters of a powerful king, at a time when rank was worshipped and the state of a slave was regarded as that of a beast of burden, praying before the statue of one who had been a slave, is a sight that impresses this fact upon us.

As might be expected, there is a great deal of most interesting historical matter in the book; indeed, we hardly know of a book which presents the picture of that early period of French history in such a vivid and lasting light as this little monograph. The strange contrast in the working of mental and moral forces in those early Merovingians is brought out with a completeness which is seldom the result of the reading of large and pretentious histories. Such histories, if they follow the old method, afford little information concerning character and movement, and if they follow the new or scientific, crush character and motive in the Procrustean bed of a sensational theory.

Taking as his motto "*Je ne propose rien, je ne suppose rien; j'ai exposé,*" Professor Sombart treats* of the facts of social evolution as standing by themselves and apart from any theories

* *Socialism and the Social Movement in the Nineteenth Century.* By Werner Sombart, Professor in the University of Breslau. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons.

except the imperative relation of a thinker to any practical movement whose history he proposes to give. That a work of this character can be executed we have proof, for instance, in the English Blue Books of social statistics, those volumes containing the reports of the Commissioners of Labor in the United States, and the consular reports of every country from the United Kingdom to Japan. In these documents the compilers, catching the intention of the authorities that appointed them, draw conclusions and suggest methods; and so in the work before us the writer treats of the thought informing the realities he tells about. Assuming there is a social evolution—and, of course, there has been this since a few savages first came together to hunt for their living and defend themselves against foes*—a definite movement in aid of it should necessarily form part of the treatment of such a work as Professor Sombart's; and as a matter of fact he treats of such forces and their influence in shaping the world into the "order" defined by socialistic theorists. This order he recognizes as attainable, even though he gives the impression that the purpose of the socialists is based on an undue assumption; in other words, that the practical socialists are going away from the path of evolution, and that they must fail in attaining the object of socialism as defined by sound theory. But where this theory has been formulated he does not tell us, and so far his book is purposeless.

At the same time, with much that is crudely speculative in this book of "facts," we find gleams of light, evidences of a not unintelligent perception; as when he tells us that out of a superficial study of natural sciences the anti-religious writings of the era between 1860-1880 have sprung; that the writers never rose above the level of "itinerant preachers of materialism," and that the dogmatic atheism which sprang from that superficial study, and which the semi-educated writers and itinerant preachers diffused, has become a thing of the past. Indeed, with a clear ring he declares that no earnest science-man asserts that science to-day means atheism and excludes religion; but yet he draws from this important admission inferences concerning the attitude of the proletariat towards religion which are hardly sustained by the history of the social revolution over the world which has taken place since the French

* We for the present use the common view of man's rise from a savage to a civilized state, though it is unquestionably in conflict with the earliest authoritative records, and the implications they contain.

Revolution. In his statement of that attitude we agree, and indeed we are bound to say there is evidence of candor throughout the work; but notwithstanding his disclaimer of theoretical prepossessions, he seems to be somewhat strongly biassed by some few, partly evolved, partly absorbed. Now, for the attitude of the masses just referred to, is there not one cause out of the many suggested by Karl Marx's platitude, which the scientific world of social economists greeted as the greatest truth of the century, namely, that "the history of all society is the history of class strife"—and in this class strife, beset by a thousand influences, exasperations, limitations, and conditions, we have the enthusiasm which the unhappy proletariat welcomed as the god of a new world. It is pitiable that in central Europe, in the large towns of France and England, and in parts of America, a passion for unbelief seems to have laid hold of the people; and it seems this is the result of that science which teaches, or rather which has taught, that in the materialistic conception of the world lies the germ of the force that will drive authority from all spheres of life. The proletariat took hold of it as a powerful weapon in their war against established order—natural indeed to them, since they maintain that one of the conditions of their existence is the tearing asunder of all old beliefs, the veins of the sweet humanities of old religion. When our author dimly hints at an order developing out of or emerging from such mental disorder, a harmony out of such clanging, clashing, grinding discords, we can only wonder at the greatness of his faith.

The work, however, is interesting, and contains in an appendix tables presenting contemporaneous dates in the modern social movement from 1750 to 1896. The title of the tables is very high-sounding; it is set down as "a synchronistic presentation of the most important dates in the modern social—that is, the proletarian, movement." We have taken the liberty of translating into English. The translator of the work is Anson P. Atterbury, and there is an introduction by Professor Clark, of Columbia University.

A work on the Philippine Islands and their people,* by the assistant professor of zoölogy in the University of Michigan, has a very timely interest in view of the formation of public opinion in regard to our new possessions. We propose defer-

* *The Philippine Islands and their People.* By Dean C. Worcester. New York: The Macmillan Company.

ring a full notice of it until the month of January, as pressure upon our space prevents us from treating it adequately now. The author made two visits to the islands as one of a party interested in the study of birds. A very considerable number of species new to science it was known were to be found there. On the second expedition the party worked sufficiently long on several of the islands to obtain a fairly representative collection of the birds and mammals of each island. The author, however, seems to have made his work rather a contribution to politics and sociology than to that branch of animated nature for which he must possess the requisite qualifications, and the advancement of which was the object of both his visits. A professor of zoölogy entering suddenly on the field of political and social science must be an object of enlightened curiosity in an age when the branches of the natural sciences are only pursued by specialists. Indeed, so jealous is the genius that presides over each one of these sciences, that she refuses her laurels to the disciple who makes a study of any other of them except in subordination to his own.

A true story is always interesting; still more so when the characters are living and the occurrences of recent date. In *A Victim to the Seal of Confession** the author, Rev. Joseph Spillmann, S.J., has given us such a story. The event upon which the story is based is one which the newspapers published throughout the world as a striking example of the extent to which a priest is bound to guard the seal of confession even when his own life is at stake. The plot is laid in Aix-les-Bains; the chief character is a young, devoted Catholic priest, who by dint of hard work had obtained his education, and after ordination had been appointed rector of the parish of Sainte Victoire. He established himself in an old, deserted monastery. His revenues were scant and the demands on them for charity were very large. The sacristan, a villanous renegade, had secured his appointment to the office from the civil authorities, his only qualification being his hatred of everything religious. An aged benefactress, interested in the charitable work of the parish, called at the monastery to carry away recently collected funds to build an orphanage. The devout old lady received the blessing of the priest, left his room, and was shortly afterwards found dead in one of the many unused rooms of the

* *A Victim to the Seal of Confession.* By Rev. Joseph Spillmann, S.J. St. Louis, Mo.: Herder & Co.

monastery. The sacristan, having seen from his hiding-place the transfer of the money, had followed the old lady and had coldly and cruelly murdered her. Frightened by his awful deed, he determined to flee the country. Before leaving, however, he became conscious-smitten and rushed into the priest's presence and besought him to hear his confession. He related the story of his crime to the horror-stricken priest, and because he would not comply with the requirements of justice he was obliged to go away unabsolved.

Circumstantial evidence, which alone could be gathered in the case, pointed to the priest as the murderer. The hatred and unbelief of the French officials helped to bind him about securely by the chain of evidence. The young priest was brought to trial, convicted, and sentenced to transportation for life. The animus of the French mind towards the church is well portrayed, and at the trial Carillon, a blustering hotel-keeper, sees in it a chance for political aggrandizement. The authorities hope to influence in their favor the coming elections by awakening class hatred even to the stigmatizing the priest with the crime of murder. The trial dragged along through many and weary days. With the knowledge of the true murderer locked away in his heart, the priest bore the accusations and taunts in patience. Unswerving fidelity to the sacredness of his office placed the seal of silence on his lips. He contented himself with the simple assertion of his innocence. He accepted the sentence of condemnation to death without the least effort to free himself. Through the influence of his friends the court mitigated the sentence to transportation and hard labor in the galleys. He passed three years amid privations and suffering. In the meantime the sacristan returns from abroad and goes to the authorities confessing his crime, not omitting the fact that he had confessed his crime to the priest. Amid great rejoicing the good and faithful priest is restored to liberty, and the welcome greeting given to him by the people forms a very fitting close to a very entrancing story. The book is a most forcible revelation of the sacredness of the office of the confessor.

The translation of the story of the conversion of Th. de la Rive* by Anna R. Bennett-Gladstone is another valuable finger-post for inquiring minds. The forces that paved the way

* *From Geneva to Rome.* Translated from the French by Anna R. Bennett-Gladstone. Rome: Society of Saint John, 45 Via della Minerva.

for M. de la Rive's entrance into the church, the mode and manner of their working, are logically and entertainingly described.

By numerous providential occurrences the conviction of the truth of the Catholic Church had its birth within him. It was not in one bound that he came into the church, but by a long and tortuous path. Some reach the faith by means of a sudden revelation, others by a kind of progression and continuous development; some by research and others by reasonings; some by apparitions, others in the solitude of the Divine Presence. All these forces seem to have at some time acted to safely carry De la Rive to the fountain head of truth. The many obstacles that were in the way of entrance into the church are described. "I was not breaking with my ancient faith; I was completing it and putting the finishing touch to it." Of his meeting with the exiled Bishop of Geneva he writes: "His letters, full of affection, of sympathy, and of tenderness, had followed me to Rome and to Annécý. . . And yet, shall I confess it, a certain apprehension had seized me at the thought that I was about to become acquainted with a prelate depicted to me by many Protestants as they really imagined him, in a very formidable and deceptive light. . . . He opened to me his arms and I cast myself within them. The acquaintance was made, the ice of prejudice was broken. Brought into contact with a heart so warm, my mistrust and my terrors were dissipated." In this work the translator has given to the English-reading public the benefit of the very interesting and convincing experience of one who through many trials and tribulations at last found peace. It will prove a most excellent book for missionary work, as well as a means to making those born within the church more zealous and faithful.

Father Sutton's *Crumbs of Comfort** is a book addressed chiefly to the great army of wage-earners. Nevertheless, replete with maxims dictated by broad common sense and a fruitful missionary career of fifteen years, it will be a means of instructing and comforting many others of a different station in life. Wisdom, happiness, nobility will be possessions of the soul that lives on the lines this book presents as models. Full of encouragement for the weak, yet holding out in most uncompromising fashion for the highest principles, it becomes at once an inducement for the sleeping to awake and for the laboring

* *Crumbs of Comfort for Young Women living in the World.* By Rev. Xavier Sutton Passionist. Philadelphia: H. L. Kilner & Co.

to strive still more earnestly and untiringly. The volume is small and exceedingly simple as to style and matter treated, but the gentle, Christ-like tone breathing through its pages will make it an angel of peace and good tidings to many a soul longing for just such an assurance that God is the God of love, and that to please him we need, on our part, nothing but good will and perseverance.

I.—KINLOCK'S SCOTTISH ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY.*

A previous book published by this same author has a very close connection with these studies in the history of the church during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, namely, his church history of Scotland from the introduction of Christianity until the death of James I., or, as he is called in that book, James VI. The two books form a continuous history of Scotland in its ecclesiastical aspect; but at first sight the book which is the subject of this review cannot possess anything like the authority and weight of the earlier compilation. Undoubtedly the materials for a Catholic history of Scotland during the two centuries in question are meagre. The church was hidden away in a few private houses in the recesses of the Highlands. So much had the church fallen away in numbers that we find early in the eighteenth century that there were only fourteen thousand Catholics known to the priesthood, and of these twelve thousand belonged to the Highlands chiefly and the islands contiguous to the coast. At the close of the reign of Queen Mary fully half the great nobility were Catholics, and that meant that their clansmen and retainers were Catholics; a hundred and thirty years later the great Catholic nobles could be counted on the fingers of one hand.

The plan adopted by our author, in the absence of direct information from Catholic parochial and diocesan transactions and statistics, is to present an historico-social picture of Scotland, in which we see the movements of the powers engaged in conflict, the Episcopalians and Presbyterians, from the beginning of the reign of Charles I. until the Revolution; and in sort of dim perspective the shadowy figures of a few priests walking the wilds to administer the sacraments, and some thousands of earnest but subdued spirits living in sufferance among a people

* *Studies in Scottish Ecclesiastical History in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries.*
By M. G. I. Kinlock. London: Simkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co.; Edinburgh: Grant & Son.

who hated them. This is his way of dealing with the seventeenth century, or more exactly, to the Revolution. From that until 1745, with which year he closes his work, he supplies us, from letters, reports, and memoranda of the Scotch missionary priests, and from direct information from lay Catholics contained in letters and petitions to Parliament and remonstrances to government, with the positive knowledge he was unable to afford for the earlier period.

It was a dark night indeed, the seventeenth century in Scotland. No Catholic has anything to reproach himself for in those days when different shades of Calvinism regarded each other with a detestation which cannot now be conceived, and in which these sections looked upon another form of Calvinism, the Episcopal Church of Scotland, with eyes only less hostile than those fixed on the Pope, the Church, and the Mass. In the history of phantasies which from time to time have taken possession of whole peoples, or of parts of the population of a country, there is hardly anything stranger and more appalling to be found than in the aberrations of the Scotch from the November of 1626 until far in the next century. In 1626 proclamation was made at the Cross of Edinburgh that the king intended to revoke all "possessions" or "grants" of church lands and to enter upon them in pursuance of the title of the crown.

The phantasies to which we have alluded sprang up in all parts of Scotland soon after the proclamation. The devil and his angels were to be found everywhere—in the streets of cities, in the mountains and glens; above all, in the desert places of bog and moorland, and in the dry reaches at the foot of the hills. In every passing cloud portents were seen; they were seen in the dawn and in the twilight. Ghostly visitants mocked or warned wayfarers; visions of the night came to awe or to inspire, and these were often of a character which froze the dreamer's sleep, and from which he awoke to madness or despair, to homicidal mania or the wildest frenzy of religious hate. In their meetings on the desolate plain or in the depth of a mountain gorge the visionists stimulated each other by tales of their experiences. It was then they told of their gifts of preaching, of prophecy and communion with the unseen world; and vowed not to accept any favor from the ruling powers until the persecuted kirk should have her heel on the papists, the prelates, the rulers whose carnal wisdom was a rock of offence. This delirium went on to such an excess that at

length they believed that the Protestant bishops and the "curates" were each possessed by a devil. Strange imaginings went abroad concerning the preparations made by Lauderdale, Dalzell, Claverhouse, and the rest for the meetings of the council, and whom they bent to in their worship, provided his arm would sustain them in destroying the kirk and blotting out the remnant of the elect. That the prince of darkness aided them was manifest—clouds of witnesses saw evidences of it on every hand; they saw the bullets dropping from the breast of Dalzell, and Claverhouse riding in the iron hail with a charmed life; Turner, an incarnate fiend, led unscathed by another demon in the press of battle; Lauderdale blaspheming in jests as he ordered the martyrs to the torture or to the gallows; Mackenzie, with his legal craft, guiding, directing, animating, and inspiring all of them in their bullet work.

We confess we have been greatly interested in this book, not merely by what it tells and what it affords by necessary implication, but in all that it has recalled to us of reading elsewhere. The singular credulity and superstition of which we have given so faint an outline was at the same period rampant in Languedoc. There little children dreamed dreams, saw visions like the seers of old, and sent forth armed men to destroy villages, to burn crops, to slay priests and the Catholic people wherever they might meet them. A generation earlier, in the Palatinate and Bohemia, trances and ecstasies, movements of the spirit and prophetic denunciations, were to be found in every conventicle and gathering. How much the foolish Prince Palatine was influenced by such predictions in seizing the crown of Bohemia no one can now, perhaps, determine—for he had a cold, ambitious head in his Anglo-Scottish wife to guide him—but that he was prompted by such agencies there can be no doubt whatever.

2.—HISTORY OF LIFE INSURANCE.*

The address delivered by the President of the New York Life Insurance Company before the twenty-eighth convention of insurance officials, covering the period between the first convention, in 1871, and that of the year in which the president spoke, namely, 1897, is an interesting as well as an authoritative history of one the great factors of modern life. As might be expected, the history of life insurance is one of growth and disaster;

* *A Review of Life Insurance.* By John A. McCall.

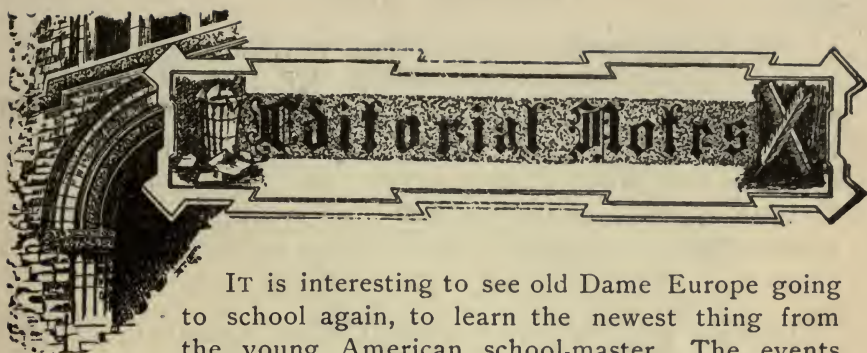
of successful management and of injudicious speculation. Enterprises of the same kind in England up to the year 1871 had passed through two distinctive systems, or, as Mr. McCall describes them, distinctive periods. The first period was that with which the general public is still most familiar, and for that reason the system is that in which they have, unless we are mistaken, the most confidence: we mean the proprietary system. At the first view the confidence is only natural, for the insured possess, according to the contract, as security over and above the company's earnings, the assets of the shareholders within the limits of liability, where the body has been incorporated under the Limited Liability Acts, as all English companies have been for a considerable time. No doubt under this system there have been great frauds in promotion, and where this has not been the case there have been overtrading and the continuation of business when companies were actually insolvent. Then came the period of the early mutual and other profit-sharing companies. As would be inferred from the force of the words describing them, these companies did a life insurance business exclusively. It is interesting to learn that the success of these companies was marked in the yearly increase of business, notwithstanding the natural preference to rely upon the stability of the proprietary organizations.

For a long time State supervision has been exercised in New York. It appears to have begun as early as 1828, in perhaps a tentative form, gradually extending and strengthening its control until now it may be described as full-fledged. At the convention of 1871 there were questions occupying its attention which very distinctly indicated that during the process of growth in the preceding periods difficulties had arisen in the conduct of business which assumed various shapes. Reading between the lines, one can see that a difficulty from the rivalries of companies was not the least prominent. It would, of course, spring up from more favorable terms being offered to intending insurers by one company than those presented by another, and in the absence of a spirit of conservatism or caution the more favorable terms would be a temptation. Still, these latter conditions might only lead to the winding up of the companies that offered them and the loss of their premiums to the insured, together with the disappointment of their expectations. We can only refer the reader to this part of the address, which is altogether historical. It may be observed, in passing, that in ordinary life policies issued prior to 1868, and in

policies of all kinds issued before 1868, there were forfeiture clauses containing restrictions upon residence, travel, occupation, habits of life, and manner of death.

Without saying that the success which seems to have attended this class of enterprise is due to the removal of vexatious restrictions, it would appear that this is one factor. A more complete knowledge of the incidents which affect the fall of life has paved the way for the removal of such restrictions. This, it may be taken for granted, is due to the experience obtained since the rise of assessment societies. There seems no question but that many co-operative and fraternal societies engaged in business between 1870 and 1880 furnished better protection to their patrons than the "level-premium" companies. It may be said that this system was imperfect; but it is proved their management was honest, while, to quote the sarcastic terms in which Mr. McCall characterized the system at the death of the exact and severe companies, they "ran their course of wickedness under the ægis of the law, and died in the odor (a very bad odor, to be sure) of regularity."

His criticism is broad-minded and honest, and we do not grudge him his concluding paragraph in praise of the benefits which life insurance has conferred during the past twenty-seven years. He tells us that since 1871 there has been paid out for life insurance more than the amount of the national debt when at its highest point, and that the payment of the life insurance companies to their members almost equalled the disbursements of the government on account of pensions.



IT is interesting to see old Dame Europe going to school again, to learn the newest thing from the young American school-master. The events of the last few months have placed America in the forefront of the nations of the earth, and what she stands for, the reign of the sovereign people and the practical profession of political equality, have at last been deemed matters for mature consideration.

The advance of Democratic ideas has begun to startle the staid old Monarchists, and they are not quite sure that the opening of the Twentieth Century has not some remarkable developments in store for them.

In the meanwhile America is not relinquishing one particle of the advantage she has attained through the late war. While possessed of a desire to be generous to the conquered, as every magnanimous victor should be, she is determined that Spanish overrule has once for all to be a thing of the past on this western hemisphere.

The evacuation of Cuba is going on as quickly as circumstances will permit. But even before the soldiers leave there goes up the bitter cry of starvation. When every industry of a country has been stamped out by the iron hoof of war, it takes years to start afresh. Cuba is like an etiolated child. It will take years of careful nursing and nutrition to bring her back to robust life.

It is good, however, to see with what an enlightened mind the Bishop of Havana accepts the situation. Other men in like straits have been known to mope and sigh for the days of yore. But this present bishop, though by the enforcement of the American system his revenues are nearly all suppressed, manfully cuts away from the *ancien régime* and goes to the people. There is now very strong hope for religion in Cuba, when it is separated from the blighting influence of the state and appeals with its own force to the hearts of the people.

The "young despot" of Germany, as Gladstone called him, has been making love to the ineffable Turk. He has been posing about the sacred places in sacerdotal dress. He would be very much flattered if the Sultan would place him on high as the great high-priest of Mohammedanism.

With all the pernicious activity he is displaying there is mischief brewing in the Far East.

Divorces have increased in the United States between the years 1867 and 1886 at the rate of 156 per cent., or more than twice the rate of increase of the population. During that space of time 328,716 divorces were granted, and probably two or three times that number of children were left homeless. Yet the Episcopal Church did not have the courage of its convictions in condemning divorce at its recent convention, when the matter was up for discussion and settlement. It called up the giant evil; then it became afraid and ran away from it.



LIEUT.-COMMANDER DANIEL DELEHANTY, U.S.N.

CATHOLIC OFFICERS IN THE ARMY AND THE NAVY.

LIEUT.-COMMANDER DANIEL DELEHANTY, U.S.N.,
GOVERNOR OF SAILOR'S SNUG HARBOR.

Daniel Delehanty was born, fifty-two years ago, at Albany, N. Y., where his father, the Hon. Michael Delehanty, recent State Capitol Commissioner, still resides. "Dan," as he is familiarly called, was the "oldest boy." His father having an established business, thought to fit his son for a mercantile life. His early education was obtained at the Albany Academy. At an early age young Delehanty showed a decided *attrait* for sea life, and when the Civil War broke out enlisted in the Volunteer

Navy, and did service on an improvised gunboat, which had seen its best days as a ferry-boat. His parents hoped that this experience would cure him of his desire to be a sailor, but it had the contrary effect. His desire was intensified, and they concluded to aid him in the realization of his hopes. His father obtained the assistance of the late Archbishop Hughes, who gave the boy a letter to Mr. Lincoln requesting the President to give him an appointment to the Naval Academy. The archbishop's letter, endorsed by Mr. Lincoln "Appoint this boy," is still on file in the archives at Washington. He entered the Naval Academy at Annapolis in 1863 and was graduated in 1867. Then began his more active duties. His first important assignment was to a three years' cruise to China. He served in the North Atlantic Squadron and made a cruise around Cape Horn on board the *Portsmouth* for mid-ocean surveying. After an extended cruise to Alaska, he was appointed commander of the steamer *Hassel* and ordered on a survey cruise in the Pacific Ocean, extending from British Columbia to the Mexican Coast. He was transferred from the command of the *Hassel* and assigned as executive officer of the *Texas*.

Lieut.-Commander Delehanty has been a very active as well as a faithful officer, as his several appointments to positions of trust by the Navy Department attest: a member of the Board of Inspectors of merchant ships, duty at Mare Island Navy Yard; instructor of seamanship, naval tactics, and ship-building at Annapolis; ordnance duty at Brooklyn Navy Yard, and supervisor of the harbor of New York. Despite the onerous official duties imposed upon him, Mr. Delehanty yet found opportunity to practically test his scientific training. He invented and patented an automatic self-propelling dumping-boat, which is used by the New York street-cleaning department at the present time.

While executive officer of the *Texas* he was selected by the Board of Trustees as Governor of Sailor's Snug Harbor. This institution, located on Staten Island, N. Y., is a private charity, founded by the munificence of Captain Stephen Randall, an old seaman, for the care of infirm and destitute sailors.

The Navy Department, recognizing the special honor to the Navy in the selection of one of its officers by a private corporation to so responsible a position, readily gave Mr. Delehanty the necessary leave of absence. At the first intimation of hostilities he wrote to the Assistant Secretary of the Navy that in case of war he wished to be considered on duty with the *Texas*, and

that he would consider himself dishonored if he were forced to remain on land under such circumstances. The unexpired furlough was revoked and he was assigned to the command of the *Suwanee*, a sister-ship of the *Mangrove*. A man of so great energy, such unflinching courage as Lieut.-Commander Delehanty, must of necessity have been awake to every opportunity to fulfil his duty. His activity during the war may be gleaned from the following bit of naval report:

June 17.—While off Fort McCalla, Guatanamo Bay, he fired on Hicacal Point and swept the ground in answer to the response of Spanish infantry.

June 21.—Ordered by Admiral Sampson, the *Suwanee* towed the boats carrying the troops for landing at Baiquiri.

June 22.—*Suwanee* was "bottling up" Cervera's fleet. It ran within one and one-half miles of the entrance, and passed up and down for hours before the batteries of Morro Castle, but could not draw fire.

July 1.—Off Morro Castle, at Santiago, the *Suwanee*, with the *Gloucester*, bombarded the Spanish batteries for three hours; the *Suwanee* ran into the breaker lines, to open fire; one shot tilted the Spanish flag, a second destroyed the readjusted emblem, and a third silenced the batteries and demolished a portion of the fort. All the ships recognized the efficient work of the little lighthouse-tender, by cheering and tooting of whistles. The *Suwanee* just missed the destruction of Cervera's fleet, she, with the *Marblehead* and *Massachusetts*, having been ordered to Guatanamo Bay for coal.

At the close of this great naval victory, Lieut.-Commander Delehanty was engaged in the perilous work of removing the mines from Santiago harbor. Peace negotiations having been proclaimed, he returned to this country, reported to the Navy Department, who gave him leave of absence to again resume his duties as Governor of Sailor's Snug Harbor. The trustees, in appreciation of his true worth and admiration of his patriotism, had voted him a leave of absence until the war should end. An eye-witness of Lieut.-Commander Delehanty's "acts of bravery in the face of death" thus relates of him:

"I have seen him in broad daylight within range of the deadly guns of the forts at Santiago aiding in removing the cable. I have seen him on his frail boat within 1,000 yards of those guns landing arms and ammunition, when he might just as well have remained in his boat at a safe distance and still have performed his duty. His ship was devoid of the

comforts and conveniences of a battle-ship or cruiser, and was without armor to protect either ship or crew, and yet I have seen it closer to Spanish shore batteries off Santiago entrance than any armored ship ever ventured. I have seen him, with a daring that was magnificent, go close up to the entrance and drag in the shallow water for the cable which he had volunteered to cut. On the day of bombardment the big battle-ships moved within about 5,000 yards of the forts, but from the quarter-deck of the *Brooklyn* I saw the *Suwanee* at least 1,000 yards closer than the *Brooklyn* or *Texas*, a mere pigmy floating a flag half as big as the ship and firing every gun."

Such acts of heroism prompted Admiral Sampson to recommend the commander of the *Mangrove* for promotion on account of "meritorious conduct." Lieut.-Commander Delehanty followed wherever the fight was thickest, and often was the warning sent not to be too venturesome. A brave sailor, an obedient officer, he protected the interests of his government. A genial, whole-souled American, a practical Catholic, an efficient sailor, he was leader as well as director. A considerate and careful officer, he never recklessly plunged his men into needless danger.

The secret of his deserved popularity and regard is readily discerned from a knowledge of his distinctive characteristics. In his inaugural address at Snug Harbor he said: "I wish now to solemnly impress upon you that the one chief source of scandal is intemperance. Intemperance and order cannot live together in this institution, and it is for you to say which one of these two shall dwell with you."

"I hope in time to know each and every one of you," is but an expression of the qualities that enter into his "make-up." Grievances listened to and cured in so far as possible; tale-bearers dismissed summarily, doing kindly justice to every man, make him beloved by all. "Next to Commander McCalla," said one present during the several engagements, "he performed, I believe, the greatest amount of active duty of any man in the navy." His work was equally as dangerous and decidedly more arduous than any other's. The citizens of Albany, at a public meeting called by order of the mayor, passed resolutions commending the bravery and heroism of their former townsman, and voted to raise funds by general subscription to present him a suitable memorial of his achievements for his country's glory and a token of the city's appreciation of his daring and bravery.



REV. PATRICK BOWEN MURPHY.

REV. PATRICK BOWEN MURPHY, CHAPLAIN OF THE NINTH MASSACHUSETTS.

At the home-coming of the Ninth Massachusetts Regiment the impressions of their chaplain's lack of bravery lasted only long enough for Father Murphy to arrive and make his explanations. It is now a well-known fact that the reason for Father Murphy's not being at the front with his men during those now historic days of early July was that he had made an agreement with Father Fitzgerald, of the Twenty-second Regulars, whereby he remained at Siboney caring for the wounded of both regiments, while he (Father Fitzgerald) went to the front to care for the men there.

The subject of this sketch comes of a levitical family of Cork, Ireland. Born in the city of Boston, Mass., the boy graduated from the Lincoln School. At an early age he became a member of the Ninth Regiment Massachusetts Volunteer Militia. In a short time he was appointed to the position of sergeant major, and in 1872 Governor Washburn commissioned him second

lieutenant in Company F, Ninth Regiment M. V. M. Notwithstanding his intense love of country, he found a place in his heart for the suffering country of his father, and in 1870, when the second invasion of Canada took place, he "went to the front" in the capacity of secretary to the gallant old warrior, Major Maginness. He was present when John Boyle O'Reilly and Major Maginness were formally arrested by the government. A few years passed when, in 1873, another light shone upon the subject of our sketch—the light of a sacred calling.

Preparation for this calling followed in St. Charles' College, Maryland, and in Nicolet College, Canada; and in the year 1882 Father Murphy celebrated his first Mass, surrounded by his dear relatives, friends, and comrades; two companies of the Ninth, in full uniform under arms, being present. One of the first self-imposed duties performed by Father Murphy was his successful completion of the plans for the removal of Dr. Cahill's remains to Ireland.

In the natural order of events, the beloved and patriotic lieutenant, now priest, was elected chaplain of the "boys of the Ninth." War was declared, the Ninth Massachusetts was ordered to the front. For Father Murphy, priest and patriot, there was but one line of action, and that was towards the front. Not once did he consider his own comfort, the need at home, but rather the need of his country, the comfort of his comrades. The spirit of his ancestry was not wanting in him, a member of "the fighting race." To those who knew him it was not a surprise when from Siboney came the news that the "fighting chaplain" of the Ninth Massachusetts had won the love and admiration of his compatriots by his heroism in the field.

When the Ninth landed at Siboney the battle of Santiago was going on, and Father Murphy at once began his work caring for the many wounded in the hospital, adding to his own duties the care of those of the Twenty-Second Regulars who should be sent to Siboney. A Protestant chaplain writes of him: "Father Murphy did not confine his sympathy to Catholics alone, for he helped everybody within his reach, and one morning last July, when I was starving, he insisted I should eat half his frugal fare. What called my attention to him was the tenderness he showed in helping the wounded men into the boats during the high surf. He talked like a brother to the private soldiers." Christian patriotism made him solicitous for the physical as well as spiritual comfort of his fellow-soldiers, it prompted him to aid

and cheer all sufferers with whom he came in contact. On the way from the front to Siboney, a march of nine miles during a rain-storm, unmindful of himself and his years, he thought only of those about him. "You know, my boy, what to do with that rifle, if it gets too heavy for you—give it to me," said Father Murphy many times to the wounded soldier whose gun he had offered to carry, but his offer had been declined. He has the happy faculty of adaptation, which endears him to all. His fund of quaint humor, his apt story, made him a popular and very welcome visitor at all the tents. A newspaper correspondent writes of him: "Father Murphy is a fine 'put-up,' gallant gentleman, a great scholar both in sacred and lay wisdom. His crotchet was natural history. If he can, he will come back from Cuba as Noah went into the ark, followed by a train of every kind of beast and bird to be found in the island." "A splendid man," he bent every energy to ameliorate the existing baneful conditions; regardless of official frown, he rebuked neglect, and was mighty in appeal to officers in command.

Upon his return, at a reception on September 27, at Boston, he was presented with a gold medal commemorative of his services in the war.

Father Murphy has been stationed as curate in the cathedral at Portland, Me., in Cambridgeport, in Natick, and is now rector of St. George's Church, Saxonville, Mass. He is a life member of the Arundel Art Society of London, belongs to the Cork Historical and Archæological Society, an honorary member of the Grattan Literary Association, a member for life of the *Congrégation de Laval*, Quebec, Canada, for four years was State Chaplain of the Massachusetts Knights of Columbus, and is an active member of Division I. Ancient Order of Hibernians.

WHAT THE THINKERS SAY.

DUTY OF WORKING-MEN TO ORGANIZE.

MR. ROBERT A. WOODS, Head of the South End House, Boston, in an address at the Baltimore Convention of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew called attention to the fact that the modern laborer appears to have but little joy in his work. He contrasted this condition with the workers upon old cathedrals, who wrought their very lives into the stones upon which they worked. We cannot expect great ethical accomplishments from men whose work is joyless. Every thoughtful man must have noticed the widespread lack of loyalty to employers. This is not because the capacity of devotion has been effaced, but because in the majority of cases the attitude of the employer is not such as to inspire love and loyalty from his men. We expect the captains of our armies to be in the forefront of the battle, and to think of their own safety least of all; we expect the captain of a sinking ship to be the last to leave the decks; but the great "captains of industry," as they are called, make it their special business, first of all, to get themselves out whole.

It is the duty of the workman to make the most of himself, intellectually, physically, and morally. Mr. Marshall estimates that half of what he calls "the best soul" of a country is born among the working-people. It is the duty of the worker to do his utmost to maintain the standard of living. Let him remember that the rate of his wages means more than bread and butter for his family. It determines the honesty of his boys and the honor of his girls. It is the duty of the worker to co-operate with his fellows to maintain the standard of wages. The only way to do this is through the union. Unions blunder, but they contain great possibilities. Keir Hardie, the great English labor leader, said recently that the labor movement in England is a religious movement, and that he hoped it would ere long be a Christian movement. This cannot happen, however, until the influence of the church is brought to bear more fully upon social questions, and this influence cannot reach the workers until the church speaks to them in terms of their own experience.—*Public Opinion.*

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

THE University of the State of New York, which is under the control of a board of twenty-five regents, represents a large aggregation of educational institutions. Much praise is due for the broad spirit shown in the management of the extension department, by which the volunteer forces for self-improvement are recognized and encouraged. Almost two hundred study clubs and reading circles are now registered, and are deriving bibliographic aid from revised lists of books on different subjects and travelling libraries sent from the office of the secretary of the regents, Mr. Melvil Dewey, at Albany, N. Y. Besides travelling libraries, photographs and lantern slides have been lent at small cost.

Miss Myrtila Avery, the director's assistant of the extension department, has published the summary of her extensive investigations regarding reading circles or study clubs in their relation to libraries. She found that all grades and kinds of literary aims are represented, from the small band of isolated workers in remote villages to the wealthy and powerful bodies of great cities. At both these extremes valuable educational results can be found, but the foundation of successful study club work is the library, and results can generally be tested by the character and completeness of the library to which the club members have access.

It is true that in a few exceptional cases, by contact with active if untrained intellects, club members even without books have reached a certain phase of culture and originality of ideas with which it is wholesome to meet. Such clubs are sometimes found in the smaller villages or in farming communities, where the only books available for reference on subjects of general interest are in the homes of members and include nothing more inspiring than Webster's dictionary, some compendium of useful information, a collection for the home and fireside, some complete works and a history of the world. It is surprising to know how much can be obtained from such apparently discouraging sources. Good work without a library, however, is the exception, and clubs which can accomplish it are the ones which are most ready to prove the rule by gathering libraries together at the first opportunity.

But it is not necessary to prove a statement which from the nature of the case is self evident. This vital connection between clubs and libraries has been recognized in all successful phases of the home education movement in America. A circular written for the lyceum system (dated 1831) makes the following statement :

"A deep and general regret has been expressed that town and village libraries are but little read or that they are entirely neglected and scattered. The cause of this regret is removed by the meetings of lyceums. The moment that young people come together for mutual instruction in subjects of useful knowledge they call for books. The old library is looked up or a new one formed, and when the members are not conversing with each other they are perhaps conversing with their books."

Elsewhere lyceums are urged to take an active interest in the establishment of free libraries in every town, and to this interest on the part of town lyceums can doubtless be traced the large number of free libraries existing in Massachusetts.

In the early stages of the home education movement the connection between the work of literary clubs and the books in a free library was more direct than now. Except that apparently the study of natural history was to be emphasized, the value of consecutive study on the same subject and the advantages of intellectual growth over the acquisition of useful information was then not generally considered in planning the work of lyceums and literary clubs. In the lyceum circular already referred to the question is thus stated :

"After the simple organization of a lyceum and furnishing it with *tools*, viz., with apparatus, collections in natural history, periodicals and books, the members agree upon such subjects and such a course of exercises as best suit their wishes, acquirements, and pursuits. At one time some branch of science is chosen as the subject of the meeting, when, if a single lecturer does not prefer the exclusive or principal management of the subject, the illustrations are divided between several members, who in succession occupy the attention of the meeting. When these persons have closed the illustrations they proposed, if time permits the subject is open to inquiry and more familiar discussion."

"If twenty lyceums in a county should apply a portion of the funds appropriated to general objects and the diffusion of useful knowledge, to procuring a county library, to be divided into twenty parts, according to the amount paid by the several lyceums, and a new division made once in three months, each town would have the advantage of four new libraries in a year."

This plan was so excellent for its time that it should have attracted more attention. But for club purposes we have now passed so far beyond the standpoint of the circular that the extension department will not lend a library of miscellaneous reading to a club for use in its study. However excellent the selection of books asked for by a club, none is accepted unless every book on the list can be shown to be of value in study of the subject chosen. The travelling library thus sent is therefore doubly effective, for in order to have one the club must agree to study some one subject for a specified time and the library once in the possession of the club becomes a powerful incentive to continuous study.

The system has recommended itself to the clubs of the State. In the two years since it has been in operation, 180 clubs have been registered and 220 libraries have been lent. Further information will be sent to any who are interested.

While the travelling libraries reduce the difficulties in the way of supplying necessary books for such study, the responsibilities and duties of the free public library in towns where one exists should not be overlooked. It is the librarian's high privilege by tact and wisdom to be the recognized leader in the literary work of the locality. The schools, the churches, the lecture courses, are all under the guidance of specialists devoted to their interests. But whose duty is it to guide the local literary clubs if it is not the librarian's? Some clubs, it is true, are so fortunate as to have permanent leaders, either among members or engaged in the capacity of teachers. But these clubs are few, and even they sometimes lose their leaders, and for want of some wise guidance at a critical moment may lapse, if not permanently, at least for a time, into superficial work.

The various State federations of women's clubs are interested in library work and several are definitely pledged to it. At present the State federations of Ohio, Maine, Georgia, Kentucky, New Jersey, and Tennessee are attempting to introduce the New York travelling library system into their respective States.

The New York State federation has also recently appointed a library committee, not to bombard the legislature with new ideas, as in the case of the others mentioned, but mainly to make known to the people of the State the privileges which are theirs, and in some cases to implant the desire for more and better reading among residents. In most towns where no free library exists the easiest and quickest way to bring the matter before the public is to induce



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