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T JOSEPH'S ACAL SHAY

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## The Prayer of Erasmus at the Shrine of Our Lady of Walsingham.\*

 AIL, sacred Life that Jesus didst engender!
 Both Maid and Mother none but thou alone.
 Here willing tribute men are wont to tender— Silver and gold and every precious stone,—

And in their turn would grace devoutly gather Of health or wealth; and thee implore to give Perhaps ere long that dearest name of Father,

Or else the age of Nestor to outlive.

And he, thy votive poet, recognizing

Himself so sadly poor, yet dared and willed To proffer thee this verse of his devising,

For any better homage all unskilled;

He, too, a blessing asks: who would not take it For such a worthless thing reward indeed? O grant his heart the fear of God, and make it

A heart from stain of sin forever freed!

The Mind of the New Pope.

nominally and formally addressed to the

Patriarchs, Primates, etc., in communion

N quoting recently a paragraph or two from the first Encyclical of his Holiness Benedict XV., we remarked that it is a document of outstanding importance; and the more one studies its lucid exposition of present-day evils and the proposed remedies therefor, the more does that importance become evident. There need be no apology for presenting to our readers' additional excerpts from this authoritative expression of the mind of the Holy Father; for his words, though with the Holy See, are obviously meant for all Catholics, lay or clerical, who acknowledge his spiritual fatherhood. Of what general, not to say universal, application is not, for instance, this commentary on Socialism and its only preventive or corrective!—

"But, in a particular manner-we do not hesitate to repeat this with all the force of the arguments which the Gospel and human nature and public and private interests supply,-let us be zealous in exhorting all men to love one another in a brotherly spirit, in virtue of the divine law of charity. Human fraternity, indeed, will not remove the diversities of conditions and therefore of classes. This is not possible, just as it is not possible that in an organic body all the members should have one and the same function and the same dignity. But it will cause those in the highest places to incline toward the humblest and to treat them, not only according to justice, as is necessary, but kindly, with affability and tolerance; and will cause the humblest to regard the highest with sympathy for their prosperity, and with 'confidence in their support, in the same way as in one family the younger brothers rely on the help and defence of the elder ones."

Equally forcible is the Sovereign Pontiff's application to existing conditions of St. Paul's words: "For the desire of money is the root of all evils." Laying down the

<sup>\*</sup> Erasmus visited the famous shrine, in the company of his friend, the Master of Eton College, only a few years before its destruction, and while there wrote these entirely devout and spiritual lines. The original is in Greek. Translated for THE AVE MARIA.

proposition that, if we duly consider the matter, we find that from this root spring all the evils from which society suffers at present, Benedict XV. goes on to say: "When, by means of perverse schools, in which the heart of the young is fashioned like wax, and also by means of writings which daily or at intervals mould the minds of the inexperienced masses, and by other means by which public opinion is directed, when, we say, the destructive error is thus made to penetrate into people's minds that man should not hope for a state of eternal happiness; that here and here alone one can be happy in the possession of the riches, of the honors, and of the pleasures of this life, it is not surprising that human beings, naturally made for happiness, cast aside, with the same violence with which they are attracted to the acquisition of these enjoyments, every obstacle which restrains or hinders them. Since, however, these enjoyments are not equally divided amongst all, and it is the duty of social authority to prevent individual liberty from exceeding bounds and extending to what belongs to others, there arise hatred against the public powers, and jealousy on the part of the unfortunate against those whom fortune favors. Hence, in fine, the struggle between the various classes of citizens, -- some seeking to obtain at any cost, and snatch to themselves, what they are in need of, and others striving to preserve and increase what they possess."

Emphasizing the fact that, in His Sermon on the Mount, our Divine Lord laid the foundations of a Christian philosophy, and that His maxims have appeared even to adversaries of the Faith as conveying singular wisdom and the most perfect doctrine on religion and morals, the Encyclical continues: "Now, the whole secret of this philosophy consists in this, that the so-called good things of mortal life, though they have the appearance of being such, are not really so, and therefore, it is not through

their enjoyment that man can live happily. For on God's authority we know, so far are wealth, glory, pleasure from bringing happiness to man that, if he wishes to be truly happy, he must avoid them all for the love of God: 'Blessed are ye poor.... Blessed are ye that weep now.... Blessed shall you be when men shall hate you, when they shall separate you, and shall reproach you and cast out your name as evil.' (St. Luke.) That is to say, through the sorrows, cares, and miseries of this life, if we support them patiently, as we ought to do, we obtain access for ourselves to those perfect and everlasting good things 'which God hath prepared for them that love Him.' (I. Cor., ii, 9.)

"But this important doctrine of the Faith is neglected by a great number and is altogether forgotten by many. It is necessary, Venerable Brethren, to revive it amongst all men; for in no other way can individuals and nations attain to peace. We exhort all those who are afflicted by cares of any kind not to fix their gaze on the earth, on which they are pilgrims, but to lift it up to heaven, whither we are going: 'For we have not here a lasting city, but we seek one that is to come.' (Hebrews, xiii, 14.) And, amidst the adversities by which God tries their constancy in His service, let them often reflect what a reward is reserved for them if they come victorious out of the conflict: 'For that which is at present momentary and light of our tribulation, worketh for us above measure exceedingly an eternal weight of glory.' (II. Cor., iv, 17.)"

Not to be passed over as unimportant, either, is the Holy Father's injunction concerning obedience to constituted ecclesiastical authority. While the following paragraph was doubtless inspired by conditions existing among Catholics on the other, rather than this, side of the Atlantic, it is of general application, and its implied reproof is, perhaps, not altogether unmerited even in our own country:

"The enemies of God and the Church clearly understand that any dissension among Catholics in defending the Faith means victory for them. Hence it is their usual practice, when they see Catholics strongly united, to endeavor, by cleverly sowing the seeds of discord, to break up that union. Would that their design had not so often succeeded, to the great detriment of religion! Accordingly, when there is no doubt that legitimate authority has given an order, let no one consider he is at liberty to disregard, it on the ground that he does not approve of it; but let everyone submit his opinion to the authority of him to whom he is subject and obey him through consciousness. of duty. Again, let no private person, either by the publication of books or journals or by delivering discourses, publicly assume the position of a master in the Church. All know to whom the teaching authority of the Church has been given by God. He, then, possesses a perfect right to speak as he wishes and when he thinks it opportune. The duty of others is to hearken to him reverently when he speaks, and to carry out what he says. As regards matters in which, without harm to faith or discipline-in the absence of any authoritative intervention of the Apostolic See,-there is room for divergent opinions, it is clearly the right of everyone to express and defend his own opinion. But in such discussions no expressions should be used that might constitute serious breaches of charity; let each one freely defend his own opinion, but let it be done with due moderation, so that no one should consider himself entitled to affix on those who do not agree with his ideas the stigma of disloyalty to faith or to discipline."

Our readers will remember that we briefly called attention, a few months ago, to some rather acrimonious discussions among various Catholics, or Catholic parties, in several countries of Europe, and to the novel epithets applied to each other by the disputants,—"Integralists,"

for instance, and "Minimists." Benedict XV. sets himself emphatically against the use of such nomenclature. "It is our will," he writes, "that Catholics should abstain from certain appellations which have recently been brought into use to distinguish one group of Catholics from another. They are to be avoided not only as profane novelties of words, out of harmony with both truth and justice, but also because they give rise to great trouble and confusion among Catholics. Such is the nature of Catholicism that it does not admit of more or less, but must be held as a whole, or as a whole rejected. 'This is the Catholic faith, which unless a man believe faithfully and firmly, he can not be saved.' (Athanas. Creed.) There is no need of adding any qualifying terms to the profession of Catholicism: it is quite enough for each one to proclaim, 'Christian is my name and Catholic my surname.' Only let him endeavor to be in reality what he calls himself."

On the occasion of the new Pontiff's election, various surmises and speculations were indulged in by the secular and the non-Catholic religious press, on both sides of the Atlantic, as to points about which his policy would likely prove divergent from that of Pius X. Not a few learned pundits, for instance, opined that there would be no more Papal fulminations against Modernism; that the new Pope would prove, as to that subject, less "reactionary" (save the mark!) than his predecessor. Tust how inaccurate were their guesses will be seen from the following passage of the Encyclical:

"Besides, the Church demands, from those who have devoted themselves to furthering her interests, something very different from the dwelling upon profitless questions; she demands that they should devote the whole of their energy to preserve the faith intact and unsullied by any breath of error, and follow most closely him whom Christ has appointed to be the guardian and interpreter of the

There are to be found to-day, truth. and in no small numbers, men of whom the Apostle says that, 'having itching ears, they will not endure sound doctrine; but according to their own desires they will heap up to themselves teachers, and will indeed turn away their hearing from truth, but will be turned unto the fables.' (II. Tim., iv, 3, 4.) Infatuated and carried away by a lofty idea of the human intellect, which by God's good gift has certainly made incredible progress in the study of nature, confident in their own judgment, and contemptuous of the authority of the Church, they have reached such a degree of rashness as not to hesitate to measure by the standard of their own mind even the hidden things of God and all that God has revealed to men.

4

"Hence arose the monstrous errors of Modernism, which our predecessor rightly declared to be the synthesis of all heresies, and solemnly condemned. We hereby renew that condemnation in all its fulness, Venerable Brethren; and, as the plague is not yet entirely stamped out, but lurks here and there in hidden places, we exhort all to be carefully on their guard against any contagion of the evil, to which we may apply the words Job used in other circumstances: 'It is a fire that devoureth even to destruction, and rooteth up all things that spring.' (Job, xxxi, 12.) Nor do we merely desire that Catholics should shrink from the errors of Modernism, but also from the tendencies or what is called the spirit of Modernism. Those who are infected by that spirit develop a keen dislike for all that savors of antiquity, and become eager searchers after novelties in everything,-in the way in which they carry out religious functions, in the ruling of Catholic institutions, and even in private exercises of piety. Therefore it is our will that the law of our forefathers should still be held sacred: 'Let there be no innovation; keep to what has been handed down.' In matters of faith,

that must be inviolably adhered to as the law; it may, however, also serve as a guide even in matters subject to change, but even in such cases the rule would hold: 'Old things, but in a new way.'"

Those of our readers who are members of Catholic societies, and are personally interested in their development and expansion, will be glad to learn that the Holy Father is heartily in sympathy with such organizations; and they will doubtless take to heart and act upon the advice he proffers in the concluding sentence of this paragraph: "As men are generally stimulated, Venerable Brethren, openly to profess their Catholic faith, and to harmonize their lives with its teaching, by brotherly exhortation and by the good example of their fellowmen, we greatly rejoice as more and more Catholic associations are formed. Not only do we hope that they will increase, but it is our wish that, under our patronage and encouragement, they may ever flourish; and they certainly will flourish if steadfastly and faithfully they abide by the directions which this Apostolic See has given or will give. Let all the members of societies which further the interests of God and His Church ever remember the words of Divine Wisdom: 'An obedient man shall speak of victory' (Prov., xxi, 8); for unless they obey God by showing deference to the Head of the Church, vainly will they look for divine assistance; vainly, too, will they labor."

Toward the close of the Encyclical, the Sovereign Pontiff remarks that his mind turns spontaneously to the subject with which he began, and he implores with most earnest prayers "the end of this most disastrous war, for the sake of human society and for the sake of the Church,—for human society, so that when peace shall have been concluded, it may go forward in every form of true progress; for the Church of Jesus Christ, that, freed at length from all impediments, it may go forth and bring comfort and salvation even to the most remote parts of the earth."

The attitude to be taken by the new Pontiff on the questions of the independence of the Church, the Temporal Power, and cognate subjects, was another matter of conjecture and tentative prophecy a few months ago on the part of able editors and publicists. His reference thereto is emphatic but well-weighed. "For a long time past," he writes, "the Church has not enjoyed that full freedom which it needs,-never since the Sovereign Pontiff, its Head, was deprived of that protection which, by Divine Providence, had in the course of ages been set up to defend that freedom. Once that safeguard was removed, there followed, as was inevitable, considerable trouble amongst Catholics. All, from far and near, who profess themselves sons of the Roman Pontiff, rightly demand a guarantee that the common Father of all should be, and should be seen to be, perfectly free from all human power in the administration of his Apostolic office. And so, while earnestly desiring that peace should soon be concluded amongst the nations, it is also our desire that there should be an end to the abnormal position of the Head of the Church,-a position in many ways very harmful to the very peace of nations. We hereby renew, and for the same reasons, the many protests our predecessors have made against such a state of things, moved thereto not by human interest, but by the sacredness of our office, in order to defend the rights and dignity of the Apostolic See."

On the whole, it will be seen that the successor of Leo XIII. and Pius X. fully appreciates the gravity of the evils which now afflict society, and is as thoroughly determined as were his predecessors to do all in his power to remedy them. No Catholic can attentively read his first Encyclical, we think, without rejoicing that in these troubled times a great Pontiff has been raised up to rule the Church of God.

#### The Secret Bequest.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

Τ.

HE dusk of a spring evening was making deep twilight in the large basilica-like church of the Paulists in New York, lending fT]] a shadowy remoteness to the lofty roof and pillared aisles, while bringing out with exquisite effect the radiance of the ever-burning light within the sanctuary, which brightened in steadfast glow as the obscurity deepened. Here and there throughout the church a few devout worshippers were kneeling; but it is doubtful if to any one of them the spell of the place and the hour appealed with a deeper sense of its spiritual and poetic charm than to a girl who sat quietly in one of the seats near the door.

Yet, had any one observed her entrance a short time before, it would have been apparent that she was not a Catholic; for she made no reverence to the altar, nor knelt even for a moment before dropping into a seat. But her quietness breathed a respect that was almost devout, as she sat, motionless as a statue, with an air of absorbing the influence of the wonderful stillness and silence which surrounded her. Now and again she sighed softly, as one sighs who feels weariness yielding to a consciousness of rest and peace; and but for the deepening shadows it might have been seen that all the lines of her face were relaxing from the strain of the day. Her very immobility was expressive of an attitude of the spirit in which it asks only to lie passive and be acted upon, drawing in refreshment from some source of infinite tranquillity.

Presently one of the kneeling figures rose, genuflected toward the altar, and silently as a ghost passed out. Thus roused to a recollection of the lapse of time, the girl rose also, hesitated, and then, as if constrained by some power too strong to be resisted, bent her knee in recognition of the Presence that dwelt behind the golden doors on which the distant lamplight gleamed, and, turning quickly, hurried from the church.

On the steps outside she paused for a moment, while the contrast between the ineffable quiet of the church she had left and the turmoil of the traffic-filled avenue struck her with a force she had hardly ever felt before. Almost unconsciously to herself, she had been for a brief space so far away, in regions of thought and feeling so remote from the world into which a step had now again brought her, that the scene of hurrying tumult seemed as unreal as it was discordant with her mood. She was smitten with a sudden sense of the strange difference between these two worlds, so far apart, yet touching so closely, and acting and reacting one upon the other through a thousand channels. Her eyes had for an instant the rapt look of one to whom a vision was revealed; but time was not allowed her for further meditation. A distant sound, rising above the noises of the street, warned her of the approach of a train on the elevated road. She fled hastily to the near-by station, ran up the stairs, and, breathlessly enough, found herself a few minutes later clinging to a strap in a crowded car.

It was a very familiar position to one whose daily work carried her up and down these avenues of the narrow, congested city during the "rush hours" of morning and evening. Taking it, therefore, as a matter of course, she stood, steadying herself, with the ease of long practice, to the movement of the train, and gazing absently over the heads of a row of seated men before her, when, somewhat to her surprise, one of these suddenly rose and offered her his seat. With a murmured word of thanks, she dropped into the vacant place, conscious of a great sense of weariness from her long day's work; and, as she leaned back and closed her eyes, something in her pale, tired face arrested the attention of the man who had surrendered his seat.

He had succeeded to her strap; and so standing, with his tall, heavy figure swaying slightly, he stared down at her until the magnetism of his steady regard lifted the lids from a pair of leaf-brown eyes, which unexpectedly glanced up at Thus detected in staring with him. apparent rudeness, he colored and looked away, quickly; but the girl who had met his eyes only smiled a little. In her life among the working throngs of the great city, she had learned too much to make a mistake in reading a man's looks; and she knew that in the gaze she had encountered there was nothing of admiration, offensive or otherwise, but only an intent scrutiny, as of struggling recog-"Does the man think that he nition. knows me?" she wondered. A very brief observation convinced her that she did not know him; and, although his bodily presence continued to stand in front of her, she dismissed him from her mind, until, on leaving the train when her station was reached. she found him behind her.

There was nothing in this to attract attention; but the fact that he followed her as she turned from the avenue into the street on which she lived, began to seem rather more than accidental. And she was quite sure that it was more when he appeared immediately behind her in the vestibule of the house she entered. Without a glance at him, however, she was about to pass on her upward way, when he stepped quickly forward, took off his hat and spoke.

"I think I can hardly be mistaken," he said, in a voice full of the inflections as well as the courtesy of the South. "Am I not addressing Miss Trezevant?"

"Yes, I am Honora Trezevant," the girl answered, pausing and measuring him with a cool, level gaze. "But I don't know you," she added with concise directness.

"No, you don't know me, for the very good reason that you never saw me before," the stranger replied, with a smile. "My name is Maxwell." He produced and handed a card to her. "I am a lawyer from Kingsford, North Carolina, the old home of your family; and I have come to New York specially to see you."

"To see me!" Honora Trezevant lifted eyes full of astonishment from the card she had received. "For what purpose?"

"For a very agreeable purpose," Mr. Maxwell answered genially,—"to inform you that you have inherited a fortune."

"*I*!" She regarded him incredulously. "From whom?"

"From your cousin, Mr. Alexander Chisholm, of whom no doubt you have heard."

"I have heard of him, yes" (her delicate, dark brows drew together as if such hearing had not been altogether pleasant), "but I can not conceive it possible that he should have left me a fortune, or anything else, for that matter."

"Nevertheless, he has done so," Mr. Maxwell said positively. "If you will permit me to accompany you to your apartment—you live here, do you not?— I can have the pleasure of giving you full details."

"Oh, certainly! Will you come up with me?" she said hastily.

As they went upstairs together—the house contained no elevator—she glanced at him critically, and took in the full impression of his highly respectable personality: that of a middle-aged, professional man, with a shrewd, pleasant face, kindly though keen eyes, and a certain note in manner and appearance which differentiated him from the type of men with whom her daily life associated her, and recalled a type to which her own father belonged. She felt her heart warm toward him as, notwithstanding a considerable avoirdupois, he mounted lightly enough beside her. "Will you tell me how you knew me at once?" she asked. "My name is not printed on my face."

"You think not?" He laughed. "I found it printed there quite plainly. Are you not aware that you are strikingly like your father?"

"I have been told so," she answered. "But I didn't know that the likeness was so strong that I might be recognized by it. Was that why you were—er—"

"Staring at you in the train? Yes. The likeness struck me as soon as I looked at you; but I couldn't be sure enough to risk speaking until you turned into this house, of which I had the address. Then I felt certain of making no mistake."

"It's a little strange that you should remember my father so well," she said. "He has been dead five years, and it was ten years before, that he left home."

"He wasn't a man one could easily forget," Mr. Maxwell replied. "We grew up together, and I not only knew him very well, but I was also much attached to him. He was a very brilliant and lovable man, you know."

"Yes, I know," she said with an accent of sadness. "But here we are! I hope the stairs haven't tired you very much."

"Oh, not at all!" he assured her, though conscious of some shortness of breath, and much satisfaction that there was not another flight to mount.

"You see, one gets a better apartment if one doesn't have to pay for luxuries, such as elevators and buttoned pages," she explained, while she fitted her latchkey into the door which faced them on the landing.

As it opened, a voice from within spoke fretfully:

"O Nora, have you come at last? What on earth has made you so late?"

Then, over the shoulder of the girl before him, Mr. Maxwell saw another girl, standing in the door of a brilliantly lighted room that opened on the hall into which they entered, — a slender, graceful girl, with an arrestingly beautiful face, crowned by a splendid mass of copper-tinted hair, which the light behind was turning into a nimbus about her head. Her petulant expression changed to one of astonishment as she caught sight of the tall, masculine figure following Miss Trezevant, who said quietly:

"This is my sister, Mr. Maxwell." And then, "Cecily, Mr. Maxwell is from Kingsford, and he has brought us some very surprising news."

"I hope it is good news," Cecily Trezevant remarked, as she drew back so that the visitor could be ushered into the room, in the door of which she had been standing.

It was a pleasant and (for a New York flat) rather spacious room, which extended across the front and full width of the apartment; and it was furnished in a manner which would have gone far to reveal the past history of its occupants to the man who entered, if he had not already been aware of that history. For the few pieces of richly carved old mahogany, which were mingled with some inexpensive modern furniture; the family portraits on the walls; a desk bookcase with latticed doors, behind which showed the mellow leather of fine old bindings; and the Oriental rug on the floor, which, though worn in spots, was still full of rich, subdued color, were all eloquent, not only of past prosperity, but of a culture and refinement stretching back through generations.

And what the old mahogany and family portraits indicated was to be read even more clearly in the appearance of the two sisters; for race and inherited culture had set their unmistakable mark upon both,—on the pale, sensitive face of the girl who had sat in the twilight in the church of St. Paul the Apostle, with its soft brown eyes contradicting, as it were, the resolution of the firmly chiselled mouth and chin; and in the exquisite, flower-like beauty that in its high-bred type made Cecily Trezevant look like a princess very ineffectually disguised. It was not surprising that Mr. Maxwell's gaze rested on the latter, as he sat down on the wide, old-fashioned sofa, with its cover of softly faded chintz for men's eyes were always attracted by Cecily,—and it was her remark that he answered:

"I think that I am quite safe in assuring you that what I bring is good news," he said. "I have come to inform Miss Honora Trezevant that she has inherited the bulk of the estate of my late friend and client, Mr. Alexander Chisholm."

"You mean," Honora interposed, "that we—my sister and myself---have inherited this estate?"

Mr. Maxwell shook his head.

"I mean precisely what I have said," he replied. "You are the sole residuary legatee. Your sister's name is not mentioned in the will."

"Why not? Why should such a distinction have been made between us?"

"That I can not tell you. If you knew Mr. Chisholm, you must know that he seldom gave an account of his actions to any one."

"I didn't know him. I never saw him but once, when I was a small child; and I hardly remember him at all, except that he struck me as a—very disagreeable old man."

Mr. Maxwell smiled. "You-evidently impressed him more favorably," he said. "He was a man who forgot nothing, and who often made up his mind about people from slight indications of character. He has given good proof that he discovered something in you that won his approval."

"I still don't see why Cecily should not have been included—"

"Don't waste time in wondering over that," Cecily broke in. "It's enough that one of us has inherited a fortune; and I must say for Mr. Chisholm that he showed his good sense in selecting you to be the one. Who was he exactly, by the by? I seem to have heard of him all my life, but I don't know anything about him."

"He was our father's cousin," Honora told her. "And I can't forget," she added, "that when papa was struggling with the business difficulties which finally killed him, he asked Mr. Chisholm for assistance—and was refused."

"Perhaps it was remorse for that which made him leave his fortune to you," Cecily suggested.

But at this Mr. Maxwell shook his head again.

"No," he said decidedly. "Nothing of that kind influenced him. He never took risks in business, and therefore he would not help your father; for he knew that his situation was hopeless. I'm sure he only congratulated himself on his refusal to do so when the final crash came."

"Then, if it wasn't remorse, what did make him leave his fortune to Honora?" Cecily inquired. "We are only his distant cousins. Hadn't he any nearer relations?"

"Oh, yes, he had at least one nearer relative!" the lawyer answered. "It has always been supposed that his grandnephew, Bernard Chisholm, would inherit his estate."

"And why didn't he inherit it?"

"Because he angered Mr. Chisholm deeply by changing his religion."

"By what?" Cecily's voice could hardly have expressed greater surprise if he had said, by changing his shoes.

"By entering the-er-Roman Catholic Church," Mr. Maxwell explained.

"How extraordinary!" Cecily ejaculated; while, before Honora's mental vision there suddenly rose the picture of a dusky church, wrapped in unearthly quiet, where before a distant altar a lamp burned with steady radiance, like the love of a faithful heart. She seemed to have grown paler as she looked at the lawyer with expanded eyes.

"Do you really mean that the young man of whom you speak was disinherited for no other reason than that?" she asked in a low tone.

"There was no other reason that I am aware of," Mr. Maxwell answered. "Mr. Chisholm was very much attached to Bernard, and made no secret of his intention of making him his heir, until he was alienated by this ill-judged change of faith."

"It may have been ill-judged, but it was at least honest and disinterested, since he has lost a fortune by it," the girl said. "And of course," she added quickly, "I shall not accept the fortune which was forfeited for such a reason. I will restore it to him."

"Honora!" Cecily gasped—but before she could say anything more, Mr. Maxwell spoke, with a rather inscrutable smile.

"That is very good of you, my dear young lady!" he said. "But I must tell you that it is altogether out of your power to do anything of the kind. Mr. Chisholm has effectually prohibited such an action."

"How?" she asked sharply.

"By stating explicitly in his will his reason for passing over his grandnephew, and by further providing that no one who belongs to or enters the Roman Catholic Church shall inherit or hold any part of his estate."

Honora put her hand to her throat, where at this moment her heart seemed to be beating.

"Then," she said, "if one who did inherit or hold any part of his estate were to see reason to change her religion, she would forfeit everything by the act, just as this young man has done?"

"Exactly," Mr. Maxwell assented, "if the religion adopted was the Roman Catholic. There is no prohibition against any other. You can" (he smiled indulgently) "become a Christian Scientist or even a Buddhist, if your taste lies in that direction; but you must not go to the Pope. I trust that you have no intention of doing so," he added. "In fact, I am bound, as executor of the will, to ask an assurance of the kind from you."

"How utterly absurd!" Cecily exclaimed. "Mr. Chisholm was surely a survival of a type of two or three centuries ago. Who in these days cares enough about religion to make sacrifices for it?"

"Apparently Mr. Bernard Chisholm does," Honora said. Then she met the lawyer's eyes with a full, clear glance. "You want an assurance that I am not a Catholic?" she asked. "It is easily given. I am not."

"Well, that's the only condition of your inheriting," he told her cheerfully; "so you'll let me congratulate you very warmly on the large fortune you have come into. Mr. Chisholm began life with only moderate means; but he was one of the men who have a positive genius for making money. Whatever he touched prospered. And he touched pretty nearly everything in our part of the country banks, factories, mines, railways. Consequently he accumulated a very large estate."

"And does it all come to Honora?" Cecily asked.

"There are a few minor bequests," Mr. Maxwell replied, "but the bulk of the estate is bequeathed to her."

"And how much does it amount to?"

"That's rather difficult to say at present; but certainly not less than a million dollars, and perhaps a good deal more."

"A million dollars!" Cecily's eyes shone like stars. "O Nora, did you ever dream of such marvellous good fortune coming to us?"

"Never," Honora answered, with an accent so grave that Mr. Maxwell looked at her curiously.

"You are not so much elated as your sister," he remarked. "Yet you know such a fortune will give you power to order your life as you please, and to do many things that you must have desired to do."

"I shall realize that after a while, no doubt," she answered; "but just now I can think only of the man who has lost what I have gained."

"You are not responsible for his loss, and you should not let it shadow your pleasure in your inheritance."

"You certainly should not," Cecily agreed emphatically. "Mr. Bernard Chisholm must have counted the cost of what he did, and therefore he is not entitled to compassion."

"It would be the last thing he would ask, I am sure," Mr. Maxwell said. "He has taken his loss in a very fine spirit; and you'll let me remind you that it is better for a young man to have his own way to make in the world than for a gently-bred girl."

Honora glanced involuntarily at the beautiful face of her sister, and caught her breath, as if at the lifting of some dark shadow of fear.

"You are right," she said then. "It is better. And I will not think any more of what I can not help, but only be grateful for the good fortune which has come to us."

The lawyer nodded approvingly.

"That's the proper way to regard it," he said. "Now a few words on business. I had to come to New York to find you, because no one in Kingsford could give me your address; and I've had some trouble here in getting it, or I should have seen you earlier. But, now that I've found you, I want to know when you can come down to North Carolina. There are many things connected with the estate to be settled, and the presence of the owner is absolutely necessary."

"I can go in a few days," Honora replied. "I will give up my position to-morrow—I've been working as a stenographer in a business office, you know,—and then we have only to arrange to leave this apartment, see about our furniture—"

"And do some shopping for our personal needs," Cecily reminded her in an admonitory tone.

"Ah, yes!" Mr. Maxwell assented.

"You will of course have various expenses to meet, and no doubt you'll wish to draw some money for the purpose. Tomorrow I shall put five thousand dollars to your credit in bank—"

"Five thousand!" Honora gasped. "Oh, that is much more than will be required!"

"Perhaps so, and perhaps not," he replied, with a smile. "You must understand that you have now a large income to spend. I'll bring you a check-book to-morrow—or perhaps you'll meet me down-town, where I can introduce you at the bank; and you and Miss Cecily will then, I hope, do me the honor of lunching with me?"

"We'll be delighted," Cecily responded before her sister could speak. "Just tell me where we are to meet you, and I'll see that Honora is there on time. To be introduced to a bank account is far too interesting an experience to be deferred."

(To be continued.)

#### Greeting.

BY E. MERRYWEATHER.

G<sup>FIGURE</sup> comes enfolded in mystery, dim, unknown,

- And one, in swift receding, has shadows backward thrown.
- Half doubting and in wonder, half shrinking and in fear,
- We see the guest approaching, dim-lit the coming year.
- But stay! From sunset dying, a softened radiance gleams;
- And from dim-vistaed future, the dawn, all rosy, beams.
- Gone are the shadows gloomy, like flitting ghosts of night,
- And that still-shrouded figure is steeped in glowing light.
- Then, with a steadfast courage, we rise our guest to meet—
- Gravely the unknown future, yet hopefully, we greet.

# Thomas Jefferson's Attitude toward Religion.

BY JAMES J. WALSH, M. D., PH. D.

- Colores ERHAPS nothing is more commonly misunderstood or unwittingly misrepresented than Thomas Jefferson's attitude toward religion. It is often said that, as a result of studies of the French philosophers and freethinkers, the Encyclopedists and political pamphleteers, he had lost all sympathy with religion and must be listed among the freethinkers. Professor Bertillon reminded the Congress of Freethinkers at Rome some years ago that they must not forget that there was a definite tendency, among those who called themselves freethinkers, to claim absolute freedom of thought for themselves, but to be inclined to limit the freedom of thought of others, and above all the freedom of expression of others, especially when those others differed from the so-called freethinkers in matters of belief, and particularly on religious subjects. At least in this sense it has been well known that Thomas Jefferson was not a freethinker; for it was he who secured, though not without much opposition, the passage of the Bill through the Virginia Legislature according freedom of religious worship to all in the Old Dominion.

Not a few of those who are rather emphatic in their proclamation of their own status as freethinkers have insisted that not only was Thomas Jefferson a freethinker, but that it is to this fact we owe the benefits derived from his power as a writer and a statesman at a critical time in the history of this country, when his authorship of the Declaration of Independence, and his sustaining of true democratic principles and the rights of man, did so much to establish the precious heritage of liberty which the people of this country enjoy. Such writers are prone to ascribe the origin of imerican liberty to French philosophy and above

all to free-thought; and to proclaim that, without that fostering intellectual soil, our precious plant of liberty would never have come to maturity. Of all the Colonial legislators, Thomas Jefferson is declared to have been the most influenced by French thought, and especially by French atheism; and it is to this that we must attribute the throwing off of the trammels which had formerly bound men's minds.

While there is no doubt that Thomas Jefferson was deeply influenced by the French Encyclopedists and Rousseau, there are-as Mr. Whitelaw Reid, our late Ambassador to England, declares in his article on Thomas Jefferson in "American and English Studies," \*---no good grounds for the exaggerated expression so common as to his atheism or rejection of all religion; and above all not the slightest reason for thinking that he had given up faith in immortality and a hereafter of reward and punishment, with the universe ruled over by a God who exacted obedience to the promptings of right and wrong which every man has in his breast. It is well known, as noted by Mr. Reid, that Thomas Jefferson once asked James Madison whether he considered it possible that "the liberties of a nation could be thought secure when we have removed their only firm basis-a conviction in the minds of the people that these liberties are of the gift of God."

Indeed, Jefferson has, in his writings, many such expressions, in which he makes it clear that he could not think that men could be brought to give up their own private advantage for the benefit of the community, and live happily together in a true commonwealth, with the sacrifices of personal advantage which this often entails, unless they were firmly convinced of their dependence on the Almighty, and felt that their government and its authority had the sanction of God behind it.

It is true that Thomas Jefferson lost faith and confidence in sectarian religion

\* Scribner's, 1913.

as he knew it. Above all, Calvinism, which had a very strong hold on his mind at one time in life, came to represent to him one of the worst illusions under which men have ever suffered. As is always the case with men, in the reaction against Calvinism he said some extremely bitter things. He had been ready to advance the cause of Calvinism to the farthest extent possible at one period in life. Indeed, when he became deeply interested in the University of Virginia, he proposed at one time to bring over the whole faculty of the University of Geneva; and, at another, to bring over the faculty of Edinburgh, "for the good of our country in general and the promotion of science." He suggested that the treasury of the State might supply the money necessary to support the faculty properly until such time as students' fees might be sufficient to afford them proper salaries. We can only be very glad that neither of these ideas was ever carried into effect. Later. Thomas Jefferson himself would have been very sorry had his plans succeeded.

Some of his denunciations of Calvinism are interesting as representing his recognition of the inhuman side of Calvin's theological errors with regard to predestination. They would remind one strongly of John Boyle O'Reilly's expressions, and above all his question:

Why is it Mystery? O dumb Darkness, why Have always men, with loving arts themselves, Made devils of their gods?

It has always been literally true, however, that whenever men have made their gods, they have made them worse than themselves. Even the old Greeks, with all their wisdom and wonderful æsthetic appreciation of truth and beauty, and their philosophic profundity of spirit, accepted a religion almost as absurd as possible, in which their gods were literally worse than themselves, anthropomorphic exaggerations of their own personalities, with their vices and littlenesses even more exaggerated than their good qualities.

Perhaps it is 'not so surprising, then, that Calvin in his man-made religion should have indulged in so many absurdities which eventually came to merit the denunciation of Jefferson. He once said that the five points of Calvinism were a blasphemous absurdity, the hocus-pocus phantasm of a god created by Calvin, which, like another Cerberus, had one body and three heads. By this time he himself, in the midst of his reaction against religion in some of its severer phases, had become a Unitarian, and all Trinitarians had become to him absurdly ridiculous in their beliefs. There were other phases of Calvinism, however, that disturbed Iefferson even more. On one occasion he declared: "It would be more pardonable to believe in no God than to blaspheme Him by the atrocious attributes of Calvin." That is, I believe, the nearest to infidelity that Jefferson ever came. It is one of the strongest expressions in the direction of atheism to be found in Quite needless to his writings. sav. far from being atheistic, it is only a natural reaction of right reasoning against the absolute lack of logic in the untenable position of Calvinists with the awful god they make for themselves.

With regard to Jefferson, and to a great many of the thinking men of the nineteenth century, it must not be forgotten that much of their attitude of supposed opposition to religion is really opposition to the sectarian religion which they had been taught when younger, had once heartily accepted, had indeed come to look upon as quite infallible as a rule, or at least expressive of divine revelation, and then had come to distrust. Because they had lost faith in this form of religion, they were inclined to think that no other religion could possibly have any secure basis or logical position. Often they refused to investigate further. Many such men as Thomas Huxley and even Herbert Spencer in seemingly condemning all religious doctrines were in reality condemning only the curious

sectarian notions that had crept in after the right of private judgment had given every man a chance to make a religion for himself, with the inevitable failure that attends all man-made religions. No wonder they rejected them and were rather scornful about them. So must any thinker who takes the time and has the mind to investigate them deeply. Catholics of scientific bent of mind can scarcely help feeling sympathy for such men for their rejection of these curious, uncritical, illogical sectarian religious teachings.

Toward the end of his life, when he had become a very old man and yet was in full possession of his faculties, Thomas Jefferson wrote out for the son of a dear old friend his advice as regards one's conduct in this world with reference to the hereafter, and amply expressed his own beliefs. His letter is dated February 21, 1825, the year before his death. He said:

"Your affectionate and excellent father has requested that I would address you something which might possibly have a favorable influence upon the course of life you have to run; and I, too, as a namesake, feel an interest in that course. Few words will be necessary, with good dispositions on your part. Adore God. Reverence and cherish your parents. Love your neighbor as yourself, and your country more than yourself. Be just, be true. Murmur not at the ways of Providence. So shall the life into which you have entered be the portal to one of eternal and ineffable bliss. And if to the dead it is permitted to care for the things of this world, every action of your life will be under my regard. Farewell!

"THOMAS JEFFERSON."

Such a letter is, of course, full of the spirit of genuine belief in the hereafter and in the existence of God; and even contains, besides, a brief abstract of the essential Commandments, a suggestion of the creed as regards the acceptance of Providence, and the promise of heaven, and even the Communion of Saints. Such expressions have been in the mouths of believing Christians for many centuries. They represent a certain essence of worldly wisdom touched by religious belief.

It is possible that in early middle life Thomas Jefferson, like many another, may have had little faith in religion, and may even have expressed himself in certain infidel terms, though no strong expressions of that kind have been preserved to us. After all; he was a man who knew his own power of influencing his fellows, who was rather independently rich, and who was eminently successful in life. "Lacon," which was the title of a book by the Rev. Charles Colton, in the early part of the nineteenth century, declared that "the three great apostles of practical atheism, that make converts without persecuting and retain them without preaching, are wealth, health, and power." All these in a measure Jefferson had; and, besides, he had lost his faith in the particular sectarian form of religion in which he had been brought' up.

Toward the end of his career, however, when he looked back on life, and saw how much faith in the hereafter meant for support in times of trial not only for himself but for others, the old faith gradually came back to him. The Scripture says that it is the man who thinketh not in his heart who says there is no God. Only the man who is out of sympathy with his fellow-creatures and their trials and their consolations disbelieves in the existence of Providence, though he may have seen good come out of evil. The young man is sceptical: the old man believes, and only wishes that he could believe more and more.

Herbert Spencer, at the age of thirtyfive, declared that the thoughts that come to us are motions of the Great First Cause, that must not be neglected, and that must be uttered, if occasion offers, even though we should thus disturb the faith of others. Thirty-five years later, however, when he was a man past seventy and was writing his last book, "Facts and Comments," he had come to look at the world differently; and declared that any one who had seen the trials of life, and how much of consolation was afforded many people in the midst of these inevitable trials by their belief in the existence of a Creator and a Providence and of a hereafter, would not care to disturb the faith of these men by anything that he might say. On the contrary, he would be only too glad to confirm it.

Many a man who has lived long enough has felt this same thing, and above all has experienced that change of heart which deprives him of the hardness of the merely intellectual view of life, and gives him something of true sympathy for humanity in its trials, and the faith that consoles us. Thomas Jefferson was one of these; and so at the end of his life he wrote this letter to the son of his old friend, brimful of the deepest of Christian feelings, confidence in Providence, and assurance of a hereafter.

The myth of his atheistic tendencies must disappear before the actual facts of his life. And the contention that we owe our liberties in any sense to men who were atheists, and above all our liberty of religion to men who were themselves without religion, is now known to be quite false. Thomas Jefferson has been recognized as a great, practical genius, who, though not of profound philosophic insight nor of supreme originality, knew how to lead men to the practical purposes of life, and above all knew how to create for them shibboleths in their political crises that helped them to attain successfully to practical democracy.

## Love Understands.

BY S. M. R.,

THOUGH friendship's wish I frame to-day— A pathway strewn with flowers,— Love understands the thorns decreed By wiser love than ours.

## The Window of Paradise.\*

ERILY, it is a great matter to have Our Lady's friendship, and little need they fear that possess this sovereign grace; for neither man nor the enemy in hell can hurt them, so great a power and subtlety

hath the glorious Virgin in her children's help and defence. And that ye may know somewhat of the manner in which she guards us, I will here set in writing the adventure of a certain good Christian that was sacristan in the church of the Blessed Apostle Saint Peter that is in the city of Rome.

Now, amongst the many offices wherewith this sacristan was charged, one devoir he had of great import-namely, to tend and nourish with pure oil the lamps that burned before the altars of the saints; for these lamps should burn forever with an unchanging light, being indeed the emblem of the Church's prayers. And, because he had a special love for our dear Lady Saint Mary, this sacristan had exceeding care of the lamp that was before her altar, and trimmed it very often, and kept it always filled with oil and burning brightly. But one day it chanced that this lamp wanted for oil, so that its light grew dim and was like to be extinguished; and when he saw this he was much sorrowed, and cast about to see what he might do to replenish the oil as quickly as he could.

Now, the lamp that burned before the shrine of the Blessed Apostle Saint Peter was full of oil even to the brim; and it burned with a great light, exceeding all other in the church. Therefore this sacristan, for that he was old and somewhat slothful, bethought him that he would take a little oil from Saint Peter's lamp, and 'therefrom replenish that of the Blessed Virgin Mary, the which was like to be extinguished. This he did,

\* A Mary-legend of the Middle Ages, originally written in French by an unknown author. Adapted for THE AVE MARIA from the English version, by Evelyn Underhill. thinking no harm of it; for he held that even the Prince of the Apostles should find it a pleasant thing and just to give to God's Mother those things of which she stood in need. And not on this day only, but on many others, he fed the lamp of his Lady from out the superfluity of oil which Saint Peter's suppliants offered at his shrine.

Nevertheless, that holy Apostle was greatly vexed that the oil of his lamp should be taken, and one night he came from Paradise and appeared in vision before that sacristan whiles he slept, and he saith to him:

"Wherefore, O sacristan, have you taken the oil from my lamp?"

Said the sacristan: "Messire Saint Peter, I did but borrow a little for the lamp of Our Lady Saint Mary."

The Apostle replied: "God's Mother hath much honor in many lands, and many shrines and pilgrimages there are established in her name; but this is my house, wherein my body lies, that is the very Rock on which the Church is built; and here I can in no wise suffer that you do the Lady Mary this courtesy at my expense. Oil has been provided wherewith to light her altar, and this must suffice. Here am I accustomed to be honored above all other saints, and ill shall it be for them that fail to give me my due. Behold, I keep the key of heaven, and none can enter in save them to whom I open; and if you be so " hardy to come thither, that have given me less oil that the Blessed. Virgin may have more, very surely I will shut the door in your face."

Then the sacristan awoke, full of dread, and he rose up swiftly and went into the church; and there he made haste to tend the lamp of the Blessed Apostle Saint Peter and show him every courtesy he could.

And when he had done all he might for Saint Peter's lamp, then did he give oil to the one that burned before Saint Mary's altar; and, "Ah, dearest Lady," he said, "how dearly have I paid for my love! For the Blessed Apostle Saint Peter is vexed because I have dared to take oil from his lamp; and since I have earned his displeasure, he will not open the door of heaven to let me in. Alas, Madame, what shall I do?"

But, behold, that night whiles he slept, Our Lady Saint Mary came and spoke comfortable words to him, saying:

"My very dear friend and faithful servant, be joyful and fear not; for none can harm you whiles you have my love. Therefore, continue firmly in all that you have aforetime done, honoring me at my altar. If this you do, greatly shall it profit you; for, though the Apostle Saint Peter refuse to open the door of heaven to let you in, yet is he powerless to keep you from the Celestial City so long as you do call upon my name. Very truly he keeps the keys of the door of Paradise, but so soon as he hath shut it against you, I, of whom my anthem saith, 'Cali fenestra facta es,' shall open the window, that thereby you may come in. This will I ever do for my friends that fail not in my service; for the door of heaven is a very narrow gate, and Saint Peter keepeth it exceeding straitly; but the window of my love is very wide."

Then was the poor sacristan greatly comforted by the words that the Queen of Heaven had said; and he rose up full of joy to give her thanks, repeating much devoutly the anthem that was an earnest of her grace. Ever after he tended her lamp before all others, so that it burned day and night with exceeding splendor, the brightest in all that church. No heed did he give to the displeasure of the Blessed Apostle Saint Peter.

And when it pleased God to end his life, be ye sure that the Virgin Mother, *Fenestra Cæli*, did bring that good and faithful servant of hers to Heavenly Syon; and his soul appeared at the Throne of God by virtue of her intercession, that there it might rejoice forever and ever more.

## A Circumspect Informant.

A GENTLEMAN, presumably a German professor, who was travelling on foot from Brussels to Ostend, by way of Ghent, had just left the last-mentioned town when he came upon an old road-mender seated, head bent, by the wayside and engaged in breaking stones.

"How long will it take me to get to Bruges, my good fellow?" asked the pedestrian, stopping beside the old man.

There was no reply, nor was a second inquiry any more successful: the roadmender answered never a word.

"He's deaf," said the professor to himself. "The administration ought to have more sense than to hire such employees. They can't give one any information, or help one in any way." And, continuing to grumble, he proceeded on his journey.

Scarcely had he walked fifty yards, however, when the old fellow called out to him:

"Sir! I say, sir!"

The surprised traveller turned around, exclaiming, as he walked back: "Oh, ho! So you are no longer deaf! You've recovered your voice perfectly, I see. Well, what is it? What do you want of me?"

"Sir, it will take you at least two hours to get to Bruges."

"Indeed! Well, you took your time, before answering my question. Couldn't you have given me this information in the first place?"

"No, sir; how could I? I hadn't seen how fast you were walking. Now that I know your pace—"

"True enough," said the other,—"true enough. You are the most circumspect informant I ever met in all my life. Here's a coin for a smoke and a glass of wine, when you're through with your day's work."

And as the learned professor continued his journey he kept repeating to himself: "A most uncommon stamp of mind. I maintain that."

# Devotion to the Mother of Our Saviour a Sign of Salvation.

THE dawn of a new year is a propitious season for the laudable projects touching one's scheme of life, and for the prosecution, with fresh energy and an access of revivified zeal, of designs already formulated more than once but hitherto more or less neglected. In the spiritual life, it is an epoch generally signalized by the taking of new or the strengthening of old resolutions calculated to further one's progress on the straight and narrow path of duty. A resolution which all Christians may well renew, with genuine ardor and energetic force, at this auspicious period is that of increasing throughout the weeks and months of the new-born year their practical devotion to the Mother of the. world's Redeemer.

Of the millions who receive during this season of social joy and cordial good-will the common greeting, "A happy New Year!" all in the eyes of God belong to either one of two classes: they are His friends or His enemies. To both of these classes devotion to the Blessed Virgin is practically indispensable. To insure perseverance in virtue or conversion from vice her aid is so efficacious that devotion to her has time and time again been denominated a mark of predestination.

The Fathers of the Church and the masters of the spiritual life have given ample testimony on this point,—testimony which can not be too often reiterated for the encouragement of those who aspire to reach one day the heavenly port, but meanwhile shudder at the thought of the rocks and shoals, the winds and waves, that threaten the shipwreck of their hopes. "A true servant of Mary," says St. Bernard, "can not perish." *Impossibile est ut pereat.* "Great Queen," exclaims St. Bonaventure, "he who honors the and recommends himself to thy goodness is far distant from perdition!" And St.

Liguori declares: "If I am a devoted servant of Mary, I am sure of reaching Paradise."

Does not the Church herself add her testimony to that of her most eminent Doctors? What else does she mean in calling Mary the Gate of Heaven-Janua Cali,—the hope and refuge of poor sinners---Refugium Peccatorum? Does she not teach the same lesson when proposing to our minds Mary as the Star destined to guide us across the world's tempestuous sea, and lead us safely and securely to the shores of a happy eternity? "Hail, Star of the Sea!" Throughout the Offices which she has established in honor of the Blessed Virgin, does not the Church unceasingly inculcate that those who rightly honor and confidently invoke that benign Mother will infallibly accomplish the great work of their salvation?

It is, then, eminently consonant with both the doctrine of the Church and the sentiments of her greatest members to declare that Mary will obtain for us the supreme grace of final perseverance if we implore it of her clemency. She is both able and willing to insure our arriving at the goal of the elect, the celestial Sion where she herself reigns as Queen.

As to her ability to effect this work, her very name, Mother of God, is a sufficient guarantee. In virtue of that title, says St. Bernard, all power is given to her in heaven and on earth, and nothing is impossible to her. Her power is that of her Divine Son; with this difference, however, that the Son has His power of Himself, while the Mother holds hers by grace or communication,—a circumstance which, nevertheless, does not change the nature of the power, nor limit its exercise. She is omnipotent interceding.

If the saints in all ages have had access to the Divine Majesty; if they have, so to speak, partaken of His omnipotence; if their prayers have obtained miracles without number; if, in accordance with their desire, the laws of nature have been

suspended, and the fountains of grace have irrigated and made fertile the barren rock of the sinner's heart, what, we may well ask, can be unattainable through Mary's prayers to God the Father or to His and her beloved Son? When our Saviour was still on earth He knew not how to refuse anything to His Mother. At the marriage-feast of Cana in Galilee she asked Him to perform a miracle; and, although, as He informed her, His hour had not yet come, He forthwith granted her request. Assuredly He is not less likely to accede to her requests now that she is seated by His side in His heavenly kingdom.

"No one," says Cardinal Newman, "has access to the Almighty as His Mother has; none has merit such as hers. Her Son will deny her nothing that she asks; and herein lies her power. While she defends the Church, neither height nor depth, neither men nor evil spirits, neither great monarchs nor craft of man nor popular violence, can avail to harm us; for human life is short, but Mary reigns above, a Queen, forever." "You can save us all!" cries. St. John Damascene. "Your authority as Mother gives irresistible force to your supplications." And does not the Church herself call her "Virgin most powerful," and invoke her in these words, "O Mary, Holy Mother of Jesus Christ, by your prayers, always acceptable to your Son, obtain for us grace for eternal life"? "The universal advocate of all men," says St. Thomas, "it is by her means that all those who obtain their salvation are saved." "As she contributed by her charity to the spiritual birth of the faithful," says the great St. Augustine, "so God wishes that she should also contribute, by her intercession, to make them obtain the life of grace in time and the life of glory in eternity."

The certainty of Our Lady's power to assist us would, however, prove of relatively little comfort to us, were we not equally assured of her readiness to exert that power in our behalf as often and

as constantly as we invoke her. Of her willingness, not less than her ability, to protect and save us, no Christian can entertain a reasonable doubt. That she loves each of the souls for whom her Divine Son consummated the tremendous Sacrifice of Calvary with a love surpassing all that other mothers can possibly feel for their children, is a fact we never seriously call in question. From the moment when Christ confided to her maternal care all humanity in the person of St. John, no child of Adam has wanted a mother tenderer far than the most devoted of earthly parents.

From a mother's love issues naturally and inevitably the will to benefit her children. Indifference to their interests, neglect of their welfare, heedlessness of their cries,—these are obviously incompatible with a true and tender affection. And therefore it is that, convinced of Our Lady's genuine love for each of the children whom Christ confided to her care, we rejoice in the certainty that, all-embracing as is her power, it is fully equalled by her benignity, her clemency, and her mercy.

One can not be truly devoted to the Blessed Virgin without becoming more faithful in the service of her Divine Sonmore ready to obey His Commandments, which can alone lead to life. Filled with the desire of honoring the Mother of Christ and of becoming the objects of her patronage, His servants can not but desire to avoid sin, to fly the occasions of it, and to practise the virtues of which she is the highest of models. "There are those," writes Cardinal Newman, "who are so thoughtless, so blind, so grovelling as to think that Mary is not as much shocked at wilful sin as her Divine Son is: and that we can make her our friend and advocate, though we go to her without contrition at heart, without even the wish for true repentance and resolution to amend. As if Mary could hate sin less, and love sinners more, than Our Lord does! No: she feels a sympathy for those

only who wish to *leave* their sins, else how should she be without sin herself? No: if even to the best of us she is, in the words of Scripture, 'fair as the moon, bright as the sun, and *terrible* as an army set in array,' what is she to the impenitent sinner?"

True devotion to Mary, then, is clearly a necessary outcome of a desire to attain the end for which we were created. It is a manifest corollary of the proposition: I desire to reach heaven, to save my soul. A tender affection for the Mother is the concomitant of genuine love for her Son; and honor shown to her, confidence reposed in her, reliance placed upon her power and goodness, are among the surest means of preserving that union with God which is called habitual grace on earth, and constitutes the glory of heaven.

Happy those of us who, in the New Year's dawning, ponder well such reflections as these, and fan into a glowing flame those sparks of love for the Mother of our Redeemer which have perchance grown dim!

# The Virtue of Patriotism and the Obligation it Imposes.

EST any crooked-minded person any-L where, reading the extracts we gave last week from Bishop Hedley's admirable pastoral letter dealing with the great war in which his country is now engaged, should accuse him of lack of patriotism, or us of malicious purpose in failing to quote what he had to say about the duty now imposed upon every Englishman free and fit to bear arms, let us reproduce two more passages which lack of space caused us to omit. It is good at this time to have a clear definition of patriotism, which to most people is a sentimental feeling that urges them to boast and shout, to curse and calumniate. Bishop Hedley define's patriotism as. "a virtue having its roots in the great cardinal virtue of justice, and is technically called

'piety,'-a word that does not signify what in ordinary speech we mean by piety, but comes to us from the language of ancient Rome, and means the reverence, observance and love we owe first to our parents, and secondly to that land, commonwealth and government by which family life is made possible and effective, and which thus stand to us in a truly parental and divinely ordinated relation. A good Catholic is, therefore, bound to help and support the civil State, be it kingdom, empire, or republic, to which, by God's ordinance, he owes subsistence, order, peace, and the means of serving God. The State may not be all that it should be; but a State such as we ourselves live in is very much better than anarchy and constant revolution; and, so far as it does not violate the law of God, it has a divine right to our allegiance and observance."

The Bishop declares further that when one's country is at war, one's plain duty is to help it to success and victory. "If there were a law imposing 'conscription,' all whom such a law affected would be bound to obey it. There is as yet no law of conscription. Whilst, therefore, we can not say to this or that young man, 'You are bound to enlist,' it is true that the strengthening of the army is a duty that presses upon the community generally, and that every man who is fit and who is not lawfully hindered will be doing what is meritorious and patriotic if he hastens to give his services in one capacity or another. The country is in grave danger, and any one who neglects to help when he can help violates the cardinal precept of justice, and is, to a greater or lesser degree, guilty in the sight of God."

These strong words of Bishop Hedley will give many persons a different idea of what patriotism means; and many patriots, let us hope, a better understanding of what patriotism imposes. Again let us express the hope that this pastoral letter may have many readers.

#### Notes and Remarks.

"In time of peace, prepare for war," is an axiom or a maxim not likely to be forgotten for the next century or two of the world's history; "in time of war thank God for peace," may well be the text of many a present-day lay sermon. Surely no American gifted with even elementary power of visualization can think of the havoc and ruin, the suffering and carnage, the misery and woe that are devastating so many European lands and rending the hearts of so many European peoples without realizing his own blessedness in being outside the zone of such multitudinous evil. If ever the gratitude always due to the beneficent Providence who watches over and protects us from day to day should find spontaneous and full expression, it may well be at present, when the blessings of peace take on graphic form and vivid hues from contrast with direful scenes across the ocean.

Prayers of thanksgiving to God for the tranquillity of our own land should be supplemented by prayers of impetration, fervent petitions addressed to the common Father of all mankind, imploring Him so to move the minds and wills of the rulers of the warring nations beyond the seas that the disastrous conflict now raging may speedily run its course. Such prayer would be dictated by the charity obligatory on all followers of Christ, even were it not imposed on Catholics by the words and example of the Holy Father.

The tendency to ridicule New Year's resolutions is neither wise nor witty. It is not wise, because, given the advisability of any one's effecting a genuine reform in his conduct, the taking of a resolution to that effect is an essential preliminary; and it is not witty because it is totally lacking in the prime ingredient of wit surprise. As between the two habits, that of taking New Year resolutions and that of ridiculing their being taken, the

former is obviously the more sensible and defensible. Granting that the overwhelming majority of such resolutions will be broken in a relatively brief period, it is nevertheless an excellent thing to take them and keep them if only for a day. No moralist will deny that, in the matter of doing good or living rightly, it is better to resolve and fail than never to resolve at all; and the person who turns aside from the broad road of drunkenness, profanity, licentiousness, uncharitableness, dishonesty, or similar vicious highways, if only for a week or two at New Year's, has assuredly gained something. He has at least recognized the need of reforming his mode of life, and has, moreover, facilitated such reform. Good resolutions may be, and doubtless are, fragile and brittle; but breaking them is not an irreparable mischief. They may be taken again, and yet again; and experience proves that the oftener they are renewed, the better the chance of their being eventually kept.

The resentment which certain utterances of Fr. Bernard Vaughan in reference to the great European war excited among German Catholics at home and abroad is sure to be mollified by an extract from a sermon lately delivered by him in London, which has been widely copied by the secular and religious press. Replying to those who exclaim, "Oh, the horror of it,—that rival religions from rival pulpits in rival churches should ask from the same God victory for rival arms!" the preacher said:

"Personally I am delighted when I hear of the Germans of the Rhineland and the Bavarians and other Catholics asking for a blessing on themselves, their arms, and their banners. I am more pleased, almost, to hear that than to know that our French allies are rallying to the Crucified,—are pouring out their souls in contrition and confession, and are fighting like lions, fed upon the Bread of the Strong. It is a proof to me that the men in the ranks, whether of the German, the Russian, the French, or the English armies, believe in their cause. Thank God for that! We have not the monopoly of justice. All we know is that we are fighting, daring and dying, for what we believe to be our sacred word of honor. If the Germans believe the same-and they are told so officially-I thank God that they turn to the God of battles. Away with everything narrow-minded! Be Catholic not in name only but in practice! My friends in Germany tell me this war has been far better than a universal mission to Catholics. They are making three-day retreats, making their general confessions, approaching Holy Communion, and going forth to do as they are told, to preserve their country from the foe and to keep possession of their home and hearth. The Russians are doing the same. My friends who are with the Russians tell me that they never saw Russians so sober, in one sense, and so intoxicated with religion. They think they are out on a crusade, and they will never sheathe the sword until they can shout victory. The French are the same; and, if I know anything about my own country and Empire, we are satisfied that we can call upon God, and we believe He will give to our arms a victory which will be righteous,--an abiding peace for Europe."

"We have not the monopoly of justice." As late as a month ago no patriot in any of the countries engaged in war would have dared to say that. It is an admission full of significance, the first indication of a calming of the war spirit.

Christmastide is proverbially and preeminently the season of giving. Hearts more or less deaf to the appeal of poverty and wretchedness at all other periods of the year are moved at this gracious time to relieve distress, to clothe the naked, feed the hungry, and, generally, accomplish all the corporal works of mercy. Not for two or three decades at least has there been more urgent need that this Christmas spirit of giving should be in evidence than during this present The imperative needs of our season. foreign missions, so disastrously affected by the World War, the necessitous condition of so many helpless victims of that war, the "hard times" so prevalent in many parts of our own country, the perennial wants of the poor in our local circles,---all emphasize the obligation laid upon those whom God has blessed with a superfluity or even a competence of this world's goods to be generous beyond their usual practice,---to be as lavish as they prudently can in distributing money, money's worth, and personal service to their less fortunate brethren. "By this," said the Master whom we worship during this blessed season as the Babe of Bethlehem,---"by this shall all men know that you are My disciples, if you have love one for another."

In commenting, as it has become the fashion to do, on the undoubted revival of Catholicism in France during the past few years, editors and publicists have taken' less than adequate account of some agencies which have been singularly potent in bringing about that revival. One such agency is the system by which Catholic teachers receive the training which used to be entrusted to the care of the Congregations. During the past ten or twelve years, the bishops of France have taken a direct personal interest in the educational programme, and little by little each diocese has become a centre of academic activities carried on under the supervision of the bishop. In almost every place there is a diocesan director of the independent elementary teaching, who is often assisted by one or more inspectors. This authority combines the necessary judicial and pedagogical direction for instructors' and instructresses of the independent schools of the dioceses. It organizes examinations of school masters and mistresses, gives out diplomas, regulates the nomination and advancement of teachers, etc.

As for educational congresses, instead of one general convention for the whole country, such as our own Catholic Educational Convention annually held during the summer, most of the French dioceses have congresses of their own, and thoroughly practical ones they are. The efficiency of the schools has notably increased under this system, and, indirectly, the Catholic revival has been quickened and promoted.

Poets and philosophers have time and time again emphasized the point that kind words proffered to the living are worth more than futile eulogies pronounced over the senseless clay lying on the bier. Appreciation manifested to the deserving friend may be a spur to his beneficent activities, whereas the floral wreaths wherewith we may some day deck his tomb testify only to our unavailing regret. As an American humorist once phrased it: "A little taffy while one's living is better than a whole lot of epitaphy when one's dead." This, apparently, is also the view taken by the Rev. Father Smoulter, of Jessup, Pennsylvania. Addressing, on a recent Sunday, the C. T. A. Society of his parish, he declared : "You have brought credit to this parish, and the parish pastor is proud of you. I want you to continue to build up your organization until every available man in the parish is enrolled. I will be behind you in this effort. But there is one thing I desire that you young men shall never forget-everything that you now are, even your very existence; can be traced to the efforts of one man. That man is our fellow-citizen, James F. Loftus, Sr., who for more than forty years has preached total abstinence, has lived total abstinence, has been a practical Catholic, loyal to his religion and to his pastor."

We congratulate the recipient of this notable bit of appreciation, and are glad that Father Smoulter did not reserve his tribute for his sermon at Mr. Loftus' funeral,—an event which we trust is a long way distant.

In an interesting letter describing life among the Esquimaux of Keewatin, Father Turquetel, O. M. I., gives a bit of climatic information which will probably be surprising to most readers. "About Christmas," he writes, "we have two hours of daylight. The rest of the time our little house is lighted by a lamp. In this season of the year the voyageurs scarcely ever walk longer than from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m. By the end of January, the days have perceptibly increased in length: we have almost six hours of davlight. Thereafter, each month adds about four hours to our day, so that by the end of May we have twenty-two hours of sunlight daily. In June there is no night, or at least no darkness, the sun disappearing for only a few moments. Dawn and twilight are so brilliant that one can hunt, shoot, and, even in the house, read, write, or take photographs. In July there is a diminution, scarcely noticed at first because we sleep during the normal night and pay no attention; but by mid-August we already note the oncoming of winter: after supper we have to light the lamp."

In view of the fact that even the infallibility of the Pope has its limitations, being confined to matters directly involving faith and morals, there is, of course, nothing modernistic or ultra-liberal in this statement by the editor of the *Catholic Herald* (Sacramento, Cal.):

It may be well to state, so that there may be no mistake on the part of either Catholics or the general public, that the views of Catholic laymen, Catholic priests or bishops, or even cardinals, are not to be considered as the official views of the Church on any subject so long as nothing has been absolutely decided by the proper bodies on the question involved, and the Church, as such, has taken no decided stand on the subject.

There are innumerable subjects about which Catholics may and do differ in opinion from their bishops, archbishops, and cardinals, without at all incurring the Church's censure. The views of such ecclesiastical dignitaries naturally command respect, even when expressed as to indifferent matters; they command assent or obedience only on matters admittedly within their jurisdiction. There are probably local reasons for our California contemporary's broaching the subject; however this may be, its contention is correct, and its advice in the following paragraph may well be generally adopted:

The efforts, therefore, of people interested, and of newspapers, to make it appear that the Church takes any position on such subjects as Prohibition, Woman's Suffrage, Red Light Bills, etc., should be discouraged by all Catholics. The Church has not and never will take any position on them. Members of the Church can have and do have their individual opinion, and do give or refrain from giving their help to this or that political propaganda; but Catholicity never mixes up politics and religion, her enemies to the contrary notwithstanding; and the views of her members are only the views of individuals, no matter how eminent the individuals may be, and are not the official opinion of the Church. This is a fact that can not be too clearly understood. It is only when, as St. Augustine says, "Rome speaks" that the Church takes an official position on such subjects.

Certain undeniable advantages are possessed by a project recently brought into execution by several pastors of large city parishes. These zealous priests have erected, at considerable expense, a group of buildings designed to serve as a "social centre" for the parish. Provision is made for every form of entertainment for the young men and the young women, as well as for their elders. There are reading rooms, smoking rooms, sewing rooms, a kitchen, a stage, an auditorium, etc. The idea is to save the boys from the streets, and to give the girls, too, a place for innocent and guarded entertainment. Any one who knows the dangers that beset the life of the young in a large city will not question the service such an

institution as this can render. As a preventive and remedial agency it is excellent; it will do positive good, too, in bringing the right sort of people together,—in making, as it is claimed, "the parish one family." A higher ideal, however, would be to make each family a real family; for, excellent as the influence of a parish hall may be, nothing can supply the place of true Catholic home-life. But perhaps the social centre will greatly aid in developing that, too.

A good many of our readers have probably seen, for some months past, reproductions of sermons by "Pastor Russel" appearing as advertisements in reputable newspapers, which, as a rule, are careful about the quality of the advertising matter which they admit to their columns. The topics treated in one such sermon appearing in a New York journal that should have better taste are: "Clergy ordination proved fraudulent-no divine authority for it—Christian people humbugged-dignified false pretence-Christ's kingdom thereby injured-shackles of ignorance and superstition forged." The fact that the Sun is paid for allowing such insults to appear in its pages does not, we submit, constitute a sufficient apology to its many readers whose most cherished beliefs are outraged by this claptrap. Nor should the financial consideration involved permit our esteemed metropolitan contemporary to increase the circulation of so wanton a calumny as this: "No educated or intelligent minister believes the creed of his own denomination. He knows that more than half of it is absurd nightmare from the Dark Ages."

Pastor Russel is, of course, only a new variety of the religious mountebank; but we are of opinion that the diffusion of his peculiar rodomontade might well be left to notorious sheets with no reputation to risk, and no readers whose likes or dislikes deserve any particular consideration.



The New Year.

BY FRANCIS MARQUETTE.

HE New Year leads before us Like an open road;

And God's grace, hovering o'er us, Will help us bear our load.

The New Year like a garden Before us lies,

In which, through grace and pardon, Shall blossom Paradise.

The New Year like an ocean Awaits, our sail;

In wild or gentle motion, Star of the Sea, we hail!

Tommy Travers.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

I.—AT SAINT GABRIEL'S.

OMMY TRAVERS was going home! The wards and halls and corridors of Saint Gabriel's Children's Hospital and Sanitarium thrilled with the news; for Tommy had been a fixture for the last two years, very much of a fixture indeed; for most or that time had been spent in a plaster jacket, which, as Dicky Dyer declares, was worse than having no legs at all; and Dicky, who had just been left with one leg and a half, had a right to know.

But now the plaster jacket, Dr. Daddy, as the big fatherly old chief of the staff was generally called; the six internes; Sister Lucilla, Sister Paula, Sister Leonie; all the white-capped nurses, and everyone else in the Sanitarium, had done their best—or their worst—for Tommy, and he was going home. Dicky Dyer, just getting proud use of his new crutch after the automobile accident that had nearly ended him, hopped from kitchen to sun parlor, bearing the news.

"Going home!" said tender-hearted old Sister Barbara, as she skimmed the luncheon broth. "Faith and it's time, dear knows! What's the good of keeping the poor lad like a trussed chicken any longer? With all his father's millions, he can't go against the will of the Lord."

"Ask him to leave me his pink pillow, won't you, Dick?" piped little Johnny Leigh, who was just "sitting up." "It's such a pretty pillow; and I'm the sickest boy in your ward, ain't I, Sister Leonie? Ask Tommy to leave me his pink pillow, please!"

"Say, wot are you giving us?" growled Bunty Ware from his bed in the "Free Ward," where he had been "mending up" for six weeks, after a fall through a hatchway. "The young plute that sends us down oranges? Thought he was done up in plaster and here for keeps."

"Oh, but he's out of the plaster now!" said Dicky. "Dr. Dave took it off yesterday. And he can walk some now. And he is going home the first of the year. But—but" (Dicky sank his voice to the confidential tone of private information) "he ain't ever going to get well."

"He ain't?" said Bunty, with interest. "No-oo," answered Dicky, shifting his crutch for a longer stay; such a listener's attention was rather flattering to a small boy of ten.

For Bunty was big—almost fourteen. There were rumors in the Free Ward that Bunty had a past of which his present gentle guardians would not allow him to speak. He had been sent to Saint Gabriel's by Father Con Nolan, who had the widest and worst parish in the near-by city, whose waifs and strays—dear to Father Con's shepherd heart—neither Dr. Daddy nor Sister Lucilla could refuse.

That Bunty was one of the toughest of these waifs and strays there could be no doubt. Robbie Jones, who had the bed next to him on his arrival, had been stirred to such wakeful interest by the patient's feverish mutterings of "gangs and pals" that his own temperature had risen two degrees, and he had to be moved to a less exciting locality.

But Bunty had ceased his mutterings now; he was getting well enough to take keen notice of everything in this peaceful world around him, and to remark occasionally, when Sister Lucilla was at a safe distance, that they were all "softies," and he could tell them things that would "skin their eyes." So, to bear tidings that would rouse Bunty's interest was a triumph indeed.

"No," repeated Dicky, "he is never going to get well. I heard Sister Lucilla and Dr. Phil talking about him the other day on the porch. The window was open, and they didn't know I was there. They said they had tried everything here that they could try, and he might as well go home; the change would be good for him, though he would never get well, never. He might live a year or two, but that was all; then he'd have to die."

"Gee!" exclaimed Bunty, who had been near enough to the Dark Valley to feel a shuddering fear at the word. "With all his money, that's tough luck for a young plute, sure!"

"Yes," said Dicky, "it is. I'm awful sorry; but I'm glad it isn't me, ain't you? There's no good in having a room with four windows, and flowers, and a parrot that talks like a human, and a phonograph, and grapes and oranges, and strawberries in winter time—"

"Has he got all that?" broke in Bunty, with kindling eyes.

"My, yes! You ought to see his room! And a purse full of money under his pillow, so he can buy anything he wants! He bought this crutch for me. Mother didn't have the money to get me one, and I was hopping around with a stick in the sun parlor, when Tommy was rolled out there and saw me. And he told Dr. Dave to take some of his money and buy me the very nicest crutch he could find."

"Let's look at it," said Bunty, doubtfully; and Dicky sank down on the foot of the bed, and let the keen grey eyes examine his treasure.

"Golly!" exclaimed Bunty,—"polished to a shine, velvet cushion, rubber tip! They don't come no better. That cost money, I tell you, kid! And this Tommy—what you call him—gave it to you *himself*?"

"Yes," said Dicky. "He is all the time giving things to the other boys boots and belts and things to make them straight and well, that their mothers and fathers can't buy."

"Get off Bunty's bed, Dicky!" Sister Lucilla's clear voice broke in upon this interesting conversation. "That is against all rules, as you know. And go back to your own ward now. It's time for lunch."

"All right, Sister!" And, picking up his gift crutch, Dicky hopped obediently away, leaving Bunty, who was beginning to find the rules and orders of Saint Gabriel's very trying, to toss restlessly on his pillows, and think very enviously of the room upstairs, with the four windows, the flowers, the parrot, and the phonograph; of the boy who had money under his pillow to give to everything and everybody,---the boy who was going home to die. Six months ago Bunty would have weighed the word lightly, Bunty knew but it had terrors now. something of what "dying" meant. There had been a strange time, after his tumble, when all his fierce strength had dropped from him; when the battle to which he was born, in which for nearly fourteen years he had fought his own way, had grown still, and he was alone,alone in a silence and darkness no sight nor sound could pierce.

Bunty thought of the boy "plute" upstairs, who had everything the world could give, and was conscious of a queer softening in his heart altogether new to him.

"Pooh!" he said, turning his pillow with a fierce, impatient jab, "what do I care for the plute with his parrot and phonograph, and strawberries in winter, when I'm lucky to get a shakedown in Granny Pegs' and a bowl of bean soup? But I'll be glad enough to get out of this durned place, and live even on that. Yet all the same—"

The scowl suddenly vanished from Bunty's face, and he sat up briskly as little Sister Leonie came forward with the white-covered tray bearing his luncheon,—chicken broth in a pretty flowered bowl, a cup custard, and a bunch of white grapes, such as had never touched Bunty's lips before.

"It is from the good little Tommy!" Sister Leonie exclaimed, in her pretty French way. "He sends it to all the sick boys to-day for joy that he is going home. Also," added Sister Leonie, who was young, and delighted to scatter sunbeams in the sometimes shadowy wards of Saint Gabriel's,—"also he wishes me to say to my boys that there is to be a Christmas Tree in his room for farewell."

"A big Christmas Tree, Sister?" Robbie Jones forgot the pain in his bandaged knee, and started up on his pillow.

"Oui, oui, big,—grand, high!" answered Sister Leonie, with sparkling eyes,—"high up to the ceiling. Terry is to cut it to-morrow in the woods. And, ah ciel, the gifts, the jou-joux that are to go in it,—shining stars and chains, tapers, bonbons and sugar apples; tops, balls, and penknives,—all things that boys like. Ah, mon Dieu! the list Tommy is making is that long." (And little Sister Leonie stretched her arms as wide as they would reach.) "And now it is for all my boys to be good and quiet and get well and strong, so that in six days they may go up to Tommy's tree."

Bunty, silently picking his white grapes from their stem, and eating them with the deliberation which unwonted luxuries deserved, listened in new wonder. A Christmas Tree!—a Christmas Tree as high as the ceiling and loaded with gifts! What sort of strange boy could this Tommy Travers be? In all his experience—and Bunty's experience had been sadly wide and varied,—he had never heard of such doings before.

He had seen Christmas Trees, it is true; more than once in his lawless fourteen years he had dodged into Sunday-schools where he had no claim, and stared at the Christmas glories reserved for small boys who walked safer and happier ways. More than once, too, he had darted out again, leaving a trail of shrieking "kids" from whom he had snatched orange or candy bag. All boys, according to Bunty's previous knowledge, formed two grand divisions: the snobs and the snoops. The snobs had things,-all that boys wanted; the snoops took things,--all they could get. A boy that was neither a snob nor a snoop was a being quite beyond Bunty's ken.

It was visiting day at Saint Gabriel's, so Sister Leonie gathered her luncheon trays rather hurriedly. As Bunty was still lingering over his grapes, she left them on their little plate on the table at his side. Taking one or two at a time, Bunty felt he could stretch their luscious sweetness through half the long afternoon.

Visiting day always gave him a grouch. Robbie's mother came to kiss him and cry over him; and Joe Burke's big policeman father, with his pocket full of toys and picture-books; and 'I'eddy White's grandmother, with a bag of sugar cookies; and — oh, everybody had somebody excepting Bunty himself!

Not that he wanted anybody "smudging and sniffling" over him, thought Bunty fiercely; but all this "softness" around him made him sick. Visiting day, he felt, was the very worst day in the week. Last Thursday, when dear old Granny White, her heart full of tenderness for all lonely boys, slipped over by his bed with her bag of cookies, he had made such a face at the gentle old lady that she had retreated in affright. There was no one in all the wild, dark world in which he had tumbled up for fourteen years to visit Bunty Ware. He had no memory of father or mother or home. There had been only Nick,—Nick, the big brother a dozen years older than himself, who had looked out for him when he was a little kiddy, in a rough, big brother's way,—Nick, who had gone to the bad hopelessly, and had vanished from Bunty's sight five years ago.

"He has gone," Granny Pegs had informed Bunty when he came home that evening to the garret where he and Nick bunked together. "Don't ask me where, for I don't know. He has left me ten dollars for your bed and grub. When that's done, you'll have to take care of yourself. But you'll never see hide or hair of wild Nick Ware again, you can count on that."

And after nine-year-old Bunty had cried himself to sleep for half a dozen nights in his lonely garret, he realized that it was time to stiffen up and fight for himself; for Granny Pegs' words were only too true: he had never seen his big brother since.

There was no one to visit him, he knew. So when pretty Sister Leonie came up to smooth his coverlet, shake his pillow, and brush back the shaggy locks that had tumbled in his eyes, for there was a "visitor" to see him, Bunty almost lost his breath.

"You're kidding me!" Bunty growled. It was rather a friendly growl; for it was quite impossible to be fierce with Sister Leonie. "There ain't nobody wanting to see me, I know."

"Ah, oui, oui!" said the little Sister, who was glad there was some one at last to notice this lonely black sheep of her flock. "It is your teacher, Bunty."

"My teacher?" echoed Bunty. "I never had no teacher." "Ah, oui, oui—yes, yes!" said Sister Leonie, nodding assurance. "Perhaps it is that you forget him; but he remembers you, Bunty. He came to see James Bernard Wade, who is sometimes called Bunty. Ah, such a fine gentleman,—so grand, big and tall! The good teachers often come here to see their sick boys; and he was your teacher, he says, when you were a little boy."

Again Bunty was about to burst into fierce, indignant denial; but the words died upon his lips as the "teacher," ushered up by Sister Clolelda, appeared at the Free Ward door. For though he was taller, bigger, grander than of old; though he wore a fine overcoat and eyeglasses, and had hair of grizzled grey, Bunty recognized his visitor at the first glance. It was his brother Nick.

(To be continued.)

## The Gift of the Littlest One.

#### BY LUCILE KLING.

HEN they brought him the Littlest One, the orphaned son of his favorite sister, Caspar the Magian knew that all else must be laid aside, that he might be free to minister to the child. For Orsanes, the Littlest One, was a helpless cripple, whose needs were numberless, whose days and nights were filled with almost constant pain.

Hard as that sacrifice had been, Caspar feared at first that a bitterer yet might be exacted of him. Again and again, pacing his darkened chamber, he told himself that he could not—*could not* give up the Quest. Then, as the days passed, and Orsanes' very defencelessness won tenderest love, as Caspar saw what manner of child he was, he made the Littlest One his companion in that Quest, and shared with him its wonder and its longing.

Over and over Orsanes had heard the story,—from his uncle's own lips; from the lips of his friends the Magi, Balthasar and Melchior; read from scroll after yellow scroll, so old they must be handled mindfully lest they crumble in the fingers; and, last and most wonderful of all, he had been carried to the roof one night and watched while the Magi searched for the Great Secret in the stars.

So it was not strange he should be present the night they made their plans,-Caspar, his stern face brilliant with inner light; Balthasar, in all the splendor of his youthful strength; and Melchior, white-haired, but ardent still. None of them doubted for a moment that it was the year foretold by the Hebrew Daniel when "Christ the King, the Saint of saints," should come. That much of the Secret they had learned from the midnight sky. But where would He appear? And how were they to find Him? For the tribes of Israel were but a remnant now. It was Melchior's suggestion that they go, each to some solitary retreat, there to wait and pray for a sign.

"For surely," he argued, "if the God of heaven visits men at all, He will reveal to them the manner of His coming. Let us give ourselves to prayer, and leave to Him the answer, O my brothers!"

At first the other two assented eagerly; but Caspar's eyes fell presently on the slender little lad among his cushions, the pretty, dark head with its silky curls; the delicate face already worn with pain, child though he was; and the poor, twisted body that the creamy woolen wrappings mercifully hid. An instant's struggle, and his choice was made. When Melchior and Balthasar took their leave, he followed them into the portico and bade them good-bye.

"I can not go," he said. "My place is with the child. You must watch and pray in my stead; and, if all goes well, perhaps offer my gifts to the King. But the child I can not leave."

"Surely he will go with us," replied Balthasar, wonderingly. "Is he not one of us—the Littlest One?" For they themselves had named him so, half playfully, making him their comrade in the Quest. But Caspar shook his head. "He could not bear the journey now. And I can not leave him. But my prayers shall be with yours at the feet of God."

Nine long months had come and gone since then. Now the chill of December was in the air, even in Persia, and Caspar drew the wrappings close about his little charge. They were in the window of the upper room where they often sat at sunset, looking out across the city, with its riot of color and noise, to the eternal peace of the western sky.

"O my father," he was saying—Caspar was all the father he had known,— "think you the sign will be soon? The year is almost euded. And I am quite sure it will come to you, you are so good. This great and holy God will not love you less because you have stayed with me. And, oh, if I am no better then, you will take my gift to the King? May I look again, and be certain all is ready for that hour?"

Caspar brushed the soft hair back from the white forehead caressingly; then, from its hiding-place beneath the rugs, he drew a box of sandalwood, roughly carved. From the tender look in his eyes, it was not hard to guess whose work it was, nor that the Littlest One had spent long hours in the making of it. Sometimes the knife had slipped and marred the tracery; sometimes, as one or two dark stains attested, it had been the little hand that suffered.

"I wish it were nicer!" sighed the Littlest One as he opened it, disclosing, wrapped in a napkin of finest linen, the fragrant gold-red masses of choice myrrh. "I wish it were nicer, but I think the King will understand. And if it is not so fair as your pearls, my father, atleast it is all my own.".

And, indeed, it was all his own; for he himself had gathered the myrrh that summer they spent in Arabia, dragging himself painfully from tree to tree that he might have only the clearest of the odorous golden resin oozing from the roots. Caspar had brought home a store of precious manuscripts; but the Littlest One, only his gift for the King and a heavier burden of suffering than before.

Now Caspar took the box from him quietly.

"So we will put it back again; for you must rest, O Littlest One! You did not sleep last night; is it not so?"

He made the child comfortable for the night just where he was, for hands and face were hot with fever; and, besides, the Littlest One liked best to lie where he could see the stars. Caspar himself must watch, as he had watched so many times of late, doing what little he might to ease the suffering boy.

So very quiet lay the Littlest One that toward midnight the worn-out man fell into a doze, head sunk upon his breast, a faint smile touching his mouth in the dark shadow of his beard. The boy's eyes, wide and brilliant in his thin face, studied the sleeper lovingly for a while, then wandered to the world beyond the lattice. The city lay hushed, wrapped in a purple veil of darkness, that the few faint lights strove in vain to pierce. The very stars bent down to the earth with hushed, expectant eyes. The Littlest One's lips moved softly. "A Star shall rise out of Jacob!" he whispered.

First, a luminous mist so close he might almost touch it; then a light that dawned through it, swiftly, radiantly; and then a star—a star of such pure splendor as mortal eyes had never seen, a very pearl of fire. And a voice—in his heart, or from those depths of light, who can tell?—"There is One born in Israel this night. Go and adore Him."

One moment the child pressed his hands to his breast in delicious fear; the next his exultant cry rang through the room:

"My father,—O my father, it is the Star—the Star of Jacob!"

The Magian started up, scarcely yet

awake, uncertain if he dreamed or no. Through the mists of sleep still clouding his eyes shone that wondrous, pulsing light; to his dull ears, too, came the voice, "Go and adore Him." And Caspar, tears streaming down his face, fell on his knees beside the child, in joy and thankfulness that found no words.

The hours that followed were brimmed with preparation. Loath as he was at first to leave his charge, how could he refuse when the Littlest One himself besought him to go, repeating with quivering lips and tear-filled eyes, "For if you do not, who will take my gift to the King?" When the moment of parting came, Caspar strained the child to his heart in a passion of tenderness. "May the living God keep you, my Littlest One!" he said brokenly.

Fleet as the dawn wind and well-nigh as tireless, the camel sped on its journey. The traveller passed his hours poring over the ancient prophecies, or in silent prayer. Safe in the folds of his girdle lay the string of glorious pearls that was to be his offering, but it was the carven box with its treasure of myrrh he guarded most carefully. It did not surprise him when he was met on the borders of Palestine by Balthasar and Melchior eight days later. He had known that they, too, would see the wondrous Star and follow its leading.

The story of their coming to Jerusalem has been written elsewhere,—of how they asked of Herod the tetrarch for Him "that is born King of the Jews; for we have seen His Star in the East and are come to adore Him.". Elsewhere, too, it has been told how Herod, after inquiry, bade them go on to Bethlehem. But the sacred chronicle says no word of the pearls that Caspar brought,—the pearls that disappeared so mysteriously during the journey.

Of them all, Caspar was least disturbed by his loss,—nay, would not even pause to search for them.

"Why should we waste our time, my

brothers?" said he. "After all, I come as . the Littlest One's messenger. It is meet I should offer nought but his gift,—the gift of suffering and of love. And what else should it be but myrrh?"

So it came about that when they knelt in the poor stable where the newborn King lay in His Mother's arms, it was "gifts of gold and frankincense and myrrh" they laid at His feet instead of Caspar's matchless pearls.

. Far away that night, in Persia, the Littlest One slept, worn out with pain. His pale little mouth curved into a smile as he dreamed, for the dream was very sweet. He stood on the threshold of a cave where beasts were stabled, the cold night winds stirring his hair, the carven box in his hands. And he walked-he who had never walked in waking hours!through the shadows to the manger where the Virgin Mother held her Child against her heart. Down at her feet he knelt and put the gift into her hands. And the eyes of the Infant King smiled tenderly at him as the Mother lifted the tiny roseleaf fingers and laid them on the Littlest One's bowed head.

And then—the dream melted into the mists of night. But the Littlest One! He was standing in the center of that upper chamber where the Star had shone twelve nights before,—standing erect and strong! The pain, the dreadful pain, was gone forever; straight and firm were the little limbs it had twisted so cruelly. He flung himself on his knees beside the window, stretching his hands to the west in one great, breathless act of love and gratitude.

And when, a fortnight later, Caspar returned, in his face the peace of those who have sought and found like sunlight, he was met at the gates by a little flying figure, star-eyed and rosy-cheeked, who cast himself into his arms, crying rapturously:

"My father, see! The King accepted my gift!"

## Beethoven's Tender Heart.

Rugged as was Beethoven's outward appearance, he had a kind and tender heart. Once a child of his friend Madame Ertmann died, and she was surprised that Beethoven did not pay her a visit of condolence. Finally, she received a message from him, asking her to call at his residence at her earliest convenience. This she did, and found him too deeply moved to speak. He pointed to a chair, and the lady sat down, he meanwhile seating himself at the piano.

For an hour he played to her, bringing forth from the old instrument sounds of sympathy, and finally of comfort and resignation. It seemed to Madame Ertmann as if an angel were speaking through the music. At length he stopped; and she, weeping happy tears, went away, feeling greatly strengthened and consoled. She could never tell of this touching incident without emotion, although she lived to be an old, old woman.

# Difficult Occupations.

Of all possible or impossible ways of earning an honest livelihood, the most arduous, and at the same time the way which would secure the greatest good to the greatest number, would be to go around on pleasant nights and get into bed for people. To this might be added, going around on cold mornings and getting up for people; and, most useful and most onerous of all, going around among undecided people and making up their minds for them.

# A Thought for Every Day.

The following distich is copied from an old brass in Cheriton church, England. The motto is worth remembering all through the year—all through life:

> Lyve well, and dye never; Dye well, and lyve ever.

# THE AVE MARIA

## WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

---"St. Giles" (the patron saint of Edinburgh), by D. Butler; and "Bride of the Isles," by Fiona MacLeod, are new numbers in the "Iona Books" Series.

—From the American Book Co. comes Scherer and Dirk's "Deutsche Lieder," a splendid collection of songs to meet the needs of schools. For the most part, the seventy-eight selections are provided with four-part music.

—"War and Religion," "Satanic Spiritism," "Who Wants Religion?" and "The Sweating Curse," are among the subjects discussed in a new book by Fr. Bernard Vaughan, entitled "What of To-Day?" and published by Cassell & Co.

-Recent issues of the Australian Catholic Truth Society's pamphlets include "The Birthright," an interesting religious story by Constance M. Le Plastrier; and "The Choice of Books," a readable and helpful essay on a subject of perennial timeliness.

--Calendars are so cheap nowadays that very few people ever preserve them. It is useful to know, nevertheless, that a calendar can serve again after twenty-eight years. Weekly and monthly dates are the same, and no change need be made but the figures of the year. With regard to days of the week, it is worth noting that October begins on the same day as January, April as July, December as September. The first day of a century can never be Friday, Wednesday, or Sunday.

-The learned notes contributed by Fr. W. H. Kent, O. S. C., to Dr. Perciballi's excellent translation of Dr. F. X. Funk's "Manual of Church History," just published by Burns & Oates, greatly enhance the value of this standard work for English readers. Fr. Kent is also to be thanked for a careful revision of the translation, which is in two finely printed and handsomely bound volumes. The work will soon be on sale in the United States, where it is sure to receive the wide welcome to which its merits entitle it.

—An attractive volume generally, "Children of the Kingdom," by Mary Adelaide Garnett (Beatrice Fernekees), is worth possessing solely because of its picture of St. Agnes, not to mention other merits of this beautiful book. The idea upon which it is based—of bringing concretely before children the lives of the younger saints—is a very good one, and the writer does her work with no little skill. The large type, good paper, numerous illustrations, and excellent binding of the volume go far to sustain the reputation in this regard of its publishers, the Devin-Adair Co.

—As THE AVE MARIA has now been in existence for fifty years, and not a few of its early numbers are out of print, we have decided to begin a new series with 1915, in order to enable subscribers who object to incomplete sets to take the magazine from a fresh starting point.

-The will of the late Miss Katherine Bradley, the elder of the two ladies known to literature as "Michael Field," stipulates that an unpublished MS., entitled "Works and Days," shall not be issued in book form until fifteen years after her death. Several bequests were made to Catholic charity.

—One of the best of many good things in a recent volume of legal reminiscences by Mr. Forbes Gray is the remark made by Lord Braxfield to a prisoner, who had defended himself with skill and eloquence: "Ye're a vera clever chiel, mon, but ye wad be nane the waur o' a hangin'."

—An autograph letter of George William Curtis, the American essayist, lately offered for sale by a dealer in Boston, contains this fine sentiment: "Let me hope that on my return I shall find the hatchet not only buried but sprouted into such a wide-waving palm of peace that we may sit under it and wonder that all trees are not palms."

-The prefatory words which the Bishop of Salford contributes to the booklet of daily devotions, "Vexilla Regis," the last labor for God and country performed by the late Mgr. Benson, contains this rather poignant personal note: "It was one of those strange dispensations of an all-wise Providence that I should be confined to my bed at my ordinary residence at the very moment when he was dying on my own bed in my room at Bishop's House, Salford; and that during those last hours, unable, alas! to visit him, I should be reading his wonderfully realistic description of the deathbed of an English king, at the conclusion of his latest powerful novel." "Vexilla Regis," its compiler states, "is an attempt to supply material and suggestions for prayer during the time of trouble now upon us." Its two parts contain, first, "Forms of Prayer for Every Day of the

Week"; and, second, "Devotions: General and Particular." Although the compiler does not hesitate to pray outright for victory, because "he believes that, along the broadest and deepest lines, England and her allies are fighting for the cause of justice and liberty," yet, we are glad to note, he sets apart one day—Friday to pray "for sinners and for our enemies." Published by Longmans, Green, & Co.

-"A Caravel of Dreams" is the pretty title of the handsome book into which Lida Munro Tainter has gathered her fugitive poems. (Sherman, French & Co.) Among them we find several that we liked well enough to publish in our own columns during the last few years. They are, too, we think, among the best in the collection. For the number of verses presented and the variety in their themes, the author maintains a high level of workmanship. At times her, art is exquisite indeed, as in the following lines from "Young Love is Dead":

> We did not know A thing so fair could pass away,— That lips of fire could turn one day To lips of snow.

It is a sincere pleasure to acknowledge and commend such good literary art as this.

## The Latest Books

## A Guide to Good Reading.

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

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

"Vexilla Regis." Rt. Rev. Mgr. Benson. 50 cts.

- "A Caravel of Dreams." Lida Munro Tainter. \$1.13.
- "Children of the Kingdom." Mary Adelaide Garnett. About \$1.
- "The Gospel of St. John." Rev. Dr. MacRory. \$2.25.
- "The Spiritual Life: Doctrine and Practice of Christian Perfection." Rev. Walter Elliott, C. S. P. \$1.65.
- "A Great Soul in Conflict." Simon A. Blackmore, S. J. \$1.50.
- "The Life and Writings of Saint Columban." George Metlake, \$2.

"The Ex-Seminarian." Will W. Whalen. \$1.

- "Five Birds in a Nest." Henrietta Delamare. 60 cts.
- "Shipmates." Mary T. Waggaman. 60 cts.
- "The New Laity and the Old Standards." Humphrey J. Desmond. 50 cts.

"Within my Parish." 60 cts.

- "Your Pay Envelope." John Meader. \$1.
- "The Worst Boy in the School." C. M. Home. 45 cts.
- "A Far-Away Princess." Christian Reid. \$1.35.
- "William Pardow, of the Company of Jesus." Justine Ward. \$1.50, net.
- "The Ivy Hedge." Maurice Francis Egan. \$1.35.
- "Keystones of Thought." Austin O'Malley, M. D. \$1.15.
- "Mustard Seed." Rev. Francis Donnelly, S. J. 60 cts.
- "The Hand of Mercy." Rev. Richard Alexander. \$1.
- "Seven Years on the Pacific Slope." Mrs. Hugh ~ Fraser and Hugh Crawford Fraser. \$3, net.

#### Obituary.

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

Rev. John Zlebeck, of the diocese of Davenport; Rev. Daniel Mohoney, Rev. John Lowery, diocese of Albany; and Very Rev. Christopher McEvoy, O. S. A.

Brothers Edward and Florence, F. S. C.

Sister Melania, of the Sisters of St. Joseph. Mr. Joseph Cameron, Mr. John Heery, Mr.

J. N. 'Long, Miss Helen Bradley, Mr. John C. Kelly, Mrs. J. L. Ball, Mr. Edward Shean, Mr. Frederick Craig, Miss Catherine Howard, Mr. Edward Scully, Mr. Charles Asinger, Miss Nora Sullivan, Dr. James Geekie, Mrs. Margaret Sayers, Mr. Herman Guels, Mrs. Mary Donahue, Mr. S. P. Hoctor, Mrs. Catherine O'Dea, Mr. Herman Herboth, Mr. Timothy Donahue, Mrs. John Lee, Mrs. Mary O'Donnell, Mr. William Victor, Mr. John Corcoran, Mr. B. J. Kueter, Mr. William Cunningham, Mr. A. J. Schwarz, Mr. John Ramoni, and Mr. Albert Muir.

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

## Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee." For the foreign missions:

An offering for M. C., \$1; Friend, \$7.80; F. J. B., \$1.

For the Belgian refugees:

C. M., \$5.



[Published every Saturday. Copyright, 1915: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

## O Holy Name!

BY JOHN E. BARRETT.

HOLY NAME, let every tongue In loving accents mention thee; Thy praise by every voice be sung

Through time and for eternity!

Our wayward hearts in goodness teach, Set every soul with love aflame

To honor thee in thought and speech, O Holy Name, O Holy Name!

O Holy Name, our hope and stay,

Be thou adored with every breath, At break of dawn, at close of day,

And at the solemn hour of death! Grant us the fortitude and grace,—

The Christian courage to proclaim Our love of thee in every place,

O Holy Name, O Holy Name!

#### The Epiphany and its Octave.

BY DOM COLUMBA EDMONDS, O. S. B.

HE grand panorama of Christ's life and the glories of the saints, as pictured in the ever-varying cycle of ecclesiastical festivals, would necessarily be incomplete were not a foremost place assigned therein to the ever-blessed Mother of God. By the wise ordering of Divine Providence, which "sweetly disposes all things," the honor due to Mary has never been wanting in the Church; and thus, like the silver thread woven in and out of the pattern of some rich tapestry, Mary is ever present in the calendar of the Catholic liturgy. The very first day of the year is largely devoted to the honoring of Our Lady's divine maternity. The prayers, antiphons and responsories of that festival are all directed toward the one object of praising the dignity of God's own Mother. But the sequence of festivals carries us on, and we come to the great day of the Epiphany.

Unlike Christmas, which is of Roman institution, the Epiphany, as its Greek name indicates, owes its origin to the East. As early as the fourth century we read that it ranked among the greatest of festivals.\* In its primitive form of celebration, the Epiphany included also the feast of Our Lord's Nativity; the severance, as far as the Greeks were concerned, was made about the time of St. John Chrysostom (cir. 376). This was the result of obedience to the traditions and recommendations of the holy, apostolic See of Rome.<sup>†</sup>

On the Epiphany three manifestations of Our Lord are commemorated: His adoration by the Magi, His baptism in the Jordan, and His first miracle at Cana.<sup>‡</sup> The first of these three mysteries forms the principal subject of celebration in the Roman liturgy; the other two are honored more particularly later during the Octave. It is but fitting that the holy Church of Rome should give greater prominence to the manifestation of the Magi; for in them the whole Gentile world was called to a knowledge of the

- † St. John Chrysostom, "Sermon for Christmas," vol. ii, p. 352. (Ed. Migne.)
- ‡ See Vesper hymn of Epiphany.

<sup>\*</sup> Duchesne, "Orig. du Culte Chrétien," p. 249.

faith; and Rome, by God's ordering, became the centre of that true Christian faith which now radiates to the ends of the earth.

The Gospel chosen for the Feast of the Epiphany forms that part of the liturgy which has special reference to our Blessed Lady.\* After relating the wondrous appearance of the Star, the journey of the Wise Men, and their arrival at "And Bethlehem, St. Matthew says: entering the house, they found the Child with Mary His Mother; and, falling down, they adored Him." In these simple yet pregnant words the Evangelist calls attention to the fact that it was Our Lady who presented Christ to the Magi. An ancient author † in his works supposes a beautiful conversation to have taken place between Mary and the Wise Men, in which the latter related the vision of the Star; and Our Lady, on her part, told them of the mysteries accomplished in her. The Magi asked to kiss her hand, but instead she presented the hand of her Son and laid it in benediction on the head of each. After prostrating to the ground to adore their heavenly King seated on His Mother's lap as on His throne, they offered gifts. The gold and frankincense and myrrh intended for Jesus were placed in the queenly hands of the Virgin Mother. ‡

From the primitive ages of the Church it has always been customary, in representing this mystery, to depict Mary with the Child Jesus in her arms; and rightly so, for the Divine Infant is never revealed to us save in company with His Blessed Mother.

The earliest representation in art of the Adoration of the Magi is to be found in the Catacomb of St. Domitilla in Rome, and is probably a work of the early half of the third century. § But to return to the celebration of the festival. Although the Epiphany has its vigil, no fast is enjoined, as the Christmas solemnity is considered to continue uninterruptedly.

It is well known that during the Middle Ages there was a widespread desire to dramatize the events of Our Lord's life as celebrated in the liturgy. By this means the services were greatly embellished; traces of this may be found to-day at Christmas, during Holy Week, and at Easter.\* The mystery of the Epiphany lent itself admirably to treatment of this kind; and our forefathers were not slow in availing themselves of the opportunity. Martene and some describe this other liturgical writers sacred drama, which was enacted in many churches before the commencement of Solemn Mass.<sup>†</sup> All was done with extreme dignity and reverence, the chanting of appropriate antiphons forming the chief part of the drama.

In cathedral churches, and others of importance, after the Gospel of the day has been sung by the deacon, the Roman Pontificale directs that the date of the approaching feast of Easter, and the dates of other movable feasts, should be announced to the people. The form in the Pontificale is set to a chant similar to that employed for blessing the Paschal Candle on Holy Saturday. And at the conclusion of the Latin formula it is not unusual for the chanter to read a translation in the vulgar tongue, for the benefit of those not versed in the language of the Church.<sup>‡</sup> The following is the form employed for the current year: "Know ve, dearly beloved brethren, that by the mercy of God, as we have been rejoicing in the Nativity of our Lord Jesus Christ, so also do we. make known unto you the joy of the Resurrection of the same our Saviour. Septuagesima Sunday will be on the 31st of January; Ash-Wednesday and the beginning of the most holy Lenten

<sup>\*</sup> St. Matthew, ii, 11.

<sup>†</sup> Said to be St. Ephrem. See "Life of Our Ladye," by M. P., p. 81.

t "Mother of the King," Coleridge, p. 149.

<sup>§ &</sup>quot;Roma Sotterranea," p. 149.

<sup>\*</sup> Viz., Antiphons at Christmas Lauds; the chanting of the Passion; the Easter sequence.

<sup>†</sup> De Antiqua Eccl. Disciplina (Martene).

<sup>‡</sup> Bauldry, "Manuale Cæremon.," p. 153.

fast will be on the 17th of February. On the 4th of April we shall celebrate with joy the solemnity of the Resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ. The Ascension of our Lord Jesus Christ will be on the 13th of May; the Feast of Pentecost, on the 23d of May; the Feast of Corpus Christi, on the 3d of June. The 28th of November will be the first Sunday of the Advent of our Lord Jesus Christ, to whom be honor and glory forever and ever. Amen."\*

This custom of solemnly announcing Easter dates from the time when difficulties existed in obtaining uniformity concerning the precise day on which to celebrate the mystery of Our Lord's Resurrection. At the Council of Nicea, in the year 325, it was ordained that Alexandria the Patriarch of should promulgate the date of Easter, as the Egyptians were considered to be particularly learned in the science of astronomy. Subsequent to the date of the Eastern schism, the Roman Pontiff undertook this duty.<sup>†</sup>

The Epiphany is one of those few special feasts which has the honor of being styled in the Canon of the Mass, "a day most holy"; and, furthermore, according to the rubrics of the Roman Pontificale, it is one of the few days assigned for performing the beautiful ceremony of consecrating virgins. This rite is embodied in many of the rituals for professing nuns of the older Orders of the Church, especially the Benedictines.

The "Station," or place of assembly for the faithful in Rome, is held in the vast Basilica of St. Peter. The Mass begins with words which celebrate the arrival of the great King so long expected: "Behold the Lord, the Ruler, is come; and dominion and power and empire are in His hand." The Collect prays that we may be permitted to see that Living Light for which faith prepares us, and which will enlighten us for all

\* "Liturgical Year: Christmas," vol. ii.

† Duchesne, "Culte Chrétien," p. 228.

eternity. In the Epistle the Church reads the prophecy of Isaias concerning the coming of the Kings to worship Christ. St. Matthew is the Evangelist who relates the full history of the mystery of the festival. The Communion antiphon commemorates the praises of the Star, the light of which has brought us also to adore our God.

In the Offices of the Breviary the Church never wearies of her references to the Star, the adoration of the Kings, and the presentation of the mystic gifts. Now and again joyous praise is sung in memory of the baptism of Christ, and the working of the miracle by which water was turned into wine; this is particularly the case in the Vesper hymn, a composition of Sedulius,\* the opening stanzas of which were sung in the Lauds of Christmas morning.

In the Eastern Church this solemnity is sometimes called the "Day of the Holy Lights," on account of its being one of the few feasts on which baptism was administered; and baptism, according to many of the holy Fathers, is called *Illumination;* and they who receive it, the *Illuminated*. It is still customary among the Greeks to bless water on the Epiphany; the rite is not altogether unknown even in the Latin Church.

#### THE OCTAVE.

The Octave of the Epiphany is enriched with the special privilege of excluding during its course the celebration of all other feasts, except those of the highest rank; consequently the same Mass, as well as much of the Divine Office, is repeated every day. One of the daily Collects of the Mass is intended to honor Our Lady as Mother of God.

On the 7th of January, the day following the feast, the Roman Martyrology commemorates the Return of the Holy Child Jesus from His exile in Egypt. Mary and Joseph are once more allimportant in this workers are the formation of the second secon

\* During the first half of the first century vid.

was indeed a day of joy to Mary to see again their native land; for it must be borne in mind that the love of country was a special characteristic of the Hebrew people. The sacred liturgy has not provided any special memorial of the "Flight" or the "Return," either in Mass or Office, beyond the Gospel narrative, which has a place on the Feast of the Holy Innocents, and again on the eve of the Epiphany.

Our Blessed Lady's share in the glad festival of which we are treating does not end here. On the Sunday within the Octave her sorrow at losing her Divine Son and her joy at finding Him again within the precincts of the Temple amidst the Doctors of the Law form the subject of the Gospel.

As the Church is more particularly taken up with honoring Our Lord's manifestation to the Gentiles on the Epiphany itself, the formal celebration of His baptism is postponed till the Octave day, on which occasion the Gospel gives the full account from the inspired words of St. John. Although we do not read of Our Lady being present on this solemn occasion, when the Holy Trinity was made manifest, nevertheless it marks the beginning of the great missionary enterprise of Our Lord, connected with the salvation of souls, in which Mary took her part by intercession.

But the mysteries of the Epiphany are not yet complete. There is still one other manifestation of Our Lord which has to be brought before the minds of the faithful for their veneration and instruction; it is the miracle of turning water into wine-the first Our Lord worked publicly in Cana of Galilee. This event is duly commemorated on the second Sunday after the Epiphany. The miracle at Cana was a direct answer to the intercession of our Blessed Lady. St. John (ii, 1) tells us that the Mother of Jesus was present, and it was to her that the servants appealed when the wine failed at the marriage-feast. And

indeed it was but just that she who had co-operated in the high mystery of the Incarnation should take part also in the favors that flowed from the effects of that same mystery.

Thus we have seen how closely connected is our Blessed Lady with the several mysteries solemnized during the great Feast and Octave of the Epiphany. May the glorious Virgin, who has been the means by which the Son of God has been manifested to us on earth, obtain for us by her prayers the sight of that same Divine Son amidst the unending joys of heaven!

## The Secret Bequest.

#### BY CHRISTIAN REID.

#### II.

FTER their visitor had gone, the two sisters looked at each other for a moment in speechless wonder. Then—

"Pinch me!" Cecily cried, holding out her arm. "Make me sure that I'm not asleep and dreaming! Oh, can it be true, do you think, — can it be *really* true that anything so astounding as this has happened?"

"Mr. Maxwell is certainly very real," Honora answered. "And he wouldn't have been likely to come to New York in search of us—"

"Of you, you mean."

"Well, of me-if there had been any doubt of the inheritance."

"Five thousand dollars deposited in bank certainly sounds very convincing," Cecily conceded. "But when one thinks of a million, and remembers what we have been living on — you, poor dear, slaving at a typewriter in that dreadful office down-town, for fifteen dollars a week, and I earning a few pennies by putting a little paint on cards and fans, so that the shops can ask a high price for them as 'hand-painted'—the contrast is so great that no wonder my brain is reeling." "Try to steady it by thinking of the happiness it will be to leave this city of struggle and tumult and go home, where people have time to possess their souls in quiet, where they think of something beside money, and where one can rest, rest as long as one likes."

"I don't want to rest," Cecily declared. "I want change, pleasure, excitement. I want to live, not merely exist; and Kingsford doesn't commend itself to me as exactly the place for that."

"You don't know anything about Kingsford," Honora reminded her. "You were hardly more than a baby when we left there."

"I know what all places of the kind are like," Cecily returned. "And, for me, I want the world." (She opened her arms wide, as if they were wings with which she might fly.) "I want to go everywhere, to see and do and taste everything, now while I am young. One is young only such a little while; and I've been afraid, desperately afraid, that I should grow old before I could live."

The elder sister's eyes filled with tears of sheer emotion as she looked at the beautiful young creature, panting on the threshold of life for all that youth desires so ardently; and realized with a thrill of pleasure, poignant as pain, that it was in her power to satisfy those desires. It seemed incredible, but it was true: the greatest power on earth, that of money, had been placed in her hand; and Cecily could have all that she longed for—before she grew old.

"You shall have everything that you want, — everything!" Honora told her passionately. "You don't know how I have suffered in not being able to give you anything you've wanted hitherto."

"You've given me shelter and food and clothing," Cecily said, "and that was more than satisfying my craving for things as far beyond my reach as the sky is beyond the earth. I should be an ingrate of ingrates if I ever forgot It. But now we are both going to have all that we want, and be happy, — oh, so happy, you dear darling!"

She flung herself upon her sister. Demonstrations of affection were not usually much in Cecily's way; but this was an occasion which opened the floodgates of feeling even with her. And for a minute they laughed and cried together in each other's arms. Characteristically, Cecily recovered composure first.

"You deserve good fortune, if anybody in the world ever did," she said, patting the shoulder under her hand, as she drew back. "I've a higher respect for Providence since this has come to you, and an immense gratitude toward old Mr. Chisholm. It's a pity one can't do something to show one's gratitude to him. The Catholics he seems to have hated so badly have an advantage over us in that respect: they can pray for their friends and benefactors after they are dead. Of course it's more than likely that the prayers do them no good; but they are a satisfaction to the living, anyway."

"I believe they are more than that," Honora said; "and I shall certainly pray for him."

"Oh, but you mustn't! He would hate it."

"Not where he is, I think. He has probably learned by this time how foolish his hatred was."

"Then he must be a very uncomfortable old gentleman in realizing how he has treated his nephew for no other cause than that he became a Catholic."

If it occurred to Honora that perhaps the late Mr. Chisholm had more reasons for being uncomfortable than his treatment of his nephew, she did not express the thought. And after an instant Cecily went on meditatively:

"What an extraordinary young man that must be! I have a great curiosity to see him, haven't you?"

"No," Honora answered decidedly; for I shall feel as if I had robbed him." "But you know that you've done nothing of the kind. It was no fault of yours that Mr. Chisholm left his fortune to you."

"I'm not so stupid as not to understand that. But it's an uncomfortable thing to take somebody else's inheritance; and I wish I might at least share it with the man to whom it should rightfully belong."

"But you can't (Mr. Maxwell made that quite clear), so what is the good of letting your mind dwell on the matter? Always try to forget what you can't help. That's my philosophy. I absolutely refuse to let things worry me, even when they are my own troubles; and I'm certainly not going to worry over the troubles of Mr. Bernard Chisholm, which he has brought on himself."

"By following his conscience."

"Oh, nonsense! I've no patience with people who make themselves and others uncomfortable by what they call following their conscience. They are always conceited, narrow-minded, and tiresome; setting themselves up to have a higher standard than anybody else. Now, why couldn't this young man have kept quiet about his Catholic proclivities, let his uncle die in peace, and then have done what he liked? That would have been sensible."

"And do you think it would have been honorable?"

"Why not? He had a right to his own opinions, hadn't he?"

"Undoubtedly. But he didn't have a right—in honor—to take his uncle's money, knowing that he would never have left it to him if he had been aware of what he meant to do."

"I may be obtuse, but I don't see why not," Cecily said carelessly. "It's luck for us, however, that he had your point of view rather than mine. And now we needn't discuss him further." She made a gesture dismissing Mr. Bernard Chishôlm from the conversation. "Our own affairs are so much more interesting. Let us begin at once and make a list of the

things we must get to-morrow. Only think" (she fairly shivered with delight) "of being able to get whatever we want!"

It was to Cecily, at least, such an absorbing matter, the making out of that list; the growing consciousness of the possession of money with which to purchase all that her needs and taste demanded was so new and enchanting, that hours went by unheeded; and it was after midnight when Honora found herself at last in her small chamber alone.

Then she sat down, and, with her head in her hands, tried to realize the astounding change which had come to her. In its suddenness and its unexpectedness, it was certainly calculated to make the brain reel, as Cecily had said. For she had never any more imagined the possibility of such an inheritance than of finding herself the occupant of a throne; could never have conceived it possible that the wealthy old cousin, who had refused to help her father in his dire strait of financial difficulty, would even remember her existence, much less .consider her as a possible heir for his large estate. Why had he considered her? His reason for discarding the nephew who had been so close to him, was explicitly stated; but why should the keen man of business have selected, out of a wide family connection, a girl whom he did not even know?

The mystery of such a selection seemed to Honora, with her knowledge of the world, altogether inexplicable; since she was quite sure that Mr. Maxwell was right in saying that remorse for having withheld the assistance which might have saved her father's credit and his life had' nothing to do with it. In the creed of men like Mr. Chisholm, business was something altogether apart from human and he would not have felt. feeling: himself accountable in any degree for the bankruptcy and death of the cousin he had declined to aid. Why, then, in looking for an heir, had he thought of that cousin's daughter, the girl whom he had not made the faintest effort to help during the five years in which she had borne on her young shoulders the entire burden of family support, had seen her mother sink under sorrow and privation, and follow her father to the grave, and whose gallant struggle sufficed only to keep her own and her sister's head above water in the pitiless whirlpool of New York? How much it would have meant to her-a word of sympathy, a little help—in the terrible days of which even yet she could hardly bear to think! But no such word or help had been forthcoming; and now, when she had won for herself a foothold, small though it was, a fortune of a million dollars was tossed into her lap. Again, what did it mean? Why had the old man, called away from all his great possessions, chosen her to assume their burden?

An instinct that he had a reason for this choice, which would presently be revealed to her, made her suddenly remember that, as Mr. Maxwell was leaving, he had drawn from his inner breast pocket a long blue envelope, which he handed to her, saying:

"I've brought you a copy of the will, which you can read at your leisure. Perhaps you had better glance over it before I see you to-morrow; and—er you'll find a letter there also, addressed to yourself."

In the excitement of the moment, she had hardly grasped the meaning of the last words. But now they recurred to her, charged with a certain significance of tone and expression. At the time she had taken for granted that the letter spoken of was from himself—some statement about the property probably, but now she knew otherwise: now she felt sure that it had been written by Mr. Chisholm, and that in it she would find the mystery of her inheritance explained.

With a quick movement she sprang to her feet. She had laid the envelope away without examination when she went to the desk to make out Cecily's list. That list had seemed at the moment much more important than reading the will which gave her the power to make it; but now the conviction was borne to her that nothing could be more important than the letter which lay awaiting her in the long blue envelope she had thrust so carelessly into a pigeon-hole.

A step carried her into the sitting room, which her chamber adjoined; a touch switched on the light, and a moment later she sat at the desk, with the envelope before her. As she opened it, and drew out the paper which it contained, she was conscious that her heart was beating painfully. "The last will and testament of Alexander Chisholm," - so much she saw at a glance as she unfolded the paper. But she read no more: for within it lay a letter, sealed with wax, and addressed to herself in a handwriting she had never seen before, --- a cramped and somewhat tremulous, but very clear writing, which conveyed a singular impression of force of character.

It was with a feeling, as if some emanation from the spirit of the dead man reached her, that she broke the seal of the envelope, noting the Chisholm crest upon it as she did so, and took out the folded sheet within, which his hand had touched last. The constriction about her heart increased. What would she What confind that he had written? ditions would he perhaps impose as the price of her holding the fortune he had bequeathed to her? Her thoughts flew to Cecily; and, with a sickening fear of disappointment, she opened the letter, where the same clear, forcible writing met her gaze; and found that it began very simply, as follows:

MY DEAR HONORA:—I address you in this manner not only because we are cousins, and you are a young girl while I am an old man, but also because I have never forgotten the impression you made upon me when I chanced to see you some sixteen years ago, just before your father made his ill-advised move to New York. Possibly you have forgotten the meeting, but I remember it well; and it has struck me more than once that there must have been something quite uncommon about the child who could so impress herself upon my memory. 1 knew that I had not been mistaken in this judgment when I heard of the manner in which you took charge of your family after your father's death. It was a hard struggle no doubt, and a severe test of character and ability; but without such a test you could not have proved yourself, and I would not have conceived the idea of entrusting you with a great responsibility.

crash in your father's After the fortunes, and especially after his death, I expected to receive an appeal for help from you (as the richest man of a large family connection, I have had many such appeals from others with much less to justify them), and I was ready to respond if you had made this appeal. But you did not make it; and, knowing how you were situated, my respect for you increased, as well as my interest in learning how you would acquit yourself in the struggle you had undertaken. You will wonder perhaps if I had at this time any thought of making you my heir. I had none at all: but I was interested in you for the reasons I have given; and I like pluck, good sense, and an independent spirit.

This is a necessary preface to explain why I have, in the will which I have just signed, selected you as the inheritor of my estate, and why I am now writing you this letter. Both are curious things to do; but if you do not understand the motives which have led me to do them (after I have made these motives clear), you are not the person I have taken you to be. It is rather strange that I should feel an assurance that you will understand, though I have never seen you except as a large-eyed, thoughtful-looking child. But I do feel this assurance, together

with a sense that I am safe in trusting you,—which is even more strange, for life has not given me much encouragement in trusting people.

Briefly, then, having reached an age at which I must face the necessity of laying down all that I have spent my life in gathering, and go empty-handed into the great darkness, leaving to others the fruits of my long labor, it is necessary that I should find an heir to inherit my estate. Up to the present time I have thought that I had found one in the person of my nearest relative and natural heir, my grandnephew, Bernard Chisholm. But circumstances have arisen which have made it impossible that I should carry out my intentions with regard to him. He has defied my wishes, renounced the faith of his fathers, and gone over body and soul to the idolatries of Rome. This puts it wholly out of the question that I can leave my fortune to him, lest any part of it should be spent in support of that religion.

I gave him warning, when he first spoke to me of his intention, that if he carried it out he would never inherit a dollar from me. And when he came and told me that he had "entered the Church," as 'he called it, I simply tore up before his eyes the will which named him as my heir. Having done so, it was imperative that I should at once choose another heir; for if I died intestate the law would give him what I had denied. And then, as if by an inspiration, my thoughts turned to you. I liked everything I had ever heard of you. I knew you to be capable and faithful, that you had been trained in a hard school to business methods and a knowledge of the value of money; and I felt a sudden instinct that I might trust you, not only with my fortune but with something else besides.

And this is Bernard. In return for what I am giving you—large wealth and the power and ease it brings,—I ask that you will make every possible effort to

draw him from the errors into which he has fallen. It seems to me that you are peculiarly fitted to do this. You are a young and, I have reason to believe, attractive woman; you have proved that you possess unusual qualities of character, and more than ordinary good sense. These things will be likely to appeal to him strongly-for he is not himself an ordinary person,-and will give you an influence which I beg you will use in the way I have indicated. If he falls in love with you, my earnest desire is that you will marry him, but not until you have induced him to renounce Romanism. Make every use of your influence, if you acquire any, to this end.

There is nothing on earth so near to my heart as that the boy to whom I have always been, and am still, so much attached should be reclaimed from the infatuation which has taken possession of him, and that he shall by some means have the benefit of the fortune I have accumulated. But there is no way in which this can be accomplished except through you. I am, therefore, placing a great trust in your hands. And I can give you no reason for doing what I desire except that I shall be dead when the power to fulfil my wishes comes to you, and that I believe my instinct has not deceived me in thinking that you are one of those to whom the wishes of the dead are sacred.

Hoping that you may live long to enjoy the wealth I am leaving to you, and that it may be made possible for Bernard to share it with you—in which case you can show him this letter, which is else to remain a secret between us,—I am

Your cousin,

.....

(To be continued.)

THE Eternal Father, wishing to show all possible mercy, besides giving us Jesus Christ, our principal advocate with Him, was pleased also to give us Mary, as our advocate with Jesus.—St. Bernard.

## French Nuns and the War.

BY THE COUNTESS DE COURSON.

**MONG** the distinctive features of the religious revival brought about by the war is the honor and reverence paid to the French nursing Sisters, even by those who once affected to consider them as inferior in capacity to the lay nurses. Their devotion to the sick was never questioned, but they were supposed antiquated in their to be methods. narrowly obstinate in their customs, averse to accept new and improved hygienic systems. All of these accusations were false or, at any rate, greatly exaggerated; or else the nuns, if they were really somewhat behind the times. have now proved themselves thoroughly up-to-date in their capacity of sick nurses. Perhaps both these causes were heretofore at work.

When the anti-clerical French Government issued a series of decrees against the nursing Sisters and drove them from the public hospitals, the medical men failed to support, as they might have done, these defenceless victims of rabid irreligion. Now these same doctors are clamoring for the services of the nuns, whose superiority they recognize. As we write these lines, the Sisters of Charity have not one Sister left to send to the hospitals, the resources of the community having been taxed to the utmost. It is the same with the Little Sisters of the Assumption, all of whom are engaged in active service. Only the other day a well-known military surgeon, whose opinions are not religious, petitioned, but, in vain, that nuns, of whatever nursing Order, might be put in charge of a new hospital for wounded soldiers. At the outlying stations of Paris, where our wounded are brought from the front, and whence they are drafted off to the different hospitals, a marked preference is shown for the nuns, whose ambulance cars are

filled with the cases requiring most care and skill.

Different causes may be put forward to explain why the nursing Sisters, who during the last few years have been harassed, persecuted, and finally driven from their posts in the public hospitals of France, are now in favor,--why they are sought for and honored by the very men who only yesterday spoke disparagingly of their methods and boasted that they could dispense with their services. This reaction, it is only fair to state, began before the war. For the last two years, petitions, advocating the return of the nuns to the public hospitals, have been addressed to the Government from many quarters; and the movement set on foot in their favor was steadily gaining ground when the war broke out. Now the tragic experiences of the last five months have considerably accelerated this movement. The nuns have proved their worth more forcibly than through the medium of their friends. They have, in many cases, been brought face to face with death, and the ordeal found them self-possessed and calm.

The rapid invasion of France by the enemy at an early stage taxed to the utmost the self-control as well as the capabilities of the infirmarians, men and women. Everywhere the nuns proved themselves equal to the demands made upon their devotedness and their courage. The Red Cross Associations did excellent work, and many lay nurses risked their lives rather than desert their post. But, when it comes to making a choice between life and possible death, a nun has a distinct superiority over a wife and mother, whose home duties then seem to clash with the service she has assumed. The Sister's life was sacrificed when she crossed the threshold of her convent, and she does not stop to consider whether the work proposed to her is safe or not. As a matter of course, she remains at her post. Thus at Rheims, at Gerbéviller, at Arras, the Sisters, with shells bursting

round them, continued quietly to bind up the wounds of their helpless charges.

This was the case with Sœur Julie, of the Order of St. Charles, who, on November 28, was informed by President Poincaré that she would receive the Cross of the Legion of Honor, a distinction very seldom bestowed on a woman. Already General de Castelnau had publicly praised her attitude and that of her community in circumstances of unusual difficulty. Sœur Julie, we may add, is annoved rather than pleased with the celebrity that she enjoys. Her experiences began on August 23, when the Chasseurs Alpins, who bravely held Gerbéviller as long as it was possible; had to yield before the overwhelming German The German as well as the forces. French wounded were brought to her. On August 28 the French troops returned, and till September 13 a violent battle raged night and day round the little town. Sœur Julie went through some solemn experiences, which she tells with great simplicity: "Our curé was carried off by the Germans, and the church was on fire. I wondered if the Blessed Sacrament was still in the tabernacle, and I ran to see. When I found that It was there, I opened the tabernacle door and carried the ciborium to our house, where I knelt down and communicated myself."

Sœur Julie, a native of Lorraine, has the characteristics of her race. She is strong, simple, reticent, deeply patriotic, but above all she is a true religious. "Our Mother Superior told us not to leave our hospital, so of course we remained there. The Chasseurs Alpins, who occupied Gerbéviller on August 23, had a similar sense of duty. The mayor remarked: "My poor boys, what can you do against the overwhelming numbers of the enemy?"--"Our general ordered us to stay here," they answered; "and we must do. so, whatever happens." The same spirit of discipline kept the Sisters in their ambulance and the young Chasseurs at their dangerous post.

The nuns of the Perpetual Adoration, at Rheims, also remained at their post. When shells fell on their chapel they carried the Blessed Sacrament down to the cellar, and before an altar, decorated with lights and flowers, they quietly continued their prayers.

Le Petit Parisien, a paper that is by no means a clerical organ, comments on the brave conduct of the Sisters of Charity in charge of the hospital of Clermonten-Argonne, a picturesque little town that is now a mass of ruins. When the Germans arrived there on September 3, the mayor and his colleagues had left the place, and all the notable citizens had fled before the invader. Even the wounded soldiers had been, the day before, removed in motor cars to Bar-le-Duc. The Sister in charge of the hospital was told that she and her nuns must follow. "Very well," she said; "but in that case you must let me remove the forty old and infirm people, who are under our care."-" No, that is impossible."-"Then my duty is clear: I can not abandon them."

That same afternoon a hail of shells fell on Clermont. The nuns and their pensioners took refuge in the cellars, and in the night they heard the heavy tread .of soldiers in the street. The superioress peeped out, and, in the moonlight, she clearly saw the pointed helmets of the foe. At five in the morning, a loud battering at the door made the house tremble. Three German officers, fully armed, entered. The superioress went to meet them. "This," she said, "is a house full of old and sick people: you must not come farther." Upon their insisting that the house must be searched, the Sister consented to let them pass, but, in return, asked them to spare the town from destruction. This they promised. Next day, however, she found that several houses in the neighborhood had been fired, that the hospital was in danger, and immediately she went to the German

headquarters. "Your officers," she said to the general, "promised to spare the hospital and the town: now, unless measures are taken promptly, they will certainly be burned." Her remonstrances prevailed. Orders were given to save the hospital, which at the present moment stands alone in the midst of ruins.

The Sisters of Charity and the Sisters of Compassion at Compiègne were publicly praised by the French colonel in command for their attitude during the German invasion. They remained at their post, untiring in their care of the wounded; and when Compiègne was occupied by the enemy, their steady devotion to their task, no less than their capability and resourcefulness, won the admiration of the German surgeons.

Among the towns that have suffered most cruelly at the hands of the Germans is Arras, the once flourishing Flemish city, whose gabled houses were a picturesque reminder of its old Spanish masters. During two months Arras was constantly shelled. As we write these lines, the town is a mass of ruins. Nearly all the inhabitants have fled; but the Bishop, Mgr. Lobbeday, is at his post among the dead and dying. On the 30th of October a shell fell upon an asylum for old people, whose inmates had not been removed in time; forty persons were killed or wounded, among them a young Augustinian nun, Sœur Ste. Susanne. In a letter written to M. L'Abbé de la Forest Divonne, chaplain of the house, the Bishop recognizes the services of the chaplain and those of the nuns. "You were assisted in your task," he writes, "by the dear Augustinian Sisters, who, in spite of the general confusion, provided for everything and everybody."

No less devoted were the Daughters of St. Vincent de Paul, the well-known and well-beloved Sisters of Charity, one of whom kept a diary of the first phase of the attack on Arras. She tells how, on October 6, the attack began in earnest, and a first shell struck the cathedral. "We were trembling," writes the Sister, "but we managed to serve the dinner of our wounded as usual." For safety's sake, however, the nuns, with over a hundred orphans and twenty-five wounded soldiers, sought a refuge on the groundfloor. Arras was attacked, but not surrounded; and a wounded lieutenant, with twenty men, then decided to leave on foot by the road to St. Pol, that was still open; five others, being unable to walk, had to remain. The German shells were bursting round the convent. The Sisters said the Rosary almost without ceasing. At night, the sky was lighted up by the burning houses within and without the city. The next day provisions were running short, and the Sister in charge of the kitchen sallied forth to get some flour. An obus fell on a house in front of the convent; but a young girl who lived in it invoked Blessed Joan of Arc, and, although covered with dust and smoke, came out of the ruins unhurt.

On the 8th and 9th the noise was deafening. To the sound of the cannon mingled that of the mitrailleuses: it betrayed the presence of the French troops close by. The convent was still unharmed, except that some panes of glass were broken. The Sisters complained of nothing; and they gratefully remembered that, on the first day of the attack, they had fixed miraculous medals to the doors and windows. Although the streets were swept by the shells, the Sister in charge of the commissariat department had to cater for provisions. She returned safely, but reported that the cathedral had been struck by several shells; also that, the cemetery of the town being commanded by the enemy's artillery, the dead had to be, not buried but burned. Next day the French cannon sounded nearer; and it was discovered that the five wounded soldiers, who remained in the Sisters' ambulance, might be safely removed to Boulogne in motor cars. This was successfully accomplished.

On the Sunday following, the Sister of Charity who records her experiences mentions that she and her superioress attended the funeral of Sœur Ste. Susanne, the Augustinian nun who had been killed by a shell two days before. Surely no sermon on death could equal the impressiveness of the funeral service, that was attended by women who were every hour exposed to a similar fate.

The next day was one of terror. The nuns counted that the English and French cannon were fired more than five hundred times in one hour. In a week's time fifteen hundred shells had fallen on the doomed city. "The noise sounded," says our annalist, "as if the mitrailleuses were in our court." But the Sisters wasted no time in useless lamentations. "We assembled in the community room and said the Rosary." They were afterward told that an attempt on the part of the Germans to enter the town had been repulsed; hence the terrific firing of big guns. On the 14th the inhabitants were told to leave their windows open, to avoid the panes of glass being smashed. Here the Sister's diary ends, as it had now become possible to remove the nuns and their orphans to a place of safety, out of reach of the German cannon.

Another diary, also written in a convent, lies before us; it comes from a village in Champagne which was taken possession of by the Germans when they were "on their way to conquer Paris." Like the nun at Arras, this one makes no attempt to color or dramatize: both narratives are simple, brief, matter-of-fact; and their very unpicturesqueness is valuable as an extra proof of their accuracy.

On September 3 the big convent to which our annalist belongs found itself in sore straits. Communications were cut off with the neighboring towns; most of the country people had fled; the community was deprived of bread and meat at a moment when its resources were to be taxed to the utmost. On September 4, a French general, his officers and men, arrived. They brought their own provisions; but the nuns helped to cook them, and gladly added wine and jam from the convent stores to the men's menu. With no less eagerness, they distributed medals to their visitors, who received them gratefully,—a fact that will not surprise those who witnessed the delight with which our soldiers accepted medals, crucifixes, and rosaries during the stirring days of the mobilization last August.

The French troops stayed only a few hours. They left that night; and, adds our annalist, "they were on their way to fight an important battle." It was on the issue of that battle that the fate of Paris depended. Before starting, the officers advised the nuns to leave while escape was possible; but they were loath to abandon their convent. "We trusted in God," writes the Sister; and events proved that their confidence was justified. It was probably because they remained at their post that their convent was comparatively unharmed.

The day following, the hospitable doors of the great building opened to receive fugitives from the neighboring villages, who were flying before the German invaders. All night the roar of the cannon was terrific, making sleep impossible; and the nuns got up, dressed and went to the chapel. "Here we said the Rosary together. Each one resigned herself to the will of Almighty God. We are in His hands. At daybreak Mass was said, and the words of the service ritual gave us renewed confidence: *Bonum est confidere in Domino.*"

Upheld by their strong trust, the nuns were better able to face the arrival of the Germans a few hours later. The soldiers were famished, and determined to procure food. Revolver in hand, they scoured the convent, found the provisions that remained after the passage of the French troops, and established themselves in the kitchen. The next day, the feast of Our Lady's Nativity, the nuns remained in their cloister, and said their Rosary while the cannon roared and shells exploded round the house. "We did not feel frightened at the prospect of dying together," writes the Sister; "and we preferred to die by a *mitrailleuse* than by a revolver." Evidently the subject had been discussed with a quiet self-possession that speaks volumes for the interior discipline of these simple-hearted women.

Toward evening another inroad was made by the enemy upon the convent stores; what remained of tinned meat and potatoes was carried away. At nine o'clock, when the last German soldier had gone, the nuns retired to rest, wondering what another day might bring. It brought better things. The Germans returned and carried away more wine, but there was a marked change in their attitude: they no longer threatened, and an officer even wrote upon one of the doors an order that insured the protection of the old and infirm religious. The Sisters, grateful for the change, poured out their hearts in thanksgiving to Providence. Other happy symptoms were noticed by them: the German cannon sounded more distant, and the French artillery was evidently drawing near. On the 10th, "our day of deliverance," says the Sister, "Mass was celebrated without any disturbance"; and, in anticipation of the good news that they felt was coming, the nuns recited the Te Deum. They had barely finished when one of their workmen rushed in with news of the French victory on the Marne; and soon afterward the French soldiers, dusty and grimy, but flushed with the joy of success, stopped at the convent gate and cheered.

Relieved from the enemy's presence, it is amusing to notice how quickly the nuns' thoughts fell back into their usual lines. "We now wanted only one thing to know who was the new Pope; but we did not hear his name till the 16th, when a soldier-priest told us about his election." The diary ends with expressions of gratitude toward Providence. The convent had suffered heavy material losses; "but these," cheerfully adds our annalist, "can easily be repaired"; and she prefers to dwell on God's goodness in preventing greater evils.

At Rheims, where, as we write these lines, the German shells are still doing a work of destruction, the nursing Sisters also remained at their post. A lady, who was in the city for many weeks, gave us a graphic description of the scenes that took place in the wine cellars, to which the wounded soldiers were hastily removed when the hospitals became unsafe. The nuns moved to and fro in the darkness, quiet, unruffled, attentive, entirely selfpossessed. Day and night they ministered to their helpless charges, heedless of their own dangers. A supernatural trust in Providence, combined with steady courage, absolute self-sacrifice, and a quiet devotion to duty that makes no show, has characterized all our French nuns during the tragic autumn of 1914.

#### To-Day.

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

SFATHER, guide these faltering steps to-day, Lest I should fall!

To-morrow? Ah, to-morrow's far away,---To-day is all.

If I but keep my feet till evening time, Night will bring rest;

- Then, stronger grown, to-morrow I shall climb With newer zest.
- O may I stoop to no unworthiness, In pain or sorrow,
- Nor bear from yesterday one bitterness On to to-morrow!
- Then, Father, help these searching eyes to-day The path to see;
- Be patient with my feebleness,—the way Is steep to Thee!

The Widow's Stratagem.\*

BY M. E. FRANCIS.

Ŧ.

H, you are like to miss her, Mr. Alcock,—you are that!"

Standing by Ned Alcock's hearth, recently swept by her own hands, Mrs. Barnes gazed down at him compassionately. She was a little roundabout woman, nearer fifty than forty, but her skin was still smooth and her blue eyes bright. These eyes were often to be found merrily twinkling; while the goodhumored mouth was more used to smile than droop, as now, with the expression suited to condolence.

Ned Alcock was also short and thickset; his face was ruddy beneath his tan; and his hair plentiful and curly, though grizzled. He looked helplessly round the kitchen now, and sighed.

"Eh," he agreed, "I do miss her summat awful! Eh, I do indeed! 'Tis dreadful lonely coming in of an evening."

"Ah," resumed Mrs. Barnes, in the same tone, "you're not one as was meant by Providence to live alone,—nay, you're not indeed. I'm sure your poor Mary ud be the last to ha' wished it. Eh, dear, ye was allus so well done to when she was living! Wonderful house-proud Mary was. If it wasn't for me, doing a hand's turn for ye now and again, I don't know whatever ye'd do, Mester Alcock."

"I'm sure I don't know what I should do," admitted he. "Tis lucky for me to have such a kind neighbor as yourself, Missus Barnes."

He turned a moist and appreciative eye upon her, and was a little taken aback on finding that she appeared unmoved by the compliment.

"Yes, I doubt 'tis a good job for you as I chance to live next door," she

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returned somewhat airily. "As long as I'm here I'm sure I'll be pleased to do what I can for ye. But of course ye mustn't reckon on me allus being here."

"Why, how is that?" cried he, aghast. "I thought ye was just as much a fixture as myself. Dear o' me, why it wouldn't be like the same place if ye wasn't living next door, Mrs. Barnes. Eh, dear, I'll miss ye if ye shift, I know that! "Tis the one thing that keeps me up, to think I can pop in to see you of an evening when I'm feeling downhearted, and to have ye doing for me same as ye do."

"Eh, well, I'm not gone yet," remarked Mrs. Barnes, in a more cheerful tone. "But I've been feeling a bit unsettled lately. I can't think why it is, but I've well, but we was talking about you, Mr. Alcock. Do ye know I think you're the very man as should marry again. 'Tisn't your nature to be happy left to yourself. You want to have a woman looking after you constant—don't you now?"

\* "Maybe so," agreed he; after a pause he broke into a slow smile. "'Tis the same cry with everyone here in the village," he remarked. "They're all at me to take a second—my mates and all, and down at the Nag's Head they don't leave me no peace."

"Well," said Mrs. Barnes, pleasantly, "what's everybody's advice ought to be good advice, oughtn't it?"

Ned ruffled his locks thoughtfully and sighed.

"Well, I'm trying to bring my mind round to it," he said, gazing at her thoughtfully; "and do ye know what I'm thinking of doing?"

The ruddy color deepened in Mrs. Barnes' cheeks, and the bib of her white apron rose and fell more rapidly than before.

"I'm sure I can't guess," she rejoined. "Tis a queerish notion, but I think 'tis a good one," returned Alcock. "I'm thinking o' advertising on the paper."

"Oh, are ye?" said the widow, with a queer, short laugh.

"There's nought to laugh at as I can see," retorted he. "'Tis a thing what's often done—more partic'lar in the *Herald*. This week alone I've seen three or four notices o' folks what wants a wife with a bit o' money."

"Oh, that's it, is it?" said Mrs. Barnes. "That's what put the idea into your head?"

"Well, don't ye think it's a good idea?" he inquired stolidly. "'References given on both sides. Photographs exchanged.'— The only photograph I've got is yon what was done of me and our Mary on our silver wedding day."

"It ud never do to send that, then!" cried Mrs. Barnes sharply. "I hope you're not thinking o' doing such a thing."

"Why not?" asked Ned, indignantly. "I think it ud be a very good notion myself. It ud show the kind o' woman I'd fancy."

"Well, it seems to me a bit heartless," said Eliza. "I'd never think o' sending my poor Tom's picture round if I was going to take a second."

She looked at Ned out of the corner of her eye as she spoke, but the shot glanced off harmlessly.

"Eh, well, you're about right there," he rejoined. "Your Tom weren't much to look at, were he? Now, our Mary were a gradely woman to the last."

"'Tis to be hoped as you'll find her double," responded Mrs. Barnes, turning away from the hearth and proceeding toward the door.

"Nay, don't go yet!" cried Ned, quickly. As she retraced her steps he added with an ingratiating smile: "Ye see, I'm no hand at writing, Mrs. Barnes; and I'd take it as a great kindness if ye'd help me to make out this here ad ertisement for the paper."

"'Tis a funny sort o' job for me to do," said Eliza; then she broke off, laughing good-humoredly. "I mean it isn't exactly in my line, but I'll see what I can do."

"Pen and ink's yon," observed Ned,

nodding toward the corner of the dresser. "I bought them new o' purpose, and a pennyworth o' paper."

Mrs. Barnes fetched them, sucked the pen, and duly extracted the cork from the little penny bottle of ink.

"Now, then," she said, seating herself at the table and squaring her elbows.

"Well, I was just thinking," said Alcock. "'Tis a bit hard to start straight off. I'll have to get it fixed a bit in my mind before ve begin writing."

"We'll put 'Wanted,' to start with," remarked Mrs. Barnes, writing the word as she spoke.

"Nay, nay, that won't do!" exclaimed Ned, in a vexed tone. "All the notices what I've read in the *Herald* has 'Matrimonial' or 'Matrimony' put first. Best take another sheet."

He leaned forward, groaning heavily and staring into the fire as though for inspiration.

"Matrimonial," observed Mrs. Barnes. "Well?"

"Wait," rejoined Alcock.

During the pause which ensued a scribbling sound was heard; and, presently turning, he observed that Mrs. Barnes was busily writing on the discarded sheet of paper.

"What are ye at?" he inquired.

"Eh, I'm nobbut amusing myself while I'm waiting," she returned. "This here sheet o' paper spoiled as how 'tis."

"I think ye'd best start this way," said Ned. "'A gentleman of independent means—'"

"Bless the man!" interrupted Eliza. "What in the world should I put that for?"

"They mostly all starts like that in the *Herald*," returned he, firmly. "What have ye agen it?"

"Why, just two things: you're not a gentleman and ye haven't got no independent means."

"Don't I earn as good a wage as anybody in the parish?" shouted Ned. "Haven't I got a matter o' fifty pounds laid by in bank?" "Oh, have ye?" said Mrs. Barnes, with interest. "Oh, I see! Well, but I fancy 'independent means' is different: it means ye haven't got to work for your living; you see, it might be a bit unpleasant if there were to be any mistake. If I was you, I'd put it straight out: 'A workingman earning good wage.' Then there couldn't be no misunderstanding, ye see; she could never cast up as ye'd led her to expect something different."

"Oh, I see!" said Ned. "Ah, maybe, then, it would be best to be altogether straightforward. Will ye write that, if ye please."

"A workingman earning good wage," said Mrs. Barnes presently, reading out the words she had written. "What next?"

"'Is anxious,'" dictated Alcock slowly, "'to meet with—a lady.'"

"Nay, I wouldn't put that," protested his amanuensis,—"I'm sure I shouldn't. You'll be having some finicky do-little, stuck-up body trying to palm herself off on ye. You want to be comfortable;" don't ye?"

"Of course I do," retorted Ned. "'Tis the only thing I'm taking all this trouble for. I'll have to think it over a bit. I'll have to shape it out. There you go scribbling agen!"

"'Tis but the same old sheet," answered she. "Coom, shall I help ye, Mester Alcock. How ud it be if we put it this way: 'A workingman, earning good wage, is anxious to meet with an active, middleaged woman, with some means of her own—'"

Ned, who had lighted his pipe, took it out and stared at her.

"That's a notion," he cried, approvingly, — "that's a very good notion. My word, you're wonderful clever, Mrs. Barnes, to think o' all that so quick. Ah, a bit o' money won't come amiss."

"That's what I'm thinking," said Eliza, gleefully.

"'Active,'" pursued Ned reflectively. "Ah, she'd want to be active, ye see, if she was to be any good to me, and keep this house as our Mary ud ha' liked it to be kept. What comes next?"

"'Middle-aged,'" announced Eliza. "It is a middle-aged body ye want."

"I'm not so sure o' that," said Ned. "Our Mary were young enough when I wed her."

"Well, but so were you, you noddy!" cried Eliza, in an exasperated tone.

"Eh?" queried Alcock, gaping at her.

"I'm sure I beg your pardon, Mester Alcock, but I do declare the way you said that reminded me o' my Tom. I never called him ill names if I could help it, but I had to tell him he was a noddy now and then. You're past sixty now vourself, Mester Alcock, and I don't think it ud be for your happiness to marry a young lass. You with nobbut fifty pound laid by. Why, it wouldn't be worth her while to marry ye, if she had but that to look to arter you went to your long home. Well, ye'd like her to ha' a bit o' money o' her own, wouldn't ye? It's best to put that plain in black and white. 'With some means of her own with a view to matrimony.""

She paused, eyeing her composition. "That'll be all right," said Ned. "Nothing like coming to the point straight. Well, we'd best have about the references next, hadn't we?"

"Maybe so," rejoined Eliza. "It'll be a bit expensive, though; and of course you'd like to see her, wouldn't ye?"

"Of course," agreed Ned. "But I'd best have a look at her photograph first, hadn't I? Some might answer as I couldn't noways take to."

Mrs. Barnes also cogitated, and then agreed unwillingly.

"Well, if ye like. 'Preliminary photos required.' Well, now, best put address 'A. B., Post Office, Thornleigh.'"-

"Who's A. B.?" inquired Ned, staring.

"Why, you! You wouldn't think o' giving your own name, would ye, and having all the folk on the lookout afore ye made up your own mind yerself?" "No, I wouldn't like that at all." He paused, and looked puzzled.

"I'm wondering how to get this here into the paper, though," he remarked. "They won't know who A. B. is. How'll they be able to send letters on here?"

"I'll tell you what," said Mrs. Barnes. "I'm going into town this afternoon to do a little business of my own. If ye like, I'll call round at the office and tell 'em all that, and make sure there's no mistake. Ye'll have to pay, too, before it's put in," she added.

"How much?" queried Ned.

"Eh, I don't rightly know. Best give me five shilling, and I'll bring back the change if there's any."

"Five shilling!" echoed Ned. "That seems a lot o' brass to pay out for a thing same as that; and maybe the right sort o' woman wouldn't light on it."

"And, then, there'll be the photos to send backward and forrard, ye know," continued Mrs. Barnes, dispassionately. "That'll cost ye summat."

"So it will," agreed Ned. "Eh, I wonder if I couldn't find a wife some other road nor putting this here notice in the paper."

"Well, of course ye might come across somebody, accidental like, as ud take your fancy," rejoined the widow. "Or there might be somebody ye know already and as knows your ways, as ud suit ye best of all, but as ye maybe never thought of it in that light—"

She paused impressively. Ned, sucking hard at his pipe, gazed at her unwinkingly. A half-formed idea turned vaguely at the back of his mind.

"Well," said Eliza, "I must be off now, I shan't be going to town till the afternoon; so you can think it over, and let me know what ye'd like me to do."

Ned followed her with his eyes as she left the house, then sat up and scratched his head. His brow was furrowed with thought,—he was thinking, in fact, so hard that he let his pipe go out.

(Conclusion next week.)

## Natural and Revealed Religion.

BY FR. H. REGINALD BUCKLER, O. P.

EWMAN was very fond of the 6 word "locate," as signifying the putting of thoughts and things into their right place. Moreover, he was fond of the twin subjects of natural and revealed religion, as we see in his writings. Doubtless he got upon these lines from his study of "Butler's Analogy" in his early Oxford life. And he has told us in the "Apologia" what a vast influence that work had upon him. If we wished just to "locate" quickly and clearly the important subjects of natural and revealed religion, we might say that natural religion is from man to God, and revealed religion from God to man; or, to put it philosophically, natural religion is subjective, revealed religion objective. The natural is of man, the revealed of God.

As man is the creature of God's hand, made after His own divine form, like to Him in his intellectual and spiritual powers, and destined to share in His own divine knowledge, love, life, and happiness eternally in heaven, he of course ought to live here below in close and constant relation to his Creator. The natural world around him is ever declaring and showing forth the wisdom, beauty, power, and love of Him who made all things for man so abundantly to enjoy. Thus, by nature and by the use of his natural powers, man is led to look to "nature's God"; and this is the beginning of natural religion. Even without the extra power of grace man can do this much. As Cicero said: "The beauty of this world and the order of the heavenly bodies move us to confess and acknowledge a divine and eternal Nature, as an object to be seen and glorified by man."\* And again: "Nothing is higher than God. By Him, therefore, is the world governed."†

Pindar had sincerest faith in the divine Superintendence. Sophocles (B. C. 480) says: "I can not cease to call on God for aid."\* Plato taught that the human mind was an emanation of the Deity. Seneca, Epictetus, and Marcus Aurelius,-all held that the universe is governed by one good and wise God. And Plutarch believed in the Supreme Being as "Father and Lord of all things." Seneca said: "God. is near thee, with thee, within thee."† Here we have evidence of natural religion. It shows how the philosophers of old rose from nature to nature's. God; and how "the invisible things of Him, from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made; His eternal power also, and divinity."‡

All those who aim at intellectual, moral, and spiritual culture, living up to their natural lights and best knowledge, will easily be brought to the exercise and cultivation of natural religion. It is proper both for the philosopher and the saint, and for all the walks of life that may lie between them. God is the God of nature as well as of grace; and, to give Him the full homage of our being, we must go to Him with all our natural powers, thinking of Him, speaking to Him, loving Him, serving Him, contemplating Him in the works of His hands; living by the lights of right reason, and the dictates of natural virtue; thus striving to please the Creator by the best use of all the powers He has given us. All this is natural religion. And if it is well kept up, it must lead to the love of the Supreme Being as the highest and best of all; and to the desire of serving Him according to His will.

When we consider the many forms of fragmentary Christianity spread about the world, viewing all this theologically and technically, it can not be admitted to be more than an admirable exercise of natural religion. Who is not arrested by the beauty, say, of an English service?

\* Cic. de Divin.

† De Nat. Deo. 2, 30.

\*\_Œdip. 880.

† Epis. 41.

‡ Rom., i. 20.

Listen to that lovely organ, the exquisite singing of the harmonized chants and anthems, and the beautiful reading of the Scriptures. Everything is perfect in its way. But it is all of the natural order. It is natural to love the beauties of architecture, music, and perfect recitation; it is natural also for the creature to lift itself to the Creator, and engage itself, more especially in the midst of moving surroundings, with the exercises of prayer, praise, and religious attention. Such occupation is subduing, refining, and sweetening to man's natural spirit amidst the wear and tear of worldly life. This is his religion, and he loves it. It is not the Mass, nor the sacramental system, nor the submission to the living Church. These appertain to revealed religion. The former, in all its best, is but the working of natural religion.

Now, as it is fitting for man to speak to God, so it is fitting for God to speak to man. And He speaks—if we will but observe and listen—with ten thousand tongues in all the wondrous works of uature around us. "He spake, and they were made; He commanded, and they were created." Nature herself is a revelation of God's wisdom, power, and love; proclaiming mysteries of faith and obedience to the divine will and good pleasure.

But the mind of man will go forward, will think, consider, inquire; and longs for more light, more positive knowledge of the Creator, and of His truth, and of His will to be done; as also of its own origin, aspirations, and ultimate destination. Nor can we think that God, who has planted such potentialities and activities within man's living, energizing spirit, would have left him in complete forgetfulness and utter nakedness, -in the shades of his prison house; in blank misgivings-an enigma to himself-and blindly with his blessedness at strife; his exterior semblance believing his soul's immensity, and haunted forever by the Eternal Mind; in darkness lost, and

toiling all his life to find "a Presence which is not to be put by." Our higher lights and loves *will* assert themselves, before which our mortal nature trembles like a guilty thing. Be they what they may, they are the fountainhead of all our seeing — "which neither listlessness nor mad endeavor can utterly abolish or destroy."

In religion, as in all the other walks of life, man looks for authority. He was dependent when he entered the world. and his dependence meets him at every turn of life. The whole scheme of Providence in maintaining his life, and supplying his wants both in nature and grace, shows that God wills to associate His creatures with Himself; and this, doubtless, to train man to the perfect law of love for God and his neighbor. Thus God gives us life, but through our parents; knowledge, but through our teachers; light and warmth, by means the sun; food and raiment, by of means of other creatures. In like manner revealed religion is the word of His Eternal Truth to man. God speaks at sundry times and in divers manners,through the Patriarchs and Prophets, through His inspired word; lastly, through His Son; and His Son through His Apostles and His Church. "All things whatsoever I have heard from My Father I have made known to you."\* Thus the Church becomes the organ of the Holy Ghost in the world-one body and one Spirit, one Lord and one faith, one fold and one Shepherd,-and her mission is to all nations: "Go ye and teach all nations."†

Thus, there is authority in religion as in all other departments of life. "There is one God, one Christ, one Church, one Chair."<sup>‡</sup> And "the essence of religion is authority and obedience,"§—God revealing His truth, and man yielding his belief. Nor has any account to be taken by the creature of mental difficulties in

‡ St. Cyprian, Epist. 40 ad pleb.

<sup>\*</sup> St. John, xv, 15. † St. Matt.,

receiving mysteries of faith. Whatever is received, is received according to the nature of the recipient. Therefore, man, being so little before his God, and so limited in his power of vision, as a child crying in the night, can take in but very little of the things of God. His ability here is to believe but not to understand. Hence, the virtue of faith, the first and fundamental of all the virtues, is not a seeing or an understanding of the things of God, but a believing them upon divine authority.

Revelation being God's spoken word, and the Church being the organ of His voice on earth, it follows that the teachings of faith are infallible. Further, it follows that doubt is incompatible with faith, because faith is the acquiescence of the creature in the word of the Creator, and in the word of the Creator there can be no place for doubt. But for difficulties there will always be place, and this in the nature of the case, and necessarily; for the reason already given-that God is so great, and man so little and so feeble, like a child in the dark. However, "ten thousand difficulties do not make one doubt."\* Whatever sin may be in doubt, in difficulties there can be no sin.

What can we do in the things of God but believe, and then live and work accordingly? The weight of authority in Christianity-Catholicism and the Church-clears away all doubts and smooths over all difficulties. Then we come to faith working by love, and this is plainly our business here below. Then, being rooted and grounded in faith and charity, the light and love of God rise in man's intellect and heart, and grow and strengthen, and spread their virtue, ennobling, refining, and elevating his powers; moving him consistently and steadfastly to the duties of life, and gradually bringing the whole man to the perfection of his nature, which is the preparation for, and prelude to, the perfect life to come.

\* Newman, "Apologia."

## Plough Monday.

T is interesting to note that some of the old customs that yet survive in rural England had their beginning from or through some religious observance or rite practised in the time when the country was Catholic. Thus "Plough Monday," the first Monday after the Epiphany, is—or was until recently a day of sport and rejoicing among the farmers and agricultural laborers in certain districts.

Formerly a plough, with long ropes attached to it, was drawn from door to door by a number of stalwart youths in gay attire. At each house a small sum of money was collected, and this was in later times spent in feasting and conviviality. This custom had its origin in the fact that in early times, during the months in which the land was prepared for cropping, a light called the "plough light" was maintained in front of the chief altar of their churches, by the farmers, to obtain a blessing on their soil and the crops they were to sow.

On Plough Monday, the day on which the merrymaking connected with the Christmas holidays ended, the peasantry were accustomed to contribute money for the maintenance of the lights through the ensuing months; and on the following day men and matrons, boys and maidenswere ready to begin their agricultural pursuits.

Henry VIII. and Elizabeth put a stop to the plough lights; but the practice of collecting money survived, though the contributions went to quite other than religious purposes. Nowadays, when a new tenant takes possession of a farm in Great Britain, it is a common thing for the neighboring farmers to give him, by way of welcome and courtesy, what is called a "plough day," which means that each farmer, on an appointed day, sends the newcomer a plough and team of horses, to assist him in preparing his ground for seed.

# A Word in Season.

"HERE is one good thing about the resolutions which we are all disposed to make at the beginning of a new year: they can be renewed as often as they are broken. And it is manifestly better to form good resolutions and break them than not to make any at all. The humiliation arising from the evidence of our weakness is salutary, and sometimes we get on better after frequent falls than we did at first. Experience teaches us that we confided too much in our own strength and too little, or not at all, in the help that comes from above; and we learn at last that the only way to guard against relapses is to avoid the occasions of them. It is too much to expect that we shall keep all our good resolutions, but there is no reason why we should not try to do so. God is so merciful that He does not exact of us success, but only effort.

The lectures of a famous American humorist were supposed to last for an hour-from eight until nine o'clock; but he was sometimes obliged to limit them to forty-five minutes on account of weak lungs. However, after the audience was well settled, he would take a seat on the platform, slowly draw out his watch, and spend five minutes or more solemnly looking first at the timepiece, then at his mystified auditors. At precisely quarter after eight he rose to begin his lecture. announcing with ludicrous gravity that he could speak only three-quarters of an hour, and had been waiting for a good chance to begin. Now is the time to begin the work of rectifying our lives. We shall never have such another chance. Delay only increases difficulty.

New Year resolutions had better not be numerous; the fewer they are the better chance there will be of their being put into practice. Most people find that no inconsiderable amount of fortitude is required to keep even one good resolution. It is astonishing how difficult it becomes, say about the end of the second week of January, even to remember New Year resolutions. For this reason they ought to be put down in black and white, like a promissory note—something of which one is sure to be reminded. A document of this kind is wondrously enduring. A person with any self-respect hates to destroy it and thus admit that he is incapable of doing what he had resolved upon. A set of written resolutions may be out of sight, but they are not so easily put out of mind.

Reforms are commonly characterized as sweeping because, as a rule, they comprehend only the surface and include in their scope many persons or things. It is the same with self-amendment, which is apt to be restricted to the exterior and to embrace a great variety of actions. We forget that change of heart is the main thing, and that bad habits can be broken only as they were formed. The old story of the philosopher and the sticks illustrates the folly of those who would do everything at once instead of pedetemptim. The strength of the young disciple was unequal to the task of breaking the fagot as it stood. The philosopher unbound it and broke the sticks one by one. The breaking of habits takes time.

There is no end of schemes for the improvement of individuals and the reformation of society,-all sorts of new effort-saving methods of salvation for the faithful, and any number of novel plans for the enlightenment and conversion of those outside the Church. Let us be on our guard against adopting anything as a substitute for prayer, penance, vigilance and unworldliness. These are absolutely indispensable. Let us never forget what St. John Chrysostom says, that the conversions effected by the Apostles were the result, not so much of the sermons they preached or the miracles they wrought, as of the virtues they practised. We can do more good to our fellow-creatures by being good than in any other way.

### Notes and Remarks.

That Prohibition has been definitively removed from the domain of more or less academic questions, and firmly placed in the sphere of practical politics, is the one unmistakable lesson emphasized by the vote recently taken in Washington. As evidencing a widespread conviction that the Federal legislative body should enforce Prohibition in the country at large, that vote, although ninety-one less than the two-thirds necessary for the passage of the resolution to submit the Dry amendment to the people, was both impressive and surprising. It is clear that the Prohibitionists, not content with the success of their campaign in certain individual States, are determined to carry on a vigorous fight for victory in the Federal arena. That victory is by no means assured, however, is shown by the strong position already taken against the movement by leading citizens, among them former President Taft, who is quoted as saying: "National Prohibition would revolutionize the national government. It would put on the shoulders of the government the duty of sweeping the doorsteps of every home in the land. National Prohibition is nonenforceable; it is a confession on the part of State governments of inability to control and regulate their own especial business and duty. If the matter were placed under Federal control, it would result in creating a machinery of government officials large enough to nominate any President."

In one of our States the constitutionality of a Prohibition act is now being tested by a Catholic bishop, on the ground that it interferes with the plenitude of religious worship, wine being requisite for the celebration of Mass.

A recent murder in one of the Eastern States, and the vindication of the murderer on the plea of the so-called "Unwritten Law," once again call attention to what

is admittedly a standing disgrace to this country,-the prevalence of homicide. Crime is far more common in the United States than in any other civilized land; and, as we have not infrequently stated in discussing the matter, the criminal laws and their inefficient administration are undoubtedly contributory causes of the unenviable pre-eminence of our nation in this respect. Two of our ex-Presidents, Messrs. Roosevelt and Taft, are on record as strenuous critics of this laxity in the enforcement of criminal law; and both have compared the criminal procedure of the United States with that of Canada, to the notable advantage of our neighbor to the North. As for the growth of criminality in Young America, it is assuredly not effectively checked, if indeed it is not negatively promoted, by the absence of religious training in the public schools. The lengthy records of suicides in this country-and suicides very often of mere children-would surely be cut down were our adolescents furnished with definite moral teaching. Will our statesmen never learn that training the intellect is the least important service which the country owes to its future citizens?

An article on "Contemporary Miracles" in the current *Month* is concerned chiefly with Lourdes. Skeptics who think there is any "hugger-mugger" secrecy about the cures attributed to that sacred shrine, either before or after the cure alleged, should read the concluding words of this article. The writer states:

Since 1890, and probably further back still, there has been an outstanding invitation to all medical men or experts, without distinction of creed, who may happen to be at Lourdes, to enter its office freely and take their part in the investigations. At the commencement those who availed themselves of this invitation were few in number; but by 1892 they reached the figure of 120, and by 1913 that of 670. The effect has been to acquire for the Bureau a world-wide reputation as a place unequalled for the clinical material it offers, for the cordiality with which the freest opportunities of investigation are offered, and the sound and searching principles on which investigations are conducted. Of the reality, too, of the cases that are accepted for registration there is nowadays, because of the observations of all these doctors, not much doubt left. To quote the oft-cited acknowledgment of Dr. Bernheim, the president of the Nancy School of Psychotherapy, in his "Traité de la Suggestion Appliquée à la Thérapeutique": "The facts of Lourdes belong henceforth to science. Science accepts, classifies and studies them. The interpretation of them is alone in dispute."

In other words, to deny the fact that there are cures is to stultify one's self; and, except that faith is a gift from God, to deny their supernatural origin would hardly seem to be less.

While the Encyclicals of Popes Leo XIII. and Pius X., notably those of the former, contain the general principles that should govern the relations between Capital and Labor, these principles must of course be translated into concrete working rules according to conditions actually prevailing in different industrial centres. It was, accordingly, an excellent idea of Bishop Canevin, of Pittsburg, to establish a Diocesan Commission of Labor, the aims of which in general are: To render social service based not so much on charity as upon justice; to encourage conferences of Catholic employers and conferences of Trade Unionists, first separately and then jointly, with a view to conciliation and agreement in advance of all labor strife; and to offer mediation and arbitration in the event of industrial disputes.

In particular this diocesan body will endeavor to improve the spiritual and material condition of the workingmen of their diocese, and to remove such abuses as unnecessary work on Sunday.

One of the delusions of the spiritual life is that the duties of obedience would find us more ready if commands came to us directly from God and not through His representatives; or that acceptance of the word of Christ's Apostles would be easier than compliance with the will

of their successors in the present day. That this is a delusion is borne out by an illuminating passage in a work which we have already reviewed, but which it is a pleasure to refer to again-"The Ideal of the Monastic Life Found in the Apostolic Age." Says its learned author, Dom Germain Morin, O. S. B.: "When they [the first Christians] heard the Apostles speak of their Master, how often must they have exclaimed, 'Oh, if we had lived with Him, if we had received His commands directly from Himself, what a joy and what an honor it would have been for us to obey Him in the smallest things!'-- 'What, then!' replies St. Paul. 'Know you not that Christ speaks in me?'-Loquitur in me Christus. But it is not only in Paul and in the other Apostles that Christ speaks: He speaks in all the pastors appointed by them and their successors, according to their place in the ecclesiastical hierarchy. Jesus says to them all: 'He that heareth you, heareth Me.'"

The identification is complete. Most of us need a more practical realization of that doctrine which might be termed Mgr. Benson's contribution to Catholic consciousness,—the doctrine that the Church is the mystical body of Christ.

Some seventeen years ago the present Anglican Archbishop of Canterbury, then Bishop of Winchester, disciplined a presbyter of his diocese on account of his open advocacy and practice of prayer for the dead. Meantime the Church of England dignitary has become more. tolerant, and perhaps better informed as to the doctrine of the Church regarding Purgatory. In a recent public address he said 'we needed to be on our guard lest in those who reverently and trustfully prayed we discouraged the upraising of the devout soul in prayer for loved ones out of sight. We are not unmindful,' he said, 'of the abuses of later Mediæval times. We are aware that, on account of them and to avoid the dangers of

them, no explicit prayers for the departed were admitted into the public Offices of the Church [of England].' He had 'no censure to pass on the men who thus handled the difficulties that faced them in their time. But surely now there was the recognition of the a place for instinctive, natural, loyal craving of the bereaved. The abuses of nearly four centuries ago need not now hinder the reverent and trustful prayer of a wounded spirit who feels it natural and helpful to pray for those it would not see again on earth, but who in their Father's keeping still lived, and, we might believe, went from strength to strength in truer purity, in deepened reverence and love.'

On the principle that a lame excuse is better than none at all, this is well enough. But the abuses referred to what is there that can be abused that isn't abused?—constitute no justification for practically renouncing a doctrine taught by the Church from the beginning. Thank God! Anglicans are now finding out (not often, it must be said, through their official leaders) just what happened at the so-called Reformation.

The non-Catholic editor of the Deshler Flag (Ohio), having witnessed a Catholic marriage, was so impressed with its solemnity that he made it the subject of a lengthy editorial couched in terms of the highest praise. Here is part of the moral he drew:

If this ceremony will cause men and women to live together until parted by death; if the Catholic Faith will cause man and wife to be honest and true to each other, then, in the name of God, what is wrong with our Protestant religion? For (we regret to say) the divorce and free-love evils are increasing at an alarming rate among the people of the Protestant faith.

We are glad to present these thoughts to our readers, especially those of the Protestant belief, and ask them wherein are we wrong. Why does not our religion bind men and women together with that same devoutness the Catholic Faith does? Is it because our marriage vows are meaningless? Is it because they are so frivolous that they are worthy of no consideration,—only a joke, as it were? If this be true, let steps be taken to right the wrong at once. Give us more Catholic marriages, marriages that will cause men and women to dwell together in union as God intended them to do. Then, and not till then, shall we have a better world.

We do not know whether the traditional phrase, "till death do us part," is still retained in the marriage service of the various sects; but, if it is, the hearers of the service must sometimes smile at its incongruity.

While registering their protest against epithets like "Romanist," "Papist," etc., so often met with in the more ignorant class of sectarian papers and periodicals, we think Catholic editors should discountenance the use among ourselves of such a neologism as "Rev. Ryan" for Rev. Father Ryan, or Father Ryan. So far as we know, the quoted appellative is distinctly bad form, not to be found in reputable books or reviews, or even in secular newspapers with any pretensions to model English. It is used, as a rule, only by illiterate non-Catholic speakers or writers, and should be tabooed by all others. One of the meanings assigned to "Father" in the most voluminous of our American dictionaries is: "A title given to dignitaries of the Roman Catholic and Eastern churches, to officers of monasteries, and commonly to monks in general, and to confessors and priests." "Father Ryan" is excellent English; "Rev. Ryan," in our opinion, is execrable slang.

Most persons, perhaps, regard the custom of placing the Ten Commandments in the sanctuary of churches as one of the outgrowths of Puritanism in the post-Reformation period. Such is not the case, however, as a writer in the *Holy Cross Magazine* (Anglican) points out. The custom was by no means unknown in Mediæval England. Pre-Reformation wills and inventories bear frequent witness to it. "In 1843," writes Monachus Minor, "when the Church of the Holy Cross,

at Leeds, was building, objection was made to the erection of the Tables of the Law, on the ground that it was a purely Protestant custom. Dr. Pusey was consulted on the subject, and wrote in reply that, howsoever the custom may have arisen, he could not but think there was good in it, and he proceeded to put a very Catholic interpretation upon it. 'In many ways,' he said, 'this use of the Ten Commandments is, and has been, of great benefit to our Church. In our absence of discipline or private confession, they stand as a fence around the Holy Communion, warning people not to break in; then, they suggest a detailed Catholic self-examination and detailed confession to God; they are a protest against any doctrine of justification by what people think to be their faith, or by feelings; they imply what we so much wantcontinual repentance.""

A partial, perhaps a complete, explanation of the outbreak of bigotry in our own country at the present time, is to be had in these words of Father Benedict, C.SS.R., delivered recently in England: "Be sure of this: in so far as the Catholic religion once more begins to triumph, the powers of darkness will begin to fling themselves upon it." The history of the Church amply warrants the observation. Looking to our own time and country, there is this consolation to be had, however,-that outer enemies are never so great a menace as those within the fold; and of these latter-thank God!-we have, on the whole, to lament very few. As for the others, the only argument that will confute and utterly confound them is the sight of exemplary Catholic lives. Words, however apt, are weak weapons against persons who trade in lies and vituperation. But before a good deed even the devil quails.

A pillar of the Church in America has fallen, — Death has removed the great Archbishop of San Francisco, All who

knew his personal worth and his official work will sincerely deplore his loss. Although he had already passed the Scriptural "threescore and ten," it was hoped that he would be spared many years longer, to rule the vast archdiocese in which he was such a power for good, to edify and encourage his clergy and their flocks. No prelate in our country was more venerated and beloved than Archbishop Riordan; his noble character commanded respect and confidence, while his tender heart inspired affection and loyalty. He never imposed burdens that he had not borne himself, or demanded sacrifices of which he had not given personal example. No man ever doubted his word or questioned his motives.

In view of the great work before him, his nomination as Coadjutor-Archbishop of San Francisco while still a young priest seems providential. An exemplary pastor, he became a model prelate. With such a leader, the wondrous progress of the Church on the Pacific Coast, especially since the great earthquake, is easily explained. No undertaking was too vast, no labor too arduous, no sacrifice too great for his zeal and devotedness. Sore trials and long sufferings had prepared him for the speedy enjoyment of his eternal recompense. R. I. P.

Our readers are invited to join in the observance of the Church Unity Octave for the destruction of schism and the reunion of all Christians with the Chair of St. Peter at Rome, the divinely established centre of unity. Any form of prayer may be used, but the Rosary is especially recommended. All are exhorted to receive Holy Communion on Sunday, Jan. 24, and every other day during the Octave, if possible. It begins on the Feast of the Chair of St. Peter at Rome, Ian. 18; and ends on the Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul, Jan Gr. There are reasons, known to everyone, the the Octave should be observed this year with especial fervor. especial fervor.



A Prayer in Rhyme.

(This rhymed prayer, which is particularly appropriate to Epiphany, used to be recited at the Offertory of the Mass, especially on "high feasts," by our Catholic forefathers in Merrie England.)

ESU that wast in Bethlehem,

Three Kings there unto Thee came; They offered gold, incense, and myrrh; And Thou forsook none of them there, But wished them well all the three Home again to their own countree. Right so our offerings that we offer And our prayers that we proffer, Thou take, Lord, to Thy praising; And be our help in everything, That all our perils be done away, Our good desires Thou grant alway, Of our misdeeds Thou us amend, In all our need Thou succor send.

#### Tommy Travers.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

II.—BUNTY'S TEACHER.

**T** HOUGH Bunty's heart seemed to leap to his lips, he made no sound. In the dark ways he had walked, boys learn wisdom and prudence not taught in church or school. This teacher (ah, poor Bunty!—a "teacher" indecd!) with his fine coat, and his eyeglasses, and the white streaks in his dark hair, was Nick,—his lost Nick,—the big brother Nick whom he had never thought to see again. It was Nick whom little Sister Leonie had met at the door and was leading down the white length of the ward, chatting cheerily.

"Ah, it is so good in my poor boy's kind teacher to come! He has been so sick, so sad, so alone! Ah, he is so glad to see this good teacher, he can not. speak!" Which was very true—Bunty could only hold out his hand voicelessly to the visitor, whose name (while Sister Leonie stood by) he dared not speak.

"You don't know me, Bunt?" said the teacher, dropping into a chair at his side, while Sister Leonie turned away.

"Yes," faltered Bunty, staring up at him with half-frightened eyes, "I do: you're—you're Nick."

"My!" said his visitor in amazement. "You are a keen youngster. I'd never have known you. George! but you've grown long and lank and big-eyed. You ain't a bit like that curly-headed kid I left more than five years ago."

"And you ain't—ain't a bit like the Nick that went away," retorted Bunty. "He didn't have grizzled hair and spectacles, but I knew you all the same. And, my," the rough young voice faltered again,—"my, I'm glad to see you back! It's been awful lonesome since you've been gone. You hadn't oughter skipped off like that and left a kid like me all alone. It was a dirty trick." And, as all the woes and dangers of those five years came back to Bunty, something rose in his throat very like a sob.

"There, there!" said his visitor, roughly. "If you're going to work any cry-baby racket on me, I'm off again right now. Granny Pegs told me you were hard as nails, clean grit straight through. But I don't wonder you mush up here."

He cast a glance around him at the white stretch of the ward; the spotless little beds, whose occupants were chatting with their anxious visitors; the oratory at the farther end, where the Mother Immaculate seemed to stand in pitying protection over all.

"What sort of a fool place is this, anyhow?" queried Nick, with a frown.

"It's a fine place," said Bunty, forgetting his own late impatience and rousing into warm defence of this sweet, sheltered fold. "You couldn't get a finer, and they treat you like a plute. Hot toast and eggs, chicken soup and custard, clean sheets 'most every day, wash your face every morning, swab you down when you get too hot, give you cracked ice when your mouth is burning, everything great!"

"And who's a paying for it?" asked his visitor, gruffly.

"Nobody," answered Bunty. "They just dump you down here on the Sisters, and you don't pay a cent."

"You don't?" said Nick, incredulously. "You ain't dunderhead enough to swaller such soft sawder as that, Bunt. Somebody pays sure. Why, boy, them there grapes beside you must be 'most a dollar a pound! Do they give you those with the chicken and the custard and all the rest?"

"No," said Bunty. "A boy upstairs sent them down for a treat. Gee, they are good! Just try them, Nick!" Bunty held the plate to his visitor; who tried them effectually,—tried them, in fact, until he had stripped the bunch almost bare.

"Pretty good!" he said. "Regular millionaire diet. You seem to be in it, sonny. Hand you that sort of stuff around every day?"

"No," answered Bunty, "not every day. But he sends round treats right often. They're most times oranges,—big juicy oranges. He gets them from Florida by the box."

"Who gets oranges from Florida by the box?" asked the visitor, in new amazement.

"The plute upstairs," answered Bunty, "Tommy Travers."

Bunty's visitor started as if he had been struck.

"Eh-what? Who did you say?" he asked breathlessly. "Tommy-what?"

"Tommy Travers," repeated Bunty.

"Not Long Tom Travers' boy?" said his visitor eagerly. "Not his boy here?" "I don't know," said Bunty. "I don't know anything about his father or him either, except what I hear the boys buzzing about down here."

"Where—how—what do they buzz about him?" The questioner's tone was low, quick, almost tremulous with an interest that Bunty could not understand. He answered, rather dully:

"Oh, about his room upstairs, and how fine it is, and how he has a parrot and a phonograph, and money under his pillow to buy everything he wants!"

"Money under his pillow,—under his *pillow*! Does he have to lie on a pillow?" asked Nick.

"Yes," answered Bunty,—"or he did until a few days ago. He has been in a plaster jacket for nearly two years, but they have let him out now. His father is coming back from the West the first of the year, and Tommy is going home."

"Coming back from the West," repeated Nick, slowly,---"coming back from the West! Long Tom Travers, sure as shooting! Long Tom Travers, with a kid, done up in plaster, here! Gee, this is news to make some folks jump!"

"Do you know his father?" asked Bunty, looking up at the speaker wonderingly.

"Know him!" said Nick quickly. "Not at all. I've never seen him in my life. But I've heard of him. 'Most everybody has heard of Long Tom Travers. And to think of his having a kid here,—a kid handing out hothouse grapes like they was huckleberries to Bunty Ware!"

"He isn't going to hand them round long," said Bunty, regretfully. "He is going home."

Again Nick quickened into eager interest.

"Going home, is he? Where?"

"Oh, I don't know,—just home, wherever that is!" answered Bunty. "Boys don't have but one home, do they?"

"Only one," said Nick. "Long Tom Travers has half a dozen—East, West, North, and South. I suppose the youngster can have his pick of them all. I heard there was a boy somewhere—a sickly chap that was the apple of Long Tom's eye. But I would never have thought to find him here. You do get turns sometimes," added Bunty's visitor, reflectively,—-"turns that knock your eyeteeth clean out. It's time I was going I guess, Bunt. If you're as sharp as Granny Pegs says you are, I needn't tell you I'm back in town on the quiet; and it's just as well to keep dark about your brother Nick."

Bunty's eyes, still big with pain and sickness, were lifted in dreary comprehension.

"What you been doing?" he asked anxiously. "For if you're dodging the cops, Nick, it ain't safe coming here. There's one sitting in the corner now." And he nodded to the little white bed across the room where Joey Burke's big father was winding up a tin monkey to climb a string for his crippled boy's delight.

Nick shot a swift glance at the pair.

"Oh, I don't skeer at him!" he said, with a low laugh. "It takes a bigger man than that to catch on to me. All the same, I might find it hard to keep up the teacher's game if they played me too close, Bunt; so I'd best be off."

"Where?" asked Bunty, eagerly. "Where are you going Nick? Can't you wait a little while? I'll be out of here soon. Can't you take me with you, Nick? I ain't no kid now, I'm big and hard like Granny Pegs says,-big and hard enough to stand by you, Nick. It's pretty tough standing all alone. And we're brothers, - real brothers, Nick. You was good to me when I was a little chap, and I ain't forgot it. I ain't forgot how you rolled me up in your coat at night when I was cold, and stole sausages from Granny Pegs when I was hungry, and bought me jackets and shoes. I ain't forgot how good you was to me, Nick. And I haven't got father or mother or nobody but you. If you'll just wait till I get out of here and take me with you, I'll stand by you, Nick. I'll be your pal and your pardner, through

thick and thin. Don't skip off and leave me alone again, Nick."

And all the bitterness of his lonely, friendless, boyish past, all the softer yearnings born of the days in Saint. Gabriel's, all that was warm and true and tender in Bunty's wakening heart rose to his lips and shone in his hollow eyes as he spoke.

Perhaps the boyish pleading touched some soft spot in his visitor,—perhaps Bunty's teacher had some further lessons in view; for he answered in friendly tone:

"Well, I won't, Bunt,—I won't leave. I'll hang around until you're up and out again. If I hadn't cared for you I wouldn't be in this here wig and blinders playing the teacher game to see you now. How long before you are up and out of this here baby-show?"

"New Year," answered Bunty, quickly. "The doctor said I'd be well and out by New Year."

"I'll wait, then," said Nick, rising hurriedly as the bell sounded, and there was a general movement among the visitors that told it was time to go. "I'll hang around until New Year's, Bunt. But I won't come here again."

Nick drew back a little nervously as Officer Burke tramped by. But Officer Burke's keen eyes were dim with tender tears; for Joey had been crying, with his arms about his big father's neck; and the wolf in the fold was safe from that father's searching gaze to-day.

"So it's good-bye, Bunt!" said his visitor, drawing a long breath as the big cop passed him by. "Mum's the word, and I'll meet you at Granny Pegs' New Year's Day."

And Bunty's teacher, having thus agreed to resume his lessons, stalked out, tall and straight, with the rest,—with gentle Granny White, and Robbie's mother, and Johnny Leigh's pretty aunt, — with all the loving, anxious visitors to Saint Gabriel's sheltered fold,—a black, baleful shadow, that good little Sister Leonie, smiling at the door, little dreamed was more dangerous than any prowling wild thing in the winter woods without.

There was a stoppage in the Free Ward corridor; the visitors stood aside for a moment to make room for a rolling chair that was being slowly pushed from the southern porch to the elevator beyond the stairs, — a beautiful rolling chair of white wickerwork, with silver-rimmed, rubber-tired wheels, and rose-hued cushions,—a chair that seemed like the gay winged chariot of some fairy prince.

And sitting up among the pink pillows heaped around him was a boy almost twelve years old, his slender, delicate form quite lost in heavy mufflings of silk-lined cloth and Russian sable. Ringlets of baby-gold hair peeped from under the close fur cap, and shaded a little white, wizened face,—a face that, though devoid of boyhood's fresh young bloom, had a light and sparkle all its own. The blue eyes looked out keen and clear from their shadows; the pale lips wore a friendly smile; the whole wan young face was eager and alert with interest. For neither Fortune nor Misfortune, and he had had a goodly share of both, had been able to spoil Tommy Travers.

"Wait a minute, Tobe—wait!" he said to the colored boy pushing his chair. "I want to stop in the Free Ward and ask all the boys to my Christmas Tree, may I, Sister Leonie? Can't Tobe push me in for a minute?"

"Ah, well, perhaps—perhaps," answered Sister Leonie. "Since it is visiting day" and no one is very sick, for a little minute Tommy can stop."

And the Free Ward, just growing sad and dull after the departure of its visitors, was roused into life again, as the gay, pink-cushioned chariot came rolling into the room bearing the smiling fairy prince.

"Halloo, boys!" was the cheery call of the little fur-clad figure. "There's a message from Santa Claus." And, putting his hands to his lips, Tommy imitated a trumpet call. "Santa will be up in Tommy Travers' room Christmas Day from three to five, and wants you all to come. There's going to be a tree—the biggest Santa can find in the woods, and just loaded down!"

"Hurrah!" piped Joey Burke from his corner; and half a dozen voices caughtup the cry "Hurrah!"

"If anybody wants skates or sled, or anything particular from Santa," continued the messenger, "just let him give Sister Leonie the tip, and she'll pass it on. If any boy would rather have a doll for his little sister, he can have that, too. If any boy would like a lace handkerchief for his mother—"

"Ah, non, non, non!" interrupted Sister Leonie hastily. "Not lace handkerchiefs, Tommy,—non, non! It is too much!"

"Well, you see, I never had a mother and don't know," said Tommy apologetically. "But Sister Leonie does. Just tip it off to her, and Santa will get whatever you want. For this is going to be the jolliest Christmas that Saint Gabriel's has ever had. If we *are* sick boys, we're going to make things hum."

"Hurrah! Hurrah!" The whole Free Ward now burst into excited chorus. "Hurrah for Christmas! Hurrah for Tommy Travers! Hurrah! Hurrah!"

"Ah, mon Dieu, what will the doctor say to this?" exclaimed little Sister Leonie in dismay. "Take him away, Tobe, — take Tommy at once!" And, with the chorus of Hurrahs still echoing around him, Tommy Travers, a little breathless with his speech-making, but smiling brightly, was rolled away past the visitors still waiting in the hall without. "Ah, God bless him, the darling,"

murmured Granny White, wiping her eyes. "George! but he's a plucky little corker!" said Officer Burke, heartily.

And Bunty's teacher, standing back in the shadow, muttered under his breath:

"Tommy Travers' kid! With a grip on that youngster, a fellow could bleed Long Tom Travers dry?"

### How the City was Saved.

**I** N the thirteenth century a Soudanese chieftain, at the head of a powerful army, laid siege to Tlemcen, a city of Algiers; and, according to the legend, this is how the siege was raised and the city saved.

Themeen was at the last extremity. Starvation and the diseases incidental thereto were about to finish what was left of its population,—those who had so far escaped the assaults of the enemy. The councillors had assembled, and, in despair of being able any longer to defend it, were considering the question of surrendering the city.

All at once an old woman named Aicha, who had been listening at the door of the council chamber, entered the room, and declared that she knew a way of making the enemy depart.

"Just give me three days," said she in conclusion, "and you will see those accursed Soudanese return to their deserts, which they should never have left."

Impressed by her air of confidence, the council consented to wait for the desired period.

Aicha's plan encountered some difficulties at the start. In the first place, she said she must have a calf, an animal not easy to find in a city where people were reduced to living on herbs and roots. By dint of searching, however, a calf was at last found in the home of a miserly farmer, who had hidden it and was awaiting the very height of the famine to get a better price for it.

Then Aicha demanded that she should be furnished with grain, either corn or barley or wheat, — something not less difficult to secure under the circumstances. All the granaries were visited; and, by looking in the corners and the cracks in the floor, about half a bushelof wheat was collected.

"That will be plenty," said the old woman.

She then wet the grain, to increase its

volume, and fed it to the calf. Naturally, the poor animal that had been half starved by its owner thought it a royal feast, and ate the whole of it.

\* The meal being finished, Aicha led the calf out through one of the city gates and turned it loose in the first field she came to. Attracted by the green grass the animal proceeded to graze as quietly as if war and famine were never heard of.

Some of the Soudanese soldiers, out on a foraging expedition, espied the calf, seized it, and took it to their camp. Once there, they cut its throat and then opened it up. Judge of their surprise when they found in its stomach half a bushel of wheat not yet digested.

The incident was soon known throughout the camp, and it only aggravated the discontent of the soldiers, already weary of a siege that had lasted so long.

"Reduce by famine people who still feed wheat to their calves! A likely story. By the looks of things, we'll be before Tlemcen till the day of judgment."

The Sultan, informed of what was being said, decided to yield to the desires of his army; and two days later the besiegers departed.

The citizens of Tlemcen, seeing their city saved by the stratagem of Aicha, brought that ingenious old lady in triumph to the council chamber, where she received an enthusiastic ovation.

## The Painter of the Madonna,

Although Raphael's frescoes adorn many churches and palace halls, his easel pictures of the Madonna and Child are the most numerous. So many paintings of our Blessed Lady and the Infant Saviour by this great artist are left to us—"visions of beauty vouchsafed to a pure heart"—that he has been called the Painter of the Madonna. All that could die of him awaits the Angel's trump under the altar of the chapel in the Pantheon, guarded by a statue of the Virgin Mother whom he loved so well.

## THE AVE MARIA

## WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

-The collection of poems by the late Mgr. Benson, just issued by Burns & Oates, has an Introduction by Mr. Wilfrid Meynell, and an appendix by Canon Sharrock.

-We hope soon to see in print the lecture on "Symbolism in Church Architecture," delivered before the students of St. Patrick's College, Maynooth, last month, by Count G. N. Plunkett.

—A sane and practical little book of prayer is that "compiled by a Christian mother" and called "Abide with Me." (Press of F. McManus, Jr., & Co., Philadelphia.) It is intended as "an aid to mental prayer," and contains: A Devout Way of Hearing Mass, Preparations for Confession and Communion, Visits to the Blessed Sacrament, and a few miscellaneous prayers. Externally, it is not a particularly prepossessing manual. All such books should be extra well printed and flexibly bound.

—Perhaps "The Promise of Life," by Howard Sutherland—a dainty little book which, discarding metaphysical terms, aims to prove "the continuity of life" from "the fact that in nature nothing is ever lost,"—is not so vain and empty as a book might be; for who shall declare the limits of vacuity? And though Mr. Sutherland prefers to prove the immortality of the soul from chemistry rather than from metaphysics, still he is less materialistic than his argument betrays him into seeming; and also, alas! less spiritual-minded than he appears to think himself. At most, he is to be credited with good intentions. Rand, McNally & Co., publishers.

-A thought likely to occur to many readers of Philip Gibbs' "Beauty and Nick" (Devin-Adair Co.) is that the title is a literary instance of putting the cart before the horse. The main character, the dominant personality in the story, is Nick the son, not "Beauty" the mother. Another reflection likely to be made by Catholic readers is that this new novel of Mr. Gibbs is a case in which is carried out one of the theories of John Ayscough-viz., that a Catholic novelist need not confine himself to professedly Catholic stories. "Beauty and Nick" is certainly not such a story, although it is a powerful concrete argument against the non-Catholic doctrine and practice of divorce. The first half of the work is a fascinating study in child psychology, which will be, or at least ought to be, thoroughly enjoyed by all in

whom the fountains of youth have not been completely dried up. The sub-title of the book is "A Novel of the Stage and the Home," and its outstanding moral is that in the matter of divorce "it is the child that pays."

—Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons announce a new Who's Who on the line of their "Who's Who in the Theatre" and "Who's Who in Music." The aim of the work, which is edited by Mr. Leonard Stowell, is to record the careers of artists of distinction all over the world, together with matter relating to art in general.

—The late Myrtle Reed, well known as a novelist, appears for the first time as an essavist in "A Woman's Career" (Putnam's Sons). It is an interesting little book, but the author seems never to have grasped the simple fact that the majority of men and women alike are never called to a "career." They still remain small-paid wage-earners, and housekeepers on a corresponding scale, for all the diffusion of free education and the feminist movement superadded. It may console the young wife "degraded" by having to prepare her husband's meals in a small flat to know that she has been thought of as a frustrated greatness, but no remedy for her case is offered in the little book before us.

-Mary's Meadow, Ludlow, from which already a gentle influence has been wafted into Catholic letters, sends forth a unique brochure eutitled "About the Blessed Sacrament"; it is "For Little Children," "by a Child." An Introduction is contributed by C. C. Martindale, S. J. "Betty," eight years old, has, we are told, contributed both the text and the illustrations. These latter are the distinctive feature of this very charming little book. Only the outlines of the figures are given; the coloring is left to the child reader with his or. her box

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of colored crayons. What a delightful plan of co-operative book-making! To "Betty," eight years old, should go the honors of a pioneer; to her will come, we believe, many blessings besides. This unique *cpus* is not for sale, but may be had by applying to Mary's Meadow, Ludlow, England, "as long as any copies are left."

-Our readers will agree with the estimate of Mgr. Benson's "Confessions of a Convert," by Fr. Kenny, S. J. He says in an article contributed to America: "Monsignor Benson had a message from the King, which he begun to deliver only when the King had explained it; and he delivered it in such varying language as those for whom it was given could best understand. The key to it is found in the story of his preparatory struggles toward its acquisition, 'The Confessions of a Convert.' This is not merely a 'human document' nor a controversial tract. The forces of grace that made Benson a Catholic despite himself, and then opened the floodgates of his powers, and guided the widespreading stream through safe and fertilizing courses, are so visualized in and between the lines that they seem rising from the page to operate in like manner on the soul of the reader."

#### The Latest Books. A Guide to Good Reading.

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

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

- "Popular Sermons on the Catechism." Vol. I. Rev. A. Hubert Bamberg. \$1.50.
- "Beauty and Nick." Philip Gibbs. \$1.45.
- "Vexilla Regis." Rt. Rev. Mgr. Benson. 50 cts.
- "A Caravel of Dreams." Lida Munro Tainter. \$1.13.
- "Children of the Kingdom." Mary Adelaide Garnett. About \$1.
- "The.Gospel of St. John." Rev. Dr. MacRory. \$2.25.
- "The Spiritual Life: Doctrine and Practice of Christian Perfection." Rev. Walter Elliott, C. S. P. \$1.65.
- "A Great Soul in Conflict." Simon A. Blackmore, S. J. \$1.50.

- "The Life and Writings of Saint Columban." George Metlake. \$2.
- "The Ex-Seminarian." Will W. Whalen. \$1.
- "Five Birds in a Nest." Henrietta Delamare. 60 cts.
- "Shipmates." Mary T. Waggaman. 60 cts.
- "The New Laity and the Old Standards." Humphrey J. Desmond. 50 cts.
- "Within My Parish." 60 cts.
- "Your Pay Envelope." John Meader. \$1.
- "The Worst Boy in the School." C. M. Home. 45 cts.
- "A Far-Away Princess." Christian Reid. \$1.35.
- "William Pardow, of the Company of Jesus." Justine Ward. \$1.50, net.
- "The Ivy Hedge." Maurice Francis Egan. \$1.35.
- "Keystones of Thought." Austin O'Malley, M. D. \$1.15.
- "Mustard Seed." Rev. Francis Donnelly, S. J. 60 ets.
- "The Hand of Mercy." Rev. Richard Alexander. \$1.

"Seven Years on the Pacific Slope." Mrs. Hugh Fraser and Hugh Crawford Fraser. \$3, net.

"Cutside the Walls." B. F. Musser. \$1.25.-

"An American Crusoe." A Hyatt Verrill. \$1.25. -

### Obituary.

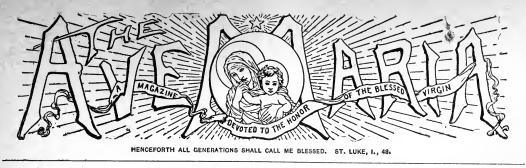
Remember them that are in bands .- HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Richard Wakeham, of the archdiocese of New York; Rt. Rev. Mgr. Chapman, diocese of St. John; and Rev. Owen McNulty, diocese of Salford.

Mother M. Matilda and Sister M. Celestine, of the Sisters of St. Joseph; Sister M. Rose and Sister M. Ursula, Sisters of Mercy; and Sister M. Romana, Sisters of the Holy Names.

Mr. William Sherlock, Miss Margaret Bates, Mr. John F. McCarty, Mr. James Kirby, Mr. Leo Heney, Mrs. Susan King, Mr. Patrick Levan, Mr. Louis Ziker, Mr. B. J. Rigby, Mr. Joseph P. Dunne, Mr. William Regan, Mr. Edward VandeCastle, Mr. A. F. Schindler, Miss Mary Quill, Mr. Charles Vierling, Mrs. Agnes Gallagher, Miss Martha Farren, Mr. C. W. Beehler, Mrs. M. J. Quinlan, Mr. John Manore, Mr. William Duvall, Mrs. Ann Walsh, Mr. George Edwards, Mr. Philip Franzini, Mr. P. T. Lawless, Mr. Walter Hilton, Mrs. Mary O'Hagan, Mr. William Klusemann, and Mr. Emil Stocker.

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



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## A Mother's Consolation.

BY LUCY GERTRUDE CLARKIN.

SOMETIMES does this imperfect flesh rebel . Against its pain,

Patient I strive to be, yet often tell My Rosary in vain,

Until my soul awakens, and I see Our stricken Lord in His Gethsemane.

Sometimes I am afraid to go the way I went before;

I know the anguish nearing, and each day I dread it more,

Until my soul awakens, and I see The Baby Jesus hold His arms to me.

#### Louvain in History and Remembrance.

BY WILLIAM P. H. KITCHIN, PH. D.

OUVAIN UNIVERSITY, long famous in learned circles, has become almost a household word since the deplorable events

of last August. Its tragic fate has invested it with an aureola of misfortune that time will not quickly dissipate. Even quite commonplace persons and things when suddenly stricken acquire a pathetic and mournful interest; in Bossuet's words, they put on that indescribable something which suffering alone gives. How much more touching and saddening, then, is the ruin of agelong institutions wherein had crystallized, so to speak, the faith, the self-sacrifice, the ideals, the ambitions and the hopes of fifty generations!

It was in 1425 that John IV., Duke of Brabant, obtained a Bull from Pope Martin V. authorizing him to open a university in Louvain, the capital city of his dominions. The Weavers' Hall was offered by its owners for academic purposes; and it was this venerable building that until yesterday was known as L'Université, or Les Halles. There the great library was housed, and in its Aula Maxima the chief scholastic functions took place. Students increased in number; the Hapsburg and Burgundy princes favored its expansion; and when in 1521 a former professor, Adrian of Utrecht. mounted the Papal throne as Adrian VI., the University had reached the apogee of its renown. This Pontiff during his brief reign of less than two years conferred many privileges on Louvain, and erected there the enormous college still known as Collége du Pape. During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries Louvain was the centre of intense Catholic life, and it shared with Douay the honor of training many martyr priests for the Irish and English missions. There, too, the Irish Dominicans had a famous convent, rich in collections of Celtic manuscripts and literature, which they were fortunate enough to transfer to safe quarters before the tornado of the French Revolution burst upon them.

Toward the end of the eighteenth century, the erratic Emperor Joseph II., brother of Marie Antoinette, strove to make Louvain a centre for the propagation of his Erastian and half-irreligious ideas. The whole teaching staff resisted his

encroachments with the utmost firmness; many of the professors were exiled, and the University itself was closed for some years. On Joseph's death in 1790, the old professors returned to Louvain and resumed their classes. The respite was, however, of short duration. In 1795 the French Republic annexed the Netherlands, and she whose boast it was to trample on the past and blot out all Christian traditions and usages had certainly no room for a Catholic university. Very soon the rector was exiled to Cayenne, and all the buildings, property, and money confiscated by the French Government. The reply of the Louvain professors to the demand of their persecutors that they should welcome certain innovations into their teaching is too noble and noteworthy to be passed over in silence. "If we must die, let us die fighting for our holy Faith, for our good old Christian traditions. It will be the posthumous glory of the University to have fallen, broken but not bent, under the blows of its enemies and the enemies of the Faith." Evidently, the martyr spirit which has won such victories for our Faith was not lacking in the Louvain professors of the eighteenth century.

During the next thirty years there was practically no university. The Napoleonic wars left men neither time nor opportunity for study; while the State institution, founded and subsidized by King William of Holland with the covert object of making the religion of Belgium Protestant and its language Dutch, was never looked upon as a daughter of the older University, or as forming a link between it and the Louvain of yesterday. King William simply opened new schools in the old buildings; he did not revive the past, nor could he beget for the future; and at his death the make-believe institution he had founded soon collapsed.

Belgium recovered her political independence in 1830; and, as if fired with enthusiasm by this political success, the Belgian bishops and Mgr. Van de Velde

determined, in 1834, to restore the glories of their old Catholic University. With splendid spirit, they resolved to be beholden to no one for their daily bread. Louvain was declared a free corporation by them; and, from the offerings and gifts of the faithful alone, the six Belgian bishops proceeded to build, equip, and maintain their nascent institution. They had had enough of State interference, and they were fully determined that for the future no arrogant princeling or irreligious Republic should be in a position to dictate to them the ideals and aims to be set before Catholic youth. Their task was no easy one; for eighty years ago the population of Belgium did not exceed three millions, and the immense majority of the people were poor. But they hoped against hope, and composed their financial budget in the following manner. From every priest they demanded an annual university tax, varying according to his benefice from 5 to 100 francs; in every church throughout the country two annual collections were made for the University; lastly, the curé of every parish was to make a house-to-house visitation once a year amongst his flock, to solicit alms for what every Catholic Belgian, be he peasant or cabinet minister, fondly and proudly calls his alma mater.

From these sources, the pennies of the poor and the donations of the rich carefully husbanded for eighty years, and the annual fees of the students (\$10 each), the Belgian Catholics equipped a university second to none in Europe. God prospered the undertaking begun for His glory and placed under the protection of His Blessed Mother. The little grain of mustard seed grew. It began in 1834 with 86 students; twenty-four years later the roll-call numbered 800; in 1885 it had mounted to 1700; during my years there (1899-1902) it reached 2000; in 1909 it had advanced to 2300; while last year it touched the high-water mark of 3000. To appreciate the significance of this last figure, it must be borne in

mind that the total population of Belgium is seven million, that there are four universities within its borders, and that Louvain subsists exclusively by the support of the Catholic population.

For some years, only the traditional five faculties-theology, philosophy, medicine, law, and arts-found a place in the Louvain curriculum. But these were gradually increased by all kinds of special "instituts" provided with facilities for the mechanical professions, industrial arts, and even trades. Toward the middle of the nineteenth century, Mgr. Beelen gave an immense impetus to Scriptural studies and the Semitic languages; he also presented a font of Hebrew type to the University. Later, Mgrs. De Harlez and Abbeloos initiated the study of Syriac, Sanscrit, and Zend. Schwann gave the first great impulse to biological investigations, a branch pursued with the most far-reaching results by Dr. Van Beneden and Abbé Carnoy. This latter founded at Louvain the Institut Carnov, and the review entitled La Cellule. In fact, every few years some new extension of the University's programme and sphere of action was being made; and up to August last doctorates might have been taken in theology, medicine, law, arts, natural sciences, mathematics, mining and civil engineering. In addition to these (one might say) ordinary branches, doctorates might also be obtained in historical and moral sciences, politics and diplomatics, Philosophie Thomiste, Oriental languages and literature, commercial and Colonial sciences; still more, diplomas might be obtained in architecture, engineering, electricity, arts and manufactures, and other branches of the purely industrial sciences.

And even this catalogue, lengthy as it is, by no means exhausts the manifold activities of science and erudition displayed at Louvain. In many laboratories and "cercles d'étude," framed after the model of the German Seminar, promising students were taught the importance of

personal research; and, under the controlling guidance of some proved savant, they were encouraged to blaze out for themselves new trails, wherein their special talents and aptitudes might best manifest themselves; in other words, the "Cercle," or Séminaire d'Étude, aimed at training its members in *productive* as opposed to reproductive work, which naturally predominates in every educational establishment, be it primary school or university. Thus about 1898 Abbé Cauchie, professor of Ecclesiastical History, inaugurated his Séminaire Historique. His co-workers were Abbé Ladeuze (the present rector), Messrs. De Jongh, Delannoy, and Van Der Essen. They published monographs on various points of Church history till then untouched. Their studies were highly praised in learned circles, and in 1900 they began the publication of their magnificent Revue d'Histoire Ecclesiastique. Each quarterly number contains from two to four leading articles by writers of international reputation, an exhaustive report of historical studies in all European countries and in America, and from 90 to 100 pages of bibliography. The Revue, including both text and bibliography, runs to nearly 400 pages, and is thus almost twice as large as the English Historical Review.

In 1882 Cardinal Mercier, to-day Archbishop of Malines, then Abbé Mercier, was promoted from the Petit Séminaire of Malines to the chair of Thomistic Philosophy at Louvain. Soon his teaching began to attract attention; his articles in learned reviews were looked forward to; while his influence over his pupils, his power of developing their working capacity and inspiring them with ideals, gave him a unique prestige in the city on the Dyle. His ambitions expanded with success. He thought there was room at Louvain, not for one professor, but for a regular corps devoted to St. Thomas' Philosophy; he dreamed of reviving the glories of Thomism, and conciliating it modern progress and scientific with

advancement; he longed to establish a review, wherein the Catholic point of view might be adequately maintained, with its science quite on a par with that of Mind, Kantstudien, Revista Philosophica, or any of the other organs wherein non-Catholics aired their special tenets, and too often their prejudiced polemics. Amongst his past and present pupils he thought he had men able and willing to help him to realize this glorious dream. He made several journeys to Rome to lay his project before the Holy See. Leo XIII. encouraged him in every way, made him a Domestic Prelate, and furnished him with money to start his undertaking.

In 1892 the buildings and classrooms appertaining to the new faculty were completed, and the Institut Supérieur de Philosophie and the Séminaire Léon XIII. (for the housing and training of the clerics attending the courses) began their work. During the first year or two Mgr. Mercier saw many dark days, and amongst his trials the "perils from false brethren" were not the least. For a time the Seminary counted only eight students,a pitiful handful lost in its vast, empty spaces. But he was essentially a man of praver: he trusted to God's goodness, and he did not dread failure if such were his Master's behest. Little by little the pupils increased in number; they came from France, Spain, Italy, the United States, Newfoundland; even Southern and Central America sent their quotas to drink at the new spring and imbibe the purest draughts of Thomism.

The course of philosophy as given at the Institut Supérieur lasted three years. The aim of its founder was to teach a tried, enduring philosophy, "broad on the base of things"; and no pains were spared to make our scientific education go hand in hand with our philosophical training. The device of the school was *Nova et Vetera*; and its object, to harmonize the results of modern science with the unchanging dogmas of Chris-

tian metaphysics. Thus psychology was studied in conjunction with physiology and psycho-physiology; cosmology was coupled with chemistry and crystallography. Abbé Nys' splendid "Cosmologie," wherein the whole range of natural science is examined from a philosophical standpoint, contained no less than 607 pages; and his separate studies on "Time" and "Space" aggregated a good 500 more. Ontology was studied in connection with the History of Philosophy, and (as an optional course) Higher Mathematics.

In the "Logique" and the "Criteriologie" of Mgr. Mercier (two large volumes, of nearly 500 pages each), Kantism and its later offshoots were submitted to a particularly searching examination, and we were taught to discriminate between the truth and the error contained in those theories that have so profoundly influenced modern thought. Monsignor was fond of insisting that in every theory and philosophy there should be at least some vein of truth and beauty; otherwise it could never command the adhesion of reasonable men. And it was the duty of the Christian philosopher to distinguish between evil and good; rejecting the first, to make his own of the latter, according to the Apostle's words: "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good."\* But he used to warn us never to allow our criticism to degenerate into personalities; never to use a word or give expression to a thought unbecoming a gentleman. "Those outside the Church," he would say, "are far more deserving of pity than of blame. We must infinite allowances for them. make remembering how they have been trained in prejudice and opposition to us. Whatever unkindness or injustice they may show us can never be an excuse for similar action on our part. We are Christians, and are bound to have the virtues of our profession. Now, I never heard retaliation numbered among Christian virtues."

Another favorite idea of his was that \* I. Thess., v. 21.

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we Catholics should love learning and labor in its acquirement for its own sake, and not merely for apologetic or controversial purposes. He thought that if we really possessed superior knowledge and showed it in our works, our daily lives and doings would constitute a magnificent defence of our Faith; and this line of action would have the additional advantage of not engendering that bitterness to which direct attack and controversyso often give rise. Thus did Monsignor strive to ally in our budding intelligences science and religion—the conscious power of the savant and the humility of the Christian.

The other courses given at the Institut Supérieur were: "Theodicée," two divisions, taken by Mgr. Mercier and Abbé Becker; moral philosophy, taught by who used Cathrein's Abbé Forget. volumes (both German and Latin editions) as classbooks; and social and economic sciences, presented by Abbé Deploige. These last courses formed, in themselves, practically a new "Institut." Abbé Deploige gave unlimited time and encouragement to those who wanted to specialize in his department, and a certain section of the review Neo-Scolastique (the organ of the Institut Supérieur) was always reserved for their dissertations. As a matter of fact, several of Abbé Deploige's pupils published important monographs on social questions.

An unusually tall man, standing fully six feet ten, Mgr. Mercier was preternaturally thin, and his hands were so frail and delicate-looking as to be almost transparent. His welcome was fatherly, his kindness extreme, his patience without limits. During the three years I lived with him I never saw him angry; I never knew him to attempt to rule his pupils by any other method than that of the most exquisite kindness. He spared no pains with our spiritual training. The first Sunday of every month was a day of retreat, when he

preached to us himself for an hour. On these occasions, and any others when giving a spiritual lecture, he invariably carried a small crucifix in his hand. The constant refrain of his preaching was, "Be apostles,"-Sovez apôtres; and his archiepiscopal device is also, Apostolus Jesu Christi. He was never weary insisting that "an apostle," no matter where his lot may be cast or what his duties, can do untold good; and that true zeal, like charity, supplies for a multitude of defects and shortcomings. Another idea frequently propounded by him was that trouble and suffering are essential to Christian success; and only those works which have been tried in the crucible of tribulation bear the seal of God's approval on them. This point he used always to illustrate by an appeal to his own career. "Pardon me, my dear friends," he would say, "for speaking of myself. But it is in your interest, and the example is striking and instructive." Then he would tell of his many struggles and disappointments, and the exceeding great fruit with which God had blessed his labors.

Monsignor sat at table amongst us, and partook of exactly the same simple, though abundant, fare as ourselves. He laughed and joked familiarly with us; he liked to see happy, smiling faces around him. He loved, too, to lighten the constant strain of hard study by an occasional excursion to some scene of interest, that might beguile and instruct as well. Thus we visited the quaint village of Gheele, famous throughout the Netherlands for its success in curing mental maladies. The patients, instead of being crowded together in asylums and kept under restraint, as we are accustomed to see them, live with the villagers, and move about practically as they please. On another occasion we paid a visit to the ruins of the Abbey of Villars, near Brussels. The curé acted as our cicerone, and explained the history of the spot. Yet again, we visited the famous abbey of Averbode, of the Premonstratensian Order; and one of the canons showed us over the immense buildings, and exhibited all their treasures and curios to us. We returned from these little trips with renewed zest for our studies and a deeper desire to please the fatherly superior, whose chief anxiety was to promote our interests.

The grounds of Séminaire Léon XIII. were small, and mainly devoted to the practical object of producing fruit and vegetables for its inmates. During recreations we generally walked up and down the shady alleys, learning languages from each other, or discussing scientific problems as became the devotees of a peripatetic philosophy. Many of these my fellow-students have since become well-known scholars, or signalized themselves as noted clerical educators; for instance, Abbés Noel and Balthasar, both professors at Louvain; Abbé Lottin. author of a most learned work on and liberty; Mgr. Volio, statistics rector of a seminary in Columbia; Rev. Dr. Wirth, of St. Bernard's Seminary, Rochester, N. Y.; Rev. Dr. Seliskar, of St. Paul's Seminary, Minn.

As I sit in my quiet presbytery and conjure up the past, I can see those picturesque academic processions stream before me,-the Rector Magnificus, resplendent in purple robes and preceded by mace-bearers; the Doctors of Divinity, with red-tasselled birettas and gold rings; the Doctors of Philosophy and Law and Medicine and Letters, in sober black; a goodly gathering of 120 savants and more. And then the murmur of many voices sound in my ears; the strains of merry music, the tramp, tramp of thousands of marching feet; and I see the long columns of students go swinging by, wearing their provincial or national costumes, and the badges of their respective guilds. No such procession will pass this year through the war--

scarred streets of the ruined city on the Dyle. But, please God, Louvain 'ere long will rise from her ashes; for no mighty ideal nursed and fostered at the price of countless sacrifices can die forever; and, purified and strengthened by misfortune, she will again take her place among the universities of Europe as the fearless exponent of Catholic scholarship and Catholic truth.

#### The Secret Bequest.

#### BY CHRISTIAN REID.

## III.

HEN she had read the last words of the letter, Honora dropped the open sheet on the desk before her, and sat gazing at it as if magnetized. And as she gazed, a singular sense of illumination came to her. She seemed to be looking into the mind of the writer, and by a clear intuition to divine the mental processes which had resulted in this strange addendum to an amazing will. For what was it but a bequest, not of tangible money, but of the soul of a man? And what was the great fortune which had been left to her but a means to be used to bring about a spiritual change in that soul? She saw it all plainly-far more plainly than it was written on the page before her,-and, in so seeing, justified the belief of the old man who was dead that she would understand his motives.

She did understand them perfectly. There was indeed no room to doubt the motives which had led him to select her as his heir. He had chosen her, not from any kind feeling for herself (though it was true that he had carried in his memory a favorable impression of her), nor from any sympathy with her hard struggle against adversity; but because he hoped that, by the attractions of her youth and her sex, she might be able to exert an influence, which he himself had been unable to exert, over the young man who was his "natural heir," toward whom his heart yearned, yet whom he had sternly cut off from his inheritance. She was to work upon Bernard Chisholm, not through his mind (argument having clearly proved as powerless as threats to move him), but through his emotions, or his passions; she was to employ every feminine art to lead him to "fall in love with her," but she was not to marry him unless he would first renounce the detested religion he had embraced.

Yes, it was all extremely plain --- and infinitely pathetic. The struggling affection, the clutching at a desperate expedient to achieve the end so obstinately desired, the appeal for help from one so soon to be himself utterly helpless, filled the girl with a sense of pity as keen as her comprehension was clear. For the old man had read her very accurately when he discerned in her, even as a child, an unusual capability of sympathy, as well as something which assured him that she would hold as sacred wishes on which the seal of death had been laid; and when he felt that he could count securely on the high sense of honor and the intense conscientiousness which would make her recognize that she could not take and enjoy the inheritance of wealth bequeathed to her if she did not accept the other bequest which accompanied it, and do her utmost to fulfil the demand made upon her.

But how could she possibly fulfil this demand? She asked herself the question with a feeling of dismay; knowing perfectly that she had no faith to offer Bernard Chisholm in exchange for that which had been found so objectionable, if he could indeed be induced to lay it down at her request. And then, pathetic as the letter seemed, she suddenly saw it in another light—that of a tremendous bribe and temptation. She was given wealth and ease as the price of taking away from a man the faith he had made such costly sacrifices to hold. How could she make even an attempt to do such a thing? Yet, if she did not make the attempt, how could she, in honor, accept and hold the fortune given her?

As she asked the last question, a vision of Cecily rose before her,-not only of Cecily as she saw her last: radiant, smiling, filled with delight at the prospect of the fairy-tale prosperity awaiting her; but of a Ceeily with whom she was more familiar,-an unhappy, discontented girl, rebelling against the narrow limits of poverty, longing passionately for the pleasures and glitter of life, and possessed of a beauty that, allied with such a temperament, was neither more nor less than a great danger. For, through the ready admiration of men, it would open to her many doors of enjoyment,-doors through which it was easy to walk to destruction.

How often had the elder sister's heart grown cold as she realized this when exerting all her influence and waning authority to restrain the girl from some opportunity of dangerous pleasure! And it was constantly growing less possible to restrain her. "I am perfectly well able to take care of myself," Cecily would declare, "and I will have some enjoyment and taste of life while I am young." That was the refrain.--she must taste life and the delight of pleasure while she was young, no matter what the risk involved might be. And so the sense of fear had steadily grown with Honora. What words, then, could express the ineffable relief this inheritance brought her! And not alone relief from haunting fear, but. the power to give Cecily all that she longed for - happiness, change, excitement, everything dear to the eager heart of youth. But the condition on which she held this power was now distinctly placed before her; and if she hesitated, or failed to observe that condition, had she a right to keep what was given for an explicit end?

The answer was to her mind quite clear: she had no such right. If she kept the fortune which meant so much to her, which was the key to all the possibilities of life for Cecily, she must fulfil the wishes of the old man who gave it-she must try, as far as in her lay, to lead Bernard Chisholm back from what his uncle called "the idolatries of Rome." It was true that she had no sympathy with the spirit of bigotry which this implied; and it was also true that she knew herself to be very ill equipped with arguments for that end. But what was evidently required of her was not argument so much as personal influence; and such influence, if acquired, she was in honor bound to make an effort, at least, to exert against the powerful attractions of the Catholic Church.

And this notwithstanding the fact that she had herself felt in some degree the force of those attractions. But, she reminded herself, what she had felt was no drawing toward dogmatic teaching (of which she was profoundly ignorant), but only an emotional appeal. And her consciousness of this appeal had come about purely by accident, or, as she would have said, by chance. Again and again, as she journeyed up and down the elevated railway which carried her in the morning to her work in the business maelstrom of lower New York, and brought her back in the evening to the apartment on the upper West Side which could by no stretch of imagination be called a home, she had gazed, first with curiosity and then with a growing sense of fascination, at a massive, cross-crowned church by which she was whirled. "It looks like a fortress," she thought, when she saw it first; presently she added: "It looks like a fortress which might enshrine peace." And after a while she stopped one day to satisfy curiosity by exploring it, and found that it was indeed a stronghold and very fortress of peace.

Thereafter she came often — dropping off at Fifty-Ninth Street on her homeward way, to spend a few minutes in the quiet church, where she experienced not

only rest, but a strange healing, and an infusion of fresh courage for her wearied spirit. She had never tried (and, in fact, would not have been able) to analyze the attraction which drew her to sit for half an hour in a twilit building, where nothing was going on, only distant lamplight gleaming on a closed door, a silence that could be felt, and an indescribable consciousness of something like a living presence which pervaded the hushed stillness and gave it a meaning. Why she should have felt so certain of this presence she did not know; she had never read a Catholic book nor heard a word of Catholic preaching, and her ideas with regard to the Church were as vague as those of most Protestants. There was no glamour of imposing services, of color and lights and music, which had drawn her across the threshold of the Church of St. Paul the Apostle, - only, as has been said, that she found there a place wherein to seek a rest and refreshment of soul which she had never discovered anywhere else.

And now she suddenly realized that she must not go there again. Of her also, as of Bernard Chisholm, sacrifice was demanded if she would inherit the Chisholm fortune. She must not dally with the fascinations of Rome, even though in her case those fascinations only took the form of the quiet restfulness of an ever-open church. But under that restfulness was there perhaps a snare, a power which might hypnotize the soul and never let it go again? The thought of hypnosis occurred to her as she remembered how only a few hours earlier, as she was leaving the church, she had been led by some subtle influence to bend her knee-to what? She told herself that she certainly did not believe that there was anything behind the tabernacle doors which demanded such an act of reverence. Yet she had felt compelled to that genuflection, because it seemed a rude and unmannerly thing to withhold it, as if one were to go to the court

of a king and refuse the homage which courtesy required.

Of course this feeling had only been a matter of suggestion: she was saturated with what might be called the spirit of the place, and she had also just seen a woman make such a genuflection. But if this had occurred once, it might occur again; and—it might go further. She had been strangely stirred and thrilled when she heard of the sacrifice of the young man who had preferred to follow his conscience rather than to inherit a fortune: this instinctive and surely sympathy proved that she, too, had felt, though unconsciously, the dangerous attraction of the religion which had led him so far from his natural path of life.

Well, the task set for her was to bring him back again to that path; and, whether she succeeded or failed, the effort must be made. So, in order that it might be made in good faith, she must not again cross the threshold of the church of the Apostle who by some strange, compelling power (was it in any degree like that which forced her to bend her knee?) had been cast upon his face on the road to Damascus - nor the threshold of any other church where the spell of Rome might be felt. This settled,-and she was aware of a sense of something lost in settling it-she need give no further thought for the present to the strange secret bequest which had been left her, in connection with a great inheritance. When she went to enter into possession of this inheritance, would be time enough to consider how best to fulfil the condition on which it was clearly intended that she should hold it. Now she might put the matter away, and give herself up to the wonderful delight of freedom from harassing care and distasteful labor, and the greater delight of being able to gratify all of Cecily's desires.

#### (To be continued.)

THE strength of a bridge is the strength of its weakest part.—Anon.

#### Newman's Gentleman.-A Footnote.

BY CHARLES L. O'DONNELL, C. S. C.

N a recently published biography whose readers, by the way, should be legion—there occurs this statement: "It is easy to recognize in

the Bishop what Cardinal Newman is pleased to style his idea of a true gentleman-'one who never needlessly inflicts pain." This statement is substantially true; and, moreover, it has. I think, a fuller substantial truth than the biographer could have intended. A happier instance of Newman's gentleman than Bishop Curtis there could not be: but the writer has not stated, and apparently does not know, Newman's idea of a gentleman, or, better, Newman's ideal gentleman. This biographer does not err alone. Newman's aphorism has become a commonplace of quotation. In miscellaneous reading, one meets it almost daily. Nor is this all. There are before me as I write three books of selections from the works of Cardinal Newman, and a fourth book of general selections, in all of which Newman's description of the gentleman is given. Of these four volumes-all intended for academic purpose, and, de facto, widely used,-only one presents Newman's true mind on this subject. Not only that: in the other three, just the opposite of what the great writer meant to convey is all that can be gathered from the selection as given.

Let it be said at once there is no attribution made of wrong intention or lack of fair-mindedness to the editors of these selections. Indeed, one of these manuals, like the biography above referred to, is of convent origin; and yet the sympathy of these students for the great Oratorian's work hardly equals that of another editor, professor in a wellknown university, himself not. of the

<sup>\* &</sup>quot;Right Reverend Alfred Curtis, D. D.: A Biography." p. 113.

household, much less the inclosure, of the Faith. Every effort is made, on all sides, to represent the master fairly; there are Introductions, references, bibliographies, notes, "helps to study," and all the rest. Yet the fault committed in presenting this particular part of the Cardinal's philosophy is the very elementary one of the divorce of text from context. Here have the quotation-makers and the wellintentioned editors stumbled; and, as their error may beget a wrong tradition, it is well that the matter should be set right.

Newman describes the gentleman in "The Idea of a University," Discourse VIII .- "Knowledge Viewed in Relation to Religion," pp. 179-211.\* The proper context of the matter in question, then, is at least the whole of Discourse VIII.; and with it a summary of the three preceding discourses would not be amiss. The treatment of knowledge in relation to religious duty is really the close-linked conclusion to a series of discourses looking to the affiliations of knowledge. Thus, in an introductory section of this particular discourse, the author recapitulates the points already established, and states what is yet left to be considered. He has shown that Knowledge is its own reward, and that Philosophy should be the informing spirit of Knowledge; that Knowledge is an illumination and enlargement of mind, and that liberal Knowledge has usefulness. It remains for him to exhibit the general bearings of Knowledge upon Religion as it affects conduct; what helps or hindrances, with respect to religious duty, does Knowledge afford; or, limiting the inquiry to pragmatic issue, does Knowledge make a man morally good? This is the precise problem of Discourse VIII.

Stated thus boldly, the question becomes, a priori, easy of answer: Knowledge of itself does not make a man morally good; but it may work to that end, or, again, it may impede the process.

\* Longmans, Green, & Co. 1910.

Throughout the discourse the terms "knowledge," "philosophy," "reason," "intellectual culture," "the religion of "philosophical morality," civilization," are used synonymously, or, rather, as denoting only slightly differing aspects of the one whole concept which may be termed "culture." Against this in sharp contrast, Newman sets "Revelation,"" Christianity," "Catholicism," "the Church." So important and sufficient is this opposition of ideas that if the full import of the contrast were realized our discussion were done. But the opposition is worked out in detail. "The problem, then, before us to-day," Newman writes, "is to set down some portions of the outline, if we can ascertain them, of the Religion of Civilization, and to determine how they lie relatively to those principles, doctrines, and rules which Heaven has given us in the Catholic Church."\* The importance of considering the whole rather than a mere part of Newman's treatment of this subject is borne out by the following passage from the fifth discourse of this series. The last sentence is particularly important. Newman writes:

"Knowledge is one thing, virtue is another; good sense is not conscience, refinement is not humility, nor is largeness and justness of view faith. Philosophy; however enlightened, gives no command over the passions, no influential motives, no vivifying principles. Liberal education makes not the Christian, not the Catholic, but the gentleman." †

The purpose of the present writer to show Newman's true mind on the gentleman is best served by the following analysis, section by section as indicated by the numbers, of the discourse in which occurs the celebrated description with which we are concerned, the object of inquiry for the moment being to discover the relation of that passage to the discourse as a whole.

<sup>\*</sup> Ibid., p. 182.

<sup>†</sup> Ibid., "Knowledge its Own End," p. 120.

- (1) Introductory:
  - (a) Summary of preceding discourses.
  - (b) Statement of present problem: to determine the relation in moral effect of the Religion of Civilization (i. e. "Culture") and Revealed Religion.
- (2) What the moral code of Revelation is. Summary of chief moral principles of Christian teaching.
- (3) How Culture ministers to it:
  - (a) Substitutes intellect for sense.
  - (b) (4) Supplies a check in certain temptations.
  - (c) Affords general interests and relaxation.
- (5) Yet, Culture's elementary principles are wrong:
  - (a) It rules out the motives of hope and fear.
  - (b) It makes conscience a mere moral sense or taste.
  - (c) Creates at best a specious religious æstheticism.
- (6) Illustrated by the example of Julian the Apostate.
- (7) Confirmed by the writings of Shaftesbury.

## Criticism:

- (8) General:
  - (a) Culture has half truths, Christianity whole.
  - (b) Culture all on the surface, Christianity chiefly at the roots.
- (9) Particular:
  - (a) Culture's humility is "condescension."
  - (b) Its modesty a disguise.
  - (c) Its pride is "self-respect."
  - (d) (10) Its highest product, "the gentleman."

Conclusion:

Culture may be ally, may be foe, of Christianity.

With this analysis, the mind of Newman becomes plain. The gentleman is the product of culture, religious principle being left out of consideration. What is to be thought of such a character? Newman answers: Engraft Christianity upon it, or let Christian principle inform it throughout, and you have possibly the ideal character; leave it to itself, it ministers rather to evil than to good. Such is the drift of this entire discourse, and it must be taken into account if Newman is not to be misrepresented. Supporting this conclusion is a pointed passage from an earlier portion of the same work,\* which I quote as gratifying confirmation of the view advanced in this paper:

"It is well to be a gentleman; it is well to have a cultivated intellect, a delicate taste; a candid, equitable, dispassionate mind; a noble and courteous bearing in the conduct of life. These are the connatural qualities of a large knowledge; they are the objects of a I am advocating, I shall University. illustrate and insist upon them. But still, I repeat, they are no guarantee for sanctity or even for conscientiousness; they may attach to the man of the world, to the profligate, the heartless,-pleasant, alas! and attractive as he shows when decked out in them. Taken by themselves, they do but seem to be what they are not; they look like virtue at a distance, but they are detected by close observers, and on the long run; and hence it is that they are popularly accused of pretence and hypocrisy,---not, I repeat, from their own fault, but because their professors and their admirers persist in taking them for what they are not, and are officious in arrogating for them a praise to which they have no claim. Quarry the granite rock with razors, or moor the vessel with a thread of silk; then may you hope with such keen and delicate instruments as human knowledge and human reason to contend against those giants, the passion and the pride of man."

Accordingly, it is a serious confusion of thought to regard Newman's description of the gentleman as an indorsement of the gentleman: his idea of the gentleman is one thing, his opinion of the gentleman quite something else.

\* Ibid., pp. 120, 121.

#### When God Shall Come to Thee.

#### BY THOMAS E. BURKE.

C-MORROW morning, when the world is still, Tread softly, little one, the holy aisle;

Unfold thy lily heart before God's throne, Beneath the warming sunshine of His smile.

Ask for the wandering sheep return and rest— Be all the strength of childhood in thy plea—

To-morrow morning, in the shadows dim, When God shall come to thee.

Tell Him that my poor bleeding soul now sleeps Beside the pool of life, clothed all in sin;

But when love's healing waters chance to move I find no willing hand to put me in.

I am not worthy of His love, but, oh!

Ask Him to cast one saving glance at me, To-morrow in the silence of the dawn

When God shall come to thee.

# The Widow's Stratagem.

# BY M. E. FRANCIS.

II.

Y and by through the door which Eliza had left open, Ned descried the form of Ben Alty, the mate who worked with him at road mending,—a man younger than himself by some ten years, and much famed for wisdom.

"Here, Ben, step in, will you? I want your advice."

"Right!" said Ben, stepping in accordingly. "Hello! Been writing letters?"

"Ah," said Ned, nodding with a portentous face.

"What! Making a proposal o' marriage to somebody?"

"Ye'd best read it," rejoined Ned, flicking toward him the manuscript, compiled in so painstaking a fashion by Eliza.

"It's wrote out very elegant," commented Alty.

"Mrs. Barnes from next door wrote it," remarked Ned, in a colorless tone.

"Oh, I see!" returned Ben. "It's just as well to have a woman to put things o' that make into shape for ye. Well, what's this? 'Matrimonial.—A workingman earning good wage'—no she's put in a word here—'elderly workingman'—"

"She'd no need to put that," interrupted Alcock with some indignation. "My time o' life is nobry's business but my own."

"'Tis to make it fit better!" answered his companion. "The woman's to be middle-aged, ye see."

"I didn't say nothing about elderly," continued Ned, still unmollified. "She shouldn't have stuck that in wi'out my leave."

"I reckon she thought it best to leave no room for mistakes," said Ben. "Coom, let me read it to ye. 'An elderly workingman, earning good wage, is anxious to meet with an active, middle-aged woman, with some means of her own, with a view to matrimony. Preliminary photos required.'—Tell ye what, Ned, this here is wrote same as a book; all them long words set out wi'out so much as a blot. 'Address: A. B., Post Office, Thornleigh.' Who's 'A. B.'? You?"

"Aye," answered Ned. "She reckoned it ud be better nor giving my own name and having everyone on the lookout."

"Shows her sense," said Ben. "Well, and you're going to put that on the paper?"

"I'm thinking o' doing it," returned the other.

"Well, I think it reads very welluncommon well. I should think ye'd get a good few answers."

"Do ye think so?" said Ned, with a pleased look, "The thing ull be to choose, ye know. I were thinking to take them one at a time, and to call round on them o' Sundays and see which I liked best."

"Well, ye have a many journeys before ye," remarked Ben. "This here paper's read all round the country, t'other side o' Liverpool as well as this side. Ah, ye'll be like to know a good bit o' Lancashire afore ye've done."

"Aye, that'll be a deal o' trouble," groaned Alcock. "And it ull come expensive, too. And Mrs. Barnes reckons the advertisement ull make a good hole in five shilling."

"Very likely it will," agreed Ben. "It seems a pity ye can't find any one here nearer home. Hello! what's this? Did she write two advertisements for ye?"

"No," said Ned, poking the fire gloomily,—"nobbut the one."

"Well, here's another sheet o' paper wrote same hand, with 'Matrimonial' on it, too."

"Eh!" ejaculated Ned. "Oh, that was the sheet o' paper she sp'iled! We started by saying 'Wanted' instead of 'Matrimonial.'"

"There is 'Wanted' on top, but it's scratched out, and 'Matrimonial' wrote underneath, and a lot more. Coom, let's read it. 'Matrimonial.—An active, middleaged woman, with some means of her own, is anxious to meet with a workingman (elderly preferred) earning good wage, with a view to matrimony. Address, Y. Z., Post Office, Thornleigh.'"

"My word!" ejaculated Ned.

Ben smiled knowingly and wagged his head.

"Wonderful how things falls out, isn't it?" he remarked jocularly.

"So that is what she were writing," went on Ned, who was apparently piecing out matters in his mind. "She said she were scribbling summat to amuse herself. Maybe 'tis a joke."

"Well, 'tis a good joke," returned his friend. "There's more sense in it nor in most jokes, I can tell ye. Don't ye see the p'int, man?"

"The p'int?" echoed Ned, feebly.

"Well, 'tis pretty plain," resumed Ben. "'A workingman'—and she's put 'elderly' to make sure there's no mistake—'earning good wage'—that's you,—'is anxious to meet a middle-aged woman with some means of her own, with a view to matrimony'—"

"Don't go so quick, Ben!" interrupted Ned. "I gets hold of an idea more easy-like when I come to it gradual. Ah, that's me right enough; though she needn't ha' put it so plain about my age!"

"Well, here," resumed Ben, taking up the other sheet, "is 'an active, middleaged woman, with some means of her own, who wants to meet a workingman earning good wage (elderly preferred) with a view to matrimony.' Why, don't ye see, man, instead o' going to the trouble and expense o' putting that there advertisement on the paper, all you've got to do is to tell Mrs. Barnes as you're agreeable."

"Maybe she wouldn't be so very well content wi' me though," murmured Ned, eying Eliza's advertisement askance. "Maybe she'd sooner take up wi' some other chap as ud be more of a novelty like."

Ben threw back his head and laughed; then, resuming his gravity, gazed at his friend with a kind of compassionate amusement:

"Eh, my word you're too simple by half, owd lad! I never did see nobody so simple! Why, man, the woman never had nobody else in her mind but you. She never had no more notion o' putting her advertisement on the paper nor she had o' letting you put yours in. She's too proper a woman for sich work as that. She did but make out to give in to ye along o' its bein' the easiest way o' letting you know her hopes."

A slow grin broadened over Ned's face, and he thrust his thumbs into his waistcoat pockets with a conquering air.

"Do you really think that's what she was a'ter?" he inquired.

"I'm sure on it," rejoined Ben.

Ned rolled his head from side to side and gazed into the fire.

"And in my opinion," continued Ben, as he rose to go, "you'll be a proper fool if ye don't fall in wi' the notion. She's a notable woman, Eliza Barnes is, wonderful house-proud, and a first-rate manager. She knows all your ways, and she knowed poor Mary's ways. She'd know how to make you comfortable." "I reckon poor Mary ud have liked it well enough," observed Ned, dreamily. "I reckon she's the very one our Mary'd have picked."

"Very like she would," agreed Ben. "Well, make haste and get it o'er."

"Now, will she come to me or did I ought to go and see her?" queried Ned of himself, and paused irresolute; it seemed to him that the more dignified attitude would be for him to wait.

"'Tis her notion," he ruminated. "I'd best let her have first word."

Having partaken of the dinner which the widow had prepared for him with her own hands, he sat down expectantly by the hearth awaiting her return; but, to his surprise and slight chagrin, the moments passed without her giving any sign of life. At length it was time for him to return to work; and he rose somewhat sulkily, donned his coat, and, after a moment's hesitation on the threshold, knocked at his neighbor's door.

"Come in!" cried Eliza's pleasant voice.

Without entirely availing himself of the invitation, Ned opened the door a little way and screwed his head through the aperture. There sat the widow in her elbow chair by the hearth, with her hands folded reposefully on her white apron.

"About that there advertisement," remarked Ned, gruffly; for, in some wholly unreasonable way, her calm attitude incensed him. "Five shilling ye said it ud be, didn't ye?"

"About that," said Mrs. Barnes, cheerfully. "Come in, won't ye, Mr. Alcock? It's awful draughty standing at that door."

"I have to get agate at my work," growled Ned. "I haven't got no time to spare."

"Well, but do let's settle this," rejoined the widow. "It'll not take so very long."

"No, it shouldn't take so very long," agreed Ned, advancing a step or two into the room.

"How would it be if I was to put

my advertisement in first?" queried Mrs. Barnes. "Then I could tell you what happens. Did ye know that I had wrote out an advertisement, too? I declare I am obliged to ye for putting the notion into my head. After all, a woman has her chances same as a man, ye know. I've been getting out my photo—the one as was done for my silver wedding—to send to anybody as I think likely to suit. That's me and that's poor Tom— 'twas reckoned very like us both at the time."

"'Tis very like ye now," remarked Ned, taking the photo between his finger and thumb. "Ye haven't altered much, Eliza."

"Poor Tom used to think the world of me," remarked Mrs. Barnes, with a sigh of reminiscence.

"Ah, he'd be like to do that," agreed Ned.

The asthmatic little clock on the chimney-piece struck the quarter.

"I must be off," he continued. "Idear o' me, Eliza, 'ow long are ye going to keep this up? I never was one for mich talk, but ye know what I've got i' my mind as well as I do myself."

"I know ye're looking for a wife, Mr. Alcock," rejoined Eliza, with an ingenuous smile. "And I am sure I'm doing my best to help you find one."

She looked so placid, so innocent, albeit slightly surprised, that Ned began to think Ben must have made a mistake.

"As soon as I find myself suited," she continued, "I'll be able to do more for you, maybe."

"Eh, drop that, Mrs. Barnes!" cried Ned, fairly exasperated. "What's the good o' you and me going to the expense o' putting advertisements on the paper when all we've got to do is to agree to take each other? If you do want an elderly man as is earning good wage, won't I do? You'll do me, if that's all."

"Well," exclaimed Eliza, falling backward in her chair, and gazing at him with such intense astonishment that Ned felt more than ever sure that Ben had been grievously in error. "I never expected, you must give me a little time to think—yes, it really mightn't be such a bad idea. But I must get accustomed to it, ye see—to marry you, Mr. Alcock."

"That's about it," said Ned, backing toward the door. "Well, I'm not one for shilly-shally, Mrs. Barnes; and, now I've got the notion in my head, I'd like it settled one way or t'other. Is it to be 'Yes' or 'No,' Eliza?"

"Dear o' me," said Eliza. "You fair take a body's breath away. But I suppose it must be 'Yes.'"

"Reet!" agreed Ned, backing with a relieved expression toward the door. "We'll be shouted at once, then; shall we?"

"If you like," said Eliza, coyly.

As Ned was about to close the door, she called after him:

"Ye can tear up those advertisements," Ned."

"I will at tea-time," he promised.

He walked away quickly; but before he came to the heap of stones which it was his task to break up, he halted abruptly.

"'Elderly' fair sticks in my throat," he said to himself. "'Elderly preferred.' My word, I can't but think as Ben was right, after all, and she were aiming at me!"

A slow smile broke over his face, and he strode forward, nodding contentedly to himself.

#### (The End.)

BEGINNERS in the spiritual life frequently offend by indiscretion—not observing the proprieties of time and place, age and circumstances. We must not, make unseasonable allusions to religion or irritate by misplaced solemnity. An inward aspiration, or momentary elevation of the soul to God, will often do more even for others than the bearing of an open testimony which principle does not require, and at which offence will almost inevitably be taken.—Faber.

#### A Page from African Mission Life.

**T**NDER the caption, "The Joys of the Apostolic Ministry in Equatorial Africa," our ever-interesting contemporary, Les Missions Catholiques of publishes Lyons, the experiences of Bishop Guillemé, for the past twentynine years a zealous worker in the African mission field, and since 1911 Vicar Apostolic of Nyassa. As the story, related by the Bishop himself, is typical of the trials and triumphs experienced by many of the Church's brigades on the foreign missions, we assume that a translation will prove interesting to our readers everywhere.

Thirteen years ago, coming down from the plateaus of Ubemba, we took up our residence on the burning plains of Lake Nyassa, in the midst of unknown tribes. We presented ourselves as benefactors in both the material and the spiritual order; but the distrustful natives kept us at a distance. Our advances were repelled, our favors refused; and one day, when our provisions were exhausted, we discovered that we had been quarantined as, if we were plague-stricken.

\* \*\*

Two of our catechists, sent to interview a distant chief who was said to be better disposed than were our neighbors, were not received by him, and saw themselves obliged to spend the night in the forest. To keep out of the way of wild animals, they climbed a tall tree, tied themselves to the branches with shredded bark, and in that not too comfortable position awaited the break of day.

After telling us of their experience, they added with a laugh: "Nevertheless, those fellows didn't bite us; so they are not so terrible, after all. They simply don't know you; that's why they do not dare either to receive you or to come to you. We ourselves used to be much worse than they; but you tamed us, and you'll tame them also. Let us stay here, Fathers, and not go elsewhere." Their advice seemed good, and we followed it.

It was decided that two cabins should be built, — one for the missionaries, the other for their Divine Master, to whom the Adorable Sacrifice should be offered every day. These straw cabins we had to erect with our own hands, aided by three infirm natives who had been won to us by our healing their sores.

Some days later we went into the forest to select a tree from which to make a. cross; and one evening, after an instruction on this emblem of our salvation, delivered to a small group of pagans whom curiosity had attracted, we raised the cross on high, to indicate that we took possession of the country in the name of God. It was not, however, until six years later that we had the consolation of solemnly baptizing our first group of adults, to the number of thirty-nine.

Since that time the harvest has continued to ripen. During the five years that followed we baptized three thousand pagans, among them being three of the principal chiefs of the country. Moreover, ten thousand pagans received the crucifix of the catechumen. As the number of Christians continued to grow, the influence of the missionaries' increased proportionately and became more extended. At present we evangelize twelve hundred and fifty villages, and conduct two hundred and twenty-nine schools.

These achieved results, despite the difficulties at the start, are assuredly a subject of great consolation; but are also a source of fatigue and exhaustion for the limited number of priests, as the missions are spread over an area to cover which requires many- days of journeying. When we baptize these pagans, we promise to visit them from time to time to administer the sacraments, to encourage them, to maintain their fervor, and complete their instruction.

Our trips are made at stated periods, preferably in the dry season when field labor is suspended, and the natives in their villages are engaged in various industrics,—the making of mats, baskets, pottery-ware, lances, and axes. Two missionaries put in a box the essentials for the celebration of Mass, take their walking sticks and set out; usually accompanied by two Christians, carrying the portable chapel; and by catechists, whose function is to scour villages that are still pagan, in search of the sick and especially of dying children.

In the Christian villages a halt is made for a day or two. A cabin adorned with a picture then becomes the chapel; four forked stakes support a hurdle of reeds that does duty as an altar. To summon the villagers to the services, an antelope's horn takes the place of the bell. After Mass, catechism is taught to everybody, Christian and pagan, in turn. Then the journey is resumed, another village is reached, and the same apostolic work is rebegun.

This wandering life is not all poetry. The tall herbs, the forced marches, the fiery rays of the sun, the equatorial rains are the causes of many a misadventure. Often, too, one has to take not only a forced march, but a forced bath, in swimming across rivers infested with crocodiles that can be kept at a distance only by firing several rifle shots at them. I presume that in killing these saurians, we shall never have the good luck of that South African hunter who found in the stomach of one of them, that had succumbed to his rifle, twenty pieces of gold previously swallowed with their owner.

As for food, one must be content with a porridge of maize cooked in water and seasoned with salt or wild herbs; and possibly, on great occasions, a little goat's flesh or a piece of game. One soon grows accustomed to this dietary of the natives. A meal served on a banana tree leaf instead of a plate is not less wholesome than if taken from Sèvres porcelain or Baccarat crystal.

Thus, sowing and reaping, the missionaries live five or six months of the year, lodging according to circumstances,—now in a Christian village, now in a pagan one; eating whatever is offered them; staying wherever they are received and listened to; distributing to all counsels, congratulations, and hearty handshakes, which, given in season, are sometimes more effective than would be a long sermon. The round of visits completed, the Fathers return to the principal mission station, worn out, often enough rather ragged, but always content with having done good, and having sent souls to heaven, sometimes in a manner altogether providential.

Here is an example. The scene was the banks of a lake where the villagers, half pagan, half Mussulman, had so far kept outside the current of conversions. Α young slave, a mere child, was attacked by the terrible sleeping sickness. His master, seeing that he was no longer capable of any service, and knowing that his death was certain, abandoned him in the bush, where the hyenas would soon make an end of him. The poor little fellow, however, did not want to die. He got on his feet and began to walk. Where to? He did not know, but kept on straight ahead. Soon, however, hunger and his illness overcame him, and he dropped on the road, an inert mass. Some pagans stopped a moment to look at him, just as at home people stop to look at a horse that falls on the street; then shaking their heads, they passed on.

A native catechist, named Fabian, travelling along the same road, found the unfortunate child, whose little body was quivering and shaking as if with the ague. He raised him up and tried to make him walk; but at every other step the boy collapsed and fell to the ground. Then, lifting the poor little fellow to his shoulders, this good Samaritan carried him home to the mission. He died the next day, but he had received a passport to heaven.

This charitable act was looked upon as a bit of heroism. The pagans here shun or pitilessly drive away all those

who suffer from the sleeping sickness. Nothing can be sadder, indeed, than the sight of these poor victims in the last period of their malady. All strength disappears from the body, which falls into ruin; the face loses its form; the cheeks become bloated, then dry up or harden into irregular and deep wrinkles; the haggard eyes no longer reflect a single thought. The being that was used to smile at life has succumbed to a sombre sorrow. It is dark night for the intellect, and sometimes it is madness. While the strength, energy, and attractiveness of youth vanish, the whole train of human infirmities work at decomposing the poor body, even before death. The victim becomes a repugnant object that inspires fear.

To the missionary who congratulated the catechist on his charitable act, the latter replied: "Father, I did so much evil and so little good before becoming a Christian, that I must make up for time lost. When God asks me some day, 'Fabian, what have you done with your life?' I can at least say, 'Lord, I saved a soul.'"

The missionary is at times pastor and catechist, at other times school-teacher and singing-master; now a gardener and odd-job man, then a doctor and druggist; occasionally even a dentist. A few months ago, a woman carrying a charming little baby came to Brother N. at nightfall, and, showing him two upper teeth that peeped out like grains of rice in the child's mouth, said: "*Bwana*, look at my baby's teeth! They cause much suffering and will kill the child. Pull them out."

The Brother reassured her, explaining that the pain was quite natural and would disappear in a few days. The mother insisted and begged him to extract the teeth; but the amateur dentist, deeming it useless to cause the child, which appeared perfectly healthy, additional suffering merely to gratify a maternal caprice, absolutely refused. Two days later the child disappeared. We learned afterward that a baby whose upper teeth appear before the lower ones is looked upon as accursed. To bring up such a child would be to invite the greatest disasters on the home and the whole village. Should the child, for instance, merely look at a wound, the said wound would become poisoned and incurable. The day that witnessed the dropping of the first of its milk-teeth its grandmother would die. This explains why these unfortunate babies are thrown into the river with stones tied to their necks.

We endeavor by all available means to root out this custom which is still in vigor among the pagans. And in the meantime, the Brother-dentist no longer scruples to extract the teeth of these little ones whose mothers, on the advice of Christian women, bring to him, though always with the greatest secrecy.

Saturday evening furnishes the best occasion for the performance of these charitable acts. The mission that day becomes the rendezvous of far-away Christians and catechumens gathering for Sunday, which is scrupulously observed. A goodly number have to tramp six, twelve, and even eighteen miles to attend Mass. They arrive on Saturday evening, carrying their provisions, and a basket of supplementary apparel and cheap glassware ornaments, with which the women have the satisfaction of adorning themselves for the Holy Sacrifice.

About eight o'clock Sunday morning the little bell and the antelope horn summon everybody to divine service. Immediately the paths leading to the chapel are thronged with people. They make a variegated crowd-old and young, men, women, and children,-all smiling and chatting gaily. Many of the mothers carry their babies on their back in a goatskin that serves as a cradle. The child will remain there during Mass in order to economize space. Mother and baby are indeed inseparable. The latter is carried even to the Communion railing. While the mother is receiving, the little

one looks over her shoulder, and oftentimes holds out its hands toward the Sacred Host, as if it, too, wished to receive something.

Mass over, and before starting on the homeward journey, the Christians breakfast together near the chapel, seated on the greensward or in the shade of the trees. The missionary moves around among them, from group to group, like a father among his children. Births, marriages, and deaths furnish the pastor with fitting occasions to identify himself with the joys and sorrows of his flock.

Needless to say, his going abroad to evangelize the pagans does not prevent the missionary from taking particular care of the Christian groups living near the mission where his principal congregation resides. Daily while at home he goes to see one or another of these groups. Do you wish to accompany me on such a visit?

Well, here is St. Mary's village. Before us lie twelve rows of neat round cabins, each surrounded with a veranda, where the family can take the air and enjoy their chat without being inconvenienced by the sun or rain. Let us enter one of these cottages, or huts, if you will. It is low and the walls are black with smoke. There is no chimney and no window; light comes through the doorway only. The floor is of hard pressed clay. A hurdle of rushes forms the bed; another, suspended from the ceiling, contains the A chest covered with thick eatables. bark, bamboo baskets, gourds, pottery, etc., make up the furniture. The chickens, form part of the family, and occupy the same lodgings. A picture representing Our Lord on the cross occupies the place of honor.

The mistress of the house, alert and valiant, surrounded by numerous children, holds in her arms a baby with wellrounded cheeks. In the course of the day she has been to the forest to gather a load of wood, has drawn water from the forest spring, has pounded a supply of meal from maize, and attended to her garden. Now she is awaiting her husband while getting the supper ready.

"Life is tough, Mary, isn't it? And one must work hard to feed all these mouths."

"Well, Father, the hardest part is done. The children are growing up and they help us now. Anyway, 'tis not for nothing that one's a Christian."

"Will you give me one of your boys? We will make a seminarian of him, and later on a priest, or at the very least a catechist."

She smiles; but, seeing that the missionary is in earnest, replies:

"How happy I'd be if the good God would make use of one of my sons to make Him known and loved by our pagan neighbors!"

The man of the house arrives, greets the visitors, puts his spade and spear in a corner and seats himself on a tree trunk fashioned into a chair. Two curlyheaded little ones spring to his knees, and he fondles them as he discusses with us the news of the day. After the evening meal, these good folk kneel down before the crucifix and recite their prayers in common.

Think you that this Christian family, simple and laborious, satisfied with its lot and dreaming of no other, is not happy? Supposing that these Blacks had not been illumined by the light of the Gospel, polygamy would reign beneath this roof, and, with it, the whole train of troubles, disorders, and miseries which it engenders.

Now, the simple family joys our Christian natives owe to the benefactors who, by their prayers and their almsgiving, help the missionaries to establish the reign of God in the Dark Continent. What joy should be yours, dear readers, what satisfaction in the thought that you have contributed to so great a good!

DUTY may become a hammer by which affection may be beaten to death.

+++++--

-Alexander Irvine.

#### The Efficacy of Prayers to Our Lady.

**M**OST persons are so constituted that they instinctively yield considerable deference to the opinions of men eminent for their genius and learning; and this deference is only increased if, to genius and learning, there be added sanctity or holiness. Satisfied as one may be, from personal experience or from prolonged reflection on the subject, that prayers addressed to the Blessed Virgin are of much avail, there is a certain gratification as well as an added intensity of conviction derived from the knowledge that the greatest intellects in the world's history have arrived at the same conclusion.

One such intellectual giant, living in the thirteenth century, was Blessed Albert the Great, the "Universal Doctor"; the foremost scientist, philosopher, and theologian of his day; the teacher of St. Thomas Aquinas, and, in the words of one of his contemporaries, "the wonder and the iniracle of his age." Here is Blessed Albert's testimony as to the efficacy of prayers to Our Lady: "It often happens that our petitions are more quickly granted when we invoke the name of Mary than when we call on that of our Lord Himself. Not, of course, that Mary is greater or more powerful than her Divine Son, since she is a creature and has greatness and power only through Him, while He possesses these attributes inherently. But Jesus, Master and Judge of all men, examines the merits of each; and if He does not immediately grant the requests of those who address Him directly, it is a just judgment that determines Him. On the other hand, when the appeal is made to His Mother, even though the suppliant does not deserve the favor asked for, the Mother of Jesus merits it for him.... There is no surer method of withstanding the attacks of hell than our having recourse to her who crushed the infernal serpent." -

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## The Pope and the World's Rulers. \_

THE prophecy we ventured to make 1 several weeks ago has already come true-that one result of the great European war would be more general recognition of the authority of the Pope on the part of the world's rulers. Deference to him has suddenly become universal. His position in the eyes of those outside the Church was never, perhaps, more exalted than at the present moment. Not since the great revolt of the sixteenth century were crowned heads so disposed to listen to his utterances. All the belligerent European Powers, with the exception of France, are now represented at the Vatican; and that she is still standing out is openly deplored by leading members of the French Government, who freely declare that a permanent and full entente between the two Powers has become a positive necessity.

On the 29th ult., for the first time, the Pope's delegate to Constantinople was granted an audience by the Sultan of Turkey without the mediation of the French Ambassador. Last week the King of England, the German Emperor, the Austro-Hungarian Emperor, King Peter of Servia, King Albert of the Belgians, President Poincaré of France, and the Bavarian, Russian and Turkish Foreign Ministers, made formal acceptance of the Holy Father's proposal for an exchange of permanently disabled prisoners of war. Improved relations between the Holy See and the Italian Government is another gratifying circumstance to be noted. The exequatur to the Archbishop of Genoa, which had been withheld since 1912, has just been granted out of deference to the new Pope.

All this indicates a great change in the attitude of the emperors and kings toward the Vicar of Christ. They have begun to understand that The Church is a power to be reckoned with, and to realize that deference to her authority is the surest means of upholding their own.

## Notes and Remarks.

In connection with the somewhat sensational charges brought against non-Catholic universities and colleges in this country by a magazinist of repute a few years ago-charges concerning anti-Christian theology and philosophy,-we had occasion to refer to the inroads being made in the same institutions by the propagators of Socialism. The Central Bureau of the Central-Verein is reviving interest in this latter subject. Its press bulletin notes an announcement in a New York Socialist organ to the effect that a series of lectures on Socialism has been given to the colleges of Maine under the auspices of the Intercollegiate Socialist Society. This organization dates from 1905, and it is said that a long list of colleges is now enrolled among its members. The moral for Catholic parents is obvious. They should by every available means prevent or discourage the entrance of their sons as students into such institutions. The philosophic and theological dangers to be encountered therein are bad enough in all conscience; when to these are added the more insidious economic fallacies of Socialism, the Catholic adolescent exposed to such perils is unduly handicapped in his efforts to grow into a practical Catholic and a sane American citizen.

An incident chronicled by the Catholic Union and Times leaves no room for doubt that the spirit which animated the founders of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association has been communicated to its members. Twenty-five of them recently went to Hornell, N. Y., to attend the funeral of one of their officers. On visiting the home of the deceased, his son, Father Cameron, suggested that the beads "Immediately all knelt, and be said. from the pocket of each man present came forth a Rosary. It was truly an inspiring sight to note that body of men from distant parts of the countrydistinguished professional men, successful business men, mechanics and laboring men,—all, as one Catholic man, carrying the Rosary. No one had been told that the prayer would be said; but this incident, trifling to the careless one, proves how well our real Catholic men are prepared at all times."

Let us hope that the practice of these members of the C. M. B. A. is universal, and that the beads in one's pocket is only a natural corollary of a Catholic society's button on the lapel of one's coat.

It requires more than the mother's influence to bring up children well: boys especially need the influence of the father. The fact that too often they do not have it is responsible for much juvenile delinquency,-this is the opinion of so eminent an authority as Judge Scully, of the Chicago Juvenile Court. "The boy who is taken out for a stroll on a Sunday afternoon by his father is seldom the boy who gets into trouble," says the Judge. It might be added that the father who spends his free time at home, who takes an interest, even a share, in the games and pastimes of his boys, who trusts them with his confidence in such a way as to make them have a pride and feel a responsibility in such intimacy,—such a father is not the kind whose boys "get into trouble."

If the letter contributed to a recent issue of the London *Catholic Times* by "an Englishman" be taken as representative of general sentiment in Great Britain, no Irishman at home or abroad need entertain any fears regarding the future of Home Rule. Says the contributor in reference to Mr. Redmond: "He gave his word to the democracy of England that henceforth the democracy of Ireland was with it and would remain with it, true, constant, unfalteringly firm. He has done his best. As voice calls to voice and heart to heart, so the voice and heart of the British democracy will respond to those of the Irish democracy, and the two nothing will sever. We shall not, on this side of the Channel, forget what John Redmond and his followers and their countrymen in England and Ireland have done and are doing for the Empire in this day of crisis and peril. Ireland gave her word and kept it. We gave ours. We will keep it. By the blood which Englishmen and Irishmen together have shed on the battlefields in France and Flanders, we will cement the peace and reconciliation between England and Ireland. The democracy of Great Britain will see to it that no faction, no power, no interest, shall be permitted to deprive the democracy of Ireland of the grant of self-government which it has been promised."

A Jewish paper's taking a Protestant journal to task for injustice to Catholics, and a Lutheran periodical's rebuking the clique of bigots calling themselves the Guardians of Liberty, constitute an interesting spectacle. Says the Chicago Israelite of the incongruously named Christian Standard: "It boasts of the circulation of the . : . [anti-Catholic papers] as proof of the boldness and strength of the anti-Catholic campaign It apparently wishes to teach that all Catholics are traitors, and that the only Simon-pure and patriotic Americans are the Protestant Christians. It seems to forget that there were Catholics among the earliest settlers in the United States, that they were among the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and among the soldiers of the Revolutionary and Civil War. Possibly the editor of the Standard has forgotten that there was a Charles Carroll of Carrollton."

The American Lutheran Survey does not hesitate to express its belief that "the efforts of the Guardians of Liberty and other organizations to prevent the nomination and election of an American citizen on account of his Catholic faith are out of place and will prove a boomerang that will come back upon the perpetrators of such acts. Wrong methods have a way of punishing the men who use them. Sooner or later they will realize that they have overstepped the lines of true Americanism, and, instead of gaining sympathy, they will lose out, and, like the ancient Know-Nothings, find themselves discredited by a fair-minded and justice-loving people."

We are not optimistic enough to hope that these rebukes will have an immediate restraining effect on any considerable number of those to whom they are addressed, but it is a gratification to chronicle such things.

Preaching on "The Weapon of Prayer," recently in one of the London churches, Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J., concluded with this touching story:

I am told of a young man in a farmhouse at the base in France dying of his wounds. Eeside him was a friend-a "great pal," as he called him,-wounded too, but not mortally. The dying lad had lived a reckless life, careless, and extravagant. He went to the front to fling his life away. He was tired of it. Before passing away, he softened, and, turning to his friend, who held his hand, he whispered: "When I die will you shed a tear for me? If you don't, no one will. Nobody cares for me." The young officer, a Catholic, drew from his vest a little crucifix, and, holding it before the eyes of his dying friend, he answered: "Do not say that. See, here is One who not only dropped one tear but shed all His blood for you." He looked up-that dying man,-his eyes glazed in death, and he struggled to say: "Let me kiss it." He rose up and kissed it. After doing so he gave a last look at his friend. and as he fell back on his pallet he gasped out the word "Sweet!" and fell back dead. Call it prayer in tabloid form, or what you likebe sure before God it was his salvation.

The last word of the poor soldier before he closed his eyes in death was "Sweet." He meant, "Sweet Jesus, have pity on me!" With the Psalmist, I say to you, "Taste in prayer, and see how the Lord is sweet,—sweet as honey fresh from the honeycomb." His mercy, too, is sweet, and may it be your joy and your comfort both in life and in death! When you gaze at any time, in any place, on the figure of the Crucified, ejaculate with the devotion of the dying guardsman, "Sweet,"—"Sweet Jesus, pity me!" Amen.

Be sure there will be many such prayers made before the war is done. Alas that such calamity should be necessary in order to get some souls to draw near their Saviour!

New Year resolutions are not unrelated to that common-sense of mankind which has become crystallized into the proverbs of the various races. Accordingly, reflection on the following sage expressions from the Chinese may help to bolster up a spirit growing faint under the strain of daily effort to make the year really *new*. Our quotation is from that entertaining periodical, the *Oriental Republican Mes*senger of Wei-Hai-Wei:

To benefit others is to benefit yourself. A family that treasures goodness will have an abundance of good fortune.

When honored, think of disgrace; when secure, think of danger.

When I walk with two men, at least one of them can teach me something.

Wicked deeds done in secret are as visible as a flash of lightning to the eyes of God.

Forget any kindness you have done, but remember any favor you have received.

Great wealth is not valuable, but peace and happiness are worth much money.

If there is any food over in the kitchen, there are hungry men on the road (who will be glad to eat it).

Although recruiting agents in England have been meeting with greater success since the enemy's sudden and somewhat sensational attack on its coast, the fact is still bitterly deplored that thousands of young Englishmen seem to be more interested in football than in-the peril with which their country is threatened. No wonder that patriots at home and abroad are demanding that professional football be prohibited by law until the war is ended. That when the govern-

ment was urgently calling for recruits, and brave men were facing death on land and sea, only one patriot could be secured from three big League crowds, numbering hundreds of thousands, naturally excited general surprise and dismay. Indignation against the football authorities was unrestrained. Even the Athenæum was moved to remark: "We find that the football authorities persist in their absolute refusal to recognize the one and only point that matters-namely, that this game, or any game, has in itself no sort of harm; that it is only the effect of the game that matters; and that when a game (whatever it be) can so absorb its followers as to deaden and even destroy their recognition of more important things, then, and then only, that game is judged and utterly damned by every right-thinking person in the world as being an obsession and not a recreation."

And the poet laureate, voicing the general indignation, wrote: "They are providing a perpetual excitement which distracts the average citizens of our great towns from considering and facing their duty to their country, and encourages them in dishonor when glory is offered. Nor is this all: the indulgence of their ordinary amusement at a time of actual national peril, when the government is anxiously calling for soldiers, adds enormously to the deadening spirit of indifference and of ignorant confidence which is our main source of peril."

But if the English mind is not easily moved, it is not to be thought immovable. The recital of the heroic deeds of the nation's soldiers and sailors, and the influence of those returning home with honorable wounds, is sure to bring about a change, which will be all the more complete for being slow.

Although we have frequently noted, especially during the last few months, the growth of non-Catholic opinion in favor of teaching religion in the public schools, we can not refrain from reproducing the following paragraph of a leading editorial in a recent issue of the New York` *Register*. It states a fact which is full of significance:

The declaration of State Commissioner of Education Finley in favor of religious instruction in the public schools gives further evidence how strongly this need is felt among leading educators. A decade or so ago an invitation of a public-school official to a Catholic bishop to co-operate in the introduction of religion into the school system, such as that extended by Dr. Finley to Bishop Hayes, would have been regarded as positively treasonous. Can we not imagine the uproar of protest that would have sounded from the secular press in those days,-the flood of denunciation from Protestant clergy and laity? But sentiment in the matter has undergone a marked change in the last few years. The lack of religious teaching for American children is generally recognized as so serious a deficiency that the Commissioner's statement is accepted as a matter of course.

It is not at all surprising that thoughtful men, noting how the absence of religious training in the education of boys and girls affects their after life, recognize the necessity of a remedy for the evil; and we welcome every indication that dissatisfaction with the non-religious school is growing wider and deeper.

It is perhaps a purely accidental circumstance, but it is nevertheless a very gratifying one, that some recent strong words of former President Taft in denunciation of organized religious prejudice have been widely copied by the secular press of the country. In an address before the Young Men's Hebrew Association of New York, he took occasion to remark: "There is nothing so despicable as a secret society that is based upon religious prejudice and that will attempt in any way to defeat a man because of his religious beliefs. Such a society is like a cockroach-it thrives in the dark. So do those persons who combine for such an end, and work in secret and in the dark."



At Children's Mass.

BY C. A. ROLL.

WE'VE "Children's Mass" at nine o'clock Each Sunday of the year,

And you should hear us sing the hymns, "Bright Queen" and "Mother Dear"! We keep our hymn books opened wide,

So we won't miss a word;

- And grandma says: "Ye sing so well, Ye're like the mockin' bird."
- At Christmas time we sing the hymns About the Holy Child;
- At Easter, how Our Lord arose To save our souls defiled.
- We sing on blessed Pentecost-

We children of the choir-

How the Spirit on the Apostles came As burning tongues of fire.

- We sing a hymn of holy Faith, Of Hope, and Charity;
- We pray the Sacred Presence there From sin to keep us free.
- Each voice that's lifted up in prayer Around the altar rings,
- And grandma says: "'Tis angels' song, Or the flappin' o' their wings."

The Mysterious Sleigh-Ride.

BY FATHER CHEERHEART.

LTHOUGH little Henry was a good and gentle boy, he was not happy. The owner of the Willows Farm who had taken him on the death of his parents was not very wealthy, and was already growing tired of supporting a useless boarder. The boy was not actually ill-treated, but he was made to feel that he was one too many in the farmhouse.

Now, Henry had an affectionate heart, and, despite his youthfulness (he was only ten), suffered a good deal from this state of things, although it did not sour his character, but seemed rather to sweeten it, and make him more gentle toward all who needed pity or help. He was especially fond of animals.

One day he was sent to gather bits of dead wood in the neighboring forest. On his way he came across a pretty squirrel caught in a trap, and, without hesitation, he freed the little animal, which forthwith scampered up a tree and resumed its frisking from branch to branch.

A little later he met a stag with a wounded hoof; and the poor beast looked at him so pitifully that Henry took out his ragged handkerchief, washed the wound, and then bandaged the injured member.

Another time it was a half-fledged birdie which had fallen from its nest, and which Henry restored to its distressed mother, an act rather different from the practice of some boys who empty birds' nests instead of filling them.

On days when incidents like these occurred, little Henry returned to the farm quite gaily. If, once there, he was scolded or neglected, at least he could remind himself that he had-helped some creature in trouble.

One winter evening it happened that the owner of the Willows fell sick, and he was so badly frightened that Henry was told to go for the doctor. That sounds simple enough; but, when you are onlyten years old, a walk of six miles through a forest, at dusk, and in a snowstorm, seems a pretty big undertaking. In fact, Henry rather protested at first. Were there not farm hands and stable-tenders enough to do this errand, and all of them grown men, not afraid of anything? He had been working all day, he had earned the right to rest. Another thing: while he was familiar with the forest and its roads by daylight, he felt pretty sure he would get lost there at night.

All the same, he had to obey. So, heaving a big sigh, little Henry took the lantern they gave him and started out, bravely undertaking a really heroic task. He had scarcely gone a quarter of a mile when the cold wind so chilled his hands that the lantern dropped from them and its candle went out. There remained, to guide him, only the pale reflection of the snow-covered ground, and above him a star that shone through the treetops. Henry thought of one of Our Lady's titles "Star of the Sea," and began devoutly to repeat "Hail Marys."

He struggled on for about a mile, and then discovered that he had lost his way. He turned back, trying to find the road, wandered about for a while, and then, discouraged, sat down in the snow and began to cry. Scantily clad, he shivered with the cold; and his feet, ill-protected by his broken shoes, felt like bits of ice. Little Henry began to think that perhaps Our Lady meant him to go to heaven right away; and, still murmuring his "Hail Marys," he closed his eyes and waited.

Suddenly a gay tinkling of sleighbells caused him to look up with surprise. Could there be a sleigh coming through the forest at that unusual hour? If so, its driver might be kind enough to give Henry a lift. Yet, he didn't dare to hope.

Think of his surprise, then, when he saw just at his side a handsome cutter to which were harnessed four fine milkwhite stags. The cutter was white, too, and looked extremely cosy. Holding the reins in the driver's seat was the strangest coachman imaginable. Clad in yellow fur from head to foot, he looked for all the world like a big squirrel squatting on his hind legs.

"My goodness! Isn't it pretty?" exclaimed Henry, regarding the outfit; for the sleigh was hung with lanterns, whose brilliant light made the place as clear as at noonday. As if in answer to his remark, he heard a voice as sweet as the song of a bird say:

"Come, little Henry! We are waiting for you. Here is your sleigh that will take you wherever you wish to go. Don't wait any longer, or death will overtake you."

"What! This sleigh is for me? Who, then, are you?"

"Just your forest friends whom at one time or another you have helped, stags, wolves, squirrels, and birds. But get in quick!"

Henry obeyed and took his seat. He immediately felt the genial warmth of the furry beasts around his legs, and the soft feathers of the birds that pressed upon him like a living cloak. He was enraptured. Never had he been so comfortable and happy as now, when he was being cared for and carried swiftly along through the forest. All at once he felt hungry; and, just as if he had guessed it, the big squirrel pointed with his whip to a basket of exquisite provisions. Henry had only to reach down and help himself.

The singular journey continued. On they went, now swiftly, then slowly, through the forest. Henry could see well enough at last to distinguish the paths he knew, and the open places here and there among the trees. He found everything beautiful, now that he was warm and no longer hungry. A thicker blanket of snow covered the ground, and icicles hung from the branches.

"My! Isn't it pretty!" exclaimed Henry; but he spoke so loud that he woke himself up.

A voice at his side---but not the voice of the squirrel---said:

"Well, my little man, are you comfortable?"

Henry, in amazement, looked about him. He had been asleep fast enough, but was he not dreaming still? For here he was in a sleigh, wrapped in fur robes, and the driver was a kindly-looking gentleman. The sleigh was drawn by active little horses instead of stags. Then the truth dawned on him. He had been sinking into the sleep that knows no waking when a traveller came along in a sleigh that almost ran over the exhausted boy. The traveller had picked him up and ensconced him cozily among his buffalo robes; and there Henry had enjoyed his delightful dream, in which all the animals he had ever helped did him homage. Then, remembering his errand, he exclaimed:

"O sir, I was forgetting about the doctor!"

He begged the gentleman to take him to the town.

"Not bad!" thought the driver. "He's ill-treated at the Willows, yet he thinks only of doing his duty! I must accommodate him."

On his way to the town, he questioned Henry, whose story was not altogether new to him, as he possessed a large property in the neighborhood of the Willows; and then he asked a question that filled the little fellow with delight.

"Would you like to live with me?"

"For always?"

"Yes, or at least till you are old enough to look out for yourself."

"What would I do in your house?"

"You would be brought up with a boy of your own age,—a very good boy, but a cripple."

"I love him already," murmured Henry.

"I was just looking for a boy to be his companion, and share his studies and his games."

"And I'm to be the boy?"

Henry kissed the gloved hands that held the reins. He was almost dazed with joy.

All at once, however, he grew sober, and asked anxiously:

"Will the farmer at the Willows let you have me?"

The gentleman smiled.

"There won't be any trouble on that score," he replied.

They reached the town and drove to the home of the doctor. Henry rang the bell and did his errand. The servant who took his message remarked to herself: "What a pretty little fellow! And how happy he looks!"

Happy! Of course he was; and still happier when, after a fine drive through the town, they reached the house which was hereafter to be Henry's home,—a house where he was to find kindness, consideration, appreciation, and, best of all, love.

#### Tommy Travers.

#### BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

#### III.—"Томму."

THE white wicker chariot rolled on ) its way. Tommy had been spending • a golden hour in the wintry open,only an hour as yet, Dr. Daddy had said; for it had been a long, long time since this patient had ventured so far as the wide Southern porch of Saint Gabriel's. His limit had been the sun parlor, under its glass roof, where there were no jarring ups and downs. "Ups and downs" were the things Tommy must avoid at any cost. But he had found that hour in the wind-swept porch immensely pleasant; and now he was rolling back through the halls and corridors, where everybody had a happy smile or word for him; for really, in spite of all its pains and shadows, Saint Gabriel's was a pleasant place. It had the cheery light that does not depend on sun and clouds. Ferns and palms spread their feathery branches in the great central hall, where white Saint Gabriel stood, with outspread wings, holding his lily sheaf, in memory of a little boy who had gone happily to heaven a dozen years ago. "Going to heaven" was not an uncommon occurrence at Saint Gabriel's, so it was fitting to have the great Archangel on watch and ward. Then there was the Sacred Heart oratory, with its red lamp ever glowing, and its flowers, which Sister Gertrude, who was lame and could not

do very much, had always in bloom. Sister Gertrude put down a vase of scarlet poinsettias to stretch out both hands to Tommy now.

"Well, well, well, if this isn't a sight to make my old eyes glad! Tommy Travers up and out!"

"Up and out!" echoed Tommy, cheerfully. "You haven't been burning novena lights for me all this time for nothing, Sister Gertrude. I'm up and out for good. Going home!"

"So I've heard,—so I've heard!" said Sister Gertrude, nodding, and there was a little note of sadness in her tone. "We'll all miss you sorely, Tommy dear!"

"But I'm going to keep the red light burning just the same," said Tommy, with decision. "I don't suppose there will be any altars like this at home, for dad isn't much on praying; so I mean to keep this light going straight on. When the pains hit me at night and I can't sleep, I'll like to think how Saint Gabriel's light is burning for me. Count up how many gallons of oil it will take, Sister Gertrude, and I'll leave you enough to burn for a year; and I'll keep it up till I'm a man."

"Ah, God bless you, Tommy!" said Sister Gertrude, her voice breaking; for, as everyone at Saint Gabriel's knew, Tommy stood small chance of ever being a man. "The lamp shall burn for you; and there'll be prayers going with it day and night, you may be sure."

"De Lawd bress us!" said a cheerier voice; and Aunt Dixie, scrubbing up the window paint, paused as the rolling chair passed by. "Tobe, stop dat ar kerridge, and let me see who it is you got dar all dressed up so fine. Why, I wouldn't ha' knowed you, Marse Tom!" And Aunt Dixie went off into a-chuckle of low laughter. "I wouldn't ha' knowed you, you look so peart and grand. I's been telling 'em all along, doctors and book-larned pusses dat dey is, dey don't know nuffin 'bout raisin' puny chillun here, — nuffin at all. Dey ought to turned you out long ago. I's a old, sperienced nuss, though I nebber looked in a book, and I knows. Didn't I take Cunnel Floyd's Benny, what hadn't no backbone at all, and had been lying on a cushion all his life? I turn him out to roll in my corn patch, and suck a bacon rind; and, bress de Lawd, in a year nobody could hold dat boy, he was dat sassy and strong, climbing de trees and wading de brook!"

"Was he as big as I am?" asked Tommy, with interest. "Because I wouldn't like to roll in a corn patch and suck bacon rind, I know."

"No, chile,—no!" said Aunt Dixie, hastily. "Benny he wasn't more dan three years old. 'Twouldn't do for you to be turned out like dat now. But turning out is what you wants, all de same."

"Come!" said a pleasant voice; and Dr. Dave, all in white, as "internes" should be, stepped up and laid a firm hand on Tommy's chair. "Time for you to be upstairs and on your back again, Major!" (For so the young Doctor had nicknamed this brave little patient, whose pluck they had seen so long and sorely tried.) "You can go off, Tobe. I'll look after Master Tom now. He is going it too strong, altogether too strong, for a start off."

"Not a bit!" said Tommy, turning his bright eyes and face, that wore a faint flush, to his doctor friend. "I am feeling fine."

"Too fine," replied Dr. Dave, briefly. "First thing you know Dr. Daddy will have you back in a plaster jacket again." -"No, he won't," answered Tommy. "I'll take Aunt Dixie's cure first."

"What's that?" asked Dr. Dave, as he slowly pushed Tommy's chair to the waiting elevator.

"Roll in a corn patch and suck bacon rind," said Tommy, with a dancing gleam in his eyes. "That's the way she puts backbone in a boy. It's my back-. bone that's wrong; isn't it, Dr. Dave." "Backbone? Not at all!" was the hearty answer. "You've got more backbone than any fellow I know. If you call it spinal column, now, I won't be so sure; but for backbone, Major, I'll bet on you every time! Easy now! No jolts!" Dr. Dave warned the elevator boy as they rose to Tommy's floor, and stopped carefully and quietly.

Then the wicker chariot was rolled out, down a wide, sunlit hall, and into the room-or rather suite of roomsthat for two years Tommy had called home. They had been filled up for his use with all that wealth could bring to brighten the sad lot of this prisoned fairy prince. There were gay rugs and pretty draperies, and wicker furniture cushioned in rose and green; there was a wide, low wicker couch that could be turned and lifted as its weary inmate pleased; there was the bright-winged Polly chattering in her gilded cage; there were the window gardens full of flowers in bloom; there was a wide table heaped with the "quiet games" that sick boys can play; and there was a phonograph that would talk and sing to order; and there were books and pictures of Tommy's own choosing from the advertisements that reached his Ah, there was nothing "sick" room. about those books and pictures! Seastories, battle stories. Arctic stories. pirate stories,-stories of bold and brave adventures in every age and clime, filled the wide bookshelves close to the wicker couch, so they could be reached with ease at any wakeful, restful hour; while in their oaken frames on the walls were kindred stories glowing with color and life,-sieges, battles, sea fights.

Tommy's walls were a stirring outlook for a boy in a plaster jacket, who for the last two years had not been without Saint Gabriel's door. But beyond-all this brightness there was a little room surgically bare and neat, with a small white bed, around which was a grim array of mechanism: pulleys, weights,

supports, an electric battery, a portable bath,—a sad little room, in which the Doctor did things to Tommy that took all the little Major's pluck to bear.

But they had stopped "doing things" now. All the weights and pulleys and batteries had proved no good. Dr. Daddy and all the other doctors had agreed they might as well let Tommy out, for they could do nothing more for him here. It was rather a sad agreement, as Dr. Dave felt this afternoon, when he helped the little Major from his chair, to stretch out, with a faint, tired sigh, on the wicker couch.

"No 'monkey-shining' like this again!" said Dr. Dave, grimly. "I heard you elocuting to the Free Ward. You're just done out."

"Because I'm not used to it," said Tommy. "When you've been in a plaster jacket for two years, you're not used to going around. But I'll get used to it," he added cheerfully. "And I've had a bully time rolling up and down the porch in the real sunlight, and meeting everybody on the way, and making a speech in the Free Ward. You just ought to have heard the boys hurrah!"

"I did," said Dr. Dave.

"Gee, it made me tingle!" continued Tommy. "You see, I never made, a speech before. I know now just how Daniel Webster and Henry Clay and Washington felt when they were delivering their addresses. If Sister Leonie hadn't stopped me, I'd have been speechifying to the Free Ward yet. You see, it looked so cold and poor and bareno pictures or books or anything pretty,-I felt like promising the boys all sorts of things to cheer them up. I do like to cheer sick boys up. There was one real big fellow, with a sort of shaggy curls, that stared at me as if I had horns," laughed Tommy, who was now in a soft wool dressing gown, his hands stretched over his own curly head on the silken pillow. "He seemed different

from the other little chaps,—bigger and rougher."

"Bunty Ware," said Dr. Dave, recognizing the description. "He is bigger and rougher,—rather too big and rough, to my notion, to get in here. A hard case. I don't suppose he was ever in a decent bed or had a decent meal before in his life."

"Never had a decent bed or a decent meal?" echoed Tom. "Why, where did he live, Dr. Dave?"

"I don't know," answered the young Doctor, carelessly. "Wherever he could, I suppose. There was an old woman, Pegs or Megs, who identified him, but said he was nothing to her or anybody else, so far as she knew,—just a 'stray.' There's any number of them round town," added Dr. Dave philosophically, as he noted how Tommy's eyes were widening with wonder and interest. "But they don't often drift in here."

"Where do they drift?" asked Tommy, eagerly.

"Ask me something easy, Major," was the laughing answer. "To the bad, I'm afraid, most of them. Now you've talked enough. The first thing we know you'll have temperature. Turn over and take a nap."

"Oh, I ean't!" said Tommy, breathlessly,—"not just yet. Dr. Dave, I never heard of a boy like that before,—a boy that never had a decent bed or a decent meal,—a boy that was nothing to anybody. No wonder he stared when he heard me talking of Christmas skates and sleds and dolls for little sisters. I guess he was thinking he would rather have a jacket and shoes."

"Very likely he was."

"Oh, then he *must* have them!" said Tommy, eagerly. "I never thought of boys wanting jackets and shoes. Put a jacket and shoes on our Christmas list, and warm, woolly gloves, and a red scarf. I think he'd like it,—red with blue stripes on it. And a shirt,—two shirts, Doctor Dave. Put them down before we forget, please!"

"All right!" said the Doctor, drawing out his note-book. "Full outfit for Bunty Ware. There it is, Major. Now, not another word about anybody or anything. You must shut your eyes and go to sleep."

And the Major, who was used to such military orders, turned on his pink pillow, and, closing his tired eyes, tried to sleep. But sleep would not come. This wintry afternoon had been too full of new and exciting experiences. Already the world was widening to Tommy, opening into strange vistas of light and shadow that he had never known. The Free Ward echoing with boyish cheers; the "stray," with his shaggy curls and staring eyes,the boy that was nothing to nobody; Sister Gertrude and her glowing lamp, that was to burn for him when he was gone; Aunt Dixie and her corn patch and bacon rind that made backbones for boys,-all these images and echoes were stirring Tommy's mind to excited interest.

"My!" he thought, as, with tight-shut eyes, he vainly tried to obey orders. "When a boy has been in a plaster jacket for two years, it is a fine thing to be up and out. Dr. Dave!" he called softly.

"Didn't I say no more talking, Major?" was the firm reply.

"Just one little word, I can't sleep for thinking about stray—Bunty do you call him. Will he get out of here very soon, Dr. Dave?"

"The first of the year," answered the Doctor.

"Then-then where will he go?" asked Tommy.

"I don't know," was the answer. "Wherever he was before, I suppose."

"Oh, he can't,—he mustn't!" said Tommy, quickly. "I'll be out then, too. I'll tell dad about him. I'll ask dad to look out for him; and he will do it, I know."

And, little guessing all this promise would mean, Tommy turned again on his pillow and dropped off at last into a quiet sleep.

## Berlioz and Paganini.

T is not often that men have more than one great gift, but the composer Berlioz was a shining exception to this rule; for he was a delightful writer as well as marvellous musician, and has left an autobiography which gives us an insight into his strange nature. One little incident in that erratic life deserves remembrance.

It was in Paris, after a long siege with bronchitis, that Berlioz found a concert imperative, so low was the state of his finances. Paganini was also in Paris, the strange-looking man, with wild eyes and long hair, who could play the violin like no other man before or since. He had long admired Berlioz, but had met him only seldom. At the time of the concert Paganini, too, was in a lamentable condition physically, having nearly lost his voice, and being emaciated from the effects of the fatal disease which was preying on him.

When the audience had retired, Berlioz was informed that Paganini wished to see him. The son of the visitor was with him to act as interpreter. The little fellow climbed on a chair and put his ear to his father's mouth, listening intently. Then he got down and said: "My father wishes me to say, sir, that never in his life has he enjoyed a concert like this one; that your music has affected him so that he must thank you on his knees." This was a little confusing to Berlioz; but Paganini took him by the arm, and, leading him to another room where some of the musicians were assembled, knelt down and kissed his hand.

The next morning Berlioz, overcome by the excitement and exertions of the previous night, was lying ill in bed when Paganini's son, Achille, was ushered in.

"My father will be sorry to know you are ill," he said. "He is ill too, or he would have come instead of me. But he sends you this letter. Please do not open it until I am gone."

Much amazed, Berlioz when alone opened the missive and read, written in Italian:

MY DEAR FRIEND:-Beethoven dead, only Berlioz is able to make him live again. And I, who have tasted your divine compositions, worthy of a geniussuch as you,-I believe it my duty to beg your kind acceptance, as homage on my part, of twenty thousand francs, which will be paid on presentation of the enclosed.

Believe me always your affectionate,

NICOLO PAGANINI.

As Berlioz read those words he turned pale and grew faint with joy. Just then his wife entered the room.

"O dear, what has happened?" she asked, alarmed by his condition. "Is it a new misfortune? Do not let it overcome you, dear. We have endured so many, we surely can live through this."

"Oh, no, it is not a misfortune! Paganini—"

"I never did like that man. How is he bothering you?"

"My dear Harriet, I think we can afford to be bothered in this way. Think of it—the good man has sent me a gift of twenty thousand francs!"

His wife for a minute thought him out of his mind; but when she was convinced that he was telling the simple truth, she called her little son.

"Louis, my darling," she cried, "a kind man has saved us from want! Come here, and let us thank our good God for sending this succor to your father."

So they knelt by the bed, and the mother poured out her gratitude to the Giver of all good. Little Louis did not know what it all meant; but he knew something had happened for which they should be very thankful, and he clasped his little hands and said: "Amen."

There were many scenes in the life of Berlioz over which one has not the heart to linger; but we can always think with pleasure of his wife offering up her simple thanks to God, and the little, Louis kneeling by her side.

## THE AVE MARIA

# WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The inner life of Mgr. Benson, beginning at the date where his "Confessions of a Convert" leaves off, is being made into a memoir by Miss Olive Katharine Parr.

-We have received an attractive pamphlet detailing the history, *modus operandi*, and success of Newman Hall at the University of California. It is a most interesting and gratifying record.

-An admirable little volume, in its compactness and completeness, as well as in the useful character of its contents, is "Practical Talks with the Christian Child, a Brief Manual of Manners and Morals," by Louis E. Cadieux, M. A. (American Book Co.) It could profitably be used as a text in our schools. It has the *imprimatur* of Cardinal Farley.

—"The Heavenly Court" is the name of a devotional booklet translated from the German by E. M. Walker. It contains a mode of prayer privately revealed to "the holy Cistercian nun, Saint Lutgarde of Brabant, Sister of the Third Order of St. Francis, and foundress of the Convent at Wittichen, who died in the year of Our Lord 1246." The chief feature of this devotion is the saying of a thousand *Paters* and *Aves* for each of thirty-four mysteries. This English version is duly authorized.

-The new edition of "Men Around the Kaiser," by Frederic W. Wile, issued by the Bobbs-Merrill Co., has an important Introduction, written since the great war was declared; "and all the rest of the material was revised accordingly." It is an exceptionally interesting, informing, and well-written book. If the 'author has some preconceived notions, not to say prejudices, it can not be questioned that he has tried to tell the truth exactly as he' understands it. The stir which his book has already created in England will be very much greater throughout Germany.

-Religious and others who are accustomed to make a daily particular examination of conscience will find a convenient aid thereto in "My Examen," a notebook rather than a book, though besides its blank spaces it contains an arrangement of prayers and helpful thoughts. Also, in an inner pocket of the cover, there is a smaller ledger that goes with this spiritual bookkeeping. The volume is renewed from year to year, as its leaves are detachable. Considering the durable qualities of "My Examen"—it is bound in leather,—perhaps the price (one dollar) is not excessive, though persons who permit themselves the luxury of a particular examen usually have few other luxuries. The Examen Publishing Co., East Williston, N. Y.

---"Social Results of the War," "Some Moral Dangers of War Time," "War and the Spirit of Self-Sacrifice," and "The Boy Scouts," are among the subjects dealt with in the "Catholic Social Year-Book for 1915," edited by the Central Executive of the Catholic Social Guild of England.

-We note that the scope of the *Catholic* University Bulletin is to undergo radical change. The periodical will be given over exclusively to university activities, and sent gratis "to all who desire to receive it." The University plans to issue a new periodical, to be called the *Catholic Historical Review*,—a project worthy of general encouragement.

-From the press of Messrs, G. P. Putnam's Sons comes the eighth revised edition of "The Truth of Christianity," being, as the title-page explains, "an Examination of the More Important Arguments for and against Believing in that Religion," compiled from various sources by Lt.-Col. W. H. Turton, D. S. O., Late Royal Engineers. This excellent work needs no new recommendation from us. It is well that an age so productive as our own of apologetics, should revive this seasoned and authoritative book; for in it the later order of controversialists will find much that they can use, set forth with force and precision. We bespeak for this new edition a warm welcome, and express the hope that many more editions may be exhausted.

-An excellent devotional treatise by the Abbé Lejeune has been translated into English by Basil Levett, and published by Benziger Brothers under the title "An Introduction to the Mystical Life." The outstanding feature which differentiates this book from similar works with which we are acquainted is the precisionizing of the meaning of terms too often employed in a vague, hazy, indefinite sense, and the clear-cut doctrine put forward. The author quotes copiously from St. Teresa, Alvarez de Paz, Courbon, and other mystical writers; but his 314 pages compare besides, abundance of valuable origing A brief quotation will serve to suggest the tory style of the volume: psitory style of the volume; tial

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element of the mystical life is the sensation which the soul feels of God's presence within it, an experience of God present in the soul, a sort of feeling of God in the soul's centre. As Gerson teaches, 'it is an experimental knowledge of God born of unitive love.""

-Two years ago there was published by order of the late Holy Father, Pius X., an Italian catechism, made obligatory for the diocese of Rome, and strongly recommended to the other dioceses of Italy. This work has been done into English by the Rev. J. Hagan, D. D., Vice-Rector of the Irish College, Rome; and, under the title "Catechism of the Christian Doctrine," is published by M. H. Gill & Son, Dublin. The volume is a 12mo of 150 pages, 96 of which are devoted to the Creed, the Commandments, etc., and the Means of Grace; 25 to various prayers and the Ordinary of the Mass; and the remainder to appendices dealing with outlines of Bible history, notes on the Christian festivals, and advice to parents and teachers. We note that the general precepts of the Church are given as five, the third and fourth of the old order being combined in one; and that (to quote) "the obligation of Paschal Communion begins to bind when one is capable of receiving it with the proper dispositions,that is, as a rule, about the age of seven."

#### The Latest Books. A Guide to Good Reading.

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

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

- "The Truth of Christianity." Lt.-Col. W. H. Turton, D. S. O. \$1.25.
- "Catechism of the Christian Doctrine." 15.
- "An Introduction to the Mystical Life." Abbé P. Lejeune. \$1.38.
- "Men Around the Kaiser." Frederic W. Wile. \$1.25.
- "Popular Sermons on the Catechism." Vol. I. Rev. A. Hubert Bamberg. \$1.50.

"Beauty and Nick." Philip Gibbs. \$1.45.

- "A Caravel of Dreams." Lida Munro Tainter.
- S. 13." "Children of the Kingdom." Mary Adelaide Garnett. About \$1. dist.

- "Vexilla Regis." Rt. Rev. Mgr. Benson. 50 cts.
- "The Gospel of St. John." Rev. Dr. MacRory. \$2.25.
- "The Spiritual Life: Doctrine and Practice of - Christian Perfection." Rev. Walter Elliott, • C. S. P. \$1.65.
- "A Great Soul in Conflict." Simon A. Black-
- more, S. J. \$1.50. "The Life and Writings of Saint Columban." George Metlake. \$2.
- "The Ex-Seminarian." Will W. Whalen. \$1.
- "Five Birds in a Nest." Henrietta Delamare. 60 cts.
- "Shipmates." Mary T. Waggaman. 60 cts.
- "The New Laity and the Old Standards." Humphrey J. Desmond. 50 cts.
- "Within My Parish." 60 cts.
- "Your Pay Envelope." John Meader. \$1.
- "The Worst Boy in the School." C. M. Home. 45 cts.
- "A Far-Away Princess." Christian Reid. \$1.35.
- "William Pardow, of the Company of Jesus." Justine Ward. \$1.50, net.

"The Ivy Hedge." Maurice Francis Egan. \$1.35.

"Keystones of Thought." Austin O'Malley, M. D. \$1.15.

#### Obituary.

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

Rev. E. A. Hemmy, of the archdiocese of Milwaukee; Rt. Rev. Mgr. Riordan, archdiocese of St. Paul; Rev. H. Cattani, diocese of Little Rock; Rt. Rev. Mgr. Connolly, diocese of Trenton; Rev. Stephen Makar, diocese of Cleveland; Rev. Amos Johns, C. S. Sp.; and Rev. Theodore George, C. SS. R.

Sister M. Valentine, of the Sisters of Charity B. V. M.; Mother M. Matilda and Mother M. Caroline, Sisters of Loreto.

Mr. William S. Pelletier, Mr. William Young, Mrs. Mary A. McCaffrey, Col. Thomas Cruse, Mrs. Catherine Eich, Mrs. Jane Daly, Mr. John F. Smith, Miss Dorothy Graham, Mr. John T. McDonald, Mrs. Josephine McDonald. Mrs. Mary Blomer, Mr. Michael Naughton, Mr. Anthony Przybzlski, Mrs. Hannah Dunn, Mr. Anton Potucrk, Mr. James Devere, Mr. John Gauss, Mr. John McKenna, Mrs. Anne McKenna, Mr. Richard Taylor, Mr. John Winterle, Mrs. Elizabeth Kirby, Miss Sarah Clary, Mr. Charles Reinhardt, Capt. Edward Phelan, Mr. Ambrose Migneron, Mr. W. J. Hegel, Jr., and Mr. Bernard Meyberger.

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



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#### To One Impatient.

BY ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.

E hears not roaring voices, Blaspheming of His name;
So look not for His coming
With sword of ruthless flame.

Sometime the din shall quiet, When all men learn to see

- Beyond their little hour His love's eternity.
- His way is not of battle, He neither wounds nor scars:
- He comes as twilight earthward From silence of the stars.
- So think not He will answer Man's mocking with a sword,
- Nor rend the world with vengeance Till all men have adored.
- Still for His work are waiting Unnumbered ages dim,
- And in the end the mockers
- Shall kneel and worship Him.

#### What I Saw at Loreto.

BY THE RT. REV. ALEXANDER MACDONALD.

VISITED Loreto for the fourth time during the month of May last year, and passed several days there, gathering fresh evidence of the truth of the tradition that entwines itself about its famous shrine. The tradition is, as the reader scarce need be told, that the Holy House of Nazareth was carried thence by angels first to Tersatto, and then to Loreto, where it

changed place twice before being finally set down on an old highway leading from the seasto Recanati. I paid a visit to both of its temporary resting places. One is within a few hundred yards of the spot where it stands to-day. It is in the town and is now covered with paving. But in the wall of an old stone building hard by there is inserted a group in alto-relievo representing angels in the act of carrying a house, or shrine. Experts refer it to the fourteenth or beginning of the fifteenth century. The same group is also inserted in a bit of an ancient wall standing where the house was first set down on coming over the sea. This is on the plain of the Musone River, about a mile and a half from the top of the hill where the house is now. Father Riera, S. J., in the latter half of the sixteenth century, built a wall on the mark left in the earth by the weight of the Holy House; and his brother Jesuit, Father Torsellini, tells us that he himself found the space enclosed by the wall of exactly the same length and breadth as the House of Loreto. But nothing remains save the bit of old wall already mentioned.

A number of recent writers, particularly Canon Chevalier and Dr. Huffer, have sought later to show that the Holy House of Loreto was built where it stands to-day, and is indeed no other than the ancient church of St. Mary *in fundo Laureti* described in a document dated January 4, 1193. Against this I set the following facts established partly by documents and partly by my own personal observation.

(1) The shrine of Loreto was originally used as a dwelling, not as a church. (2) Its materials, both stone and mortar, are Palestinian; so is also an ancient piece of cedar wood in the floor by the west wall. (3) The House rests without foundations on made ground. (4) All the buildings in the district of Loreto from time immemorial have been of brick, of which also was the first casing put about the Holy House itself. A solitary exception is a little church which stands within a few hundred yards of the Holy House. It is made of stone, some of which is from the quarries of Monte Conero, and was built by a canon of Loreto about the middle of last century. (5) A document drawn up in 1313 describes the shrine at Loreto as being situated "in the district and diocese of Recanati," while the church is said to have been in fundo Laureti. (6) The document of 1313 shows the shrine to have been a place of pilgrimage in charge of a chaplain placed there by the Bishop of Recanati to collect the offerings of the pilgrims; whereas St. Mary in fundo Laureti, as the document of 1193 attests, was a rural parish church served by the monks of St. Mary of Recanati, and given over to them at that time "in perpetuity" by the Bishop of Humana. (7) Among the belongings of the Church of St. Mary in fundo Laureti, as set forth in the document of 1193, are "meadows and water-mills." The Holy House, on the other hand, is on the top of a high hill at least a mile and a half from the river; and as late as 1439 had no mill, no place where one could be set up, and was without any land other than "a little garden" made over to it by the commune of Recanati.

In company with the archivist of the Holy House, Signor Gianuizzi, I went to see the little rural church of Santa Maria delle Breccie, on the plain of the Musone. It is at least three miles from Loreto by the winding highway, and a mile and a half from Recanati, if you but take a short cut up the slope of the

hill. The foundations of an older church have been unearthed nearer the river. There seems to be no reasonable doubt that this was the ancient church of St. Mary in fundo Laureti, to which the document of 1193 refers. It would have its meadows and its water-mills, and could easily be attended by the monks in charge of St. Mary of Recanati, which stood, and still stands, on the slope of the hill to the west of it. On the other hand, it is five miles from Recanati to Loreto. and one has to go down a steep hill, cross a plain, and climb another steeper and higher hill on the other side. Moreover, there stands to-day on Monte Ciotto, within six hundred yards of the Holy House, an old parish church which was there at the time the church of St. Mary in fundo Laureti was given over to the monks.

The latter, then, must have been other than the "church of St. Mary of Loreto, in the district and diocese of Recanati," spoken of in the document of 1313,that is to say, the present Holy House. We can not suppose that there would have been a country parish church within six hundred yards of the parish church of Monte Ciotto. Much less can we suppose that it would have been given. in charge to monks who were five miles away, when there were priests so near at hand who could have served it. If those who have sought to discredit the tradition of Loreto had been at the pains to study the topography of the place, it is safe to say that they would never have put forward the conjecture which identifies the House of Loreto with the old rural church of St. Mary in fundo Laureti.

On the west wall of the Holy House is to be seen a fresco of St. Louis of France. He is represented as standing, with manacles on his wrists, before the Blessed Virgin and Child. It is a matter of record that St. Louis, after his deliverance from captivity at Mansourah, made a pilgrimage to Nazareth, and, as

his biographer tells us, "devoutly assisted " at a Mass celebrated by his confessor at the altar of the Annunciation,"-or, in the words of William of Nangis, "at the altar where the Angel made the annunciation to the Virgin Mary." \* This altar, as we gather from the pilgrim Daniel, was in the Holy House.<sup>†</sup> Questions of moment in their bearing on the Lauretan tradition suggest themselves regarding the fresco of St. Louis. Who caused it to be painted on the walls of the Holy House, when, and why? Researches made by Signor Gianuizzi, in the archives of the Holy House, enable us to furnish satisfactory answers.

First of all, we know the picture must have been painted after 1297; for that was the year of St. Louis' canonization, and in the fresco the saint has the aureola. Now, Signor Gianuizzi has brought to light the fact that in the year 1300, when multitudes flocked to Rome to gain the indulgences of the great Jubilee proclaimed by Pope Boniface VIII., there came also Count Charles de Valois, younger brother of King Philip the Fair, and grandson of St. Louis. What is more, the Pope made him Governor of the Marches of Ancona, within which is the district of Loreto; and he held the position for two years (1301-1302). He, of all men, would be the one most likely to have the picture of his sainted grandfather painted. But in the territory over which he presided there were many noble churches, including cathedrals. Why should he have fixed upon the lowly shrine of Loreto to place therein the fresco of his famous grandfather? Why, indeed, should any one have fixed upon it? The picture itself gives the answer, once we are acquainted with the facts of the case. St. Louis seems to say, as if in so many words, "I visited this Holy House while yet it was in Nazareth, and here thanked the Blessed Virgin for my deliverance from

these bonds." This explanation is, of course, to a certain extent, conjectural; but it fits the known facts so well that it may be said to fashion another link in the chain of circumstantial evidence that girds the Lauretan tradition.

Apropos of the stone of the Holy House, Canon Chevalier writes: "Walking recently through the building sheds of the Humbert I. Hospital, now in course of construction at Ancona, Marquis Nembrini Gonzaga was struck with the remarkable resemblance between the stones cut for the edifice and those of the Holy House of Loreto which he had just examined attentively. Here was the same reddish color which has deceived so many people, since Suriano, into thinking that the Holy House was built of brick. Here also was the same very fine grain; and, a feature even more characteristic, the stones were naturally cut in the form of irregular parallelopipeds, like those seen at Loreto."

I have dealt with this matter in THE AVE MARIA (vol. lxix, p. 353),\* and here need only call the reader's attention to the concluding words: "I have touched and I have seen the stone of Nazareth, and I testify that it is identical with the stone of the Holy House; I have touched and I have seen stone taken from the quarries at Monte Conero, and I testify that it is *not* identical with the stone of the Holy House."

While at Ancona last May on my way to Tersatto, I went to see the Humberto Primo Hospital referred to by Chevalier. It is just outside of the city, and at the back of it. There are two buildings, one at the foot of a little hill, the other on the slope. Looking at the buildings from without, I could see no stone, not even in the facings, but only brick. Entering the lower one, I asked the man who took my card if stone had been used in the building of the hospital. "No," he replied; "but I suppose there  $\overline{* Ct. "Religious Questions of the Day," vol. iii, pp.$ 

<sup>\* &</sup>quot;Notre Dame de Lorette," pp. 44, 45.

<sup>† &</sup>quot;The Holy House of Loreto," by the present writer, pp. 31-39.

<sup>\*</sup> Cf. Religious Questions of the Day," vol. iii, 1 213-221.

is stone in the foundations." I asked him if I might have a look at the foundations, and he sent a man with me up to the building on the slope of the hill, where, within the basement, the foundations lay open to view. I found the stone was from the quarries at Monte Conero, whence five years before I had taken specimens, which are still in my possession. They were nearly all white limestone, but there were a few of the reddish kind, which bear a superficial resemblance to the stone of the Holy House. I told the man I had samples of the stone, both of the white and of the red, at home in Victoria. I brought one or two bits along, and have found them identically the same as the specimens already in my possession.

There is not a word of truth in the Marquis Nembrini statement of the Gonzaga. It is not true that stone was used in the building of the hospital, which is of brick. It is not true that the color of the red limestone of Monte Conero is the same as the color of the stone of the Holy House. The one is a pink or rose-red; the other, a mixture of gray, yellow, and red. It is not true that the grain is equally fine: the grain of the stone of the Holy House is much finer. Lastly, it is not true that the stones were naturally cut in the form of irregular parallelopipeds; the only stones are those in the foundations, and they are not cut, but broken and thrown in. I here affirm once more-and I know whereof I speak, having established the facts by personal observation-that the stone of the Holy House is Palestinian: that the same kind of stone is not to be found in Monte Conero, nor anywhere else outside of the environs of Nazareth,-so, far at least as I have been able to ascertain.

At the foot of the beautiful casing of white marble which was built about the Holy House in the first quarter of the sixteenth century, there is a ledge of the same material, about a foot wide, and eight or ten inches above the pavement.

In this ledge, all the way around, there are two furrows, two or three inches apart, and in places two inches deep, made by the knees of the pilgrims, and by the tops of their shoes, as they circled the Holy House saying their prayers. The faith that wore these furrows in the marble dies not.

#### The Secret Bequest.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

IV.

HOSE last days in New York, spent in preparations for departure, and a wild orgy of shopping, in which Cecily commanded and directed

fabulous expenditures, always remained dreamlike in Honora's memory. At the time she had a sense of utter unreality, which even the touch of reality in drawing checks for large sums of money, which were duly honored, was not sufficient to dissipate. And this feeling of living, moving, and having her being in a dream was intensified when she found herself at last alighting from a train in Kingsford.

For it was a Kingsford as changed as her own circumstances. The quiet old Colonial town she remembered, with its reserved and aristocratic air, where life flowed in such placid current in oldfashioned houses, under great embowering trees, had vanished, and in its stead a modern "progressive" city blazoned on every side its determination not to be behind any other place in worship of Hardly a landmark of the mammon. past remained, so eager was new Kingsford to dissociate itself from anything old; and, if Mr. Maxwell had not met her on her arrival, Honora might have doubted if she were indeed in the once familiar home of her childhood.

But Mr. Maxwell was there with a well-appointed carriage.

"You'll probably soon be getting an automobile, like everybody else," he said. "But Mr. Chisholm clung to his horses; and, since they are yours now, I've brought them for you."

Honora, still engaged in trying to realize that she was not dreaming, was driven through unfamiliar streets, by blocks of business buildings which she was informed were hers, and presently across a bridge which spanned the river that flowed through the town, where distant factories were indicated with the same information. She remembered that on the hills just beyond the town in this direction the "best people" had always had their homes; so she was not surprised when they began to mount the green, wooded heights above the stream. But when, after passing several more or less ornate dwellings, which spoke eloquently of a tide of new prosperity, they came by a winding road to an imposing residence of stately Palladian architecture, set on a commanding eminence, at sight of which Mr. Maxwell announced, "That is the Chisholm house!" she was altogether unprepared, and for a moment almost incredulous.

"But this isn't—" she gasped.

"The old residence? Oh, no!" Mr. Maxwell interposed. "Mr. Chisholm built this on the site of the old house several years ago."

"But it is charming!" Cecily cried in a high key of approval. "Who would ever have given Mr. Chisholm credit for so much taste!"

"Why shouldn't he have had taste?" Honora asked, her wide gaze fastened on the house they were approaching, with its note of classic dignity and spaciousness, its white columns gleaming against a sky as blue as that of the Greece or Italy from which its style was derived.

"Well, there's really no reason why he shouldn't," Cecily admitted, "except that one thinks of him as having been one of the men who exist only to gather together dollars, and who have no capability of enjoying them. But the man who built this house had such a capability; for he spent dollars enough to make himself a perfectly delightful place to live. Can it be as charming within as without, do you think?"

"Come and see," Mr. Maxwell told her laughingly, as the carriage drew up before a stately, balustraded terrace, which made an admirable setting for the pillared façade of the house rising above it.

They were met at the door by a severelooking, middle-aged woman, whom Mr. Maxwell introduced as Mrs. Kemp, who had been Mr. Chisholm's housekeeper, and "kindly remained in charge of things until the new owner came."

The new owner encountered the keen scrutiny of a pair of hard black eyes rather deprecatingly.

"You can't be more surprised to see me here than I am to be here, Mrs. Kemp," she said gently; "but I hope we shall get on well together."

"Oh, as for that," Mrs. Kemp replied stiffly, "I've only stayed to look after things, as Mr. Maxwell says, until they are handed over to you. Would you like to go over the house now, or wait until you've had something to eat?"

"We'll go over it now," Cecily announced eagerly. "We've just lunched on the train, and I'm dying to see if the rest of the house is worthy of this fine hall."

Mrs. Kemp regarded the speaker for a moment with a comprehensive gaze; and then, addressing Honora pointedly, as she opened a door on one side, "Here's the drawing room," she said.

It was a spacious, beautifully decorated room, furnished with a taste at once so delicate and so restrained that Cecily, who prided herself on her artistic knowledge, exclaimed again with surprise and delight. And these sentiments were expressed in an ascending scale of approval until astonishment culminated when, after passing through various apartments notably a rich, dark library lined with books,—they were introduced into a splendidly proportioned music room, containing a grand piano, and a large organ built into its end.

"Why, this is amazing!" Cecily cried, turning to Mr. Maxwell. "Was Mr. Chisholm very fond of music?"

Mr. Maxwell shook his head.

"I don't think he knew or cared anything about it," he replied.

"And he had no family and no social tastes! Why, then, did he spend money in fitting up such a room as this—unless it was purely ostentation?"

"There wasn't a grain of ostentation in him," Mr. Maxwell stated emphatically. "He had this room included in the plan of the house to please Bernard Chisholm, who is very fond of music. Of course when he built the house, he expected that it would eventually be his—Bernard's, I mean."

"Oh, I see!" Cecily was silent for an instant, staring with bright, meditative eyes at the gleaming pipes of the organ. "He cared enough for him to do all this for him, and then he cut him off from the music room and everything else because he dared to call his soul his own! What a horridly tyrannical old man Mr. Chisholm must have been!"

"He was rather tyrannical," Mr. Maxwell admitted; "but his conscience had some part in the matter, too. He wanted to save Bernard from what he considered a dreadful religion, and he believed the Romanists got hold of him on account of his prospect of inheriting a large fortune. So he was determined to disappoint them."

"How broad-minded and tolerant of him!" Cecily commented sarcastically. "Honora, do you hear? This beautiful room was built specially for the disinherited knight, who is now driven out of it."

"I hear," said Honora, who indeed must have been deaf if she had not heard. "I'm very sorry. I wish Mr. Chisholm had left it to him, as he intended."

"I'm not unselfish enough to wish that," Cecily owned frankly. "But I'm sorry too, for the foolish young man-

"Begging your pardon, Miss!" (It was an interruption so sharp that it made Cecily jump), "there's no call for anybody to be sorry for Mr. Bernard."

"O Mrs. Kemp!" The young lady turned toward the speaker, who met her gaze with a look of distinct hostility in her snapping black eyes. "How interesting that you think there's no need to be sorry for him! Is it because you approve of what he's done?"

"I don't approve of it at all," Mrs. Kemp replied uncompromisingly. "I'd be the last to deny that he acted very foolish when he threw away all his prospects, and almost broke his uncle's heart—though nobody would 'ave guessed it who didn't know Mr. Chisholm as well as I knew him,—but all the same, there's no need to be sorry for Mr. Bernard; for there's no sorrow in *him* for what he's lost."

"Then he's the most extraordinary as well as the most foolish young man of whom I've ever heard," Cecily declared. "I hope he'll come to see us," she added, turning back to Mr. Maxwell. "If there's no sorrow in him for what he has lost, I suppose he doesn't bear malice against Honora for inheriting it."

"Quite the contrary," Mr. Maxwell answered. "He's very much interested in her; and I think you'll see him very soon."

"The sooner, the better for the gratification of my curiosity. And, by the by, since he has forfeited his inheritance, what does he do for a support?"

"Oh, as for that, he has some means of his own! He inherited a small fortune from his father, and he has occupied a very responsible position in his uncle's business (Mr. Chisholm left the management of things more and more to him of late), which he still holds until—er—other arrangements can be made."

Honora looked at the speaker quickly. "Is there any reason why other arrangements should be made?" she asked.

"That is a matter for discussion," he

replied reservedly. "We'll talk of it, and other matters of business, as soon as suits your convenience."

"I haven't been accustomed to consulting my convenience where matters of business were concerned," she said, smiling a little. "I am at your service whenever you wish to discuss them."

"In that case, I'll come to-morrow," he told her promptly. "Shall we say at eleven in the forenoon? Very well. Then I'll bid you good-bye for the present, and leave Mrs. Kemp to show you all details of the place."

"Tell Mr. Bernard Chisholm to come to see us," Cecily said, as he shook hands with her.

"I'm certain he'll be very glad to come," the lawyer assured her—"especially after he has seen you."

"That's an Irish bull as well as a compliment," she laughed.

"It's a solid fact either way," he returned.

Several hours afterward the beautiful spring day was drawing toward late afternoon when the two sisters-having rested, as far as excitement would let them, after their inspection of the housecame out on the terrace which commanded an enchanting view in all directions. Immediately in front, embowered in leafy verdure, Kingsford lay, outspread beyond the river that flowed through the valley On either side, the ridge on below. which the house stood stretched above. the stream in tree-crowned beauty; while westward the hills rolled away in green waves toward a distant cloud-like line of azure mountains. A thousand delicious odors came borne from field and forest on the wings of the caressing air; and it was hardly wonderful that, struck by a sense of poignant contrast with the crowded city streets, the narrow apartment, the days of unceasing toil which lay so close behind her, Honora should have opened her arms, as if she longed to embrace the entrancing picture.

"How heavenly!" she breathed. "I've never dreamed of having, this side of heaven, such a home for my very own."

"It *is* heavenly!" Cecily assented. "And I'm almost glad that we've been so poor. We couldn't enjoy so keenly all that we have now if we didn't know the contrast."

"I always said you were an epicurean" (Honora smiled at her), "and that is the sentiment of an epicurean: you are glad to have suffered, in order to heighten by contrast the sense of pleasure."

"I don't mind in the least being called an epicurean," Cecily replied. "For what I've said holds good: we couldn't possibly enjoy all this" (she waved her hand comprehensively around) "if we had possessed it always. The keen edge of enjoyment must be put on by contrast."

"Then—it's a rather startling idea we should lose the keenest form of happiness in the world, if there were no suffering."

"I—suppose so." Cecily looked rather startled at her own conclusion. "It's an idea that carries one pretty far, doesn't it?"

"Especially one who has railed at suffering as I've heard you so often do."

"I would rail at it again. I hate, abhor and detest it. I would abolish it if I could. And yet I see now that the world would lose something if it were abolished. We should have no contrast to heighten enjoyment.

'More important, we should have nothing

To try the soul's strength on.'"

"Oh!" (Cecily shrugged), "I care nothing about means to try the soul's strength! I care only for enjoyment, pleasure, happiness. I could dance and sing with delight in the sense of freedom from care and poverty, in the consciousness of being able to spread my wings as far and as wide as I like. You see" (she looked at her sister with brilliant, laughing eyes), "I'm taking for granted that the fortune you've come into is mine as much as it's yours." "You know that it is," Honora told her.

"Yes, I know; and therefore, although I've talked of feeling sorry for that foolish young man, Bernard Chisholm, I'm really tremendously glad that he acted as he did. Honestly now, aren't you?"

"I-don't know," Honora confessed. "My feelings are so mixed that it's hard to analyze them. I am dreadfully sorry for all he has lost—though perhaps one shouldn't be sorry for a person who has been able to do so heroic a thing,—but I can't be sorry for having the fortune, with all the ease it brings, and the wonderful possibilities it opens."

"You would be a fool indeed if you were sorry," Cecily said frankly. "But I'm wondering if it won't be awfully hard to him to see some one else—you, in short—as owner in the house that was built for himself?"

"So hard, I'm afraid, that I wish I might meet him anywhere else. I shall feel myself an alien and intruder in his own home."

"That's utter nonsense, as I've pointed out to you several times already. You know that you are neither the one nor the other. But it must be a trying position for him, and I'm curious to see how he will bear himself. If he takes a martyr pose, I shall despise him."

"I don't think it likely that he will take such a pose if one may judge from what Mr. Maxwell and Mrs. Kemp have said of him."

"O Mrs. Kemp! Weren't you amused when she so suddenly spoke up for him in the music room? She was evidently quite fierce at the idea of his being regarded as an object of pity."

"Whatever else he may be, he isn't an object of pity. I'm quite certain of that," said Honora.

And as she said it, a young man mounted the terrace steps and stood before them.

(To be continued.)

IDLENESS is the second original sin. —Father Pardow, S. J. Feudal Castles and their Inmates.

#### BY MARIAN NESBITT.

THE characteristics of Mediæval archi-L tecture are scarcely less evident in the castles than in the churches of the period. That truly Christian taste and temper, which led men like the great Condé to have the floors of several rooms in his splendid castle of Ecouen paved with painted tiles, representing in each compartment the monogram of Our Lady, whilst the ceilings showed the sword of Condé interlaced between the initial letters of the Angelic Salutation and Mary's beloved name,---this taste, we must repeat, indicates a spirituality of conception and a simple reverence not to be found in one case but in many.

Men in those days wrought for posterity; and the beauty and durability of their work yet remain to testify to the fact. Monteil, in his "Histoire des Français," tells us that the ancient laws prescribed that the walls and beams of houses should be of a certain thickness; and we find examples of these extraordinarily strong walls in such castles as those of Dunvegan and Glamis, the Round Tower at Windsor, and many others. It is noteworthy that these old feudal fortresses each possessed its own private chapel; for "no seigneur in these days," says one authority, "ever thought of building a castle without one chapel, and sometimes even two." For example, Thibaud, the Fair-haired, forester to King Robert, built the Castle of Montlhéry, in which there were two churches,-one dedicated to Our Lady, and the other a collegiate church under the patronage of St. Peter. The latter had a community of Regular Canons attached to it, with an abbot at their head. At the same time, we are told, Guy, the son of Thibaud, founded outside the walls of his father's castle the Monastery of Longpont.\*

\* Lebeuf, "Hist. du Diocèse de Paris," xi, p. 179.

On the summit of a high rock, yet in the shelter of a deep valley, John de Montaigu raised his vast Castle of Marcoucies, in which were two chapels. They both stood in what was called the "dongon court," no doubt for greater safety. One, dedicated to the most Holy Trinity, was built expressly for some Cistercian monks, who served it, and had the adjoining tower set apart for them as a place of refuge when war rendered it necessary to seek shelter within the walls.

Though the nobles were very oftenin fact, generally-the founders of parish churches, it is seldom that these were built within the castle walls. We have, however, some instances. For example, the parish church of Audresel, in the diocese of Paris, was erected by the Seigneur of Audresel within the walls of his castle, and dedicated to his patron, St. John the Baptist. Still earlier, we find Count Haymont building not only the church of St. Spire close to his castle, which stood near the junction of the rivers Juine and Seine, but, on the translation of the body of St. Guenaul, he erected another church in honor of that saint within his castle walls, and "founded priests to celebrate the divine four service."

- It is hardly necessary to add that these castle chapels were often famous for their relics; indeed, historians tell us that the barons were sometimes troublesome to the clergy of the neighboring villages, because they wanted to transfer the relics' from the parish churches to the chapels within their own walls. But frequently, as in the case of such noble families as the Falconieri, Mariscotti, Corsini, and others, the bodies of the saints of their own line were interred in their-private chapels.

Attached to the Castle of Montmorency was a chapel dedicated to St. Felix (1174), in which the relics of the saint were preserved; and so great was the devotion of the people who flocked thither in crowds that an annual fair was established on his festival. The strong, high towers, as well as the castles themselves, were often placed under the protection of some saint; for instance, at Fontenay-le-Comte there was the tower Pancrace, —towers being generally dedicated to the holy martyr St. Pancras; whilst the grand old Castle of Kenilworth was originally Kenhelmworth, so called from the Saxon saint of that name.

It must ever be remembered that episcopal permission to found chapels within private walls was indispensable; and such permission was never granted without the existence of some specific reason, such as the distance from a church, danger of crossing rivers, ill health or infirmity. Anne Noblet, widow of Guerin de la Constardière, obtained leave, in the year 1552, to have a chapel at Cachant, on *account of her advanced age*. And, in 1617, the Seigneur of Coudray, Jean Tronson, received permission from the Bishop of Paris to have a private chapel, because of the *distance of his castle from any church*.

How very general these castles had become hundreds of years previously, is shown by the fact of the regulations concerning them. In the year 506, for instance, the Council of Agde found it advisable to make provisions against the danger of any abuses that might arise owing to priests living thus apart, in the houses of the rich and powerful. It was feared that the worldly atmosphere of such an environment might unconsciously diminish something of their fervor; whilst there was the additional dread that the feudal lords should usurp ecclesiastical authority,-a dread not, it would appear, without foundation; for in 650 we find the Council of Chalons complaining that some nobles who had chapels withdrew their chaplains from the jurisdiction of the ordinary.

More than a century earlier — in 541 the Canons of the Council of Orleans had laid down stringent rules, by which owners of private chapels were forbidden to receive strange clerics without the consent of the bishop of the diocese. The same Council also pronounced sentence of excommunication against any noble who, possessing a chapel attached to his castle, should hinder or prevent the priest who served it from fulfilling all the duties of his sacred office.

Froissart and other writers describe, in fascinating language, the life lived by the immense households that inhabited these old feudal dwellings. The castle, we know, was peopled with a number of pages and esquires, sent there as to a school of chivalry; and these young men became members of the family, and performed services of different kinds. In some castles there were as many as sixty pages, all children of noble birth, who were trained under competent masters kept for the purpose. Princes did not disdain to examine their own pages, in order to assure themselves that these youths were as distinguished for their piety, good conduct, and courtesy, as for their ancient lineage. St. Odo, who, when a boy, lived thus in the castle of William, Count of Aquitaine, tells us that on Christmas Eve he used to keep vigil all night in the chapel, watching and praying till the hour for the Divine Office sounded.

Castles were, moreover, refuges for the poor or for captives. The impregnable fortress of Alcala la Real, situated high up amongst. the mountains some miles from Granada, was placed by its owner, the Count de Tendilla, at the disposal of the Christian captives who used to escape by night from the Moorish dungeons of Granada. But only too often they lost their way in the darkness; and, wandering hither and thither amongst the rugged mountain fastnesses, came inadvertently upon some town belonging to the enemy, or were discovered and retaken at daylight by their captors. To put an end to such misadventures, the Count ordered a tower to be built on one of the heights commanding not only a view of the Vega, but of the whole surrounding country. "Here," we read, "he kept a light

blazing throughout the night, as a beacon for all Christian fugitives, to guide them to a place of safety."

Gayety and a lavish hospitality reigned in these old Mediæval mansions; gold and silver adorned the tables, to which poor as well as rich were invited. Minstrels and jugglers amused the guests. Peasants and nobles reserved their best attire for Sundays and holidays, when it was usual for the young people of the village to repair, in the evening, to the courtyard of the castle, and there indulge in innocent recreation with the family of their feudal lord; and there is no doubt that in those days a very real sympathy and good feeling prevailed among the classes.

Men of rank and wealth encouraged agriculture, which, in the fifteenth century, had attained to the dignity of a science. History records that when Charles VIII. went on a voyage to Naples, the Duke of Milan had fine stables, and sheds for 1800 cows and, 1400 goats and sheep. It was also the age of privileges. Poor men, as well as nobles, were exempt from certain taxes,-for example, all farmers on some abbey lands; whilst the descendants of brave men who had died of hunger rather than surrender their fortress to the enemy were also relieved from any such burdens. We have an illustration of this in the free citizens of the tower and castle of Evreux.

Students at universities, merchants, boys on a journey, the clergy, and many others,—each had special privileges. Indeed who had not? For we find that "horses that had four white legs" were never subjected to toll. Artisans could never have their tools taken from them. Glaziers, silk-weavers, etc., were free from all taxes. The citizens of Loches had the privileges of knighthood; and, in the Bourbonnais, the Duke of Bourbon used always to treat the bourgeois as if they were knights. The inhabitants of Montreuil-sur-le-Bois were exempted by King John from paying taxes or from giving supplies, on condition that they would maintain the fountains of their village at their own expense,—a privilege confirmed to them by Charles V. and Charles VI.

Indeed, in France it has been truly said that "all states of life without exception enjoyed some exemption and some privilege." As a matter of fact, when viewed dispassionately, we see that the conditions existing between vassal and overlord were pretty nearly equal, since the former lost his fief if he failed to come in time of trouble to the assistance of his lord, whilst the latter, in his turn was deprived of his right of sovereignty if he did not protect his vassal, thus bringing about the state of affairs which caused the feudal system, whatever its disadvantages, to promote obedience to recognized authority on the one hand, protection and a regard for the public safety and common weal on the other, together with reciprocal attachment and mutual fidelity.

Looking back through the ages, we see a long procession of princes and warriors who were "true fathers of nobility," generous consolers of the poor; prudent, courteous, loyal and just; faithful to God and man; famous for courage and prowess; loving the Church above all things, out of reverence for their Saviour, from whom all blessings come; clinging closely to their Faith in spite of persecution, imprisonments, tortures, and even death itself,-men like the English. Howards and the Irish O'Donnells and O'Neils,-chieftains unswerving in their allegiance to Heaven, who, exiled in the terrible times of Elizabeth, sought shelter in Rome, and there left their bones-side by side before the high altar in the church of the Franciscan friars at Montorio:

Such were many of those who inhabited the feudal castles of the Middle Ages, men like St. Guibert, a noble of Lorraine (962), who abandoned his career of arms and left the world in order to serve God alone in his Castle of Gembly, in Brabant, which he offered to the Benedictines, who used it as a monastery of their Order. Again, we find Anne de Bretagne, wife of Charles VIII., turning the ancient chateau of the Dukes of Chaillot into a convent of Poor Clares; whilst the warlike Comte de Rougemont, on being converted by St. Vincent de Paul, condemned himself to a life of the most austere penance; and not only sold his estates and gave the proceeds to charity, but made his chateau a hospital for widows and orphans.

Saints, too, and holy monks and hermits were ever welcome visitors at the castle in times gone by. An old chronicle tells us that St. Victor, a recluse who lived in a solitary wood in France, was once persuaded to visit and bless the family of a nobleman whom he had held at the font. On his approach, not only his host, but the owners of the neighboring castles, lords and ladies with their retainers, and sons and daughters, both old and young, hastened forth to meet the holy man, who would eat nothing until late, and then merely a slight repast; after which he retired to rest for a short time; but, rising up at midnight, he "sang Matins," and then meditated till break of day. It being Sunday, a number of persons came to the castle. After Mass, he consented to eat and drink in their company; and there remained the whole day, instructing them in divine things and speaking of God. The next day, very early in the morning, he departed from the castle, "leaving them much more sound in their souls than they had been before his visit."

If, as we must admit, the pleasures of the chase were in those days carried to excess, nevertheless not a few of those who indulged in them rode through the forests. with a thoughtful mind and a heart raised above earthly things. Thus we find that Romuald, a young scion of the ducal house of Ravenna, when out hunting, would seek some quiet spot amidst the green solitude of the woods, in which to pause and pray: "How happy," he would exclaim, "were the hermits of old, who had such habitations! With what tranquillity could they serve God, free from the tumult of the world!"

The intense love of horses which also prevailed during the Middle Ages was turned to good account by Holy Church. "For some capital offences," we learn, "the prescribed penance enjoined upon the offender was that, as long as he lived, he must never again mount a horse." Abstention from riding was a fruitful source of mortification during Lent and Advent, whilst it was the ecclesiastical penalty for certain deeds of violence, a penalty which virtually constituted a forfeiture of nobility, with all its rights and privileges.

To return, however, to the castles, whose vast chimney recesses and inglenooks were richly decorated in the fifteenth century, like those of St. Germain, Fontainebleau, Vincennes, and many The charming inscriptions on others. these, so quaintly and often so poetically worded, form almost a literature in themselves. The walls of the great halls and turret chambers were decorated with paintings and frescoes depicting theological, geographical, historical, or mythological subjects, "in which," remarks one writer, "every science and art was at least indicated."

In the castle of King Robert of Sicily, at Naples, the state apartments were ornamented in a most ingenious manner, which was in itself a tribute to the guests to be entertained. Thus, the rooms destined for preachers were adorned with representations of angels, saints, and the like; those of poets, with mythological devices, and so of the rest. The Castle of Vincestre, near Paris, in the reign of Charles VI., had on its walls portraits of Pope Clement VII. and all his college of cardinals, together with those of the kings and princes of France, and the emperors of the East and West.\*

We all remember how that great mystic,

\* Lebeuf, "Hist. du Diocèse de Paris," ch. x, p. 16.

St. Teresa, compares the soul to a castle, of which prayer is the gate; and it is curious as well as interesting to find that an English Capuchin friar, Father Benedict, wrote a work entitled "Le Chevalier Chrétien," which, in the form of a dialogue between a Christian and a pagan, explains all the doctrines of the Catholic Faith; whilst the lessons of a spiritual and devout life are inculcated by means of the symbols, or emblems, furnished by a feudal castle — its towers, armory, etc.

In conclusion, it may be mentioned that it was the duty of the porter in those old fortresses to sound the Benedicite Bell for dinner and supper, to keep clean the niches and figures of the saints above the gateway, and to see that the lamps before the statues were always trimmed and burning. Also, in his examination of conscience, he had rigorously to ask himself whether he had ever closed the door against monks, friars, clerics, or Brothers of hospitals, who came to beg alms, or turned a deaf ear to the supplications of the poor; and whether, on the other hand, he had opened the door to coarse singers and dancers, or to persons of undesirable character, or to receive improper letters.

But enough has been said to show that, though the nobles of Mediæval times had under them vassals who came and went at their command, yet many of them possessed the faith and humility of the centurion of Holy Writ; and that their feudal castles were often homes of charity, piety, learning, and an almost royal hospitality.

LET people's tongues and actions be what they may, my business is to keep my road and be honest, and make the same speech to myself that a piece of gold or an emerald would if it had sense and language: "Let the world talk and take its method, I sha'n't but sparkle and shine on, and be true to my species and my color."—Antoninus.

# The Winged Laborer.

BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

UT of the mud and mire of things I lift the life that sings; I ease to earth the ermine snows,

And lovely breaking rose.

Upon celestial highways far I sweep the pave of star; I drive at eve, when day is done, The horses of the sun.

I cleanse the mountain and the plain With jewelled hail and rain; I kindle in dawn's skies of gray The embers of the day.

Whatever task of God be mine I do with joy divine: I am the Wind,—no drudge am I,

But angel of the sky.

## The Story of Anita's Church.

#### BY EDITH STANIFORTH.

T HERE is a church in Madrid—the only one in the world, so far as I know—where Mass is said at two o'clock. It is often called Anita's church. It is a very beautiful one, built of dazzling white marble, and owes its foundation to a curious story.

Doña Luisa Heredia was a wealthy and noble lady, with a palace in Madrid, and a country seat near Granada in the midst of the most beautiful scenery in Spain. When she rose in the morning and looked out of her bedroom window, she saw the whole magnificent range of the Sierra Nevada, the snowy mountains rising peak after peak in serried grandeur like an army of warriors, one behind the other. All day long the light kept changing on those beautiful hills,-bathed first in the blue mist of early morning; then standing out in the clear radiance of noon; and, when evening fell, wrapped in the rosy glow of the setting sun, their white purity blushing crimson in his radiance.

People in those days did not talk and write of their love for scenery as we do now; but it dwelt in their hearts, and many a lofty thought and heroic action owed its inspiration to the contemplation of the wonderful works of God.

Doña Luisa loved her country home, and was never sorry to turn her back on the capital and the gayeties of the court for the castle in the hills that overlooked the Alhambra, the fairest spot in Spain, which the last of the Moorish kings was so loath to surrender. It was the gypsy district, where the Spanish Gitanos had dwelt from time immemorial,—a nobler race than the vagabonds whose carts we see drawn up on our village commons, yet allied to them by ties of blood and friendship.

Doña Luisa was very beautiful. Her husband adored her; her friends and kinsfolk loved her; and she had nothing left to wish for, with one exception—she had no children. Often when she drove through the villages she envied the peasant mothers holding in their arms the brown babies, that Murillo, the young painter just coming into notice, was destined to immortalize. She had made a pilgrimage to Sant' Jago de Compostella, she had promised a diamond necklace to Nuestra Señora del Pilar, but so far the gift she longed for had been denied.

One day she was taking her customary drive in the mountains when she came to a place where a great commotion was going on, and she stopped to inquire the cause. A man had murdered his wife in a fit of jealousy; and, finding out too late that his suspicions were unfounded, had in his despair put an end to himself, leaving a poor little baby girl only one year old to face the world alone. The question now was who should adopt her; for on this point there was no doubt in the/peasant mind. If there was an extra mouth to be filled, the Lord would provide for it.

But here Doña Luisa interfered. She would take the child home and bring it

up: it was a gift from Heaven; and, hugging it close in her arms, she drove away. Her husband made no objection; it was a pretty plaything for his desolate wife, but there was no idea of her adopting it. The gulf was too great between the blue blood of the Spanish grandee and the red ichor of the peasant. Later on, no doubt, she would become Doña Luisa's personal attendant; and meanwhile the sweet babe satisfied in a measure the craving maternal instinct in her heart. She lavished caresses and endearments on the poor little waif, whose life was shadowed by a double tragedy; and the child clung with passionate affection and gratitude to her kind patroness. Her position was an anomalous one; it would have been better to leave her in her native sphere. The servants, jealous of Doña Luisa's partiality for her, looked upon her with and her only dislike and suspicion; happy hours were those she passed by the side of her mistress, which as she grew out of childhood became more and more rare. Her great beauty made her a mark for insulting attention from men above her in station: while the honest love of her own class passed her by, put off by a certain unconscious dignity of manner and a refinement of ideas imbibed from her mistress, which made her unfit to become the wife of a peasant.

Her life was a lonely one; and she had too much time to think and brood, to dwell on the circumstances which had led to her being transplanted into so different a sphere from the one into which she was born. It seemed such a terrible thing that her father should have killed her mother; and it gave her a great fear of men's passions, which led her to hold aloof from the society of the other sex, and caused her to be looked upon as proud and unfriendly.

Anita (that was her name) was just eighteen, and had recently been promoted to be lady's maid to Doña Luisa, vice the previous one, who retired, with a pension, earlier than necessary, in order to make room for her successor. This gave the girl a recognized position in the household; and, on the whole, it made things easier for her. It brought her also into closer touch with her beloved mistress. They had just returned from Madrid, and Anita was busy putting away different things in the large cupboards built in the thickness of the walls, those solid walls which in Southern countries exclude both heat in summer and cold in winter.

Doña Luisa came into the room. Though no longer in her first vouth. she was still very beautiful, and mistress and maid made a fair picture together. The lady took off her rings and laid them on the table by the window preparatory to washing her hands. It was a warm day, and all the windows were open. Anita poured scented water into a gilt basin, which she held for her mistress. Just at that moment Doña Luisa heard her husband calling her, and hurried out of the room. Anita put down the basin, and also went out of the room to fetch something, leaving the rings where her mistress had laid them. She was absent only a few minutes, but those minutes were fraught with irretrievable consequences to herself. Doña Luisa came back, washed her hands, dried them on the fine towel which Anita presented to her, and began putting on her rings. She instantly missed one, a fine emerald which her husband had given her on her last birthday.

"Where is my emerald ring?" she demanded.

"It is there with the rest. I saw it only a moment ago."

"It is not there now."

They searched for it everywhere, but it was not to be found. Doña Luisa felt rather uncomfortable: she could not suspect Anita, who was so dear to her, and whom, she would have trusted with all she possessed; but the fact remained that no one had been in the room except the girl and herself. Anita confessed that she had left it for one or two minutes during her mistress' absence, but what harm could have happened in so short a time? The room was at the end of the passage, with no other exit; and the window was too high for any one to reach, or they might have suspected a Gitano of climbing up to it. It was a mystery. Doña Luisa, however, made the best of it to her husband, who had never shared her partiality for Anita (perhaps he was a little jealous of his wife's fondness for her favorite); but it left an awkward feeling behind.

Time passed. They went back to Madrid for the winter, and returned the following summer. A royal prince was coming to spend the night, and shoot the next day. Doña Luisa's richest dress was spread out on the bed, and her jewels lay on the dressing table, conspicuous amongst them the beautiful diamond necklace she had destined for Nuestra Señora del Pilar if her prayer was granted. She left the room to give some directions about her royal guest: when she returned the necklace was gone. This time the matter was too grave to be hushed up. Anita was arrested and thrown into prison, in spite of her mistress' entreaties. Everything pointed to her guilt; there was hardly a shadow of doubt about it. She herself declared she had not left the room for an instant. but she could offer no explanation. In vain she protested her innocence; circumstantial evidence was too strong. The disappearance of the ring also was brought up, and but for Doña Luisa's intercession on her behalf she would have been put to death; for the law was stern in those days. As it was, she languished in prison all through the long, hot summer months, visited constantly by her mistress, who tried in vain to bring her to confess the theft. Her husband had promised her that if Anita would own up to what she had done and restore the necklace she should be set at liberty.

"She probably has a gypsy lover, for whom she has stolen it," he said.

Doña Luisa did not believe that, but even she could not doubt Anita's guilt: the proof seemed too conclusive.

"If you would only tell me the truth, Anita!" she entreated.

"I am telling you the truth, Señora," answered the unhappy girl, "but you will not believe me."

As time went on and Anita persisted in her denial, Doña Luisa began to beshaken in her opinion. Why should the girl continue to be obstinate when confession would bring her instant releaseunless, indeed, she were shielding some This was the opinion of Doña one? Luisa's husband, which his wife, however, could not be brought to share. There was no evidence to show that Anita had a lover; even her enemies were obliged to own that she had always been singularly circumspect in her intercourse with men, and firmly rejected their overtures.

At last the confinement, and the anguish of mind caused by the shock of the terrible accusation which she was so powerless to refute, began to tell seriously on Anita's health: she grew thin and pale, daily lost strength, and seemed to be fading away. She had no desire to live, since she could not prove her innocence in the eyes of her beloved mistress. One day word came to Doña Luisa that Anita was dying. She rushed to the prison and saw at once that the girl's hours were numbered.

"Dearest lady," said Anita, feebly, "you will believe me now: I did not take those jewels."

"I do believe you, Anita!" cried Doña Luisa, in tears. "You shall not stay here. I will speak to my husband."

Anita shook her head.

"It is useless to move me: I am dying." But I die happy, / since you trust me once more."

"O Anita, live,—live, for my sake!"

"I would rather die, if God so wills it.

But one day my innocence shall be brought to light, and everyone will know."

She received the last Sacraments with great fervor, and a few hours afterward quietly passed away, holding her mistress' hand to the end. Her death caused a sudden revulsion in her favor; it accomplished what her repeated denials had failed to effect. Doña Luisa was inconsolable, and her husband took her away in order to distract her thoughts.

It was more than a year before she returned to the scene of Anita's suffering and her own sorrow; and her thoughts were full of her lost favorite as she lay resting on her couch one hot afternoon, missing her at every turn, and feeling how sadly different was the service of love from that of an ordinary paid dependent. She was in delicate health; for at last the wish she had cherished so long was about to be realized, and, if all went well, she hoped to give her husband an heir. It seemed little short of a miracle. Was it Anita's pravers which had won it for her?

Repairs were going on in the roóf, which had been injured in a great storm. Doña Luisa lay listening to the workmen as they laughed and talked in gay Southern fashion, indulging now and then in a snatch of song. All at once she heard a great shout; a workman scrambled down the ladder, and there was a commotion below. She sat up, wondering what could have happened. Then came steps hurrying along the passage; the door was flung open and the servants crowded into her room, in the midst of them a workman with a bird's-nest in his hand.

"See, see, Señora! Anita was innocent! See, the necklace and the ring!"

Imbedded in the nest were the missing jewels which had cost Anita her life. Doña Luisa fainted. On coming to, she asked for details of the discovery. A workman: employed on the gutter saw something gleaming in the sunlight; and, bending forward to examine it more closely, beheld the jewels lying in a nest half hidden where the roof jutted out over Doña Luisa's window. The thieving bird had come in when the backs of both mistress and maid were turned, and carried away first the ring, and afterward the necklace.

Anita was cleared, as she had foretold would be the case. Doña Luisa could not forgive herself; she was overcome with grief and remorse. It was true she had believed in the girl's innocence before she died, but she told herself she should never have doubted her. What could she do to expiate her crime?-for crime it was in her own eyes, committed against a poor and friendless orphan. And then, to commemorate Anita's memory, she decided to build a church, where prayers should be said for the repose of her soul. Mass should be offered up in it at two o'clock, the hour when the girl expired; and, though nothing could bring Anita back to life, it would testify to Doña Luisa's love and sorrow, and appease the anger of God, avert the punishment which might otherwise fall on the young life which she felt stirring within her, and bring instead a blessing on the child.

Her husband did not oppose her; he, too, was shocked and grieved at the injustice which had been committed. No expense was spared: the work went on apace, and the beautiful marble edifice rose, to the admiration of everyone, while the time drew near for Doña Luisa's delivery,-a perilous hour, for she was no longer in her first youth. But she passed through it safely; and when the first Mass was said within the walls of Anita's Church, the happy mother brought her baby boy, gave thanks for the precious gift which had been vouchsafed to her, and prayed fervently for the devoted maid she had so cruelly misjudged.

FAITHFUL, self-forgetting service, and the love that spends itself over and over, only to be renewed again and again, are the secret of happiness.

-Kathleen Norris.

# Religious Music, Profane and Sacred.

# BY RICHARD DANA SKINNER.

A LTHOUGH we believe that man is composed of a body and a soul, it is a sad fact that here in America, as in parts of Western Europe, we seem to do our best to set all the forces of the body working in opposition to the soul.

This is particularly true, it seems to me, in our religious music. We have adopted in general the florid type of music – a more or less suspicious heritage,-and have continued to make use of it for reasons which are sadly inadequate. I remember, for example, that, when the late Pope first tried to introduce the Gregorian Chant, a certain volunteer choir refused to perform it because it gave no opportunity for the soloists. Probably this single instance could be duplicated. The fact is, we have, as we think, settled our tastes, and we cling to them tenaciously, regardless of whether or not we are serving our religion as we should.

Now, it is quite possible that our national temper is not suited to the rather rigid monotony of Plain Chant. It is also true that we seem to associate the solemnity of the great feasts with the most intricate and distracting musical productions. But, however we may revolt at Plain Chant or crave theatrical and operatic effects, the fact remains that, through our adoption of this style of music, we have almost entirely lost a priceless treasure — namely, religious atmosphere.

Surely if we admit that man's body is an instrument for the expression of his soul, if we admit the necessity of outward signs in the administration of the sacraments and in the Sacrifice of the Mass, we .must also admit the necessity of making those other aids to devotion music and art—correspond in some degree to the thoughts they express. Perhaps

the Plain Chant does not fully express our Western emotions. Perhaps our lives are so complicated that a single strain does not serve to rivet our attention. But who could maintain seriously that the elaborate *Credos* and *Glorias* and *Offertories*, written by essentially profane composers, really express the dignity, the nobility, and the pathos of the Holy Sacrifice?

On the occasion of my first long sojourn in Paris, I not infrequently attended Mass at the smaller churches— St. Roch, and others. There, I must admit, the congregational chanting, though solemn, seemed strangely lacking in beauty. It was like the wailing of a persecuted people; it was not unlike, in fact, some of that startling Hebrew music of which we are beginning to learn through the agency of the phonographs. Yet, even through this excess of sadness, the religious atmosphere was supreme. I felt that something more was needed, but just what I could not say.

Then a friend induced me to visit the Russian chapel on the Rue Daru. This I did with no little curiosity, as I had heard much of the secular music of Russia, and knew its national solidity and impressiveness. But I was totally unprepared for what I heard. For the first time perhaps in my life, I felt that every note and every intonation of the music was in complete harmony with the spirit of the Mass. There was no attempt to confine the music to chanting, yet the most complete solemnity was retained. There were no instruments, no organ, no bells. The deep, rich intonations of the cantor led the refrain; then came the harmonized response from the concealed choir, floating down, it seemed, from the ceiling. It was a full, complete expression of religious aspiration and firm faith.

This music, like some of the best of Palestrina and the older masters, seemed to meet perfectly the dual demand of religious expression—sentiment and solemnity. The harmonized refrains satisfied the craving for beauty in musical color; the deep chant of the cantor sounded the note of dignity and sadness.

In contrast, our ornate oratorios, which we dignify by the name of "Masses," seemed not only inadequate but irreverent. A music that can gain the allegiance of a choir only because it offers the soloists an opportunity to display their inabilities, and the respect of a congregation only through the awe its difficult execution inspires, is no help to devotion. It can never hope to regain from our prosaic world a true atmosphere of reverence and humble devotion.

A lady once informed my mother, I remember, that, although nominally a Protestant, she was really a very good Catholic, because she loved to sit through a Catholic Mass and lose herself in the beautiful music! It may be unfair to derive a lesson from such an absurdity; yet it contains much truth. Our natures demand expression through all the senses. No one sense alone makes up the complete man. Who can do better than to give his entire self, soul and body, in humble submission to his Creator?

I ask, then, if we ought not to make a serious and earnest effort in this country, where, of all places, the conditions of life are irreligious and distracting, to bring into use a form of music which can help our devotion instead of strangling it, which can not only express but inspire fervor, and which can lend to our Mass something more of the dignity and solemnity of an age that is eternal?

HE is a nobleman in God's peerage who goes out every morning, it may be from the humblest of homes, to his work until the evening, with a determination, as working for a heavenly Master, to do his best; and no titles which this world can bestow, no money which was ever coined, can bring a man who does no work within the sunshine of God's love.—Dean Hole.

# A Favor of Our Lady of Hal.

WITHOUT being overready to discern the miraculous in what may be only matters of extraordinary coincidence, one may freely admit that intervention by Divine Providence is the only satisfactory explanation of the following incident. Truly "more things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of,"-prayer especially that is addressed to Her who is said to be "omnipotent interceding." Let it never be forgotten that Our Lord's first miracle at Cana of Galilee was at the request of His Mother. The truthfulness of this very remarkable story, in all its details, was vouched for by one who knew Father D. personally, and its publication approved by the superiors of the religious Order of which he was a member.

A young travelling merchant had come into the neighborhood of Hal, Belgium, to dispose of his wares; and, whilst walking one day along the banks of the River Senne, was startled by a shrill cry of alarm. Looking around in surprise, he saw, within a stone's-throw, an infant in a cradle floating down the river. The young man sprang into the water, and, seizing the cradle, swam with it to the shore. "God be praised," he exclaimed, "the child is still alive!" He placed the little one in the arms of its mother, who had been attracted to the spot; and through her care it was soon out of danger. Moved by gratitude, she offered the stranger some money. "I thank you, Madam!" he said. "I am not in want; besides, I did nothing more than was demanded by Christian charity." Again the grateful mother urged the merchant to accept the money, and again he refused it. Then a silver medal suspended round the infant's neck having attracted the woman's attention, she said to its preserver: "It was Mary who helped you to save my child from death. Pray accept this little medal of Our Lady of Hal, as a souvenir of your courageous deed; and I beg you to say one 'Hail Mary' daily in honor of that good Mother."

The young man, who 'was wholly indifferent to religion, shrugged his shoulders with reluctance; but, overcome by the entreaties of the good woman, he promised to comply with her request, and thereupon placed the little medal round his neck.

Years glided by, and the merchant, extending his trade from day to day, made several journeys to far-distant countries. When the child that had been saved grew up, he entered the Seminary of Mechlin, and, after completing his preparatory studies, joined the Order of Premonstratensians, choosing the Abbey of Grimberghen in which to pass his days in prayer and peace.

But scarcely had he been raised to-the priesthood when he felt his heart burning with zeal for the salvation of souls. He had often asked permission to go to Africa, to bring the light of faith to the nations that sit in the shadow of death. The superiors had hitherto refused this request; but when, in 1848, the cholera raged in the country about Grimberghen, and they saw the young Father more than once risk his life in the care of the plague-stricken, they were persuaded that · his call was from God, and at last granted his request. The Cape of Good Hope became the scene of the young priest's labors, and great was the harvest he reaped there in the vineyard of the Lord.

One day he was informed that a foreigner was lying at the point of death in the hospital of the town,—a man, it was said, who did nothing but blaspheme. The Norbertine hurried to the hospital, and was surprised to learn that, the foreigner spoke Flemish. His last moments were evidently near, yet the unhappy man would listen to no appeals to prepare for death. The priest, however, was not discouraged. He prayed for him long and fervently, questioned him sympathetically, and endeavored by every means he could think of to induce him to go to confession;

but the dying man remained seemingly deaf to all entreaties.

The priest was wondering what more he could do or say when he noticed something glitter upon the dying man's neck. He reached out to examine it, and was much surprised at the discovery. In answer to his eager questions, the man said:

"Many years ago, in the neighborhood of Hal, in Belgium, I saved a little child from drowning, and its mother gave me that medal as a souvenir. To please her I promised to recite one 'Hail Mary' daily, and I have done so."

Overcome with emotion, the Norbertine exclaimed:

"O my preserver! I am that child!"

The dying sinner, illumined by heavenly light, could no longer refuse the powerful grace of God. When he had received the last Sacraments, Father D. remarked: "Now I know why God called me to this distant country. It was to save your soul."

# Baker's Dozen.

While a good many persons profess to dislike the number thirteen, relatively few are found objecting to the reception of a baker's dozen of articles when they have paid for only the ordinary dozen. The custom of using thirteen for a dozen arose at a time when heavy fines were imposed for short weights,-that is, when loaves of bread or other articles were found to weigh an ounce or two less than the standard weight. Rather than run the risk of incurring the fine, the bakers made it their practice to throw in an extra loaf for every dozen loaves ordered, so that any possible short weight might be made up.

One meets occasionally in old books the phrase, "Devil's Dozen." It, too, means thirteen instead of the usual twelve, and has reference to the once prevalent superstition (traces of which are still found among the credulous) that thirteen is an unlucky number.

# The Spirit in which Charity is Exercised by the Society of St. Vincent de Paul.

T a recent meeting of the Liverpool A Particular Council of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul a letter was read from the president (who was prevented by illness from being present), in which he reminded the members that "the great object of our Society is to help our poor with food and raiment, and only in exceptional cases to give them actual money independent of trying to get them employment, or put them in the way of honest labor. Let us try to show by our conduct in visiting the poor how we respect and sympathize with them. And in this time of universal sorrow, when every grade of society seems to spend itself in unheard-of works of charity, in order to give comfort to the needy and the stricken, do not let us forget the spirit in which charity is exercised by the followers of St. Vincent de Paul. You know that our work does not alone lie in giving food and raiment to the poor, but in helping them in such a way and with such sympathy that their sorrow may be turned into joy, their anxiety into contentment, their enmities and bickerings with their neighbors into peace and happiness. The poor are frequently more charitable than we are. They will share their last crust of bread with those more wretched than themselves. Letus, therefore, carry out with a kind spirit our work of visiting the poor in their homes; and do this not as a master to his inferior, but as a friend to his superior. We can learn many a good lesson if we enter with genuine kindness and courtesy into the houses of the poor,-rather as one willing to learn than as one ready to teach."

The true spirit of the St. Vincent de Paul Society is shown in these lines. We hope that the letter from which they are quoted will be widely read by the members of that admirable organization.

# Notes and Remarks.

While the full extent of the disaster of which Italy has been the victim is at this writing still uncertain, it is evident that the latest earthquake takes rank among the major calamities of history. Whether the total number of dead and injured reaches the appalling figure of fifty thousand, or will be found when the excitement subsides, to be less than half that number, it seems clear that the catastrophe is second only to the Messina cataclysm of 1908. If, notwithstanding its awe-inspiring proportions, it evokes less poignant horror in the world at large than minor tragedies in other years have done, it is because of late months the world has been surfeited with direful tales of war and ruin and devastation and the wholesale slaughter of opposing armies. Even now, however, the stricken country will have world-wide sympathy, and, doubtless also, such practical succor as the occasion calls for. Very special sympathy will be manifested by all Catholic hearts for our Holy Father, whose pontificate, beginning at an unprecedented epoch in the history of civilization, is so soon signalized, in his native land, by a misfortune that is only less disastrous and deplorable than the carnage raging elsewhere in Europe.

It is gratifying to learn that, notwithstanding our Senate's approval of the literacy test in the proposed Immigration Bill, the President reiterates his intention of vetoing the Bill because of that test.' In so acting he will have the sympathetic support of the great majority of judicious Americans. The foremost publicists of the country have time and again pointed out — what needs no pointing out to observant citizens—that the most dangerous immigrants to whom this Republic has ever extended a welcome have not been illiterates, while some of the most valuable recruits to American citizenship that our history mentions would have \_ gians are not to be starved out of existence, been barred from entering the country had there been in force at the time of their arrival such legislation as is now proposed. Illiteracy, needless to say, does not mean ignorance any more than literacy signifies honesty, industry, and other civic virtues.

January 8 this year marked a notable anniversary, being as it was the centenary of the Battle of New Orleans, or, in other words, the centennial of Louisiana's Statehood. The story of that battle, fought two weeks after the Treaty of Ghent had been entered into by the United States and Great Britain, word of which had not yet reached the contesting forces, is a story of meagre human means, supported by divine assistance, victorious against tremendous odds. Of the divine assistance, thought by some to have been even miraculous, there does not seem to be any doubt. At all events, for a hundred years the Ursulines of New Orleans have not ceased to chant the Te Deum in thanksgiving on each anniversary of that glorious event. Fitting commemoration of the centennial is being made by the State of Louisiana,-commemoration, be it said, in which the Catholic note is dominant. Thus must it ever be with much American history, pace the Goblins of Liberty.

At the request of the Commission for Relief in Belgium, Father Bernard Vaughan has written an open letter to Americans. After stating that, according to experts, the supplying to the destitute Belgians every day of even half a soldier's rations will necessitate the flowing into the Relief Fund of practically five million dollars a month, the strenuous English Jesuit continues:

Whose proud privilege is it to supply this sum during the present winter? Belgium can do little or nothing. France and England are already overweighted; together with the Dutch, they have more than one million refugees on their hands. Clearly enough, if the brave Bel-

they must be fed by the Americans. God Almighty, it would seem, has charged you with this mission, deputed you to this work. Never was there a more deserving or a more urgent one. So pressing and so wide is the need that no other people on God's earth but yourselves can cope with it. But you are accustomed to handle great propositions, the overwhelming character of which, while it may dismay others, on the contrary, serves to inspire you. With a hundred million of free and generous citizens to appeal to, I feel confident that this American scheme for the relief of famishing Belgium will be carried forward, as it were, on a tidal wave across the Atlantic to the voice crying for help from you, to whom never was an appeal made in vain.

While the dire necessity of the Belgians is of itself an urgent appeal to the charity of all Americans regardless of creed, the fact that they are our coreligionists should serve as an additional spur to the generosity of our readers, who will, we trust, bear in mind not only that God loves a cheerful giver, but that "he gives twice who gives quickly."

We are glad to have from so qualified a witness as Mgr. Bickerstaffe-Drew, better known to our readers as John Ayscough, the following testimony to the morality and courage of the British soldier. Our excerpt is from a sermon recently delivered by the venerable chaplain (presumably home from the front on a furlough) at Salisbury, and reported in the London Universe:

For many years his work had been among them; and he knew-it was no mere opinionthat, man for man, soldiers were as good as any people. If they took a thousand civilians and a thousand soldiers, he did not believe they would find among the soldiers the slightest degree more of sinfulness, unfaithfulness to God, brutality, coarseness or meanness than they would find among the same number of civilians. They, having only one life, had taken it to lay down in the national cause, that the homes of the people of England might still be secure and safe. How would it be if they, who as yet knew not the hardships of war, had no country left,-if they themselves were driven out across the cold, bitter sea to a land they had never known, which was but

a name, where was spoken a different language which they could not understand, - a land having different customs and having a different faith from their own? If they saw their own country as simply a name upon a map, its villages ruined, its towns laid waste, its churches mere confusion, then they would know something of war. As it was, he took leave to think they knew nothing of war. He himself would not think any time too long to praise our soldiers and the soldiers of our Allies. To tell the honest truth, he thought those who had any hard idea of our soldiers would lose it if they went to Flanders. There was no drunkenness, but a most perfect sobriety. It was not only that the men were brave to a degree, bearing their terrible wounds and hurts with most heroic patience and silence-that, after all, was the fashion of their profession,-but their cleanliness, their decency, their irreproachable behavior in the midst of what was supposed to be the license of war, passed any poor words of his to express. He had heard that in war one would see the soldier not at his best, but he had learned otherwise. During the war he had found his respect for the soldier immensely deepened.

There is food for thought and selfexamination on the part of Catholic parents, and not less on that of their pastors, in these words from a letter received by the *Missionary* from a clerical friend: "If my parish, made up wholly of wage-earners and with no well-to-do people, can have eight boys studying for the priesthood, why complain of a dearth of vocations? Of germs of vocations there is an abundance; all that is needed is to cultivate and develop them. This involves some sacrifice, but it results in an immense consolation."

This dearth of vocations—developed vocations—to the priesthood, and to the religious life as well, is handicapping the extension of the Faith in many parts of this country. The ideal condition of a flourishing Church in any State is that it be served by a native clergy; and, since this republic has ceased to be a missionary country in the Roman signification of the phrase, it surely ought to be able to supply a sufficient number of its own sons to serve all the altars required. The lack of living, energizing faith on the part of Catholic fathers and mothers is doubtless accountable for the absence of priestly vocations in some cases; but we fear that the neglect of pastors is a still greater contributory cause of such absence. There should be more instructions on vocation in our pulpits, and more meditation by confessors and spiritual directors on this dictum of Fr. Vermeersch, S. J.: "It is their [confessors' and directors'] duty to discover the germ of a vocation, and develop it by forming the character and encouraging the will."

Not all the heroism of the times is being manifested on the firing line and in the trenches of France and Flanders and Galicia. Equally admirable, if less spectacular, intrepidity and valor may be discovered by seeing eyes in the prosaic, commonplace life around us, and invariably challenge attention when the usual quiet routine of that life is disturbed by actual or impending catastrophe. A case in point was the conduct of the policemen and firemen of New York during the recent accident in that city's subway. A metropolitan journal, chronicling the story of the event that might so easily have proved an appalling tragedy, speaks of "the sheer disdain of death" shown by those everyday heroes of civic life. "Disdain" is perhaps not the most fitting word, though it well expresses the utter fearlessness of the appointed guardians and servants of the public. A large proportion of New York's policemen and firemen are Catholics, in word and deed as well as name; and, while they entertain no false ideas as to the genuine awfulness of death, they find in their practical religious faith the stimulus that prompts them to brave it constantly and unflinchingly in the discharge of duty.

The religious agitators who just now are very much to the fore in this country, stirring up prejudice against the Church, might escape utter extinction if they carefully pondered the following paragraph and took its lesson to their heart. We quote from *Extension Magazine*:

Bigotry does not pay. Anti-clericalism has ruined every nation which was tainted by it. France knows and Portugal knows. Mexico has been in desperate straits for fifty years because of it. It is a prolific source of revolution in South America. Italy is eternally on shifting ground because of it. Of late the very government which Anti-clericalism put in power has been obliged to defend the army against it. Germany is strong to-day because she gave up her experiment of Anti-clericalism long ago. Bismarck saw his mistake in time. It means disunion and consequent inefficiency. No nation can stand it, no people can prosper under it. Religious convictions live and thrive under persecution; but persecutors die, and their work with them.

A word to the wise is sufficient, but no definition of wisdom yet framed can be made to include bigots among wise men. Our contemporary seems to forget, by the way, that Bismarck didn't see his mistake until he was made to do so. The Empress Augusta disapproved of his anti-Catholic policy, and kept urging the Emperor to have it changed in spite of the Iron Chancellor. The truth is that he was forced "to go to Canossa," as he said.

If there is any Catholic practice originally condemned by the leaders of "the Reformation" as false, superstitious, degrading, idolatrous, etc., that has not been condoned, approved, and imitated by some sect or other of disintegrating Protestantism, we can not at present recall it. The Mass, devotion to the Blessed Virgin, the confessional, prayers for the dead,-these are commonplaces among many legitimate descendants of the Reformers; and now comes a vindication, by the sectarian Christian Register, of our veneration of images. We find it in a recent issue of the Boston Pilot:

It was one of the great Popes who said that pictures were a text-book for those who could not read. Even in these days of abundance both of reading and ability to read, the saying

is true. Pictures are a text-book for those, too, who can read but who willingly accept a picture that saves them the trouble and imparts what no reading gains. The painting of Scriptural scenes on the walls of churches had a quite prosaic purpose. It gave information of the contents of the Bible. Incidentally, it produced and perpetuated great works of art." The images and symbolism of the Roman Church were ruthlessly destroyed because the Puritan thought them degrading superstition and idolatry. They are now seen at a higher value, and appreciated as good pedagogy and a valid channel of true religion. If sometimes the art is crude and the ornament tawdry, the psychology of the matter holds. Will the time come when worship in churches of every name will appropriate every fine aid to imagination, and employ pictorial expression to suggest interest in the Bible classics, and contain memorials of the saints of each generation worthy of emulation by the next?

We think it will; and, furthermore, are of opinion that the time will come when twentieth-century Protestantism will appear as benighted to future Americans as does Puritanism now to twentieth-century Protestants.

A dispatch (said to be officially inspired) last week from Berlin announced that the Kaiser had ordered an investigation of all specific charges of atrocity against officers and soldiers of his army, with the intention of making the results of the investigation public. Many of these charges are too vague or preposterous to need any refutation. Others, it is easy to believe, have been grossly exaggerated. It is to be hoped that the exaggeration can be satisfactorily proven. The reports of the cruelties at Louvain and Dinant and Tamines are indignantly denied by the German press; but they have been so frequently repeated as to call for something more than denial, no matter how vehement. Until the results of the official investigation 'are made known, however, all fair-minded persons will suspend judgment regarding accusations of atrocity on the part of German officers and soldiers, many of whom are unquestionably as good Christians as those against whom they are fighting.



Jeanne's Sacrifice.

#### BY ARTHUR BARRY.

A T

T her mother's command, Jeanne hurried to the shed and drew out the clumsy-looking but service-

able, two-wheeled cart, which was her best substitute for the neat little wagonette of richer children. Then she began calling:

"Found! Found! Here, Found!"

A very large Newfoundland dog, with long curly hair, came running toward his little mistress; and, just as if he had been doing duty as a horse all his life, backed into the shafts of the cart. Jeanne slipped the bridle over his head, and, reins in hand, took her seat.

Her mother came to the door of the cottage and called to her:

"Be sure not to stay long! And don't forget: medicine for the fever!"

"Don't fret, mamma! I'll remember." Then, with a friendly slap of the reins on her dog's back, she added: "Come on, Found, we're off."

The little turnout disappeared in the direction of the town, and the mother went inside. In a corner of a small bedroom there was a rustic couch, on which lay a man evidently very ill.

"Do you still suffer very much?" asked the woman.

An eloquent glance was his only reply; and the mother sat down at the foot of the couch, thoughtful and sad.

In the meantime the little girl had reached the druggist. She got out of her cart, went in and explained her errand. Her father had caught a severe cold two days before, when, in company with his employer, the owner of a boat, he had been caught by a squall and upset. Since then he was always very thirsty, and could breathe only with difficulty.

"Is there any medicine to cure that?" asked Jeanne, anxiously.

"Why, surely," replied the druggist. "Wait a few minutes and I'll prepare it."

Jeanne was about to take a chair when a glance at Found made her change her mind. It was July, and the stiffing heat had attracted crowds to the seaside. As though stupefied at the sight of this new kind of little *horse*, two elegantly dressed young boys had stopped, gazing admiringly at Found.

"Papa, papa, I want the big dog and the wagon!" cried one of them.

The father smiled and said nothing, whereupon the lad insisted.

"I'll be good as good forever, papa; but I must have that turnout. Buy it, papa!"

Just then Jeanne came out of the druggist's with the bottle of medicine that had been prepared for her; and, going up to Found, put her arms around his neck and caressed his big head as if to assert her ownership.

"Will you ask your parents," said the gentleman, "whether they will sell him to me?"

Jeanne frowned, and took her seat in the cart without answering a word.

"I'll give them a twenty-dollar bill for him," said the boys' father.

Jeanne still kept silent, and, shaking the reins, she went off swiftly, leaving the boys open-mouthed and sadly disappointed. When she reached home, her mother was crying silently, and her father was moaning piteously.

"Go outside and play," said her mother, taking the bottle.

Jeanne obeyed; and, the wind growing stronger as the tide came in, she called her dog and went down to the beach. She lay down on the sand, and rested her head on the soft curly coat of her big friend that seemed better to her than a hundred twenty-dollar bills.

Found had been a lost dog before justifying his present name. Jeanne's father, Pierre Gallois, had met him one day while looking for shells on the beach. The poor animal, probably the only survivor of a shipwreck, was dying of hunger; and, enticed by a bit of bread, had readily followed the fisherman to his cottage. He became the guest of the family and its only luxury; for the dog was of pure breed, and was worth a good deal to these poor folk. Little by little, it had become the safest and best-loved companion of the fisherman's small daughter, and the two were inseparable.

After drawing the pasteboard boxes in which the child had installed her modest dolls, Found graduated as a draught horse, and drew the little cart which Pierre had fashioned in his leisure moments. Thereafter all the toys that used to be Jeanne's delight were thrown aside, losing all their prestige when compared with this living and loving toy. The little girl knew no greater happiness than to run along the sandy beach in company with her big dog, or sit in the cart and have him carry her along the seashore road that led to the town.

Some days passed without any improvement in Pierre Gallois' condition. Many a time Jeanne had to go to the druggist's and get more of the medicine which alone calmed the sick man's fever; and every time she went, she returned with unusual haste. The fact was that she had again seen the boys who coveted her "horse and carriage," and she shunned them, lest they should follow her and rob her of her beloved Found.

One evening, on entering the cottage, her heart almost ceased to beat. A light was burning at the head of the couch, and near by was seated her mother,—her head in her hand. Her father was stretched out at full length, his face like a piece of wax resting on the white pillow.

Jeanne waited, trembling, looking at both of them before speaking.

"Mamma!" she whispered at last.

The mother turned toward the door; her eyes were red and swollen.

"So you are back!" she said.

"Yes; is papa worse?"

"He is very ill," was the reply. "It would not take much to finish him. Father Predau was here to see him a while ago; and he says that, unless we get a doctor, your poor father will most likely die."

Jeanne listened to her mother with increasing terror. The family was too poor to send for the physician, who lived a good distance from the village, and who charged pretty heavily for his visits.

"Come, little one, you must go to bed now. To-morrow we'll see what can be done. I'll sit up to-night."

With a heavy heart Jeanne lay down, intending to sleep only a little while and then replace her mother at her father's side; but, tired out with exercise, and her grief as well, she slept profoundly. When she awoke the sunlight was streaming through the window, and her mother, pale and trembling, stood at her bedside.

"Jeanne," she said in half-stifled tones, "get up and hurry out to get somebody: your father is worse."

Jeanne was up in the twinkling of an eye, and a few minutes later was driving along the road to the town as fast as Found's legs could carry him. The bathers were returning from the beach when she reached town, and among the crowd she soon recognized the family group for whom she was looking. The two boys recognized her also, and they ran to meet the "little horse" they coveted.

"Is he tame?" asked one of them, patting the dog's head.

Jeanne didn't reply; but, the other lad having asked, "Does he bite?" she said, "No," as she didn't want to prejudice any one against her pet. Then, as the father of the boys came up to them, she jumped out of the cart and said to him: "Please, sir, mamma is willing—I think so" (in a whisper)—"to sell Found."

"What's that?" replied the gentleman. "You wish to sell your dog? Are you quite sure?"

"Ye-s, sir," said Jeanne in a voice she tried hard to keep from faltering. "Papa is very sick, and mamma needs money."

"So," rejoined the gentleman as he drew a bankbill from his pocket,—"so you are selling your dog to help mamma? You're a good little girl. Here is your money."

Jeanne took the bill and turned to Found. Clasping him around the neck, she buried her face in his curly coat for an instant; then, with a simple "Goodbye, Found!" she hurried away to the house of the doctor.

One afternoon, about four weeks later, our little heroine—did we tell you she was only nine years old?—was sitting in front of the cottage, thinking of Found and wondering what had become of him. All the seaside visitors had gone home now; her dog of course had gone with his new owners. Yes, 'twas all over. She would never see him again.

At this thought her eyes overflowed with tears. But at the same moment she felt a hand touch her shoulder, and heard her father saying:

"Well, little girl, we are having a very fine day. Why are you not having some fun with Found?"

She hesitated a moment before replying: "He's gone away."

"Gone away! Where to?"

"I—I—sold him when you were sick." The father didn't reply; but, as he wasn't very strong as yet, he leaned against the cottage wall, and *his* eyes grew moist also.

In the silence that followed, however, Jeanne suddenly sat up and listened intently. Away down the road she heard a sound strange, yet familiar. It resembled the joyous barking of Found when they used to come home together. Jeanne's heart went pitapat. She looked eagerly down the road. Yes, there was another glad bark! It must be Found. She almost fell to the ground in her astonishment and joy; and when the dog came in sight she hurried to meet him.

Of course when the two met, the dog and his little mistress, there was a great to-do. Jeanne laughed and cried, and Found barked and jumped about as friskily as if he were a silly little pup instead of a dignified steed used to drawing a wagon. When things calmed down somewhat, Jeanne noticed a bit of white paper tied to Found's collar. She opened it, and saw three or four lines in the big handwriting of a child. She read:

"He's yure's all rite this time. Kepe him. Pappa sez, 'That littel gurl diservz a reeward fur her nobble sakrefiz. I leve her her dog. He'll go to her fast enuf when we go way.'"

# Tommy Travers.

#### BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

#### IV.—TOMMY'S TREE.

OMMY'S "speech" had echoed through the Free Ward in notes of

cheer that did not fail. "Christmas" was coming in jolly form, that Saint Gabriel's had never known. True, it had always come in more or less pleasant fashion, with green wreaths in the windows, a filled stocking at each pillow, and toys and visits from dear ones without the walls. But this year, with a Christmas Tree reaching to the ceiling and "just loaded down," with Santa Claus himself waiting for personal commands, with every boy privileged to mention anything particular he desired, Christmas loomed up big and rosy and jolly indeed.

"You can just have anything you want," observed Robbie Jones, who had been reinstalled in the bed next to Bunty. "I'm going to ask for a sled, — a tiptop sled. I never had anything but a soap box on barrel hoops. Golly! won't I go down Sargent Hill, when I'm up and out of here! What are you going to ask for, Bunty?"

"Nothing," came the low growled answer from Robbie's neighbor.

"Nothing?" echoed Robbie, breathlessly. "Why won't you, Bunt?"

"Cause I don't want nothing," replied Bunty. "What do I keer for skates and sleds and such fool things! I ain't no kid like you."

"You might choose a doll for your little sister, then," suggested Robbie, rather subdued by this "knock-out."

"I ain't got no little sister," retorted Bunty. "I ain't got nobody but-but-"

The speaker paused. He dared not brag of the big brother, of whom his heart and thoughts were full. He had somebody at last, after all these long and lonely years,-some one to think of him, to visit him, to wait for him in the cold, And, though the hard world without. visit had not been altogether pleasant, and had left Bunty with a vague sense of doubt and fear, still it had brought a new warmth to his heart. He felt he had some one, however rough and wild, to call his own. He was the rough, wild sort himself, Bunty thought, with a big boy's scorn of the "kids" around him and their softer ways. He would not give his Nick for them all. And Bunty seemed to grow tougher and harder, in his love and pride. Little Sister Leonie, making her round that night, and signing the cross, as was her pretty French custom, on every brow, sighed when Bunty turned away from her with a growl. Nick would scoff at such softness, he knew. Already the big brother's shadow was falling on Bunty's life; already his old teacher's lessons were being felt again.

For the next few days Bunty grew even rougher and tougher; and Sister Leonie could not help feeling glad that soon he would be gone, and her snowy little fold freed from this "black sheep" that all her gentleness could not whiten or change. Bunty was sitting up now, swathed in a gray flannel wrapper; for he had to wear man's size, the prettier red and blue dressing gowns of the children being too small for him. And very ugly and clumsy he looked in it, as he well knew. But poor Bunty had worn only ugly and clumsy things all his life. His own clothes were now hanging by his bed, coarse and patched and grime-stained, despite all Sister I, eonie's efforts to improve them. The shapeless stub-toed boots were with them, the faded shirt without collar or tie.

Bunty eyed them sullenly as Christmas garments began to arrive for the other boys, — gay little blanket robes, with tasselled cords, for those still too sick to dress; natty little suits of gray and blue for those who were getting well; pretty slippers and scarfs, made by loving hands that all might be in festal costume for Christmas Day. And Bunty's "grouch" deepened as, huddled up in his big flannel wrapper, he looked at his own clothes and felt he would be a tough among all these "softies,"—a tough without and within.

"Ah, this poor Bunty!" confided Sister Leonie to Dr. Dave on Christmas Eve. "There is no Christmas in him, and all my other little boys so glad and good for the holy day! But Bunty? No, he will not have blessing or prayer. He wants nothing he says, — nothing but to get quickly away."

"The graceless young cub!" said Dr. Dave, indignantly. "He ought to be kicked out as he deserves. I've a mind to take this straight back to the little Major and not let the young mutt see it at all."

"What is it?" asked Sister Leonie, as the Doctor flung a big pasteboard box on the desk in the hall.

"What is it?" echoed Dr. Dave. "Nothing less than a full outfit for the ungrateful young brute. It seems the little Major caught a glimpse of his ugly mug the other day, and wanted to hear all about him. I suppose nothing in that line had ever come within his reach before; and a boy that never had a decent home or a decent meal stirred him up terribly. I couldn't get him to sleep for thinking of the young tough. He said he knew he didn't want skates or sleds, but he did want clothes. So here they are! And the Major wouldn't stand for any stint,—the best of their kind,—the suit, shoes, shirts, and outfit complete. I hate to hand them over to him, I must say."

"Oh, yes, yes! But you will, —you will!" said Sister Leonie, eagerly. "Poor Bunty needs them so much. I have mended his clothes the best I could, but they are all patches and rags. I will take these to him, and he will be pleased, I know. For, after all, one can not tell what will touch the heart. And, despite Dr. Dave's reluctance, the little Sister bore off the outfit triumphantly to her black sheep's side.

"Ah, see, see!" she exclaimed. "Bad boy as you are, Santa Claus brings you this." "Not much!" answered Bunt, gruffly.

"I don't believe no such kid yarns."

"'For Bunty Ware,'" read Sister Leonie from the card on the box. "'From Tommy Travers, who knows he is too big for toys.' Let us see what it is."

And, opening the box, Sister Leonie burst into little French ecstasies of delight.

"Ah, Ciel! how fine, how grand, how beautiful! But you will be the little gentleman indeed on Christmas Day. The little coat, the shoes, the shirt,—all things complete. Look, Bunty,—look!"

It was not in the nature of mortal boy to resist the appeal of that box. Bunty started up in his chair, roused indeed. The stout brown corduroy suit, the socks and shoes to match, the pretty shirt, necktie, muffler, warm gloves,-all complete! And for him-for Bunty Ware, who had never known what it was to have a whole jacket in his life! For him from the little "plute," who would never get well! Something rose in Bunty's throat at the thought,--something that choked him so for a minute he could not speak. Then, in a strange, husky, softened voice for Bunty Ware, he said: "Take them back, Sister! They're too

fine for a tough like me. But thank him, all the same. Say I thank him and wish him luck."

"Ah, good, good!" Sister Leonie's smile was that of a rejoicing angel. "But I can not take them back. It will grieve the good little Tommy too much. You will put them on to-morrow, and look big and fine, as he wishes; and come to his Christmas Tree with all the rest."

And so it happened that, next day, when the Free Ward turned out on legs or rolling chairs, Bunty went indeed, big and fine, with the rest,-a little bigger and finer perhaps; for, with his shaggy locks brushed into order, his face still pale from sickness, the new blue shirt with its necktie, and the well-cut brown corduroys fitting his sturdy young frame, Bunty was the best-looking boy in the "bunch." In fact, he scarcely knew himself, and the feeling gave him a queer shyness altogether new. He did not feel at all so sure of the strange boy in the brown jacket and shining shoes as he had of the ragged Bunty Ware of old. True, he managed to get out a gruff "Aw, go 'way," when Robbie Jones and Dicky Dyer broke out in breathless exclamations at his appearance. But it was only a mild echo of his usual growl. And when Sister Leonie asked him to push little Joey Burke's rolling chair, he was so much bigger and stronger than the rest, the black sheep obeyed as gently as a lamb.

Four times the elevator went up crowded to its full hold. Bunty, with a new sense of his responsibility to Joey, waited to the last.-

"Push in,—push in!" urged his small charge, in feverish excitement. "They'll give all the things away and we'll be left. Why don't you push ahead, Bunty?"

"Because I ain't taking no chances with a sick kid like you," said Bunty, firmly. "Sister Leonie told me to look out for you, and I'm going to do it right. Steady now! Here's a safe chance. Up we go!" And Joey was pushed carefully into the elevator and landed safely in the wide corridors above, where Christmas reigned indeed, — such a Christmas as neither Bunty nor his charge had ever seen. Walls and windows were wreathed with green, and the phonograph was filling the air with music. Tommy's double doors were flung wide open for his guests. The doctors, the Sisters, the white-capped nurses stood smiling around as the Free Ward—limping, hobbling, leaning on the stronger ones, pushed in rolling chairs, swinging on crutches—came crowding in.

In the big bay window, that had been roofed with glass for Tommy's daily sunning, stood the tree. And such a tree! It filled the height and depth of that big window to the limits; it branched upward and outward in glittering, feathered boughs; it bent downward with its weight of gifts. And seated beneath it, wrapped from head to foot in white fur, with a string of bells about his neck, was a funny, bright-eyed, pale-faced little Santa Claus-Tommy himself,while Dr. Dave stood at his side armed with a long wand to detach the tree's treasures at his bidding.

Then the phonograph was hushed and the fun began. There were gifts for everybody, from a pair of new gold spectacles for Dr. Daddy, matchboxes and notebooks and blotters for all the internes, pretty neck-pieces and gloves and ribbons for the white-capped nurses, aprons for Aunt Dixie, and a shining silver dollar for Tobe; while for the boys-all that they asked, as Tommy had promised; and Sister Leonie had been kept busy taking "tips:" Joey and Robbie had their sleds, and Dicky his checkerboard. Billy Regan had the chest of tools on which he had set longing eyes for the last two years; and Johnny Leigh, the paint-box that would color many a dull, gray hour. There was a hilarious shout as a gorgeous lady in pink and silver was disengaged from the very centre of the tree and handed to shy Benny Joyce

for his little sister. There was a louder shout when a white woolly baaing lamb was passed down to Robbie Jones, whose baby brother had just arrived in time for Christmas.

And the shouts burst into wild chorus when a real live monkey appeared and proceeded gravely to hand around candy bags and oranges. Johnny Leigh forgot his lame leg and jumped on a table, and Teddy White waved his bad arm in wild delight. It was altogether too exciting; so the red-capped little monkey was carried off hurriedly, and the Free Ward settled down to a glad hour among Tommy's own treasures,—playing games, inspecting pictures, talking to Polly, who informed them in most friendly fashion that she was "pretty Polly Travers," and they were all "good boys."

Tommy, out of his Santa Claus coat, sat in his pretty rolling chair, the happy centre of all. It was a strange scene for Bunty, who had never known love or joy or kindness in all his fourteen years of life until he had found them in Saint Gabriel's; and he felt very queer and out of place as, with one hand on Joey's chair, and the other holding the jackknife and candy bag that were his gifts from the tree, he stood in a corner of Tommy's room with his restless charge.

"Push me over there," commanded Joey, who was determined to miss nothing of this wonderful hour. "I want to talk to the parrot. I never talked to a parrot in all my life. And Dicky Dyer is feeding the goldfish. I want to feed the goldfish, too. You ain't a good pusher at all, Bunty, Ware."

"No, he isn't!" chimed in a merry voice, and Tommy's rolling chair pressed up to them. "Here, Tobe," he said to his own sable attendant, "push this little chap up to see the fun; and, Bunty, you can take care of me till he comes back."

And Tommy lifted his friendly eyes to the big boy's face with a look that was to Bunty like the first sunbeam of spring.

(To be continued.)

## The Traveller's Friend.

On a road through a dense forest stood a solitary inn, whose landlord bore a very bad reputation. He was wont to ask each guest about his next stopping place, or the direction of his journey; and at once assert that he intended to take a trip to the same spot, or travel in the same neighborhood, and would be glad to have a companion. Long before dawn he would arouse the traveller from his sleep, start on the trip; and, after they had entered the dark forest, rob him without mercy, or, worse still, take his life if he offered any resistance.

One evening a traveller came to lodge over night; and at supper, as usual, the landlord asked his customary question. The traveller stated where he intended to go, and expressed his pleasure at having the landlord as escort. He then retired to rest. About midnight he was awakened by a violent knocking on the door, and the voice of the landlord calling him to get ready for the journey. "There is time enough," said he. "It is still dark." And he went to sleep again. In an hour or so the landlord knocked once more; but this time the traveller pleaded his inability to start until his friend had arrived. "What!" exclaimed the man, not particularly overjoyed; "you expect a friend at this hour? Pray what is his name?"----"My friend's name," the traveller replied, "is Was-good."

The rascally landlord quickly ran out into the road, calling aloud, "Was-good, Was-good!" but no Mr. Was-good made his appearance. "I don't see your friend," he said, visibly annoyed, as he returned to the inn and again urged the guest to depart. "He must come very soon; he can not delay much longer," the traveller answered, enjoying the man's impatience; and after a while he exclaimed, in exultant tones, "Why, there he is!"—"I don't see him!" cried the landlord, mystified.— "Look!" the stranger said, pointing toward the eastern sky, lit up by the first straggling rays of dawn. "There is my friend, — the light of day, the best friend of man and beast. Does not the Bible say, 'And God saw the light that it was good'? I fear you do not read the Good Book as much as you ought."

In a few moments day had broken in earnest; and the traveller, who had suspected the landlord on account of his eagerness, went on his way rejoicing, readily excusing the other for not accompanying him.

# A Grateful Heart.

A thankful heart is better than much wealth. James, the man-servant of the poet Wordsworth, is known as one of the most grateful of human beings. In his earlier years he knew no home but the workhouse, and was turned out of that and told to shift for himself when he was nine years old. The keeper of the workhouse gave him two shillings and some good advice. When the money was nearly gone, James found employ' ment with a farmer. "What a fortunate being I am!" he exclaimed. "When I had come to my last sixpence I found employment. I am quite a favorite of fortune."

## The Trials of Spelling.

BY F. M.

50 many words there are to spell, Just when you're right it's hard to tell. For instance, there is "parallel,"— Where do you put the double 1? And also there is "disappoint,"— Two s's put it out of joint. Take such a plain word as "believe," You dare not spell it like "deceive." And "feet" and "feat," such variations Are surely schoolday tribulations. The simplest words are difficult, We must the Unabridged consult. And, like as not, the dictionary Shows us our spelling's fictionary.

# THE AVE MARIA

# WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"God's Troubadour," by Sophie Jewett (Duckworth & Co.), is a miniature Life of St. Francis and his "Little Poor Brothers."

—The index and title-page for the volume of THE AVE MARIA concluded last month are now ready for those who bind the magazine.

—An authorized biography of the late Monsignor Benson, covering the whole period of his life, will be published by Messrs. Longmans, Green, & Co.

-Twenty-two Lives of saints, selected from Caxton's translation of the famous Legenda Aurea, and edited by the Rev. George O'Neill, S. J., have been issued in a neat volume by Constable & Co.

-The yearly output of books since 1909, according to the *Publishers' Circular*, has been over 10,000. In an analysis of these publications the *Athenaum* remarks: "More attention to quality, and less to quantity, would, one thinks, be a sound policy from the business point of view as well as the artistic. This applies specially to fiction. The world does not want fortyeight novels a week."

—The Princeton University Press issues, in handsome form, "Biblical Libraries: A Sketch of Library History from 3400 B. C. to A. D. 150," by Ernest Cushing Richardson, Librarian of Princeton University. The author works with excellent method, taking care to discuss and define terms before plunging into his exposition. Familiarity with Catholic authorities, however, does not seem to be part of his equipment as a historian and student of Biblical libraries.

—"The Catholic Mission Feast," a 12mo of 216 pages, bound in flexible cloth, comes 'to us from the Society of the Divine Word, Techny, Illinois. It is a manual for the arrangement of mission celebrations, by Fr. Freytag, S. V. D., adapted to American use by Fathers Pekari, O. M. Cap., and Hagspiel, S. V. D. The purpose of the Mission Feast is chiefly, to quote the Bishop of Fulda, "to awaken in the faithful a lively interest in the propagation of our holy faith in heathen countries." The specific purpose of the present book is to popularize the holding of such celebrations. Part I. treats of the Mission Feast and its arrangement; Part II. contains a half-score sketches, "dispositions," and complete discourses; Part III. is given up to some fifty

mission poems and songs; and Part IV. is a selection of prayers for mission devotions. The end which the authors have in view is a most worthy one, and their volume ought to do much toward intensifying American Catholic interest in the Foreign Missions.

—The first volume of "Fireside Melodies" (Mission Press, Techny, III.) comprises twentyfive beautiful songs for home and school,— "all heart songs in the truest sense of the word,—real gems of melody." Indeed they are so uniformly good as to set a standard of excellence for this new venture in musical publication. The print is clear and sufficiently large, and the form a desirable one. The price (15 cts.) seems very low for so much that is extra good.

—The latest product of the long and busy life which has made the name of the Rev. Charles Coppens, S. J., well known is "Spiritual Instructions for Religious." (B. Herder.) A goodlysized volume of two hundred and seventy pages, well bound and printed, it contains instructions on topics of spiritual concern to religious, not including, however, the Blessed Sacrament, the Mass, or Holy Communion. In the subjects treated, the divisions are well marked, and there is much practical use of Scripture. Fr. Coppens writes with clearness and unction.

-The note of humility and self-repression, characteristic, we think, of the English Oratorians, is marked in the Introduction which the Rev. Kenelm Digby Best writes to his last book ("this little Eucharistic Eulogy") entitled "The Mystery of Faith." Despite the author's disclaimers, however, he has produced an original book and one possessing admirable unity. In parts one and two he discusses the Holy Eucharist in the Scriptures and in the Church; part three proposes "Some Thoughts for Each Day during the Octave of Corpus Christi"; part four furnishes "Eucharistic Aspirations and Meditations on Psalm xli." Part five, "L'Envoy," is made up of devotional verses. R. and T. Washbourne.

—"Rambles in Catholic Lands," by Michael Barrett, O. S. B., might well have had for sub-title, "A Benedictine Pilgrimage"; for almost everywhere throughout his rambles in the Catholic Provinces of Germany—in Bavaria, Bohemia, and Switzerland, until he came into Italy,—the author could rest and refresh himself at Benedictine monasteries of ancient foundation and venerable traditions. His reminiscences of yester-year carry us back easily to the dayswhen all over Europe Benedictine meant civilization. The splendid architectural and artistic monuments of faith which have withstood changes of government and ravages of time are, fortunately, out of the war zone. Intending tourists in Central Europe may yet, therefore, find Dom Barrett's book as useful as it is entertaining. It is copiously illustrated. Benziger Brothers.

-Among the good results likely to flow from what in itself seems to be a wholly evil thingthe present great war-Mr. Arthur Waugh descries an incidental benefit to literature. Among other desirable effects, he notes one as to which we sincerely trust he may prove to be a true prophet. "It is not improbable," he says in a paper contributed to the Fortnightly Review, "that a certain amount of the abnormal sex-interest in the modern novel will be relegated into its proper perspective in the field of spiritual values. In a period of long peace there has always been a tendency to self-indulgence, and the history of literature shows over and over again that its more corrupt intervals have been invariably intervals of leisure."

# The Latest Books. A Guide to Good Reading.

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

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

- "The Mystery of Faith." Rev. Kenelm Digby Best. 75 cts.
- "Spiritual Instructions for Religious." Rev. Charles Coppens, S. J. \$1.25.
- "The Catholic Mission Feast." Fr. Freytag, S. V. D. 60 cts.
- "Rambles in Catholic Lands." Dom Michael Barrett, O. S. B. \$2.
- "Biblical Libraries." Ernest Cushing Richardson. \$1.25, net.
- "The Truth of Christianity." Lt.-Col. W. H. Turton, D. S. O. \$1.25.
- "An Introduction to the Mystical Life." Abbé P. Lejeune. \$1.38.

- "Catechism of the Christian Doctrine." 1s.
  - "Men Around the Kaiser." Frederic W. Wile. \$1.25.
  - "Popular Sermons on the Catechism." Vol. I. Rev. A. Hubert Bamberg. \$1.50.
- "Beauty and Nick." Philip Gibbs. \$1.45.
- "A Caravel of Dreams." Lida Munro Tainter. \$1.13.
- "Children of the Kingdom." Mary Adelaide Garnett. About \$1.
- "Vexilla Regis." Rt. Rev. Mgr. Benson. 50 cts.
- "The Gospel of St. John." Rev. Dr. MacRory. \$2.25.
- "The Spiritual Life: Doctrine and Practice of Christian Perfection." Rev. Walter Elliott, C. S. P. \$1.65.

# Obituary.

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

Rev. Charles Boucher, of the archdiocese of Milwaukee; Rev. Timothy Sullivan, diocese of Sioux City; Rev. Martin Loftus, diocese of Davenport; Rt. Rev. Mgr. Corcoran, diocese of Armidale; and Rev. Michael Joyce, diocese of Syracuse.

Brother John Rice, C. P.

Sister M. Magdalen, of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd; Sister M. Calix, Sisters Ste. Chrétienne; and Sister M. Aquinata, Sisters of St. Dominic.

Mr. George M. Hubbard, Miss Lidda Bluett, Dr. Béla Egan von Porostyanko, Mrs. John Dooley, Mr. Martin Fahey, Mrs. Mary Gillespie, Mr. Daniel Quigley, Mrs. Catherine Heron, Mr. James Young, Patrick and Mary Hayes, Mr. John K. Smith, Mrs. A. T. Sullivan, Mrs. Mary Mansfield, Mr. William Mackin, Mrs. Susan Garrett, Mr. Edward Grace, Mrs. Johanna Fitzgerald, Mrs. Mary Casey, Mr. Charles Stock, Mr. Edward Weber, Mrs. C. Dougherty, Mr. Joseph Wetzel, Mrs. Margaret Slattery, Mr. Harry Starks, Mrs. Don Casey, Mr. Walter Johnson, Mr. E. G. Basler, Mr. Philip Hener, Mrs. Mary Lynch, and Mr. Robert Rogers.

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

# Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father. who seeth in secret, will repay thee." For the foreign missions:

F. X. S., \$1; Mrs. J. R. S., \$1.

For the Belgian sufferers:

In honor of the Infant Jesus, \$3; M. A. Clark, \$1.



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#### NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, FEBRUARY 6, 1915.

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# The Fields of France.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

"Nous avons chassé ce Jésus-Christ." ESUS CHRIST they chased away Comes again another day. Could they do without Him then, His poor lost, unhappy men? He returns and is revealed In the trenches and the field.

Where the dead lie thick He goes; Where the brown earth's red as a rose, He who walked the waters wide Treads the wine-press purple-dyed; Stoops, and bids the piteous slain That they rise with Him again.

To His breast and in His cloak Lifts the younglings of the flock; Calls His poor sheep to come home; And His sheep no longer roam: They shall rest by a clear pool 'Mid the pastures beautiful.

Jesus Christ they chased away Has come back to them to-day.

# A Coronal of Stars.

BY GABRIEL FRANCIS POWERS.

CURIOUS and interesting old Italian print, extremely precious on account of its rarity, has been recently rediscovered in this country under circumstances that place its authenticity above doubt. The subject of it is the Immaculate Conception of Our Blessed Lady, or perhaps we should say better the so-called "Little

Chaplet" in her honor. The full title . runs: "A Coronal of Stars in honor of the Immaculate Conception of Mary, the Mother of God."

The composition, at first glance, is somewhat complicated; but examination will show that it has perfect unity of conception and complete and harmonious relations in its parts. It is also quaint. enough in detail to deserve that some pains should be taken to elucidate its meaning. To describe it briefly, it has, at the centre, the radiant figure of the Immaculate Conception in glory; a garland of glowing roses encloses this; and other roses and passion flowers, twisting and climbing, form a second circle, each blossom bearing some figure of pope or doctor or saint. The lower left base shows the Franciscan symbol of two arms, Christ's and St. Francis', upholding the cross between them; the lower right base, the armorial bearings of the noble Roman family of the Crescenzi, or Crescentii, three silver half-moons on a red shield,-a sign so familiar because so often repeated in the art and architecture of Medieval Rome. Further, two somewhat lengthy communications placed beneath the picture explain its symbolism in full. One describes the devotion of the Little Chaplet, or Rosary, Little Crown of Twelve Stars in honor of the Immaculate Conception. The other, an letter of dedication addressed open to his Eminence Cardinal Peter Paul Crescenzi, makes him the offering and homage of the work, and states that it is from the mind and hand of Brother

Nicholas of the Province of Rome, Order of Friars Minor, and dates from Naples, *anno* 1676.

The Brother calls his composition a "hieroglyph," which is a term singularly well chosen and appropriate. He says, modestly enough, but not without the artist's deep tenderness for his own output, that it is his own idea, design, and impression; and in signing his name he adds the word "Inventor." The finished task, indeed, was no insignificant undertaking. Brother Nicholas must have been a student of history and of theology, as well as a draughtsman and engraver. As to his purpose, it was purely devotional: he was laboring for the Blessed Mother of God, the Queen of his Seraphic Order, that the love and reverence of the faithful might ever increase toward her holy Immaculate Conception, growing as the moon grows, which, "being first a little crescent, afterward waxes to the full." One can not forbear a smile at the good Brother's delicate compliment to the Cardinal, "Crescentis instar," conveying a distinct wish for the increase and splendor of the House of Crescentii (a name which of itself expressed growth), and the three little crescent moons on the shield beneath the Cardinal's hat standing for so much power and greatness already. Brother Nicholas, in stating that he resides in Naples, leaves us to infer that he was stationed at the old Franciscan convent of the Observance Sta. Maria Nuova, famous in the history of the Seraphic Order as the burial-place of one of its great saints and apostles, the holy old man, S. James della Marca.

Naples, like Rome—and, in fact, like all the cities of Italy—has always boasted an immense, ardent and enthusiastic devotion for our Blessed Lady under her title of the Immaculate Conception. Possibly the Spanish occupation of Naples may have contributed to intensify a devotion so dear to Spain, but the Neapolitans had kept the feast of the Conception of Our Blessed Lady even

before Rome did, as their marble calendar dating from the ninth century goes to show. To this day the white statue of the Immaculate Conception watches over the port, and the two harbors are the "Immacolatella Vecchia" and the "Immacolatella Nuova" (Our Little Lady of the Immaculate Conception-Old and New). However, Brother Nicholas probably brought his devotion from Rome, where, had it not been in the air you breathe, he would have found it in his convent; for the Fathers there, as elsewhere throughout the Order, were captains of St. Francis, and in the chivalry had made the precious privilege of our . Blessed Lady's Immaculate Conception the white flag around which they rallied.

But to return to the picture. We have said that the centre holds the Immaculate Virgin in a glory. Twelve stars crown her head, her hair flows upon her shoulders, the crescent moon is beneath her feet. She gazes raptly upward; as she almost always does in representations of this mystery of unspeakable purity. Two angels uphold a diadem above her head. Other angels play around her, and some offer her the twelve-beaded little Chaplets of the Immaculate Conception, which were inspiring in a special manner the undertaking of the designer. At the very top of the picture the Adorable Trinity, the invisible, mysterious, one, triune God, is represented by the Dantesque symbol of a sphere marked by circle within circle of light. The great Tuscan poet has left it said for all time that no mortal ever fixed so clear an eye as Blessed Mary, or looked so deep as she into the unfathomable, unfixable light. Ravs of this light shine down directly upon Mary Immaculate; while all about it, close pressed against it, and swarming like clustered bees amid the clouds that surround it, innumerable winged infant heads, all turned toward it, and all smiling and blissful, represent the beatific vision, whether of the Cherubim, or of those hosts of little flower-like lives cut off in

baptismal innocence, or finally of all souls of the elect in the likeness of little children — the many to whom the words of promise apply: "Blessed are the clean of heart, for they shall see God."

Widening the circle of spiritual existences are groups of youthful singing angels, many of them with flame-like hair blown back, and each one holding his score with the clear, accurate marking of key and note and words, -- the words all similar, Tota pulchra es, Maria, et macula originalis non est in te; but the notes taking into account the various qualities of voice required to form a full and complete choral rendering. A11 around and about the figure of our Blessed Lady the roses and passion flowers branch and twine, spreading to the edges of the composition. One great symbol flower comes directly beneath her feet and bears a crown of thorns, but the motto salutes her thornless, Ave Rosa sine spinis-Tu qua Pater in divinis-Majestate sublimavit — Et ab omne ve servavit. The vase out of which these flowers grow is also used as an emblem of Mary; for it is inscribed, Vas Admirabilis, Opus Excelsi.

The inner, close wreath about our Blessed Lady's glory numbers twelve roses, divided into three several groups of four, each group being separated from the next by a larger rose. This represents the different parts of the Little Chaplet, or Rosary of the Immaculate Conception,-the large and small grains in their proper order. In the first large rose, placed just above our Blessed Lady's head, the Father and Son are seated on the clouds, and the Holy Ghost as a Dove poises above them. This image is enclosed within the rose, the words Pater Noster appearing beneath it. A cherub sustaining a scroll peeps over the top of it upon the inscription from Ecclesiastes: "Hidden Daughter of the Father." The four smaller roses, as they follow, enumerate the four great privileges granted to the Immaculate Virgin by God the Father as it were to a chosen daughter. In each case the disc within the rose is sectioned into two parts. The upper one names the privilege and says "Hail Mary"; the lower one contains the sentence of some great doctor or saint in regard to the matter in hand. An angel leans to one side of each rose, with a ribbon scroll containing the name of the saint or doctor and the locus of each sentence.

First rose: "She was chosen by God the Father as the Mother of His onlybegotten Son. Ave Maria." Sentence: "She was chosen by God the Father to be Mother, that out of a most pure Mother the most pure Son might be born." Legend in angel's scroll: "St. Augustine, Second Sermon to the Brothers."-Second rose: "Preserved by God the Father, she was conceived without original sin. Ave Maria." Sentence: "Mary Virgin, in the womb of her mother, was preserved by God that she should be immune from original sin." Scroll: "St. Ildefonsus in his book against those who are not devout to Blessed Mary."-Third rose: "She was adorned by God the Father with original justice and free from concupiscence. Ave Maria." Sentence: "It is certain that Mary Virgin had, from her origin, original justice; for she had not concupiscence." Scroll: "St. Anselm: In the Conception of Blessed Mary" (chap. x). - Fourth rose: "She was confirmed by God in the grace of the elect, lest she should incur Maria." venial sin. Ave Sentence: "Mary Virgin is that wand chosen by God, in which neither the knot of original nor the bark of venial sin is to be found." Scroll: "St. Ambrose expounding Isaias, 'A rod shall spring forth.'"

We are now come to the second portion of the garland, and the designer places within the larger rose a picture of the Crucifixion and the words *Pater Noster*. The angel who holds the rithon scroll for this rose looks back and apward over his shoulder to the fair figure in the aureola, with a glance of remembering sympathy: "Now there stood by the Cross of Jesus His Mother." The four roses that follow recall the privileges received by Mary from the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity,-favors granted her as His Mother. First: "By God the Son was the Angel Gabriel sent: Ave Maria." — "Not in any manner could the Angel have said to the Virgin 'Hail, full of grace,' had she been conceived in original sin." (St. Stesiphon, disciple of St. James the Greater, Apostle.) Second: "The Son of God in the womb of the Virgin was conceived. Ave Maria." — "It was becoming that the conception of Christ should be of a most pure and immaculate Mother." (St. Anselm, Of the Virginal Conception.) Third: "God the Son within the Virgin's womb abode, and without pain was brought forth. Ave Maria."---"She was always immaculate from the very beginning of her creation, for she was to bring forth the Son of God." (St. Fulbert, Of the Angelical Salutation.) Fourth: "God the Son was nourished at the Virgin's Ave Maria." — "Nourish Him breast. who made thee, and who made thee such that He Himself could be made man out of thee." (St. Augustine, Sermon on the Assumption of Blessed Mary.)

Continuing the story of the roses as they wind around the mystic figure of whom they say such glorious things, we come to the third and final section. It opens with the larger rose, containing the image of the Holy Ghost, a dove with wings outspread; and the angel's scroll names the Bride and Sister, the everlasting Spouse, the Daughter and Mother of Eternal Light, by the selfsame name out of the Canticles: "One alone is my Dove" (Unica est Columba mea.) The following roses name the special graces bestowed by the Paraclete, the Sanctifier, upon this the elect among all human souls: ..... By the Holy Ghost, unto Himself as Spouse, is the Virgin of virgins chosen. Ave Maria." -- "In her virginal 1.5380

cell, by no defilement stained, the word of the Holy Ghost went forth." ("St. Ierome, in the ninth chapter of Isaias.") 2. "By the Holy Ghost, unto Himself, elected as His sacred abode. Ave Maria." - The strenuous Latin makes one feel the force of the sibi-unto Himself, chosen, picked out, taken possession of; the selection of love, the drawing of love, the ownership of love; God coveting His own creature, - this that He had made so fair, so far surpassing all loveliness and worth of humankind; so blessed and preserved above all others that He Himself could both espouse and be "made of her." Immaculate Conception! In 1676 they did not know, and yet they had no doubt. The quotation is from St. Bernard, Abbot, Of the Virgin's Assumption: "Hardly even will it suffice to compare the purity of the Virgin to the purity of angels, since she was worthy to be made the secret dwelling-place of the Holy Ghost."

Third privilege: "She was filled by the Holy Ghost with all graces and all knowledge of divine things. Ave Maria." The comment is by St. Sophronius, Patriarch, in his sermon on the Assumption: "The fulness of grace which was in Christ in its plenitude came into Mary, though in a different manner." The fourth privilege alludes to the devotion which is in course of being explained. "By the Holy Ghost she is exalted above the heavens to the right hand of her Son, and crowned with twelve stars. Ave Maria." The attending angel shows upon his scroll the name of St. Bernardine of Siena and his Sermon on the Assumption. "Close to the majesty of the Most Holy Trinity she is raised up in glory, and this is the crown of twelve stars with which she is crowned above the angels."

With that the rose-wreath closes. The outer spreading branches are intermingled rose and passion flower, and each blossom bears the half-figure of some saint or pope of the Franciscan Order who labored in the cause of the Immaculate Concep-

tion. The first is, naturally, the figure of St. Francis. The chivalry of the age, the knightly reverence for maidenhood, the defence of just causes, are all in the spirit he bequeathed to his followers; and his own ardent and tender fealty to Our Lady singles him out fitly and worthily as first captain in that noble army of fighters for her glory. They said and held, as the knights of eld, that there was never spot or blemish in her,-the pure faith of those who rode into combat with clear eyes raised to heaven and strong right hand doubled over the heart for love of a woman. "The Queen can do no wrong." Francis, too, speaks his confidence: "The Blessed Virgin is she in whom is and was all fulness of grace and the whole of good." Opposite to him is St. Bonaventure: "In the very beginning of her conception, the Holy Ghost preserved her from original sin." St. Anthony of Padua: "I assert that in the soul of the Blessed Virgin there was no bitterness which might be conceived from original sin." St. John Capistran, one of the great captains of the Order: "The most Blessed Virgin was ever immaculate from original sin and from every fault."

The Popes represented were both of the Order of Friars Minor: Alexander V. and the immortal Sixtus IV. The scroll of Alexander recalls how in the city of Pisa (or is it Pesaro?), in 1411, he declared that "all are bound to hold that the Virgin Mary was conceived without sin." Sixtus IV. "restrained the audacity of many, exhorted the faithful to celebrate the feast of the Immaculate Conception, and granted graces and indulgences to those who recited the Office of the same." It is matter of history that in 1476 Sixtus IV. published the decree for the feast in Rome.

The lower spaces of the engraving are occupied by two pulpits, in which Friars Minor are preaching. The one on the right is quite carried away by his enthusiasm for his subject. And the 'designer did truthfully; for this is

John Duns Scotus, a name that all lovers of our Blessed Lady must cherish; for he first advanced scientifically, convincingly-and yet in such manner as a saint and barefoot brother of the lowly one of Assisi might advance-his glorious and irrefutable thesis of the Immaculate Conception. The other preacher is Father Francis Maironi, probably better known in that day than in this. Between the pulpits, kneeling devoutly and gazing upward at the Immaculate Queen, are many popes, cardinals, doctors, kings, and others, meant to signify no doubt the concurrence of the faithful of all times in their belief regarding this mystery.

So far the "hieroglyph" of Brother Nicholas. He had explained his meaning so clearly that no more was needed; but, being a schoolman and popular teacher, he recapitulates briefly in his second document, the letter to "the lovers of the above-mentioned sacred Coronal of Stars," in a concise explanation of the Little Chaplet. This is written in the quaint, courtly Italian of the seventeenth century, exotic and antique. He adds no new material save the information that the "twelve stars" are those of the "venerable Woman clothed with the sun" in the Apocalypse, Marv, he says, and these twelve privileges of hers. He concludes by remarking that at the end of the Little Chaplet it is proper to say the verse and response: "In thy. Conception, O Virgin, thou wast immaculate." — "Pray for us to the Father, whose Son thou didst bring forth." And finally the liturgical prayer: "O God," who by the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin, didst prepare a worthy habitation for Thy Son, grant, we beseech Thee, that, as Thou didst, by the foreknown death of the same her [sic] Son, preserve her from all stain, we, too, by her intercession, may attain pure unto Thee. Through Christ our Lord. Amen."

WE receive all from Her who gave us Jesus.—St. Bernard. The Secret Bequest.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

VI.

FTER matters had thus been put on their proper basis, as Mr. Page expressed it, the four young people soon fell into charmingly easy intercourse, - so easy that Honora began to wonder more than ever if she were not dreaming, and if the young man talking and laughing so light-heartedly before her could be indeed the dispossessed heir she had dreaded to meet. Certainly she had been right in thinking that there would be nothing of a martyr pose about him; but she was hardly prepared for an attitude that seemed to suggest an almost buoyant satisfaction with things as they were. It was hard to believe that this attitude was not the result of conscious effort; and yet it was impossible to detect a sign of effort, a single trace of regret in manner or appearance. Julian Page was not more free from anything of the kind. Altogether, she found herself strangely puzzled, and also strangely interested, by this "disinherited knight," as Cecily called him, who had assured her with such an accent of sincerity that he regarded himself as an object for congratulation rather than condolence, in view of what he had gained rather than of what he had lost, - yet who was so entirely a normal young man of the present world, with no suggestion of other-worldliness about him.

She was still absorbed in these considerations, and rather absent-mindedly bearing her part in the light flow of conversation, when Cecily presently glanced at her with a smile.

"I'm wondering," she said, "if we couldn't order some tea served? Mr. Page — I mean Julian — tells me that afternoon tea isn't a common usage here, unless people are entertaining—" "Receptions or club-meetings, or something of that kind," Julian airily explained.

"But we are accustomed to it," Cecily went on; "and I think it would be a becoming rite of hospitality as well as a refreshment. So if you think I might venture to tell Mrs. Kemp to send us some out—"

"I'll go and see about it," Honora said, rising, — conscious that she was rather glad of an excuse to leave the group for a few minutes, in order, as it were, to recover her bearings.

But she was not prepared for the step' which quickly followed her, nor for finding Bernard Chisholm at her side as she entered the house.

"I hope you don't object to my coming with you," he said. "It has occurred to me that perhaps I can make things easier for you with Mrs. Kemp — I don't mean about the tea, but matters in general, that is, if you would like to keep her in her present position. I can assure you that she is an admirable housekeeper, and thoroughly 'trustworthy."

"I should like very much to keep her," Honora said. "I shall have so many things to claim my attention, for a time at least, that I could hardly take proper charge of the house. But she has indicated very clearly that she has no intention of staying. She evidently regards me as an interloper, whom it would be beneath her dignity to serve."

"Oh, I don't think she has any such idea as that!" the young man said, answering her smile. "But you must allow for the fact that a woman of her age and character, who has had a very free hand in serving a man, is averse to coming under, the orders of another woman. And, then, of course I can't deny that she is a strong partisan even where partisanship isn't called for."

"You mean that she is a strong partisan of yours, and thinks you badly used. That's very plain. But she might remember that I have no responsibility for what she resents." "It's asking rather too much, I'm afraid, to expect people of the type of Mrs. Kemp to remember things of that kind. But she really is a good, though somewhat forbidding, soul; and it would be better that she should stay with you until you are fairly settled in your new life. So, if you don't object, I will try to persuade her to do so."

"Instead of objecting, I'll be extremely obliged."

"Then shall we find her? She is generally in her own sitting-room near the kitchen."

"You are really very good," Honora said gratefully, as they proceeded in that direction.

"Oh, I know her so well that I couldn't refrain from offering my services to assist in managing her!" he answered, laughing.

It was the familiar sound of his laughter that made Mrs. Kemp look up with a start, to see the two young figures standing together in the door of her pleasant sitting-room, with its air of homely comfort and extreme neatness. There was a sewing machine at the window which looked out over the green spaces of the garden; and from this she rose, pushing her spectacles up, the better to take in the astonishing sight before her.

"How do you do, Mrs. Kemp!" Bernard said cordially. "Miss Trezevant has come to ask you to send some tea out on the terrace; and I've come to say how glad I am that she has you to help her in the process of settling down to her new responsibilities."

Mrs. Kemp surveyed the speaker for a moment with a glance in which were mingled affection and disapproval, together with much surprise. Then—

"I don't suppose Miss Trezevant's in any need of my help in settling down," she said dryly; "and I haven't thought of staying, Mr. Bernard, as you must know."

"But Miss Trezevant hopes that you will, and I hope so too," he pleaded, with a very winning tone in his voice. "I certainly hope so," Honora hastened to add in a tone hardly less winning. "You will oblige and help me very much, Mrs. Kemp, if you'll stay. I know that of course you don't like the change in things—"

"I'm not one," Mrs. Kemp stated, "for new people and new ways."

"But new people and new ways are sometimes inevitable, just as change is inevitable in human life," Honora reminded her.

"There's some changes that shouldn't have took place," Mrs. Kemp returned. "I can't reconcile myself to injustice, if I must speak plain; and I don't intend to try to do so."

"My dear, good soul—" Bernard began. quickly, but Honora stopped him by a gesture.

"Please let me speak," she said. And then, taking a step nearer to the stiffly erect figure by the sewing machine, she went on eagerly: "I sympathize and agree with you entirely, Mrs. Kemp. Injustice has been done—an injustice to which I find it as hard to reconcile myself as you do,—but we are neither of us accountable for it; and I am sure you are too just to visit upon me what is no fault of mine."

"I'm well aware that it's no fault of yours that you are in Mr. Bernard's place," Mrs. Kemp conceded. "But, all the same, I can't see my way to staving—"

"You will!" Bernard interrupted. "You'll do it to oblige me, I'm sure. As Miss Trezevant has just reminded you, it's not her fault that she's here; on the contrary, it's clearly my fault--"

"Oh, yes," Mrs. Kemp sniffed, "I'll never deny that there's fault enough on your side!"

"Then don't you see that I have an obligation to help Miss Trezevant in a difficult position? (It's very difficult to come so suddenly into a lot of money and new responsibilities.) So I expect my friends to stand by me, and help her. too. Now, I've no better friend than you, and therefore I want you to stay with her."

Mrs. Kemp turned and faced Honora.

"Do you want me to stay?" she asked directly. "I'm old-fashioned, and I don't know anything about the new ways you'll want to set up."

"I do want you to stay, very much," Honora assured her. "And, as for being old-fashioned, I like old-fashioned people and old-fashioned things; and I shan't want to introduce many new ways—"

"Only a little tea just now," Bernard reminded her.

"Yes," she said. "We like tea in the afternoon; so will you please send some out on the terrace, where my sister and Mr. Page are? I suppose you—er—know how to serve it?"

"I'm not likely not to know how to serve a cup of tea," Mrs. Kemp remarked stiffly. "We've the best Chinese, for Mr. Chisholm always drank it; and one of the maids has lived with some people who have this tea-drinking habit in the afternoons; so I'll send her out with it. Now you can both go back if you like, and your tea'll follow soon."

Thus dismissed, and again laughing together, they took their departure from the sitting-room, which so perfectly expressed its occupant's character, as the rooms in which people live mostly do express their characters; and followed a passage which led back to the handsome central hall, where they had entered. Here Honora paused, and turned toward Bernard.

"I want to thank you," she said, "for the kindness which has made you settle this matter for me, and settle it as no one else could have done; for Mrs. Kemp would not have consented to stay for anybody but you. And I want to know if you were really in earnest when you said that you feel an obligation to help me in the difficult position in which I am placed?"

"When you know me better," he told

her, "you won't think it necessary to ask such a question. I couldn't be other than in earnest in saying that I feel an obligation, and equally an inclination, to help you in a position in which you have to face so many new responsibilities."

"I'm glad you realize them," she said, "and that you feel the obligation of which you speak. For it gives me courage to ask that you will be good enough to continue to fill the position which Mr. Maxwell tells me you hold at present in connection with your uncle's business."

She looked at him appealingly as she spoke; and he, leaning back against the large carved table which occupied the centre of the hall, did not reply for an instant, while considering her with his bright, clear glance.

"I think," he said at length, "that I have never heard anything more grace-fully and diplomatically put. You are offering a benefit under the form of asking a favor—"

"No, no," she interrupted eagerly. "It is purely a favor that I am asking. For don't you see how exactly it is as you've said — that I am in a very difficult position, with great business interests of which I know nothing, — and that really and truly I need all the help I can get?"

"You can rely upon Mr. Maxwell."

"Mr. Maxwell can't do everything and be everywhere, and he tells me that your uncle had such confidence in you that you have practically had charge of everything."

"Oh, no! That's a mistake, though of course I've had charge of a great deal; and I shall be glad to help you in any way short of retaining—"

"But that's just it," she broke in. "It mustn't be 'short of retaining.' I want you to retain the position—I really don't know exactly what it is—which you have held; for it is only in that way you can help me, and prevent my feeling dreadfully about taking your inheritance—if you really care about *that.*"

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"I do care very much," he assured her. "And I must remind you again that you have not taken my inheritance. Can't you understand that the matter was put up to me as a clear-cut issue? My uncle said in a few plain words, 'I'll never leave my money to a Roman Catholic. If you enter that Church you won't inherit a penny from me. So make your choice.' I made it, and he kept his word, as I expected him to keep it, and that's all. I haven't the faintest ground for complaint, if I were disposed to make any; and you haven't the faintest reason for 'feeling dreadfully' on the subject, as I've already tried to make plain to you."

Again she felt the sincerity which emanated from him, which was expressed in every tone of his voice, every line of his face; and her own face was full of the wonder in her mind. For it was one thing to think and speak abstractly in admiration of such a sacrifice as he had made, and another to have its meaning brought home to her, as she looked at him, standing in the rich setting of the beautiful hall which should have been his, where every detail bore the impress of his taste, and which he had forfeited because he had chosen-what, after all, had he chosen that was worth the price he paid? Impulsively she spoke her thought aloud:

"It can't be possible that you don't regret your choice now!"

There came a sudden flash into the handsome eyes regarding her, which was like the opening of a door into the soul. She seemed to catch a glimpse of unutterable things, of some strange secret joy that leaped up and for an instant revealed itself; and then the smile she had already learned to know shone again in the hazel depths.

"It is quite possible," he told her simply. "I not only don't regret it in the least, but I should feel myself a very contemptible person if I did regret it. For what is more contemptible than ingratitude? I think" (his smiling eyes seemed reading her as he spoke) "that you understand this."

"About ingratitude being contemptible — oh, yes!" she answered. "But about your attitude, I confess I don't understand that altogether. I wish" she paused, and then felt driven on by a compelling impulse, — "I wish you would tell me what it is exactly that you have gained which outweighs so much the very tangible things you have lost?"

He shook his head, and now the smile came about his lips also.

"You mustn't tempt me to begin telling you that," he said; "for it would lead us very far, and open — you've no idea how many avenues of discussion it would open. I should have to talk on a subject which is as wide as life, and as farreaching as eternity; and that really wouldn't do — not at least when we are just beginning our acquaintance."

"But you will later, when we are better acquainted?" she urged; and added, coloring quickly: "Perhaps I ought to apologize for pressing a personal inquiry. But you know you have done such a very remarkable thing that I must feel interested, and—and more than a little curious to hear you explain it."

"It's natural that you should be curious," he said; "and I suppose it does seem to you, as to others, that I have done an extraordinary thing. But to me it seems the most simple and obvious thing imaginable,—so simple and obvious that there is little or nothing to explain. Whatever there is, however, I'll try and explain to you some day—if you are still interested."

"Oh, I shall certainly be interested!" she assured him. "There are many reasons why I shall like to know whatever you care to tell me about what has influenced my life, as well as yours, so deeply."

"Yes, it has influenced yours very deeply," he agreed; "but I like to think that it has only been in the direction of good."

It was a surprise to herself that she

hesitated before answering this,—that a sudden doubt obtruded itself into her mind. Only a little while before, she had declared that the wonderful prosperity which had come to her was like a foretaste of heaven. Why, then, was she suddenly conscious of misgiving, of wondering what its ultimate end might be? And why did she feel a thrill, not of compassion but of something closely resembling envy, as she looked at the man who had so cheerfully embraced a great opportunity of sacrifice, and declared it "the most simple and obvious" thing to do?

"I have certainly gained immensely by what you have lost," she said at length. "But we don't know the end of anything, do we? There are great temptations as well as great responsibilities in wealth, you know."

"I think you will meet the temptations and discharge the responsibilities in the right spirit," he told her kindly.

She met his eyes with a great wistfulness shining in her own. At this moment she felt intensely conscious of some deep reserve of strength in him, on which she longed to call.

"You haven't told me yet that you'll help me with regard to the responsibilities," she said: "that you will consent to keep your present position in connection with the business, or any other position that you may prefer."

He threw back his head and laughed boyishly.

"What a magnificently unlimited offer!" he exclaimed. "You mustn't let Mr. Maxwell know that you've made it, or he might be led to reconsider his high opinion of your business ability. Well, let us compromise. I'll agree to stay for the present, and keep things going until you are able to find some one to fill my place, or perhaps to direct the business yourself."

"That is a bargain?" she asked eagerly. "You'll promise to stay and help me as long as I require help?" "It is a bargain," he answered. "I'll stay as long as I think you really need my help; for I wasn't merely trying to influence Mrs. Kemp when I told her that I feel bound to assist you in the difficulties of a situation which is so largely of my creating."

"Which is altogether of your creating," she said. "But here comes the tea! And now we'll go and see what has become of Cecily and Julian Page."

(To be continued.)

Robert Hugh Benson, Author.

BY J. F. SCHOLFIELD.

NLY once did I have the privilege of meeting Mgr. Benson, whose early death has made so deep an impression on the Englishspeaking world. On that occasion our conversation was limited by circumstances to ordinary topics, and his continual pressure of engagements made it impossible for him to accept repeatedly offered hospitality. It had been my hope to discuss with him a number of literary points suggested by his books. Since that could not be, there is a satisfaction (to the writer at least) in being allowed to take a brief survey, in the pages of THE AVE MARIA, of some characteristics of his work in the field of literature.

There are certain obvious traits that, from the first page of "The Light Invisible" to the last of "Oddsfish!" are traced so broadly that even a casual reader can not fail to recognize them. First and above all, his magnificent, whole-souled supernaturalism, if I may use the word. His life and life work had one single motive power and one single end. Roger Mallock's account of himself in an early chapter of the Monsignor's last published story is in truth the utterance of the undying enthusiasm of his own Catholic life: "I had but one single ambition in the world, and that was to serve God's cause." It was for this that he crowded and overcrowded his years with the work of a long lifetime. Sermons, lectures, a seldom equalled literary output, articles in magazines and newspapers, constant journeys, were accumulated in an extraordinary degree, even to the breaking-point of a constitution that was never one of the most robust. He seemed to work under the spur of the conviction, which toward the end he expressed, that he must fulfil a long time in the short space allotted to him.

In the Christian sense, he was a man of the world; and this, too, is patent throughout his books. The son of an Anglican primate, he had almost unlimited social opportunities, so far as he cared to use them. He bore the cachet of England's most famous school, and of the greatest college in one of her two ancient Universities. His writing continually calls up, to one with the same educational training as himself, the traditions of Eton and Trinity. Yet he expressed, in two striking articles contributed to an English review, his profound dissatisfaction with the results of the teaching and mental discipline of Eton. Both intellectually and religiously, he felt, as thousands of public schoolmen feel, the failure, on the whole, of the public school system as usually carried on. Converts who, like the writer, have the happiness to see their sons at a great Catholic public school, can appreciate the gulf that lies-blessedly for their children-between the one system and the other.

At Cambridge Robert Hugh Benson made no particular mark; but he loved his College and University with an affection which is often to be traced in his novels, and which tended, perhaps, to make him somewhat unappreciative of the great sister school of learning on the Isis. Certainly, when he wishes to depict a hidebound, narrow, self-satisfied university man, he takes care to make him an Oxonian. It is possible, too, to see

the peculiar logical, analytical Cambridge spirit in much that he writes. It is harder than the Oxonian ethos, and less tolerant of a via media, - less tolerant, that is, of any halting in working out a principle. That is why, among "advanced" Anglicans, Cambridge men are usually the most extreme. The moderate High Churchism of many Oxford men finds little sympathy on the Cam. Not only as an undergraduate, but long afterward, during some years of devoted work at the Church of the English Martyrs, Benson drank deeply of the Cambridge spirit, and applied it, with immense results to the Church, to the furtherance of the Catholic religion.

Along with his uncompromising devotion to the Faith, to the Holy See, and all that makes up the life of the Divine Kingdom, he had an unusual faculty for throwing himself into the point of view of others. His historical novels are in several places an example of this, but it is most strongly evidenced in his book entitled "Non-Catholic Denominations." The fairness of his treatment of those outside is acknowledged on all hands. He never approaches caricature in his accounts of even the most impossible systems of belief and practice; and he has the most generous sympathy with all that spells real faith, however defective. A leading Presbyterian minister in Edinburgh is reported to have said that the chapter on Presbyterianism was SO absolutely fair and appreciative that it might well serve as an instruction for his people on the special tenets of their denomination! The book has only one severe section - that which treats of the so-called "Moderate High Church party" in the Anglican fold, which stands for no principle, its ruling authority being partly public opinion of the non-reasoning type, and partly a self-indulgent æstheticism. These men (so he deservedly sums them up) "are the despair of their adversaries-and of their friends as well." Benson had the true instinct of the

story-writer. He spared no trouble to assure the correct setting of his tales. Rome or London, the Sussex lanes or the fells of Derbyshire, an Alpine mountaineering expedition or an English shooting party, — in every case the mise en scène is rightly laid for the work the dramatis personæ have to do. The details not only of character but of action are drawn out with almost meticulous care. His heroes, even in the matter of a cigarette or a shooting jacket, do exactly what one would expect them to do. In fact, part of his genius lies in the power to set before us what we are all unconsciously aware of. And in his ability to tell a story and sustain our interest to the end he reminds us of Sir Walter Scott. Separated by a century of years, and by far more than a century of thought and manners, both possess the secret of making their characters live. So much modern fiction is hopelessly uninteresting because the main purpose of the writer is either to propound some (frequently ridiculous) theory of human needs or morals, or else to string together a merely sensational series of wildly improbable incidents: and in either case the characters are little, if at all, better than lay figures. With Benson, though he writes with the evident purpose of driving home some important principle, a story is a story from beginning to end.

While he did not confine himself to fiction, it is almost entirely by his fiction that he will take his place among English authors of the early twentieth century. Roughly speaking, his stories fall into three groups: first, what may be called his imaginative works, such as "The Light Invisible," "A Mirror of Shalott," "Richard Raynal, Solitary"; and, in a wholly distinct line, those arresting sketches of what the world may possibly be a century hence -- "Lord of the World" and "The Dawn of All." The first of these, which he wrote when on the very borderland between Catholicism and Anglicanism (so much so, that he said he himself did not know whether the old priest who tells the stories were a Catholic or an Anglican!), had an immense popularity in some quarters; but the author himself in his last years thought so poorly of the book that he wished he could have withdrawn it. Some critics give the palm to "Richard Raynal," as embodying the highest flight of his imaginative genius; and perhaps it is more absolutely unique than anything else he wrote. It is not unjust, I think, and probably most literary authorities will agree with me (who am far from being an authority), that the two tales of the future are, while extremely clever, quite the least successful, as well as the least attractive of his stories.

We may consider his historical novels as the second division of his works of fiction. To many of us, these are beyond question the greatest of his works. The preparation he gave to their composition by the study not only of countless authorities, but by the most careful topographical examination of the country with which they dealt, ensured their detailed accuracy; while the author's intense historical sympathy made the times of which he wrote live again in our own day. We feel that men and women in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were in all essential things the same as their successors in the twentieth. With regard to the place each novel will take . in the judgment of the future, opinions will doubtless clash; but it is difficult not to believe that among the very highest will be "By What Authority?" (although the author himself passed the criticism that the mental coloring belonged to a later period than the Elizabethan), "The Queen's Tragedy," and "Oddsfish!" The present writer would · venture to declare "The Queen's Tragedy" as perhaps the greatest of them all for its human interest, and for the dramatic skill with which it presents a greatly maligned queen, and a time with which falsehood has been unusually busy.

The present-day novels may be reckoned the third division of the Monsignor's stories. They are unquestionably remarkable studies of character, and of contemporary existence in the upper and middle classes, as they are commonly called. The plots are worked out with a sure hand that constantly betrays the practised littérateur. And every book seizes on some outstanding defect or weakness in the human soul, and traces the soul's history to its triumphant issue in self-conquest (as in "The Sentimentalists" and "Initiation"), or its deplorable overthrow (as in the case of "An Average Man"). Mgr. Benson had the most remarkable facility in describing, and making his readers soundly detest, the worldly, self-satisfied, self-indulgent man, who is clothed with a social respectability that he imagines to be religion.

It is not, I think, unfair to say that our author is beyond question more convincing in his unpleasant characters than in his heroes and heroines. He can make us thoroughly detest his creations. We hate Hubert Maxwell, traitor to his faith and conscience, even more than we love Anthony Norris, though the latter is perhaps the most lovable of the Monsignor's heroes. Robin, in "Come Rack! Come Rope!" is not so attractive as his father is detestable. The hopeless worldliness of the Smith family and their titled friends, that culminates in the utter moral débâcle of Percy, the "Average Man," stirs our abhorrence more keenly than the Anglican convert parson, and even the Franciscan Father, stir our sympathies. We like Neville (in "Initiation") far less than we dislike his weak, selfish fiancée.

And this leads to one special point of criticism. Mgr. Benson's women and girls form, I think, the least satisfactory part of his really wonderful assemblage of characters. He is best, probably, in his portraiture of women who have reached or passed middle age. Isabel Norris is really attractive, but she stands almost alone. In his novels of present-day society,

the girls are either quite uninteresting or extremely objectionable. The lowest depth is reached, surely, in Mabel, the Average Man's fiancée, and, at the end of the book, his wife. Of course Mgr. Benson drew these characters deliberately. and as examples of what unchecked worldliness, joined to a grovelling ideal, must lead to. But, happily, all modern girls are not of this type, and we wish that he had given us a picture of the brave, unselfish, sunny English girl-especially the Catholic English girl-of whom he must have known many an example. With all his power, however, I do not fancy that he could ever have created a Marotz or a Faustula, or even a Marjorie Auberon. "John Ayscough," otherwise Mgr. Bickerstaffe-Drew, in this respect at all events, has a firmer as well as a tenderer touch than his fellow-novelist.

Mgr. Benson's clergy are admirable. They are men in the strongest sense, as well as priests, in all his novels, whether historical, imaginative, or present-day stories. I should make only one exception. Father Richardson (in "Initiation") is a practically negligible type of clergyman, with his stupidity and lack of sympathy, and might well have died a natural death in the novelist's brain.

Space forbids further discursiveness on the wide field covered by Mgr. Benson's works. But a word must be added as to the debt we owe him for the splendid instruction, the clear theology, which he had a singular power of expressing in popular language, and the musical eloquence of his sermons. If he had left us nothing more than "Christ in the Church" his name would stand high among the religious authors of the day.

Since his death, a tiny volume of his collected poems has been given to the world,—enough to show, by their strength and delicacy of thought and expression, that he had the true *afflatus*, and would have been no inconsiderable poet had he devoted himself to this line of literature. Their inward spirituality, and the intense personal note that runs through them, are beyond even an appreciation. We know as we read them that we are listening to one who lived in the very embrace of the Divine, to whom all suffering was simply the benediction of Calvary.

In his volume entitled "Confessions of a Convert" — chapters which first saw the light in the pages of THE AVE MARIA,-Mgr. Benson has given us his itinerary that led from the City of. Confusion to the City of God. That striking record of a soul's deliverance, first from the unrealities of Moderate High Churchism, and then from the illogical conclusions of the best possible Anglicanism (a position held, we must remember, by men of deep piety, who command our true reverence), is continually illustrated by his writings. From end to end they are the work of one who has learned to say, "Our soul hath been delivered, as a sparrow out of the snare of the fowlers. The snare is broken, and we are delivered."

And who shall reckon the souls whom he has brought to realize that there is but one Faith that can at once be master of the mightiest intellect, and also be "The Religion of the Plain Man"? His was-and will for long be-a true Apostolate of the Press. All that he has given us - a treasure for which the Englishspeaking Catholic world will not cease to bless his memory - is the work of one who has come to know, and longs that all the world may come to know, the unutterable happiness that lies in that promise of the Truth Incarnate: "You shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

TAKE the crucifix in your hand and ask yourselves whether this is the religion of the soft, easy, worldly, luxurious days in which we live; whether the crucifix does not teach you a lesson of mortification, of self-denial, of crucifixion of the flesh.—Cardinal Manning.

# A Franciscan Dream.

BY ENID DINNIS.

Sweet and clean and dainty, So may she come to me,—

Dainty and sweet, on her naked feet, The Lady Poverty.

A three-roomed cot, and a garden plot For the beasts and the birds and me,

I ask of her, clean and dainty, The Lady Poverty.

A mug and a bowl and a platter, And a cup for the passing guest,

- A board of deal for the evening meal At a casement looking west
  - (At the sunlit goal of the Quest).
- A starlit room for slumber

When I flee to the Land of Nod-No curtaiñ drawn to hide the dawn, And a window giving on God

(Far o'er the hills untrod).

Christ on His Cross above me, To make the white walls fair;

Our Lady's face to gain me grace, And an image of sweet St. Clare.

Dainty and meek and holy,

So shall she come to me,

In russet gown, with her eyes cast down, The Lady Poverty.

And a guest-room for the Christ-Child When all the inns are shut,—

To rest His limb, and shelter Him,

A hut beside my hut.

Loving and kind and tender, So shall she come to me,

With food for two the whole year through, The Lady Poverty.

Teapot brew and porridge, And whatever the good God send,

A log ablaze on winter days

For me and my four-foot friend

(And whomever the good God send). Books on a shelf beside me

To lift my soul from earth,-

A book of prayer and a book of praise, And a little book of mirth. Flowers to deck my garden.

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These shall my Lady bring, Strewing her rosy riches,

And her lilies clad like a king.

And a cabbage patch shall she vote me,

And a spade to turn the clod, And Francis bless my handiness

With a dream of the Garden of God. With a tool and a book and a platter,

So be my Lady sent;

So shall she scheme, with a task and a dream, The joy of a full content.

Tender and sweet and dainty,

So may she come to me,

In humble guise, with her starry eyes, The Lady Poverty.

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#### A Fortunate Resemblance.

BY WALTER S. EASTMAN.

LTHOUGH the name of Grétry is seldom mentioned nowadays among the great musical composers, it was quite famous in the eighteenth century, and its owner was regarded as one of the first geniuses of his age. That the composer ever grew to manhood at all, to say nothing of living seventy-two years (1741–1813), was probably due to a chance resemblance which he bore to the dead son of an Italian widow, an innkeeper of Pescara, a village on the French-Italian frontier of the period.

One autumn evening in 1759, Monna Ferra was seated in the living room of her inn, quietly knitting, when the brusque entrance of a visitor aroused her. The newcomer was a middle-aged man, of robust figure and an energetic air.

"You are welcome, Master Antonio," said the landlady. "Your patient is continually asking for you."

Behind the doctor, however, there appeared a young fellow about eighteen years old, whose aspect seemed to affect the widow profoundly. The youth had an intelligent countenance, but his wellworn clothes and his slight baggage announced his poverty. Monna Ferra apparently could not keep her eyes off him. The doctor having entered an adjoining room, the young man asked:

"Have you a sick person in the house?"

"Yes, sir: a traveller who was wounded near here."

"How wounded? Was he attacked?" "Of course," replied Monna Ferra.

"They say the roads are not safe in this part of the country. Is that so?"

"Well, it's a fact that some unfortunate encounters take place. Certain contrabandists, or smugglers, are to be feared by those who travel alone in the mountains. I'd advise you not to do so."

"And yet I must," said the youth. "I'm on my way to Milan. How many days' walking have I before me?"

"Three days of climbing and descending the paths of mountaineers who are dangerous persons to meet. You may be attacked."

Just then the doctor appeared and said to Monna:

"Your wounded man is about cured. He will leave the day after to-morrow." And, bowing to her, he left the inn.

The landlady continued her questioning.

"Are you going to Milan to stay there?"

"No. I'm going from there to Rome to continue my studies."

"May I ask what sort of studies?"

"Music. I have been fortunate to have a Mass of my composition performed in Liège, my native city; but 'tis only in Rome that I can study the great masters. No matter how dangerous the road may be, I'm going there on foot. Anyway, I can't do otherwise."

The young fellow's eyes sparkled and his countenance took on an aspect of grim determination. Monna Ferra looked on him with an expression of pity, not to say sorrowful tenderness. She arose, saying:

"Your room is ready."

The young traveller, evidently fatigued, followed her as she led the way into one of her best rooms; and, as he hesitated, knowing that he was too poor to pay for such comfortable quarters, she guessed his thoughts and reassured him.

"Come in, and sleep in peace. My rooms are all the same price. It's merely a question of first come best served. At dawn I'll come for you and give you in charge to my nephew, who will guide you safely on your way."

She left the youth, swiftly descended the stairs, went out and crossed the garden, and, reaching the hedge that formed its boundary, gave a peculiar whistle. A moment later, a man appeared on the road and approached the hedge.

"Antonio has been here," said Monna Ferra coldly. "The wounded man will leave in two days. You have nothing further to fear. He did not recognize his—murderer: I have made sure of that."

The man dropped his head at the word "murderer."

She continued:

"I have saved you from the soldiers. Now it's your turn to do me a service. To-morrow, at daybreak, a young man leaves here for Milan. He must not understand me!—he *must* not meet any smugglers. You will act as his guide for three days."

"It's impossible! We lrave goods to run through to-morrow night."

"I care nothing about your goods. If you do what I ask you, we are quits; but if any misfortune happens to this youth—"

The man understood her pause, and submitted.

"Well, have it your own way, Monna Ferra. Of course I know my life is in your hands."

The next morning Monna awoke the musician with the words:

"Time to get up, sir; your guide is waiting."

The young fellow soon came downstairs, where a substantial breakfast was ready for him. When he had finished eating, Mönna threw over his shoulder a good warm cloak; and, as he protested, she said with tears in her voice:

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"Take it, I beg you! It's no longer of use."

She filled his knapsack with provisions; and, turning to an ill-looking mountaineer who was standing outside the door, said to him:

"Remember that you will answer to me for this boy's safety."

Moved by such attention and care, the youth thanked her effusively.

"Tell me your name," said she, "that I may hold it in sweet remembrance."

"I am called Grétry. I have nothing, and am nothing, but I will always remember that you have treated me as if I were your son; and if ever I make my name well known—"

He was interrupted by Monna's sobs. "My son! Ah, I had one once, my Lorenzo, so good, so beautiful! And he is no more. He is dead, and in you I behold his very image."

With a passionate movement, she seized the boy in her arms, kissed him, and hurried out of the room.

Grétry went off sorrowfully. He always remembered Monna, Ferra. But when he left Rome, a few years later, he did not return to Pescara; for he knew that, in growing into manhood, he had lost the youthful figure and looks in which the poor mother had seen live again her beloved Lorenzo.

Every year, however, on the anniversary of his stay at Pescara, the distinguished composer caused to be forwarded from the city nearest the inn to its good old landlady a magnificent bouquet, with a word of grateful remembrance.

# Precursors.

#### BY T. E. B.

**A** SUNSHINE ray, a gentle breeze, And, lo! upon the leafless trees,

Like tongues of flame, alight The tanagers, with glowing wing. They seem to conjure up the Spring-Green leaves and blossoms white.

#### The Simple Life a Long One.

W HEN Oliver Wendell Holmes became an octogenarian-or, as he put it, when he reached the age of threescore years and twenty,-he was requested by a good many persons to give them some rules by the observance of which they might "go and do likewise." As for the heredity aspect of the question, he humorously told them that "the first thing to be done is, some years before birth, to advertise for a couple of parents both belonging to long-lived families." Were we asked for a comprehensive rule by following which members of the priesthood may hope to see length of days, we should be inclined to say: Be a foreign missionary.

And the advice is not so paradoxical as at first blush it may appear. In fact, some statistics which we have recently taken the trouble to compile seem to indicate that if, as Sir James Crichton-Browne declares, "every man is entitled to his century," the priest in the foreign mission field is more likely to come within measurable distance of the century mark than is his stay-at-home brother cleric either in America or Europe.

In its concluding number for each year, the Lyons weekly, Les Missions Catholiques, gives a necrology table of the various foreign missions for the preceding year. Thus, in its issue of Dec. 25, 1914, we have the death list for 1913, a study of which affords some interesting information and suggests various considerations touching long life and the means of attaining it. In the course of 1913, there died in the different Catholic missions scattered over the whole world five bishops and some hundred and fortyseven priests. The necrological table gives the birth dates of the prelates and of one hundred and fifteen of the priests-Benedictines, Friars Minor, Dominicans, Capuchins, Jesuits, Lazarists, Holv Ghost Fathers, Oblates, Marists, etc.

The youngest of the five bishops was sixty-two years of age; and the oldest, seventy-six; the average age being a little more than the Biblical limit of threescore and ten. Of the priests, one was a nonagenarian and five others were octogenarians; sixteen had lived between seventy and eighty years; twenty-eight, between sixty and seventy; twenty, between fifty and sixty; seventeen, between forty and fifty, twenty-three, between thirty and forty; while five died before completing their third decade. The combined ages of the hundred and fifteen priests amounted to six thousand two hundred and seventy-six years, or an average of fifty-four years and a fraction.

Now, if the reader will consult tables of expectancy, mortality rates, vital statistics, life-insurance compilations, etc., he will probably discover that, as lives run nowadays, fifty-four years is a tolerably lengthy existence. Should he consult the statistics dealing with the death rate of priests in this country, or their average longevity (if any such statistics are available), we think it altogether likely that such average will be found to be something less than fifty-four.

To look at the matter from another point of view: assuming that these one hundred and fifteen priests were ordained at the regular canonical age of twentyfour, no fewer than eleven of them lived to celebrate their Golden Jubilee, five of them spent sixty years at least in the priesthood, and sixty others went beyond their Silver Jubilee mark. We doubt very much that in the list of the one hundred and fifteen most recently deceased American priests an equal number of jubilarians will be found.

If one attempts to account for this rather notable longevity of our foreign missionaries, one is apt to reach deductions not a little at variance with some pet theories held by a good many persons in all classes of society. One such deduction is that hard work does not shorten life; that not only is it better,

on general principles, to wear out than to rust out, but that the wearing out process is the longer one. Nobody who is at all familiar with the multitudinous activities of the typical foreign missionary-familiar through reports sent from the mission field to the organs of the Propagation of the Faith, or through the cumulative testimony of explorers and travellers, non-Catholic and Catholic-needs to be told that his life is the reverse of an idle, slothful existence. It is highly probable that a priest on the home mission who should habitually be as incessantly occupied would feel justified in complaining of "being worked to death." Is it quite certain that we should not rather talk of "being worked to long life"?

Another consideration which suggests itself in this connection is the relation between simple food and longevity. If there is one thing more certain than another about the normal life of the foreign missionary, it is that he must perforce forego the luxuries of the table. And what he would consider luxuries, we are apt to look upon as necessities, or at least very ordinary comforts. It is worth while perhaps to quote, just here, the opinion of a medical specialist on longevity. "Gastronomic errors," says P. Kintzing, M. D., "are among the most widespread of man's sins; and the penalties he pays therefor, from the nature of the case, are not merely expiative, but retributory; not merely penitential, but punitive, since often 'the wages of sin is death." Among the errors in question one of the most common is undoubtedly over-eating. It is very generally admitted among physicians that the overwhelming majority of people take fully one-third more food than they really need. The trouble is that we eat, not to supply our needs, but to satiate our appetites,-and this without being conscious gluttons.

Yet another contributory cause to the prolongation of the foreign missionary's life is probably the fact that a considerable portion of that life is spent in the open air, and this notwithstanding the climatic hardships to which as a rule he is subjected. More potent than any or all of these natural causes may be, of course, the supernatural action of Providence, who, to supply the dearth of missionaries, grants such as are in the field notable length of days. In any case, it seems evident that the realization of a common wish or prayer is never more probable than when we say, as the present writer heartily does, "Long life to our missionaries!"

# The First Beginnings of Literature in the New World.

GNORANCE dies hard, -- "doubly hard," adds a non-Catholic writer, "when religious and political prejudice . beats under its ribs." Though a thousand times refuted, the assertion is still made that the first printing-press in the Western Hemisphere was the one brought to the English colonies in 1638; and the first book published in America, the "Bay Psalm-Book," printed by this "pioneer press" in 1640. A copy of the original edition of it—it is known also as "The New England Psalm-Book"-is preserved in the King's Library of the British Museum. It is placed among specimens of early American printing, and is considered a valuable find by the indefatigable and usually discriminating curators.

The truth is, however, that the credit of establishing and nourishing literature in the New World belongs to Catholic Spain. Bishop Zumárraga set up a printing-press in the city of Mexico as early as 1536; and it printed in the beginning of the following year a Spanish translation of "The Spiritual Ladder" of St. John Climacus. The first music printed in America, the first woodengraving (the title-page of a work by Gerson, with the words Ave Maria, gratia

and still

plena, Dominus tecum, partly above and partly below the picture), and the first attempt at a newspaper (the Mercúrio Volante) are also to the credit of Spain. Shortly before his lamented death, we received from our learned friend, Dr. John Gilmary Shea, the following list of half a hundred other books, all of which were printed before the famous "Bay Psalm-Book." He was careful to inform us that this list was far from being a complete one,—"a partial list only."

Aldama, Christian Doctrine, in Spanish and Mexican, printed at Mexico, 1575; F. Juan de la Anunciacion, Sermons in Spanish and Mexican, Mexico, 1577; F. Juan de la Anunciacion, Catechism in Mexican and Spanish, Mexico, 1577; F. Juan Bautista, Confessionary, in Mexican and Spanish, Tlatilulco, 1599; same, Advertencias para los Confesores, printed at Tlatilulco, 1600; same, Libro de la Miseria y brevidad de la vida del hombre, Mexico, 1604; same, Sermonario, Mexico, 1606; Bautista de Lagunas, Arte y Diccionario (of the language of Michoacan), Mexico, 1574; Doctrina Christiana, in Spanish and Mexican, printed by Juan Pablos, in Mexico, 1550; Gaona, Coloquios de la Paz, Mexico, 1582; Leon, Camino del Cielo en lengua Mexicana, Mexico, 1611; F. Martin de Leon, Sermonario, Mexico, 1614; same, Manual Breve, Mexico, 1617; Lorra Baquio, Manual Mexicano, Mexico, 1634; F. Juan de Mijangos, Espejo Divino en lengua Mexicana, Mexico, 1607; same, Sermonario, Mexico, 1624; F. Alonso de Molina, Vocabulario en la lengua Castellana y Mexicana, Mexico, 1555; second edition, 1571; same, Arte de la lengua Mexicana, Mexico, 1576; same, Doctrina Christiana, Mexico, 1578; Najera Yanguas, Manual, Mexico, 1637; F. Antonio de los Reyes, Arte en lengua Mixteca, Mexico, 1593; F. Antonio del Rincon, Arte Mexicana, Mexico, 1595; F. Melchior de Vargas, Doctrina Christiana, in Spanish, Mexican and Othomi, Mexico, 1576; Bartholome de Alua, Confesionario, Mexico, 1634; F. Francis de

Alvarado, Vocabulario en lengua Mixteca, Mexico, 1593; Arte Mexicano y Declaracion de la Doctrina, Mexico, 1595; F. Juan de Cordoba, Arte en lengua, Zapoteca, Mexico, 1578; Doctrina en Mexicano, 1548; F. Benito Hernandez, Doctrina en lengua Mixteca, Mexico, 1567; another edition, Mexico, 1568; F. Pedro de Gante, Doctrina Christiana, Mexico, 1553; F. Maturino Gylberti, Dialogo de Doctrina Christiana, en lengua de Mechvacan, Mexico, 1559; same, Vocabulario, Mexico, 1559; same, Tesoro Spiritual, Mexico, 1575; F. Juan de Medina, Doctrinalis fidei in Mechuacanensium indorum lingua, Mexico, 1577; F. Francisco de Medina, Vida de San Nicolas Tolentino, Mexico, 1604; F. Alonso de Molina, Confesionario, Mexico, 1565 (two editions known); a third, 1578; same, Arte de la lengua Mexicana, Mexico, 1571; F. Gregorio de Movilla, Explicacion de la Doctrina traducida en lengua Floridana, Mexico, 1635. (Here is a book in a language of this country printed before New England had a printing-press!) F. Francis Pareja, Catecismo en lengua Castellana y Timuquana, Mexico, 1612,another book in a language of Florida; same, Catecismo, Mexico, 1612; a different book, also Floridian; also an edition in 1617; F. Bartholome Roldan, Cartilla y Doctrina Christiana, Mexico, 1580; F. Francis Pareja, Catecismo y Examen, Mexico, 1627; same, Confesionario en lengua Timuquana, Mexico, 1612; same, Gramatica de la lengua Timuquana, Mexico, 1614.

Many of these precious books are preserved in the library of Don Joaquin Garcia Icazbalceta, of the city of Mexico. It will be noticed that most of them treat of religious subjects, and that two or more are in a language of this country. But there were also numerous books of law, medicine, history, etc., in Latin and Spanish. The familiar claim for the "Bay Psalm-Book"—a claim made again only last week—should be forever withdrawn.

#### Notes and Remarks.

The Protestant Episcopal bishop of Michigan is quoted as saying, in reference to a new anti-Catholic movement which is being energetically promoted by ministers of the Methodist persuasion: "I know of no glaring dominance of politics by Roman Catholics. Of course when a man gets into office, he may allow his religious convictions to influence him; but that is true of Methodists as well as Roman Catholics. It is true of all religions. With regard to the parochial schools, I am only sorry that we can not all get together on so important a matter as education."

The dominance of politics by Catholics is "all moonshine," as every intelligent man in this country must know, whether he admits it or not. The office-holder whose religious convictions have ceased to influence him will bear watching, whatever the convictions may be. The real reason why so many Protestant persons are opposed to parochial schools is that there are so many Catholic children attending them. Bishop Williams knows all this as well as we do,-knows a great deal more than he would probably care to tell about the true inwardness of the new campaign of religious intolerance in this country.

One can not help having some doubts about the mental sanity of certain "representative American citizens" who, "in the name of our common humanity," are démanding an official investigation by a cosmopolitan committee of the charges of atrocity brought against officers and soldiers of the armies now in conflict on the Continent. In the first place, many of these charges have already been disproved; and the very fact that credence was given to them on newspaper evidence shows anything but a judicial frame of mind. Those representative Americans would do well to

take note of things that are happening at home before undertaking inquisitorial work abroad. Only a short time ago a family of Negroes—father, son, and two daughters—were lynched in the capital city of one of our States, the governor of which could offer only \$500 reward for the arrest and conviction of those guilty of "this malignant crime and attack on civilization"! Within two years there have been as many as 123 murders in a single county of another State, and as yet not one of the murderers has paid the legal penalty of his crime.

Evidently our penologists, criminologists, and inquisitors have plenty of work to do at home.

It is to be hoped that the widest possible circulation will be secured for a document issued by the National Civic Federation of New York city. It is an abstract of a preliminary report on the subject of "Free Speech," the full report of a committee of some of the ablest lawyers in the country on the same subject being promised for a later date. Meantime anarchists, anti-Catholic lecturers and editors, and the like ill-informed persons may profitably meditate on this quotation from the abstract in question:

The first amendment to the Federal Constitution provides that "Congress shall make no law...abridging the freedom of speech..."; and Justice Story in his famous commentaries on the Constitution says: "That this amendment was intended to secure to every citizen an absolute right to speak or write or print whatever he might please, without any responsibility, public or private, therefor, is a supposition too wild to be indulged by any rational man."

The great trouble with too many of our citizens, however, is that on certain subjects they are apt to be, if not irrational, at least unreasonable.

In order fully to understand what a scourge war is one must be living where it is waged. A correspondent residing in an invaded district of France writes,

under recent date: 'The suffering and misery are beyond words. Not to speak of the loss of life on the battlefield and the great number of wounded, there are the ever-increasing bands of women and children sent adrift, their homes having been laid waste. . . I shall never forget scenes I have witnessed during the past few months.' And from another place, where fashionable people in luxurious motor cars speeding along the avenues used to be a familiar sight, a Red Cross nurse writes: 'Now only soldiers hobbling on sticks and crutches or wheeled in chairs are to be seen: strong, vigorous young men are seldom met with; instead, old men in mourning, bowed with sorrow. Priests and Sisters on errands of mercy are everywhere, and everywhere there is sore need of their ministrations. Of griefstricken women and sad-eyed children I haven't the heart to speak. Who can be so inhuman as not to long for the end of this horrible war?'

The suggestion to have little children everywhere join in prayer for the restoration of peace in Europe is a capital one. But we can not say that we favor a formal organization for this purpose. Set forms of prayer are apt to be burdensome to children, and they always pray best when they do so of their own accord. Let them pray in their way and in their own words. own If grown-up people only had the sense to leave children more to themselves! It was folly to correct the little boy whose prayer to his patron saint, short and simple-and all the better for being so,was: "Dear St. Anthony, be good to me, and I'll be good to you." The little girl who asked God to make "all the bad people get good, and all the good people be nice," prayed wondrously well.

Until children are old enough to sit up after it is "dark under the table," their prayers for all intentions ought to be limited to the "Our Father" and "Hail Mary," said once, with a big Sign of the stravellers of old romance. It comes also

Cross. "I only know just one," was the natural answer a child made to a request for three "Our Fathers" and three "Hail Marys" for a "special intention." By the way, children do not use any such expressions as this, and can not be expected to understand them. That other little girl who was knitting all by herself-or thought she was-"a scarf for the Belgian sufferers," and hoped the fighting wouldn't stop till she had finished her work, should have been encouraged to lose no time over it, instead of being subjected to explanations of the horrors of warfare.

By all means, have the children pray for the restoration of peace; but let them do so in their own way, and without being told more than is required about slaughter and suffering.

The Catholic Advance of 'Wichita, Kansas, received from Joplin, Mo., on the 23d ult. this rather significant telegraphic message:

Rev. Fr. Rossman's suit for libel against the Menace decided in favor of priest, damages \$1500. The local Associated Press agent has been ordered from the head office in New York to kill the item, hence it will not appear in the newspapers.

The significant portion of the message is its second sentence. Upon what principle, other than downright bigotry, the head officers of the Associated Press decided to "kill the item" it is difficult to make out. To contend that the item had no news value, possessed no interest for millions who read the papers served by the Associated Press, is patently absurd. It would be interesting to hear the explanation given for the suppression of the item.

To us who live in a Christian land, even though at times its Christianity does not seem to be its dominant trait, news of other lands where the Spirit of Evil is frankly and, alas! faithfully worshipped comes like a tale told by the

as a pain to the heart to think of those who yet sit so wofully in darkness and in the shadow of death. Yet to meet with such false worship is a relatively common experience among our foreign missionaries. One such, writing to us recently from China, speaks of natives there "who really worship the devil,--who spread a table to him, offer him loaves, incense, lights, prostrations, and all that fear of this evil spirit inspires, in order to appease his anger, and to suffer less from the hardships and molestations of which they are the frequent and unhappy victims." A nun, writing from Central Africa to the Annals of the Propagation of the Faith, tells of similar observances among the Blacks there. These unhappy souls, by a malignantlyinspired logic, pray, not to the Good Spirit, who, "being wholly good, will do only good to us." but to the demon, "who is concerned only with doing evil, and who causes all misfortunes. 'For we must try to be friends with him.' say they." One is reminded of St. Paul's declaration, "The gods of the pagans are demons."

Our Chinese correspondent remarks that frequently the native is freed from molestation by the Evil One through the pious use of holy water, the miraculous medal, and the Sign of the Cross. The latter lesson might be learned even by a great many Christians.

When the Rev. Dr. Cleary, editor of the New Zealand Tablet, was consecrated bishop a few years ago, we prophesied that his fitness for his new office would be speedily demonstrated. Our prediction has been amply verified. One accomplishment of his of which we were unaware is disclosed in an item we find in a recent issue of the Tablet. His Lordship, it appears, went to Napier not long ago to visit the Catholic native school conducted by the Sisters of the Missions. He was greeted with native enthusiasm, and, after having heard songs of welcome

in Maori, rose to address the children. He did it in Maori, and fluently, too,a fact which evoked an expression of astonishment on the children's faces. quickly followed by one of joy, the whole resulting in a frantic -salvo of applause at the conclusion of the address. "After his Lordship had left, and the awe inspired by his presence had disappeared," comments the Napier correspondent, "it was rather interesting to hear the questions asked by the Maori girls of each other: 'Is he a Maori?' - 'Was he born in New Zealand?'- 'Doesn't he speak Maori well?'---'Isn't he nice?' and other similar questions, expressing the pleasure given by his visit."

Discussing in the Hibbert Journal the connection between religious belief and the movement of population, Dr. Meyrick Booth quotes Leroy-Beaulieu on the reasons for the superior productivity of Catholic marriages. "The Church tends," says the French publicist, "by means of its whole atmosphere, to promote a natural increase of population; for, more than other types of Christianity, it condemns egoism, materialism, and inordinate ambition for self or family; and, moreover, it works in the same direction through its uncompromising condemnation of modern Malthusian practices." Any one who is conversant with population statistics in distinctively Catholic countries-French Canada, Southern Ireland, or Poland, for instance,-does not need to be told that this statement is correct.

In a lengthy paper, "Peace and the Polish Problem," contributed to the *Nineteenth Century*, J. Ellis Barker declares that it is even now none too soon for the statesmen of Europe to make up their minds as to the future of Poland. "When the peace conditions," he writes, "come up for discussion at the Congress which will bring the present war to an end and that event may be nearer than most men think;—the problem of Poland will be one of the greatest difficulty and importance." While Austria-Hungary, in the event of the Allies' victory, would regret, thinks Mr. Barker, but would not be very seriously affected by, the loss of Galicia, the loss of the Polish districts would be a fearful blow to Germany. As illustrating the supreme importance which Germany attaches to the Polish problem, he quotes this declaration of Bismarck to Crispi in 1877, as found in the Italian statesman's memoirs:

There could be but one cause for a breach in the friendship that unites Austria and Germany, and that would be a disagreement between the two Governments concerning Polish policy.... If a Polish rebellion should break out and Austria should lend it her support, we should be obliged to assert ourselves. We can not permit the reconstruction of a Catholic kingdom so near at hand. It would be a northern France. We have one France to look to already, and a second would become the natural ally of the first, and we should find ourselves entrapped between two enemies.... The resurrection of Poland would injure us in other ways as well. It could not come about without the loss of a part of our territory. We can not possibly relinquish either Posen or Dantzig, because the German Empire would remain exposed on the Russian frontier, and we should lose an outlet on the Baltic.

The people of the world outside of Europe will probably be of one mind in hoping that one by-product of the war will be the assuring to Poland the blessing which, before the conflict broke out, was assured to her sister-Niobe among the nations, Ireland.

Lest the war should unduly depress the spirits of Englishmen, the Anglican Society of St. Peter and Paul has issued a sixpenny brochure, "Reunion All Round," which recalls the delightful fooling of "The Prig." The clever satire, after the manner of Swift, is styled a "Plea for the Inclusion within the Church of England of all Mahometans, Jews, Buddhists, Brahmins, Papists, and Atheists"; and is "submitted to the consideration of the British Publick by their humble servant,

the author of 'Absolute and Abitofhell.'"

The inconsistency of our Church of England friends has often been pointed out, but seldom more graphically than in such passages as this:

All Heresies and Schisms are the very Condition of Christian Unity, and were doubtless designed to supply a kind of Zest to the tedious business of Church-going, on the same Principle that the Digestion of Poultry is improv'd if they be allow'd to have a little Grit or Gravel in their Crops to assist them. So that there can be no more edifying Spectacle, to the rightly-constituted mind, than that of two Fellow-worshippers, one of whom is saying in his heart, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" and the other, "O Baal, hear us!" both which inward Intentions they express by a common Formula, when they profess openly with their lips That "Honesty is the best Policy."

The vagaries of the leaders in the Church of England have long been a standing invitation to the pen of the satirist, and the author of this brochure has done a work that actually craved the doing.

The death, on the 20th ult., of the Rt. Rev. Thomas Burke, fourth Bishop of Albany, removes an ecclesiastic who served with entire devotedness the diocese over which he was placed, and who, in consequence, came into close contact with his people, and entered into the civic life of his episcopal city, so that his death is felt as a personal and a civic loss. He had those virtues which are especially admired when they adorn "high place"-love of little children and the poor. The former Governor of New York said of him: "Bishop Burke was one of the most lovable men I ever knew. He was the essence of generosity and the personification of kindness. Life's little things interested him no less than life's big things. The poor were more important in his eyes than the rich. All men were his neighbors; he loved his neighbors as himself, and his neighbors loved him." A noble tribute, and, above all, one richly deserved. R. I. P.



An Offering.

BY S. MARR.

NCE upon a time in Holland, Near the stormy Zuyder Zee, Dwelt a little lad named Herman,

Bright and happy as could be.

As he went to school each morning, 'Twas his wont to stop and pray,

Offering at Our Lady's altar All his duties for the day.

And Our Lady seemed to bless him, And the Infant sweetly smiled,

As the little Herman lingered Near the Mother and the Child.

Once, so runs the pretty legend, Herman had an apple red,

And he knelt before the statue As with childish trust he said:

"Mother dear, I wish the Infant Might this apple now enjoy,"-And he reached it to her, saying: "He is such a little boy!"

Lo! the image of the Virgin

Stretched its hand and softly smiled, Taking Herman's rosy apple.

. .

Giving it unto the Child. . .

So, dear children, when you gather At our loving Mother's feet,

Grieving that you have no offering For the little Infant meet.

Tell her to her Son you offer

All you think and do and say: And His smile will show acceptance, Consecrating all your day.

FROM the far-distant Oji we have this expressive proverb: "A canoe is paddled on both sides"; meaning that to succeed you must do one thing at a time, and do it completely.

#### The Real Marcus.

#### BY UNCLE AUSTIN.

LONG the stone pavements of the Appian Way Marcus Silius was riding toward Rome,---riding rather slowly; for his horse was tired, as was that of the servant who accompanied him. The young traveller's dress had evidently seen much service, and his countenance bore signs of long fatigue.

As a child, Marcus had been taken to Bithynia by his Uncle Julianus, who promised in return to make him his heir; but, disgraced by the governor of that distant province, Julianus had fled; and Marcus was now returning home, for his sixteen years still 'needed protection. As he traversed the Campagna and noted the groups of houses and clusters of trees, the boy's eyes sparkled with joy: at last he was reaching the end of a difficult journey.

Soon the many-columned temples and marble palaces of the great city, bathed in golden sunlight, were at hand. Marcus halted a moment as if consulting his memory; then he dismounted before a splendid edifice, and, passing through the vestibule, raised the bronze hammer on the main door and let it fall, clanging loudly. The ostiarius presented himself,the slave who among the Romans acted as porter.

"Go and tell Antonius Silius that his son Marcus has come from Bithynia and wishes to greet him," said the young traveller.

Instead of obeying him, the ostiarius looked at him curiously and exclaimed:

"The gods preserve me from such a voyage, young sir! My master, the noble Antonius, died in the autumn; and, although he had but one son, you are the third young fellow to present himself under the name of Marcus. The bother of the Prætor Papinian will be redoubled now, and he is vexed enough already, trying to decide which of the other two is the rightful heir."

"Do you tell me true?" asked Marcus, a prey to mingled grief and indignation. "Where are those who have usurped my name?"

"The Prætor can tell you better than I, sir; but I can assure you that they are both handsome, young like yourself, and richly dressed."

"By Jupiter, I'll chastise the impostors!" cried Marcus, in a sudden burst of anger.

"You certainly will, sir—if you can prove that you are the true Marcus Silius," said the ostiarius, with an incredulous smile. "The judges are getting distracted over the matter; for how can they identify after so long a time the quite small boy whom Julianus took away? Only a mother could do it."

"'Tis true," sighed the boy, who had lost his mother at his birth. "But what of that, slave? Let me enter."

"You have said it, I'm only a slave, and I have orders to allow no one in here before the Prætor gives his decision. I'm not anxious to get a flogging just to please a stranger."

So saying, the slave closed the door, quite regardless of the expostulations of Marcus.

What! A slave to bar his entrance to his home! An orphan, he was excluded from his father's house!

"I'll appeal to Cæsar!" he cried. "They'll find out who I am before I have done with them." And he walked rapidly away.

At the same hour, the Prætor Papinian was walking in his garden, in the midst of great flower-beds adorned with statues. His brow wrinkled: he was thinking of the perplexing matter about which all Rome was talking — the inheritance of Antonius Silius claimed by two youths, each of whom asserted that he was the only son of the deceased. The judges who were associated with him in determining the matter refused to pronounce in favor of either claimant, and he knew that the public was being amused at his expense, were laying bets, indeed, on the decision that he would give. For the twentieth time he was making the circuit of his garden, when a servant came to inform him that somebody wished to see him.

"What is the visitor's name?" he asked.

"Marcus Silius, son of the late noble Antonius."

Papinian darted an angry look at the servant.

"Slave," he cried, "must I have you flogged to teach you obedience to my commands? Didn't I forbid you to receive the two youths who claim that name?"

"Yes, and I have obeyed you, my lord. He who is awaiting you is another Marcus."

"A third pretender! O misery!"

Forgetting his habitual dignity, the Prætor hurried inside, where the youth, clothed in dust-covered garments, was standing. With upright head and an expression of justifiable indignation, the boy proudly proclaimed his name and demanded his rights, without paying any attention to Papinian's evident irritation.

"Are you aware, my bold young man," said the Prætor in a threatening tone, "that, when the truth finally comes out, those of you three who will have been proved liars will receive an exemplary punishment?"

"That's what I'm asking for, and seeking from your justice, Papinian; for if you do not condemn them, I will appeal to Cæsar himself for their punishment."

"So you dare affirm that Antonius Silius was your father? What proofs can you give me to establish the fact?"

Marcus grew pale and did not answer. Alas! his Uncle Julianus had carried off with him in his flight from Bithynia such documents as would have sufficed to identify his nephew. With anger in his heart and a flush of indignation on his brow, Marcus left the Prætor's house. Papinian himself, more anxious than ever, turned to go out to the garden again, when a curtain was drawn aside and a girl of fourteen ran into the room, and held up her mouth for a kiss.

"Papa," she said, "is there another Marcus Silius?"

"So you know it, do you?"

"Yes: I heard everything he said; and, what's more, papa, I know a way to tell with certainty who are the impostors."

"You, my little Livia! So you are wiser than the imperial judges, are you?"

"No, I'm not," said Livia, shaking her chestnut curls; "but if the real son of Antonius Silius loves and respects his father's memory, my idea is a good one. Just you listen."

And in a whisper, lest her plan should be discovered, Livia spoke to her father for some minutes. As he listened, Papinian showed both surprise and relief.

"'Tis surely Minerva herself who has inspired you with wisdom, my dear!" said he, embracing his daughter. "And I'll certainly follow your advice."

The next day Marcus was told that the Prætor wanted to see him at the Silius home. He hastened thither, and arrived at the same moment as his two rivals. Under the gallery that surrounded the garden Papinian awaited them, Livia at his side, and all the servants of the deceased Antonius drawn up behind him.

"Young men," said he gravely, "does each of you persist in declaring that the name and the wealth of the noble Antonius Silius belong to you by right of inheritance?"

All three replied in the affirmative.

"As none of you," he continued, "can produce any decisive proof of your claim, I have been thinking of some sign which might disclose the veritable scion of the Silius race, and I remembered that all the men of that noble family have been experts in archery. Accordingly, he among you three who strikes with an arrow the heart of the figure in this portrait which I show you will be proclaimed the true heir of Antonius."

A murmur of approbation greeted his words; bows and arrows were produced; and two of the young fellows seized them eagerly. Marcus, however, his countenance expressive of sorrow, did not move.

The first arrow was sped and struck the upper breast of the man represented in the painting. The second claimant shot his arrow and it struck the figure an inch or so lower than the first. It was so good a shot and so near the heart that the young archer himself uttered a ery of joy.

"'Tis a fine shot," said Papinian, "and the gods seem to favor you; but wait for the third trial before celebrating your victory. Your turn, young man."

These last words were addressed to Marcus, who, quivering with indignation cried out:

"Who are you, Prætor, to require a respectful son thus to insult the memory of his parent? Think you that you can impose the task on me as you have done on these two impostors who have not recognized in this painting the noble figure of Antonius. Give to one of them, if you will, both my name and my fortune; for I refuse to strike even the picture of my beloved father."

Another cry of joy was heard, this time from the delighted Livia.

"Papa," she exclaimed, "this is the real Marcus! His heart speaks louder than his interests."

The girl's words were greeted with general acclamation. Even before Papinian could deliver judgment, the whole group of servants, slaves and freedmen, ran to their young master with outstretched hands. The Prætor waved them aside; then in a solemn tone he addressed the still agitated youth: "Marcus Silius, this house is yours." Human nature was much the same in those days as in ours; so our readers will not be surprised to learn that a few -years later while the false or pretended sons of Antonius were still "doing time" for their criminal attempt, the house in question became the home of Livia as well as Marcus.

# Tommy Travers.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

#### VI.—GOING HOME.

O passed the bright wintry days that ended Bunty's stay at Saint Gabriel's. It was New Year's Eve, and he was going home. Neatly dressed in his Christmas suit, with his old clothes tied up in a bundle, he was exchanging gruff and not altogether friendly goodbyes with the Free Ward inmates while he waited for the stage that took Saint Gabriel's patients to the trolley a mile away.

"Sorry you're going. I'll miss you lots, Bunty," said his neighbor Robbie.

"Miss me! What for?" asked Bunty. "Somebody else will be in that bed to-night."

"Oh, I wish I was going home, too!" murmured Joey Burke. "Pap says he will have a party for me when I get out, and ask all the boys I know. Will your folks have a party for you, Bunt?"

"Not that I've heard of," answered Bunty, grimly.

"Won't you trade your Christmas jackknife for my skates before you go?" asked Billy Regan, eagerly. "It's fine skating now, Bunt; but I won't get out before it thaws, and I can cut and whittle in here. Skates are worth more than a jackknife, Bunt."

Bunty hesitated. With the river sheathed in blue steel from shore to shore, the trade was a temptation.

"Let's see your skates," he asked briefly.

And Billy brought them out for inspection. They were bright, shining, sharpened, every strap and buckle in place, all that the best of Christmas skates could be. Bunty felt they would make him the envy of every boy in his gang. Then he took out his jackknife and eyed it thoughtfully.

"You're going to trade, Bunt?" asked Billy, his face brightening.

"No," said Bunty, thrusting the knife back into his pocket. "That there knife was a Christmas gift. It came off Tommy Travers' tree. I ain't trading Christmas gifts for nothing or nobody."

"Bunty Ware! The stage has come for Bunty Ware!" said Sister Leonie, hurrying in. "Get your things together, Bunty, and come on!"

"I'm ready!" responded Bunty, taking up his bundle.

"Good -bye! — good - bye!" came a friendly chorus; but Bunty stalked out beside Sister Leonie without reply, listening dully to the sweet voice murmuring in his ear:

"You must take care of yourself now, Bunty, and not catch cold. I am so glad your jacket is so nice and warm! And keep the mufiler round your throat when you go out in the wind. And here is the ticket to take you to town. Now we must do as all my boys do when they leave — ask our dear Lord's blessing before you go."

And, pushing open a swinging door, she led this "black sheep" of hers into the chapel, where the Good Shepherd stood above the altar, and the air was sweet with the breath of flowers and the spicy odor of Christmas greens.

"Kneel down, my boy," whispered Sister Leonie, as Bunty stood shuffling awkwardly on one foot. "Ask the good God to bless you, to watch over you, to keep you from sin and harm."

As Bunty knelt for a moment at her bidding, Sister Leonie breathed the prayer herself from the depths of her tender, pitying heart. And Bunty, listening in dull wonder, had another lesson that he never forgot.

Then they went on down the wide stairs, and through the broad hall where Saint Gabriel stood on guard, and out of the big door to the porch, where the stage was waiting for him and the half dozen other patients who were going home. Sister, Leonie shook hands with him again, and whispered, "Good-bye, and be good, Bunty!" And the nurses and the doctors were bustling around, helping the others off; and Mrs. Martin got faint at the last moment and had to have brandy and smelling salts, - until finally Bunty found himself packed tight in a corner of the stage, with a fat ladv patient almost on top of him, and Saint Gabriel's vanishing from his sight behind its circling trees.

"They were good to me!" was the thought that came to Bunty, and it brought a queer little choke into his throat. "They were good to me there, sure!" And then, as the stage turned from the private road, edged with snowwreathed firs, that recalled Tommy's Christmas Tree, a great limousine swept past, and the fat lady caught a glimpse of the tall man with iron-grey hair, who, buried in fur robes, sat within.

"Tom Travers!" she exclaimed. "He is coming for his boy. I am so sorry I missed him! His wife and I were friends twenty years ago. The dearest little creature I ever saw. She died when Tommy was born, and they say her husband has never been his old self since. It turned him hard and stern and cold as steel and stone. But rich, rich as Crœsus — or was it Midas that turned everything he touched into gold?"

"And he is taking the boy away," said little Mrs. Martin, warming up into interest. "He couldn't be in a better place than Saint Gabriel's, everybody was so fond of him."

"Everybody," said the fat lady, whose name Bunty had discovered was Mrs. Lynn, "As Dr, Dandridge was telling me

yesterday, he feels as if he were giving up his own son. But they've done all they could for two years, and it has been of no use. He said they really hadn't the conscience to take his father's money any longer. The Doctor's eyes filled when he spoke of the boy. Such a fine, brave, plucky little fellow, with the spirit of a prince! But there is no hope for him,-none. They have had all sorts of specialists to see him, but none of them could do him any good. And it's dreadfully hard on Mr. Travers. It seems the very sight of the boy cuts him to the heart, he looks so much like his mother. We all must have our troubles, of course," concluded the speaker, with a sigh; "but all the riches in the world wouldn't pay me for such a heartbreak. I have boys of my own and know."

And then they reached the trolley line. The stage drew up at the little shelter beside the road; and Bunty was told to move quick, for the car was coming; and the fat lady was lame and had to be helped out. In the hurry, Bunty's brown bundle tumbled out in the snow-wreathed bushes. He made a bolt for it, only to find that the ticket Sister Leonie had placed carefully under the cord was gone,-the little Saint Gabriel's ticket that passed the bearer for twenty miles around. And while he knelt groping for it in the snowy furze bush, the car came up, the fat lady and all the rest crowded in hurriedly out of the cold, and Bunty was left by the roadside, ticketless and alone.

. . . . . . . . There had been another and a sadder parting at Saint Gabriel's when the big limousine came to bear Tommy away. The Sisters and nurses were softly wiping their eyes, and even Dr. Daddy and Dr. Dave were pretty close to a breakdown, as the brave little Major, with his lips pressed tight together to keep in the cry, "left for home." For they all felt that the real home to which Tommy was bound was that "Father's house" where no pain or fear can come.

"I'll be back pretty soon," said Tommy, as well as the effort to steady voice and lip would permit. "Of course I couldn't stay sick here forever, nice as it has been. But I'm not giving Saint Gabriel's up for good; am I, dad?"

"No, my boy," came briefly from the tall man beside him. "You shall come back when you wish."

"And that will be in the spring," said Tommy, decidedly. "It will take me about three months to get altogether well, and then I'll come riding down this road on the grey pony dad has promised I shall have first thing. So this isn't goodbye; is it, dad? It's just—just—what is the French word for it, Sister Leonie, please?"

"Au revoir," said Sister Leonie, brightening up into a rainbow under her gathering tears. "Oui, oui, that is the word for it always. Not good-bye, but au revoir, Tommy; au revoir!"

"Au revoir, then!" said Tommy, gulping down the sob that rose in his throat, and waving a weak little hand. "Au revoir, Dr. Daddy, Dr. Dave, Sisters, nurses, everybody! Au revoir, and thank you all for being so good to me! Au revoir! Au revoir!"

And then big dad, who felt he could not stand it another minute, caught Tommy up in his arms and lifted him into the big limousine, and they were off,—off, with Tommy held tight and fast against the fur coat that muffled the strong man's breaking heart.

"Cry it out!" said dad bluntly, noting the quivering lips. "Don't keep the pain in, my boy. You're young enough to cry it out."

"No," said Tommy, lifting his, face from the fur coat on which shone something sufficiently like tears. "I'm not a cry baby, dad: I'm your boy, and I'm just as glad to come home to you as I am sorry to leave Saint Gabriel's; so it's even, isn't it?"

"If you put it that way, yes," said his father. "More than even," continued Tommy. "I've always had things more than even, dad."

"I'm not so sure of that," answered dad, feeling the sword turn in his heart as he spoke.

"I am," said Tommy. "When I think of all I had at Saint Gabriel's, and how other boys there had to squeeze and pinch, — couldn't even get crutches and boots for their lame legs! And, worse than that, there was one boy there that never had a decent bed or a decent meal before. Dr. Dave told me so. And there I was cuddled up under silk roses, and having strawberries if I wanted them every day."

"Well, from my accounts, you tried pretty hard to even up," said dad, grimly.

"Oh, not even up! I couldn't do that," replied Tommy. "But it did me good to get Bunty a suit of clothes; and he looked fine in them, dad, — so big and straight and strong. He used to push me up and down the south porch when he was getting well. And you ought to have heard him talk, dad! Why, he never had anything in his life, or anybody to care for him. Bunked in a garret, and grubbed where he could. Thought when he was brought to Saint Gabriel's they were going to cut him and boil him down."

"Poor little devil!" said dad, softening for a minute; and then, as his gaze fell on the frail figure beside him, his eyes flashed again. "What was such a little tough as that doing near you?"

"Oh, I liked him!" said Tommy, simply. "I just loved to hear him talk, dad. I've read lots of stories about poor boys, but this wasn't reading: it was real and true. Golly! it must take pluck and grit to stand up alone with no one to care for you or help you or love you, like poor Bunty Ware!"

"Oh, I don't know!" said dad. "Young bears and wild cats do the same. Ehwhy, what is it, my boy?" For Tommy had started up and was peering eagerly through the closed glass window. "Bunty!" exclaimed Tommy. "There he is now, dad! It's Bunty, just out of Saint Gabriel's, walking home in the snow! Oh, he mustn't do it, dad! He'll catch cold. It's ten miles to town. Oh, let us stop and take him in, dad, please, please!"

There was no resisting this appeal, and the limousine was stopped. Bunty, stalking bravely along the snowy road, his bundle under his arm, stopped too at Tommy's call—but for only a minute, to wave his hand at the little white face looking out at him. Then he kept on.

"O dad, get him-stop him-make him come in here with us!" pleaded Tommy. "He can't walk to town."

"Here, boy!" Dad leaped from the car and laid his strong hands on Bunty's shoulder.

"Let go!" growled Bunty, mistaking the grip. "I wasn't doing nothing but shaking good-bye to Tommy. Can't a tough like me even shake him a good-bye?"

Something in the tone, the words, the look in the boy's eyes touched a soft spot in the armor that "Long Tom" wore against all of Bunty's kind.

"Come, get in there!" he said, pointing to the limousine.

"Get in there! What! me!" exclaimed Bunty, staring.

"Yes," replied Mr. Travers, impatiently. "Can't you understand English, you young chump? Don't you want a lift to town?"

"No," said Bunty, gruffly, — "not in there with swells like you. I can walk all right."

"Bunty! Bunty!" came a clear little voice from the limousine.

"Is he — is Tommy wanting me?" asked Bunty, in a changed tone.

"Yes," answered Mr. Travers. "Don't keep us waiting here in the cold. He wants you."

"Then I'll come," said Bunty, turning without hesitation. "If Tommy is asking for me, I'll come."

(To be continued.)

# A Queen's Kindness.

When the former Queen Regent of Spain was about five years old, it is said, she was taking a walk in the country with her governess when a violent storm came up. There happened to be no house at hand except the cottage of a shepherd, and they rushed into it.

The shepherd and his wife welcomed them in a most cordial manner, although ignorant who they were. But their son, a small boy, resented what he thought an intrusion; and, walking across the room, he gave the little girl a slap on the shoulder. Maria Christina was not much hurt but considerably frightened by this action, and began to weep in a loud voice, quite as if she had been a common child instead of a noble one. But her kind governess finally quieted her; and, the storm soon subsiding, they left the cottage.

Years went by, and the happy time came for the First Communion of the little Archduchess, whose surprise was great to see among the other children prepared to receive the Blessed Sacrament the lad who had struck her. The kind little girl, who was paying for all the garments worn by the poor children on that occasion, harbored no ill-will toward the boy, who had probably forgotten all about his offence. Hearing that he desired to be a priest, she offered to bear the expense of his education.

In due course Maria Christina became Queen; then, on the death of her husband, Queen Regent; but she never forgot the shepherd's son, who had meantime become a priest. She even recommended him to his Holiness the Pope as a worthy candidate for a vacant bishopric. "I want you to be a bishop," she wrote to the priest, "because you understand so well the laying on of hands." In this pleasant way she reminded him of their first meeting, and also assured him of her forgiveness.

# THE AVE MARIA

# WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

-It is gratifying to hear that the "Fioretti" has been translated into Japanese. We are told that the translator is a professor in the University of Tokio.

-The Macmillan Co. publish a new and up-to-date edition of Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations." The revision of this most useful work of reference has been done by Mr. N. H. Dole.

-A collection of Mrs. Armel O'Connor's short stories, reproduced from THE AVE MARIA, and other Catholic periodicals, is among R. & T. Washbourne's latest publications. It is entitled "The Right Note."

-All who are familiar with the literary work of the Rev. C. C. Martindale, S. J., will be glad to hear that he has been chosen as the biographer of the late Mgr. Benson. The task is sure to be fittingly performed.

—An excellent English version of St. Augustine's well-known treatise "De Cura pro Mortuis Gerenda," by Miss Mary Allies, under the happy title "How to Help the Dead," has just been published in London.

—The Catholic Directory for 1915, published by Messrs. Burns & Oates, shows considerable spread of the Faith not only in England itself but in all the dominions and colonies of the British Empire. The information presented is wondrously varied and admirably arranged. This model reference work is now in its 78th year of publication.

—"The Book of Red and Yellow," by Francis Clement Kelley (The Catholic Church Extension Society), a 12mo brochure of 93 pages, is a graphic description of recent conditions in Mexico, and at the same time a virtual arraignment of this country's inefficient action in connection therewith. It is in many respects a harrowing tale, that should spur individual Catholics to do what in them lies to ameliorate whatever remains remediable in the condition of our neighbor to the South.

-The numerous admirers of Mr. Daniel Joseph Donahoe's translations of Latin hymns will be prepared to expect excellent metrical handling of themes of his own choosing, but the variety and extent of his "private inspiration" will come to many of his readers, as it did to us, with a shock of pleasurable surprise. Of course, "Songs of the Country-Side," Mr. Donahoe's latest offering, is not his first volume of entirely original work, but it is probably his best. He is prodigal of his talent in the sonnet form. As many as eightynine poems in this difficult stanza—some of them have excellent art—attest his powers as a poet. The Donahoe Publishing Co., Middletown, Conn.

-Habitual readers of such periodicals as the *Nineteenth Century* and the *Fortnightly Review*, unless they are personally interested in the world war, are apt to be surfeited with the wealth of war literature with which these publications are filled. An article on any other topic than one directly or indirectly connected with the great conflict is becoming in their pages almost as rare as white blackbirds.

—In reply to the question of a recent correspondent, "Which is the best Life of the Curé d'Ars?" we had no hesitation in saying, "Incomparably the one by Kathleen O'Meara." Cardinal Manning declared that she had "the genius for biography"; and this Life of Blessed Vianney was written after a visit to the scene of his extraordinary labors and miracles, careful study of all existing biographies of him, and consultation of fresh sources of information. The result was a volume of remarkable interest and notable charm—one of the most fascinating books of its class in our language.

—Among the latest publications of the Gilbert Music Co. are: a *Tantum Ergo* (fifteenthcentury melody), harmonized by Charles Burney; *Panis Angelicus* and *O Salutaris Hostia*, for two-part chorus; an *Ave Maris Stella*; and *Salve Mater* (Solesmes version), harmonized by J. Lewis Browne. The music of "A Song for the Pope," (revised by J. Lewis Browne) has intrinsic value and verve, and is particularly well suited for school entertainments. The hymns, motets, etc., for church services published by the Gilbert Music Co. (59 E. Van Buren St., Chicago), are deserving of special praise and general patronage.

-The seventh of the Pohle-Preuss series of dogmatic text-books published by B. Herder is "Grace: Actual and Habitual." A 12mo of 440 pages, the volume deserves the same commendatory notice that we have given to former numbers of the series. Part I., dealing with Actual Grace, comprises three chapters: the Nature of Actual Grace, the Properties of Actual Grace, and Grace in its Relation to Free-Will. Part II. discusses Sanctifying Grace in an equal number of chapters: the Genesis of Sanctifying Grace, or the Process of Justification; the State of Justification; and the Fruits of Justification, or the Merit of Good Works. An analytical table of contents and a good index facilitate reference to any particular point about which the casual reader may desire information.

-Much of the poetry and most of the drama in "The Upper Room-A Drama of Christ's Passion," by Robert Hugh Benson (Longmans, Green & Co.), are to be found elsewhere than in the text itself. This is not to praise the text less, but the prose stage directions and suggestions more. It is a play whose effect consists, essentially, in its power of suggestion, and that power is very great. The dramatic concept is fine,-to represent the Passion with the Upper Room of the Last Supper as the point of departure and-so to speak-return. The figure of Our Lord does not appear, but He is the drama's all in all. Directions are so explicit and detailed and the illustrations are so helpful that it should not be difficult for parish societies to represent this drama in action. And it should be a wholesome experience both for the players themselves and their audience.

#### The Latest Books. A Guide to Good Reading.

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

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

- "The Book of Red and Yellow." Francis C. Kelley. 15 cts.
- "Songs of the Country-Side." Daniel Joseph Donahoe. \$1.
- "Grace: Actual and Habitual." Pohle-Preuss. \$2.
- "The Upper Room—A Drama of Christ's Passion." Robert Hugh Benson. 80 cts., net.
- "Minor Works of St. Teresa." Benedictines of Stanbrook. \$1.95.
- "Luther." Hartmann Grisar, S. J. Vol. III. \$3.25, net.
- 'The Way of the Heart." Mgr. d'Hulst. \$1.50.

- "Beauty for Ashes." Mrs. Albion Fellows Bacon. \$1.50.
- "France Herself Again." Ernest Dimnet. \$2.50.
- "The Charm of Ireland." Burton E. Harrison. \$2.50.
- "Christ and the Powers of Darkness." J. Godfrey Raupert. \$1.
- "My Heart's Right There." Florence L. Barclay. 75 cts.

"Prodigals and Sons." John Ayscough. \$1.25.

- "The Mystery of Faith." Rev. Kenelm Digby Best. 75 cts.
- "Spiritual Instructions for Religious." Rev. Charles Coppens, S. J. \$1.25.

#### Obituary.

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

Rev. Daniel Ellard, of the diocese of Nashville; Rev. George Barthel, archdiocese of New York; Rev. Stephen Furdek, diocese of Cleveland; and Rev. Aloysius Romano, S. J.

Sister M. Gertrude, of the Sisters of Mercy; Sister M. Louis, Congregation of Notre Dame; Sister M. Gonzaga, Sisters of Charity; Mother Suzanne Josephine, Sisters of Christian Education; Sister M. Gertrude, Sisters of St. Francis; and Sister M. de Pazzi, Sisters of St. Joseph.

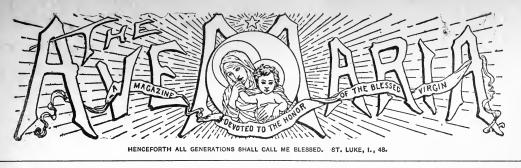
Mr. Andrew Doll, Mr. Joseph Forster, Miss Mary Agnes Smith, Mr. Thomas J. Gallagher, Mr. John Mousel, Mrs. Adelfinda Kalbuch, Mrs. D. O'Connell, Mr. Michael Sallivan, Mrs. E. I. Quina, Mr. Louis Konerman, Mrs. Katherine Donovan, Mr. George Fleitz, Mr. Michael Ronan, Mrs. Annie Woods, Mr. Joseph D. Phelan, Mr. August Gorsch, Dr. A. F. Henning, Miss Margaret Shea, Mr. John D. Kelly, Mr. Henry Luepke, Mr. William Higgins, Mr. Thomas Martin, Mr. Cornelius Hayes, Mr. B. J. Robbe, Mrs. Johanna Power, Mr. P. J. Smith, and Miss Mary Ashe.

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

#### Our Contribution Box.

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

For the earthquake sufferers in Italy: \$5.50, per Rev. Fr. D.; "for the European war sufferers": 50 cts.; for the foreign missions: J. R., \$25; A. T., \$1; Friend, (Columbus, O.) 50 cts; for the relief of the people in Belgium: T. T. B., \$20; subscriber, \$1; a family, \$2.50; C. L., \$1; M. E. S., 50 cts.; for the poor: J. P. K., \$5; Mrs. J. P., 50 cts.



VOL. I. (New Series.)

#### NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, FEBRUARY 13, 1915.

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# A Prayer for the Year.

BY INA COOLBRITH.

BE Thou with me through this unfolding year; Through all its veilèd hours draw Thou me near:

Save me from self and all its aims allied, Unworthy Thee, by whatsoever tried.

Help me to see my brother rightly; blind My eyes to faults which he in me may find More justly,—and myself to fully see That from my errors I may set me free.

And, O, to feel Thy Presence day by day The clearer, closer, Lord, my God, I pray! For without Thee, lo! nothing is; with Thee All peace, joy, love, light, life, eternity.

Lawyers and the Romeward Movement.

#### BY R. F. O'CONNOR.

HEN, about midway in the last century, the Romeward movement in England received its impetus from Tractarianism, and stray sheep, deserting the Anglican communion, were flocking into the True Fold, Protestants regarded it as an ephemeral phase of religious thought that would pass away; but when, as the movement progressed, and keenwitted lawyers, men whose professional training developed to a high degree the analytical and critical faculty, were "going over," people began to see that there must be something more in "Romanism" than appealed to emotional

women or esthetes. Among these lawyerconverts were two men of conspicuous ability—James Hope-Scott and Sergeant Bellasis.

James Robert Hope, who subsequently adopted the name of Hope-Scott upon his marriage in 1847 to Charlotte Lockhart\*-daughter of John Gibson Lockhart and granddaughter of Sir Walter Scottwas the third son of General Sir Alexander Hope, the younger son of John, second Earl of Hopetown, and was born on July 15, 1812. He was a descendant in the tenth generation of the founder of the Scottish family of the Hopes, John de Hope, who went, to Scotland in 1537, in the suite of Magdalene of France, the first queen of James V. His conversion was indicative of the profound changes religious belief which have been in brought about as the thoughts of men became widened. Even in the Presbyterian North there must have been already a stirring of dry bones, when the scion of a house whose lineal ancestors were ardent partisans of the Reformation in Scotland, became a Catholic; for Edward Hope, one of the Commissioners for Edinburgh to the Parliament of 1560, was a friend and supporter of John Knox; and his grandson, Sir Thomas Hope, a great lawyer, defended the six ministers tried, in 1606, for high treason for denying the King's authority in matters ecclesiastical.

Notwithstanding their Presbyterian ancestry and association with the gloom-\* She died on Oct. 26, 1858. In 1861 he married Lady Victoria Howard, eldest daughter of the Duke of Norfolk, father of the present Duke.

iest and most repellent form of Protestantism, the Hopes formed a friendship with the Catholic Bourbons,-a friendship renewed when the dethroned royalties of the ancien régime found a refuge in Holyrood Palace. It was near relatives of the Hopes who made it possible for them to come to Scotland; Sir Walter Scott lending the aid of his powerful pen to allay the Protestant opposition which it was feared their advent would arouse. In 1829, when a college lad, James Hope, was often at the Tuileries "when still the Bourbons held the throne"; the appearance of the handsome Scottish youth, in antique black court dress and ruff then still used, now to be seen only at the Papal Court, being very striking.

Educated at Eton and Oxford, where among his fellow-students was Mr. Gladstone with whom, in after years, he was associated in important religious undertakings, he identified himself with the High Church party. Fluctuating between the Church and the Bar in his choice of a profession, he decided in favor of the latter. His progress at college had been rapid and brilliant, and when he was only midway in his twenty-first year he was elected a Fellow of Merton. His religious development was not so rapid, but it was steadily evolving itself. Although the basis of his education in this direction was Presbyterian, he inherited broad views from his father, who was, unconsciously to himself. Catholic-minded. holding Catholic charity in high admiration. The reawakening of a personal interest in the religious question motived by Keble's "Christian Year," which came out in 1827, and the "Tracts for the Times," caused him mental anxieties, of which his Anglican friends strove to make light. They had the effect of diverting his mind from the study of the law and impelling him toward the Anglican ministry, which his mother was wishful of his joining; but this idea was discarded, and he came to be fond of the law, which for a time he hated.

Meanwhile the genius loci of Oxford, the monastic character of the place, the notwholly-forgotten Catholic traditions of the great English university, of which it has not been able to divest itself, were silently influencing him. "Peculiar in some degree to himself," observes his biographer,\* "was his fellowship at Merton, as suggesting a particular line of study which for his intellect had a very strong attraction. I mean the moral and religious aspect of the Mediæval college, its statutes and constitution, and the duties in consequence binding on its members, so far. as they could be carried out in modern times....

"We have seen that, when his mind had once received religious impressions, it had very soon shown symptoms, like most of the earnest and thoughtful men who surrounded him, of being drawn toward the Tractarian movement: and his papers show that about the time we are now engaged with he was decisively affected by it. 'By the middle of July, 1837, Mr. Hope had formed habits in keeping with those of the more advanced of the Tractarian party, but still marked by a special character—that of the lawyer who aimed also at being a devout and religious person, not parading, yet far from concealing, the unswerving lines of self-government he had adopted; and, further, stamped in a noble and uncommon measure by works of active charity of various kinds.".

It was the prominent part which he took, in 1838, in preparing the way for an attempt of the society of Merton College to reform itself in the spirit of its statutes which started in his mind that train of thought that ultimately, by a logical process of evolution, drew him Romeward; seeing the incongruity of endeavoring to graft Catholic ideas and practices on Anglicanism. Appointed by the Warden and Fellows on a Committee to examine and report on those statutes,

<sup>\* &</sup>quot;Memoirs of James Robert Hope-Scott, of Abbotsford, D. C. L., Q. C., late Fellow of Merton College." By Robert Ornsby, M. A.

on the College charters, and other similar muniments in their possession, he had to trace the origin of the College far back into the Middle Ages, when the ancient creed of Christendom was still the creed of England. Its founder was Walter de Merton, Catholic Bishop of Rochester and Lord Chancellor of England in the thirteenth century,-the century which witnessed the coming of the friars, when barefooted Franciscans and white-robed Dominicans filled professors' chairs, and the whole intellectual and spiritual atmosphere of Oxford was widely different from that of the nineteenth century. The College was an expansion of the older foundation of Merton Priory in Surrey, ceded to the same prelate for that purpose by Richard, King of the Romans, brother of Henry II.

Mr. Hope's report inevitably led to the conclusion that the main object of the founder was to make his College a means of increasing the interests and efficiency of the Church,-the Catholic Church in the England of his epoch. Certain resolutions\* were proposed with the view of reviving, so far as was possible under existing circumstances, the intentions of its Catholic founder; but, of course, they fell far short of the original mark. How far men and manners had changed at Oxford since Walter de Merton is emphasized by the fact that one of the Fellows in Hope's time was a general officer in the army.

Hope's investigations into the Mediæval collegiate system, extended to other colleges and to the university in general, which he carried on for some years, not only powerfully influenced his mind in the direction of Catholicism, but led him to contemplate an extensive work on the "History of Colleges" in collaboration with Roundell Palmer (subsequently Earl of Selborne),—a design never completed. It also led to the foundation of Trinity College, Glenalmond, in Perthshire, for the education of the Scottish Episcopalian clergy, and of the gentry of that communion, to whom the attention and sympathies of the English Tractarian party had been drawn on account of its sufferings in the cause of legitimate royalty, its preservation, in the midst of a dominant Presbyterianism, of many of the old ideas which were dawning upon Oxford as discoveries, its liturgy which was higher-toned than that of the Church of England, and its independence of State control. Hope and Gladstone were the chief promoters of a scheme for the foundation of a great collegiate institution for the Church, which materialized in 1846.

In reviewing for the British Critic, at Newman's request, G. R. Ward's "Magdalene College Statutes," Hope gave further expression to his views regarding the relationship between the colleges and the Church. The reaction from the Protestant to the Catholic attitude of mind in treating academical questions had made itself felt at Oxford, and was preparing the way for a conflict in the Anglican Church which was to split it in twain. Hope, whose mind was becoming more and more steeped in Mediævalism, regarded these institutions as from the beginning semi-monastic, and resented any popular or legislative interference. Fondly imagining that the modern Anglican Church was the lineal successor of the Ecclesia Anglicana of the Middle Ages, not yet discerning the profound doctrinal differences which widely separated them, he cherished the belief that "the thread of those old systems might be renewed, their ancient vigor and usefulness restored, and that they might vet transmit to future ages that unbroken chain of thought and feeling by which they had bound up the past with the present history of his Church, and maintained the sense of its continuous and catholic existence."

He was a Mediævalist born out of time. Though living and thinking and writing

<sup>\*</sup> These resolutions were passed, with some amendments, in April, 1839.

in the middle of the nineteenth century, it was the thirteenth-century spirit that dominated and directed his thoughts,--that century of great sovereigns, great popes, great statesmen, great saints and "It is singular, on great schoolmen. looking back," observes Mr. Ornsby,\* "to think how narrowly Oxford missed a reconstruction of its collegiate institutions on those principles. The Merton reform was, perhaps, the only direct effort of the kind made by any college in its corporate capacity, but individuals in almost all were soon attempting to 'monachize,' and to live as they thought that men in their places would have lived in the olden days. They sought to liberate the cloister from the worldliness which had gained possession of it." Hope's leading idea was that colleges were intended for something higher than to be boarding-schools for the university; not institutions for the advancement of secular learning as such, independently of moral and religious training, but fulfilling the function of seminaries in the Catholic Church, properly so called,-"seed-plots for the formation of clerics to whom the Anglican Church might look for the means of reclaiming the dense mass of population that were springing up in unmanageable luxuriance under the manufacturing system, ... youths trained up for such a purpose in the style of plain living and high thinking of which William of Waynflete had thrown out the type."

Tractarianism was the driving force behind all this reformative movements on quasi-Catholic lines. Hope's first meeting with the man who was the soul, the inspiration, the *decus et tutamen* of this remarkable movement of opinion which stirred religious thought in England to its deepest depths, and in the ultimate direction of which the hand of Providence was so distinctly visible, took place in October, 1838. Hope had earlier come under his influence, and adopted Tractarian views, and formed a friendship and correspondence with him. Though much the younger man, relates his biographer, he had called on Newman in his rooms at Oriel, and asked to be allowed to make his acquaintance,—a frankness which pleased and gratified the great man, who was by this time beginning to be the chief of a party.

The Cardinal himself has related, in his beautiful funeral sermon on Mr. Hope-Scott, how quickly he found out what manner of man it was who had thus, 'unasked, unsought,' come to his door. Their friendship rapidly assumed a very intimate and confidential character, and was indeed *the* great friendship of Mr. Hope's life from 1838 to the hour of his death. In later years, when Father Newman's name was mentioned, his whole countenance would brighten, as if a chord in his heart were touched which belonged to Newman alone.

"It seems necessary to use this emphasis here," adds Mr. Ornsby, "since the very extent of the confidence shown in their correspondence would prevent an unreserved communication to the world of letters that would prove it the most strongly." The first letter of importance he found in the collection placed in his hands by the great Oratorian was one. from Hope himself, dated January 26, 1839, relating to a plan of having articles on church subjects published in the Morning Post, a paper which showed itself more kindly disposed than the rest of the newspaper press to the Oxford views.

\* Op. cit., p. 179.

of judicial writs, the founder of an hospital and a college, and the endower of a cathedral.

Gladstone and 'Hope were kindred spirits, and saw things eye to eye up to a certain point — until it came to the parting of the ways. The former's treatise on "The State in Its Relations with the Church," was submitted in manuscript to Hope for his advice and judgment, and entailed a lengthened correspondence while he was seeing it through the press during the author's absence in Italy in the autumn of 1838. In one of his criticisms, in which he takes exception to Gladstone's view of the mere reception of doctrine, he says: "I think that in the deep peace of the Church (such as prevailed during many centuries of Romanism), when one creed only is presented to the mind of the believer, and gradually brought into all his thoughts by early association, it is going too far to call this faith 'idle acquiescence,' or to speak of truth being swallowed by him without being tasted. Surely, the undoubting Rock-like faith of a mind in which no question has ever arisen, which would as soon think of proving the existence of external nature as of the doctrine in which it was brought up, comes very near to the temper of 'little children,' which is enjoined on us. And then, again, it is not the mind only which tastes truth. The doing of God's Commandments is a way of knowing them, and thus holiness would, to many, be as. active a witness as mental investigation."

The man who thought and wrote like this was already a Catholic in spirit. He was, in fact, of all the converts who have come over to us, the most thoroughly Catholic-minded, even in his Anglican days.

Called to the Bar on January 26, 1838, Hope-Scott rose rapidly in his profession. After practising for a time in the ecclesiastical courts, he turned his attention to Parliament. As a parliamentary barrister he achieved great distinction and made a very large income; his great speech before the House of Lords, in 1840, on cathedral reform, marking the beginning of a brilliant career as an advocate of exceptional ability. The Ecclesiastical Duties and Revenues Bill had for its object the cutting down of the cathedral establishments to a minimum, placing the funds thus saved in the hands of ecclesiastical commissioners for the augmentation of poor livings and increased parochial supply. It was opposed by the cathedral bodies as an arbitrary stretch of power; and Hope, then only twenty-eight, was retained to plead their cause before the House of Lords as junior connsel.

The case against the Bill, which he drew up, and the speech he delivered, Mr. Ornsby says, will always remain as important monuments in Anglican Church history. The young advocate's whole heart went with his clients. The charters of foundation, going back to the days of the Plantagenets, of which he still held, practically unshaken, the belief that the existing Church of England was the true representative; the grandeur of the choral services maintained by the cathedrals, their kindly connection with education, and the image which they still presented of the heritage left by the Ages of Faith, had peculiar charms for Mr. Hope's mind. Lord Brougham, at the conclusion of the speech, exclaimed: "That young man's fortune is made!" Mr. Hope spoke for three hours. But he was pleading for a lost cause: the Bill became law on August 11 of that year.

In 1840 and 1841 he toured Germany and Italy, and gained much information about Catholic doctrines and practices. At Munich he formed acquaintance and had many interesting and enlightening conversations with Dr. Friedrich H. Windischmann, Canon of the Cathedral, and with Dr. Döllinger. Of the latter he says: "There is about him a simplicity of thought and manner which is most agreeable, and which suits well with his learning." At Milan he met and conversed long with Manzoni. A letter of introduction from his intimate friend, Count Frederic Thun, gained him much information on ecclesiastical matters from Sig. Carlo Czoernig, secretary of the Lombardo-Venetian Government; while Sig. Francesco Agnelli and Sig. Carlo Caccia, the Archbishop's secretaries, told him a good deal about ecclesiastical discipline.

Rome disappointed him at first. His candid avowals to his friend Badeley show that his was not one of those impressionable minds swayed by emotional enthusiasm, but calm, discriminating, and reflective. As his biographer rightly concludes, they prove that his subsequent conversion was not due to any of those enthusiastic emotions to which such a step is often attributed. In his anxiety to get accurate information, he engaged an Italian ecclesiastic to give him lessons in the liturgies and to act generally as his "coach," or informant. His prejudices were gradually discarded, like a plant that sheds its dead leaves before it clothes itself with fresh verdure. The "City of the Soul," to which "the orphans of the heart" so often turn for comfort and light, was slowly winning his affections.

He went into the mountains to see the monasteries and clergy in general; and the impression, he told Newman, was "decidedly favorable." "The Benedictines," he wrote, "I found much like what our Fellows of Colleges are in the main — less general information — much more simplicity of life and manner, with far better notions of discipline.... The Trappists are very striking people, both in regard to the severity of their lives and the sincere but cheerful spirit which seems to prevail among them. The secular clergy whom I saw and heard of were far better than I was led to anticipate by the accounts which I had received of them in Rome. I was obliged to be than once.... The controversial more shrewdest encounter was with the old

Trappist porter, who came up to my room at night with Liguori's book upon the B. V. M.,\* and exacted a promise from me that if I ever should become a R. C., I would write to tell him of my conversion. I hardly ever met with a more earnest, affectionate creature."

His friend, Lord Blachford (then Mr. Rogers), observes: "Though he had a fine taste as to painting, and a cultivated pleasure in music and architecture, he was not, I think, much affected by the external magnificence of the Roman Church, -rather the contrary. The solemnities of the Sistine Chapel would have affected him less than a rude midnight Mass of Carthusians. What did affect him was the coherent system and organization of Rome,-the exactness of law and doctrine, the completeness of theory, the careful adjustment of details, and the steady adherence to what was laid down. With these, it made him uneasy and dissatisfied to compare the loose 'rule-of-thumb' procedures which are characteristic of everything English." Even while still a Protestant, Hope insisted to an intimate friend on the contrast between what was external and what was interior, saying, "Ah, there may be abuses and scandals at Rome, but there is a higher region and wider views in the governing part!"

\* "The Glories of Mary." (Conclusion next week.)

It is good to think that sometimes on earth faithful love and tender hopes are crowned with that golden gift of happiness which our hearts desire; but it is good also—nay, better—to believe that, if they are not so crowned, there are some gifts better lost than won; some souls called to taste the divine sweetness which lurks in the bitterness of sacrifice, rather than that rich nectar which men call joy; and who are taught the great lesson that out of weary longing, baffled efforts, and failure which seems almost too sad to be dwelt upon, a victory which may endure forever may be wrought.—Anon.

#### The Secret Bequest.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

#### VII.

HEN Mr. Maxwell, punctual to his appointment, arrived the next morning, he found Honora, equally punctual, awaiting him in the library, to which he was immediately shown. She met him with the friendly cordiality he had already learned to expect from her; and, as they shook hands, he was so struck by the smiling brightness of her eyes, as well as by a subtle change in her whole manner and expression, that he said approvingly:

"You look as if you are at last beginning to realize and enjoy your good fortune."

"I am," she replied. "For the first time it has acquired reality for me; and I should surely be very ungrateful if I didn't enjoy this beautiful place, and all that its possession means."

"I'm glad that you've come to see things that way," he remarked; "for your attitude up to this time has been rather surprising. You've struck me as being more puzzled and worried than pleased by the change in your circumstances."

She laughed a little, as they sat down together at the massive library table.

"You are right: I have been both puzzled and worried," she said. "But things have cleared very much for me since I met Bernard Chisholm. You know he came to see me yesterday afternoon—but of course you know, since you sent him."

"Oh, no, I didn't send him!" Mr. Maxwell said, shaking his head. -"I only told him that I knew you would be glad to see him, and he was off at once; for it appeared that he was extremely anxious to see you."

"Do you know why?" The leaf-brown eyes grew brighter as she looked at him. "For  $\cdot$  the kindest reason imaginable because he had an instinct that I was feeling badly about taking the inheritance that should have been his, and he wanted to assure me that there was no cause for such a feeling."

"He has apparently succeeded in convincing you that there is no cause."

"How could one fail to be convinced when he declares seriously and earnestly that he made a deliberate choice, which he doesn't regret in the least? You know him better than I do: could *you* doubt his assurance when given like that?"

"I don't think I could," Mr. Maxwell replied. "I've never known a more sincere person than Bernard Chisholm. I'm sure nothing would induce him to say what wasn't strictly true."

"Then one must believe what he says, even though it appears almost incredible," Honora deduced. "That strikes me as a great triumph of character," she added—"that people who are altogether out of sympathy with his motives, nevertheless believe absolutely in his sincerity."

"Well, you see he's given a proof of sincerity which not even the most incredulous can doubt," the lawyer remarked a little dryly.

"Yes," she assented. "Nobody doubts the sincerity which is proved by giving up money. It makes one wonder if that isn't the supreme use of money in the world, to serve as a test of character."

"It is certainly the great test," the man of the world agreed. "It's by their attitude with regard to money that we learn most unmistakably what men and women really are."

"And by that test Bernard Chisholm has proved so unmistakably what he is," the girl deduced again, "that I'm sure you'll be glad to hear that he has consented to remain in charge of the business of the Chisholm estate."

Mr. Maxwell, who had begun to untie a bundle of papers, looked approximation them with his eyes opening water under their glasses. "Is it possible?" he ejaculated. "I never thought he would consider remaining for a moment. And—er—you've certainly lost no time in settling the matter."

"It seemed to me that it couldn't be settled too soon," Honora said simply. "So I took advantage of the first opportunity to ask him if he wouldn't remain in his present position—which is, practically, that of general manager, isn't it? Yes, I thought so" (as Mr. Maxwell nodded). "At first he was unwilling to consent; but I put it to him so that he finally agreed to stay—for the present. I must own that he qualified his consent in that way."

The lawyer leaned back in his chair and regarded her with an astonishment in which curiosity was largely mingled.

"May I ask how you put it to him?" he inquired. "I'd have wagered almost anything that he wouldn't consent to remain under any circumstances."

"I told him," Honora explained, "that, as he had by his act brought about the situation in which I am placed, I thought he ought to feel an obligation to help me discharge the obligations that have been thrown on me. He acknowledged that I was right, — that, since he had created the situation, he did owe me the help I claimed. And so he consented to remain in charge of the business."

"Upon my word!" Mr. Maxwell emitted a short burst of laughter. "That exceeds anything I've ever heard in the way of plea. You, who've gained everything, demand help from him, who has lost it all, on the ground that he is responsible for your gain as well as for his own loss!"

"And isn't it true?" Honora inquired calmly. "Isn't he responsible for the gain as well as for the loss?"

"If he is, it doesn't constitute a claim upon him for service. That's quite the most illogical and absurd thing I, ever heard of."

"I'm glad to say that he didn't seem to consider it either illogical or absurd,"

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Honora remarked, with the same calmness. "He saw my point of view at once, and acknowledged that it was reasonable. I confess" (a slightly deprecating smile came now about her lips) "that perhaps I took an unfair advantage of a plea he had made to Mrs. Kemp, to induce her to remain in her position—"

"Is it possible that Mrs. Kemp has consented to remain?"

"Yes, but only because 'Mr. Bernard' asked her to do so; and the ground on which he put his request was that it would be kind to make things easier for my inexperience. So then I asked him if this didn't apply in a larger sense to his own position, and he admitted that it did, as he also admitted his responsibility for the whole situation. I hope I didn't press the last point too strongly; but I was very anxious for him to stay, and—and I thought you would be glad to know that he has consented to do so."

"I am glad," Mr. Maxwell assured her, "both for his sake and for the sake of the business. But I'm also exceedingly surprised. I never imagined that he would stay. It seemed too much to expect that he would remain as a servant where he had been virtually master, in his own mind and that of everyone else."

"I think one might expect a good deal of him without being disappointed," Honora observed quietly. "And I should like you to believe that, in making the only plea that would have induced him to remain, I wasn't as selfish as perhaps I seem."

"My dear young lady," Mr. Maxwell exclaimed, "I don't for an instant imagine that you were selfish in any degree! Of course I understand that you were chiefly anxious to benefit *him* by inducing him to retain his connection with the business in a well-paid position—"

"Yes, but it was only a secondary consideration that it is — that it must be — a well-paid position," she interposed quickly. "No doubt he could find a position elsewhere that would pay him as well; but I want him to stay here because this is his place, and he must not lose touch with it."

Again the lawyer looked at her curiously, as if wondering what she had in her mind.

"It would certainly be a pity that he should do so," he said; "for he has a very complete grasp of all the details of the business, and a remarkable influence over the people employed in the factories."

"We couldn't afford to lose that influence, could we?" Honora queried wistfully. "It means so much, the influence of personality. And one has only to see Bernard Chisholm to realize what an effect his personality may exert."

"He's an uncommonly attractive person," Mr. Maxwell agreed; "but there's necessarily a weak side to his character, or he couldn't have been led away in the extraordinary manner that he was."

"I should say that there must be a very strong side to his character, or he couldn't have acted as he did," Honora remarked. "It's as you said a moment ago about his sincerity—one can't doubt the strength that is proved by such a sacrifice as he has made."

"Oh, strength of will — yes, he has plenty of that!" the lawyer admitted. "It's in judgment that he has proved weak. A man can be obstinate and ready to sacrifice his interest in a mistaken cause, you know."

"I suppose he can be. But isn't it difficult to tell with certainty what is a mistaken cause?"

"Not in this case, I think." The tone was dry and a trifle significant. "Now shall we proceed to business? I've brought here a statement of the property, and of the sources from which your income is derived."

Mr. Maxwell was not surprised when, on returning to his office a little later, he found Bernard Chisholm there waiting for him. The young man laid down the newspaper over which he had been glanc-

ing, and looked up with a smile as the older man entered.

"You've been longer than I expected," he said. "But of course a business interview with a woman demands time."

"Not with such a woman as Honora Trezevant," the lawyer answered. "She has as clear a head for business as any man—as you'll soon find."

The other lifted his brows, smiling a little more.

"I'll find! That means you've heard—"

"Naturally. Didn't you intend me to hear?"

"My presence here answers that question. I came to tell you that I've promised Miss Trezevant to remain in charge of the business for the present; and, finding you gone, I hadn't much difficulty in guessing where you were. Of course I knew that she'd tell you. I suppose you were surprised."

"Extremely." Mr. Maxwell sat down in his accustomed chair, and swung it around to face the other. "That doesn't mean, however, that I'm not heartily glad on your account as well as on hers," he went on; "but you'll understand why I wasn't expecting such a decision on your part."

"I understand perfectly. I wasn't expecting it myself."

"And so you'll perhaps not mind explaining a little. I'm curious to know why you allowed her to persuade you to stay, if you didn't wish to do so."

"Well, there's something very appealing about her," the young man confessed. "And the whole situation is appealing. It's a tremendous responsibility to throw, without any preparation, on a girl, you know; and it seemed hardly decent to refuse to help her with it."

"So it was quixotism, after all. I was inclined to think so."

"I shouldn't call it quixotism exactly. It was rather—" Bernard paused a moment, and his manner grew graver— "a sense of duty. I don't like to appear priggish, but there seemed to me a call of duty involved that I couldn't disregard. Oh, yes" (answering Mr. Maxwell's look), "I know you're thinking that it's strange I should feel duty in connection with what has been taken from me and given to some one else; but, you see, I don't look at the matter from that point of view at all."

"It's quite beyond me to tell from what point of view you do look at it," the other bluntly remarked.

"Yet it's very plain," Bernard said quietly. "Putting aside Miss Trezevant and her need of help, there's a great deal I can do in connection with the property that no one else can do. You'll grant that, I suppose?"

"Of course I will. I told her so."

"Well, doesn't capability carry an obligation with it? I mean—oh, confound it! I must talk like a prig! Isn't it clear that where one is needed, where one sees one's work cut out and waiting, is where one should stay, whether it's the place one would choose or not?"

"I can't see that there's any obligation upon you to stay and work for a business that you've no longer any interest in."

"But I have an interest in it, —that's just the point. I haven't lost my interest in seeing it prosper, in carrying on what was so close to my poor uncle's heart, and in helping the people concerned, just because it doesn't belong to me. Personal possession is really a very small thing, you know."

"I'll be hanged if it is!" Mr. Maxwell declared with energy. "It's the most important thing in human society, and you're talking nonsense when you say otherwise."

"Oh, I'm not disputing the sacred rights of property!" Bernard told him, with a laugh. "I mean only that to some people—and I'm one of them—it is a matter of small importance whether or not one's personal interest is at stake when it's a question of good work to be done."

Mr. Maxwell looked at him with much the same mixture of admiration and dis-

approval that Mrs. Kemp's manner had expressed.

"You're an odd fellow," he said, "and a striking example of the result of not taking personal interest into consideration. You'd be able to accomplish a great deal more if you owned the Chisholm estate yourself, as you ought to own it, you know."

"Oh, I'm well enough aware of that!" Bernard answered. "There were many things I had dreamed of doing when the ownership came to me. But of course it was not necessary that they should be done," he added cheerfully, "or the opportunity would have been given me."

"The opportunity was in your hand and you threw it away," Mr. Maxwell reminded him. "You can't blame anybody but yourself—"

"I don't," the young man interpolated.

"But it looks as if another opportunity may be offered you now, if you have sense enough to take advantage of it."

"You mean-?"

"I mean that Miss Trezevant will undoubtedly give you a free hand with the business, and you'll be able to carry out your plans almost as if you were the owner; while of course, if things prosper with them—"

"I'm really not thinking of anything of that kind."

"Well, so much the worse for you if you're not," Mr. Maxwell snapped. "Having ruined your prospects in life by throwing away a fine fortune for um—er—"

"A question of conscience, let us say."

"You've now an extraordinary chance to recover a part at least of what you've lost. This girl who has inherited your uncle's fortune is a very uncommon person, let me tell you."

Bernard nodded. "I've observed that," he said.

"She has not only the clearest head for business I've ever seen in a woman, as I remarked a few minutes ago, but she's thinking of everything and everybody in the world sooner than herself." "I've also observed that."

"And there's nothing she's thinking of more than of how to make up to you for your great loss."

"But that won't do, you know!" the young man cried quickly. "I've tried to set her straight on that point,—to make her understand that I'm not injured in any way. But if she insists on considering me as a subject for charitable atonement, I'll have to reconsider the promise to stay, which, between ourselves, she extorted from me—"

"She acknowledges that she did."

"And sever my connection with the Chisholm estate in an emphatic manner."

"If you do, you'll play the fool more completely than I could have imagined possible, even for you—"

"Many thanks!"

"And you'll behave in a very rude and ungracious manner besides—which I really consider you incapable of doing."

"Thanks again! But don't you see that to stay in order to help *her*, and to stay when she thinks she's benefiting *me* by retaining my services, are two very different things?"

"Just so." Mr. Maxwell's tone took its driest accent. "It's the difference between being willing to confer a favor and quite unwilling to receive one. There's nothing remarkable in that attitude, but there's a confounded amount of unregenerate pride."

"Possibly there is," Bernard admitted; ""but, all the same, I'm afraid I can't consent to occupy the position of Miss Trezevant's beneficiary."

"There's not the slightest danger that your new religion will ever canonize you for your humility," Mr. Maxwell assured him. "Well, you may set your pride at rest. She is quite as much impressed as you could desire with the favor you are doing her by remaining."

"Oh, I don't want her to feel anything like that!"

"Then what the deuce do you want

her to feel?" Mr. Maxwell's patience gave way. "If she isn't to be obliged to you, and you decline to be obliged to her, how does the matter stand?"

"It stands, so far as I'm concerned, on a strict business basis," Bernard replied— "or no" (he caught himself up), "that's not true, except in a limited sense. It wasn't as a business proposition that I agreed to remain, but because I saw that she was very anxious for me to do so; and I thought it would relieve her mind, while at the same time I could help her more than she knew. I had a comfortable sense of conferring a benefit—you're quite right about that, — and there's really no reason why I should object to her having the same feeling."

"Only she hasn't anything of the kind. On the contrary, she is very grateful to you, and quite appreciates the sacrifice you're making by staying. So don't go and spoil a fine act by any ill-judged display of pride."

Bernard's handsome dark eyes had a light of amusement in them as he looked at the older man.

"You'd make a good father confessor," he said, "since it's the business of a father confessor to get at the root of motives and to make one feel small. Well, it's settled, then, that for the present things are to go on as they are. That's what I came in to tell you, though we've taken some time to get to the point. But you must understand, and I hope Miss Trezevant understands, that it's a purely temporary arrangement."

"Oh, yes, she understands clearly enough! But I hope it may prove more enduring than you expect."

A significance he had not intended crept into the speaker's tone, and brought a change to Bernard Chisholm's face and manner. A distinct shade of reserve came over both as he rose.

"There's not the least probability of that," he replied. "As I've explained, I've consented to remain for only a timeuntil Miss Trezevant learns how to fit into her place; and then I shall go. Meanwhile you'd better be looking out for some one to take my position."

A moment later he had left the office; and as Mr. Maxwell sat staring after his retreating figure, he seemed to hear Honora's wistful words: "I want him to stay because this is his place, and he must not lose touch with it."

The lawyer shook his head.

"It'll be hard work to keep him," he muttered aloud, "unless—unless—and I doubt if *that's* possible."

(To be continued.)

#### My Anglican Childhood.

BY G. M. E. R.

THE other day I picked up a booklet called "The Catholic Child." It was evidently written for Anglican children, and seemed to be an imitation (not a good one) of Monsignor Benson's "Child's Rule of Life." A certain small friend of mine is being educated in accordance with its principles, and I could not help contrasting her religious education with that of the family of children of which I was one. My little friend's father, an Anglican clergyman, is very scornful about the manner of our teaching. He says "all that sort of thing is out of date now," and that it was "not in accordance with the doctrines of the Anglican Church."

The Book of Common Prayer was, however, our only text-book; and as our father and instructor was an Anglican clergyman, he may reasonably be supposed to have known something of the doctrine and practice of the church of which he was a minister. But when I point this out, and suggest that perhaps it is the Prayer-Book itself that is "out of date," and that a certain section of Anglicans, both clergy and laity, seem to be a little out of conceit with what we used to hear apotheosized as "Our Incomparable Liturgy," my friend is very indignant, and refers me to the "First Prayer-Book of Edward VI.," which, he says, was superseded only "to satisfy the Puritan element."

The first place connected in our minds with the worship of God was a gloomy building full of pews. Ours was the very front one of all, so that going to church did not even provide the excitement of watching the movements of our fellowbeings; for the choir was in the back gallery with the organ. All we had to look at during a long and dreary hour and a half every Sunday morning was a small dark alcove, lighted, or rather darkened, by a window whose hideous colors and design we knew and hated more thoroughly each week. Underneath this window was an unimportant structure, clothed in dark red and brightened by the gleam of a brass plate. This structure we could see only when we stood upon our hassocks; and even then it was partially hidden and altogether dwarfed by two wooden erections, rather like auctioneers' rostrums, which stood, one on each side, in front of the alcove.

In one of these our father knelt, facing the congregation, to read the prayers; from the other he read two long chapters from the Bible, which were, as a rule, entirely uninteresting to us. I say "as a rule," for there were notable exceptions. We waited with keen delight for the recurrence of the picturesque phrases in the thrilling stories of the Book of Daniel. My brothers scarcely attempted to disguise their satisfaction when the Prophet's great adventure ended so well both for himself and for the hungry lions. As for me, no battle song has ever thrilled me as did that of the warrior woman who dwelt "under the palm tree between Ramah and Bethel," and told, in words of more than Pindaric fire, the exploits of Jael, the wife of Heber the Kenite, in the day "when the stars in their courses fought against Sisera," the enemy of the Lord, and his mother looked out at her window in vain.

The only alteration that ever took place in the appearance of the church (except at Christmas) was connected with the red-clothed structure at the end of the alcove. Sometimes it appeared resplendent in a white tablecloth, which completely covered it, and adorned with silver vessels, one of which strongly resembled the coffeepot of our mother's breakfast table. When this phenomenon occurred, we noticed that the elders remained behind after the usual service was over. My brother and I frequently discussed the matter, and debated as to what could possibly happen on these occasions. That it had something to do with eating and drinking we felt sure. At last he hit upon a solution: they remained behind to partake of coffee and cakes! I suppose the coffee was suggested by the silver vessels, and the cakes were a product of his youthful imagination. The explanation seemed to me to meet the case, and for a considerable time we never doubted its truth. Probably, in our childish minds, we associated the white tablecloth with the merry teas in the vestry which were wont to reward the exertions of those who took part in the church decorations at Christmas.

Ah, those decorations! They were really very pleasant. For the two or three weeks during which they lasted, the church resounded with conversation and merriment. Every afternoon we went to pick holly berries, which many busy and bustling ladies sewed onto brown paper, wherewith to frame the texts which other ladies made. How beautiful those texts were, to be sure! They consisted of "imitation coral" — that is, of rough tapioca dipped in red sealing wax,---and they rested on a groundwork of cotton wool. It was the ambition of the decorators to make enough to go round the church. This was of course a work of time, and also of tapioca.

Our decorations were not, however, confined to texts. I remember on one occasion being allowed, as a special

privilege, to cut up red and blue and gold paper into stars, crowns, diamonds, lozenges, and cubes, for an enterprising lady, who made designs of them, with which she covered the whole of the wooden pulpit. Ugly as it was in its naked state, I remember thinking I liked it even less thus adorned. But the effort of this artistic lady was the envy of all the other decorators, one of whom whispered in my hearing that she had once seen something like it in a "Roman Catholic church." The awe-struck tones of the speaker impressed me, and on my return home I asked for information about the Roman Catholic Church. It was given, fully and fervently; and I retired to the schoolroom to retail it to the others, much excited by the knowledge that there were, in the same town with myself, people who habitually broke two of the Ten Commandments, a thing which, as my brother remarked, "no one else, except heathen and people in prison, ever did." Henceforth the word "Roman" was suggestive to us of all kinds of vague and interesting wickedness.

Before very long we heard it again. new vicar had, it seemed, been A appointed to one of the churches in the town, and his "Romish" doings were discussed before us. By dint of great persuasion, we induced our nurse to take us surreptitiously into the church one Sunday afternoon. They were singing a kind of hymn, which I had not then heard described as a metrical litany. A clergyman sang one verse in a high falsetto voice, and the congregation, mostly children, sang the other. We were disappointed: there was nothing wicked or mysterious, so far as we could see. The church was light, and the pews low and open, not like our own safe, walled-in retreats, where games could be played with impunity while the elders slept during the sermon.

Our next experience was that of a big church in a fashionable little country town. It was large and light, well built and well decorated. The Communion Table, as I had learned to call it, was on the top of a flight of steps, and was adorned by two vases of flowers in addition to the brass plate. The chancel had choir-stalls, in which sat the singers, male and female. The frocks and hats of the latter were a constant source of interest and speculation to us, and apparently also to the ladies who were in the habit of calling on our mother. There was much more singing in the service than we had been used to; and the clergy preached in surplices, not the black gown to which we had been accustomed. They did not, however, wear cassocks.

In this church, Litany and Ante-Communion were said on alternate Sundays. Once a month there was Communion, and our mother and governess "stayed." We no longer thought it was for coffee and cakes; in fact, we had at last been told that it was in order to receive the Sacrament. And further instruction, connected with the Catechism, revealed that in the Sacrament bread and wine were received in memory of the death of Christ. About this time I was reading, with my father, as my first Latin book, Jewel's "Apology for the Church of England," and I had come to realize that there was much controversy connected with the Sacrament. I asked for an explanation. In answer I was given a definition of the word "Transubstantiation," and was shown by the Prayer-Book formularies (the Black Rubric was, I remember, particularly pointed out) how the Church of England, at the Reformation, had cast away that doctrine for her present pure and spiritual belief. What that belief was did not seem as clear as what it was not; but the matter did not interest me particularly, and I dismissed it from my mind.

Religion was to us in those days a thing surrounded and hedged in with formality and reserve. There was nothing familiar or homely about it. It had its proper times and places. It belonged to church and prayer times and Scripture lessons, and it would have been a distinct breach of etiquette to mention it in ordinary conversation. At a later period of my life, when I became acquainted with Evangelicals (a party at that time more distinct than it is now from the orthodox Low-Church school), the freedom with which they used the divine Name and spoke of such things as sin and salvation gave me, a ten-year-old sinner, almost a sensation of shame.

Our Scripture lessons consisted of repetition, with explanations by our father, of Creed, Catechism, and the Sunday Collects, Epistles and Gospels. There were additional tasks for punishment, often one of the Thirty-Nine Articles. My mind is well stored with these treasures of Protestant theology.

We were carefully and conscientiously taught, but the teaching broke down in two most important points: it failed to give us any idea either of the love of God or of the nature of sin. Sin was to us an offence against law and order; God was the Person who ultimately punished such an offence. I am sure we never knew that sin was the wounding of Love.

There was thus nothing to obscure the relationship of criminal to Judge in which we stood to God, nor any means of evading punishment for sins committed. I remember once chastising myself, in a paroxysm of fear, for a fault known only to myself. Confession never occurred to me, nor indeed would it have done to any of us; we were taught to ask forgiveness as part of our form of prayer, but not to confess our faults. In fact, to our minds, that would have been beneath the dignity of prayer. I was more than sixteen, incredible as it may seem, before I realized that confession meant anything more than stating in general terms that "we have erred and strayed from Thy ways like lost sheep."

Of the connection of baptism with sin and forgiveness, I do not remember ever hearing. In our Catechism lessons it

was explained as a contract, a business transaction between God and oneself, that had been performed by proxy. It was illustrated by a person going to a shop and receiving so many goods in return for so much money; the Kingdom of Heaven being, I suppose, represented by the goods, and our promises and vows by the money. The price which had to be paid for admission into the Kingdom had been guaranteed by our godparents; it was for us to redeem it at our Confirmation. This took place, in my own case, at the early age of twelve. I wished for it; and the archdeacon, whom my father consulted, saw no reason for withholding it, as I was 'quite intelligent enough to understand what I was undertaking.' It was this undertaking of my own that made the whole solemnity of the rite for me; that any spiritual grace would be conveyed to me by the outward act was so foreign to all our modes of thought that it never entered my mind.

The Confirmation classes lasted about two months. We went twice a week. Most of the candidates were girls of my own station, aged from about sixteen to eighteen. Our instruction began with a lecture to prove that Confirmation was entirely Scriptural, with a sort of apology to our "dissenting brethren" for differing from them on the point. Thereafter it consisted for the most part of disserta-. tions on the duties and responsibilities of our state of life, based on the Ten Commandments and the vows made in our baptism, which we were now about to renew in our own persons. It was impressed upon us that in answer to the bishop's question, "Do ye here, in the presence of God and of this congregation, renew the solemn promise and vow that was made in your name at your baptism, ratifying and confirming the same in your own persons?" we were to say, "I do," in a very clear and emphatic tone.

In *The Sign*, an Anglican parish magazine for July, 1914, a correspondent asks this question, relative to his or her Confirmation: "I am not at all sure that I said, 'I do,' when the bishop confirmed , me: was I confirmed?" That is precisely the feeling I should have had, had I failed to say, "I do." Evidently the bishop shared in this opinion; for I remember he made us repeat the "I do" three times before it was said to his satisfaction.

The Confirmation took place on the afternoon of a hot September day. The bishop, a dignified, aristocratic person, stayed and dined. I, "having now come to years of discretion," dined also for the first time in my life.

On the Sunday after the Confirmation we received our first "Communion." We had one lecture in preparation for it, which, so far as I can remember, was a reiteration of the instruction given in the Catechism, with a warning that everything was to be understood only in a spiritual sense. We were also, I remember, told to remove our gloves before going up to the Lord's Table. No manuals of devotion were given to us; self-examination was not suggested, nor indeed any form of preparation for the Sacrament other than the exercise of faith.

I think this description applies with more or less accuracy to the preparation of us all for Confirmation; though the others had, I believe, manuals given to them. An exception must, however, be made in the case of one of my brothers, who was confirmed at school, and prepared by a Ritualistic master. I found the other day, in a limbo of deceased books, the manual of devotion; full of good, sound Catholic teaching, which was given him by this master. He had compiled it himself, for the use of his boys; but the council of the school disapproved of it, and the master was requested either to withdraw his book from publication or resign his position.

And so, looking back on my childhood, I can not but be thankful that the Prayer-Book is getting "out of date," and that fewer children are being taught according to its precepts, and more after the fashion

tile.

of my little Anglican friend. For though they can not know the abounding grace of the Sacraments, and the joy and freedom of this Royal House where the King of Saints tabernacles forever, where the Queen of Heaven ever watches over her children, and where the Fisherman still feeds the lambs of Christ who are brought up to company with the princes of the Kingdom, still they do learn that there are spiritual realities: that Mary is the Blessed Mother, and that angels are about them; they see the love of God in the crucifix, and worship the Babe who took flesh of a Maiden. Yes, and in the pools of legend and fancy that lie at their feet, they may catch glimpses of that place where all dreams come true, whose gates lie open to the four quarters of the earth, and whose towers reach to the sky. And we may surely pray that, when childhood is over, they may look upward for the realities; that, having seen the reflection of the City of God in the pools of the garden of youth, they may recognize the true City when it looms up before them, through the mists, on their way over the wilderness of this world.

# The Seedtime of Heaven.

BY CHARLES PHILLIPS.

**U**HE wind comes down through the valley, And bends the unwilling trees

- Like slaves at a plunging galley, Adrift on the streaming seas:
- There is sound of stress in the forest.
- And the steady pour of rain;
- And, O, in a day that is darkening
- But the wind,—there's a sweet breath in it! And the rain,—like a harp it sings
- With a rhythmical beat and music
- Of greening and golden things!
- "For this is the seedtime of heaven," The busy raindrops cry;
  - Then plant me the little flower of peace For my harvest by and by, I sigh,—
    - For my harvest by and by!

# A Man of Stone.

#### BY FLORENCE GILMORE.

I.  $\mathbf{F}$  ROM a leaden sky the snow was falling fast. It had fallen for twentyfour hours. Here and there the wind swept the sidewalks clean, and nearby heaped

the sidewalks clean, and nearby heaped the snow in drifts which barricaded gate and doorway and crossing. A strong wind it was, pitilessly cold, that lashed the garments and purpled the faces of the few who struggled against it in the almost deserted streets; a cruel wind, that stole through every crack, and stung the shivering children of the poor until they wailed in pain; that made the old, hardened in suffering, bow their bent heads still lower. The naked trees moaned dismally over the suffering all about them, and the wind moaned with it; and still it snowed as if it would never stop, while the day grew old and the early winter twilight came and deepened.

In the middle of the afternoon a woman, thin, frail, ill-clad, hurried into the street from one of the poorest of the tenement houses, and, turning her face westward, walked, as swiftly as she could against the wind, through the business section of the city, between mile after mile of shabby homes and cheap boardinghouses, - on, on, to wider streets, treeflanked, where stone mansions stood in spacious grounds. Clasped in her hand she held a slip of paper containing an address which she had but a vague idea how to reach. Several times she asked directions of those who brushed against her, but, weary and half frozen, hardly understood what they told her; and more than once wandered out of her way and had to retrace her steps. It was almost six o'clock, and dark, when at last she found 17 Courtland Place.

Very timidly she rang the door bell; more timidly she asked to see Mrs. Blair. The maid led her into a small room, simply but elegantly furnished, and left----- her there alone for what, to the shrinking, frightened woman, seemed an interminable length of time. She was hardly conscious of the grateful summer heat of the house, or of the fine furniture, the spaciousness, the silence. Two details only did she notice: the fresh flowers upon the table (and of these she thought but for an instant), and a magnificent ivory crucifix; on it her gaze lingered pleadingly.

She heard the rustle of silken skirts, and trembled. But when Mrs. Blair entered the room, she gave a little gasp of relief. She was no longer afraid. Here was no grand lady, such as she had pictured to herself—tall, severe, dignified, awe-inspiring,—but a young woman, a little thing, whose pale gold hair was rather dishevelled, and whose smiling face was rather insipid. With a simplicity born of her great need, the woman instantly began to speak, going straight to the heart of her errand.

"I am Mrs. Busch," she said, taking the nearest chair in obedience to a word from Mrs. Blair. "I live in the Century Building. It's only the agent I ever see, but I know your husband owns it, andand I'm in great trouble. I haven't been able to pay the rent for five months. I hope you haven't minded much. You see, I used to make shirts at home,--that was the way I made my living. But my eyes went bad on me last summer, what with sewing so much, and the light being none of the best. I sewed long after they hurt me. I had to. I went until I couldn't see no more. Then I had to stop, and I haven't had no work since, except when I could get a day's washing. And-and-"

She had spoken calmly so far. 'Now her lips trembled and her swollen eyes filled. Brushing away the tears with the back of her hard, gloveless hand, she looked down at the floor as she continued, talking fast and faster, and ending with a heartbroken sob:

"I have a little girl five years old. She is always sick,—she has been ever

since she was born. But she's so sweet and cute, you can't think! And now the agent—he says—he says he'll turn us out of doors to-morrow unless I pay the rent, and I haven't any money—and it's cold—and it's snowing dreadfully. Oh, what can I do,—what *can* I do?"

Mrs. Blair patted her gently on the knee.

"Don't cry! You must not cry like that. Of course you can not pay. I am sure, my husband wouldn't think of taking money from any one who isn't well off," she said kindly. She had but vague impractical ideas of business matters.

"I wouldn't mind much for myself," Mrs. Busch went on, cheered, though she was not convinced that Mr. Blair would view the case in exactly the same light as did his wife. "I wouldn't mind for myself, but it would kill Alice to be turned out into this weather. It's very cold,—you've no idea! If it was only me I'd manage somehow—*anyhow*. Maybe you've got a little girl or boy of your own; then you know just how it is."

Rather sadly Mrs. Blair shook her head.

"But I'll tell my husband all about it. It's an outrage! Such an agent! So cruel and unreasonable!" Then her eyes, wandering about the room, rested on the flowers, and an idea occurred to her. "I am going to send these roses to your little Alice,—that's her name, is it not?"

"Yes—Alice. And you're—you're very kind, ma'am; but they'd freeze before I'd get them home. I have about six. miles to walk, and I—"

"Oh, yes, they would freeze! I had not thought of that," Mrs. Blair agreed. She felt sympathetic and longed to help, but had no idea what to do. "I—that is, you can live in the Century Building just as long as you like without paying any rent. I am sure it won't matter at all. We couldn't think of taking your little bit of money," she said, after a pause.

Mrs. Busch's pride was almost dead: years of poverty and struggle had done their worst by it: but a faint spark of it flared up at this. "I'm not asking any charity. I've always paid my way, as my father and mother did before me, and I intend to keep on. I'm only asking *time*. I'll pay all I owe when I can work regular again. It's only on account of Alice that I—I oh, if you could only understand how it is! She's so cold these days, and I can't help it, and I can't get half enough for her to eat. We try to pretend we're not hungry, but it's hard, and she's so little and sickly!"

Mrs. Blair stared at her, amazed.

"You're not hungry!" she gasped. "Hungry! I've heard Father Daly say that many people are, but I didn't know he really meant it, or else I didn't quite understand. You must not be hungry." Then, as Mrs. Busch suddenly remembered the lateness of the hour and rose to go, she added: "No, no! You must not leave just yet!"

She rang the bell, and told the maid who came to get whatever food she could find in the pantry and ice chest and give it to Mrs. Busch; then, practical for once, she corrected herself.

"But no: it would be better to order one of the machines and load the things into it."

While they waited Mrs. Blair plied Mrs. Busch with questions, kindly meant; and, although their blunt tactlessness sometimes made the poor woman wince, she was too grateful not to answer them all, readily and fully.

"It's very strange the way you live. I have heard of such things but had never believed they really existed," Mrs. Blair slowly said at last, and would have added more in the same strain if the automobile had not been announced at that moment.

When, with some difficulty, Mrs. Busch had been crowded into it, among packages of such food as she had never tasted, Mrs. Blair gave her the tips of her bejewelled fingers, saying:

"Now, don't worry about the rent. I will tell Mr. Blair all about it when he reaches home. I'll tell him everything you said. He will be so interested!"

Only a few minutes later, Mrs. Blair, wandering aimlessly through the rooms, in a fever of impatience for her husband's coming, heard his low voice in the reception hall, and, running to him, kissed him far more effusively than usual.

"Oh, I have something to tell you!" she began eagerly. "A poor woman was here,—so poor! You have no idea how poor people can be! She has two rooms in the Century Building and she can't pay her rent, but I told her you wouldn't mind. I knew you wouldn't. Mr. Coale, that agent of yours, has been horrid, and he—"

"My! my! Julia! Can't you let a man get rid of his coat before you pounce upon him?" her husband interrupted somewhat irritably. "I haven't the faintest idea what you are talking about."

He gave his hat and coat to the man and went slowly toward the library. Mrs. Blair followed, explaining further:

"The woman was here only a little while ago. Such a sad-looking woman and very thin and white! If you had come a few minutes earlier, you could have seen her. But I promised her that I would tell you all about it as soon as you reached home. It's to-morrow she is to be turned out, if she does not pay; and she can't, you know: she has no money. For months she has had nothing to do, except some laundry work. Did you know that there actually are people here in this city as poor as that?".

Mr. Blair had dropped into a big chair and was leaning back, with his eyes closed. He looked weary and harassed, but his wife was thinking only of Mrs. Busch.

"You're listening, aren't you, John?" she asked, checking her torrent of incoherent explanation. "You understand, don't you? You will tell Mr. Coale the first thing in the morning, won't you?"

Mr. Blair made no reply; and his wife, looking at him for the first time, asked after a puzzled silence:

"You are not tired, are you, John?"

"Yes, very tired, mind and body. I have had a long, hard, anxious day." He opened his eyes, and, leaning forward, began to explain a little, forgetting for the moment how useless he had long ago learned it to be. "These are anxious times in the business world. The whole country is in the grip of a money panic. You see, Julia, it—"

Mrs. Blair playfully put her finger to her ears.

"No, no, John! I won't listen! I wouldn't understand. I don't care about money. What's the use of bothering about it?"

"No use at all!" her husband snapped; and, opening the evening paper without another word, he hid himself behind it.

Mrs. Blair knew well that he did not like to be disturbed when he was reading. He was apt to be "cross" if she talked to him then; but this was an exceptional and urgent case, she argued, and he would be interested, if only he could be made to listen. He could not help it. Besides, he must act early the following morning, or it would be too late.

"It was nice of Mrs. Busch — that is the poor woman's name, — it was nice of her to come to us for help, wasn't it? She doesn't blame the agent, and she doesn't want charity. She said so. She seemed almost angry for a minute, because she thought I imagined that she did. You will speak to Mr. Coale about her to-morrow morning, won't you?"

No answer from 'Mr. Blair, — no evidence that he heard.

"It will be too late to-morrow afternoon," she tried again, after what she deemed a long silence. "She has a little girl who is always ill. It must be awful to be ill all the time, don't you think so? Do you remember how miserable you were when you had influenza, and how anxious to get well in a hurry? Suppose you were ill all the time! And Alice Busch is only a little mite, five years old. I think her mother said she is five, but perhaps it was six she said." There was another silence, broken only by the ticking of the clock and the rustle of Mr. Blair's paper, before his wife ventured again:

"I told her you do not want rent from people unless it is easy for them to pay."

Mr. Blair lowered his paper sufficiently to glare at her over the top of it.

"I am trying to read," he said; and hid himself once more.

A few seconds later dinner was announced, or it is probable that Mrs. Blair would have renewed the attack. No one had ever accused her of lacking persistence. Mr. Blair did not obey the summons promptly; but when he rose, dropping his paper, he put his arm about his wife's shoulder as they went to the dining room. He was sorry he had been so brusque, but all he said by way of apology was:

"You don't know how tired I am this evening. I feel as if I should like to rest forever. I am glad we have no engagement."

Mrs. Blair, because she saw that his good-humor was restored, and because he had no newspaper at hand to protect him, felt the moment surely auspicious to interest him in Mrs. Busch.

"She has had the same rooms for four or five years, and always paid promptly until lately," she said.

Mr. Blair frowned.

"Who is this woman you have been talking about for the past three-quarters of an hour? Why am I expected to be interested in her?"

"If you would but listen, John, when I explain, you would know all about her; but you get cross as soon as I say a word."

If there is one thing an irritable person finds more trying than all others it is to be called "cross" or "impatient," or by any kindred epithet; so it was not in his most amiable manner that Mr. Blair rejoined:

"Well, tell me the whole story, if you must; and after that let's be done with it once for all. You will give me no peace until I have been bored with every word you said and she said, and a hundred more neither of you ever thought of saying."

Mrs. Blair pouted for an instant before her desire to tell her story proved stronger than her resentment; then she related, in her provokingly desultory manner, the narrative of her afternoon's experience. Mr. Blair sat mute.

"You don't seem to be interested, John. You are hardly listening, and you haven't asked one question."

"Oh, yes, I am listening and am intensely interested! But *do* come to the point. What was the woman crying about? No doubt that is the kernel of the story."

"Mrs. Busch cried because she has no money, and she is going to be put out of her rooms to-morrow if she doesn't pay her rent; and her little girl is sick, and may die if she has to go out in the cold and the snow. You would cry, too, if you were in her place!" she retorted indignantly.

"And her name is Busch, I think you said, and it's the Century Building."

"Yes; and she wouldn't mind very much if she were alone,—she said so. The little girl has always been ill, and they are often cold in winter, and in summer they have no ice; and sometimes they are hungry—"

"So am I!" Mr. Blair murmured.

"But not in the same way. They have nothing to eat,—nothing at all!"

"Now, Julia, suppose we change the subject. I think, possibly, we could find a more cheerful one. There is no one else on earth about whom I have quite as much information as I have about this Mrs. Busch. I know all about her tears and her long walk, her clothes, her appearance, her child, and her financial status. I can't say that I yearn to learn more."

Mrs. Blair had succeeded in making him listen to the story from beginning to end. She was delighted with her success, and never easily annoyed; so she paid no heed to this tirade, but smiled absently while it was in progress and at its close; and after a pause Mr. Blair said, almost in his ordinary tone:

"I wonder if you realize what a severe snowstorm we are having, — the worst in many years. I don't remember ever to have seen such drifts. They say that the street car service is very much crippled, and trains are blocked all over the State."

"Yes?" Mrs. Blair said listlessly, not interested. "You won't forget about Mrs. Busch?" she reminded him, after scarcely a pause.

"No, no!" he answered shortly, trying to be patient; and began to felicitate himself that at length the subject was considered finished when the meal passed without any further reference to it; and on their returning to the library Mrs. Blair buried herself in a new magazine. He really was inexpressibly weary, and harassed by a score of anxieties, involving millions of dollars of his own and other people's money besides. Leaving untouched his half-read paper, he leaned against the back of his chair and shut his eyes, with a deep sense of thankfulness that he could rest. But the lull was short-lived. His wife was not engrossed in her story. After a few minutes she closed the magazine. Her husband sighed.

"I told her you would not allow her to be turned out of her rooms," she remarked exultingly.

Mr. Blair made no answer, but he frowned darkly.

"John, wouldn't it be lovely never again to charge her or any other poor people? We don't want poor people's money, do we? Tell Mr. Coale not to, won't you? Or shall I?"

Mr. Blair was angry at last.

"Please do not meddle with my business affairs! I shall tell Mr. Coale nothing of the kind; and if I hear one word more about this matter, I will do nothing. I mean every word I say." Naturally he was obstinate, and nature had the upper hand in that hour; but his wife had never learned when to be silent.

"O John, you don't mean that! I know you don't! You will interfere, won't you, John?"

"No!" he answered roughly. "Once and for all, I wash my hands of the whole affair. It's the agent's business. Why should I meddle?"

Still Mrs. Blair did not understand that he was in earnest. After a scarcely perceptible pause, she said sweetly, her baby smile playing about her lips:

"I told Mrs. Busch that Mr. Coale really has no authority. The building is yours, isn't it, John?"

"Why on earth did you tell her that? He has, — of course he has! I did intend to interfere in this case, though it would have been a trouble, and a thing that, in general, I don't approve of. Now I shall do nothing. Do you understand?"

At last it dawned upon Mrs. Blair that her husband was thoroughly angry, and she had best be silent. That he meant to carry out his threat did not even occur to her; and she went to bed feeling light-hearted, because she had saved their home to a poor woman and her child.

Forty-eight hours later Mr. Blair was ensconced in his library, poring over the evening paper. He had had a singularly gratifying day. The steps he had taken to safeguard his own and others' interests had proved successful beyond his most sanguine hopes. He had had an excellent dinner, during which he and his wife had chatted happily, without any of the miniature quarrels that ordinarily marred their intercourse. He was feeling supremely content, satisfied with himself and all the world, until in a corner of the first page of his paper he found this short paragraph:

"Yesterday morning Mrs. Busch, a widow, with her five-year-old child, was turned out of her wretched rooms in the Century Building. At one time she was employed by Hart & Co., shirt-makers; but for the past six months has been out of work, and consequently unable to pay her rent. The child was seriously ill; and, with her in her arms, the mother walked the streets for hours before she found shelter with the Sisters of Mercy on De Sales Avenue. She was exhausted and almost frozen. The child died early this morning as the result of the exposure. The Century Building is owned by J. C. Blair."

(Conclusion next week.)

## Corot and Millet.

THE following story is told about the wealthy brother of M. Casimir-Périer, formerly President of the French Republic.

M. Périer, who had had constant business connection with the painter Corot, visited that artist one day in 1875, when the finishing strokes were being given to Biblis (a picture representing wood nymphs at sunset). Enchanted with this work, in which the poetry of the subject vied with the execution of the artist, Périer desired to become its owner.

"I will let you have the picture on one condition," said Corot; "and that is, that you will pay my friend Millet's butcher and baker bills."

"Agreed!" exclaimed Périer, not a little surprised at what he considered the cheapness of his bargain.

Setting out forthwith for Chailly, he demanded of butcher and baker the statement of Millet's indebtedness. Both bills were for many hundred francs. The accounts had been running for a long time.

M. Périer paid the bills without a murmur. His Corot had cost him a large sum, but he knew it was a masterpiece. The picture would bring ten times the amount at present, but during the artist's lifetime its highest value was not more than three hundred dollars.

## The Bright Side.

**T**T is consoling, after reading of the destruction and desecration of churches in Belgium and the invaded districts of France, to turn to pastoral and private letters of bishops in both countries. Of nineteen churches in the deanery of Dixmude, Belgium, not a single one remains. All the buildings devoted to educational and charitable work, too, have been demolished. And yet, in a letter enclosing a picture of the marvellously beautiful church of St. Nicholas, which was the pride of Dixmude, a Belgian bishop writes: "In building anew, the spirit of faith of their ancestors will be revived." Far more general than the ruin wrought in France is the religious awakening, which the Bishop of Nantes declares is incontestable. The evidence of it is admitted even by the enemies of the Church.

A joint pastoral of the bishops of Germany reports the same change in the Fatherland. "Like a furious storm," they write, "the war burst on the cold clouds and the evil vapors of infidelity and scepticism, and on the unwholesome atmosphere of an unchristian over-culture. The German people recovered their senses; faith returned to its right; the soul lifted up its eyes and recognized the Lord. 'We saw His glory, the glory as it were of the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth.' Our soldiers have heard at once in the call to war a call to penance; and, therefore, their first march was to the confessional. Their good example has been imitated by all classes of the people; public opinion has changed about; there breathes in German districts a different spirit from that of a few months ago."

Let us hope that when the great world war is ended, a different spirit may breathe everywhere,—a spirit which neither hatred and revenge, nor the ambition to acquire territory and extend trade, may ever again succeed in banishing.

#### Notes and Remarks.

Dr. James J. Walsh as dramatic critic is Doctor Walsh in a new rôle, but one which, in the circumstance, he fills with peculiar fitness. He writes, simply as a Catholic layman and as a physician and psychologist, of a vaudeville performance which he attended recently in New York. It was the sort known as "high-class," yet every "act" is shown by Dr. Walsh to be impeachable on the score of morality as well as good taste. The chief point he makes is that such performances must have, more or less directly, a deteriorating effect upon the hosts of boys and girls who form a considerable portion of the vaudeville's patronage; their parents all the while being too blissfully dull to see the danger of the "shows," or culpably indifferent to results.

Catholic parents should not readily trust the indorsements given to such entertainments by the press or even by well-intentioned friends. On general principles, the home is the place for their children's entertainment. The genuine joys of life are inexpensive as well as wholesome. Take such a matter as reading. Parents who supply their children with good-which doesn't mean dullbooks, and encourage them to form the habit of reading, are doing much to prevent the formation of habits of restless seeking of novelty and excitement and what these habits lead to. The ideal would be to make the home circle independent of outside forms of entertainment, the members finding their greatest pleasure in the society of one another.

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Let us be grateful that "Billy Sunday," so called, is not an anti-Catholic. If he were one, and treated the immense audiences he is able to attract to such tirades against Catholics and their religion as many other Protestant ministers are now indulging in, the result would be an outbreak of bigotry more violent than has yet been witnessed in the United

States. Although frequently urged to "tackle the Catholics," Mr. Sunday resolutely refuses, declaring that he 'has his hands full as it is.' So he has. He should restrain his ardor, and not try to "convert" whole cities in one encounter. If he were to "let up" for a while on the drunkards, of whom there are probably no great number among his auditors, and "tackle" the bigots, whose name is legion, he would be showing better management and doing much more good. As a rule, confirmed drunkards do not go to hear sermons until they have made up their minds to profit by them. It is different with bigots and hypocrites.

Discussing some of the intellectual byproducts of the war, or the modification of public opinion consequent upon the tremendous evils of its continuous progress, the London *Catholic Times* says these wise words:

The late Pope Leo XIII. said: "It is because society has lost sight of the principles of religion that it is now shaken to its foundations; to recall those principles, and to apply them earnestly, is the one means of establishing society on a safe basis, and of securing peace, order, and prosperity." It is to religion, to the force of right, the ideal of justice, the vision of peace, that men are now lifting their eyes. Christendom is no longer united in faith. But at present it seems to be almost one in hope; in future it may be one in charity. But those virtues are the flowers of peace. And for peace, for the inauguration of the reign of international amity, good men of all persuasions are beginning urgently to plead. They raise their eyes across the chasms which divide them in matters of religious belief, and cast a glance toward Rome where sits the Vicar of Jesus Christ, the Supreme Pontiff, the Head of the Church which numbers millions of faithful, obedient souls throughout the world. They wonder whether an appeal to him would prevail on him to take a step which might help to end this war-to end all war. It may be that they will appeal to him. And then in his hands will lie the decision of the wisdom or the opportunism of taking action. In that sphere the journalist will not dream of intruding. What the Pope may think well to do, he will know best and judge best. But his action, should he deem it wise to take any, will be smoothed and made easier and

strengthened by the prevalence of a public opinion which had proclaimed a hearty welcome for every effort to obtain peace, to end the war, and to make an end forever of the possibility of such a war in future.

The undoubted potency of Papal influence is not so plainly seen or so generally admitted on this side of the Atlantic as in Europe; but even in this country eminent publicists recognize the actuality as well as the beneficence of that influence, and applaud its use in the interest of a world-peace.

The Catholic Educational Association reprint, from the General Report of their last convention, a very admirable paper entitled "Why Educate the Deaf? How and Where?" The writing, a symposium by members of the Catholic Deaf-Mute Conference, brings out some facts of which the average Catholic, we believe, is entirely unaware. There are, it is shown, about 20,000 Catholic deaf-mutes in the United States, with only four priests giving exclusive attention to them. For three times this number of Catholic Indians there are forty times this number of priests. Similarly with regard to education: the number of deaf-mute children is far in excess of our ability to take care of them. Moreover, many of these children are in "non-sectarian" institutions, to the grave peril of their, faith and morals.

Surely the cause of the deaf-mutes is a most deserving one, calling for the help of our prayers and our alms. The indifference of Catholics generally on this subject is truly deplorable.

The opening of a new Catholic chapel at Eton College is matter for rejoicing, not only among the Catholics of England but among the faithful everywhere. This event is significant as marking the return of the Faith (as evidenced in the offering of the Holy Sacrifice) to a position of which it had been dispossessed for three and a half centuries. Founded in 1440

by Henry VI., Eton, or "the King's College of Our Lady of Eton beside Windsor," was intended by that pious monarch "to endure to the end of time: to the praise, glory and honor of our Crucified Lord; to the exaltation of the Most Glorious Virgin Mary, His Mother; and the support of the Holy Church, His Bride." But, alas! Eton, like the rest, fell a prey to the designs of the "reformers," with the result that from 1559 to this day no Catholic service has been known to Eton. The new church, recently opened, is the generous gift of Lord Braye, and the mission is looked after by the Canons Regular of the Lateran. Among those whom the opening of this chapel fills with happiness surely are those sons of Eton-a goodly number now-who, like Mr. Hope-Scott and Mgr. Benson, after college days found their way into the Church.

Addressing some four hundred Knights of Columbus recently, the Rev. John L. Belford, of Brooklyn, arraigned the Catholic laity in general for three great faults: ignorance, indifference, and disloyalty. As to the last of the three, he said:

Disloyalty is the third great fault of our laity. Mixed marriages are one example of this disloyalty. 75 per cent of mixed marriages in which the man is a Catholic result unhappily: 50 per cent of the mixed marriages in which the women are Catholics result unhappily. The fact that so many of our population profess no faith at all may be traced to mixed marriages. Out of a population of 100,000,000 there are 60,000,000 who have no religious affiliations. Of the remainder, about half are Catholics and the others are members of the various other bodies.

Another instance of disloyalty is in the fact that some of us are inclined to prefer the company of non-Catholics to our own kind. In business they give preference to non-Catholics. Even our fraternal Orders have not the solidarity of the Masons, for instance. How often do you find a Mason employing a Knight of Columbus to do his work if he can get a Mason to do it? Yet the reverse often happens.

Apart from the basic truth of the charges, Father Belford's address is evi-

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dence that priests who are invited to speak to our Catholic societies do not recognize any implied obligation that their speech shall be sugar-coated or honey-permeated. It is well to applaud the virtues of our laymen, but 'tis not injudicious at times to tell them of certain of their characteristics that are anything but virtuous.

Discussing one result of the world wara result to whose gravity we ourselves have more than once called attention,-Rome says: "It is normal for Catholic missions to live on the brink of starvation, but the brink is crumbling at the feet of many of them at the beginning of 1915. Two-thirds of the money contributed in 1914 for the propagation of the faith in heathen countries was supplied by the belligerent nations. Inevitably their offerings have dwindled away during the last five months; and inevitably they will shrink still further during the progress of hostilities, and even for some time after the restoration of peace. That means the abandonment of many growing congregations, the dismantling of churches as glorious in their lowly way as Rheims, the closing of schools which were doing as much for the future of religion as Louvain itself. And so it happens that a greater burden than usual is thrown on the Christian zeal of those who have the immense good fortune of being neutrals in the present conflict."

Immense good fortune, indeed, and one of which, let us hope, our Federal legislators may not through the Shipping Bill deprive us.

Sermons published as advertisements in newspapers seems to have come as a surprise to many persons. If they only knew how general self-exploitation is among the clergy and the lengths to which it is often carried! When the craving for notoriety seizes a minister, it is impossible to satisfy, even to curb it. We are told of a reverend gentleman in an Eastern

city who sends to the local press a copy of every sermon he preaches, notices of any journeys he may make, — in fact, anything that he says or does; fand he seems to think it is matter of public interest when he entertains a friend or "catches a cold." He never neglects to furnish his latest photograph, with the request that it be presented "with the accompanying little write-up." And the "write-up," though fulsome and flattering to the last degree, invariably bears the earmarks of personal production. The city editor is apt to say things which it would not do to print when he sees on his desk a letter or packet addressed in the domine's familiar handwriting; but, as he always pays his subscription in advance, and orders a good number of copies of any issue of the paper in which there is mention of him, he is borne with, though cursed as a bore or laughed at as a joke, according to the editor-man's uncertain mood.

We like to believe that the Rev. Owen Hornblower — which isn't the name at all — is an extreme case. He probably has some excellent qualities to offset his excessive vanity. As for Pastor Russell, he may not pay for the publication of his sermons out of his own pocket, being of a frugal mind, but allow some prosperous parishioner to do it; and the latter may be as firmly persuaded as Saul himself, when he held the garments of those who stoned St. Stephen, that he is rendering good service.

It was probably the keenness and penetration of St. Augustine that made Gladstone admire him so much; and a recently published work by Mr. W. Montgomery ("St. Augustine: Aspects of his Life and Thought") is likely to cause many others to turn to the great African Doctor and study his teaching. It will be a surprise to them to find in it many points of contact with contemporary interests. The conspicuous genius of St. Augustine as a psychologist is illustrated

in many pages of Mr. Montgomery's work. "We are accustomed to think," he writes, "that the psychology of crowds is a modern study; and many modern critics have illustrated how a crowd absorbs the personalities composing it into something simpler, cruder, more vehement, of which the individuals in turn become the organs. As the German dramatist Keyserling makes one of his revolutionaries say, 'It shouts through one.' Now, Augustine gives us just this in one of his illuminating phrases: 'He was no longer the man who had come thither, but one of the crowd' (unus de turba), infected as it were with its bloodthirsty excitement."

Again, in emphasizing the need of a sympathetic disposition, if teachers would escape the snare of tedium, owing to the constant repetition of rudimentary lessons, the saint is quoted as saying:

Is it not a common experience that when we show to persons who have never seen them before beautiful views, whether in the city or the country, which we have been in the habit of passing by without any sense of pleasure, simply because we have become so accustomed to the sight of them, we find our own enjoyment renewed in their enjoyment of the novelty of the scene?

President Wilson's veto of the literary test in the Immigration Bill will do something toward extirpating one superstition which is as general as it is inveterate among American citizens,-namely, that Congressmen, being in a position to appraise public opinion, invariably reflect it when their vote on any question is preponderatingly pro or con. The fact is that some of our Representatives are not capable of appraising public sentiment. Some others are in politics principally for what they can get out of it, and care nothing what their constituents think, so long as they "vote right." That the Bill in question was passed by a large majority in Congress goes to prove that both classes of worthies are well represented there.



Tommy Travers.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

VII.—BUNTY'S HOME.

BUNTY!" cried Tommy, as his friend scrambled up awkwardly to his side. "You were not going to walk to town this cold day!" "Yes," said Bunty. "I had to. I lost the ticket Sister Leonie gave me for the car. But I wouldn't mind. I'm good as ever agin now, and kin walk all right."

"Good as ever" indeed he looked to the keen eyes of Tommy's father, as, with a bitter pang in his heart, he contrasted the sturdy, broad-shouldered young "tough" with his own son. The brisk walk in the winter air had brought the lost color to Bunty's cheek and the sparkle to his eye. The new corduroys set off the stalwart young form, showing it perfect in every line. The shaggy locks had been clipped by the Saint Gabriel's barber only yesterday. What Bunty had been, or might be, dad could not say; but just now he was a picture of boyish strength and health, good to look on.

"Oh, I am so glad we met you!" exclaimed Tommy, his soft voice sounding very weak after Bunty's deep, full tone. "It would have been such a long walk for you, Bunty! And I've been telling dad all about you, and what good friends we were."

"Yes," said Bunty. "I didn't do nothing for you, but you were friends with me sure. I ain't ever going to forget it."

Again voice and words struck at some soft spot in dad's heart that he believed hardened to all on earth except his boy.

"And you're going home, too, — back to Granny Pegs', Bunty?" asked Tommy, with interest. "Dunno," answered Bunty. "I'll make a try for it; but mebbe she's 'full up' and won't take me in."

"O Bunty, then where will you go?" asked Tommy, anxiously.

"Well, Dutchy's mother, or Dago Joe, or somebody else will give me a bunk," said Bunty, indifferently. "And there's stable lofts where they let you sleep in the hay. I'll get a job somewhere tomorrow. Only thing bothers me is these here good clothes. I'd hate to spoil them, sure; and the gang will hoot at me until I'll have to fight, I know."

"O Bunty!" exclaimed Tommy, in fresh dismay.

"I will," said Bunty., "I don't stand fur hooting." But again the speaker's voice softened as he saw the troubled look on Tommy's face. "You needn't bother about that. I've got my grip back again. When I've got my grip, I kin lay out any of them that come. They'd better not meddle with Bunty Ware."

And the boyish face darkened with a look dad did not like to see. This young "tough," with his "fights" and his "gangs," was no fit "friend" for his boy. He must break off all acquaintance at once.

"We turn here, Tommy," he said, as they reached the city car line. "No use in taking your friend any farther out of his way. Here's a dollar for you, my lad. You can drop off here and take the car."

"Oh, no, no, dad,—no! Don't let Bunty drop off yet," said Tommy, eagerly. "He hasn't any place to drop. Can't can't we give him a job, dad?"

"What kind of a job?" asked his father.

"Oh, in the house, in the garden, some place where he can wear his good clothes and won't have to fight!" "I ain't asking it," put in Bunty quickly. "I ain't asking no dollar and no job. But—but if I could come along sometimes and push Tommy around where the sun shines, like I use to at Saint Gabriel's, I'd do it fur nothing; and I'd take care of him right too, so help me if I wouldn't."

Again dad felt that queer break in the armor of his heart. There was something in this young tough to which he warmed despite himself.

"O dad, yes, he can,—he can! You'll let him come and push me around the garden, dad!" pleaded Tommy.

"Long Tom," as he had been nicknamed not only for his height but for the "long-headed" sense that governed all his movements, looked at the two boys before him doubtfully. His colder wisdom protested against any association of his own frail delicate lad, all spirit and sentiment, with the rough young outcast of the city slums.

"I ain't asking no money," repeated Bunty. "I ain't worth it, I know. But I'd like to do something for these here clothes and the jackknife and all Tommy give to me. And I'd push him all right. I'd die rather than let him get hurt," added Bunty, little dreaming of all he was promising.

And the dad's long head gave way.

"You can come," he answered. "Come and we'll try you; and—and—if I find you all right—well, we will see about a job, as Tommy says." He took a card from his pocket. "That's the place," he added. "You can be there to-morrow afternoon at two, and take Tommy out in the garden."

"Thank you, sir!" said Bunty, and for the first time in their acquaintance Tommy saw his face light up with a smile,—a smile that showed the snowy white teeth, and kindled the blue eyes, and set two dimples at work in his cheek and his chin,—a smile that made Bunty Ware quite another boy. "You can let me off here, sir," he said; "and I'll be up to-morrow at two o'clock sharp, to push Tommy round."

"O dad, dear dad, thank you!" said Tommy, as Bunty sprang from the limousine. "We couldn't drop poor Bunty out of sight and help altogether, dad."

"Yes, we could," replied dad, grimly; "and I am inclined to think we should, Tommy. Why I am letting a rough chap like that come near you, I really don't know. It can't hurt you for a day or two, however,—until I can get him a job somewhere else."

And then the limousine swept into the splendid grounds and under the *portecochère* of a stately mansion, and Tommy was at home.

Meanwhile Bunty, with the brown bundle that seemed to epitomize his past, kept on his way, that led lower and lower from the heights on which Tommy and he had parted, into dark narrow streets, which the sunshine reached only dimly, and the white snow that wreathed Saint Gabriel's was trodden into mud and slime. Through an archway that divided two tumbling tenements, he passed into a court bannered with "washes" fluttering from the rickety fire escapes, and garrisoned by a crowd of young "hoodlums," who from a safe corner were flinging their black, halffrozen snowballs on all who ventured within their domain.

"Whoop-a-loo!" shouted the leader, a sandy-haired, freckled-faced lad of about twelve. "Give it to that dandy dude there, boys!" And half a dozen dirty snowballs came whirling toward Bunty, bespattering him with grimy slush.

"Ye would, would ye!" said Bunty, and, with the growl of a wakened lion, he sprang forward to meet his assailants.

"Golly!" gasped the leader, as he was swung around in a familiar grip. "If it ain't Bunt,—Bunt Ware back agin,— Bunt Ware dandied up like a 'plute'! Why, we thought you was dead and buried long ago, Bunt!"

"Well, I ain't!" retorted Bunt, as he

relaxed his hold of the bewildered Jakey. "I'm alive, as you see,-live enough to scatter this gang right now and here. Get out!" he added, whirling around on the amazed snowballers. "I ain't standing for no such fooling as this around here, when I'm back home. And no hooting neither!" warned Bunty, as one or two voices rose in derisive cries. "I ain't forgot how to fight, if I have been nigh dead."

"Tell us about it!" Jakey's crowd, who were mostly very light-weight champions, gathered eagerly about this hero of many a hard-fought field. "Where have you been all this time, Bunty? Who gave you them clothes? My, we didn't know you at all dyked up like that!"

"Been to the hospital, where they treat you fine and give you all you want," replied Bunty briefly, as he pushed open the door of the house which Jakey had guarded, and passed down a black narrow hall to the dirty kitchen beyond, where an old witch-like woman bent over the rusty stove, stirring cabbage soup.

"Off with ye now!" she said, as she heard the boyish step behind her. "Off with ye, Jakey Rust! Not a drop of this will ye get until ye can put the five cents down. D'ye hear me? Go earn it, beg it, but no dinner till ye pay down."

"Eh, lady?"

The old woman suddenly turned and fixed her one eye upon the newcomer.

"Bunty!" she gasped. "Is it Bunty Ware or his ghost?"

"It's me," muttered Bunty, dropping into a chair. "I'm back home."

"Well, well, well!" Granny Pegs showed her toothless gums, while her voice rose into a wheezy cackle. "Back home,-back home! Looking like a gentleman born, Bunty Ware! Bunty Ware back home!"

"What's there to make such a fuss about?" asked Bunty, gruffly. "Haven't you got room for me?"

"Room!" echoed the old woman, with an eager blink in her one eye. "That I have,-room and grub and everything you'll ask, Bunty lad! You don't think that old Granny Pegs would go back on you after all these years we've had together! It's good as a mother I've been to you ever since you were six years old. Aye, the room is waiting for you, Bunty, with a fine new straw bed, and table and chair, and a bit of a stove to keep you warm."

"To keep me warm!" echoed Bunty. "What are ye giving me, Granny Pegs? When was I ever kept warm here before?"

"Hush now, — hush!" said the old woman, raising a warning finger. "There's one that comes here at night that won't go hungry or cold. Don't ye know that Nick is back home, too?"

"Now? Here?" he asked breathlessly.

"Aye, here,-not this minute maybe," answered Granny Pegs, "but he will be here before long. He is paying for the room upstairs like a man; and you were to go to it if ye ever got back alive, and wait there for him. But whisper, lad." The old woman bent forward till her toothless mouth almost touched Bunty's "We're not to blabber about his ear. coming and going, he says, or he'll kite off and never be seen again. What he's about I don't know and wouldn't dare ask, but he pays up like a man."

Bunty thought of his "teacher's" visit with a queer sinking in his heart,-a sinking such as in the old days, before he had gone to Saint Gabriel's, he had never known. For a moment it seemed as if the dark, foul air about him was too heavy to breathe. Then he asked:

"And-and will he-will Nick be home to-night, Granny Pegs?"

"That I can't say," was the answer; "though it's only at night he comes. But, whether he is here or not, the room is yours. He'll not even let Jakey in it any longer. And he pays like a man for it. I'll say that for him,-he pays like a man."

And so, strangely and quite unexpectedly, Bunty found himself welcomed home again.

No Nick appeared; so Granny Pegs, Jakey and Bunt had the cabbage soup to themselves. The boys sat for a while before the smoky kitchen fire, Jakey listening eagerly to his companion's brief account of his experience at the hospital.

"And they didn't try to cut you up or hurt you no ways at all?" asked Jakey, in wonder.

"No," said Bunty. "That's all lies. If you want to see a real good time, Jakey, you make for a hospital the first chance you get."

And then Granny Pegs, who, having taken something strong in her tea, was dozing heavily in the corner, woke up, and said the fire was out and that they must go to bed. And Bunty, taking a bit of candle end to light the way, stumbled up the steep dark stairs to the room that, despite the recent additions to its furniture, was comfortless and disordered. The bed was unmade; bottles and cigarette ends strewed the floor; the stove was choked with cinders and ashes. To-morrow Bunty resolved he would clean things up; but to-night --- to-night he flung himself wearily down on the straw bed and shut his eyes to his surroundings.

Yet, as he lay there in the chill darkness, pictures rose before him that he could not shut out. Again he saw the long, quiet room, with its rows of snowy beds; the oratory at the end, where the tall white "Lady" stood with outstretched hands, a soft shaded lamp like a moon ray at her feet. Again little Sister Leonie made her nightly rounds, signing the cross on each pale young brow; again he heard the last "night prayer" rise in soft, low accents as she knelt before the little altar,-the prayer that, almost against his wish and will, Bunty had learned by heart: "Angels of God, who are our guardians, watch over us, protect us, defend us from all evil spirits and all And, with misfortunes." the words echoing like half-forgotten music in his ear, Bunty fell asleep.

## Floral Stories.

When the great Napoleon was exiled to the island of Elba, he said to some of his confidential friends, "I will come back with the violets," - meaning, of course, that he would return in the spring as surely as the little purple blossoms bloomed. It was for this reason that his followers decided to use the violet for their emblem; and every true adherent of Napoleon wore a gold ring ornamented with an enamelled violet, and within it the motto, "It will come again in the spring." When they toasted their exiled Emperor they would raise their glasses and say: "To the health of Corporal Violet!" The signal of his return was to be the general wearing of their chosen flower. And when it was noised about that he had landed at Fréjus, a great many flower-women were suddenly seen on the Paris streets with large baskets of violets, for which they found a ready sale; for no friend of the first Empire was seen that day without a bunch of the modest little flowers in his buttonhole.

But, for the reason that Parisians are all fond of the violet, it was found necessary to take some precautions before addressing an acquaintance as one of the Bonapartist party; so one would say to a citizen thus decorated: "Do you like violets?" If he answered, "Oh, yes!" it showed that he was unaware of the conspiracy. But if he said, "Quite well," he would be known as one pledged to the Emperor's cause; and the first speaker would remark, "It will come back in the spring," and pass on. Every schoolboy knows the sequel of all this planning, and what a disastrous home-coming the landing at Fréjus was for Napoleon.

If we skip a period of history, we have another pretty story in which a flower played a part. The wars between Austria and France were over, and Louis Napoleon, nephew of the great Emperor, was on the imperial throne of France. As the great General Niel, fresh from his

(To be continued.)

bravely won victories, was returning to his beloved country, a peasant, overcome with admiration of his valor, begged him to accept a basket of yellow roses. Touched by this appreciation, the General not only received the gift, but carried the roses to a florist in Paris, who succeeded in making one of the stems take root and develop into a fine rose-tree. When it bloomed the General took it as a gift to the Empress Eugénie, then at the height of her power.

"Truly an exquisite rose!" she said. "But you have not told me its name, General."

"Why, really, it has no name," he answered.

"Then," said the Empress, with a smile, "I will give it one. It shall be called the Maréchal Niel."

She then produced from its hiding-place a jewelled *baton*, used only by marshals of France, and handed it to the astonished officer.

Thus it was that a rose and a man received a title at the same time.

#### National Customs.

A lady who has just returned from the far East shows to her friends a piece of transparent gum copal in which a tiny lizard is embedded. This was given to her by an Arab whose hospitality she was enjoying. But when she showed it to her husband, he cautioned her to be careful about admiring the possessions of that proud and generous race, with whom it is a rule of hospitality to present to the guest anything with which he may seem to be pleased. They believe that to admire is to envy, and that envy is cured only by possession.

With Spaniards, too, it is a point of honor to offer to the visitor anything, however valuable, which he may admire. But as it is also a rule of etiquette never to accept any object tendered under such circumstances, there are never embarrassing consequences except with strangers ignorant of the customs of the country, like the lady to whom the Arab gave the embedded lizard.

It is always wise to inform one's self of the peculiar ways of people before venturing among them. Every nation under the sun has its own established customs. In Portugal, for instance, if you have stopped at a hotel and asked for your bill, the landlord will pleasantly rub his hands together and smilingly say: "The price of your entertainment is whatever your excellency chooses to give."

Now, you must by no means take advantage of this very polite offer; but must make a speech, thanking your host for his great amiability, and beg him to give you a detailed statement of your obligation to him. This he will refuse to do, and you must insist. After a while he will begin to check off the items on his fingers, with a long argument as each digit is doubled under. Then you will take out your purse and ask what the reckoning amounts to. But he will not tell you. He will appear surprised that you have not kept track and added up the items yourself; and will begin all over and reckon the amount again. By this time he will venture to name the amount of the bill, which has been made out early in the day; and you and he will part with many polite expressions. But do not fear that you have been undercharged. A Portuguese innkeeper is 'as "canny" as a Scotchman; and, notwithstanding his exquisite courtesy, you may be perfectly certain that you have paid fully as much as you really owed.

#### His Puzzle.

OOR Willie felt quite uneasy: He'd eaten too much cake; And he said, with voice most rueful: "A puzzle I will make—

What word, if you take the *c* from it, You still may feel the ache?"

# THE AVE MARIA

# WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A volume of later poems by Mr. G. K. Chesterton is announced by Messrs. Burns & Oates. It is sure of a cordial welcome from all who have read "The Wild Knight," a fourth edition of which has just appeared.

-Messrs. Isaac Pitman & Sons have issued a new and revised edition, in twenty-seven lessons, of their "Brief Course in Shorthand." It is a handy manual of 174 pages, with an excellent index. Price, \$1.25.

—Although we have given a new book entitled "The Columbiad" as careful an examination as either the author or the publishers (J. M. Dent & Sons) could desire, we are at a loss what to say about it; however, let us risk the assertion that either the one responsible for this epic in blank verse is more familiar with Milton and Francis Thompson than he has any idea of, or his printers have neglected the use of quotation marks.

—"Conferences of a Retreat," by the Rev. Henry Brinkmeyer, a slender octavo volume of 104 pages, comes to us from the Good Shepherd Convent, Grand Rapids, Mich. There are thirty-one conferences, practical in their scope and effective in the presentation of old truths in a new way. While a few of the discourses—or "talks," as some of them are labelled—are specifically addressed to Sisters, the book will not be out of place in the hands of the general Catholic reader.

—All that we said in praise of Fr. Martindale's "Old Testament Stories" might be repeated for a companion volume of "New Testament Stories," just published by Sands & Co., and for sale in the United States by Mr. Herder. The author knows how to write for children, who will be charmed with his stories, and call the colored pictures, of which there are twelve, "lovely." They certainly are most attractive. It is a pleasure to recommend a Catholic juvenile book so bright and beautiful as this. One dollar is a very low price for it.

-In a prefatory note to "An Eight Days' Retreat for Religious," by the Rev. H. A. Gabriel, S. J., the author says of his work that it is "little more than an adaptation of the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius." Thoroughgoing religious, however, will find that this statement is more modest than accurate. The volume is sufficiently different from the "Spiritual Exercises" to banish that more or less invincible tedium which accompanies the rereading of the same old considerations that one has been familiar with for years. A goodlysized volume of about 400 pages, it should find a welcome in community libraries wherever English is the language of the house. Published by .B. Herder.

-The new and revised edition of "The Principles of Christianity," by the Rev. A. B. Sharpe, M. A., and "The God of Philosophy," by the Rev. Dr. Aveling, already noticed in these columns, may be had of Mr. B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo. They are very cheap books at 45 cts.

--"Alsace and Lorraine," by Ruth Putnam (G. P. Putnam's Sons), is a history of the famous French, or German, or Franco-German, provinces, from Cæsar to Kaiser,—58 B. C. to 1871 A. D. A lucid and well-documented narrative, whose value is considerably enhanced by eight maps, it will give the reader an excellent idea of the much-disputed territory and its people.

-Students of Dante, advanced as well as beginners, will find a useful guide in Prof. C. H. Grandgent's new work, "Dante Alighieri: La Divina Commedia," lately published by Heath & Co. It is the first annotated edition of the Italian text to appear in this country. Besides a valuable Introduction to the whole poem, there are preliminary notes of five or six pages to each of the Canticas, and an Argument of varying length to every canto.

—A jubilee volume is "Salve Alma Mater,"—, handsome in its heavy brown paper covers, gilt lettering, profuse illustrations, and enclosing box. The varied text gives the interesting story of the foundation and development of St. Mary's Academy-College of the Holy Names, Windsor, Ontario, 1864–1914. To the Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary we offer our congratulations both upon their jubilee and upon this bright souvenir of the occasion.

--Various phases in the experience of Irish Catholics, at home and abroad, supply material for a volume of stories entitled "The Three Requests," by Eleanor F. Kelly. (James Duffy & Co.) The tale which gives its title to the volume is a remarkable narrative of devotion to St. Anthony; but "Una's Rosary," "The Vulture's Nest" (the story of a Dublin proselyte), and "Saved from Crime" are equally edifying. Some of these stories are divided into chapters, but this does not destroy the unity of any single tale. The book breathes an admirable spirit of piety, and will benefit those by whom it is enjoyed.

-An uncommonly modest foreword disarms the critic of "At the Gate of the Temple," a volume of verse by the Rev. D. A. Casey ("Columba"), published by the author. But the text disarms the critic further still. Father Casey has no need to take such low ground. Many of his verses indicate real poetic talent, which needs only to be taken seriously enough and labored with, for the author to produce work unmistakably lasting. But to do this the poet must seek a serene solitude, far from the madding photographer.

—By publishing a method of examination of conscience in six languages—viz., German, French, English, Italian, Spanish, and Polish, together with the necessary prayers for administering the Last Sacraments, Father Krebs, O. M. Cap., has rendered a distinct service to priests stationed in districts where Catholics speaking foreign tongues can not always have access to a priest familiar with their language. The questions are ingeniously arranged in six columns, and it is easy to find what is wanted. The work is published by F. Pustet & Co., and sold for 20 cts.

#### The Latest Books. A Guide to Good Reading.

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

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

- "Alsace and Lorraine." Ruth Putnam. \$1.25.
- "The Three Requests." Eleanor F. Kelly. 2s. 6d.
- "An Eight Days' Retreat for Religious." Rev. H. A. Gabriel, S. J. \$1.50.
- "The Book of Red and Yellow." Francis C. Kelley. 15 cts.
- "Songs of the Country-Side." Daniel Joseph Donahoe. \$1.
- "Grace: Actual and Habitual." Pohle-Preuss. \$2.
- "Minor Works of St. Teresa." Benedictines of Stanbrook. \$1.95.

- "The Upper Room—A Drama of Christ's Passion." Robert Hugh Benson. 80 cts., net.
- "Luther." Hartmann Grisar, S. J. Vol. III. \$3.25, net.
- "The Way of the Heart." Mgr. d'Hulst. \$1.50.
- "Beauty for Ashes." Mrs. Albion Fellows Bacon. \$1.50.
- "France Herself Again." Ernest Dimnet. \$2.50.
- "The Charm of Ireland." Burton E. Harrison. \$2.50.
- "Christ and the Powers of Darkness." J. Godfrey Raupert. \$1.
- "My Heart's Right There." Florence L. Barclay. 75 cts.
- "Prodigals and Sons." John Ayscough. \$1.25.
- "The Mystery of Faith." Rev. Kenelm Digby Best. 75 cts.
- "Spiritual Instructions for Religious." Rev. · Charles Coppens, S. J. \$1.25.
- "The Catholic Mission Feast." Fr. Freytag, S. V. D. 60 cts.
- "Rambles in Catholic Lands." Dom Michael Barrett, O. S. B. \$2.
- "Biblical Libraries." Ernest Cushing Richardson. \$1.25, net.

# Obituary.

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

Rev. Hiram Fairbanks, of the archdiocese of Milwaukee; Rt. Rev. Cornelius Shea, diocese of Albany; and Rev. Paul Williams, diocese of Detroit.

Mother M. Justine, O. S. B.; Sister M. Emerentiana, Sisters of the Holy Cross; Sister M. Ignatius, Sisters of Mercy; and Sister M. Gonzaga, Order of the Visitation.

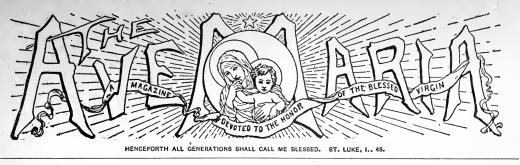
Gen. William R. Hamby, Mr. John F. Green, Mrs. P. J. Owens, Mr. James O'Connor, Mr. Charles Campbell, Mr. Jacob Hartwig, Mrs. T. U. Asmus, Capt. J. J. Lambert, Miss Katherine Hand, Mr. James Armstrong, Mr. Thomas Kennedy, Mr. Edward Lang, Mr. Walter Maskell, Mrs. Alice McKenna, and Mr. John C. Weber.

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

## Our Contribution Box.

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

For the Belgian sufferers: R. M., \$1; Mrs. W. T. H., \$2; Mrs. W. B., \$2.50; for the foreign missions: Mrs. W. B., \$2.50.



VOL. I. (New Series.)

#### NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, FEBRUARY 20, 1915.

NO. 8

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## Virgo Prædicanda.

BY E. BECK.

WHERE grass grows green, and sparkling waters flow,

Where icefields stretch and thickly falls the snow, Where tropic plants are clothed in bright array, Where fireflies flit and nightingales are gay; In mansion stately and in cottage low, In crowded towns where myriads come and go,— In every land 'neath skies of blue or gray A Virgin's name is heard by night and day.

Her name is spoken by the old and young, By high and low in every speech and tongue; Sinners and saints alike upon her cry; Her help is sought when dangers dire are nigh. This Virgin famed in every clime is she Who stood beside her Son on Calvary.

The Evil of Greatest Magnitude.

A LESSON FOR LENT.

HE thought of hell, and especially the thought of the terrible punishment of eternal fire which Catholic faith declares the lost must endure for all eternity, fills us with horror and dread. But do we often enough reflect that there is something worse even than eternal punishment, something that is the cause and origin of eternal punishment? Hell, dreadful though it is, evil though it is for those who go there, dark and awful mystery though it is to us who know it only under the veil of faith, and can not yet fully comprehend its inevitability and its necessity, yet has its good side; for by it God vindicates His offended majesty, - vindicates finally and completely good and justice and holiness against evil and injustice and wickedness. But sin is wholly evil and nothing but evil: it has no good side to it. And mortal sin is moral evil carried to a supreme degree, concentrating in itself the worst that the wickedness of creatures can do against God and against the eternal order of justice and right that has its foundation in the all-holy Being of God Himself. If we could more fully understand the holiness of God, and the deadly opposition of mortal sin to the divine majesty and goodness, hell would still be to us a most terrible thing; but we should see and adore the divine justice there exhibited, which now we tremblingly adore without that clear vision to which we can not attain till in the next world the veil of faith shall have been drawn aside.

Yet faith teaches us enough of the nature of mortal sin, and of its opposition to Almighty God, to make us sure that it is an evil of incalculable magnitude; sure that it deserves the awful punishments which it receives; sure that God is right and just in their infliction. We can learn from the teachings of faith, if we will but reflect upon them, enough to make us dread a mortal sin above every other evil; enough to convince us that mortal sin is the greatest evil that can possibly happen to us.

"My son, hast thou sinned?" cries Ecclesiasticus, speaking by the Holy Ghost; "do so no more; but for thy former sins also pray that they may be forgiven thee. Flee from sins as from the face of a serpent, for if thou comest near them, they will take hold of thee. The teeth thereof are the teeth of a lion, killing the souls of men. All iniquity is like a two-edged sword; there is no remedy for the wound thereof."\*

What is a mortal sin? Putting it in the briefest and baldest way, a mortal sin is a serious transgression of the eternal law of right and wrong, by thought, word, deed, or omission. This means that a mortal sin is a grievous offence committed against God Himself; for God is the Author of the eternal law. That law is what it is because of the nature of God., All human goodness and holiness are goodness and holiness because they are in accordance with the divine nature. Sin is sin because it is contrary to the nature and holiness of God, - an act directed against His divine majesty. It is this which makes mortal sin the evil that it is. To understand in how many ways mortal sin is really an attack upon God, we have only to recall the many claims He has upon us, not only as His creatures but also as redeemed by the Precious Blood of Jesus Christ His Son.

And, first, God is Supreme Governor and Lawgiver, King of kings, and Lord of lords, to whom all are rightly subject, in heaven and on earth, in the prisonhouse of purgatory, and in the depths of hell itself. God has an absolute claim to our strict obedience. Hence sin is mutiny, rebellion, disobedience against Him, and contempt of His divine, adorable will. By mortal sin the creature rises up in senseless pride against his Maker and says, *Nolo servire*. ("I will not serve Thee.")

Again, we belong wholly to God: we are more His than our own; for He created us, and every moment that we exist it is His continued creative power that keeps us in existence. And God is Lord of His

\* Ecclus., xxi 1-4.

own creation, over which His dominion is supreme and utterly unquestionable. Sin is an attempt to hurl aside this dominion of God. By mortal sin we withdraw ourselves as far as we can from the dominion of our Maker. Besides this, we misuse the creatures He has given for our use, but over which He still retains His rights: we use them not to carry out God's will, for which they were made; but to carry out our own will in opposition to His. In this way mortal sin is the greatest injustice toward God our Maker, and against His rights as Creator of all things.

Yet again, God is the one infinitely perfect Being,-infinite in goodness, majesty, holiness, and in all perfection and excellence. The dearest occupation of the angels and blessed who see Him in heaven is to love and worship and praise the Divine Perfection. They ask nothing more for all eternity than to worship Him and praise Him. Seeing God, they see that this is the greatest happiness as well as the rightful occupation of created spirits in the face of the absolute perfection and goodness that God is. This is our duty, too, so far as it is possible for us to carry it out, in our exile upon earth; and God means that it shall be our eternal happiness to be so occupied, without let or hindrance or distraction, rapturously in heaven. Against this goodness and superexcellence of God, against the Divine Majesty that exceeds all the perfection we can think of, the man or woman who commits mortal sin hurls vile abuse, and insults God to His face. Let not the sinner say he does not mean to do this. He does it, for this is involved in the very nature of mortal sin. Is it no insult to God to do what He has strictly forbidden? Is it no insult to God to refuse to serve Him? Is it no insult to the Divine Perfection when, knowing that sin and wickedness are in direct opposition and open hostility to the goodness and holiness that He is and that He wills, them for our we deliberately choose

portion? Is it no insult that we put creatures before the Creator, and prefer poor pleasures of earth to Him for whom we were made, and who has promised us Himself as our reward exceeding great?

God is our truest, greatest Benefactor. We owe everything to Him. He has loaded us with gifts, both natural and supernatural. When heaven was lost to us He came to earth and died to win it back. In His Holy Catholic Church He has left us all means of grace and of salvation. Sin despises Him and His gifts: it is thus the deepest, blackest ingratitude. Also it was sin that caused the cruel sufferings and death of Jesus Christ, so that the sinner makes himself the slayer of his God and Saviour.

God is above all, most lovable-most worthy and most deserving of all our love. The divine command, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, and with thy whole soul, and with thy whole mind, and with thy whole strength,"\* is also the highest truth and the highest reason; since, being what He is, and because He is what He is, God is the supremely worthy object of our love. But the sinner wilfully makes himself God's enemy. God would be his friend, and the sinner says, "No." He rejects God and what God loves; he chooses and embraces what God hates. Hence sin is the extremest folly.

We know that Almighty God must finally have His glory and His victory over sin; must put down sin at the last; must take vengeance upon the unrepenting sinner. If a man will not glorify God by love and service, he must glorify Him by suffering the just punishment of his proud refusal. The sinner ignores and despises these tremendous facts; he scorns the divine justice and anger by his audacious obstinacy in sin. Mortal sin is, therefore, the greatest possible rashness: it is the deliberate provocation by a mere creature of "Him that can destroy both soul and body in hell." †

Summing up all this, we see that mortal sin is mutiny and rebellion against the supreme Ruler and Lawgiver, and contempt of the divine will. It is an attempt to cast off His rightful dominion over ourselves as our Maker, and an interference with His rights over the rest of His creation. It is a direct insult thrown in the face of His divine majesty and infinite perfection. It is black ingratitude to our most loving Father and Benefactor, and by it we become guilty of the Blood of Jesus. It is insensate folly, by which we reject God's proffered love and prefer to be His enemies. It is the extreme of rashness and boldness by its provocation of the divine justice and its wilful risk of eternal chastisement. Such is mortal sin regarded as an act done against God. Is it any wonder that there is a hell to punish it?

"But," the sinner may say again, "I do not mean all this when I commit a mortal sin." Nevertheless, that is what the sinner does. To commit a crime, it is not necessary to have actually before the mind at the time the crime is committed all that it involves and all its consequences. For full responsibility in the eyes of the law, it is enough that the criminal knew that he was committing an unlawful act. And to be guilty of mortal sin it is enough for a man's conscience to tell him that what he is doing is grievously wrong and forbidden by the divine law. By consciously acting against the Law of God the sinner renders himself guilty of all those terrible evils which we have seen to be involved in mortal sin. It is no excuse for giving a man a deliberate and violent blow in the face to say that you did not mean to hurt him. You do hurt him, and your action is calculated to hurt him. So it is with wilful mortal sin: wilful and conscious transgression of the divine lawin a serious matter. It for that for an act to be mortar in we must know that the act is strictly forbuilden that it is a seriously wicked act, and we must

\* St. Mark. xii. 30.

† St. Matt., x, 28.

do that act knowingly and with full consent of the will; but acting so and under these conditions, we can not escape responsibility for everything which mortal sin involves. Hence the divine warning, so often repeated during Lent: "Flee from sins as from the face of a serpent; for . . . the teeth thereof are the teeth of a lion, killing the souls of men."

#### The Secret Bequest.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

#### VIII.

HAT had become of Cecily and Julian Page during the interval in which Honora, Mr. Maxwell and Bernard Chisholm had held conferences may be briefly summed up in the statement that they were advancing toward intimacy with seven-league boots. There was, in fact, everything to promote a spirit of *camaraderie* between these two. Youth, similarity of tastes, and the artistic temperament possessed by both in different degrees, produced a sympathetic understanding which was recognized and expressed by each with equally frank surprise and pleasure.

"I hadn't the faintest idea of finding anybody like you here!" Cecily exclaimed one day when they were on the terrace together. "An artist just back from the studios of Paris—why, it's almost incredibly delightful!"

"You're incredibly delightful!" the young man told her with equal frankness, and even greater enthusiasm.. "I had no more idea of seeing anybody like you than—well, any comparison I can think of is altogether inadequate to express my astonishment. Of course I had heard that you were more than ordinarily goodlooking. "The younger sister is extremely" pretty,' people said; but how could that prepare me for finding such—such a subject for a painter!"

"A great many painters have found me

a good subject," Cecily remarked, with the calmness of one who has nothing more to learn about her own beauty. "My friends among the artists in New York were constantly begging me to sit to them, and I rather liked doing it until I found myself recognized and stared at when I went to art exhibitions—which wasn't pleasant, you know."

"The fellows were in luck who got you to sit for them," Julian said enviously. "I don't think any painter has had such a subject since Romney painted Lady Hamilton."

"My hair no doubt suggests that comparison," she laughed. "Then, if you think they were so lucky, would you like to try your hand at painting me?"

"Would I?" His eyes shone with eagerness. "I'd give anything to have the pleasure and privilege—"

"You shall have it! I'll make Honora give you a commission to paint my portrait. I suppose you *do* paint portraits?"

"That's my present occupation," he "After I had spent quite a answered. good deal of time and more than a good deal of money in studying abroad, my family suggested that it was desirable that some results in a material way should appear. It was pointed out to me that portrait-painting was a lucrative branch of art, and that there was a field for its exercise here, where for the first time since the war, people began to be rich enough to have their portraits painted. So I came back reluctantly enough, announced that I was ready to perpetuate the new order on canvas, and so far the new order has responded pretty well. But it's uninspiring work. The types aren't sufficiently distinguished to make it interesting, unless one gets hold of some representative of the old régime; and they, as a rule, are not in the prosperous class."

"Never mind!" Cecily consoled him. "Fate has sent you an inspiring subject in me; and there's Honora, too! We must have her portrait painted, and she is certainly an interesting type. She'll take more painting to do her justice than I will, I can tell you that."

The young artist nodded.

"Of a kind, yes," he agreed. "There's something very striking about her—not exactly beauty, but—er—a great deal of soul, if one may put it that way."

"Exactly." Cecily nodded in turn. "That's just it; and souls are harder to paint than Titian hair."

"I'm ready to try," Mr. Page declared cheerfully. "It's a very inspiring prospect, to have a chance at two such subjects that is, if you really think she'll consent to be painted."

"Oh, yes, she'll consent, if I put the matter to her judiciously! She's very good about doing whatever I ask."

"What luck for you that she has the power now to do so much!" the young man could not refrain from commenting. "But do you know," he went on, with a burst of confidence, "since I've seen her I'm more than ever surprised at the extraordinary turn of fortune that has given her the power?"

"I suppose you mean that you are more than ever surprised at old Mr. Chisholm's choice of her to inherit his estate," Cecily said. "Well, frankly, you can't be more surprised than I am. I simply can not understand it at all; for Honora's not in the least the kind of person that you'd think a hard, moneymaking old man would be attracted by. And, besides, he didn't know her."

"He knew some things about her that attracted him, though. Bernard says that he has heard him speak with approval of the plucky fight she was making in New York. That was before he had any idea of finding any other heir than Bernard himself; but when the necessity to do so arose, you see he remembered the girl whose courage he had liked. That's the way Bernard accounts for a choice that astonished him as well as everybody else."

"What an enigma he is—Bernard, I mean!" Cecily said abruptly. "What a strange thing he has done, and what an unlikely person he seems, as far as appearances go, to have done it! Do interpret him to me, if you can."

Julian shook his head.

"I can't," he replied. "Bernard is in great degree a mystery to me; though I've known him all my life, and we've always been, when we were together, very good friends. He's an extremely attractive person, as you can see, straight as a die, with a super-normal liking for things that are clean and high, and a great disgust always for things that are otherwise. But there wasn't ever a shade of what is called puritanism about him. He didn't seem to take any interest in religion, and he enjoyed life in a whole-hearted manner. So you can imagine my amazement when I heard that he had gone off at a religious tangent, and thrown away a magnificent fortune."

"He can't be sane," Cecily declared with conviction. "No sane person could do such a thing."

"Oh, he's sane all right!" Julian assured her. "And, not only sane, but astonishingly unrepentant. I've looked for signs of regret in him, and I have never yet seen one. He's a mystery, Bernard is, and all the more for putting on no mysterious airs."

"Haven't you tried to make him explain himself?"

"There are subjects one doesn't like to press; and he's a very reserved fellow about his—er—inner life."

"But what directed his attention to the Catholic Church? There must have been some strong attraction. Was he, perhaps, in love with a Catholic?"

"If so, I've never heard of her existence; in fact, I'm quite sure she doesn't exist. There aren't many Catholics in this part of the country, and I doubt if he knows any of those who are here. I've never heard of his having any Catholic associations; which tends to make the matter more mysterious still."

"It is so mysterious that it interests me -

immensely," Cecily said, "and I am going to set myself to find the *mot de l'enigme*. There's bound to be one, you know."

"I suppose so," Julian agreed. "And when you find it, will you kindly share the knowledge with me?"

"That will depend on what it proves to be," she answered. "One mustn't violate confidence, you know. I must certainly turn my attention to that astonishing young man."

The opportunity to turn her attention to the young man whom all his friends found so astonishing was not long in coming to Cecily. Opportunities of the kind were never long in coming to her; for those whom she desired to favor with her attention were always ready to afford her every facility for doing so. Bernard Chisholm proved no exception to the rule; and when, accompanied by Julian Page, he paid his next visit, she invited him to show her where the old gardens ended and the new began-they had been talking of the plans on which the latter were laid out, -he rose with the utmost alacrity, and they walked away together. Honora looked after them with an expression which made Julian Page wonder a little what she was thinking; but the next moment she turned her eyes on him and explained.

"I hope Cecily will like him," she said. "I am so anxious that we shall be friends, and it's not always easy to know beforehand how she will like people."

"Oh, everybody likes Bernard!" Julian assured her. "It's really quite impossible to do otherwise. And your sister herself is so—er—fascinating, that I haven't a doubt of their being friends. How beautiful she is!" he added impulsively. "And an artist besides! What a delightful combination!"

"Cecily isn't much of an artist except in taste and sympathy," Honora said, smiling. "But she is wonderfully adaptable, and they made so much of her in the studios, on account of her beauty, you know—" "They'd have been blind if they hadn't."

"That she absorbed a great deal, and her instincts are all artistic. But I never had any illusions about her becoming an artist in any real sense. There is too much drudgery required to master the practical side of any art, and Cecily doesn't like drudgery."

"How could she? Nature has so plainly formed her for other things!"

Honora laughed a little sadly.

"But Nature didn't furnish the means to support the other things," she said. "That has caused me great anxiety."

"I can imagine it," the young man said sympathetically. "But, happily, all need for such anxiety is over now. I can't tell you how immensely glad I am since I've seen you—that old Cousin Alex was moved to leave his fortune as he did."

"I shouldn't speak truly if I said I wasn't glad; for I am, especially on Cecily's account," Honora answered. "But perhaps you'll believe that I am also very sorry for Bernard's loss."

"You needn't be." Julian echoed almost exactly Mrs. Kemp's assertion. "Bernard isn't an object for sympathy at all. He's taken his loss like a true sportsman..."

"Like something better than that, I think."

"Well, perhaps so, but I speak of it as it appears to me; and I can assure you that he was genuinely pleased when he learned that his uncle had made you his heir. 'Why, that was *fine* of Uncle Alexander!' he exclaimed. 'I never thought he would do anything so good.'"

"He said the same thing to me ten minutes after we met, and I felt that it was impossible to doubt his sincerity."

"It's quite impossible to doubt. his sincerity about anything," Julian told her. "He's really a remarkable character in that respect. So I hope you'll set your mind at rest about having inherited the fortune, and just proceed to enjoy it as you should."

"That's what he said also,-that I

ought to enjoy it. But it isn't altogether easy to do so."

"It would be immensely easy to most people," the young man laughed. "I'm beginning to believe that you are as remarkable as Bernard himself if you find it difficult."

He was struck by the wistful beauty of the leaf-brown eyes which looked at him.

"Wouldn't you find it difficult," she asked, "to enjoy an inheritance which was taken from a man because he had done the highest thing possible—obeyed his conscience, even when to do so entailed great sacrifice?"

"Upon my soul, I don't know whether I would or not," Mr. Page confessed. "But I think I should feel that no doubt he had his reward in the approval of his conscience-it must be an awfully agreeable thing to have an approving conscience, - and that, therefore, I might enjoy what had come to me without any effort on my part. You see, it's like this. You can't eat your cake and have it, too. Bernard couldn't expect to have the gratification of doing the highest thing possible and escape the sacrifice it entailed. I'm sure he didn't expect it. I'm sure he counted the cost and accepted it, and is now, as I've said, far too good a sportsman to complain."

"You make it very clear," she smiled. "And your view is so much like his that I suppose I must accept it, and try to be a sportsman, too. Now tell me something about this wonderfully changed Kingsford I've come back to, and the people I used to know. Was Cousin Mary Page your mother? Yes, I thought so. I remember her, and I hope she is—"

"Alive and well? Very much alive, and quite well, thanks, and extremely anxious to see you. She'll be here very soon — everybody except Bernard and myself thought it would be decent to give you a little time to settle down in, and all Kingsford, old and new, will follow her. Shall I try to describe some of the people you'll meet?"

## "Do!" Honora said gratefully.

She found that his gift of verbal description—of hitting off a character in a few striking phrases—was fully equal to any power he might possess of limning a likeness with his brush; and before Cecily and Bernard returned from the gardens, she had acquired a very clear idea of Kingsford society, and of those who led it, under the changed conditions which prevailed.

The sun was dropping low toward the west, and the long, golden shafts of light, which at the closing of day have such an extraordinarily beautiful effect, were streaming across the terrace, and gilding all the massed verdure below, when Cecily and Bernard finally appeared, each bearing an armful of flowers, and making such a picture as they advanced, that Julian Page cried out eagerly,—

"Oh, stop,—stop where you are, that I may take in the effect of your figures in this light. Oh, why couldn't I paint you" (this to Cecily) "just as you are now, with all those roses in your arms, and the long sunshine bringing out every tint of color in your face and hair?"

"There's no reason at all why you shouldn't," she replied, "except that I can't possibly wait until you bring paints and canvas, and the sunlight won't wait either. It's heavenly in the gardens, Honora; and there's such a wealth of flowers that I simply had to bring some of them back with me. It was hard to come back oneself, wasn't it?" she appealed to Bernard, with laughing eyes.

"So hard," he answered, "that I think we deserve the utmost credit for having returned. But there really should be a limit to a visit; and therefore I feel that Julian and I must now make our adieux, and perhaps our apologies also."

"There's nothing possibly less called for than apologies," Cecily assured him. as she relieved him of his load of flowers, and handed them over to the maid.

A few minutes later the sisters were

alone, and watching the figures of the two young men as they went down the hill. There was a smile on Cecily's lips, and a light in her eyes that Honora knew well a light of pleasure and gratified vanity as she turned and looked at her.

"They are delightful, aren't they?" she said. "Had you any idea of finding such men here,—and cousins, too, which enables one to be perfectly at ease with them at once?"

"One couldn't be other than at ease with either of them, for they are so easy themselves," Honora answered. "I know you would like Julian Page very much—"

"I don't like him any better than I like Bernard Chisholm," Cecily interrupted quickly. "In fact, he's the less interesting of the two to me, because I've known many men more or less of his type; but I've never known anybody of the type of the other, have you?"

Honora shook her head.

"No," she said. "I've never seen anybody just like him; but he's very attractive."

"Oh, that's a commonplace way of describing him!" Cecily objected. "Of course it's quite true that he is attractive; but he's a great deal more than that. There's something very subtle about him. Don't you feel it?"

"Perhaps so," Honora assented, "if by subtle you mean that you don't exactly understand him."

"I mean a great deal more than *that*. There are numbers of people whom one mightn't understand, but whom it wouldn't at all follow that one would be interested in. Now, Bernard Chisholm is tremendously interesting."

Cecily looked meditatively after the slender, well-knit figure, now disappearing behind the last curve of the downward road.

"He's amazingly original, too!" she observed. "I'm glad you have arranged matters so that we shall see a great deal of him; for, as I told Julian Page a little while ago, he interests me.immensely." A sudden sense of misgiving made Honora turn toward the speaker quickly.

"Cecily," she said appealingly, "don't lead Bernard Chisholm to find you too interesting. I—I couldn't bear for any harm to come to him through us."

Cecily's lovely eyes—which were of an indescribable shade of color, somewhat like the tint of a purple pansy—opened injuredly.

"Am I in the habit of leading men to find me interesting?" she asked. "I am generally obliged to devote my efforts to discouraging their interest. But you needn't be afraid for Bernard Chisholm. He can take care of himself, and I'm sure we shall be very great friends."

(To be continued.)

Lawyers and the Romeward Movement.

#### BY R. F. O'CONNOR.

#### (CONCLUSION.)

THE project for establishing an Anglo-Prussian bishopric at Jerusalem was what gave the first serious shock to Mr., Hope's confidence in the Anglican Church. Prussia, having forcibly welded together the two great sections into which its own Protestantism - that is Lutheranismhad been divided, thought, by fusing it with English Protestantism, to imitate the compactness and unity of the Catholic and Greek Churches. Hope, who at first was led by Pusey to give the scheme, when put into the form of a Bill, a qualified approval and even co-operation, became its strong opponent when he discovered its real object. Baron Bunsen, its chief promoter, while professing Catholic principles, disparaged the primitive Church as a witness to those points upon which he had formed his own theory. He maintained that any father of a family might consecrate the Eucharist; and, in speaking of the proposed bishopric, he described it to be the foundation of a new body which was to supplant eventually all the other portions of the Church.

It was the initial effort to give visible form to that theological mirage, "the religion of the future," which obsesses Modernists and other dreamers.

Hope-Scott, whose instincts all along were profoundly Catholic, protested against this piece of "Germanism," as he called it, — the creation of a new experimental church. He was alarmed at the effect of the project upon the position of the Anglican Church, involving its possible absorption by Prussian Protestantism; and was convinced that the Church of England had been betrayed. Newman also was one of those who protested against the Jerusalem bishopric.

This, with the bishops' charges hostile to the famous Tract No. 90, was beginning to make Hope, like others, think of the possibility of joining the Catholic Church. He wrote to Newman on October 15, 1841: "I do not disguise that I am anxious to know how far the recent proceedings of some of the bishops are tending to dispose our friends toward Rome." To this Newman, in reply, candidly owned that the charges were "virtually silencing portions of the truth in particular dioceses"; significantly adding: "I can not deny that a great and anxious experiment is going on, whether our church be or be not Catholic. The issue may not be in our day. But I must be plain in saying that, if it does issue in Protestantism, I shall think it my duty, if alive, to leave it."

In the preamble of his celebrated "Protest against the Jerusalem bishopric," the leader of the Tractarians wrote that "the Church of England has a claim on the allegiance of Catholic believers only on the ground of her own claim to be considered a branch of 'the Catholic Church"; that "the recognition of heresy, indirect as well as direct," went "far to destroy such claim in the case of any religious body making it"; and that "Lutheranism and Calvinism are heresies repugnant to Scripture, springing up three centuries since, and anathematized by

East as well as West." This was giving away the case of the English Established Church completely, and, to all conscientious thinkers, pointed Romeward. " I can not tell you," Hope wrote to Newman, "with what distrust the whole scheme affects me." He expresses his desire for "a full and reasoned statement of our position relatively to other Christian bodies; the grounds which, if any union be at present feasible, render it our duty that this union should be with Rome; the authorities by which we are bound to consider foreign Protestants heretical; the doctrinal and practical differences which interfere as much between us and the Greeks as between us and Rome." He did not then go so far as Newmanwho distrusted Bunsen and his "reforming" views,---and was "startled to find" foreign Protestants "so broadly called heretics." But the great Tractarian, always clear and explicit, held to his opinion that Lutheranism and Calvinism are heresies just in the sense in which Pelagianism is.

Hope, in a letter to Gladstone, declared that the Jerusalem bishopric was "the first move in a plan for constructing a new Catholicity of *extent* against the Church of Rome," of which he daily gained more evidence, adding, "into such a plan for gathering up the scraps of Christendom and making a new church out of them I do not think that I for one can ever enter."

In another long letter to Gladstone he demolishes this Prussian scheme, which was favored, if not promoted, by Prince Albert, and which was repugnant to him not only on theological but on national principles; scouting the idea of Prussia, instead of approaching the Anglican Church "humbled and penitent," coming jauntily, by a royal envoy, with a royal liturgy in her hand, and a new and comprehensive theory of religion on her lips. Hope's pamphlet on the subject, described as a learned and closely reasoned argument against the measure, was published in December, 1851. His biographer

quotes from it an eloquent passage on canon law as characteristic of the writer, and exhibiting in a striking manner how singularly this austere subject consti-, figure of the true Church according to tuted at the time the poetry of his life, and how largely the conflict between the principles of Catholic jurisprudence ,and Anglicanism must have influenced the reflections which ended in his conversion.

About this time Newman, whose forward mind was more receptive of the "kindly light" which was leading him on, wrote to him (Jan. 3, 1842): "I am almost in despair of keeping men together. The only possible way is a monastery. Men want an outlet for their devotional and penitential feelings; and, if we do not grant it, to a dead certainty they will go where they can find it." The formation of the community at Littlemore was an attempt to meet this want. Mr. Ornsby says the experiment of offering to minds which had lost all sympathy with Protestantism, yet were unable to close with Rome, an imitation of the monastic life by way of shelter from the rude shocks which their aspirations sustained in the world without, seems to have answered for a time, and possibly retarded for about three years that rush of conversions which made 1845 such an epoch in the history even of the Church.

After reading Hope's pamphlet, Manning wrote: "God grant we may be true and manly in affirming the broad rule of Catholic order! In your last three or four pages you and I were nearing each other's thoughts." Count Senfft-Pilsach-an active diplomatist, a friend of Metternich's, and quite in the great European world, known as an example of the union, so often found in the lives of the saints, of deep retirement and devotion in the very thick of affairs,-wishful of hastening his conversion, wrote: "O my friend! why be stopped by some abuses more apparent perhaps than real, which the Church bears with here and there without authorizing them, and not recognize that admirable unity of doctrine, that continuity of tradition, which characterizes the city built on the mountain, the Gospel!..."

Events were rapidly urging him and others Romeward: Pusey's suspension for his sermon "On the Holy Eucharist a Comfort to the Penitent"; Newman's "Lives of the English Saints," in which there was openly-avowed sympathy by members of the Anglican Church for the whole spirit hitherto associated with the idea of "the corruptions of Popery"monasticism, continuity of miracles, and Papal supremacy; G. W. Ward's condemnation upon the publication of his "Ideal of a Christian Church"; and Newman's resignation of the vicarage of St. Mary's when he said, "The movement is going on so fast that some of the wheels are catching fire." When he found that the English Church could not bear the lives of her saints, it did not tend to increase his faith and confidence in her. That faith and confidence were soon extinguished; and on October 9, 1845, the greatest of all the converts was received into The Church at Littlemore by Father Dominic, the saintly Passionist,-an event, Disraeli declared, under which the Church of England reeled.

Meanwhile Hope again toured the Continent, renewing acquaintance with Döllinger (with whom he was more struck than ever), the Thuns, 'Count Senfft, and Manzoni. Among the new acquaintances he made were the Papal Nuncio at Munich, Mgr. Viale; Professor Walther, the canonist; Görres, Prince Palffy, and Prince Liechtenstein. At Rome he met Waterton, who gave him an interesting account of Tickell's reception into the Church at Bruges, being much struck by his devout and humble behavior. Although he makes no pointed allusion to the impression made upon him at the centre of Catholicity, it is impossible that it could have failed to

influence one whose tone of mind and views were fundamentally Catholic.

Early in 1845, after his return to England, he resigned his chancellorship of Salisbury.\* Events, following rapidly upon each other, were driving its best men out of the Church of England,--events such as the adverse judgment in the "stone altar case," by which wooden altars only were sanctioned, excluding the idea of sacrifice, and the prosecution of the Rev. Frederick Oakeley for views which he had expressed about the Blessed Sacrament. Pusey having suggested that the adverse decision might not exclude having a stone slab, Hope asked, "Where is the use of fighting for the shell when we have lost the kernel?" Gladstone, knowing that he had serious doubts as to the Catholicity of the Church of England, addressed to him a long letter, putting forward arguments for remaining in the Anglican communion; and, to divert his thoughts from the subject, proposed a joint tour in Ireland, which never took place.

Newman's conversion, for which he was fully prepared, produced in Hope a painful feeling of separation, and, as he admits, forced him to a deliberate inquiry. In December, 1845, he speaks of his joining the Catholic Church as "what may eventually happen." Newman, who was then in Rome arranging about the introduction of the Oratorians into England, wrote to him in a characteristically affectionate strain: "I have ever been thinking of you." And, alluding to Milan: "We owe a great deal to you there, and did not forget you, my dear Hope! Let me say it, O that God would give you the gift of faith! Forgive me for this. Ι know you will. It is of no use my plaguing you with many words.-I want you for the Church in England, and the Church for you."

In November, 1850, Hope wrote from Abbotsford to the Rev. Stuart Bathurst:

"As yet I do not see my way as you have seen yours, but I pray that I may not long remain in such doubt as I now have." The letter in which these words occur was sent to Newman, who wrote to him: "I know perfectly well, my dear Hope, your great moral and intellectual qualities, and will not cease to pray that the grace of God may give you the obedience of faith, and use them as His instruments. For myself (I say it from my heart), I have not had a single doubt, or temptation to doubt, ever since I became a Catholic. I believe this to be the case with most men. It certainly is so with those with whom I am in habits of intimacy." And, alluding to the suggestion that he should extend his lectures to a review of doctrine, and the difficulties which beset it to an Anglican, he adds: "Your recommendation is anything but welcome, and makes me smile. Surely, enough has been written. All the writing in the world would not destroy the necessity of faith. If all were now made clear to reason, where would be the exercise of faith? The single question is, whether enough has not been done to reduce the difficulties so far as to hinder them absolutely blocking up the way, or excluding these direct and large arguments on which the reasonableness of faith is built."

In reply to Gladstone, who enclosed a letter from Döllinger (whose acquaintance he had just made), and who, always diffuse, had criticised at some length Möhler's "Symbolik," Hope wrote: "A' sense of my own ignorance and prejudices should teach me to be more moderate in expressing, as well as more cautious in forming, opinions; but it is my nature to require some broad view for my guidance; and, since Anglicanism has lost this aspect to me, I am restless and ill at ease. I know well, however, that I have not deserved by my life that I should be without great struggle in my belief, and this ought to teach me to do more and say less. I must, therefore

<sup>\*</sup> On August 25, 1840, Dr. Edward Denison, Bishop of Salisbury, had appointed him Chancellor of that diocese.

try more and more to be fit for the truth, stances would also be an act of the will, wherever it may lie." and that not in conformity with, but

He was still wavering when he wrote on April 23, 1846, to Newman, then about leaving Rome: "I join heartily in desiring some termination to my present doubts; but whether in the direction you would think right, or by a return to Anglicanism, is the question." The question was solved for him, and many others, when the appeal to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council resulted in the judgment of the Court of Arches in the celebrated Gorham case being reversed; the logical consequence of which was that it cut the ground under the Church of England as a Christian church, inasmuch as it declared that the members of that communion need not hold the doctrine of baptismal regeneration, thereby rejecting an article of the Creed.\*

Still, it is believed that it was the "Papal aggression" frenzy in 1850, upon the restoration of the Catholic hierarchy, which finally led Hope to take the step he had long been meditating when, to use his own words, the veil fell from his eves. Manning, after resigning the rectory of Lavington because he would not convene an anti-Popery meeting of his parishioners, wrote to him: "I should be glad if we might keep together; and, whatever must be done, do it with a calm and deliberateness which shall give, testimony that it is not done in lightness." Hope had made up his mind at Abbotsford; and, on his arrival in London, announced it to his mother. But before taking the final step he and Manning went over the whole ground together again, to satisfy themselves that there was no flaw or mistake in the argument and conclusion.

"In making it," Manning wrote, "I am helped by the fact that to remain under our changed or revealed circum-

and that not in conformity with, but in opposition to, intellectual real conviction; and the intellect is God's gift, and our instrument in attaining knowledge of His will. .... It would be to me a very great happiness if we could act together. and our names go together in the first publication of the fact. . . . The subject which has brought me to my present convictions is the perpetual office of the Church, under divine guidance, in expounding the truth and deciding controversies. . . . Holy Scripture comes to me in a new light-as Ephes., rv, 4-17,which seems to preclude the notion of a divisible unity, which is, in fact, Arianism in the matter of the Church. I entirely feel what you say of the alternative. It is either Rome or license of thought and will."

On Passion Sunday, April 6, 1851, Hope and Manning were received into the Church by the Rev. Father J. Brownbill, S. J.

To the Rev. Robert Campbell, who later became a Catholic, Hope wrote from Abbotsford on September 15, 1851: "You seem to think that the present condition of the Church of England has been the cause of my conversion. That it has contributed thereto I am far from denying, but it has done so by way of evidence only, - of evidence, the chain of which reaches up to the Reformation, and confirms by outward proofs those conclusions which Holy Scripture and reason forced upon me as to the character of the original act of separation. This distinction I am anxious should be observed; for the neglect of it has led some to suppose that recent converts have, from disgust or other causes, deserted a true church in her time of need; whereas, for one, I can safely say that I left her because I was convinced that she never. from the Reformation downward, had been a true church."

Hope's conversion was typical of that of a lawyer accustomed to sift facts and

<sup>\*</sup> Dr. Philpotts, Bishop of Exeter, had refused to institute the Rev. G. C. Gorham to the vicarage of Brampford Speke, because he denied the doctrine of baptismal regeneration. Mr. Gorham sued the bishop in the Court of Arches, when judgment was given against the plaintif, but reversed by the Privy Council on appeal to the Crown.

arguments, to analyze evidence, and to bring a judicial judgment to bear on the question under consideration. "The frankness of his nature," says Lady Georgiana Fullerton, "his well-known good sense, the sound clearness of his judgment, so unmistakably evinced in his profession, precluded the possibility of attributing his adoption of the Catholic faith to weakness of mind, duplicity, sentiment, eccentricity, or excitability." Referring to this great change of his life in a letter to Gladstone, he says: "To grudge any sacrifice which that change entails would be to undervalue its paramount blessedness. But, so far as regrets are compatible with extreme thankfulness, I do and must regret any estrangement from you,-you with whom I have trod so large a portion of the way which has led me to peace; you who are ex voto at least in that Catholic Church which to me has become a practical reality, admitting of no doubt; you have so many better claims to the merciful guidance of Almighty God than myself!"

Hope, who rejoiced at his deliverance from error and possession of the truth which made him free, wrote exultingly to Badeley: "Freedom indeed it is; for it is to breathe in all its fulness the grace and mercy of God's kingdom instead of tasting it through the narrow lattices of texts and controversies. To believe Christ present in the Eucharist and not adore Him, not pray Him to tarry with us and bless us; to hold the Communion of Saints and yet refuse to call upon all saints, living and departed, to intercede for us with the great Head of the body of which we are all members; to accept a primacy in St. Peter and yet hold it immaterial to the organization of the to acknowledge one Church Church: and then divide the unity into fragments; to attribute to the Church the power of the Keys and then deny the force of her indulgences while admitting her absolutions; to approve confession and practically set it aside,—to do and hold these and many other contradictions, what is it but to submit the mind to the fetters of a tradition which, if once made to reason, must destroy itself?"

His correspondent was not yet a Catholic; but in the following year, replying to his birthday greetings (not one for many years having escaped him), he wrote: "This one does indeed deserve notice in one sense, as being the first on which you and I could salute each other as Catholics. May God grant that this His great gift may be fruitful to us both!"

The gift of faith to him was not a buried talent: it multiplied itself in his edifying Catholic life in many works. He was a model practical Catholic. A busy Parliamentary lawyer, he would say the Angelus when mounting the stairs to the committee rooms at Westminster. "The one absorbing devotion of his Catholic life," says Mr. Ornsby, "was undoubtedly the adoration of our Blessed Lord in the Sacrament of the Altar. Few who have seen him in prayer before the Tabernacle could forget his look of intense reverence and recollection, the consequence of his strong faith in the Real Presence. After the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph, St. Michael was his favorite saint; his favorite books of devotion, the Missal and the New Testament; and, among religious Orders, he was, personally, most attracted by the Society of Jesus.... Yet this love for the Society never led to any want of appreciation of the merits of other Orders or of the secular clergy. Thus he hoped at one time to see the Dominicans at Galashiels, and showed the greatest regard for the Oblate Fathers of Mary Immaculate who were for nine years in charge of the mission there; while in London and at Abbotsford and Dorlin, the Fathers of the Oratory and the secular clergy were welcome and honored guests. The high value he set upon the Rev. P. Taggart (whom he used to call 'the Patriarch of the Border') and on the

hard-worked Highland priests is well remembered."

Mrs. Bellasis (wife of another eminent lawyer, Sergeant Bellasis) relates how, when going to the committee rooms at Westminster, he would repeat, sotto voce, with her husband, short invocatory prayers or verses of a psalm. "Such," she says, "was the hidden, deeply pious life of one who, for many years at least, though certainly in the world was yet not of it. I might say he was above it; for who more than our friend saw through, and so thoroughly despised, its shams, its allurements, its ambition, and modes of thought?" His valuable services were given gratuitously and generously in furtherance of Catholic interests; in giving advice either on great questions affecting the Church or on those of a more local and personal character; in his munificent support of Catholic institutions, and in the foundation of churches and missions.

Had he chosen to enter political life, he might have filled the rôle which Montalembert filled in France or O'Connell in Ireland; or, had circumstances favored it, and bigotry not blocked the way, he would have been an ideal Catholic Lord High Chancellor of England, recalling in many ways Sir Thomas More.

It was surely in the fitness of things that when this great convert passed away in 1873 his funeral oration, a beautiful panegyric, was delivered by his lifelong friend, Cardinal Newman; for it was to the eminent Oratorian that the Church was indebted for one of the most valuable and valiant of Rome's recruits.

THOSE who love most suffer most, and to such the cross is often sent through the affections. Well for them if, casting aside the dross of human passion, they are made to discern the false from the true, the wise from the unwise, the dangerous from the secure; for the heart of man is never safe in its attachments unless it leans, like St. John, upon the Heart of Jesus Christ.—Anon.

## My Daily Hymn.

BY MARY THERESA ST. C. MOOR.

CREATOR, Father, praise to Thee. Though faithless hearts and cold Thy love and goodness will not see.

However often told!

Teach us to see in heaven's blue, And earth's glad answering flowers, Thy treasures sure of love, as true In sunshine as in showers.

Teach us Thy kingdom is our home, Where'er our place may be,

To which each wand'rer's free to come Who only turns to Thee.

Thine's all Thy children do on earth, Beautiful, wise, or great;

Thou art their guide in grief and mirth, Rulest even the sparrow's fate.

Beneath the garden's stately trees Thou movest 'mongst us still;

Ripening the corn with sun and breeze, Thy glory crowns each hill.

Teach us to fear Thy thund'ring voice Forbidding wilful sin;

Yet, penitent, may we rejoice With pardon's peace within.

Teach us to see in every heart The little link divine

- In that long chain which, though apart, Makes heaven and earth entwine.
- Teach my beloved, lead them to Thee Whichever way is best;
- To help them on, O Lord, teach me! To Thee I leave the rest.
- O Jesus, Thou who savest us, With that profoundest store
- Of precious gifts Thou gavest us We praise Thee and adore!

O Mary, Mother of Our Lord, How great our debt to you! He is your Child by us adored, Make us your children too! Sweet saints and martyrs, strong and brave,

A thorny path ye trod,

O'er tortures, death, the felon's grave, To smooth our way to God.

Creator, Saviour, Spirit Blest,

Most glorious Three in One,

In joy, or when by grief distrest, Thy will be gladly done!

# A Man of Stone.

BY FLORENCE GILMORE.

#### II.

**T** is hard to imagine the agony that L descended upon Mr. Blair as he read. Minute after minute passed, and he sat staring at the article, his face ashy white, his hands trembling so that the paper shook like a leaf in the wind. He felt that he must scream aloud in his anguish; that he could not live and bear, hour after hour, to have this story haunting him as he knew it must do, however long he might live. How long he had sat there, suffering thus, he never knew-for weeks and months it seemed to him,before he heard a footstep in the hall, close to the door of the library. Hastily he turned the page and forced himself to read the editorials on which his eye alighted. The first, something about the tariff question, was to him but a jumble of meaningless words; the next was so, too, until a phrase caught his attention, sent a new thrill of horror to his heart and impelled him to re-read it from the beginning. No name was mentioned; it might as well have been, however, so pointed were the references to a prominent citizen, a member of the Catholic Church which claims to follow more closely than any other in the footsteps of the Man who so tenderly loved the poor; a multimillionaire, professedly a philanthropist, whose cruelty and insatiate greed were worthy of pagan Rome. "A man of stone." Each word burned itself into Mr. Blair's mind and heart. Through all the

weary days of all the years that followed he was never able to forget them.

Mrs. Blair flitted into the library, complaining that she had mislaid her gloves, and flitted out again, singing snatches of a popular song. A few seconds later a maid entered the room, and went away, leaving Mr. Blair at the mercy of his own thoughts. In desperation he glanced over the paper in search of something to read,-something that would help him to forget, if only for a minute. The account of a murder served but to remind him that somewhere, not far away, a little rigid form was lying that night. He turned nervously to the report of a Socialistic speech. It, at least, was safe ground. He forced himself to read the trite preamble, the usual tirades against Capital, and was about to pass wearily to something else when, far down in the column, these sentences caught his eye: "He is one of our most respected citizens. Will this injure his prestige? Not at all, though there is one child less in the world to-day and one more heartbroken mother!"

A quarter of an hour later Mrs. Blair re-entered the library, her arms full of magazines. She thought at first that her husband had fallen asleep; but he stirred slightly as she passed him, and she began to sing again, softly, to herself. She went to the piano and tried two or three new marches which she had bought that morning; then, without turning around, she said happily:

"John, to-morrow evening we are going to the dinner-dance at the University Club. Had you forgotten?"

' Mr. Blair made no reply.

"It will be lovely, won't it? I have a new gown for the occasion."

Still Mr. Blair said nothing. Her words he hardly heard. Other words were ringing in his ears, aching in his heart, agonizing in his soul.

At noon, through a crowded business street in one of our great cities, a man walked alone,—a thin, sad-faced man, not old but bent, not feeble but slow of gait, as if he were weary, weary all the time. About some people, even in the midst of a throng, there clings a certain solitariness; they are never one of the crowd but always distinct from it; and so it was with him. He seemed to be hardly conscious of the people about him, uninterested in them,—one who would be lonely always and everywhere, isolated from his fellows by superior talent, or marked peculiarities, or more than ordinary sorrow.

After he had walked for some time he stopped on a corner, there to take a street car. The minutes passed. A number of people gathered, and waited and grew restless, but no car came. Evidently there was trouble somewhere on the line, which causes annoyance at any hour, but is peculiarly aggravating at the busiest time of the day. Two women railed against the Company; their companion laughingly insisted that there was no hurry: their luncheon would but taste the better if their appetites were keener. Some young boys joked boisterously about the delay, claiming to be disturbed lest they should be late for their Latin class; such a calamity would break their hearts, they said. Several business men paced back and forth in a fever of impatience, aggravated by the frequency with which they consulted their watches. Only the thin, sad-looking man appeared unaware of the delay, or at least indifferent to it. Quietly and patiently he waited, listening unsmiling to the sallies of the boys, and mildly observing the others as they waxed loud in the expression of their wrath.

Presently a worn woman, poorly but neatly dressed, came down the street toward the restless group stationed on the corner. She walked very slowly; for beside her limped a little boy whose pallid face told a long story of much suffering crowded into a few years. He was holding fast to his mother's hand, listening to what she said with a smile,

boyish, and yet so sad and patient that it was painful to see on the face of a young child. As they drew near all watched them, silent for the moment. The women, ashamed, ceased complaining; the men, irritable over a trifling delay, envied the child his placid slowness; the young boys stopped their joking to look reverently at the little cripple, and were silent long after he had passed. The thin man did not take his eyes off the pair from the moment they came in sight; and when they had gone half a square beyond him, just when at last a car was approaching, he obeyed a sudden impulse and hurried after them. Easily overtaking them, he raised his hat, and said to the mother, not without a trace of embarrassment:

"Pardon me! My name is Blair. I should like to—to speak to you for a few minutes."

The woman was surprised,—this was evident; but she said nothing, only waited quietly for him to explain himself. In the instant that he paused Mr. Blair saw that, shabbily as she was dressed, there was an unmistakable air of refinement about her, and later when she spoke it was as one gently born and reared. The child smiled up into his face in the friendliest possible way.

"It is about your little boy," Mr. Blair began bluntly. "He does not seem to be strong, and—and I am interested in children, in delicate children especially. I might say that there is nothing else that interests me very much. I wonder if anything could be done for this boy. Perhaps a specialist could do something for him. You must not mind my asking; and you would let me help, wouldn't you?"

"You are very kind," the woman said a little stiffly, surprised, touched by his interest in her child, and offended by his offer, all at the same time. "I have never taken assistance from any one, though I've been a widow for five years and poor, very poor. But somehow I—I don't think I should much mind your helping me in this. It would be for Jimmie, and you are fond of children, I see that. But, Mr. Blair, I fear nothing can be done. The doctors have tried. They say there is only one man in the whole world who could do him the least good and he lives in Germany—in Berlin. Even he might not succeed, and it would cost a fortune to go to him. There would be travelling expenses and board to pay, as well as the doctor's bill! But thank you, Mr. Blair, thank you very much. Jimmie, thank the gentleman for his kindness."

Jimmie did so by slipping his small hand into Mr. Blair's, and saying brightly, though not without a trace of wistfulness:

"You mustn't mind about me. I don't mind much myself, except when mamma feels badly about me and when the other fellows play baseball or skate on the pond near our house. It's a dandy pond; big, with lots of pollywogs in it in summer."

Mr. Blair was silent for some moments, gazing into the little upturned face for an instant; then he quickly looked away as if the sight pained him.

"If you will permit me," he said, turning to the mother, "I should be glad to send you and Jimmie to this German specialist. It doesn't matter what the cost may be; and there is a chance, you say."

The woman hesitated. Her pride revolted at the idea of accepting help from this stranger, kind as he was; on the other hand her mother love pleaded that the boy be given the opportunity, and mother love is strong indeed.

"And I could play baseball, couldn't I, mamma?" the boy cried, looking from Mr. Blair to his mother and back at him again.

Still the mother did not decide,

"I have never taken charity, but you are very good. You put it so nicely that I don't mind much, though an hour ago I should have resented the offer of help from any one. Dr. Smith is a specialist; he treats only children. He has seen Jimmie several times, and has been kind

to him. Would—I know it's asking a great deal,—but would you kindly come with us to his office? We are on our way there. It isn't far: only three or four squares."

"I know Dr. Smith well. I have known him for years. Yes, I will go with you. I will gladly go with you."

Half an hour later Mr. Blair, light of pocket and less heavy-hearted, said goodbye to the happiest mother and child in all that great city, and walked slowly back to the corner where he had first seen them. The noon hour was now long past and there were fewer people on the streets, and when he boarded the car he found it almost empty. He was indistinctly conscious that in the seat behind the one he chose there sat a Franciscan nun and a woman whom he had often seen in church. Miss Seymour was her name, he knew. He did not give them a passing thought at first; but soon the car stopped and gave no evidence that it would ever move again. A wagon loaded with coal had broken down on the track, and two men were working in a leisurely fashion to clear the débris out of the way, with every prospect that it would take considerable time. With the car at rest, Mr. Blair could hear every word spoken in the seat behind his.

"I was told that the cars were delayed about noon, and here is more trouble," Miss Seymour complained.

The nun said nothing to this.

"I understand that there is a great deal of sickness just now. There always is at this time of the year. You must be overcrowded, Sister, --overworked, too, no doubt."

"Oh, no, not overworked! But every bed in the hospital is taken. We have even put extra cots in a few of the wards. We hate to turn any patient away. The children's room is particularly crowded. Yesterday we were obliged to refuse five little ones. I hope they were able to make place for them at St. Luke's."

"It's too bad, too bad! Oh, if I had a

million dollars! But no doubt I'd waste it if I had!" Miss Seymour said, beginning sadly and ending with a little laugh.

"You are too generous now, Miss Seymour; I know that. We are often afraid you rob yourself for us and our poor people." Then, after a pause, during which conversation was made impossible by an automobile horn, she went on, "I must tell you about Mother's 'daydream,'-that is what she calls it. We all tease her a great deal about it. She wants to build a wing for children. She has had plans drawn up. It is to be very big,-some day. If we had it we could fill it in a week and keep it full the whole year around. The only thing lacking is the money, but we tell her that is rather important!"

"It would be lovely! Has she any fund for it?" Miss Seymour inquired.

"Not one cent so far. That is why she calls it her daydream. But she thinks she will get this wing sooner or later. Our Lord will take care of His little ones, she says."

At this juncture Mr. Blair rose and left the car.

"How impatient men are!" Miss Seymour remarked. "They seem to be in a hurry all the time.""

She would have been mystified could she have seen that instead of either walking or hailing a taxi-cab to take him to his destination, Mr. Blair got on a car going in an opposite direction; that he rode for quite half an hour and left it at last before the gate of St. Francis' Hospital. At the door he asked to see the Mother Superior, and while he waited for her paced back and forth the length of the small room, lost in thought. When she came he had hardly introduced himself before he characteristically plunged abruptly into an explanation of the reason for his visit, - a reason which, long vaguely present in his mind, had in the preceding hour taken definite form. He was so happy that for the first time in years he spoke lightly, almost playfully.

"I hear, Mother, that you have a daydream." And without pausing to explain where and how he had learned of it, he added, still smiling: "I, too, have one. I have had it for several years, but it was shapeless until this afternoon."

The little rosy-faced nun looked up at him in frank perplexity.

"Let me explain. I am talking riddles. On the car, half an hour or more ago, I overheard one of your Sisters tell a friend that you wish to build a wing to serve as a hospital for children. The community call it your 'daydream,' she said. Now I want to do something of the kind; it has been the desire of my heart for a long time, and—and will you allow me to do this?"

The Mother smiled at him.

"You are very good, very kind," she said. "I should be delighted to start a fund with whatever you can give. To do all would be too much, far too much, for one man. Only millionaires could afford it, and, unfortunately, they are rare. It would cost perhaps fifty thousand dollars to build as I wish."

Mr. Blair frowned.

"You think I am extravagant," she said timidly. "I hope not. St. Francis would not like that. It will all be very plain, very simple."

"My daydream is on a bigger scale than yours, Mother. It would cost more than a *hundred* and fifty thousand dollars."

When at last she understood what it was he offered to do, the Mother's eyes filled with tears. She longed to tell him all that was in her heart: how for many years she had prayed for this; how discouraged she had sometimes grown, how she had persevered, trying to hope.

"You are too good, too good!" she cried, with a little sob that made the words eloquent. "Oh, to think that the poor little children are to have a place for themselves at last! But are you certain you can afford all this?"

"Quite certain. I wish it meant a sacrifice. It doesn't. I have no children; my wife is dead, so it is easy for me. Besides, I am but paying a debt. I—I owe more than I can ever hope to pay."

The nun, young though she was and childlike in her simplicity, was old in her dealings with every phase of human sorrow. She saw deep, and she saw quickly into aching hearts. She looked up at Mr. Blair with tender, pitiful eyes. . "This will pay all your debt, Mr. Blair, however great it may be. God is good

and merciful." He believed her as implicitly as a child would have done, and went away consoled at last, no longer a man of stone.

(The End.)

#### A Celebrated Escape.

T HE famous Grotius (a Latinized form of his real name, De Groot) is known as the founder of the science of international law; but on one occasion he did not disdain to evade the local law of his native Netherlands. In 1619, when he was thirty-six years of age, he became involved in civil dissensions, and, as a result, was condemned to life imprisonment in the Fortress of Loevenstein, near Dordrecht. He served only two years of that term, however, thanks to the devotedness and ingenuity of his wife. Here is the story of the stratagem by which she freed him.

Immediately after her husband's incarceration, Madam Grotius took up her residence at Gorcum, or Gorinchem, a village near the Loevenstein Fortress; and from there she paid him visits as often as was permitted. She visited also the wife of the prison's governor, a lady who was distantly related to her. From Gorcum, too, she frequently sent to her husband a large wooden chest filled with clean linen, receiving it back filled with the soiled linen. The chest was, of course, carefully examined, at its entrance and its exit, by the prison guards. In the course of time, however, the guards little by little abridged the examination, and finally

omitted it altogether. It was then that Madam Grotius conceived the idea of profiting by their negligence and effecting the liberation of her husband by means of the linen chest.

She submitted the plan to the prisoner, who shrugged his shoulders and declared the scheme appeared to him very difficult, if not quite impracticable.

"Well, you'll see," replied his wife.

And, in order to prove that her plan was decidedly practical, she caused some holes to be bored in the chest for ventilating purposes, got into it herself, had herself carried in it from Gorcum to Loevenstein, and was deposited in her husband's room. One may imagine the surprise of Grotius when on unlocking the chest he found, not his linen but his wife.

"Now," said the latter, "I presume you'll admit that my plan is not impracticable."

Grotius of course had to admit it.

A few days later, Madam Grotius, in the course of a visit to the governor's wife, deplored the fact that her husband's health was not what it' should be.

"He works altogether too much," she said; "and I can't make him interrupt his studies. I have a good mind to take away all his scientific books and replace them by lighter literature,—books that will amuse instead of fatiguing him."

"That's an excellent idea," commented her friend.

"I could take the books away in the chest in which I usually send his linen," continued Madam Grotius.

"Just the thing!" said the governor's wife.

As the governor himself was to be absent the next day, no better time for trying the experiment could be hoped for. Accordingly the next morning Madam Grotius arrived in her husband's room, helped him to stow himself as comfortably as possible in the chest, locked it, and had it carried out by the usual porters, prison-guards, whose business it was to take the chest of linen to a wagon waiting outside the gate of the Fortress.

"I say," remarked one of the guards, "the linen is confoundedly heavy to-day."

"It isn't linen, but books," said Madam Grotius.

The chest was carried downstairs with some difficulty; and apparently a guard, noticing the excitement and emotion which the devoted wife could not entirely conceal, grew suspicious. He asked for the key of the chest, and Madam Grotius, a prey to sickening fear, pretended to search her pockets for it.

Just then the governor's wife happened to come along, and said:

"Ah, I see you are having your husband's books taken away! You are quite right in doing so."

This remark at once removed the guard's suspicions, and, without waiting the finding of the key, he and his companions went through with their task, depositing their heavy load in the wagon.

Grotius was driven to Gorcum, released from the chest, put into a post-chaise that was in waiting, and conveyed swiftly to Antwerp, beyond the reach of his enemies.

Madam Grotius was arrested and subjected to a criminal trial. The judges, instigated by the prison governor who was furious at having been tricked, gave it as their opinion that she should be imprisoned for life in her husband's place; but the States General decreed that she should be set at liberty.

"Such a woman," wrote the celebrated seventeenth-century philosopher and critic, Bayle,—"such a woman deserves a statue in the Republic of Letters; for to her daring stratagem are due those admirable works which Grotius has written, and which would never have emerged from the shadows of Loevenstein if he had spent his life there."

Dropping for once his habitual solemn gravity, Grotius wrote a humorous Latin poem, describing this singular episode in his life and lauding it as a striking instance of wifely love.

### About Keeping Lent.

I N reading the history of the penitential season upon which the Church has just entered, one is struck by two things the strictness with which it was observed in the Ages of Faith and the laxity that set in at the so-called Reformation. In an effort to check this tendency, one of the Popes of the time wrote these strong words: "The observance of Lent is the bond of union between us as soldiers of Jesus Christ. . . Relaxation in this observance would be to the detriment of God's glory and to the peril of souls. Such negligence is the source of individual misfortunes and public calamities."

The reason why Lent is not regarded in this light nowadays is that modern Christians have only an inadequate sense of sin. In a conversation with a friend, reported soon after his death, Gladstone said: "Ah, the sense of sin! That is the great want in modern life; it is wanting everywhere." The grand old man, as he was called, never spoke truer words.

A quickening of the sense of sin, with a renewal of the conviction that individual misfortunes and public calamities are due to the neglect of penitential practices, is all that is needed to invigorate the observance of Lent. It is unlikely, however, that it will ever again be observed as it was in former times, nor is it necessary that it should be. Such rigorous fasting as our forefathers practised is impossible for a great number of modern Christians. But all can do something in this line; and, besides fasting and abstinence, there are the spiritual and corporal works of mercy, almsdeeds and prayer, for the neglect of which no valid excuse can be offered. The fact to be borne in mind is that penance is a requisite for salvation. "Unless you do penance, you shall all likewise perish." Any act of self-denialan alms for the poor, the war sufferers or the foreign missions-that involves real sacrifice may be as acceptable to God as a rigorous fast.

#### Notes and Remarks.

None but immature philosophers and senile statesmen talk seriously of the world war's being an evident proof of the "failure of Christianity." There is no warrant either in Scripture or history for the belief that the sword will ever be permanently changed into the ploughshare, or that on this side of the Day of Judgment unending peace will ever reign. In the meanwhile, as the London Catholic Times pithily remarks, "it is easy enough to say, as Dr. Eliot has been saying to Philadelphia Unitarians, that Christianity ought to have been able to intervene successfully when the Kaiser was sending out ultimatum after ultimatum. But in criticism of that kind there is no practical wisdom. How was Christianity, as it exists at the present time, to take a step which would have that effect? There was but one way: by the united action of all the Christian denominations. But it is gentlemen like Dr. Eliot who, by rejecting and assailing religious authority, have made such unity of action exceedingly difficult, if not impossible. Whilst the conflict is at the fiercest they are figuring in their old rôle, finding fault with Christianity and censuring Christians. If they have known so much better than Christians what ought to have been done, why have they not taught people long since how to create some other power or authority which would put an end to wars? There is not even the shadow of such a power or authority. Outside the sphere of orthodox Christianity, all we hear is a Babel of dissonant voices. The critics of Christianity can themselves agree onno anti-war scheme or project that is at all likely to prove effective."

Publicists who talk about the failure of Christianity fail to understand what Christianity is.

In a special cable dispatch, the Rome correspondent of the New York Sun tells

how the prayers for peace ordered by the Holy Father were recited in St. Peter's, where the service was unprecedentedly simple. 'Pope Benedict entered the church without his usual escort of uniformed guards, unattended by gorgeously robed prelates and courtiers, without any emblem of sovereignty, but simply as the most humble of God's servants.... There was a very large congregation of all classes and conditions of men. Rich and poor alike invoked God to bring about a cessation of the war. No invitations to the service had been sent out, and admission tickets could be obtained merely by asking. Pope Benedict, his voice filled with emotion, recited the Rosary and the litanies and then repeated his own prayer. Afterward he raised the Host and blessed the congregation. The service recalled similar expiation functions centuries ago, when Popes joined in prayers with the faithful, and invoked peace in wars which have been eclipsed by the greatest war in history.'

An interest more than local attaches to works of organized Catholic charity. One reason of this is that social workers everywhere may profit by studying the modus operandi of a particular society, and by an interchange of information, gathered from investigation and experience, be mutually beneficial. This would be sufficient reason for taking note of the activities of the Catholic Charity Guild which is established in Rochester, N.Y.; but there is another reason, too-namely, to offer that organization congratulations upon the success its members have achieved in carrying out their programme. What that programme is can best be gathered from the society's third annual report, a copy of which is just to hand. Its aims are as follows:

r. Teaching catechism in Sunday-schools to children obliged to attend public schools. Teaching cooking and sewing, and organizing clubs for boys during the week. 2 Inquiring into the condition of the house, of the poor, and endeavoring to help them by paying reats, furnishing fuel, food, milk, and clothing, where found necessary, and securing employment in all cases where possible. 3. Caring for the welfare of delinquent and unfortunate women and children. 4. Sending nurses, physicians, and nourishing food to the sick and weak. 5. Visiting homes to encourage parents and children in attending Mass and Sunday-school. 6. Furnishing new garments of under and outer wear and infants' layettes. 7. Visiting the sick and unfortunate in hospitals and other public institutions, and distributing flowers and literature. 8. Giving Christmas cheer to poor and unfortunate children by gifts of toys and practical articles.

The remainder of the report is a detailed statement of what has been accomplished along these several lines. It is all very businesslike and unpretentious, but one can easily discern the spirit of enlightened zeal as well as charity and faith which animates the Catholic Charity Guild of the diocese of Rochester.

While we know nothing specific concerning the latest plan for establishing a Catholic daily in this country, we do not agree with such critics of the enterprise as ridicule the idea of a national Catholic daily as wholly impracticable, not to say utterly absurd. Given sufficient capital, we do not see why such a paper could not be issued under the same general management in New York, New Orleans, Chicago, and San Francisco. The general news and the editorials would be common to all four issues, and accounts of the local happenings would be peculiar to each. "Where there's a will there's a way"; and when the money-a great deal of itis found, the national Catholic daily will appear and flourish. Let there be no experimentation, however; and meantime, let there be a combined effort to destroy the delusion that the ablest, cleanest and fairest of secular newspapers supply the need of a Catholic daily.

Doctors of medicine are now quite as positive in declaring that abstinence and occasional fasting are beneficial for the body as doctors of theology in maintaining

that such retrenchment is good for the soul. The danger to health from light eating is remote, whereas that from overfeeding is immediate. The Carthusian Order affords striking proof of the truth of the first of these statements. It is recorded that when the superior-general of that austere community sent a deputation to Rome, in order to convince the Pope of the little need they had for any relaxation of their severe rule in regard to fasting, care was taken to choose no monk under eighty years old. Each one was such a picture of health that his Holiness was astonished. An old French missionary, also an octogenarian, who died in this country some years ago, had never lost a tooth or had occasion to consult a dentist. One of his austerities as a child, enforced by a Spartan mother, was deprivation of confectionery. Selfdenial of any sort was easy for him as a man.

Caring for the health of their bodies during Lent may have the effect of reminding some worldlings that they also have immortal souls of which they should take care.

Not the least important of the many services to religion and education rendered by the late lamented Archbishop Riordan was the founding of Newman Hall at the University of California. The object of it is to assist in a spiritual way the Catholic students who are taking advantage of the generous facilities for higher education afforded by that State. Prof. Eugene Woldemar Hilgard, Ph. D., LL. D., who since 1875 has been a member of the faculty of the University, in an article published during the summer vacation, thus expresses his appreciation of the work of Newman Hall:

I wish to express my high appreciation of the eminent services rendered by Newman Hall and those who have administered its activities, not only to the Catholic students of the University and their religion, but also to the cause of religion at large. In the early days of the University, religious convictions of any kind were rather looked down upon among the students, as a sign of a certain degree of intellectual inferiority; and, as a result, few students went to church, and many who came from home with religious convictions and habits, lost them during their four years' residence.

The happy inspiration and great energy of Archbishop Riordan, resulting in the establishment of Newman Hall, and thus giving one important religious body "a local habitation and a name," quickly produced a marked change. Catholic students no longer hid their Faith, but were proud to be among those directly affiliated with Newman Hall. They brought many of their friends with them to the services; and before long not only they, but many of the general public, became regular attendants at the special sermons and lectures given by the Paulist Fathers and by distinguished men from the outside. Moreover, the example and success of Newman Hall has led other religious bodies, almost of necessity, to initiate similar undertakings, thus adding to the impetus of the religious movement at large. Newman Hall has thus been instrumental in exerting a most beneficial influence upon the University and community, and in lifting the reproach that a "godless university" was demoralizing the youth of the State.

To our mind, these words of Prof. Hilgard are full of significance.

Further proof of what has been styled "testimony from outside the walls"—that is, from non-Catholic sources—is accumulating to the credit of the Church. In our Pacific slope contemporary, the *Tidings*, we find the following paragraph from the pen of Reynold E. Blight, writing in the *Bulletin of the Los Angeles Con*sistory (Masonic):

In certain circles it is popular to denounce bitterly the Roman Catholic Church, and in the condemnation forget her splendid achievements and the consecrated service she has rendered to humanity. The long roll of patriots, statesmen, philanthropists, thinkers, heroes, and saintly souls who have drawn their spiritual inspiration from her communion is sufficient proof of the real greatness of her religious teaching. Among the priests are those whose names have become synonymous with purity of life and unselfish effort for the betterment of humanity: Father Damien, Father Mathew, Father Junipero Serra, St. Francis of Assisi, Savonarola. Her countless institutions of learning, her manifold charities, the universality of her spiritual appeal, must awaken the admiration of all men. It must not be forgotten that at her altars the common people received their first training in democracy. Prince and pauper, peasant and merchant, knelt together, equal before God. During the long night of the Dark Ages the lamp of knowledge was kept burning in the monasteries. Tolerance knows that there are two sides to every question, and that a picture that shows only shadows is essentially false.

Such judicious praise from unimpeachable witnesses is especially worth while at the present time, when a systematic campaign of anti-Catholic bigotry is clearly on foot in different parts of the Republic.

Emphasizing the fact that the parochial schools of America owe their existence to the deep faith of the Catholic people and their generous sacrifice of self, Bishop Muldoon, in a recent address at Davenport, Iowa, said: "We call ourselves a Christian nation, and well may other nations laugh at our pretensions. Statistics show that out of a hundred million people under the Stars and Stripes, only forty million profess Christianity in any form. We face the appalling fact that sixty million profess no religion whatever, and this condition should be the deep concern of every citizen having the stability of the Constitution at heart. So surely as Christianity lessens, just so surely will the spirit of self-sacrifice on which Christianity is founded disappear, lawlessness and anarchy reign, and just government be overthrown."

Even of the forty million who profess some form (often enough an emasculated one) of Christianity, a large majority are merely nominal Christians, quite willing to subscribe to the fatuous absurdity that "one religion is as good as another," and are therefore, in downright reality, Nothingarians.

It is an excellent bit of advice, stereotyped though it may be, which the Southern Messenger proffered to its subscribers: "We strongly urge upon all our readers the duty of keeping in touch with their representatives in the State Legislature and in Congress, and promptly making their views known on measures affecting their rights and interests. Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."

To ask, What's the use? or to assume that one's representative in the State or Federal Legislature will pay no attention to communications from his constituents, is to avow little knowledge of human nature in general, and less of the politician's nature in particular. The normal legislator owes his position to his constituents, and he has a conviction that the re-election he hopes for will be materially affected by the attention or the neglect with which he treats the sober, earnest desires conveyed to him in letters from home.

The inefficiency of the public schools as to the formation of character is being recognized with increasing frequency of recent years, even by those who were hitherto their strongest advocates and most impassioned defenders. The Chicago Israelite calls attention to the fact that "Rochester (N. Y.) churches have undertaken a movement to introduce religious instruction in the public schools. The plan is to devote half a day each week to teach the children religion. The Protestant children are to assemble in churches of their persuasion, and the Catholic and Jews to meet under instructors of their belief."

Presuming that this instruction is to be part of the curriculum, and the attendance at these religious schools to be made compulsory (otherwise the establishment of this system would be of little practical use, the children having all Saturday and Sunday for voluntary attendance), the *Israelite* comments: "On the face of it, it would seem that the Protestant clergymen are desirous of using the authority of the State to make good their failure to reach the children of their denominations. Apparently, Catholics and Jews do not find this necessary."

They will not be likely, however, on that account to offer any very vigorous opposition to the movement. Religious instruction for boys and girls is a civic necessity, as most States will eventually discover and admit.

Combating a recent writer's disinclination to concede the connection between spiritual development and the continuance of consciousness after death, a correspondent of the *Athenæum* writes:

Two views are, I take it, possible in regard to man's spiritual nature. It may be regarded as belonging to another order of existence than the physical world as we know it, and simply functioning here for a time. In that case it will be assumed to survive the disintegration of the body. Or it may be regarded as the accidental result of certain relationships of matter. In that case it may be expected to perish with the body. . . . If the latter hypothesis be true, how can any universal validity be given to the moral idea? If it is a product of certain combinations of matter, why should it take precedence over other products of the same cause? To say that moral actions on the whole are better for the world is no answer....It is an integral part of our idea of right and wrong that we regard it as having an eternal and universal significance. We say, indeed: Fiat justitia ruat calum. "Though the heavens fall," be it noted, not lest the heavens fall. Surely a universal and eternal end must be justified by something universal and eternal. Humanity, on the materialist hypothesis, is neither the one nor the other.

The keenness and penetration of this passage no reader, we think, will be disposed to deny.

The Carnegie Peace Union, which made such good use of Pius X.'s ideas on peace, is likely to find equally valuable ones in the allocutions and encyclicals of Benedict XV. There was perhaps no immediate effect of the words uttered by his predecessor when he "created" thirteen new cardinals; but that weighty allocution has been read all over the world meantime, and is sure to produce results, which may be all the more lasting for being delayed.



The Blind Boy's Hope.

BY HENRY R. WHYTE.

CAN not see the stars that shine by night, Or the bright sun of day; I never knew the beauty of a rose

Or felt the charm of May.

- I can not join the merry games and sports That other children know;
- I must be led to church, and each hard step Uncertain is and slow.
- But in the darkness I am not alone, For God is everywhere;
- A blind boy, even as the child that sees, Is under His safe care.
- Who knows but He may open these poor eyes That my first sight may be,
- Not things of earth, but His own Sacred Face For all eternity?

Tommy Travers.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

#### VIII.—BUNTY'S JOB.

**T** OMMY could find no fault with his coming home. The great house had been opened and aired for weeks beforehand. Housekeeper, butler and cook, man-servants and maid-servants, were engaged by special orders; while an English nurse, with three diplomas, was waiting to take the invalid in scientific charge.

Three beautiful rooms had been furnished and decorated for his use; and Bart, the hall boy, had been hanging pictures all the morning at his-bidding; while Polly, the goldfish, and all his other belongings brought from Saint Gabriel's, gave a familiar aspect to the new home. Dad had looked in on him for a few minutes and found all things right,— Tommy, in his silken wrapper, with an electric warmer at his feet, eating his breakfast; while Miss Norton, the nurse, boiled his egg by a minute-glass, and carefully measured the proper allowance of pasteurized cream.

"There is to be no expense spared to make the boy happy and comfortable," Mr. Travers had told the lady when, in the strength of her three diplomas, he had engaged her at a double salary. "The doctors say he has no chance of getting well; but do your best for him, Madam,—do your best and don't count the cost." And Miss Norton said she would make an exhaustive study of Tommy, as was her custom in such cases, and do all she possibly could.

But when the pictures were all hung, and the new Victrola had played all its tunes; when Bart, the hall boy, had gone off to polish the brass hand-rails, and Miss Norton had made her daily chart of his blood pressure and pulse beats, Tommy began to find things a little dull. He missed the pleasant stir of Saint Gabriel's,-the young doctors coming and going, Sister Leonie's blithe chatter, Sister Lucilla's cheery smile; the sound of bell and organ and silvery chant that seemed to blend with and sweeten all harsher notes of pain or fear. For heaven was very close to Saint Gabriel's; one could almost hear its angels sing in dark hours when all earthly music failed to cheer; when the grafanola had to be hushed, and Polly's chattering silenced, and the hurt was almost more than the little "Major" could bear.

Tender voices had taught Tommy where to turn in these hard times for courage and help. Old Father Sauvé, who had himself been a soldier of *la belle France*; Sister Leonie and Sister Lucilla, Dr. Dave, had all told him there were heroes who never carried sword or gun; battles without fire or smoke, that boys weak and sick as he was could fight and win. Tommy had studied lessons at Saint Gabriel's that dad in all the strength of his manhood had yet to learn.

"I go off duty for a couple of hours at two," said Miss Norton, whose day was ruled by watch and chart. "Mrs. James, the housekeeper, or Barton will take my place until four."

" I don't want either," answered Tommy, decidedly. "There's a boy coming to push me round in the garden. Dad engaged him yesterday—there he is now!" And the pale little face that had been watching through the window pane brightened at sight of the sturdy young figure striding down the street. "Fix me up in my coat and furs, please, Miss Norton; for there is Bunty coming to take me out; and tell Bart to show him up here right away."

And, as Tommy's word was law, Bunty, who had approached the stately mansion rather doubtful of admittance, was shown up through tessellated halls, up polished stairs, where his feet fell noiselessly on richest carpets, and all around were bewildering splendors of painting and carving and tapestry wonderful to see. Through silken - draped vistas glowing with color and warmth, he caught sight of the glass-domed conservatory full of tropic bloom, its great scarlet-belled wreathing a marble-rimmed blossoms fountain whose waters rose in a silvery shower to the crystal roof above. It took all the trained courage of Duffy's Court for Bunty to face the situation and follow the dapper hall boy up the great staircases, where even the sunshine fell in rainbow hues through a skylight of jewelled glass. Not until Tommy's clear little piping voice reached him did he breathe freely.

"Bunty! Bunty!" it called cheerily from an open door. "Come in!"

And then Bunty forgot all the strange splendors around him, and felt "all right"; for there was his little Saint Gabriel's friend in his furred coat and cap, smiling glad welcome, and waiting to be pushed out. Even Miss Norton, gazing at him critically through her goldrimmed spectacles, could be faced by Bunty now.

"Tommy tells me his father has engaged you to take him for an outing in the garden."

"He said I could come and push him round," answered Bunty, stolidly.

"For thirty minutes, then," said Miss Norton, glancing at her watch. "Thirty minutes in the open air is all I consider prudent. And you will be careful to keep the rolling chair in the sun, and avoid all jolts and jars."

"I know," said Bunty. "I ain't going to let him get hurt. I rolled him at Saint Gabriel's every day."

And then, still under Miss Norton's doubtful gaze, the white wicker chair was moved to the crimson-lined elevator, that had been arranged with patent air cushions for 'Tommy's comfort, and the little invalid was borne softly down to the lower floor, where wide doors were swung open for his passage, into the garden,— a sheltered garden where the gravelled paths had been cleared, but the close-clipped evergreen hedges were still hung with snow wreaths, and the sunbeams danced and sparkled as joyously as if it were already spring.

And, as Bunty pushed him carefully along, Tommy learned with relief that his friend was back at Granny Pegs', and had a fine room there and plenty to eat, and a chance of a job to clean up the snow. They were giving a dollar a day at the crossings, and lots of "pick-ups" besides. Even kids like Jakey Rust were "doing fine." Bunty meant to start in to-morrow, if the snow lasted, and make a "pile."

"But it won't last," said Tommy, anxiously. "You ought to have started to-day, Bunt."

"No," said Bunty, edging Tommy's chair around the curving path. "I said I was a coming here, and I've come; and I'll come to-morrow' if you want me. I'll come every day; because you haven't Tobe here, and you can't trust everybody to push you round. Dr. Dave give me orders that there was to be no jolts, and I know how to push right."

"You do indeed," said Tommy. "But, then, you're missing your job at the snow, Bunt."

"I don't care!" answered Bunty, gruffly. "You've got to be pushed right. If they would let me, I could take you out in the streets just as easy as you go here; and you could see the stores and the people and everything. And I could push you down the wharves, where you could see the boats and ships. I could take you everywhere, and you wouldn't have a jolt or a jar."

"I am sure I shouldn't," said Tommy. "And, oh, I'd love to go, Bunty! I'd just love to see real things and real people: I've seen only pictures and books. That's the reason I like you, because you are so real and true."

"No, I ain't," said Bunty, quickly. "I can lie good as anybody, if I want to."

"Oh, but—but you wouldn't want to!" said Tommy in a troubled voice.

"Dunno. I might. I don't mind much for myself, but—but if somebody—somebody belonging to me got in a tight place, I'd never go back on him,—never, not if I was to be jailed or hung for it. I'd lie and steal and do most everything I could."

"O Bunty!" Tommy turned a pained, bewildered look on the speaker. "But that wouldn't be right."

"Why wouldn't it?" asked Bunty, as he steadied Tommy's chair over a rut in the path.

"Because it would be a sin," said Tommy, gravely. "And you mustn't commit a sin for anything or anybody, Bunty."

"Don't know nothing about that," answered Bunty, stolidly; "but I'd stand by some people whatever they did. I'm sure of it. They'd have to knock me down and run over me first. And I wouldn't want no pay for it either. I'd do it just because—because you've been good to me, and I'd rather be cut to pieces than have you hurt."

"You would, eh?" said a voice behind the speaker; and Mr. Travers, who had come out to look for his boy, stepped up to Tommy's chair. "That's a big promise, my lad!" and he turned his keen, piercing gaze on Bunty. "But upon my life I believe you'd keep your word."

"Is it time to go in?" asked Bunty. "She said Tommy could stay outdoors only thirty minutes."

"What are your thirty minutes worth?" asked Mr. Travers, feeling in his pocket. "Nothing," answered Bunty, shortly.

"O dad they are—they are!" interposed Tommy. "He gave up his job of cleaning off the snow to come here and push me. And he does it so nice and easy, dad! Oh, I'd like him to come every day. He says he would take me out where I could see things and see people. Dad, I've been shut up so long, I'd like to go out where there are streets and stores, and everybody is busy, and boys are big and strong, and can run and play and fight."

"By George, you shall, then!" said dad, drawing a long breath of fierce resolve. "You *shall* have the glimpse of life you ask, my boy! No doubt about it! And you shall give it to him," he added, turning his eyes to Bunty. "Come every day and take him out wherever he wants to go. It will be a steady job for you at ten dollars a week."

"Ten dollars a week!" echoed Bunty as soon as he could find voice. "Ten dollars just for pushing Tommy round! It ain't worth it. Ten dollars! I don't want no such pay as that, Mister. I can't take it."

"Yes, you can, and you must," said Mr. Travers.

"Oh, yes, Bunty, please, please!" Tommy pleaded eagerly. "It will be such a good job for you, Bunty; and you need not clean off snow any more, and you know how to push me round so easy and nice!"

"But—ten dollars!" repeated Bunty, still breathless with bewilderment. "It's too much, Mister,—too much!"

"Not for the promise I heard you make a while ago," answered Long Tom. "I'm paying for that promise—that you'll care for Tommy with your life; though why I'm trusting you I don't know."

"I do!" chirped Tommy. "Because Bunty is real and true, and will take care of me as he says. So come to-morrow at two, Bunty, and take me out. Golly, won't we have a good time together seeing things! I've been shut up so long, dad, you don't know how good it will be to get out."

And dad could not answer for the pity and the pain stabbing his father's heart. For he knew that in his boy's frail frame there lived something of the strong, bold, free spirit that had governed his own life, spurring him into wide fields of action, urging him to heights of power and success, making him the leader, chief,ruler of lives and fortunes that "Long Tom" was to-day. And Long Tom's heart nearly broke in its bitterness and revolt at the thought of this strong, restless spirit caged helplessly in Tommy's crippled form, crying out for freedom and life as it had cried to-day. Unwise, reckless as it might be, he would give the boy his wish: Bunty should take him out as he begged.

So it was settled, and Bunty took his way back to Granny Pegs' through the last glow of the winter sunset, almost dizzied by the golden light that had so suddenly broken upon his shadowy path. Ten dollars a week for only half a day's work! Ten dollars! Why, he would be rich,—rich as Dutchy's father, with his shop till full of nickels; rich as Dago Joe, who had the fruit-stand at the corner and took in more pennies than he knew how to count; rich as Shiny Sam, who did not make more than six dollars with his bootblack chair. Ten dollars! Wouldn't Jakey and Granny Pegs open their eyes? And the gang! A sudden chill assailed the new capitalist. He had better look out for the gang. They would not be above holding him up in a dark corner and calling for a "divvy" of his coin. Yes, he had better not "talk big" to the gang. But he meant to buy Jakey a pair of good shoes, and a shawl or something for Granny Pegs to wrap around her head and shoulders when the fire went out and it was very cold.

And—and a sweet, warm memory stirred Bunty's heart. Sister Leonie, -- Sister Leonie who had been so good to him and did not get "no pay,"-he would like to send something to little Sister Leonie. Not a dollar-Tommy had said that would not do; but a picture maybe,-a little picture all edged with lace, such as he had seen in a store window this morning; a picture that showed the White Lady with hands outstretched, as she stood in the Free Ward at Saint Gabriel's, the lamp like a moon ray at her feet. He would buy that picture and send it to Sister Leonie the first thing.

(To be continued.)

#### A Forest Friend.

EAN RAYMOND, of Vignemales in Savoy, owes his life and his happiness to a tree, a big rugged fir that used to spread its thick branches on the flank of the mountain above his home.

A few years ago, Jean was rich, but he wasn't happy. He had lost his wife and little daughter, and after their death he lived all alone in a large and gloomy chalet. His sole companion was a peevish black dog, and his only pleasure the heaping up of golden guineas in a large iron chest sunk into the wall of his living-room.

His means of making money was the same as that of the other dwellers in the district, felling the trees on the mountain

side. Day by day, in place of the dense forests that once encircled Vignemales one saw naked rocks and sterile slopes hollowed out by the torrents. Raymond had started out every morning, his axe on his shoulder, and all day long the mountain echoes repeated the noise of his vigorous strokes. At sundown as he looked at the fallen trees he thought with joy of the additional guineas they meant for his iron chest. This went on for some years; but in the midst of the ravished slopes where once the wind swept through unnumbered branches, one tree still towered aloft in the hollow of a ravine. All around this solitary fir, the axe was doing its work and the living forest was dying away. Alone it survived, casting its sombre shadow on the grey rocks, and affording a last asylum for the frightened birds.

It had been spared because Jean Raymond loved it and because it recalled what had now become all the joy and comfort of his life.

One morning as he was going up the ravine to his work, grim and sombre as usual, he heard a moan. Was it the plaint of the wind among the branches, or the far-off cry – of a night-bird? No; it was a human cry, quite near. Raymond hastened forward and soon discovered at the foot of a fir-tree a little girl three or four years old; wrapped up in an old quilt. She was crying.

"Where's your mother?" asked Jean. "Who brought you here?"

"Mamma! Mamma!" said the child, opening eyes that were as blue as violets.

And she cried still harder as she drew the quilt about her.

"The deuce!" exclaimed the forester. "It won't do to leave the little one here to die of cold and hunger."

He put down his axe, took the child awkwardly in his arms and retraced his steps down to the village. The baby looked at him, her eyes full of tears, then smiled and went to sleep on his broad chest. Where did the abandoned child come from? Nobody could tell. The only name she herself knew was "Mamma." She remembered a big black carriage, her "mamma" who embraced her and wept, the long night she had spent alone in the forest—and that was all.

It was agreed that she should be sent to the foundling asylum in the city. But from day to day Raymond, who had taken her to his home, put off the date of her departure. She wasn't strong yet, he had to get her some clothes first, and so on; until a year after his finding her, there was no more talk of the asylum.

When little Lucy, as he called her after his dead daughter, put her arms around his neck, when she ran laughing and singing to meet him, when she pressed her rosy lips on his rough cheek, it seemed to him that he had recovered his own little Lucy, and he was happy.

Oftentimes during the summer he took her with him when he went up the mountain to his work. When the blows of his axe ceased for a while the clear voice of Lucy could be heard as she chatted to the birds and the flowers or to the breeze that played through her curly ringlets. In the evening when Jean was tired he would sit down with her under the big fir which had sheltered her on the night when she was abandoned. The forester now loved the tree as a friend. He had built a rampart of stones around its trunk so that the vagrant torrents that surged by it would not be able to uproot it.

And yet one day the torrent proved the victor. It threw down the noble tree; although if the latter died, it was perhaps to save the life of its friend who loved it, and of the child with eyes like flowers.

It was a summer day, hot and heavy. There wasn't a breath of air. The noise of the mountain streams seemed less loud than usual. The sky was clear save for one yellow cloud behind a white mountainpeak,—a cloud which slowly grew larger and larger, spreading over the heavens. Jean Raymond, his eyes heavy and his limbs tired, was sitting with Lucy under the big fir. As the cloud got bigger the mountain appeared to be wrapped in a warm and threatening shadow. Then rain began to fall.

"We mustn't stay here," said Raymond. "We'll get wet. And if a real storm begins, it will be dangerous, too."

He made his way to a little brush cabin, built at the bottom of the ravine on a sort of island between the torrent on one side and the bed of a former torrent on the other. The rain increased. And then came a genuine storm. The sombre cloud covered the whole sky, and vivid darts of lightning flashed from it to the accompaniment of tremendous thunderclaps. The big fir bowed its head to the wind that came shrieking through The rain grew the mountain gorges. torrential. When the thunder ceased for a moment, it could be heard washing down the rocks, and the torrent swiftly took on the roar and the dimensions of a cataract.

"Hello!" suddenly exclaimed Raymond, we are flooded."

The water was indeed entering the cabin and forming a pool on its floor.

The forester leaned out of the door to look around him.

"Great Heavens!" he cried; and, in spite of the wind and the pouring rain, he seized Lucy and went\_outside.

All around them the flood was swirling. The torrent, now as wide as a river, covered the greater part of the ravine; and the dry bed of the former torrent was full to the brim and running over. The water was rising rapidly, and before long Jean with Lucy in his arms was standing on the little island with the water up to his knees.

It was impossible to gain the higher ground on either side of the ravine. The flood was carrying with it great boulders. It had a hundred giant hands to twist the trees and overturn the rocks. Around the forester and his adopted daughter there was nothing but the flashes of lightning, the roar of the wind and the water, and, in front of them, a few yards away, the shadowy form of the big fir.

A block of granite dislodged up the mountain side came hurtling down and demolished the cabin. With the water up to his waist Raymond moved forward trying to find a footing. A few steps and he slipped, recovered himself, and knew that to attempt to cross to the bank would be certain death.

So he stood and waited. Perhaps the storm would cease and the flood subside. But it did not subside. The water rose higher and higher, till Jean had to raise Lucy above his head to keep her out of its clutches. He was growing exhausted, when suddenly the big fir-tree bowed its head toward him and fell across the torrent, its trunk resting on the bank and its top brushing the forester as it dropped before him.

It meant salvation. With a sure hand and foot, Raymond traversed this providential bridge, and though the torrent lashed its waters fiercely around him, he crossed in safety and stood at last on the bank above the raging currents. An hour later, he had reached the village and was smoking comfortably before his home-fire, while Lucy was quietly sleeping in the adjoining room.

## A Legend of St. Christopher.

In the Goslar Cathedral, of which but a small remnant now remains, once existed a colossal wooden statue of this renowned saint with the Christ-Child on his back. St. Christopher once walked from Goslar to Halberstadt and Harzburg, and on the way shook on the ground a pea which had got into his shoe. The pea grew and became the sandstone rock called the Clus. The interior of the rock was hewn into a chapel dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, which was a shrine of great celebrity. A castle once stood on the Clus, traces of which are still to be seen.

## THE AVE MARIA

# WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"Jane Grey, a Nine Days' Queen" (P. J. Kenedy & Sons), is a four-act drama, adapted by the Ursulines of New Rochelle, N. Y., from Sir Aubrey de Vere's "Mary Tudor." Convent girls and societies of young ladies desirous of essaying the tragic rôle will find this play well suited to their purpose.

—Benziger Brothers have issued Vol. IV. (Liturgical Year) of "Meditations for Seminarians and Priests," by the Very Rev. L. Branchereau, S. S., the work being a translation and adaptation of the original. It is a neat 16mo of 252 pages, and contains thirty separate meditations, each prefixed by an adequate summary.

-Two important matters are ably treated in a pamphlet by the Rev. William Poland, S. J., entitled "Find the Church"; they are: I. "Where does the name 'Church of Christ' belong?" and, II. "How shall we get the doctrines taught by Christ?" The presentation is direct and convincing whether the "inquirer" be learned or unlearned. Published by the Loyola University Press.

—"Three Gentlemen from New Caledonia," by R. D. Hemingway and Henry de Halsalle (Putnam's Sons), awakened in us unusual interest from the fact of its being the prizewinning novel in a competition conducted by a leading London journal. Having read the story, we do not hesitate to declare that forty or fifty years ago it would have been published by Beadle and called a dime novel.

-Some such service as is being rendered to the Church and the Catholic cause generally by the non-Catholic editor of *Brann's Iconoclast* is being emulated by another gentleman who is outside the fold, Mr. W. H. Van Doran, editor of the *Ladora Ledger*, Ladora, Iowa. An interesting and vivacious weekly, the *Ledger* is waging a strong fight against contemporary bigotry, and we hope to see its subscription list greatly enlarged.

-"The Fruit of the Tree," by Mabel A. Farnum (B. Herder), is a novel, but not a particularly cheerful one. It belongs to the category known as problem novels, and the specific problem with which it has to do is Socialism. The love story running through the pages is quite subordinated to the statisticlike disquisitions on Capitalism, Labor, the errors of the rich factory-owners, the wrongs of the poor factory-workers, etc. So far as religion enters into the story, the book is Catholic; but it will be enjoyed, if enjoyed at all, by the serious student of sociology rather than the normal reader who takes up a novel for entertainment rather than instruction.

—A volume of delightful design and pleasant usefulness for children of kindergarten age is "Sunbonnets and Overalls," by Etta Craven Hogate and Eulalie Osgood Grover, with illustrations by Bertha Corbett Melcher, who is described as "The Mother of the Sunbonnet Babies and the Overall Boys." By this book reading is taught in the form of dialogue with appropriate action and music. But the illustrations, in color, are its chief charm. These are exquisite indeed. Rand, McNally & Co., publishers.

—The charm of quiet which is in all the essays of Mr. A. C. Benson is not missing from the latest offering of his pen, "The Orchard Pavilion" (G. P. Putnam's Sons), although it is a book of discussion which finds and leaves doubts unsettled. Three men, college chums, spend two summers in the country, an interval of thirty years between. Aspiration first, and later fulfilment, are the themes of their discussion, which, if it leaves any clear issue, scems to come to this term,—that serving God in simple sincerity is best.

-"'The Haunted Heart," by Agnes and Egerton Castle (D. Appleton & Co.), has all the qualities which have rendered the work of these able collaborators so popular. Many will prefer this novel to the best of the others bearing the names now familiar to novel readers on both sides of the Atlantic. The story is aptly described as "the triumph of a great love,"conjugal love that survived frailty, anger, and revenge. A critic who calls "The Haunted Heart" "a homily on the sanctity of marriage" would be embarrassed to name a more powerful one of its kind. But there is really no preaching in' the book; and "if the sole reason for the priest's religion, apparently, is to save argument about marriage being indissoluble," it shows excellent judgment on the part of the authors. The moral-it is never obtruded-is that "there is nothing so foolish or so wrong that can not be atoned for before God"; that hate cast out by love never returns. Without being depressing, "The Haunted Heart" is as pathetic as it is powerful. Although the Master of Stronaven escapes the death that seemed to be awaiting him, and his wife, whose sin was

even greater, though less gross, than his own, finds forgiveness and consolation in the end, one can not help feeling deep sympathy for the guileless, if giddy, victim of their wrongdoing and her mother's insane ambition. The story abounds in fine passages, one of which, being brief, may here be quoted:

The Master's room was but faintly lighted.... The first thing that struck James as he entered was the scientific sick-room appearance of everything.... There was a pungent smell of aromatics. The whole place had an atmosphere of the business of illness that caught the newcomer at the heart. Between nurses and doctors, with the last discoveries in drugs, with oxygen and opiate, the doomed man was being helped and soothed along the final stage of his journey.

All that cold science could do for him was lavished here. But, till this moment, not a creature to watch in love beside him. Even Duncan had been driven from the room by the dictates of those wise ministers. No heart to spare the oppression of that wounded heart; no hand to clasp that hand wet with anguish; no breast on which to pillow that weary head, dizzy with hopeless, lonely thought. And for the poor soul—nothing! Nay, worse than nothing. For here every effort was to lull the faculties, avert reflection, conceal the inevitable. Not one word of courage for the ear of the spirit in its awful failing.' not one image of God's mercy to catch the dimming eye.

Catholic readers of "The Haunted Heart" will wish that all novels written for the general public were more like this one.

## The Latest Books. A Guide to Good Reading.

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

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

"The Haunted Heart." Agnes and Egerton Castle. \$1.35, net.

"The Orchard Pavilion." A. C. Benson. \$1.

- "Sunbonnets and Overalls." Etta Craven Hogate and Eulalie Osgood Grover. 40 cts.
- "The Fruit of the Tree." Mabel A. Farnum. \$1.
- "Meditations for Seminarians and Priests." Very Rev. L. Branchereau, S. S. \$1.
- "Alsace and Lorraine." Ruth Putnam. \$1.25.
- "The Three Requests." Eleanor F. Kelly. 25, 6d.
- "An Eight Days' Retreat for Religious." Rev. H. A. Gabriel, S. J. \$1.50.
- "The Book of Red and Yellow." Francis C. Kelley. 15 cts.

- "Songs of the Country-Side." Daniel Joseph Donahoe. \$1.
- "Grace: Actual and Habitual." Pohle-Preuss. \$2.
- "Minor Works of St. Teresa." Benedictines of Stanbrook. \$1.95.
- "The Upper Room—A Drama of Christ's Passion." Robert Hugh Benson. 80 cts., net.
- "Luther." Hartmann Grisar, S. J. Vol. III. \$3.25, net.
- "Beauty for Ashes." Mrs. Albion Fellows Bacon. \$1.50.

### Obituary.

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

Rev. John T. Smith, of the diocese of Omaha; Rev. George Montreuil, diocese of Galveston; Rev. Henry O'Grady, diocese of Mobile; Rev. Daniel Maloney, diocese of Albany; Rev. Joseph Zebris, diocese of Hartford; Rev. James Dowling, S. J.; Rev. A. J. Viger, O. S. A.; and Rev. Pancratius Schmidt, C. SS. R.

Sister Catherine, of the Sisters of the Holy Child; Sister M. Salome, Sisters of the Holy Cross; and Sister M. Marguerite, Sisters of the Good Shepherd.

Dr. Edmund Chapaton, Mr. John Rowan, Col. Frank Johnston, Mrs. Josephine Agan, Miss Anna Dunn, Mr. William Higgins, Mr. Lawrence Ledwick, Miss E. Drew, Mr. M. O'Connor, Mr. J. F. Ganster, Mr. William Harrington, Mrs. Mary McCann, Mrs. Gertrude Aust, Mr. James Macklin, Mrs. C. E. Luther, Mrs. Mary Keating, Mr. M. F. O'Connor, Mrs. Catherine Cardwell, Mr. John Specker, Mr. Frank Doersam, Mr. William Gorman, Mrs. Patrick Dunne, Mr. George Whipple, Miss Hannah O'Keefe, Miss Elizabeth Wright, Mrs. Frank Ashwell, Mr. Patrick Cummings, Dr. William Sheehan, Mrs. Margaret Winslow, Mr. Patrick Reilly, Mrs. Catherine Outerson, Miss Elizabeth Callahan, Mr. Joseph F. Wangler, Mrs. Johanna Donahue, Mr. Edward Madden, Mr. Daniel McArdle, Mr. Joseph Hoffman, Mr. Charles Colgrave, Mr. Patrick Lyden, Mr. Stephen Ender, Mr. John P. Judge, Miss Anastasia O'Brien, Mr. John S. Smith, and Mr. Charles Steib.

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

## Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee." For the Belgian sufferers, "in honor of St.

Anthony," \$10; C. H. M., \$5.



VOL. I. (New Series.)

#### NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, FEBRUARY 27, 1915.

NO. 9

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## Dante to Beatrice on Earth.

BY CHARLES L. O'DONNELL.

T is come home to me in secret hour-O thou who sharest of the soul in me, And givest of thyself into my power

The very essence of the heart of thee,-We do in this commingling but rehearse,

With weary awkwardness of hands and feet, And with what marrings of immortal verse,

A life that love forsworn but makes complete. This being so, O one of all my heart,

Witness what turn of iron consequence Upon us comes: the woven hands must part,

And right and left must be an exit hence. Love shall withdraw to be love evermore,-Ring down the curtain, and the play give o'er.

For you and I are shadows of the Light, We are but echoes of a perfect Song;

We hold dominion but as stars, in night, Our blended voices, are they ever strong?

What shall we say, whose struggle to pursue A valorous rôle but bare escapes the sting

Of shamed surrender, would the words come true .

By Babylon's waters should we try to sing? Hush, hush, O heart! The other side of sky

There is, O believe it, love, a wondrous Hand Forever wiping eyes forever dry;

There are no willows growing in that land, And never shall the lips of love be mute, God making of our hearts a faultless lute.

There have been lovers since the stars were young; We come upon a scene which time has worn;

There have been who their souls away have flung And found them afterward, bruised all and torn.

Matching their mortal with a deathless thing, The brave and beauteous spirit they have spurned,

Risen unchanged, shall they have heart to sing Burning forever as on earth they burned?

There in our heaven of unsundered bliss.

If any tears were left us to bestow.

Should not the thought of their triumphless kiss Cause the sweet currents of old grief to flow?

Yet though tears burned the cheeks of their despair,

The hand of God shall not be busy there.

## A Seasonable Devotion.

BY THE REV. H. G. HUGHES.



E can imagine — and without any doubt it is true - that for a long time after our Divine Lord ascended into heaven the "good odor" of His sacred presence lingered upon the earth; that a most special and vivid sense of His immediate influence lingered in the hearts

and recollections of those who had been with Him and known Him; who could recall, or rather who could not have banished from their minds if they had wished to do so, the tones of His voice, the tender look of His eyes, the whole gracious charm of His winning personality. And, for more than a generation of Christians, the chief object of their thoughts and conversation must have been their Divine Master, - what He was, what He had said, what He had done. And the more they thought and spoke of Him, the more beauty and depth of meaning they would see in the divine life that He had lived on earth. As their own lives moved on, and as the Church's life moved on, and varied

experiences came to them, the more would they understand the deep significance of His sayings, the God-given adaptability of the religion He founded to all the needs and circumstances of life, the efficacy of His wonderful teachings, the help those teachings gave, the satisfaction and nurture of every good and noble aspiration that His example and His doctrines afford.

We can see all this already in the pages of the New Testament, which is full of Jesus Christ. Apostles and Evangelists write under the spell of His recent visible presence. Their writings throb with a supreme personal devotion to Him, while they draw out His teachings and apply them to the lives of men. Those early Christians lived in an atmosphere saturated with the thought of the Divine Master. They seemed almost to hear His gentle voice, almost to feel the touch of His soothing, healing hand. He was very real to them; and, as they listened to those who had seen Him, or who had heard of Him from the Apostles and first disciples, His form and features, His looks and words, His very gestures were brought vividly before them - for such things lived in the memories of those to whom they listened, - and it seemed as if they had known Him, too. For generations-as long as there were those whose progenitors had lived in His time and had come directly or indirectly under the sway of His influence when He was here in the flesh — we can conceive how this atmosphere, this perfume of the living presence of Jesus, was kept amongst His followers, so that He was as familiar to them as any with whom they had lived and dealt.

Above all others, how true must this have been of those who at the beginning were privileged to know and converse with the great Mother of God herself, for those few short years that elapsed between the ascension of her Son and her own glorious assumption into heaven! Where could they better keep fresh their memories of Jesus, or where learn about Him better, if they had not actually been with Him, — where could they better meditate upon His life and teachings, and penetrate their deep and glorious significance with more satisfaction and profit than at the feet of His Holy Mother? Her very tones, her very looks, would be the reflex of His own; for this is one of the effects of a deep and consuming love. Her character, her sanctity, her virtues were the closest copy that ever was or ever could be of His.

How eager must they have been to come to Mary, to speak with her of Jesus, to drink in what she had to tell them of Him! It was the next best thing to having Him again visibly among them, - a consolation for the loss of that visible presence that had gone from them for a time. How lovingly they would dwell with her on every detail of His life, His passion, His death, and His glorious triumph! With what joy and tender feeling, with what reverential awe would they hear from her of His sacred birth and childhood! With what tears of compassion would they go over together the events of His bitter sufferings and crucifixion, and mourn over His lifeless body as they thought of it in Mary's arms and in the gloom of the grave! With what triumph would they speak with her of His rising again and going up to His Father to prepare a place for them! How they would long for, and look forward to, the day when they themselves should be caught up to see Him and to be with Him in heaven!

And as they spoke with Mary they could not fail to think of that of which herself she would not speak — her own great part, her intimate part in the work of our salvation, in the mysteries of His life from the Annunciation to the Crib, from the Crib to the Cross, from the grave to that final scene when, blessing His disciples, He was taken up, and a cloud hid Him from their sight. Communing with her in thought and speech of Jesus, they would gather something of her joy in the Joyful Mysteries, of her martyrdom of anguish in the Sorrowful Mysteries, of her holy triumph in the Glorious Mysteries; and, when the time came for her, too, to be taken from them, would add to these her own great glories that she had so faithfully won.

This perfume of the presence of Jesus, this special sense of His nearness, this holy, happy atmosphere of the vivid memory of Him, has not gone nor ever will go from the Church of God. It is not so general, not so universal, alas! amongst Christians of later times as we must conceive it to have been amongst those of early times. It has retired from those places and from those companies where the world has crept in; where men, though professedly Christian, know it not because they have imbibed worldly ideas and ambitions, and moulded their lives upon world-invented maxims. The "good odor" of Christ is not found in the low and misty valleys of worldly lives; but it is found higher up, where faithful souls cherish still, from age to age, the sweet thought and recollection of their Lord, and aspire to follow Him and walk in His ways; who have given Him their hearts' love; whose delight is always to think of Him and hold communion with Him in lowly prayer.

That odor of Christ, that holy atmosphere, that vivid sense of His abiding presence is found where God's saints live; it is found where holy men and women serve God in religious Orders; it is found where simple Christian souls pass their . daily lives of toil; where any, in any rank of life, are gathered together and strive to follow Jesus and to love and serve their God. It is found in Catholic lands, in good and fervent Catholic congregations, and where, in the house of God, the light burns day and night before the Tabernacle where His people come to pray. That memory, that keen sense of the presence of Jesus amongst us, is spread abroad and kept pure and constant by the Holy Spirit in the Church; and the Church herself, under the

guidance of the Spirit of God, is ever finding new ways by which the sweet perfume of the remembrance of Jesus may be revived and spread again when it has, perchance, grown faint among her children: so that always, however the miasma of the world may have encroached, they may know that they breathe it pure within her borders, if they will. And they can do so in a simple form of prayer.

Many reasons must commend the Holy Rosary to every Catholic heart, -- its intrinsic excellence, mingling as it does the two kinds of prayer - vocal and mental; the vocal prayers of which it is composed including the two best prayers in the world, the "Our Father" and the "Hail Mary"; the rich indulgences with which it is rewarded; its efficacy, abundantly and superabundantly proved in the history of the Church, for obtaining public benefits and private graces from God through the intercession of His Most Holy Mother. It is a simple and easy form of prayer; a little child can use it; moreover, it is easy for those who can not read. At the same time it is a sublime prayer, - sublime by reason of the object on which it fixes the attention - Jesus, His life and death and triumph; the gift of the Holy Spirit to the Church; the joys and sorrows, the sufferings and triumph of Mary associated with those of her Son. It has been the favorite devotion of great saints, of holy popes and bishops, of kings and princes.

Some think it must be difficult because of the meditation upon the mysteries or events in the working out of our salvation that should accompany the recitation of the vocal prayers. But we must remember that such meditation is expected to be only such as each one is capable of. To those who are *really* incapable of reflecting at all upon the mysteries, the Church grants the indulgences without any meditation at all. But such must surely be few. Only good will is necessary. It is not difficult, with good will and some endeavor — to form a mental picture of the mystery — of that touching scene in the Stable, or of Jesus kneeling in the Garden of the Agony, or pouring out His blood upon the Cross,—and, while reciting the prayers, to keep the mind fixed with a glance of loving contemplation upon Jesus and Mary taking their part in those great events.

But of all the reasons that commend this grand devotion to us, I think this is the greatest reason of all-that in saying the Rosary as it should be said, and can easily be said if we set our minds to it, we are doing in spirit just what those early Christians did who had the privilege of speaking with the Blessed Mother of God about her Son. In company with her, at her feet, we go through the marvellous events of that life and death which are our salvation. With her we rejoice in the Joyful Mysteries, sorrow with her and compassionate both her and Jesus in the Sorrowful Mysteries, triumph with her in His glory and hers.

So we, like the Christians of the first days of the Church, can learn to live in the pure atmosphere of the presence of our dearest Lord; to keep about us the sweet perfume of His memory; to make Him real to us as He was to them; to set before us continually the inspiration of His great love and perfect example. Doing this, we can not fail to love Him more and more, to grow more like to Him; to persevere, despite all trials and temptations, in His Holy love and service. Mary will help us; for she will obtain for us God's Holy Spirit to work these things within our souls.

Love the Holy Rosary. Try to say at least a third part of it every day. Read in the Gospels and in pious books about the mysteries, that you may be the better able to meditate upon them. And be sure that our Blessed Lord will hear this prayer that you offer in company with His own Mother, and that His choicest blessings will be showered upon yourselves and those for whom you pray. The Secret Bequest.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

IX.

ULIAN PAGE had been entirely accurate in saying that Kingsford was on tiptoe with eagerness to see and welcome the young heiress and her sister, who were spoken of by their old friends and relatives as "the Trezevant girls." During the next few days, therefore, society swept down in force upon them; and they did little else than receive a succession of visitors, renew hereditary friendships, form new acquaintances, and endeavor to assimilate as far as possible the impressions made upon them by the new life in which they found themselves.

Many of these impressions were, to Honora at least, very surprising; for she found that the material changes she had already observed in Kingsford were only outward indications of deeper changes in the spirit of the place. The great wave of what is known as "industrial development," which during the last two decades had been felt more or less over the entire South, had, owing to its situation, struck Kingsford with particular force; and a prosperity had resulted which piled up other fortunes besides that of Mr. Chisholm, brought in a new element, and inaugurated an era of social extravagance and ostentation wholly foreign to the spirit of the place as she remembered it.

"Oh, yes, my dear," "Cousin Mary Page" told her on their first meeting, "you've come back to a changed Kingsford! Improved, people call it; but to my mind there's quite as much deterioration as improvement. All these manufactures have brought a great deal of money, but money isn't always a blessing to a place any more than to a person: one must know how to use it wisely, and these new people don't know. So society has undergone a great change for the worse. You see, we of the old order are of very little importance now unless we happen to possess money, which most of us don't possess; and therefore we're all delighted — though I must confess we were also much surprised — that Cousin Alex left his fortune to you; and we are hoping many things from you."

"What kind of things?" Honora asked. "I had better know, so as not to disappoint you."

"Well, we hope you'll take the social leadership to which you're entitled from your birth and position, and give a better tone to society than it has now."

"I'm afraid mother expects the impossible of you," Alicia Page, a pretty, darkeyed girl, who was sitting by, said laughingly. "She thinks that so powerful a combination as old family and money and—er—youth and beauty should be able to work wonders, as of course it can, but not exactly the wonders she's thinking of. What she doesn't realize is that the change is in the new-generation as much as in the new order of things."

"I realize it," Cecily remarked suddenly; "and I don't see why one should want to stand still, and not move with the world. Changes must come. The whole world is changing, and why shouldn't Kingsford change with it? Of course there must be a great deal of crudity and vulgarity about all this new money, and the new people who have made it; but that is better than poverty and stagnation; and it may be possible to lead them into better ways."

Mrs. Page — who, being of an ample and handsome presence, sat as if enthroned in a large, golden-backed chair — turned a not altogether approving eye on the speaker.

"That is what I have suggested," she said,—"that they should be led into better ways."

"But modern ways, not the old ways," Cecily explained. "What is out of date is always undesirable; for we wouldn't wish to become fossilized, would we?"

"We might become something very

much worse," Mrs. Page replied, with suppressed indignation; for "fossilized" happened to be the offensive term most often applied by the new order to the old.

"Do you think so?" Cecily opened her beautiful eyes smilingly. "Really, I don't. I should object very much to becoming fossilized. I want to be in the forefront of the modern movement; but I should hold fast to all that is artistically beautiful and dignified in life and manners—"

"And all that is morally good, I hope?"

"Oh, I suppose so—only there's such a difference of opinion about what is morally good that it's rather hard to set a standard on that point. We can't afford to be dogmatic any more than to be fossilized, you know."

"If by that you mean that we can't afford to have any standard of right and wrong," said Mrs. Page, "I must certainly differ with you."

Cecily's smile was as exasperating in its superiority as its sweetness.

"It's because we all differ that we can't be dogmatic without-being absurd," she stated. "That's one of the great differences between the old and the new generation, of which you were speaking," she added, turning to Alicia, who was watching her with bright, amused eyes. "The old generation accepted certain dogmas, which they never questioned; but the new generation do not accept anything without question; and after you've questioned—well, there isn't much left to accept, you know."

"Not even revealed religion?" Mrs. Page inquired sternly.

"Revealed religion least of all," Cecily replied calmly. "The only people who have a right to be dogmatic on *that* point are those whom Bernard Chisholm has joined. We of the new generation know that very well."

The heresy thus boldly enunciated was for the moment lost sight of in the thrill which the abrupt introduction of Bernard Chisholm's name brought to every member of the group. Mrs. Page glanced quickly at Honora.

"I believe you've met Bernard," she said. "Although he's acted so foolishly, we are all very sorry for him. I'm sure you understand how that is, though we are so delighted to have you here."

"I understand perfectly," Honora assured her. "I have felt very sorry for him myself; but it is not easy to be sorry for him after one has seen him."

"He takes it beautifully, doesn't he?" Alicia Page said eagerly. "I think it's perfectly wonderful, his attitude. He won't accept sympathy—I mean he won't admit that he stands in any need of it, and he won't listen to a word of blame of Cousin Alex, who, I think, was neither more nor less than a wretched old bigot."

"Alicia!" Her mother's contralto voice held a tone of rebuke. "You shouldn't speak in that manner of Cousin Alex, who was perfectly conscientious in what he did, as Bernard himself would be the first to tell you."

"Oh, Bernard!—I've no patience with him on that point," Alicia declared. "He's what I call positively maudlin about it."

Cecily laughed. "One would like to stiffen him up, and make him own that he's been abominably treated," she said. "But somehow one can't believe that he's exactly posing—"

"Posing!" Alicia was indignant at the suggestion. "He wouldn't know how to pose. You don't know Bernard if you think so."

"I've just said that I don't think so," Cecily replied. "I tried to draw him out on the subject, but he wouldn't be drawn; only looked at me, and laughed, and said that I couldn't expect him to find fault with a situation which provided so appropriate a setting for—er—us."

"It *is* appropriate," Alicia agreed, as her bright eyes—out of which the amusement had vanished—regarded the speaker, who seemed perfectly at home in the beautiful, rose-hung drawing-room.

"It's no wonder that Julian raved so

about her," she remarked a little later, as her mother and herself drove away in their old-fashioned carriage—for the Pages were of those whom the new prosperity had not touched. "She's the loveliest creature I almost ever saw but I don't think I'm going to like her very much."

"She's pretty enough," Mrs. Page conceded. "But I've never seen a worse example of the new order of young people: vain, conceited, self-sufficient, and I'm quite sure as selfish as she is ill-mannered. Now, Honora is very different. But evidently the younger sister is the one who rules. It's clear that she has been spoiled to death."

"Not to death," Alicia laughed; "for she is very, very much alive, as I think Kingsford will soon learn."

And Alicia was right in her forecast. Kingsford indeed soon learned that the younger Miss Trezevant was very much alive. Her beauty, her style, her cleverness, the note of modernity in all she did and said-though a modernity largely tempered with disdain for all that was extreme or in bad taste,-and the fascination which emanated from her, took society by storm. As was more graphically than elegantly expressed by those who were slightly sardonic observers of social activities which they did not share, people "fell over each other" in their efforts to secure her presence at their various entertainments; and, since she was more than a little difficult on this point, the hostess who could announce Miss Cecily Trezevant as a guest at bridge party, luncheon, or club meeting, scored a triumph which no one disputed.

Meanwhile the elder Miss Trezevant— "the real heiress," as she was sometimes spoken of—was rather an enigma to Kingsford. She was very quiet, according to the general consensus of opinion among those who had met her; and very "reserved," which meant that she listened more than she spoke, and that she told

nothing of her plans and intentions with regard to the fortune which had so unexpectedly come to her. Kingsford was consumed with curiosity to know what she intended to do, how she would manage the large interests which had passed into her hands, and how far she might be counted upon as a factor in social matters. But those who had ventured to sound her on these matters found her absolutely uncommunicative. That a girl lifted so suddenly out of poverty, and in such dramatic fashion given the control of great wealth, should have been excited, should even have had her head turned by the fairy-tale-like change of circumstances, and the sense of power which the possession of money brings, would have been readily understood, and was perhaps expected. But no one could for a moment think that Honora was excited by her new prosperity, or that her head was in any degree turned. "She might have come into it in the most natural way possible, from the manner in which she takes it," people said in mingled wonder and disappointment; for the world does not like to miss an expected sensation, and there was no sensation whatever to be derived from Honora's attitude.

And, then, there was Bernard Chisholm, who was also provokingly incomprehensible. Kingsford had long since declared that it did not understand him; and it understood him less than ever when it heard that he had agreed to retain the management of the business of the estate he had forfeited. "He is doing it to help and oblige Honora," Cecily airily explained, for Honora explained nothing. But this rather deepened than dissipated the mystery; for why, people asked, should he wish to help and oblige Honora, who had inherited the fortune that should have been his? As might be supposed, the first explanation to occur to those who did not know him very well was that he proposed to regain what he had lost by the road of matrimony. "He'll make himself indispensable to her, and end by marrying

her. Odd that old Mr. Chisholm didn't anticipate that," was sapiently remarked by many. But Bernard Chisholm's friends made no such mistake.

"What does he mean by it?" Julian Page said to a lady who questioned him. "You might answer that question yourself. Of course it's just his confounded altruism."

The lady, who was Mrs. Robert Selwyn—formerly Edith Creighton, nodded comprehendingly.

"I thought as much," she said. "But people in general are quite sure that he has a motive which is very far from altruistic."

Julian shrugged his shoulders in the foreign fashion he had acquired during his residence abroad.

"When do people ever fail to draw such conclusions?" he asked.

"But there's really some reason for it in this case," Mrs. Selwyn remarked judicially. "Almost anybody who didn't know him very well would think the motive was obvious. The world doesn't believe much in altruism, you know."

"Anybody with sense ought to find it possible to believe that, or any other absurdity of Bernard Chisholm," Julian declared. "The manner in which he threw away a fortune should make anything else he may do easy of belief,"

"On the contrary, the average person is convinced that he must by this time be sorely repenting the sacrifice he made, and that he has grasped an easy way of regaining what he lost."

"Just the acute and charitable judgment one would expect from the average person," the young man commented. "Bernard's motives are as far beyond his or her comprehension as—well, as they are beyond mine, except that I know he is sincere in what he says of them."

"What does he say? I frankly confess that I'm as curious as everybody else about him; and this new development is extremely interesting."

"It's as simple as can be, from his point

of view. He has agreed to remain in charge of the business for the present, because Miss Trezevant begged him to do so, appealing to him to help her in bearing a responsibility that his action threw upon her. He told me, after our first visit, that he had been unable to refuse when she made that plea."

Edith Selwyn's eyes filled with a light of mingled amazement and laughter.

"Think of her making such a plea, and of his finding it irresistible!" she exclaimed. "They must be well matched in oddity. What kind of person is she really?"

"Very attractive indeed—simple, direct, and with something quite charming about her. But is it possible you haven't met her yet?"

"Not yet, I'm sorry to say; for I'm extremely anxious to meet her. But she wasn't at home the day I called—had gone to visit some of her factories, I believe,—and I saw only the younger sister."

"Ah! And what did you think of her?"

"What could I think except that she is a striking beauty, as all Kingsford agrees, and extremely well aware of the fact?"

Julian's foreign lift of the shoulders came into play again.

"What beautiful woman isn't aware of her beauty and of the power it gives?" he inquired. "And if Cecily Trezevant makes no pretense of not being aware of it, that's because she is as clever as she's beautiful, and she knows the futility of such pretenses."

"She's clever certainly," Mrs. Selwyn acknowledged, "and very much aware of that also. But she's quite fascinating and I don't wonder in the least that you've been bowled over completely, as I hear you have been."

"Oh, you've heard that, have you?"

"My dear boy, everybody has heard it, and nobody is surprised. If there ever was a subject for an artist's adoration, Cecily Trezevant is that subject. I'm told you are painting her portrait, and I'm sure you'll make something wonderfully good of it."

"I wish I were sure of it!" Julian groaned. "She may be a subject for an artist's adoration, but I can tell you she's an awfully hard subject for an artist's brush. You wouldn't believe how many different aspects she has, and she torments me by constantly showing a new one, so that I spend my time painting out what I've already put in."

"What does she think of that?"

"It evidently affords her much amusement. You see, she's no stranger to painters and their ways. She was in the studios a great deal in New York, dabbled in art herself, and sat for artists frequently."

"Has she artistic talent?"

Again Julian shrugged.

"Hardly talent," he said, "but much clever facility, and a cultivated taste." He paused a moment. "I should say that her chief 'talent was for enjoyment of life," he added then. "She's alive to her finger-tips, and thrilling with all the possibilities that life holds for her. I've never seen any one more intoxicated with the sense of existence."

"And the possession of the Chisholm fortune, no doubt."

"Because the Chisholm fortune opens the doors of life to her, yes. Up to the present time, she's been like a bird beating her wings against the bars of a cage. And now the door of the cage is open, and the world is all before her."

Mrs. Selwyn threw a curious look at him.

"And where do you expect to come in?" she asked.

"Not anywhere," he answered frankly. "She doesn't give me a thought, beyond the fact that I amuse her at the present moment, and we have a great deal in common."

"It must count in your favor that there's nobody else here who possibly interests her at all."

"I can't flatter myself that that's the

case. There's one person who interests her more than I do, and that's Bernard Chisholm."

"Bernard Chisholm!" Edith opened wide eyes. "Why, I can't imagine two people more unlike than they must be."

"And have you never heard of the attraction of unlikeness?" Julian asked. "He's such a new type to her that I think she is interested through curiosity. And, then, Bernard's a tremendously likable chap, you know."

"Of course I know. He's more than likable: he's what I call lovable; but I should not think he would attract a girl like Cecily Trezevant, nor that she would attract him. You see, he has done such an overwhelmingly unworldly thing; and I can well believe that she is, as you say, madly in love with the world."

"I don't know that she does attract him further than that he must admire her beauty and recognize her charm," Julian explained. "We haven't discussed the subject at all; but in my opinion it would take an anchorite to resist Cecily Trezevant when she lays herself out to fascinate — and I'm not sure of the anchorite."

"Naturally you wouldn't be," Edith laughed. "Well, this opens a new view of the situation, and I am immensely interested in it. Really it begins to look as if old Mr. Chisholm had kindly provided some very dramatic elements for our entertainment. There isn't anything in the will to prevent Honora from giving half her fortune to Cecily if she married Bernard, is there?"

"Nothing that I'm aware of," Julian replied; "but a good deal in the parties concerned to prevent it, unless I'm vastly mistaken."

"You're too much interested for your opinion to be of much value," Edith mocked. "I prefer to trust my own powers of observation, and I shall proceed to cultivate the Trezevant sisters with a new zest."

(To be continued.)

#### Priceless.

#### BY MARION MUIR.

UHERE are two things—yea, three—that wise men prize:

The light of welcome in beloved eyes; The rest that cometh when Night over all Swings her dim veil, and hushes every call;

And the peace-giver whom men christen Death, Who lays his finger on his lip and saith:

"Behold, the boat is waiting at the shore! Grief and regret shall harass thee no more."

Lawyers and the Romeward Movement.

#### BY R. F. O'CONNOR.

#### II.

**T**N its appeal to the acute intellects of I what Newman called "a grave profession that is especially employed in rubbing off the gloss with which imagination and sentiment invest everyday life. and in reducing statements of fact to their legitimate dimensions," Catholicism was signally successful during the religious revival within the Church of England stimulated by Tractarianism. A notable instance has been cited in the conversion of the distinguished lawyer, Hope-Scott, whom Gladstone regarded as "distinctly at the head of all his contemporaries in the brightness and beauty of his gifts." Another instance, evidencing the compelling power of truth, was that of Sergeant Bellasis, a prominent member of the same profession, who preceded him in his entrance into the Church.

Edward Bellasis, son of the Rev. Dr. George Bellasis, was born in 1800, at Basilden vicarage, on the Berkshire side of the Thames. Called to the Bar on July 2, 1824, after practising for a time in the Court of Chancery, he joined the Parliamentary Bar at the beginning of the great railway era in 1835, and in 1844 was created a sergeant-in-law.

Although Bellasis had been immersed in professional work for forty-two years, and gone through a great deal of mental labor, it did not prevent him from giving due attention to the religious question, then agitating many minds. Like Hope-Scott, his views were broadened, his prej-Catholicism gradually udices against effaced, and his mind enlightened by foreign travel. Brought up in a strictly Protestant home, his father having been of the old High Church school, and his stepfather, the Rev. John Maude, a Low Churchman, he had been early imbued with an absolute hatred of "Poperv," with a belief that Luther and Calvin were holy men raised up by God to reform the Church, and that Cranmer, Ridley and Latimer were martyrs for the faith under "bloody Mary."

During the summer of 1833, accompanied by Mr. Jebb, nephew of the Protestant Bishop of Limerick, he set out upon a Continental tour. Crossing southeastern France to the Swiss frontier, and passing over the Simplon into Italy, they visited Milan, Verona, Padua, Venice, Florence, Perugia, Rome, and Naples. Frequenting the churches, he very soon had his ideas corrected about the Catholic religion. At Rome they received the blessing of Pope Gregory XVI., given from the gallery in the Quirinal, and were "much struck with the kneeling multitude." Although as yet they saw nothing of the religious side of Rome, and only the exterior of things, and their religious inclinations had undergone no material change, Bellasis "had come to the conclusion that Roman Catholics were devout people, and that in many things they were misrepresented"; and he found himself not infrequently defending them when he thought them unfairly attacked.

The tour of 1833 was followed by others that deepened his first favorable impression of Catholics. In 1841 he toured Belgium. Writing from Brussels to his mother, he says: "This is a Catholic country, and we have been taking pains

to see all the services of that religion. We have been to a great many Catholic churches, and have seen a great deal that pleases us, and also some things which offend and distress us. Of the earnestness and sincerity of the people and priests I have not the slightest doubt. Their manner is most reverential; and there is not a day in the week in which the churches are not frequented by hundreds, either for public service or for their own private prayers. Rich and poor-all classes down to the beggar in rags-are to be seen at their devotions at all hours of the day, and the services themselves are most impressive.... I am quite satisfied that this is a far more religious country than England, as well as a more moral one. We have been among the lowest of the low, and in some of the large cities: we have never seen a drunken man, have never heard an oath, nor have we ever seen a person, male or female, who had the slightest appearance of vice of any kind."

A striking contrast to what he saw in Catholic Belgium was presented by the Protestant portions of Germany, where he found gambling constantly going on in public every weekday, and three times as much on Sunday; while in the Catholic districts nothing of the kind was attempted or permitted, nearly the whole population going to Mass every day. All who have come into close contact with German Catholics at home and abroad have derived the same impression of their thoroughness, steadfastness, and solidity.

"The notion that I should find the foreign Catholics indifferent," he wrote to Dr. W. G. Ward, "was soon dispelled; the very manner in which I saw a French steersman at the helm of his vessel take off his cap on passing the large crucifix on the pier at Dieppe surprised me; and the earnestness and devotion I saw in the churches was something quite new to me. But, then, I fell back upon the idea that it was all superstition and idolatry, fraud in the priests, and ignorance in the people. Of the higher classes of the laity I have seen nothing, but I have seen a good deal of the priests, of the poor, and of the schools for the children of the poor; and the more I saw, the more I became convinced how utterly groundless my impressions were.... I have seen, in large manufacturing towns, hundreds upon hundreds of work people, in their working dress, at five-o'clock Mass in the morning before going into the factories, and, with their books, and joining heartily in the service. I need scarcely say what a contrast this forms to the habits of the same class of persons in this country.... Upon the whole, my last impression on returning from a foreign country [Belgium] to our own was that I was coming out of a religious country into one of indifference. The open churches of the former, the frequent services, the constant worshippers, the solemn ceremonial, the collected air of the clergy in their ministrations, the indubitable devotion and reverence of the people, their unhesitating confidence in their Church,-all this has nothing approaching to a counterpart with us."

His impressions of Catholicism in England were more or less on a par with those abroad. In a letter of August 18, 1843, from Bleasdale, North Lancashire, he says: "I am fast coming to the conclusion, as a matter of fact, that the morals and general conduct of the Catholic population in these parts are superior, not to say very superior, to that of our own people, whatever may be the cause." One of the causes, it may safely be averred, was the large influx of Irish Catholics into the north of England, where seventenths of the population of every mission are composed of either Irish-born Catholics or people of Irish descent whose parents or grandparents brought over with them that firm and fervent adherence to the Faith of their fathers which has always distinguished the race.

Although he returned from the Continent "still a thorough Anglican," as he phrased it, he would henceforward neither abuse nor tolerate abuse of either Catholics or Catholicism; and when a Protestant minister was reported in a Manchester paper as referring to one and the other in the vituperative terms familiar in the mouths of bigots, his indignation found vent in a strong remonstrance. Again, when a member of the Church of England followed in the same strain a month later, he replied in a letter addressed to "members of the Church of England who attend Protestant meetings." This was ten years before Lord John Russell's famous, or infamous, Durham letter fanned the smouldering flames of English bigotry into a big blaze, and Protestant England was terrified out of its wits by Cardinal Wiseman's letter "from out the Flaminian Gate." "So far as my observation has extended," wrote Bellasis, "I think I perceive that there is a constant and almost universal habit of misrepresenting exaggerating the doctrines and and practices of Catholics by Protestants, when they set themselves to refute or find fault with them. I do not, however, perceive that there is any such habit of misrepresenting the doctrines of Protestants on the part of Catholics."

The "Tracts for the Times," the British Critic, and Newman had indoctrinated him with principles of Tractarianism, when, on returning from the Isle of Wight, he attended an afternoon service at St. Mary's, Oxford, to hear Newman preach. He was far advanced, indeed, in the Romeward direction when he wrote to a friend in March, 1843: "You know my opinion about the Pope. Ι think he is the Head of the Christian Church, and that Henry VIII. committed a great sin in throwing off the Pope's authority and assuming it himself; and I wish that authority was restored." In the same year he devoted his leisure to researches upon the validity of the consecration of Archbishop Parker, upon which depended the claim that the Anglican Church made to have the

Apostolic succession. The result was that his confidence in this claim was much shaken.

It was his connection with Margaret Street chapel, of which Frederick Oakeley was then the incumbent, that made him acquainted with some of the leaders of the Oxford Movement. Oakeley, who was then timidly introducing High Church ritualism into the services, which got him into loggerheads with his bishop, gave him letters of introduction to Newman, W. G. Ward, and Brande Morris. He frequently visited Oxford, where his known sympathy with the cause made him persona grata to such leading men as Hope-Scott, Badeley, Pusey, Roundell Palmer, Keble, Ryder, Leigh, Henry Wilberforce, Dr. Todd, Johnson, Albany Christie, David Lewis, Dalgairns, and Sir George Bowyer, who revolved around Newman like planets around a central sun, receiving and diffusing light. When, in 1842, an address against the Tracts was presented to Archbishop Howley, it was Sergeant Bellasis who drew up a counter address. He was present at Littlemore in 1843, and heard the last Protestant or Anglican sermon preached by Newman upon his retirement into lay communion, and has left on record a graphic description of it.

Sergeant Bellasis had tried and tested all the phases of Protestantism, and found them wanting; had passed from Low Evangelicalism to extreme High Churchmanship, until, in 1850, he had so far assimilated Catholic doctrine that he was a Catholic all but in name. He already belonged to the soul of the Church, of whose body he was soon to become a member. Like Hope-Scott, he did not rush to conclusions, but devoted much time and thought to the subject. When, the same year, a number of Anglican clergymen petitioned the Queen, as titular head of their Church, to substitute for the Iudicial Committee of the Privy Council a Church Tribunal to determine all questions of doctrine, its judgments to

be binding on the temporal courts, his Catholic instincts rejected the idea of "any civil court or authority having power to determine what shall be the doctrine of the Church" as "altogether inconsistent with her sacred character and office."

He formulated his views to one of the petitioners in an open letter entitled, "The Judicial Committee of the Privy Council and the Petition for a Church Tribunal in Lieu of it. By an Anglican Layman." In another pamphlet-"Convocations and Synods: Are they the Remedies for Existing Evils?"-he discusses the logical deductions from the famous Gorham judgment, where the Privy Council, on appeal, if it did not claim infallibility, claimed what was, in a restricted sense, practically equivalent to it-finality. In a third pamphlet-"The Archbishop of Westminster: A Remonstrance with the Clergy of Westminster, from a Westminster Magistrate"-he met the outcry at the restoration of the Catholic hierarchy by pointing out that they had tamely submitted to much greater evils than any so-called "schismatical intrusion."

At this time his misgivings about the Anglican Church were such that he hesitated about his son's baptism, putting it off for several weeks in a kind of vague hope that he might see his way to having him baptized by a Catholic priest; and, when he was ultimately baptized at the parish church, signing a declaration that he presented him for baptism "not as an admission into the Anglican Church exclusively, but into the Catholic Church, which alone I deem to be the Church of his baptism."

The course of reading which preceded his conversion included Moehler's "Symbolik," Walsingham's "Search into Matters of Religion," Bossuet's "Exposition" and his "Variations of Protestantism," De Maistre's "Du Pape," Balmez's "Catholicism and Protestantism Compared," and Audin's "Life of Luther." Of the Oxford "Lives of the Saints" he wrote to Newman,

who edited them: "We expected to be interested, but we had no notion that the Lives would be so very attractive." In 1849 he attended Newman's lectures at the Oratory in King William Street, Strand, before the Oratorians migrated westward to Brompton, and heard the quondam vicar of St. Mary's and leader of the Tractarians expound, as a Catholic priest, Catholic doctrines. It was an object lesson which did not fail to impress him. The acquaintance of Father O'Neill, afterward vicar general of Westminster, which he made when he removed from Bedford Square to St. John's Wood, drew him a step farther on the way to Rome. The late Father Moore, of Southend, used to relate that one day, being in need of alms for a charity, he was advised to call on Sergeant Bellasis, "a kind Protestant gentleman." He did so, was courteously received, and given £5, while he was not allowed to go away till he had given his blessing to some of the children.

Hope-Scott and the Sergeant had never discussed religious topics together until one day in February, 1850, when, as they were walking home together from Westminster, Hope-Scott said, "Bellasis, you know if I were dying I should send for a Catholic priest"; and thereupon gave the latter the name and address of one. Opposite date, July 6, 1850, Bellasis notes: "I walked home with James Hope from Westminster. He asked me what I felt as to the present state of religious matters in England. I said I had lost all' confidence in the Church of England, and thought there was but one course for us to take. We had been for the last ten or twelve years setting up the authority of the Church, and objecting to private judgment; and now, if we were to remain, it must be by repudiating authority and exercising our private judgment,-a degree of inconsistency to which I could not reconcile myself. Hope said that Newman in his lectures at the Oratory laid great stress upon that point. . . . Hope saw no difficulty. Hope further said he strongly

suspected that, if we were once Catholics, we should be astonished that we ever could have held on to the Anglican Church, and should look back with wonder at what we had left." This view is finely expressed in Newman's "Anglican Difficulties,"\* where he says: "As in fairy tales the magic castle vanishes when the spell is broken, and nothing is seen but the wild heath, the barren rock, and the forlorn sheep-walk, so it is with us as regards the Church of England, when we look in amazement on that we thought so unearthly, and find so commonplace or worthless."

A conversation with Dodsworth on episcopal independence and national churches prompted him to ask what he thought of the National Church of England, which drew forth the response: "It can not be supported: it has no authority; we all admit that now." And on being asked where were they to look for authority, received the answer: "There is no authority in the Church at all unless it be—in Rome. If we seek *authority* elsewhere it can not be found. I see no result clearly, but one — submission to the Catholic Church sooner or later."

A visit, at the close of November, 1850, to Abbotsford, where he had much conversation with Hope-Scott, who was in the same frame of mind as himself, and the Hon. Gilbert Talbot (afterward Mgr. Talbot), to the consternation of Hope's Presbyterian sister, who pronounced them "three black Papists," led up to the climax. There for the last time he attended a Protestant service. Returning to London, he met Manning, who had just given up his archdeaconry and his living, and who, on being asked whether, if the state of the Anglican Church was such as not to be fit for him to teach its doctrine, it could be fit for him (Bellasis) to learn, replied: "Where I can not consecrate I can not communicate." Asked if it was not possible that something might happen to resuscitate the Church of England, he

\* Vol. i, p. 6, edit. 1879.

declared his belief that it had never been a living portion of the Church since it separated itself at the Reformation. His study of the subject having led him to see that for a continuing tradition there must be a continuing traditive body, an existing exponent of the tradition of the Church, and, the Anglican Church neither claiming to be that nor to exercise the office, it must be the Roman Church which always claimed and exercised the office, whereas none of the other churches even pretend to do so.

How carefully Sergeant Bellasis had weighed everything before taking any step toward entering the Church is seen by his having noted down, so early as April, 1847, all the motives, good, bad, and mixed, that might be influencing him. At last the final step was taken. On December 26, 1850, he called at York Place, and was very kindly received by Cardinal Wiseman. "I found him," he writes, "in his study, with a scarlet skullcap, a long black cassock, and tippet with little scarlet buttons; and under a canopy on one side of him was a crucifix. I had not much to say to him. I was already convinced, but wished to know what it would become my duty to do (should I be received into the Catholic Church) in regard to my family. Must I forthwith withdraw my children from the Protestant Church? Must I discontinue prayers with my family, as accustomed? Lastly, would he give me a letter to some good priest who might receive my confession? He replied that I must not press either wife or children. My present duty was to secure my own soul; that family prayers might be continued, omitting any prayers not suitable for Catholics; and he concluded by giving me his blessing and a letter to the Rev. James Brownbill, a Jesuit priest, in Hill Street. I proceeded straightway to Hill Street, found Father Brownbill at home, talked with him for two hours, and arranged to come to him to confession, and to be received on the following day, which I was; and on the next day, Saturday, the 28th, I was confirmed by the Cardinal in his private chapel, Mr. Allies being my godfather."

"His Evangelical friends were much distressed when they heard of it. Newman, who was among the first to congratulate him upon his conversion, wrote: "Such events are continually recurring proofs of God's love to England and the Catholics who are in it; and are witnesses to the truth of Catholicism, considering how carefully and anxiously you have sought . the truth." Manning, though at that time. still an Anglican, wrote: "The prayer I have said for years, day by day, at the name of some very near to me, now in the Church of Rome, is: 'If they are wrong, open their eyes; if they are right, open mine."" All the world knows how this prayer was answered,-how the writer's eyes were opened, and what magnificent services he lived to render to the Church. The Rev. Edward Hood, who was one of the numerous converts Father Brownbill received, and who became a Jesuit, wrote: "It is becoming more and more manifest that men's minds are set upon inquiry all over the Kingdom, and the opponents of Catholicity are but unwittingly lending themselves to its propagation." Sergeant Bellasis' son and biographer, Mr. Edward Bellasis, says some of the most sympathetic letters came from Protestants.\*

His conversion was followed in April, 1851, by that of his wife and children, a crowning grace. The three elder girls were received first, and on April 22 Mrs. Bellasis was baptized by Father Brownbill, who heard her recantation. "The waters of baptism," she said, "seemed to clear away in a very strange manner any doubts that might linger. I rose calm and collected, feeling I possessed a something I had never possessed before." She and her three girls were confirmed by Cardinal Wiseman on the 30th of April. Mgr.

<sup>\* &</sup>quot;Memorials of Mr. Sergeant Bellasis." By Edward Bellasis.

Searle, in arranging for this, wrote: "I need not say with what real pleasure I fulfil Cardinal Wiseman's instructions to convey to you and Mrs. Bellasis his most sincere and cordial congratulations on the happy event that was alone wanting to complete all that you could desire of bliss on this earth." Hope-Scott wrote: "You are now again a united family, and under the shadow of the united Church." And Miss Gladstone: "The untold consolations of a Catholic are lightly won by whatever the world can inflict."

When his second son was about to make his First Communion, the Sergeant wrote on December 5, 1862: "I am rejoiced at it from the bottom of my heart, as the one great object of my life is to see all my dear children firmly planted and steadily growing in the Catholic Church. And as you, one by one, arrive at the important period of your First Communion, I feel an additional security that the great blessing Almighty God has given us will not be withdrawn, but that we shall, one and all, remain true and faithful members of His Church all our lives, and in æternum....It cost me much to become a Catholic: it is for you and your dear brothers and sisters to preserve the blessing, and I hope you will do so as the most valuable possession you can ever have."

'The thoroughness with which he had applied his mind to the careful study of the religious question evinced itself in his after life as a Catholic. In public as well as in private life, he bore himself as a genuine Catholic who felt he stood on firm ground, who never wavered, and who was true to his colors. He was at all times ready to defend his religion and to show cause for the truth that was in him. It chanced to be violently attacked in his presence by some of his brother magistrates at the Clerkenwell April Sessions in 1864, whereupon he got up and said that 'he did not believe it to be the desire of the Justices to make that court the arena for theological discussion, and, at all events, he would be no party

to it... He might, however, take leave to remind the Court that the religion so maligned was the religion of their forefathers for a thousand years; that it was the religion of two hundred millions of Christians; and that in their own country it was the religion of men quite as honorable and quite as estimable as any of the members of the Court around him, and of men quite as able, intellectually, to understand and appreciate their religion.'

There is, perhaps, no preaching more effective than preaching by example. The more Sergeant Bellasis moved in Catholic society, the more impressed he was by all he saw and heard. He was highly edified by the habits and manners of Catholic households, being particularly struck with the unobtrusive and natural way in which religion was mingled with the ordinary affairs and even amusements of life. Of this he gives several instances in his manuscript and autobiography,how, when staying at Everingham, while the hounds were on the lawn, the horses of the guests parading in front, and groups of gentry preparing to start, he found Mr. William Maxwell (afterward Lord Herries) alone in the chapel on his knees, making his morning meditation in a scarlet coat and top-boots; how early one Sunday morning at Holme he saw from the tribune of the chapel the young lady of the house, who during the previous evening had been foremost in making merriment among a young party, preparing the altar for Mass with a reverence and devotion which was most impressive; how at Broughton Hall he found Sir Charles Tempest, a cheerful, courteous, good-humored country gentleman, at early morning alone in his chapel, hearing two Masses with unmistakable devotion; and how he spent some weeks at Walton Hall with Charles Waterton, the well-known naturalist, who was also a well-read theologian, and who, after his wife's death, had but a blanket, a log of wood, and the bare floor upon which to sleep.

"These old Catholic Yorkshire houses," Mrs. Bellasis writes, "are truly patriarchal, and models of what Christian households may and ought to be. The Angelus awakes us in the morning; Mass comes before breakfast; at noon Angelus, and again at sunset; family prayers at night, punctual to the minute; nobody absent from the church; and throughout the day religion forming one of the topics of conversation in the most natural way."

What Sergeant Bellasis saw and admired in Catholic households in England and on the Continent he introduced into his own family life; and not only at home but out of doors. When going out to an evening party he would recite the litany in the carriage; and, when travelling, would quietly make the Sign of the Cross as the train moved off, or say the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin during the journey. Hope-Scott and himself, when in a cab together, would pull out their rosary beads in the simplest way imaginable. He avoided long prayers before others, and never importuned his children with religion, teaching them by example rather than by precept. "The mainspring of all his actions and the guiding principle of his life," writes his son, Father R. Bellasis, "was Christian charity, a virtue that shone forth in his piety and devotion, in the education of his children, in the management of his household, in his intercourse with friends and reception of strangers, in the exercise of his duties, and in the employment of his pleasures; from morning till night, by word or by deed, he first practised and then taught it."

He appeared, says his son, Mr. Edward Bellasis, to aim at modelling his domestic life on that of Sir Thomas More, whom, long before the Chancellor's beatification, he was wont to call his patron saint. A life so well and holily spent ended in a happy death at Hyères, in the south of France, on the 24th of January, 1873; leaving, as Cardinal Manning and Hope-Scott said, "an example to us all."

## On the Tow-Path.

#### BY E. M. WALKER.

VENICE in London," so my friends call the view from my book call the view from my back parlor, - the shabby but prized back parlor that I rent in a North London slum. Not many people in this city of six millions have the privilege of looking out on a canal. It threads its way among the tall grim houses, a narrow muddy \_ stream; and yet, when night settles down, and the lights shine out all round, the effect is strangely picturesque. In summer . time especially it is pleasant to stand at the wide-open window and look across the little garden at the glistening water, and watch the big black barges puff slowly by, and listen to their strange, unearthly hooting. There is an ash tree at the bottom of what I call "the garden," and wooden palings which have quite a countrified aspect; and on the other side of the canal is a steep bank shaded by leafy trees. At night you can not see how bare the bank is, nor need you remark (unless, indeed, you be over-critical) that the water in the canal is thick and oily. The moonlight and the stars (and, let us add, the gas lamps) throw a veritable glamour over this odd, crowded little corner of the greatest city in the world. Many and many a time have I watched the scene in the welcome hour of leisure between work and bed, and listened to the gossip and the legends of the towpath. Some of these are eerie.

Romance of some kind men must have, and thus even in the most populous parts of London one finds houses reputed to be haunted. The quarter where I lodge is no exception to the rule. It possesses its haunted house, which is empty of course, and equally of course has been empty for years, because no one can possibly stay in it. "The noises there are just chronic," says Sandy McAlister, who has turned thirteen, and is inclined

to take the ghost seriously. For this he is reproved by his father, a hard-headed, sceptical, clever Scotch mechanic. And yet, when Sandy is safely out of the way, Mr. McAlister is fond of relating with bated breath how the old grandfather's clock which stands in his kitchen stopped dead at the exact hour at which his Uncle Reuben passed from this inconsistent and perplexing world, and suddenly began to tick again of its own accord the day after the funeral. "There it stands in my kitchen to this very hour," he concludes triumphantly, by way of proof; "and the folk as don't believe what I tell them. have only got to come and look at it."

There are many people incredulous as to the haunted house who yet believe in the Old Man, and first and foremost of these is Tim Maloney. Tim is of Celtic origin, a cute man and a steady, who has never been known to take a drop too much. Three years ago, or five or ten (I am not sure which, because Tim's dates are apt to vary), but, anyway, one cold winter night Tim happened to look out of his kitchen window, and was surprised to see an old man seated on the railing at the bottom of the garden. He had his back to the house; but in the bright moonlight Tim could plainly perceive that he was very small, that he wore an old-fashioned, strangely-cut coat and a wide-awake hat, and that he was smoking a pipe.

Now, Tim is not the man to go to bed and leave a quaint, suspicious-looking figure squatting on his fence at midnight. Accordingly, he opened the door and bawled out at the top of his voice: "What on airth are ye afther doing, at all?" Receiving no answer, a few strides brought him to the bottom of the garden — but, as he described it, "the stranger vanished before me eyes." It was a good drop on to the tow-path; the moonlight fell full upon it; and Tim, looking eagerly up and down, could see no sign of any living creature, neither was there a barge in sight. He went to bed feeling decidedly puzzled, altogether disinclined to accept his wife's theory as to the weird shadows thrown by the stunted ash tree; and he spent the following evening making a substantial wooden shutter for the glass panel in the door that led into the garden.

After this the Old Man was seen from time to time,-once by a little boy and girl who had gone down to the towpath in the twilight to play at Robinson Crusoe; once by the veterinary surgeon's general servant, who had an evening appointment with the greengrocer's boy, and who got such a fright that it almost turned her thoughts from courting for good and all. It is even rumored that the Old Man has been seen by Father Delaney's housekeeper, only she can never be induced to acknowledge it; and, for my part, I decline to believe it, since none of the presbytery windows look out on the canal, and I am sure she is much too staid a person to be walking along the canal after dusk.

Indeed, the tow-path is no very desirable place at night. Joe Moran can remember being awakened by agonized shrieks, followed by sounds of scuffling and a splash. Almost immediately came the quick heavy footsteps of a policeman running down the steep path that leads to the canal from the terrace above. He blew his whistle, and some one came rushing to his assistance; and suddenly a little crowd collected, though it was in the middle of the night. Joe, who had thrown on some clothes and was going out to help, came back when he found he was not needed, and tried to comfort his tenderhearted wife, whose sympathies went out to the poor bargeman, tossed, perhaps unprepared, into the other world.

Yes, I acknowledge that my canal has a dark aspect; but it has a sunny one, too. If there are derelicts and criminals in the crowded streets huddled to north and south of it, there are also many obscure yet high-souled heroes, not to speak of artists, poets, and humorists. Take the little hairdresser at the corner, for instance. I do not know his name,-he has not thought it worth while to paint it up over his modest "shaving saloon"; but he is known in the neighborhood as "the nice hairdresser." His hobby is rescuing children from the canal. It is little wonder that they tumble in; for they love to sit on the bank, their legs dangling over the water, patiently fishing for an old sardine tin, an abandoned cabbage, or even a dead cat. Accidents are frequent, and whenever there is an accident the little hairdresser is to the fore. From his open door he commands the canal, and at the first shout raised by the victim's comrades he is off with a bound, careless of the customer planted there with nose in the air and face all of a lather. With incredible rapidity he will leap the railings and take a header into the slimy water.

An Italian by birth, he is small and slight, with dark vivacious brown eyes, and a magnificent mustache curled at the ends in a manner altogether befitting his The young ladies of the profession. vicinity think that he has a remarkably distinguished air in his white linen jacket; yet he looks anything but engaging or heroic when, dripping with black slime, he emerges from the canal after one of his rescuing feats. The water is not, to be sure, deep enough to drown him; but, for all that, it is no easy achievement, and ruinous to clothes. The mothers who live along the terrace are loud in his praises, and are wont to whisper, together with many a head-shake, of a certain child who fell into the canal some years ago, and who, though ultimately pulled out, died next day, poisoned by the polluted water he had swallowed.

This, however, was before the advent of "the nice hairdresser," who already, during a space of two years, is considered to have saved the lives of as many as eighteen children. The Royal Humane Society have offered him no medal for his services; but, if reward he covets, he has but to seek it in the unstinted grati-

tude and affection of his neighbors. We will hear no evil of the land of Dante in our quarter. But, indeed, we are very cosmopolitan: our country is the world, and our friends speak many and strange languages. Ulsterman and Nationalist wrangle on the tow-path, yet keep a civil tongue in their heads the while; and my English landlady and her French friend in the next street still deal with the aged German baker. For, let the nations fight as they will, the hand of amity is not refused in our poverty-stricken streets alleys, round and about whose and draughty corners the wind of Europe blows.

## The Founding of Los Angeles.

MRS. HELEN JACKSON, although not a Catholic, has left us in her writings, especially in "Ramona," along with beautiful descriptions of the noble stone churches which the Franciscan missionaries taught the Indians to erect, many touching records of the old days in California, ere the mad rush for gold drove before it, and almost obliterated, the customs introduced or sanctioned by the Mission Fathers.

Among the beautiful stories preserved for us in her stirring words is that of the founding of Los Angeles; or, as the dozen devout soldiers who made the establishment called it, Nuestra Señora Reina de los Angeles,—"Our Lady the Queen of Angels." In peace or war, borne by men on foot or mounted in a gay cavalcade, we are told the banner of the Virgin Mother, with her sweet face portrayed upon it, was carried side by side with the royal flag of Spain.

They were not young men, those brave fellows who named the City of the Angels. They had fought for the king and the Church in many lands; and their names have been preserved for us in, the documents which made them, as a reward for long, faithful, and gallant service, the owners of vast domains in that fair spot of earth, not too near the sea, not too far removed from it. "Twenty-three young children there were in the band," says H. H.; "poor little waifs of camp and march. What a 'braw flitting' was it for them, away from the drum-beat forever into the shelter of their own sunny home!" And of the mothers, of whom there were eleven, "doubtless," says Mrs. Jackson, "they rejoiced the most." Surely they did.

With prayers and rejoicings, the banner of Our Lady was unfurled, and the limits of the new town defined. Then began an idyllic life for the faithful soldiers and their descendants. There was little need of hard toil; for the climate, summer and winter, was like a bounteous mother; and existence in that favored spot was as simple as it was happy.

To their religious observances of every kind they adhered with the unhesitating tenacity of children. As late as 1830 one of the most beautiful of these customs was still in full force. Every morning, at the rising of the morning star, the oldest member of each family would arise and begin a hymn; then the other members of the family would awaken and join the song, which was usually a hymn to the Blessed Virgin. From one end of the town to the other the sweet notes would ring out, until the balmy air was vocal with praise. One of these hymns is freely translated as follows: •

> Come, O sinners,— Come, and we will sing Tender hymns To our Refuge.

Singers at dawn, From the heavens above, People all regions; Gladly we, too, sing,—

Singing harmoniously, Saying to Mary:

- "O beautiful Queen! Princess of Heaven!
- "Your beautiful head Crownèd we see; The stars are adorning Your beautiful hair.

"Your eyebrows are arched, Your forehead serene; Your face turned always Looks toward God.

"Your eyes' radiance Is like beautiful stars; Like a white dove, You are true to your Spouse."

In obscure homes in the mountains of California one even now hears these morning hymns. But—alas for the City of the Angels!—the old Spanish city has been crowded into a corner by the force men call progress. The cracked bell of the old mission church still rings out over the plaza, but the roar from the streets of the tumultuous young city drowns its sacred voice.

## Like the Friends of Job.

T HOSE benefactors of the poor who are always afraid that their charity may be abused, and who are in the habit of sharply interrogating every poor person upon whom they bestow an alms—generally a small one,—fearful that the recipient may be unworthy—though in the sight of God perhaps more worthy than the givers,—are, like the friends of Job, very ready with advice, very reluctant with sympathy, more critical than kindly, spoiling as far as possible the good they do by their harsh manner of doing it.

The poor get a great deal more advice than they need, and as a rule it is untimely and impractical when not unkind. To tell them what they should do or avoid doing in order to better their condition, instead of supplying their immediate and perhaps pressing need of food and clothing; to reproach them for idleness, intemperance, irreligion, or what not, while they are enduring the pangs of hunger and cold, is a form of cruelty rather than charity. The poor and unfortunate have their feelings, which no one, however prosperous, has any right to wound. Many persons who consider themselves, and are reputed to be, charitable are

utterly lacking in the guiding light of the heart; they do not see that they are doing as Job's friends did—inflicting pain instead of relieving it. Of those truly wonderful types Ernest Hello says in a remarkably fine passage:

"They are not wanting in intelligence: they are wanting only in heart; but because they are wanting in heart, they can not understand, and their intelligence-which yet is so quick, lucid, logical, alert, and open-deceives them A little more heart would absolutely. have enabled them to see. Their thoughts appear pious, sensible, and probably true; an air of reasonable probability characterizes their remarks. They have an answer for everything. They are often disconcerting; they are never disconcerted. An apparent piety presides over all they say. And everything is hidden from them. One flash from the heart would light up the horizon, which is absolutely dark so far as they are concerned. They say so much that sounds likely, so much that sounds severely just, consistent, and sober, that there is nothing to say in reply. Nothing? Just one word, perhaps: ίI was hungry, and you gave Me not to eat; I was thirsty, and you gave. Me not to drink.""

In its strictest sense, however, this supreme reproach does not apply to the friends of Job. M. Hello says: "They visited the sick man, and their first impulse was good. They began by weeping, . . . and God forgets nothing. At the beginning of the Book they wept; and at the end of the same Book, God, who takes account of everything, but beyond and above all of tears, tells Job to pray for them, because, in answer to the prayer of Job, He desires to pardon the friends who had begun by weeping."

So it may be hoped that the grateful prayers of the poor will have the effect of making their benefactors more mindful of the saying, "Freely you have received, freely give"; more sparing of admonition, and still more so of reproach.

### Notes and Remarks.

As graphic an instance of misdirected altruism-perverted "social service"-as we have heard of in a long while is noted in a local Indiana journal. In company with other "mission workers," a certain. mother visited a county jail to plead with the prisoners to lead better lives. When this lady's turn came to speak, she pleaded, with all the passion of a mother, that her hearers remember the teachings of their youth and so turn from their evil ways. As she ceased for a moment in her plea, she was asked, "Is not Mable J---- your daughter?"---"Yes," was the reply; "she is attending the business college."--"Not now," some one answered. "She is upstairs in a cell. The police brought her in here last night." She had been arrested on the charge of being incorrigible. It was said that she persisted in wandering about the streets.

How many other misguided mothers in this country are lavishing upon strangers the time and attention that should be devoted to the young members of their own households!

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In explanation of the revival of the religious spirit in France under the stress of war, M. Paul Parsy, in an article British contributed to the Review. observes: "The school of war is the school of death. Beneath the bombs, or where daily the hail of shells and bullets lays low forever the best blood of France, young lives in their springtime, a man is led to reflect upon the fragility of all things, upon the mystery of death, upon the beyond. The saying of Solomon the wise impresses itself on the mind: All is vanity! Those whom duty sends to their death think upon it; those, too, from whom death takes so many dear to them. It has been said that at the root of all religious life lies a misfortune. Let us rather say that to lead a man from dissipation to a regard for the great problems of existence there is needed the peremptory summons, the heavy stroke of catastrophe. War deals the blows which remind men that life is no frivolous thing, and that is one of its chief lessons. And for this reason it is that during such moments as these we see the conversion of conscience."

"Next to the originator of a good sentence," says Emerson, "is the first quoter of it"; and he might have added that its apt quotation for the fiftieth or the hundredth time is a service worth rendering. One excellent feature of the press bulletins issued by the Central-Verein is the reproduction from time to time of such paragraphs as the following from James Russell Lowell:

This is what the Roman Church does for religion, feeding the soul not [merely] with the essential religious sentiment, not with a drop of the tincture of worship, but making us feel one by one all those original elements of which worship is composed; not bringing the end to us, but making us pass over and feel beneath our feet all the golden rounds of the ladder by which the climbing generations have reached that end; not handing us dryly a dead and extinguished Q. E. D., but letting it declare itself by the glory with which it interfuses the incense clouds of wonder and aspiration and beauty in which it is veiled. The secret of her power is typified in the mystery of the Real Presence.

Lowell's place in American literature and in the esteem of American Protestants is sufficiently assured to render it tolerably certain that the apt quotation of the foregoing tribute would be an effective retort to the average critic of "outworn dogmas of Catholicism."

In the course of an important article, "The Catholic Side," contributed to the North-American Review, Dr. Maurice Francis Egan tells his lay Catholic brethren some pointed truths that come with perhaps greater force and convincingness from a layman than from a priest. "The ordinary non-Catholic," says Dr. Egan, "puts the question, 'If the public schools are good enough for the Methodist, the Congregationalist, the Agnostic, why does the Catholic object to them otherwise than because Rome, for purposes of political aggrandizement, insists that he shall keep his children out of them, if possible?' This is his question." It is in failing to supply an adequate answer to it that our Minister to Denmark finds his brethren wanting.

It must be confessed that lay members of the Church take little trouble to answer it. They have got into the habit of forcing the burden of representing them on the shoulders of their bishops and priests. It is a very bad habit, and one that has created dry-rot in the social life of older countries. It leads to a condition of indolent cynicism, which destroys alike true religion and true patriotism. These are times when laymen must speak for themselves out of the fulness of faithful and pure hearts. They are the fathers of children: on them rests the responsibility of making the family a firmer factor for the good of the race. The bishops and priests teach and direct and at times lead; they are the spiritual fathers of the people; but the heaviest responsibility is on the natural fathers. . . . Parental rights are paramount.

And, be it added, these rights entail duties that can not be shirked with impunity.

It would be a blessed thing if all the rulers of Christendom were subject to the Vicar of Christ as they were in the Ages of Faith. In repudiating his authority over them they opened floodgates of evil which have never since been closed. That authority, whatever may be asserted to the contrary, was always exerted first, to promote the interests of religion; secondly, to secure the welfare of individuals and society. The authority of rulers was upheld at the same time that the rights of subjects were safeguarded. The preservation or restoration of peace was a chief solicitude of the Father of the Faithful. In those Christian times war was always suspended during Lent, except in cases of grave necessity. Deeply impressed with the fear of God's judg-

ments, sovereigns and subjects observed the holy season with utmost strictness. It was considered necessary to apply to Rome when dispensations were sought for. Dom Guéranger relates that Wenceslaus, King of Bohemia, being seized with a malady which rendered it dangerous to his health to take Lenten diet, he applied, in the year 1297, to Pope Boniface VIII. for leave to eat meat. The Pontiff commissioned two Cistercian abbots to inquire into the real state of the prince's health: they were to grant the dispensation sought for, if they found it necessary, but on the following conditions: that the King had not bound himself by a vow to fast; that the Fridays, Saturdays, and the Vigil of St. Matthias were to be excluded from the dispensation; and, lastly, that the King was to take his meals alone, and was to observe moderation.

Nowadays a great many Catholics dispense themselves from the observance of Lent, thinking it no harm whatever to eat any kind of food they wish, and as much as they would consume at any other season of the year.

A mission of the Protestant Episcopal Church at Sagada, Philippine Islands, calls itself the "Catholic Mission of S. Mary the Virgin, under the Patronage of the Blessed and Glorious ever-Virgin Mary Mother of God." The Filipinos whom the conductor of this mission is trying to attract should be informed that, in spite of its name, it is sectarian; furthermore, that the vast majority of Protestants in the United States neither honor the Blessed Virgin nor believe in her Immaculate Conception.

There are many good things in the weekly contributions of "A Looker On" to the Boston *Pilot*, and his column is sure to reward attentive reading. In the latest issue of our New England contemporary, this genial essayist pays the following well-deserved tribute to a portion of our population whose success and whose citizenship furnish irrefragable arguments against any literacy test in our immigration laws:

We have in New England to-day many thousands of swarthy, dark-eyed people who first opened those eyes on a land much fairer than ours,—a land of sunshine and music. They are a warm-hearted, hot-blooded people, artistic to the finger tips. They have taken our hardest work and done it under great disadvantages and discomforts, like children in a cold, strange land. Some of them had a nasty way of settling things with a knife,—a way peculiarly revolting to a decorous people, who prefer quieter if not less deadly methods of revenge. People made small allowance for the fierce loves and hates of the Italian, the legacy of a race that has stood many invasions.

The Italian is kindly, generous. frugal; he takes naturally to our institutions, and incidentally he has imported not only the exquisite *cucina* of his native land, but also something of its sunshine and music. We have learned to like the Italian, and hence to know him. His opera is our joy; his architecture`appeals to us in its combined beauty and strength; his genius and character are becoming better known.

Incidentally, let us again call attention to the fact that the sensible supervision of the Italian mother over her daughters her preventing their being on the streets unescorted at night, for instance—is an object lesson by which mothers of all nationalities may well profit.

A message of hope which is purely supernatural, and which for this reason, we fear, will fail to reach many hearts needing it most, is to be found in a sermon on the Blessed Sacrament delivered recently in Westminster Cathedral by the Rt. Rev. Abbot Vonier, O. S. B., and reported in the London Universe. Toward its close occurs this very striking passage:

I have a personal conviction, which I hold very strongly. The great struggle from which we suffer began, I might say, almost on the day that the great Eucharistic Congress at Lourdes concluded its glorious solemnities. It was the great Eucharistic Congress. It was a most happy omen because it is the omen of the Bread of Life. The Last Supper was the most glorious triumph of Our Lord's love for man, and yet the Last Supper was followed at once by the terrible darkness of His Passion. So after this glorious Last Supper of the great Eucharistic Congress, when pastors have been scattered and the sheep have been scattered, there must be life. The Bread of Life is amongst us; and greater than anything clse, greater than all the soldiers of the world, is the lifegiving Bread which Christ came down from heaven to give us.

Truly nowhere else may hope be placed these most direful days save in "the Name of the Lord, who made heaven and earth."

In view of the dearth of vocations to the religious life—of developed vocations at least, — no little interest attaches to an article which we find in the Denver *Catholic Register*. The Colorado city possesses, in St. Rose's Convent, a home for Catholic women with or without employment, under the direction of Franciscan Sisters. It is the custom at St. Rose's to have a day of recollection every month; and that the practice is a thoroughly excellent one is evidenced in this paragraph:

That these retreats have been fruitful is proved by the fact that eight young ladies who attended the July retreat have since chosen the better part and have left us, to spend their life, like the oil consuming itself in the sanctuary lamp, working for the salvation of souls.

Given that Providence calls to the religious life a sufficient number for the needs of the Church, no better plan for having the call understood and obeyed can well be found than this of regular retreats.

The recent publication in these pages of an article on the primitive religious beliefs of the Basutos lends adventitious interest to a letter which we find in the current number of the *Echo from Africa*, a letter to the Directress General of the Sodality of St. Peter Claver from no less a personage than Nathanael Griffith, King of Basutoland. The King was converted from Protestantism about four years ago, and is now intent on building a large church. While his knowledge of English is not perfect, it is, as will be seen from the following extract from his letter, considerably greater than most persons are likely to think probable in the case of a full-blooded South African Negro who in all likelihood has never been outside of his country:

I have to say you are likely aware of the very poor condition of the black races, and which defect means a great drawback to the progress of mission work, and more especially in a field as this, where different Protestant sects have had their footing to a pitch.

Having become myself a Catholic by the grace of God, at the present time it is my heart to erect a church to the glory of God and for my people, near my residence; though, sad to say, up to now, it had been foretaken by these Protestants.

My desire is burning. This building is now in the way of construction, but the means are inadequate; and when completed there stands for us great need of furnitures, vestments, and altar linen.

May you ever remain assured that the natives in the missions of which you have so entirely devoted yourself are always praying for their benefactress, and will so continue to pray.

The death occurred, at Ottawa, Canada, on the 3d inst., of the Very Rev. William J. Murphy, O. M. I., D. D., vice-rector of Ottawa University and pastor of St. Joseph's Church. Dr. Murphy's career was one of exceptionally devoted service to his Order and the Church. Ottawa University in particular is much indebted to him for its spirit of scholarship and for its general expansion. He was by turns professor of physics, prefect of studies, secretary, rector, and vice-rector; not less remarkable than his scholastic attainments was the zeal he brought to his duties as pastor of a large parish. The prayers and the grief of the poor and afflicted who attended his funeral were a panegyric and a testimony to the virtues of this worthy priest. R. I./P.



A Story Told in Switzerland.

#### BY LIONEL BYRRA.

ONRAD STUSSI, a brave chamoishunter, lived in a cottage built of spruce-fir trees on the side of a Swiss mountain. A great peak, snow-crowned all the year round, reared its head threateningly above the little house, and on one side shut off the view. On the other side, however, there was a magnificent prospect spread out before the cottagers,-forests and prairies and smiling valleys, and here and there villages and towns. Schwyz, the largest of the towns, though a good distance away, stood out so distinctly in the clear atmosphere that when the sun shone, the panes of glass in the windows of the Schwyz-houses could be counted.

This little town and these mountains made up Conrad's entire world, and he did not trouble himself as to what happened beyond them. His was a very simple as well as a very good character. Never did he get into a "squabble" with the rather quarrelsome shepherds who sometimes pastured their flocks near his cottage; and his favorite maxim was, "Above all things peace."

And yet, when he learned, at the beginning of the year 1476, that Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, had invaded Switzerland, and had declared that he would reduce to subjection the "insolent peasants" of that liberty-loving land why, then Conrad shouted: "Better to die than be a slave!"

Accordingly, having embraced Bathilde, his wife, and Christina, their seven-yearold daughter, he took down his arbalest, or crossbow, and started for Granson, where his countrymen had gathered in arms. And it was at Granson that the two armies came to blows. Because he had troops of dashing cavalry and a multitude of fantassins, or heavy-armed foot-soldiers, Duke Charles undervalued the Swiss. "We'll soon crush those peasants!" he boasted.

He was, however, quite mistaken. Inspired by their love of liberty, the hardy mountaineers threw themselves upon the Burgundians like so many wolves. The battle was brief. Charles' troops could not withstand the fierce attack, and were ignominiously routed.

"Brothers," cried out Conrad Stussi, "the Duke's camp is ours!"

And it *was* theirs, in good truth. They entered the tents, despoiled them of their furniture and baggage, and put all the booty in a pile to be divided equally.

Now, Charles the Bold was as wealthy as an Asiatic prince, and it was his custom to take into camp with him the treasures of his various castles. Where he stopped a great velvet pavilion was raised, rich carpets were spread, and from the travelling chests were taken out table services of gold and silver. And this was nothing in comparison with the rich array of robes and costumes, arms and gems. Charles possessed more pearls and other precious stones than all the other princes of Christendom together, it was said; and he wore on his bosom on state occasions a costly diamond unique in all the world.

All this constituted the booty of the Swiss soldiery. The simple fellows, however, did not recognize the value of much that fell to their share. So entirely free from luxury was their ordinary life that most of them took gold to be copper and silver to be tin. Nobody wanted any of the pearls; and, in fact, more of the loot was left than taken away. The hunter Conrad had distinguished himself in the battle, and consequently thought that he would be allowed to choose his share of the spoils; but he was obliged to content himself with some carpets, robes, and a bauble of glass, aboutas big as a hazelnut, clear as a drop of limpid spring water, and shaped with a number of facets.

"What's a fellow to do with a bit of glass like this?" he grumbled, and was at first inclined to throw it away. On second' thought, however, he thrust it into his pocket, saying: "'Twill be a toy for Christina."

He took the road to his cottage. It was a long road, and, owing to the bad weather, a difficult one; but Conrad sang as he walked and thought of those whom he was so soon to rejoin. At last he reached his home, and, opening the door, exclaimed:

"It's I myself!"

After the kissing and crying (for joy) had subsided, Conrad pulled out the glass trinket, and, stringing it on a strong thread, gave it to Christina, saying:

"Here, little one! How do you like this?"

Christina declared it was pretty enough, though she would have much preferred a new dress.

The next day Stussi betook himself to the chase as usual, and life soon resumed its old-time routine. Neither Conrad nor his wife gave a second thought to the bit of glass which the little maid wore round her neck day and night.

Things went along in this way for about two years. Then one calm winter morning Stussi killed a chamois so big that he had to get his wife's assistance to carry it down to Schwyz and dispose of it. Bidding Christina not to put her nose outside the door during their absence, they set out.

In the course of a couple of hours they had sold the chamois to a Schwyz innkeeper and were reascending the road to their mountain home. The air was transparent and motionless; not a branch of the snow-clad firs moved in the perfect stillness.

"What a fine day it is!" said Bathilde. "Yes, but we are likely to have a windstorm soon. "Tis too still to last."

In fact, just when the noonday Angelus rang out from the church of Our Lady of Help down in Schwyz, and when Stussi and his wife were within a quartermile of their cottage, a fierce gust of wind assailed them. The hunter threw up his head and remarked:

"I don't like that!"

"Why not?" asked his wife.

"Don't you remember the adage, 'Noonday wind, heavy avalanche'?" And he added, as he increased his pace: "Our cottage has its good points, but that peak rising behind it is a treacherous neighbor. I never look at it without shuddering. Ah, that mass of snow up there! If it started to fall—"

He was interrupted by a rumbling noise from the very peak of which he was speaking. A whole field of snow began to move, slid downward, and, as it acquired speed, rushed with a thunderous crash to the lower levels.

"Ah, it's the avalanche!" cried Conrad. "And it has fallen in the direction of our cottage. If only—"

He and Bathilde hurried forward. They soon came to a turn in the road and gazed eagerly before them. But their cottage had disappeared. A great pile of snow covered its site, and it was easy to understand that the roof must have given way under such a load.

The mother wrung her hands and cried out despairingly:

"Christina! Christina!"

Not less afflicted but keeping his presence of mind, Conrad gave a long shout for help,—a shout that was echoed and re-echoed by the surrounding rocks. In a very few moments it was answered, and the shepherds of the vicinity came running to the rescue.

Snow-shovels were speedily at work,

and, by dint of heroic exertions during several hours, the workers reached the caved-in roof. Then the anguish increased. Stussi shivered with dread of what was coming next, and Bathilde again wailed:

"Christina! Christina!"

Imagine their joy when, from under the snow and the broken roof, a weak little voice answered:

"Mamma!"

So Christina was still alive. In a few moments she was extricated from the ruins of the cottage, or rather from a little cell formed by two portions of the roof that had fallen in such a way as to protect her from the snow.

Their main dread having passed away, the father and mother could not but think of their minor misfortune—the destruction of their home. Where were they to live now? Or where procure money enough to rebuild their cottage?

As they reflected on their disaster, there came the tinkling of sleigh bells along the road, and up came a procession of twelve sumpter mules, led by as many valets. Behind them, on foot, with his horse's bridle thrown over his arm, was a distinguished-looking traveller. He was an Italian marquis who had been on an errand from the Pope to a certain German prince, and was now on his way back to Rome.

"Am I still far from Schwyz, my man?" he inquired of Conrad.

Then, looking about him and seeing the ruined cottage, he guessed what had occurred, and asked for the particulars. On being told of Christina's escape, he approached the child and said:

"You have indeed had a miraculous escape. Not a scratch, nothing broken, not even this glass bauble!"

He stooped and took hold of the toy that Christina wore round her neck, and examined it closely. Then he appeared stupefied and murmured:

"And I mistook it for glass!"

Turning to Conrad, he asked:

"Where did you get this object?"

"At Granson, sir; it belonged to Burgundy the Bold."

"I thought so. So here is the diamond of the great Charles! I recognize it now perfectly. I saw it frequently when I was ambassador at the Duke's court."

After a moment or two of silence, he continued:

"By the way, about this diamondwould you like to sell it?"

"Is it worth anything?"

"Open both your hands."

Stussi did so, and the Italian emptied his great purse into them,—gold pieces by the score.

"This," said he, "will enable you to rebuild your cottage."

"Yes, a half dozen cottages," said Conrad. "But what do you mean? I have no right to all this money."

"You have a right to a hundred times as much, and you are making a very bad bargain. But you shall hear from me again."

Conrad burst out laughing.

"I am richer now than our bailiff; I'm not of the sort that calls out for more when I have too much already. All the same, Christina," he added, turning to the child who seemed sorry to lose her bauble, "you're going to have the finest new dress that can be bought in Switzerland."

#### Raffaelle and Parmegiano.

Parmegiano, having gone to Rome a few years after the death of Raffaelle, for the purpose of studying the works of that master, became a great favorite there; and, from a striking similarity which existed between him and Raffaelle, not only in the style which he had adopted in his work, but also in a certain degree of resemblance of countenance and an elegance of deportment, it was commonly said by their friends and admirers that the soul of Raffaelle had passed into the person of Parmegiano.

#### Tommy Travers.

#### BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

## IX.—"THE BROTHERS."

O, dreaming golden dreams, Bunty reached Duffy's Court, already dim with twilight shadows from the towering tenements that girdled its narrow bounds. Only for a short time at noon did Duffy's Court have a peep at the sun, all the rest of the time it was in grim, grey gloom. And night came early to the Court, before the city gas was lighted, and while the western sky, it could not see, was still aglow.

It was nearly dark when Bunty reached Granny Pegs' corner, and, pushing open the door, made his way into the narrow entry that led to kitchen and stairs. There was no one in sight. Jakey and his crowd, their ragged pockets filled with "snow" money, were off for shows and movies, and hot sausage stands, reckless spendthrifts of their hard-earned gains. A sound of heavy snoring from the kitchen told that Granny Pegs had again indulged in something stronger than tea, and was "sleeping it off."

Bunty stumbled up the darkened stairs to his own room, and, scratching a match, lit the lamp. With lingering memories of the spotless order of Saint Gabriel's, he had spent the morning "cleaning up." The bed had been made, the floor swept and scrubbed, the ashes emptied, some broken boxes piled in the corner for fire-. wood, the rusty tin lamp trimmed and filled. A few sprigs of holly he had picked up outside a market store were in a cracked cup on the smoky mantel; a last year's calendar, flung out by the corner grocer, was pinned upon the wall. Bunty wanted things to look right when Nick came home. And, as he might come to-night, Bunty, in the strength of his new fortune, filled the stove recklessly; and, kindling the fire into cheery glow, was ready for Nick-Nick, his big brother, who cared for him, who had fixed up this room for him, who

was all his own. And the boyish heart, that had been hardening and toughening to meet a hard and tough world, softened more and more in the warmth and light that were falling upon his way. He had Nick now and Tommy; he had a nice room like this, and ten dollars a week. He was in luck sure.

It was late when Nick came. As Granny Pegs was still "sleeping it off," Bunty, who was used to such occasions, went down to the smoky kitchen and got his own supper, - some cold cornbread and bacon, and a pot of coffee which he warmed on his own stove. Then, with the happy-golucky freedom that characterized Duffy's Court, he left Granny Pegs to her slumbers, and the front door open for Jakey, Nick, and all who chose to return; and, flinging himself on the bed, drifted off into pleasant dreams. He was just climbing the rainbow-lit stairs of Tommy's house with a lace-edged picture for Sister Leonie, when a rough shake aroused him. He started up to face Nick, no longer the well-dressed, spectacled visitor of Saint Gabriel's, but a rowdy Nick such as he had known long ago,-a Nick with flushed face and bloodshot eyes.

"Bunt," he said thickly,—"is it Bunt?"

"O Nick, yes, yes!" was the eager answer. "I am so glad you have come home! I have been waiting and watching for you, Nick!"

"You have?" said Nick, his face darkening. "What for?"

"Oh, because—because—"

"Who set you at it?" interrupted Nick, fixing his bloodshot eyes on Bunty's face. "Because if anybody has set you to waiting and watching on me, it's going to be bad for you, Bunt. Nice sort of way to talk to your brother! Waiting and watching on him! Nice way to talk!"

"I only meant I was glad to see you," said Bunty, shortly. "I ain't glad to see you like this. You've been drinking tonight, I know. Lie down, Nick, and I'll put a wet cloth on your head until it clears up." "Yes, clear it up," said Nick, dropping down heavily on the pillows. "It's a buzzing and a beating like twenty thousand steam hammers. Don't want no watching or waiting! Just—just clear up my head."

And Bunty, who had had early experiences in such ministrations, loosened Nick's flashy necktie and unbuttoned his collar, and, dipping a coarse towel in the tin pitcher, bound up his buzzing head. Nick dozed off, muttering of jobs and deals that Bunty could not understand, and some "Foxy Kane" who seemed to be of unusual interest and importance to his brother. But after two or three applications of the wet towel, Nick stopped his muttering, the flush died on his face, and he opened his eyes in dull comprehension of the situation.

"Bunty!" he said. "It is Bunty sobering me up. No more dousing! I'm all right now, — all right," repeated Nick, pitching away the towel, and surveying the sturdy young figure beside him. "How long have you been here, Bunt?"

"Day before yesterday," answered Bunt, briefly.

"Turned you out, eh?" said Nick. "That was rotten mean, weather like this. They ought to have kept you until it got warm."

"What for?" asked Bunty, gruffly. "I ain't no charity orphan. I can take care of myself. I got a job to-day,— ten dollars a week."

"Ten dollars a week!" echoed his brother. "Ten dollars! What sort of sharps have you got in with, Bunt?"

"No sharp at all," answered Bunt, indignantly. "It's Tommy Travers."

"Tommy Travers!" Nick started up from his pillow as suddenly as if he had been galvanized into life. "Tommy Travers! Long Tom's sick kid! How, when, where, what—you got to do with him, Bunt?"

"Push him out in his rolling chair every day. He is home now, back from Saint Gabriel's, at his father's house. Golly, but it's fine there,—flowers and fountains indoors, pictures everywhere, windows all hung with silk and lace! It was so fine it almost took my breath."

Nick stared for a moment in speechless amaze.

"You don't mean to tell me they took you in Tom Travers' house?" he gasped.

"Yes," answered Bunt,-"right upstairs to Tommy's room. Then I pushed him out like I did at Saint Gabriel's. I can push him all right, steady with the handle and watching the wheels. Dr. Dave told me he mustn't have any jolt or jar. And I am going to push him out every day in the street and the park and wherever he wants to go. His father gave me the job. I didn't want no pay, because Tommy was good to me,-gave me new clothes and shoes, and a jackknife for Christmas. I didn't ask no pay at all, but they said I must have it, and take the job steady at ten dollars a week."

"You're to push Tom Travers' kid at ten dollars a week!" repeated Nick slowly. "Tom Travers' kid! You, Bunty Ware! Jumping Jonah! But you're in luck, boy! I—I never heard of such luck. Who—who is going to watch you do it?"

"Watch me!" echoed Bunty, indignantly. "Nobody. I don't want no watching. Tommy's father knows that. He knows I can push all right. He saw me. He heard me say I wouldn't let Tommy come to any harm or hurt, that I'd be cut to pieces first, and I would."

"Oh, you would, eh?" said Nick in a queer tone. "Sure of that, are you, Bunt?"

"Sure!" answered Bunt, decidedly.

"Why, what is Long Tom's sick kid to you?" asked Nick. "He ain't your brother or anything like that, Bunty. He ain't nothing but—but a strange boy that was in the hospital and gave you things he didn't want. And now, just because you're big and strong and can push him round easy, they're giving you the job to do it. I don't see no reason for you're getting so soft on him. You don't suppose he or his dad keer for you. Not a bit, Bunt! They just want to use you, that's all,—use you and abuse you if they take the notion."

"They wouldn't," said Bunty,--"leastways Tommy wouldn't, I know. He is good to everybody. He just keeps thinking of good things he can do all the You ought to have seen that time. Christmas Tree at Saint Gabriel's, Nick! And look at these here clothes he gave me,—shoes and shirt and everything! I didn't ask for them neither. I didn't ask for a thing. And this jackknife was on the tree for me, besides. And I am going to take care of him right for it. I am going to push him soft and steady wherever he wants to go. I'm going to show him the streets and the stores and the boats and the wharves, and whatever he wants to see. And I ain't going to let him get a jolt or a jar or a hurt. I'd be killed myself first," concluded Bunty, grimly.

"He's bought you," said Nick angrily,— "bought you body and soul. I am nowhere any more, I see, Bunt."

"Oh, yes, yes, you are my brother Nick!" was the quick, eager answer.

"Much that seems to count now!" said Nick, jealously. "Here I've been waiting and watching and keeping this here nice room for you, and planning how we were to go off somewhere and camp and ranch, and have good times together the rest of our lives. And here you are going back on me the first thing!"

"Oh, no, no, no, Nick! I am not going back on you at all. I'll stand by you forever and ever, Nick!" And the boyish voice trembled with its earnestness.- "If you want me to give up my job with Tommy and go away with you, I'll do it. I'll do it to-morrow, Nick. I'll go ranching and camping or anything you want."

"No," said Nick, hastily, "I am not asking you to give up your job. I'm not thinking of anything like that yet. I've got business in town now myself. I see a chance, Bunt—it's only a chance yet, of making all the money you and I will ever want. Then we'll be off together, off to buy a big ranch somewhere in the West,—off to be free and rich and happy for the rest of our lives together, Bunt."

"Golly, that will be great!" said Bunty, breathlessly. "What is the chance, Nick?"

"I can't say yet," answered Nick. "It will take nerve and grit and pluck, Bunt; but there's a fellow here, ready to go partners with me, that's got them all. But if I thought you were going back on me, Bunt—that you were taking to this sick kid in my place, ready to live for him and die for him, as you say, durned, if I wouldn't throw up the whole thing to-morrow and clear out again! What's the good of money if you have nobody to think of you or care for you, or stand by you through thick and thin?"

O wise Nick, cunning Nick, crafty Nick! Every word was telling, he knew; every word was playing on young heartstrings dulled and silent for years; every word was making new music of hope and love in Bunty's life. Money was nothing indeed, or very little; but camping, ranching, living with Nick, the big brother who was the one tender memory of his young life, the one tie he had ever known!

"I will, I will!" burst tremulously from Bunty's lips. "I will stand by you, Nick. I won't leave you for anybody or anything. I'll give up my job when you want me. I'll go wherever you go, and do whatever you say, Nick."

"Grip on that, Bunt!" said Nick, holding out his hand. "I knew you were the right stuff. We'll stick together as brothers should. But we'll both keep our jobs for the present, and say nothing of anything else. Don't say nothing about me, Bunt, or about our going off together. It might spoil your chances where you are, if they thought you were looking for a change. Rich people are curious, Bunty. They like to think they can buy you up body and soul. So stick to your job, and keep mum until I am ready for you, Bunt. And now you better turn in here and go to sleep."

And Bunty turned in, and was soon off in a dreamland where camps and ranches held happy place. But not so Nick: he was too fully roused into wicked hopes and plans to sleep again. And Long Tom Travers' kid was the centre of them all. So very wide awake was Nick that, though it was close to midnight, he rose softly from his place beside the sleeping Bunty, pulled on the clothes which he had discarded, and, like the "beast of prey" that he was, stole silently out into the night.

(To be continued.)

#### How to Tell Unknown Numbers.

There are many amusing tricks that may be played with figures, even by boys and girls not particularly fond of arithmetic, and not much further advanced in that science than the oldtime scholar who sang:

> Multiplication is vexation, Division is as bad; The Rule of Three, it puzzles me, And fractions drive me mad.

Here is one such trick. You ask two persons to think each of a number less than ten. Then you tell one of the two to double his number, to add a figure (any one you like) to the result, to multiply that result by five, and to add to the product the number thought of by the second person. When he gives you the total, you tell him the two numbers thought of.

For instance, you say to Mary and Nell: "Each of you girls think of a number of one figure." We will suppose that Mary thinks of 4, and Nell of 3. Then you tell Mary to double her number, which will make 8, to add 6, which will give 14, to multiply by 5, which makes 70, and then add Nell's number, 3, which gives a total of 73. All you have to do is to subtract from this total five times the number you told her to add to the double of her number. Since, in this case, 6 was the number added, you subtract from 73 five times six, or 30, and you have left 43, the two figures thought of.

Try it with any other two numbers and you will find that you always get the correct figures. Thus, if the numbers are 7 and 5. 7+7=14; 14+6=20,  $20\times5=100$ , 100+5=105; and 105-30=75.

Of course you may give as the number to be added in the first instance any one you like, instead of 6. Suppose you give 8 in this last example. Then 7+7=14; 14+8=22;  $22\times5=110$ ; 110+5=115; and 115-40=75.

#### Our Lawless Language.

The following rhymes illustrate some of the chief difficulties of the English language, which seems so easy to those who learned it in childhood. No wonder that foreigners call ours a lawless tongue: We'll begin with a box, and the plural is boxes; But the plural of ox should be oxen, not oxes. Then one fowl is a goose, but two are called geese; Yet the plural of mouse should never be meese. You may find a lone mouse or a whole nest of mice,

But the plural of house is houses, not hice.

If the plural of man is always called men,

Why shouldn't the plural of pan be called pen? If I speak of a foot and you show me your feet, And I give you a boot, would a pair be called beet?

If one is a tooth and a whole set are teeth,

Why shouldn't the plural of booth be called beeth?

Then one may be that and three would be those, Yet hat in the plural would never be hose;

And the plural of cat is cats, and not cose.

We speak of a brother and also of brethren,

But though we say mother we never say methren.

Then the masculine pronouns are he, his and him; But imagine the feminine she, shis and shim! So English, I fancy, you all will agree Is the funniest language you ever did see.

#### THE AVE MARIA

# WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

-A posthumous novel by the late Monsignor Benson, entitled "Loneliness," is announced for publication next month by P. J. Kenedy & Sons, and Dodd, Mead & Co.

-H. L. Kilner & Co. have brought out new editions, much improved, of "Latin Pronounced for Altar Boys" and "Latin Pronounced for Singing," by the Rev. Edward J. Murphy, of the archdiocese of Philadelphia.

—The reissue was well advised of "The Daily Life of a Religious," by Mother Francis Raphael, O. S. D., with a preface by the Very Rev. Fr. Procter, O. P. The little work is a classic and might well be made a *vade mecum*, especially by members of active religious Orders. For sale in this country by B. Herder.

---"The Prussian hath Said in his Heart" is the title of a new book by Mr. Cecil Chesterton, just published by Chapman & Hall, London. The author is strongly of opinion that Prussia never really became Christian, and contends that Prussianism should be abolished,—also Pacificism, because it means secret party funds and party agreements, and all else that places a check on free and healthy democracy.

-The "parson" whose story is related in a volume called "In the Service of the King," by Joseph B. Dunn (G. P. Putnam's Sons), is a rather entertaining person. Apparently he is able to do good with such a philosophy of life as guides him. Perhaps, too, if it were put directly up to him, he would admit the right of others to differences of belief; for example, to think otherwise of St. Augustine than as "the most quotable of all sceptics," and "the spiritual ancestor of Jesuit, Presbyterian, Baptist, and High Churchman"! Mr. Dunn should read "The City of God."

-It is much to the credit of Columbia University that it should endeavor to celebrate the septenary of Roger Bacon in a manner that might be thought appropriate. The very purpose must be counted to Columbia for distinction. When the manner takes the shape of "A Pageant of the Thirteenth Century," toward the making of which a considerable portion of the faculty have contributed, the reason for congratulation grows. The plan and the notes of this pageant are by John J. Coss, of the Department of Philosophy; the text, by John Erskine, of the Department of English. The idea of the work—"to exhibit Bacon's life and his significance, and to illustrate the age in which he lived"—puts it on a plane of high scholarship; and though, as the collaborators confess, the work was done in rather short time, it has the mark of ripe and urbane scholarship. Even Prof. Erskine's somewhat ready text is, at times, near neighbor to poetry. In form, "A Pageant of the Thirteenth Century" is a model university publication.

-A serviceable pamphlet on a subject ever timely is "The Roman Catholic Church, for what does She Stand," by the Rev. Thomas F. Coakley, D. D. The author's treatment covers these points: The Church stands for the Bible, for authority in religion, for certainty in religion, for the entirety of Christianity, for the sanctity of the family, and for religious education in the school. Published by the Catholic Truth Society of Pittsburg.

-"'The Curse of Adam," by the Rev. P. M. Northcote, with an Introduction by the Rt. Rev. A. Vonier, O. S. B., is a short treatise on what its author calls "the most obscure and the most painful mystery that Revelation has made known to us." The work-a slender volume of 128 pages-contains five chapters: The Existence of Original Sin, The Consequences of the Fall, The State of Fallen Man, Redemption, and Acceptance of Redemption. While the substance of the book is little more than the catechism explained, the explanation is of the kind that is peculiarly necessary in our day. We cordially recommend "The Curse of Adam," which is published in this country by Mr. B. Herder.

-The edition of Lingard's History of England issued by the Catholic Publication Society of America is a reprint of the old edition, in ten volumes, with an additional one by Mr. Hilaire Belloc, B. A., continuing the work to the accession of George V.,-not, as would naturally be supposed from the title-pages of the volumes and the "backbones" of their covers, an entirely new edition edited by Mr. Belloc. The "Introduction" by his Eminence James Cardinal Gibbons consists of twenty-two lines in large type. There are eleven portraits, Dr. Lingard's being the frontispiece of the first volume, Queen Victoria's that of the eleventh. The general index will be found at the end of the tenth volume. The many merits of Lingard's History of England are too well known to need specification; it earned for its author the proud title of Father of Modern English History. He concluded his work with the fall of the

Stuarts. Mr. Belloc deals with the course of events in Great Britain and her dependencies from the fall of Napoleon to the end of the reign of Edward VII. One hundred and fiftysix pages are devoted to the Victorian Period, and (for reasons explained in the Introduction to Part II.) fewer than twenty-seven to the reign of her successor. That this concluding part of Mr. Belloc's volume is intended as a mere summary of events will be plain from the titles of chapter ix. (The Reign of Edward VII.): The Beginning of Germany's Great Fleet, England's New Allies, Establishment of Local Government in Ireland, Results of the South African War, Development of Trades Unions, Old Age Pensions Reform, the Question of Chinese Mine Laborers in South Africa, Cost of the English Consolidated Fund, Loss of Vitality of the House of Lords, Death of Edward VII. To some readers these titles will be surprising. The announcement of a new edition of Lingard's History of England, brought to date, and edited with notes by Hilaire Belloc, and with an Introduction by Cardinal Gibbons, won much attention. Let us hope that this reprint and Mr. Belloc's new volume will win as . much attention as they deserve. Libraries not already supplied with a set of Lingard should, of course, be provided with the present one in preference to any other.

### The Latest Books. A Guide to Good Reading.

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

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

- "The Curse of Adam." Rev. P. M. Northcote. 75 cts.
- "The Daily Life of a Religious." Mother Drane, O. S. D. 45 cts.
- "The Haunted Heart." Agnes and Egerton Castle. \$1.35, net.
- "The Orchard Pavilion." A. C. Benson. \$1.
- "Sunbonnets and Overalls." Etta Craven Hogate and Eulalie Osgood Grover. 40 cts.
- "The Fruit of the Tree." Mabel A. Farnum. \$1.
- "Meditations for Seminarians and Priests." Very Rev. L. Branchereau, S. S. \$1.
- "Alsace and Lorraine." Ruth Putnam. \$1.25.

- "The Three Requests." Eleanor F. Kelly. 2s. 6d.
- "An Eight Days' Retreat for Religious." Rev. H. A. Gabriel, S. J. \$1.50.
- "The Book of Red and Yellow." Francis C. Kelley. 15 cts.
- "Songs of the Country-Side." Daniel Joseph Donahoe. \$1.
- "Grace: Actual and Habitual." Pohle-Preuss. \$2.
- "Minor Works of St. Teresa." Benedictines of Stanbrook. \$1.95.
- "The Upper Room—A Drama of Christ's Passion." Robert Hugh Benson. 80 cts., net.
- "Luther." Hartmann Grisar, S. J. Vol. III. \$3.25, net.
- "Beauty for Ashes." Mrs. Albion Fellows Bacon. \$1.50.
- "The Way of the Heart." Mgr. d'Hulst. \$1.50.

#### Obituary.

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

Rev. William Morgan and Rev. Patrick Power, of the archdiocese of San Francisco; Rev. Edwin Kelly and Rev. Michael Dowling, S. J. Brother John Chrysostom, O. F. X.

Sister M. Innocentia, of the Sisters of St. Joseph; Sister M. Gethsemane, Sisters of the Holy Cross; Sister M. Justine, Sisters of Charity; Sister M. Basilia, O. S. D.; Sister M. Calvary, Sisters of the Good Shepherd; and Sister M. Gertrude, Third Order of St. Francis.

Mr. William Scott, Mr. Frank Kersting, Mr. Aloysius Scheiber, Mr. Paul Bartling, Mr. Michael Sullivan, Miss Mary K. Dexter, Mrs. Bridget Turner, Mr. John Muth, Mrs. Mary McEvoy, Mr. Lawrence Irwin, Mrs. Barbara Lauter, Mrs. Elizabeth Meehan, Mr. E. S. Farnan, Mr. Peter Farnan, Mr. Michael Murphy, Mrs. Mary Watterson, Mrs. Catherine Scott, Mr. John Cuddihy, Mr. Patrick Donovan, Mrs. Margaret Wisely, Mr. Thomas Doyle, Mrs. Catherine Griffin, Mr. Henry Jacob, Mr. L. W. Richardson, Mr. William Murphy, Mr. Joseph Wegmau, Mrs. Nora Hannagan, Mr. Benjamin Brinker, Miss Mary McEnerney, Mr. John Bunyan, and Mr. Henry Damhorst.

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

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee." For the Belgian sufferers:

"In behalf of the souls in purgatory," \$5.



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#### St. Joseph, Protector.

BY E. MERRYWEATHER.

GROTECTOR of the Church world-wide, Christ's holy Spouse, His mystic Bride, That issued from His piercèd side.

Protector of the Mother-Maid, To whom thy holy vows were paid, Within whose arms was Jesus laid.

Protector of the Child Divine— Oh, with what radiance they shine, That glory and that joy of thine!

Be thou, St. Joseph, by our side When perils in our lives betide,— Protector, guardian, loving guide!

Take us, dear Saint, beneath thy care; Make us thy wondrous virtues share; Teach us thy hidden life of prayer.

# The Shrines of Switzerland.

BY WILLIAM P. H. KITCHIN, PH. D.



WITZERLAND is commonly known as the "playground of Europe." Both in summer and in winter the cosmopolitan

**1711** hotels of its cities are crowded with tourists and sight-seers,—votaries of culture visiting Erasmus' tomb at Båle, or Gibbon's erstwhile home at Lausanne; votaries of religion hastening to Geneva, where Calvin preached and Amiel speculated; bishops and priests on the way to or from Rome; English

university dons and head schoolmasters, who practise mountaineering and other Alpine sports with almost academic solemnity; ambitious "mammas" seeking suitable alliances for their daughters; curious clerical personages, from the High Church parson who says "mass" daily, to the "stickit minister" from the uttermost bounds of dissent.

I remember sitting near such a one for some weeks in a hotel at Montreux. At this caravansary the conventionalities were observed with exasperating strictness; and all, under peril of social ostracism, were expected to "dress" for dinner. The problem presents some difficulties for a clergyman at any time, but more particularly on vacation when he "travels light," and without needless impedimenta. But his reverence solved the difficulty by appearing as a layman in light tweeds at lunch, and donning the most orthodox clerical habiliments for dinner. The thought always teasing me was, I wonder if his theology is as amenable and ready to conform to the changing fashions of men as his clothes? In the great hotels one sees, too, an unending procession of more or less ailing persons; for Helvetia's health resorts and sanatoriums, situated varying degrees of altitude, at are crowded with consumptive and neurasthenic patients, who have come to these shrines of nature to seek the inestimable boon too often denied.

But though Switzerland, with its eager tourist traffic, and the more or less tawdry attractions that appeal to the average globe-trotter, is not by any means a country to entertain or nourish devotion, it does possess some notable religious shrines, where the weary and the sick and the sorrow-laden implore grace from our Heavenly Father, through the medium of some of His chosen servants. In sequestered valleys, on the towering eyries of mountains, are these shrines to be found; and from these oases of faith, preserved by God's Providence from the blighting touch of the Reformation, grace and healing and comfort, temporal as well as spiritual, radiate on His children.

A short distance beyond the Lake of Lucerne, within sight of the Bernese Oberland, is an idyllic valley called the Melchthal, watered by the Melch-Aa. At the entrance of this valley stands the church and shrine of St. Nikolaus von der Flüe. Born in 1417, St. Nikolaus lived in the world till his fiftieth year, and was father of a large family. At fifty he left home and, all he had, donned the hermit's garb, and built a tiny cell for himself in a ravine of the Melchthal. He lived this life of penance and solitude for twenty years, and his only food was the Blessed Sacrament, which he received every month. The people of the neighboring towns and villages soon began to reverence him as a saint, and they had recourse to "Bruder Klaus" to help them in their troubles and difficulties, both spiritual and temporal.

In 1468 his prayers saved the little town of Sarnen from fire, and in 1482 he preserved the Diet of Stans from civil war. The confederates, after their victory over Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, quarrelled about the division of the spoil, and Bruder Klaus' tact and gentleness enabled him to bring them to a peaceable adjustment of, their differences. On a' hill near his hermitage stands a beautiful little church; its walls and roof are encrusted with mosaics; and thither the peasants for miles around resort, to beg the prayers and intercession of "Selige Bruder Klaus." In the, church of the nearby village of Sachsen, where he first saw the light, St. Nikolaus is buried; and his coffin, standing upright in a chapel near the high altar, may still be seen.

About seven miles up the valley lies the picturesque village of Melchthal, much frequented as a holiday summer resort, and possessing a shrine of Our Lady. The statue of the Blessed Virgin is very ancient, and is said to have been connected in some way with St. Nikolaus. It stood originally in a chapel built in a ravine called the Ranft, through which flows the Melch-Aa, whence it was transferred miraculously to its present location. This circumstance is commemorated in the following inscription written on a shield placed over the door of the present shrine: "Mary, miraculously transferred from the Ranft to this chapel, shows herself our Mother. 1761."

The legend of Our Lady of Melchthal is an exceedingly curious one, but is nevertheless well supported by contemporary documentary evidence; for the facts alleged took place only in the late eighteenth century. The chapel of the Ranft was being repaired, and its statue of the Blessed Virgin was removed to a private house for safe-keeping. While there it was noticed that Mary's image shone with unearthly radiance. It was thereupon transferred to the curé's house, and the pastor (in a writing still extant) testified that he frequently heard sounds of weeping coming from the room where the statue was kept. Now, the curé of Melchthal used to visit his confrère of the Ranft from time to time. On several occasions the former caught a glimpse of a resplendent lady looking out from a window of the humble presbytery. At last he plucked up courage to ask his host who this personage might be. His amazement was boundless when told that there was absolutely no one in the house, but that a statue of the Blessed Virgin occupied the room at the window of which he had seen the apparition. With

mingled feelings of doubt, wonder and awe, the curé of Melchthal entered the apartment, and recognized at once that the features of the image were those of the lady whom he had seen at the window. He conceived then and there a great devotion toward the Mother of God, and he did not rest satisfied until he had obtained for his own church this marvellous statue, which Mary evidently prized above others.

Some years later the curé's health failed, and he was obliged to leave his parish. Accompanied by a friend, he had already taken the road for what he sadly thought was his last journey, when something prompted him to turn back and breathe a final prayer and say a last "good-bye" to the Blessed Virgin. The two men entered the church, and while the curé went forward to Mary's feet, his friend stayed in the background. As the priest knelt in prayer his companion heard distinctly a female voice speaking to him, but could not distinguish what was said. The curé rose up a healed man; and subsequently many other cures and miracles were wrought at the shrine of Our Lady of Melchthal.

The high altar of the church is dedicated to St. Benedict; there is a large convent of Benedictine nuns near by, in whose garden stands a grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes. The shrine is served by Benedictine Fathers from the neighboring monastery of Engelberg. This abbey was founded as far back as 1082, and is said to have received its name the Angels' Mount (Mons Angelorum) from Pope Calixtus II. In the Middle Ages the abbots of Engelberg were feudal lords over 115 towns and villages, and possessed the right of presentation to all the parishes of the canton of Unterwalden. The library of the monastery, pillaged at the French Revolution, contained as many as 20,000 volumes and 200 manuscripts, some of which were extremely rare and valuable. To-daythe Fathers minister to the spiritual wants of about 2000 persons, and also

maintain a school of 100 pupils. The farm lands and buildings of the establishment are very extensive, and the industry of cheese-making is practised on a large scale.

All these sanctuaries, however, venerable and inspiring though they are, pale before the refulgent glories of Einsiedeln, or Notre Dame des Hermites, which indeed may be styled without any misnomer the Lourdes of Switzerland. In the ninth century St. Meinrad, Count of Sulgen, established himself as a hermit on Mount Etzel bringing with him a miraculous statue of Our Lady, which had been given him by the Abbess Hildegarde of Zürich. Murdered in 861 by robbers, coveted the supposed riches of who the shrine, his place was taken by other recluses enamored of the hermit's life. In the tenth century Abbot Eberhard formed them into a community under the Benedictine rule, and built a church and monastery for them. Legends say that in 948 this church was miraculously consecrated by Christ Himself, assisted by the four Evangelists, St. Peter and St. Gregory the Great.

Pilgrimages to this favorite shrine of the Holy Virgin have continued practically uninterrupted from St. Meinrad's day until the present time, and every year from 150,000 to 200,000 persons come to pay their devotions and make their requests to Our Lady of Einsiedeln. There may be seen Swiss from every town and village of the Republic, clothed in their curious national costumes and wearing in their hats bunches of edelweiss and Alpine roses. Foreign pilgrims, too, are exceedingly numerous. From Germany and Italy, from France and England, and even from our own America devout worshippers come to lay their cares, their anxieties and their failings at Mary's feet. During the last years of his life the late Cardinal Rampolla never failed to spend a portion of every summer vacation with the Benedictine Fathers of Einsiedeln.

The present abbey church was built between 1704 and 1720; it is a fine specimen of the baroque period, contains seventeen altars, and is flanked by two tall and slender towers. In its nave stands the shrine of Mary, or Gnade-Capelle, rich in marbles and priceless woods, and sheltering her miraculous image,-a true "Chapel of Grace" no doubt to thousands of earth's weary, sorrow-laden and disillusioned children. The faces of Mother and Child are black — a peculiarity perhaps enhanced by the rich gold brocade draping the figures. Our Lady of Einsiedeln reminds the traveller of Notre Dame du Pilier, in Chartres' gorgeous fane; this latter is also black, but far more beautiful in feature than the former. Within the Gnade-Capelle stands a magnificent chandelier presented in memory of his mother by Napoleon III., who made a pilgrimage to the sanctuary in 1865.

The two great feasts of Einsiedeln are the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, . August 15, and the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, September 14. One must be furnished with a ticket to receive Holy Communion within the Chapel of Grace on these occasions; and even then a delay of two and three hours is often necessary, so dense are the throngs of pilgrims. They stand patiently at the gates barring the entrance of the shrine, and are admitted in small groups by a server. As soon as they have received the Sacred Host they promptly make way for others. Masses succeed one another from daybreak to noon; and the faithful who have been unable to receive Holy Communion at Our Lady's feet are given It at another altar in close proximity to the sanctuary.

In the evening Vespers are sung in the presence of the abbot, with that beauty of ritual and perfection of execution so characteristic of the Benedictines. The slow, measured chant of the Office, the well-defined pauses, the deep reverence at each *Gloria Patri*, the exquisite

rendition of every antiphon and hymn, show that the monks are putting their whole soul into the sacred liturgy, and that they realize, as we who live in the world do not, that the divine psalmody is really and truly the *Opus Dei*—the work of God *par excellence*, the tribute of prayer and praise due every day from the creature to the Creator.

During the chanting of the Salve Regina the monks come down in procession through the church, halt at the Chapel of Grace and conclude Vespers there,thus saying, as it were, "good-night" to Our Lady. Meanwhile the pilgrims crowd around the shrine in devout throngs, and the setting sun streaming gloriously through the western windows seems emblematic of the graces and blessings radiating from Mary's hands. In the starry night a torchlight procession, similar to the great processions of Lourdes. climbs the mountain-side, singing hymns to the Mother of God; and the pilgrims return to their distant - homes, uplifted and consoled, with their heavy burdens lightened, their loving confidence strengthened, and the precious grace of resignation vouchsafed them through the all-powerful intercession of Our Lady of Einsiedeln.

THE only-begotten Son of God ever paid to His Most Holy Mother indubitable marks of honor. During His private life on earth He associated her with Himself in each of His first two miracles: the miracle of grace, when, at the salutation of Mary, the infant leaped in the womb of St. Elizabeth; the miracle of nature, when He turned water into wine at' the marriage feast of Cana. And at the supreme moment of His public life, when sealing the New Testament in His Precious Blood, He committed her to His beloved Apostle in those sweet words, "Behold thy Mother!"

-Pope Leo XIII.

#### The Secret Bequest.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

х.

ONORA, why aren't you ready? Have you forgotten that you promised to go out with me this morning?"

Cecily's voice was sharp with impatience as she entered the room where Honora, pen in hand, was sitting at an open desk, a page covered with writing and figures before her. She turned hastily and apologetically.

"Oh, I am sorry!" she said. "But I had forgotten completely. And now you must excuse me, for I am very busy---"

"Busy!" Cecily echoed the word in a tone of intense disgust. "I thought that was one thing you were done with being busy, and giving up things you want to do for such stuff as that!"

She pointed disdainfully to the businesslike sheet on the desk; and as Honora looked at her she thought not so much of her, words as of how pretty she was in a charming costume of silvery gray, with a picture hat, covered with plumes, shading her lovely face and splendid masses of hair.

"I've never imagined that I was done with being busy," Honora said. "How could I be when there's so much business connected with this large estate?"

"But there are other people to attend to it—people employed and paid for that purpose,—so why should you make a slave of yourself?" Cecily demanded. "What's the good of having the fortune if it doesn't set you free to do what you like?"

"How can one ever be free to do exactly what one likes?" her sister asked. "There are always duties that must come first—"

"That," Cecily interrupted, "is nonsense, and at present simply an excuse to be disobliging. There's nothing to compel you to sit over those stupid accounts, or whatever they are, this lovely day, instead of coming out with me."

"But there really *is* something," Honora insisted. "I have an appointment with Bernard Chisholm this morning. We are to settle about some improvements to be made in the factories. So you see, although I'm sorry to be disobliging, I can't go out with you."

"If Bernard Chisholm is coming and you promised to be in, I suppose you can't very well go out," Cecily grudgingly admitted. "But you should have remembered your promise to me before you made the appointment. I particularly wanted you to see my portrait this morning. Julian has had an awful time over it, but I think he has really got something very good at last."

"Then it must have changed amazingly since I saw it," Honora remarked. "It wasn't the least like you then."

"That's the reason I wanted you to see it to-day—to judge of the likeness now. It's very provoking, your disappointing me this way. And Mrs. Selwyn is coming to see it, too."

"Well, you'll be there, and the portrait; so I don't see that I am at all necessary," Honora laughed.

"Not if you don't take any interest in my picture—" Cecily began.

"You know that I take the keenest interest," Honora interposed. "But I've seen a great many portraits of you, and this one didn't seem to promise very much."

"Don't take the trouble to apologize." Cecily began to put on her gloves with rather an aloof air. "Of course I understand that the factories are much more interesting; and the fact is that you haven't thrown off the yoke of the business drudge yet, and I don't believe that you ever will."

"Give me a little more time, and perhaps I may," Honora smiled whimsically. "At all events, it's the greatest possible pleasure to me that you are free from any necessity to drudge, that you can go out into the sunshine and enjoy yourself like "

"Any other butterfly." It was Cerily's turn to laugh now, and in the laughter her vesation evaporated, the stooped and dropped a light kiss on her sister's check, "Dear old thing!" she said affect tionately. "As it I didn't know that you like mothing so much as to see me arrayed like the blics of the held, and, in common phrase, 'having a good time'' But f'm determined that you shall have a good time, then, so you muy just take warming. I won't allow anything like this to happen again. If you've promised to go out with me, you shall go, whether the factories use in the way or not. And as for Bernard Chishidan

"What are you going to do with him?" a votec behind her asked

Creity which d around, to face the young man which that moment had been shown into the room, and which advanced with initiation had hand and annual eyes. "If it's to be anything very dreading.

let the blow full at once," he pleaded. "I've a great objection to suspense,"

"You shall be tored to have dividgery, and be carried off to idle also," the girl told him severely. "I've just been quarrelling with Honora because she promised to go out with me this marning, and now she informs me that she can't go because she has an appointment with you about some wretched factory improvements,"

"Oh, but really that can wait!" Bernard said, turning quickly to Honora. "There's no immediate need of haste, and I can come any other time, if you prefet to go out to day."

"But I don't prefer to do so," Honora answered, "Cecily says that I haven't thrown off the yoke of a business drudge yet, And perhaps she's right; for I couldn't think of neglecting something that ought to be done, for more anneement not to speak of sending you away, after you've been so kind as to come for a special purpose." "That wouldn't matter, I assure you,"

"It would matter very much to me; so we will not discuss it, please. And, Cecily, if the car is waiting, hadn't you better go?"

"Being dismissed, perhaps I had," Cecily replied, as she met Bernard's laughing eyes, eyes which told her that he also was admiring her beanty. "Come and look at our new linearsine," she bade him. "Honora can spare you for a few minutes from the factory improvements."

"I have already seen the fimousine, but I shall have pleasure in seeing you in it," he told her, as they went out together to where a handsoniedy appointed automobile, with liveried chauffeur, was awaiting her. "It is of the latest and most approved model," he said, running an approvative eye over the lines of the lowswing car. "I hope you like it."

"I adme 11" she declared. "I don't know anything that gives one a keener sense of the case and power of wealth than a car like this. How often t've looked at women in such cars, as they were borne along so swittly and husuriously, and enviced them are you surprised?" She broke off as she caught his glance, "But, of course I envied them. One must desire the beautiful and husurious things of life if one hasn't got them. It is sheer hypocrisy to pretend otherwise."

"There are some people to whom they are so appropriate that one must be very glad when they have obtained, them," he said, regarding the charming picture she made, after he had placed her in the earand closed the door.

But she flushed a fittle as she booked up at him.

"You are always saying things like that to me," she exclaimed; "and, kind as they sound, I'm not at all sure that they are flattering. Just now I think you don't want to tell me that you consider me a very poor creature, to care so much for wealth, and all that wealth can buy, as I frankly confess that I do,"

"But, good heavenst" he protested,

"why should you imagine that I want to tell you anything of the kinds' the never for a moment thought you a poor creature for having desires that are allogether natural in one so young and so

<sup>11</sup> Ornamental,<sup>11</sup> she supplied, as he had tated, <sup>11</sup> Yes, I am uncannantal and cather frivolous, I know, but I can't help wondering whether you wouldn't have tell as I did, if you had been to my place

"Netv likely 1 should," to admitted.

<sup>10</sup> And 1 also womber,<sup>15</sup> also wont on <sup>10</sup> whether you could have physic up what you have, it you had ever booking what privary really to<sup>15</sup>. A shocking such what privary really to<sup>15</sup>. A shocking such what the beautiful ever booking at him — 10 to the beautiful ever booking at him — 10 to the beautiful ever booking at him — 10 to the beautiful ever booking at him — 10 to the beautiful ever booking at him — 10 to the beautiful ever booking at him — 10 to the beautiful ever booking at him — 10 to the beautiful ever booking at him — 10 to him matry that are most hom of bother you'd parchait my conjectment of the pool both that him come to us, even though it come through you have <sup>15</sup>.

<sup>19</sup> But the muthing to period, be desired her "On the contrary Concoloulubily since in felling you that it is a pleasure to witness your supermout, and you much 't group, us a fittle satisfaction in thinking that Charse heat a small share in putting you where you succeeds before "

<sup>19</sup> Van are containly a commutation person,<sup>10</sup> and sould, starting of him <sup>201</sup> A little satisfaction,<sup>1</sup> and <sup>1</sup> a should alone,<sup>1</sup> when it's owing to you, and to you above, that I'm in these happy combination that I'm in these happy combination financine and all, instead of still eating 'my heart out with discontant and so yo in New York.<sup>10</sup>

"Oh, no," he interpresed quickly, "you don't owe the change to me, second in a very indirect way! You musta't forget that it was my uncle's unprompted act to make your sister his heiress."

"I wonder why he did?" she murmured: "I've wondered from the first: It was such a very strange thing to do — to select a girl whom he didn't even know."

"He knew certain things about her which appealed to him strongly," "Phat hardly explaine his putting an much power in his hands. I don't mean that his made a interate in doing and she added has the search have formed by a bar in the search have formed a substand many come bottoms have formed a substand many come bottoms have for his hardines. The division of the bottom the search of the products that he doling formed the "The division of the mode on interates."

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She nodded gaily, and the next moment he stood watching the invarious car as it glided away, with a smile which Cecily would hardly have understood if she had seen it? The smile was still on his lips and in his eyes when he re-entered the room where Honora was waiting for him; and she, too, smiled sympathetically as she looked at him.

"Cecily has evidently amused you," she said.

"She always amuses me," he answered frankly; "she is so outspoken in all that she thinks or desires. Just now she has been confiding to me her fears about you."

"And what does she fear about me?"

"Don't you know? That you are taking your inheritance too seriously; that you are not enjoying it as you should, but are making yourself a slave and drudge—those were her expressions—to the business."

"But I am not doing anything of the kind," Honora said quietly. "Cecily simply doesn't understand that there are things in life more important than enjoying oneself. You see" (apologetically), "she is so young, and she has been so starved for enjoyment that it is only natural she should be intensely eager for it, and unable to realize that everyone is not so eager as she is."

"That was her word—'starved,"" Bernard said. "But surely *you* were starved also, and more than she, since your work was harder, and the burden of responsibility rested on you, unless I am mistaken."

"But that made it easier instead of harder," Honora answered. "If one's thoughts are absorbed by one's work and one's responsibilities, one hasn't time to long for what one hasn't got. I never even thought of enjoyment: it was a thing too remote from my life."

"Then there's all the more reason you should think of it now," he told her with energy. "Upon my soul, I believe your sister is right, and that you need to be stirred to enjoy the freedom and fortune that has come to you, instead of taking up a burden of work with which there's really no need that you should trouble yourself."

"There's the need that I could not be satisfied otherwise," she said. "I should feel as if I were receiving everything and giving nothing. Besides, I have what Cecily regards as the perverted taste of liking work. It interests me. For instance, I am keenly interested in these improvements in the factories which you have suggested. Shall we decide about them now?"

"May I say a few words first?" He sat down in a chair beside the desk at which she was seated, and looked at her with a rather deprecating expression in his hazel eyes. "I am afraid," he said, "that I was hasty in suggesting so many improvements. They will require a great deal of money—"

"But you said that the money was available for the purpose."

"So it is: but it is the accumulation of the income; and if you devote it to this purpose you can't use it for other purposes, you know."

"Really" (she laughed a little) "that is quite evident. But why should I want to use it for other purposes?"

"It's possible that you might," he urged. "You haven't been in this new position long enough to be able to 'tell what you may or may not wish to do, what need you may have for money. I am quite sure that before deciding to spend so large a sum as the proposed improvements call for you should wait a little."

"I see that Cecily has been talking to you to some purpose," Honora remarked. "But you are mistaken in thinking that I have not settled what I intend to spend of an income which is much larger than I shall require."

"You can't possibly be sure of that yet."

"But I am sure of it." She spoke with decision. "Let me remind you that I have had the advantage of a business training in more ways than one, and that system in the expenditure of money therefore comes easily to me. I know exactly what I shall need to spend of the income, and I shall not exceed that amount."

"You are certainly taking your inheritance in a Spartan spirit," he commented. "But why limit yourself so severely? And aren't you leaving out of your calculations a young lady who thinks that money is of use only to purchase pleasure?"

"Cecily has her allowance, which she can spend as she likes," Honora replied. "That has been arranged; and I shall not let her ideas influence my expenditures."

A gleam of laughter came into Bernard's eyes.

"I have not had the pleasure of knowing Cecily very long," he observed, "but I would nevertheless be willing to wager a good deal that her ideas will influence your expenditures more than you count upon. And why not? Why practise an economy for which there is no need? The fortune is yours without restriction, and you are accountable to no one for the manner in which you spend it."

"I am accountable to my own conscience," she said; "and that tells me that I must avoid extravagance, and administer the estate carefully as—as I'm sure Mr. Chisholm would have wished me to do."

"You don't seem able to rid yourself of the idea that the estate is still Mr. Chisholm's," Bernard told her. "'Our last robe is made without pockets,' you know; and he has nothing more to do with it."

"His wishes have a great deal to do with it for me," she answered. "I am anxious that everything shall be done as he would have desired, and that means as you desire."

"As I desire!" he echoed in surprise. "Why do you say that?"

"Because I know—everybody knows that he desired nothing so much as to entrust all his interests to you," she answered. "He had such entire confidence in your ability to carry on his work as he wished it carried on; but you disappointed him, and he was obliged to find a substitute. Oh, I don't see how you could have done it!" she broke off reproachfully. "Living here in his house, I feel more and more how hard he must have found it to put a stranger in your place."

"And don't you feel at all how hard it was to me—to disappoint him?" the young man asked in a low tone. "It was, I assure you, the hardest thing I was ever called upon to do."

"But were you called upon to do it?" she questioned. "Shouldn't the human claims of affection and gratitude have made you spare him—made you pause in what you wished to do—or at least wait?"

"You are not thinking of what you are saying," he told her. "To wait would have been the worst betrayal: it would have been to take by falsity what he would never have given had he known the truth. No: it had to be a clear issue for him to face as well as for me,—a clear choice to be made."

"But why?" she demanded. "What rendered the compulsion so great? What, after all, were you doing but following your own wishes and fancies?"

"Is that all that it seems to you?" he asked a little wonderingly. "Do you believe that merely to follow my own wishes and fancies I could have given such disappointment to one to whom I owed so much, not to speak of the other loss involved? I thought—though I had really no right to think anything of the kind—that you would understand better what was involved."

"No, I don't understand," she confessed. "At first I was struck with admiration of the sacrifice you had made of all you had given up for the sake of a conviction. It seemed absolutely heroic. You see, I was thinking only of your side of the matter. But since I've been here I've thought more of the other, side,—of the old man who cared so much for you, and whom you disappointed so cruelly; and it seems to me now—forgive me, but I must say it!—that there was more selfishness than heroism in your action."

He nodded. "You are quite right," he said. "There was more selfishness than heroism in my action; in fact, I am unable to see that there was any heroism at all."

"Then why—" she began again and paused.

"Why was I so selfish?" he took up her question. "Why did I think more of following a certain light of conviction which had come to me than of gratifying the wishes and deferring to the prejudices of an old man whose hopes and affections were centred in me? Well, there's only one answer to that. You can't have forgotten who it was that said, 'He that loveth father or mother' or anybody or anything else on earth 'more than Me, is not worthy of Me.'"

She looked at him with eyes full of curious wonder.

"No, I haven't forgotten it — at least not altogether," she said. "But aren't you straining the application of the words? They can't mean that everything and everybody must be given up when it becomes a question of entering the Catholic Church? It's possible to love— Him outside of that Church."

"To some people, yes," Bernard conceded. "But there are others to whom it is clearly shown that that is the only way; and — and, you see, there's no choice but to follow the light when it is given, no matter at what cost to oneself or to others."

"It is a terrible doctrine," she said, shivering a little. "It is not strange that the world has rebelled against it."

"I don't want to preach to you," he replied, with a smile, "or I might quote something very apposite about the world. But you'll let me say that one who has shown such devotion to high ideals of duty and such disregard of self as you have in your life ought to be able to understand these things more clearly."

"Ah, but my devotion has been to

human ties, to the duties of human relationship!" she answered. "I have always felt that one must be faithful to these or else one is worthless."

""You felt rightly," he said; "and, happily, they do not often conflict with a higher duty. But if they do—"

He paused, and looked around the room in which they sat, as if recalling such a conflict which had once been fought out here. Then, as his eyes came back to meet hers, she seemed to catch a glimpse of what that conflict had cost him.

"If only one could take all the pain upon oneself," he said, "things would be easy. But human life is inextricably complicated; and to hurt others — those who care for us, and who don't understand — that is something beside which loss of fortune is insignificant."

"I could never do it!" she declared passionately. "Nothing which concerned myself alone could ever make me do it."

She was aware that there was something like compassion in the eyes which still rested on her, and after a moment—

"I was about to say that I hoped you would never be tried in such a manner," Bernard told her; "but, after all, that would not be to hope the best for you and I think you are worthy of the best."

She put up her hands, as if pushing the suggestion away from her.

"No, no!" she cried, "I am not worthy of what you mean by the best, and—and I hope I may never be tested in such a way. I should not be able to do what you have done; for I see now that to have given up the fortune was the smallest part of the sacrifice. To wound affection, to disappoint hope — that was hardest; and I beg your pardon for having been so obtuse as not to know it."

"I am quite sure that you are never obtuse," he told her gently. "But I have talked enough about myself; and now, since you insist upon it, we'll look over the plans and estimates of work to be done in connection with the factories."

(To be continued.)

#### Memorials of Desert Saints.\*

#### BY ST. JEROME (420).

NASMUCH as I have been requested earnestly and frequently on several occasions, by the brotherhood of blessed men who had their habitation in the Mount of Olives, to write an account of the lives and deeds of the blessed men. and of the solitary dwellers who were in Egypt, according to what I myself have seen of their abundant love and their patient endurance and their vexatious toil for God's sake, I have then put my trust in their prayers, and have been so bold as to narrate the following history, and to set it down in writing, so that I myself may gain a fair and abundant reward, and so that those who hearken unto the same may be benefited thereby, and may emulate such beautiful deeds, and may depart from the world in a state of perfection, and may enjoy peace and rest through the excellent long-suffering of their toil. For in very truth I have observed and seen the treasure of Christ which is hidden under human garments; and I have not buried it for the advantage of many, but have brought it forward that it may be for the good of everyone. And I am sure that for me to give this benefit to the blessed brethren will be noble merchandise for me; for they will pray for the redemption of my soul.

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I saw on the borders of the city of Lycus, in the Thebaïd, the great and blessed man John, ... who possessed the power of prophecy to an extraordinary degree, according to what I have heard from the fathers who were constantly with him; and as the lives of these men were well known to the inhabitants of the country, and were carefully scrutinized by them, it is impossible to think that their stories about him were in any way hypocritical.

The blessed John made manifest wonderful things to stranger folk who used to come to him; and he very frequently made known to the people of the city who used to come to him beforehand concerning their affairs, and showed them the things which were about to happen. And he told each one of them that which was done by him in secret. He foretold concerning the rise of the river Nile, and the good crop which there would be as the result thereof, and described it unto them; and he declared and pointed out the time when the anger of God was about to come upon them, and rebuked those who were the cause of the same.

Now, there were of us seven brethren who were strangers, and who went to him all together; and having given us the salutation of peace with his glorious face, and shown his gladness at seeing us to each one of us, we asked him before anything else to offer up a prayer on our behalf; for it is the custom with all our fathers in Egypt to do this. Then he asked me if there was, perchance, a man among us who was a priest or deacon; and although we said there was none such among us all, he well knew that there was one among us who was hiding his honourable rank. Now, there was among us one who had received the deaconship, but only one of the brethren (and he was with us) knew of this: and the deacon, through humility, prohibited him from making this known to any one. "For," said he, "in comparison with these holy men I am not worthy to be called even Christian; permit me, then, not to make use of the honour of deaconship." Then the blessed man pointed out to us all with his hand the deacon, and said, "This brother is a deacon"; whereupon the deacon denied this repeatedly; thinking to lead us astray; but the blessed man grasped the hand of the deacon and kissed it, and begged him, rebuking him at the same time, saying, "Wrong not the grace of God, O my son, and lie not concerning the gift of Christ with the denial of an

<sup>\*</sup> Selected and abridged from the Saint's account of his visit to Egypt. See Vol. I. of "The Paradise of the Fathers," translated by Dr. Wallis Budge.

alien; for falsehood, whether it be uttered concerning a small matter or a great one, or something which is convenient, is still falsehood, and is not to be praised. For our Redeemer said, 'All falsehood is of the Evil One.'" (St. Matthew, v, 33-37; St. John, viii, 44.) And the deacon, being thus rebuked, accepted the reproof of the old man pleasantly.

And when we had prayed and made an end of our supplications, one of us became afflicted with shiverings and strong fever, and he begged the blessed John that he might be healed. Then the blessed man said unto him. "This sickness is for thy benefit, because a diminution of faith hath come upon thee." But he gave him some oil, and let him anoint himself therewith; and he was completely cured of his sickness, and departed on his own feet with us to the place where travellers rested.

Now, the blessed man appears to have been about ninety years old, and his whole body was emaciated and frail as if by the severity of his rule of life, and no hair whatsoever remained upon his cheeks; and he ate nothing whatsoever except dried vegetables (or fruits), and in the period of his old age he did this at sunset. In the early part of his career he suffered severely, because he would neither eat bread nor anything which had been cooked by fire. And he commanded us, and we sat down with him, and we gave thanks unto God that we were esteemed worthy to see him; and, he rejoiced in us as if we had been beloved children of his who were meeting their father after a long absence; and with a joyful countenance he held converse with us, saying, "Where do ye come from, my sons, and from what country? Ye have come to a miserable and wretched man."

When we told him the name of the country, and that we had come to him from Jerusalem for the benefit of our souls, and that that which we had received with our ears we might see with our own eyes, for the hearing of the ears is less

trustworthy than the sight of the eyes, and frequently error maketh its way into what is heard by the ears, whilst the remembrance of what a man hath seen can never be blotted out from the heart, and the description of the same will be permanently fixed in the mind, the blessed man John answered and said unto us, "What great thing did ye think ye would see, O beloved sons, that ye have come all this way, and have toiled all this great toil? Did ve desire to come and see miserable men and wretched men? We possess nothing whatsoever which is worth looking or wondering at. There are, however, in every place men who are wonderful and who are worthy of admiration, - that is, men who are called in the Church the Prophets and Apostles of God; and of these it is meet that we should emulate their example.

"But I marvel greatly at the indefatigable zeal which made you treat the tribulations of the journey with contempt in order that ye might come hither, for your welfare, to men who, because of their sluggishness, are unwilling to go out of their caves. And I say that, although that which ye have now done meriteth praise, ye must not allow the thought to come into your minds that ye have fulfilled completely every duty, but ye must make yourselves to be like unto your fathers in respect of the glorious rules of life by which they were guided and the works which they did. For although ye possess all the virtues, which is a difficult matter to accomplish, ye must not even so be overconfident in yourselves; for the men who have become puffed up with pride, and who thought they had arrived at the stage of being worthy of praise, have subsequently fallen from their high estate. But examine yourselves carefully and see whether your consciences are pure, so that purity may not be driven out from your minds; and let not your thoughts wander about at the season when ye stand up in prayer before God; and let not any other thought enter into

your mind and turn it away from that glorious sight of God which riseth upon the pure heart at the season of prayer, and which enlighteneth and maketh the understanding to shine; and let not the remembrance of evil thoughts disturb your minds. And examine yourselves and see whether ye do not desire to possess the vainglory of ascetic deeds; and whether ve do not, after the manner of men who boast themselves before men, possess only the similitude of our ascetic deeds. And take heed lest any passion whatsoever vex you, or any longing for honor or glory from the children of men. And do not think that ye are righteous men only, but be ye diligent and zealous in very truth, that ye may neither be boastful nor unduly exalted by applause."

And we saw also another wonderful man whose name was Abbâ Hôr. Now, he was the Abbâ of one thousand monks; and he had an angelic form, and was about ninety years of age; his beard flowed down over his breast, and it was white and beautiful: and his countenance was so glorious that those that saw him were reproved by the sight thereof only. And when this blessed man saw us, he rejoiced in us, and saluted us, and straightway he offered up a prayer; and he washed our feet with his own hands, and began to teach us; for he was, exceedingly well acquainted with the Scriptures, even as a man who had received the gift from God; and he expounded to us many chapters of the Scriptures, and delivered to us the orthodox faith; moreover, he urged us to prayer, and to partake of the heavenly mysteries. For it was the habit of all the monks not to give food to their bodies until they had offered spiritual sustenance to their souls-that is to say, the participation in the Body and Blood of Christ.

And, having partaken of the mysteries, we gave thanks unto God. And he urged us to come to the table of food, and he called to our recollection the ascetic lives of noble men, and said, "I know a certain man in this desert who for three years past hath not eaten anything which is of this earth, but an angel cometh to him once in three days, and bringeth him heavenly food and placeth it in his mouth, and this sufficeth him instead of meat and drink. And I know that there came to this man in a lying vision devils who were in the form of horses and chariots of fire and numerous horsemen, as if they had come from a king; and one said unto him, 'Thou hast become perfect in everything, O man! But now bow down and worship me, and I will take thee up to heaven like Elijah.' Then the monk said in his mind, 'I worship the King and Redeemer every day, and if this creature were a king he would not ask me to worship him now.' And when he had said unto him that which was in his mind, 'I have a King, and I worship Him always, and thou art not a king,' immediately the devil removed himself and was no more found." Now, Abbâ Hôr told us these things because he wished to conceal his own rules and manner of life, and to tell us stories about those of other monks; but the fathers who were always with him told us that it was Abbâ Hôr himself who had seen these things.

And we came also to Oxyrhyncus, a city in Thebaïs; but we are not able to relate all the wonderful things which we saw therein. The sanctuaries and the temples which are therein, and all the spaces about them, are filled with the And besides these there were monks. thirteen churches in which the people assembled, for the city was exceedingly large. There was a place set apart for the monks to pray in each of the monasteries. And one might think that the monks were not very much fewer in numbers than the ordinary inhabitants of the city; for they were so numerous that they even filled the buildings at the entrances to the city, and Some of the monks lived in the towers by the side of the gates thereof. Now the people that there was not an hour, either a

day or the night, wherein they were not performing the service of God. And all the inhabitants of the city were believers, and they would hearken to the Scriptures so readily that the bishop was able to proclaim peace to the people even in the streets; and the officers and the princes of the city, who were lavish in their gifts to the congregations, used to place watchers at the gates and entrances thereof, that if they saw any needy person or any stranger they might bring him to them, in order that they might supply his need from their gifts.

And what shall we say concerning the fear of God which was in these men to such a degree that, when they saw us, who were strangers, passing through the streets, they drew nigh, like angels, unto us and helped us? We would make known that which we have learned from the holy bishop who was there, --- namely, that he had under his authority ten thousand monks and twenty thousand virgins. Ι am wholly unable to express how great is the love of strangers and the affection which exist among these men and women; for our cloaks and the other portions of our apparel were well-nigh torn to rags by the force which each one of them, in the ardor of his love, displayed in dragging us to his home. Some of the fathers and monks possessed extraordinary gifts; some had the gift of speaking, and some of doing works, and some of doing mighty deeds, and some of working signs.

And we also saw another blessed man, who lived at some distance from the city, at a place which faced the open desert, and his name was Theon; he was a holy man, who had shut himself up in a small house by himself, and he had kept silence for thirty years, and because he had performed many mighty deeds he was held to be a prophet among the people. For every day a multitude of sick folk went forth to him, and he would stretch out his hand through the window and lay it upon them, and would send them away healed. Now, the countenance of the blessed man appeared to be like that of an angel, and his eyes sparkled, and he was filled with all the grace of God.

A short time ago certain thieves came by night against the blessed man from a great distance, thinking that they would find a large quantity of gold with him, and they were prepared to kill him; but when he said a prayer they found themselves fast bound with ropes before the door, and they had to stay there until the morning. And when the crowds of people came to him in the morning, they had it in their minds to commit the thieves to the flames, but the blessed man felt himself urged to speak a word unto the men, and he said, "Let these thieves depart in peace; for if ye do not let them, the gracious gift of healing which I possess will depart from me." Then the multitudes hearkened unto his words; for they did not dare to treat them lightly, and straightway the thieves went and took up their abode with the brethren and monks, and changed their former manner of life, because they truly repented of that which they had done in the past.

Now, this man, through the gift which God had bestowed upon him, knew three languages: he was able to read Greek, Latin, and Egyptian,-a fact concerning the blessed man which we have learned from many folk; and when he knew that we were strangers he wrote down the fact in a book, and thanked God on our behalf. His food consisted of garden herbs; and they said that he used to go forth from his cell by night and mingle with the wild animals of the desert, and he gave them to drink of the water which he found. The footmarks which appeared by the side of his abode were those of buffaloes and goats and gazelle, in the sight of which he took great pleasure.

But why should I not describe the things which we saw with our own eyes in the district of the Thebaïs? How at the time when the five hundred brethren were about to refresh themselves the baskets came in full, and when the brethren

had eaten and were filled from them, by the blessing of the blessed Apollo they went forth still being full. And it is right that we should describe another miracle which we saw and marvelled at. When we three brethren went to visit the blessed Apollo, and the brethren saw us from where he was, they recognized us by the descriptions which they had heard from him of our journey; and they met us with gladness and sang songs of praise, for such is the custom with all the brethren. And having bowed down with their faces to the ground, they rose up, and gave us the salutation of peace, and said to their companions, "Behold, the brethren of whom our Abbâ spake unto us three days ago have come to us; for he had said, 'Behold, after three days three brethren will come to you from Jerusalem."" And some of the brethren were going before us, rejoicing and singing Psalms; some followed behind answering them, until we arrived at the place where the blessed man was; and when father Apollo heard the sound of their singing, he also came forth to meet us, according to the custom of the brethren. And when he saw us, he was the first to bow low to the ground, and he stretched out his hand, and rose up and kissed us; and he led us in, and prayed, and washed our feet with his own hands, and pressed us to rest ourselves and to partake of food; for it was his custom to do this to all the brethre who came to visit him.

And what shall one say concerning all the teachings of the blessed Apollo, which resembled his life and deeds, and which it is impossible for a man to write down, or even to mention in fitting manner? On several occasions we conversed together the whole Sabbath; and when he was escorting us on our way back he said to us, "May ye have peace one with one another, and let no man separate himself from his companion on the way." Then he said to the brethren who were with him, "Who among you is willing of his own accord to go and escort these brethren on the way to the other fathers?" And, with but very few exceptions, all the brethren sought anxiously to go with us and to escort us on our way; but the holy man Apollo selected three of them,-men who were mighty in their ascetic labors, and understanding in their speech. Now, they had been instructed in the languages of the Greeks and the Romans and the Egyptians; and, sending them with us, he commanded them not to leave us until we had seen all the fathers whom we wished to see, and had rejoiced in holding converse with them. Now, it would have been impossible for a man to see all the fathers, even in the whole period of his life. Then he blessed us, and sent us away.

What shall we say of the upper part of the Thebaïd-namely, that which is near Syene, wherein live many wonderful men and countless monks, who lead lives which are wholly beyond the nature of ordinary men? For at the present time they raise the dead, and, like Peter, they walk upon the water, and, to this very day, everything which our Redeemer performed by His saints is performed by these holy men. Now, because of the great danger which we should run of thieves and barbarians falling upon us, we did not dare to go up the Nile any farther to the south than Lycus, and therefore could not see the holy men who were there. And we were not able to know even the fathers of whom we have spoken above without toil and tribulation, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that we were able to narrate their histories, for in order to do this we had to suffer much, and we were within a very little of having to endure many tribulations; but at length we were worthy to see these men. For on seven occasions we were delivered, and on the eighth evil came not nigh unto us, because, at all times, God protected us.

On the first occasion we nearly perished of hunger and thirst whilst we were wandering about in the desert without

food for five days and five nights. On the second occasion we fell among savage, rugged mountains until our feet were pierced by the stones, and we suffered very great pain, and very nearly had to yield up our souls. On the third occasion we sank in the mud several times up to our backs, and there was none to help us, and we cried out the words of the blessed David, "Save me, O God, for the waters have come even unto my soul. I have sunk into a dark abyss, wherein is no place on which to stand. Save me from the mire, that I sink not." (Psalm lxviii, 1, 2.) On the fourth occasion a flood of many waters burst upon us at the period of the inundation of the Nile, and we walked about in the water, and we sank down very nearly to the nostrils of the animal which we rode, and we cried out and said, "Drown us not, O Lord, in a whirlpool of waters, and let not the abyss swallow us up, and let not the pit close its mouth over us." (Psalm lxviii, 15, 16.) On the fifth occasion we fell in with some river thieves whilst we were walking along on the river banks to go into the city of Dekapolis, and they pursued us and sought to capture us, until very little breath was left in our nostrils, for they chased us for a distance of ten miles. On the sixth occasion we were sailing on the Nile when the boat capsized and sank under us. On the seventh occasion we were arriving at Lake Mareotis, and we were cast up on a small desert island, where the papyrus plant groweth, and we passed there three whole days and nights under the open sky in -severe cold and with the rain falling upon us.

The story of the eighth occasion may be superfluous, but it is helpful. For when we were going to Nitria we passed a great deep place in one of the fields, which was full of water, and after the waters had run off the fields several crocodiles remained therein. Now, three very large crocodiles were stretched out on the edge of the pool, and we drew nigh to them that

we might see them, because we thought they were dead. But they ran after us very fast, and we cried out with a loud voice, saying, "In the name of Jesus Christ, spare our souls," whereupon the crocodiles, as if they had been driven away from us by angels, cast themselves into the water. And we made our way to Nitria with all possible haste, and as we went we meditated upon the words of the righteous man Job, who said, "Six times He shall deliver thee from tribulation, and on the seventh evil shall not draw nigh unto thee." (Job, v, 19.) Therefore we gave thanks unto Our Lord, who had redeemed us out of all tribulations, and had made manifest unto us great and marvellous revelations by the hands of his believing saints and monks.

#### Under the Snow.

#### BY KATHERINE RYAN.

EEP in the dark earth to-night Lieth a face that I know,

Low in the grave—oh, so deep! Closed are the eyes there below, Sleeping a sweet, dreamless sleep— Under the snow.

Folded those hands, wearied, worn; Resting those feet, tired and slow, Waiting that "one glorious Morn"----Under the snow.

Down in the clay, over there, Smile still those dear lips, I know; Waving and silv'ry that hair— Under the snow.

Four little heads found their nest Cuddled, in years long ago, Close to that now frozen breast—

Under the snow.

There lies my mother to-night, Out where the winter winds blow; There, too, my heart, hid from sight-Under the snow.

# The Story of "Jinny."

AN EPISODE OF THE CIVIL WAR.

BY GEORGINA PELL CURTIS.

T was in the autumn of 1826, when my grandmother had been only a few months a bride, that there came to her house as cook a bright young colored girl, Jane Goldsmith, who was then, I think, about twenty-eight years old. In a few months she left to be married; but in less than a year she returned to my grandmother's house, her husband having been blown up in an accident to a small river steamboat plying the Hudson,which occurrence led my father in later years to illustrate the story of Jane's short period of wedded bliss by telling of a colored man who said: "If you get blowed up on land, dar you are! But if you get blowed up on water, ware are you?" Be that as it may, Jane's husband disappeared forever; and henceforth she lived with my grandmother, spending over fifty years in our household. She was known to four generations of our large family as "Jinny," and I think she loved us as much as we loved her. In her extreme old age she became totally blind.

When the Civil War broke out, my grandfather realized that Jinny would require extra care. At that time his house was on East Forty-Second Street, between Fifth and Madison Avenues, New York,--a block that both then and for years after was one of the most attractive in the city. . My grandfather's house was the first one from Fifth Avenue, on the south side of the street; and running along the west side of the house was a narrow alley, that gave entrance to the rear of a row of houses on Fifth Avenue extending from Forty-Second to Forty-First Streets, known as "The Duke of Devonshire Row." Externally they were built to look like a single house, and I well remember their quaint and charming appearance. The stone

used was of buff color; the windows were long and narrow, having the appearance of lancet windows, and filled in with small panes of glass. On the second floor were bay windows of a rather unusual shape. The houses, English basement, stood back from the Avenue, with grass-plots in front that were finished by a long iron railing which ran the length of the block. The whole row was said to represent his Grace's palace in London, hence the name. It is a pity that these and other quaint old houses in New York were ever pulled down.

My grandfather and his family, being Protestants, attended the Church of the Transfiguration on East Twenty-Ninth Street, later known as "the Little Church around the Corner." The rector was the Rev. George H. Houghton; and as the manner in which his church got its nickname may not be known to my readers, I will recount it.

A certain actor had died, and his relatives called on the pastor of a church on the corner of Madison Avenue and Twenty-Ninth Street to arrange for the funeral. The rector declined, saving he did not care to have a member of the theatrical profession buried from his church: "but," he added, "there's a little church around the corner where they will do it." Dr. Houghton, whose largehearted love and generosity made no distinction of race or profession, at once agreed to have the funeral at his church. He was also a warm friend of the colored race, and many of them attended his church. Among others was Jinny, who was devoted to the Doctor.

I was particularly fond of her, and she of me. She never could or would pronounce my name, and she did not want to call me by my nickname. Instead, she always called me "Missy George"; and regularly once a week Jinny, attired in the black silk dress she always wore on Sundays, would escort little "Missy George" to church. If I became sleepy during the sermon — which frequently happened, as sermons in those days were no twenty-minute affair, — Jinny's ample shoulder made a soft cushion to lean on. She was very short and fat, and, with the addition of the wide hoops that were worn at the time, she took up so much room in the pew, especially when she stood up to sing, that I, in the corner, was almost lost to sight. Like so many of the colored race, she possessed a sweet voice, and her singing was always an event for me.

It was on the 13th of July, 1863, that the greatest drama in Jinny's life occurred. There had been a call for 300,000 enlisted men for the war. New York was filled with Southern sympathizers and half-hearted adherents to the Federal cause; and my grandfather, although a Northerner, was accused of being in sympathy with the South because he kept a colored servant.

On the 3d of March Congress had passed a Conscription Act, whereby men between the ages of twenty and forty-five years could be drafted for service. A man, however, could procure exemption from service by the payment of three hundred dollars. This led to the draft riots, which began Saturday, July 11, when an enrolment office was opened in the city. Not only the Governor of the State but also a number of prominent men in New York were very justly opposed to the threehundred-dollar clause in the Conscription; and it did not take the lower classes long to find out that this clause enabled all the rich men to evade service, leaving the real drafting among the poor.

What was the cause of it all? Why, the Negro of course! So on Sunday, July 12, the workingmen, aided by a number of political agitators, addressed crowded meetings all over the city, and proceeded to organize an opposition to enrolment. Their slogan was, "Kill the Niggers!" and they quickly acquired the name of "The Left Wing of Lee's Army." By Monday the anger of the population was extreme, and bands of rioters began

to march through the city, fighting the police and committing numberless outrages. Their first act was to burn the colored orphan asylum, on the northwest corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-Third Street,-only a block from our house. The building stood on a green lawn, shaded by fine old trees, and occupied of my about half the block. One cousins who saw what occurred has vividly described the burning and sacking of the asylum. Not only men, but half-grown boys, and women who equalled in fury the Madame Defarges of the French Revolution, pillaged and fired the building, carrying out mattresses, chairs, and anything they could lay hands on. Previously to this the poor little children had been hurried out through a rear entrance to places of temporary safety.

As soon as my grandfather learned the serious nature of the trouble, he called Jinny to him and gave her strict orders to keep away from the windows. It was thought that this would be precaution enough, but the next day a story reached us that every house where there was a Negro would be mobbed; and private information was conveyed to my grandfather that the rioters knew he was harboring a colored servant, and that hence his house was no longer a safe asylum for any one. The militia had been called out to aid the police. But, nevertheless, Negroes had been killed all over the city; and at any moment our house might be entered, poor Jinny dragged out and murdered, and the whole place wrecked. The fears of the family were augmented by the arrival at my grandfather's house of his sister-in-law and her family. That very morning two soldiers, who had become separated from their regiment, had been pursued by the rioters and killed right at my aunt's door. So the next morning (Tuesday) it was decided that, for her own sake and ours, Jinny must be sent away until order was restored.

But where to? Fortunately, the answer

to that question was close at hand. At the very beginning of the trouble some of the frightened colored people had fled to Dr. Houghton for protection. He had locked them all in a loft in his church, had closed and locked the gate of the iron fence that surrounded the churchyard, and had stationed inside the gate a man with a gun, giving him orders to shoot the first ridter who tried to enter. Then, for the five days that the reign of terror continued, Dr. Houghton himself attended to his charges. Not even his own servants knew he was harboring the Negroes, as he carried food to them at midnight when the household was asleep. The man at the gate was under the impression that he was there to protect the rector,—a service that Dr. Houghton would have scorned for himself.

Dreadful stories reached my grandfather of how the unfortunate Negroes who fell into the rioters' hands were tortured and killed; so all the family felt that no time was to be lost in getting our faithful Jinny to the safest place to which we were able to send her. She herself, although naturally a brave soul, was by that time frightened, and thoroughly perfectly passive in the hands of my grandmother and aunts. The whole household gathered in my grandmother's room while Jinny was attired in a black taffeta silk dress, a Paisley shawl belonging to my grandmother, and also her bonnet-fortunately, one of the immense bonnets of the period, covering all the head and hair. Finally, she was enveloped in a thick green barège veil that completely concealed her features. A pair of my grandfather's kid gloves were brought into requisition to hide her hands, and then she was ready to go.

About dusk my grandfather opened the front door, and Jinny passed out, my father on one side of her, my uncle on the other. My father gave Jinny his arm and called her "auntie." In fact, being of a lively disposition and scorning any danger to himself, he tried to make her think it was 'a very easy matter to get her safely transferred from one place to the other. It had been decided that to walk was safer than to drive; so they turned down Fifth Avenue, my uncle on Jinny's other side, carrying a carpetbag in which was my grandmother's silver tea set, a family heirloom which had been entrusted to Jinny's care. It was thirteen blocks from Forty-Second Street to Twenty-Ninth, but the trip was made in safety; although they met bands of shouting stragglers, and the noise of firing could be heard constantly. All three men were prepared to sell their lives, if need be, to protect their charge. But, through the mercy of God, the party at last reached Twenty-Ninth Street, and a few minutes later Jinny was locked in the church, under Dr. Houghton's sheltering care.

As soon as Jinny was safely started with my father and uncle, the rest of the family prepared to leave the house, as it was decided they would be much safer at the home of my great-uncle on Twenty-Third Street, at the foot of Madison Avenue; some of the available troops being gathered in Madison Square, directly opposite. So the family set off in two's and three's, in order not to attract attention. They took with them money and jewels. One boy of the family, then just grown up, was the proud possessor of three white duck waistcoats; and these he crowded into his bag, to the exclusion of more valuable things. No one was sure the party would ever reach my greatuncle's house safely. But, fortunately, all arrived there unharmed; and for three days my uncle entertained practically all his relatives who were in the city, the younger ones being obliged to sleep on the floor.

On July 15 Archbishop Hughes,' who lived on the northwest corner of Madison Avenue and Thirty-Fifth' Street, decided that something must be done to end the trouble. He was loved and revered by all classes, and had unbounded influence over the workingmen, whether they were of his religion or not. So he sent out a call for the rioters to come up to his house, — a command that they obeyed almost to a man. From the balcony of his house the great Archbishop, whose fearlessness and love of justice were well known, addressed the men, calling upon them to stop rioting and return peaceably to their homes, and telling them that, unjust as the Conscription Act might be, their present lawless behavior was no way to obtain redress. His impassioned appeal had a marked effect, and by one's and two's or in groups the men began quietly to disperse.

The Archbishop's timely intervention was reinforced that afternoon by another Catholic, the gallant General Kilpatrick, who had been hurriedly sent for from Virginia. At the head of several hundred . cavalry, he took charge of the city, and his regiment was bivouacked in Madison Square. These were not dress parade soldiers, but the real thing, - the horses skinny, worn, and muddy; the soldiers and officers travel-stained, shabby, and showing the effects of hard fighting with Lee's army. But they could ride splendidly; and under their spirited leadership the disturbers of the peace, who had been deeply impressed by Archbishop Hughes' commands to cease rioting, were quickly overcome. This was on Wednesday, and by Friday the uprising was ended. During the five days that it lasted more than a thousand men were killed, and property valued at a million and a half dollars was destroyed.

The colored people were kept by Dr. Houghton, I think, a week longer, until it was deemed perfectly safe to let them return to their homes. For this and many other deeds of kindness Dr. Houghton to the end of his life was beloved by the colored race in New York. He was as large-hearted and as cosmopolitan in his sympathies as was the great Archbishop himself.

Our Jinny, faithfully guarding the family silver, was joyfully received when

she came home again. She lived to a green old age, dying in 1878. As our lot in Trinity Cemetery was by that time rather crowded, she was buried in St. Michael's Cemetery on Long Island, in a plot reserved by Dr. Houghton for his colored people. And here, after half a century of loving and faithful service given to us and our house, all that is mortal of her rests in peace.

The Magnificent Efficacy of the Mass.

#### A LECTION FOR LENT.

THE Lenten pastoral of Bishop Hedley **I** is an admirably fervent exhortation to make use of the Mass as the most efficacious means of placating Almighty God and of delivering the world from the scourges with which it is now afflicted. Before speaking of the August Sacrifice, however, the Bishop explains the dutyof prayer, its propitiatory and intercessory power, its offices, and fruits; declaring that at so momentous a time as the present this duty is a most pressing one. War, plague, famine, flood, and earthquake are chastisements of God, and He wills that they should cease by the repentance and prayers of His people.

The Bishop points out that, while private afflictions may be good for us, spiritually, and therefore we should never pray to be delivered from them, except with careful submission to the will of God, public calamities are not favorable to His service or to the spread of His Kingdom. "They are intended to correct great evils and to teach the world great lessons; but as long as they last, they, on the whole, and with most men, interrupt, interfere with and spoil both the internal and the external activity of love, prayer, and work, which ought to be the unceasing life of the Christian soul. Fear, suffering, uncertainty, apprehension, hunger, and wandering, sanctify the saints, and turn men and nations to their Creator and

their Last End; but they are more or less fatal to religious practice, whether individual or general; they hinder sacramental life, they silence and paralyze the word of God, and too often they desolate the altar and devastate the Church.... Nothing can be more vital to the world's welfare than the peace and well-being of organized religion. On that depend the religion of every individual, the eternal salvation of the multitudes, the practice of the Christian ideals, the education of the young, and the happy deaths of those for whom Christ died. If, therefore, the Church-for that is what we mean by the Christian com-. munity-is disturbed by heresy, by war, by pestilence, or by persecution, it is a calamity which has the most far-reaching consequences." Therefore, it must be the divine will that when men's hearts have turned from evil, public calamities should have an end.

The Mass, as no well-instructed Catholic needs to be reminded, is the supreme means of intercession with God and the most stupendous act of adoration and thanksgiving; but it is also the great sacrifice of propitiation and impetration. "Just as the sacrifice of the Cross made satisfaction to divine justice for all the sins of the world, and merited for men all help and protection unto life everlasting, so the Mass applies this satisfaction and impetration daily and hourly to the end of time." The Bishop's further words call for extended quotation:

The Church teaches that the Sacrifice of the Mass is "a true propitiatory sacrifice; that we find therein mercy and grace when we stand in need of assistance"; and that it is rightly and justly offered "for the remission of sin, and of the punishments of sin, for satisfaction and for other necessities." (The Council of Trent, Sess. XXII.) Let us observe that this effect of propitiation is not the same thing as the effect of impetration. As we shall see just now, impetration means obtaining a thing by prayer, and the Mass is the greatest and best of prayers. But propiciation is something different: that belongs to the Mass because it is the Mass, and can never be separated from it. It means that the Mass placates Almighty

God, as the phrase is, and causes His just anger to cease. We must not suppose that in the most pure bosom of the Godhead there is any passion of anger, such as it is experienced by mortal men. But, however we express it, it is certain that God punishes as if He were justly angry; and when He is said to be propitiated or placated, the effects of what we call His anger are suspended and He punishes no longer.

It is of faith that this propitiation of our God and Creator, which was perfectly accomplished by the Cross, is applied to the course of Christian life by the Mass. The importance of this tenet of faith arises from this consideration-that no graces, blessings, or deliverance from evil can be obtained by men, however ardently they may pray for them, unless the just and holy anger of God is first made to cease. Hence, any of the faithful who follow the admirable prayers of the Missal must have noticed how frequently the priest prays that the sacrifice may placatethat is, appease or propitiate Almighty God. In the words of the Roman Catechism, "The Holy Eucharist was instituted that the Church might have a perpetual sacrifice by which our sins night be expiated, and our Heavenly Father, so often grievously offended by our wickedness, might be turned from anger to mercy, from just severity to clemency." (Part 2, ch. iv.)

It may be said, without extravagance or exaggeration, that it is difficult to understand how the world could be allowed to continue to exist without the daily propitiation which is offered by the Mass. Consider the sinfulness of men in every age-in the past and in the present; consider how human life, even in Christian countries, is little else than sin: consider the forgetfulness of God, the indifference to His obedience; the pride, the selfishness, the violence, the injustice, and the impurity that prevail everywhere on the face of the earth. Could things have been worse when the waters of the Deluge were sent to destroy the greater part of the race? Would it be any easier to find just men in our own day than it was to find them in Sodom and Gomorrha? Did the children of Israel deserve more justly the wars and the plagues that darken the pages of the Chronicles and the Prophets than the civilized peoples who boast of the Gospel light? God still visits men in His wrath; but it is certain that His visitations are less terrible, less disastrous, and less absolute than they were before Christ came. Where can we find the reason for this except in the propitiation of Calvary, renewed and applied daily in the innumerable Masses that are our happy privilege as children of the Church? The Mass is offered for our well-being and that of the whole world, ---pro nostra totiusque mundi salute.

The Mass is the rainbow-the true rainbow symbolized by that which gladdened the eyes of those who came down out of the Ark. Of the Mass it can be said even more absolutely than when the words were spoken on the slopes of Mount Ararat, "When I shall cover the sky with clouds, My bow shall appear in the clouds, and I shall see it, and shall remember the everlasting covenant that was made between God and every living soul which is upon the earth." (Genesis, ix, 14.) There is nothing that should so fill our hearts with certainty in the mercy of God-with hope and trust that He will deliver us, and deliver the world from the present awful war-as the grace of hearing Mass. Everyone who assists at Mass and devoutly unites in the great action, does his part in lifting from the world the chastisement which the world has deserved.

As has been said, the Mass is also a prayer. When the divine anger has been appeased, prayer can approach the Throne; for the gates of justice are unbarred, and there is nothing in the way. But the prayer, or impetration, of the Mass is not ordinary prayer. In the Mass it is Christ, our Head, who prays; and we. His brethren, do no more than join our stammering accents with His mighty cry. As, St. Alfonso says, "God more readily hears our prayers during Mass than at any other time. He does indeed at all times impart His graces, as often as they are asked of Him through the merits of Jesus Christ. But during Mass He dispenses them in more abundant measure; for our prayers are then accompanied and supported by the prayers of Jesus Christ, and they acquire through his intercession an incomparably greater efficacy, because Jesus is the High Priest who offers Himself in the Mass to obtain grace for us. The time of the celebration of Mass is the hour at which Our Lord sits upon that throne of grace to which, according to the counsel of the Apostle, we should draw near to find mercy and help in all our necessities."

The Bishop concludes by urging his flock to hear Mass daily, intelligently and fervently; thus giving glory to God, honoring the Faith, extending the Church, bringing themselves very near to Christ, and drawing down blessings upon the world. "If Mass in war time makes every one of us a more real and earnest Catholic, peace will be all the sooner restored."

#### Notes and Remarks.

The two Bills introduced into Congress by Catholic representatives for the purpose of hereafter excluding scurrilous anti-Catholic literature from the mails have furnished sundry editors throughout the land with an occasion for dithyrambic laudation of the liberty of the press, and unmeasured denunciation of anything which might curtail that liberty. Just what differentiates liberty (which is desirable) from license (which is detestable) none of them have taken the trouble to declare. We have not noticed that either the Canadian or the New Zealand press' has felt itself in any way shackled by the exclusion of scurrilous literature from the mails of those countries; and we are inclined to think that the activities of respectable journals will not be interfered with even if the Bills mentioned should pass and become law. Meantime our Jewish contemporary, the Chicago Israelite, has been asked to take part in the campaign to prevent the Bills from being passed, and very emphatically refuses the invitation. It thoroughly approves, however, of one of the measures proposed, and wishes to see it adopted; but does not hesitate to say: "It is a matter of surprise to the Israelite to find Protestant churches and their periodicals arrayed against these Bills. It puts them in the position of supporting the indecent anti-Catholic newspapers, and also the political campaign which is being waged against the adherents of that Church. Their attitude is utterly un-American and as far as it can possibly be from fair play."

We are gratified to find somewhat similar sentiments manifested in a statement emanating from ten prominent Protestant gentlemen of Little Rock, Arkansas, who declare:

The Catholic Church, like everything else, is subject to fair criticism; but these scurrilous

attacks, of which so many have been made of late, can do no good. They only stir up strife and ill-feeling, and we appeal to the good people of our State to discourage them. This can be done by simply refusing to go to hear the incendiaries and refusing to read their literature. If not patronized, they will cease their agitation. If they have a tangible charge to make against any priest or nun whom they will name, so that an investigation can be had, they should be welcomed; but if they come to indulge in mere general abuse, or to relate imaginary cases beyond our jurisdiction, whose truth there is no way of disproving, they should be treated with the obloquy due to the sländerer.

Significant of the progress made by the Church in China during the past quarter of a century was the treatment recently accorded to Mgr. Jarlin, Vicar Apostolic of Pekin, who was commissioned to present to the President of the Chinese Republic an autograph letter of Benedict XV. announcing his elevation to the Chair of Peter. In 1885, when Father Giulianelli carried such a letter of Leo XIII. to the Emperor of China, it was only by the favor and through the mediation of Sir Robert Hart that the Papal envoy could reach even the Minister of Foreign Affairs. This time, thanks to the notable progress of Catholicity and to the favorable dispositions of the government, Bishop Jarlin was received in person by his Excellency Yuen Che-Kai, and the Pope's letter was treated with precisely the same consideration as is given to the credentials of an ambassador of one of the great European Powers.

This is not the season for charity balls, if there is any such season. After Lent, however, we shall, no doubt, have the spectacle of Catholic societies giving elaborate dances and the like for the benefit of various worthy causes. Its motive apart, however, the charity ball is only as defensible as any other similar function, and not more indefensible. But its motive is supposed to elevate it to a distinction all its own. So it does, to a considerable height of business inanity. Witness this testimony given by one of the survivors of a recent charity ball. We take the word of the Brooklyn *Tablet* from whom we take the quotation also that the speaker knew whereof he spoke and was trustworthy. Here are his words:

This charity game is all right, but is it real charity? To go to the ball in style, I took my young lady friend. An automobile, some flowers, two one-dollar tickets, and a supper after the dance, totalled me fifteen dollars' expense. The cost of the armory must have diminished my contribution to the cause for the two one-dollar tickets by fifty per cent. Hence in order to give one dollar to the K. of C. charity fund, it cost me fifteen dollars.

"If every member," comments our contemporary, "contributed a single dollar to the fund, he would have 'saved money, and the beneficiaries of the fund would have profited a hundred per cent. When will some intelligent Knight suggest a better way to fill their coffers for the sick-bed fund?"

One Englishman—or is it an Irishman?—who claims to be acquainted with economic and political conditions in this country has lost no time in belittling the importance of the American Note. Only as a symptom does he consider it deserving of attention. He questions the disinterestedness of Uncle Sam, and asserts that there are far too many American sympathizers among Englishmen. Mr. J. M. Kennedy thus delivers himself in the current Nineteenth Century:

The Germans can not, in strict justice, be blamed for doing what they have always threatened to do—for carrying their theories into practice. But what are we to think of the present American Administration, the members of which have worked hard to negotiate arbitration treaties with half the countries in the\_ world? How are we to secure proselytes for this new international religion, if its priests are seized with dumb devils as soon as it is attacked?

A time did come when the American Government thought it necessary to interfere. Its abstract doctrines of justice and humanity had been shattered one by one, as such doctrines, at moments of peril, always are when they are

supported by nothing stronger than the mere wish which is father to the principle. The spiritual mirage of the American people had disappeared, and nobody felt a whit the worse; but strong action had to be taken when material interests were threatened. In spite of the waspish comments of pro-German writers in the American press, England had gradually cleared the Atlantic trade routes as she had cleared the North Sea; and the more the English and French cruisers engaged ("rounded up") the German warships which were menacing our commerce, the more strict did the search for contraband become. It is clear from the figures quoted in Sir Edward Grey's interim Note that the Americans were not really concerned with the safety of their current trade: they were much more concerned with the safety of the trade they expected still to do. Four powerful groups, representing cotton, copper, shipping, and finance, were led by their "interests"-not by their respect for international law or for The Hague Convention-to adopt what was, in effect, a pro-German attitude; and no one who is familiar with American politics will hesitate for an instant to declare that it was at the behest of these groups, or rather of their political representatives, that the Note of the 28th of December was drawn up and delivered.

"We have a powerful and unsympathetic rival in the United States of America," says Mr. Kennedy in concluding his article; "and the sooner we realize the fact without sentimentality, the better." No hurry, sir! There are too many sure facts clamoring for realization as it is. We are powerful, no doubt; but are not bragging much about this just at present.

Not the least notable of the many tributes paid to the late Count de Mun is that by M. Eugene Tavernier, who says: "He was often reproached for his excessive attachment to his religious faith, as also for an excess of transigentism in his conception and expression of that faith. And yet the thirty years during which he publicly fought prove that he did not exaggerate the importance of the religious struggle, so long-the order of the day. Step by step, incredulity in France had become atheism,—administrative and pedagogical, public and official atheism. I say 'had become,' for the formidable event which has been shaking Europe for the past six months has suddenly torn the soul of France from the clutches of atheism. The national peril, the lesson of sacrifice, the presence of twenty thousand priests on the firing line have re-established contact between the people and the clergy.

"There is every reason to believe that military victory will be reinforced by a moral victory. M. de Mun, in spending his remaining strength as a daily journalist, foresaw and greeted this twofold benefit. When he was at the point of death, he wrote: 'This evening, after having penned these last lines, I shall lie down with hope in my heart. When they are being read, may I awake with the hope changed to enthusiasm!' Dead the next day, he received at Bordeaux and at Paris honors which seemed to presage the complete • uplifting of France."

The Anglican bishop of Oxford, though a Liberal in politics, is a strong opponent of the extreme Liberals in religion who are now disturbing the peace of the Establishment. From a book entitled "The War and the Church," which he has just published, we select the following passage, as showing Dr. Gore's trend of thought. He is writing of sacrifice and national penitence:

You know that many besides Macaulay have reproached our English Church for lack of self-sacrifice, and have contrasted it with the Church of Rome, in which they have seen altogether more of the same heroic spirit which belongs to soldiers. They have not denied us the glory of kindness and goodness and faithfulness and all the circle of domestic virtues; only they have not seen in us the school of the heroic spirit,-the school of sacrifice. Now, in part, these reproaches belong to an older day. Where, it was asked, is to be found in the Church of England the splendid sacrifice of the religious Orders,-the life of voluntary poverty and celibacy and obedience? Well, since Macaulay's days these and the like reproaches have been in part removed. The sacrifice of the religious Orders has been revived among us.... Nevertheless, there is truth in the

reproach aimed at us. ... The Roman Church has been magnificently helped in the maintenance of religious education on its own lines, because it has been able to draw upon a vast store of voluntary sacrifice. Men have been found in multitudes who felt that they had the vocation to be teachers for Christ's sake and His little ones, and who, without hope or prospect but their work and their faith, have given themselves for teachers, wanting nothing for it but their barest living. There is hardly anything in modern Christendom nobler, or more successful in attaining its end, than the institution of the Christian Brothers; and the women's teaching Orders do not fall behind them. Why have we never struck anything like this store of deliberate and joyful sacrifice, with all our talk about the supreme importance of religious education? There has been something lacking,

Unless Dr. Gore knows what that something is, it would be useless to tell him. He has yet to learn that the Church of England and the Church of All Lands are very different.

Dr. Butler, of Morningside Heights, told the students of Johns Hopkins University last week that "it is now the custom everywhere to seek the counsel and opinion of the professorial class when any matter of public interest is under consideration." Upon which the New York *Sun* remarks: "Not everywhere, Doctor. We know of a number of places where the advent of one of the professorial class bearing counsel is the signal for the immediate dispersal and escape of those who happen to be present."

And who does not know of places where the appearance of a newspaper man has precisely the same effect? In this case, however, the dispersal of those who are present is for a different reason,—not through dread of anything the scribe may say, but on account of his well-known habit of making other people say things they never thought of saying.

Not the least remarkable of an excellent series of special articles appearing in *America* is the one entitled "The Young Man and Public Life," by Governor Walsh, of Massachusetts. It is well for the young man who looks forward to a political career to ponder seriously these words of the chief executive of the Bay State. He writes:

The young man who chooses politics as his profession is doomed to disappointment if his aim is selfish in any respect. If he is tempted by the apparently large salaries of some offices, he will find that unforeseen but necessary expenses reduce the actual income far below what may be expected as the reward of like abilities and application in private life. The prestige of official station soon ceases to satisfy: popular applause is adulterated by flattery and embittered by unmerited and partisan criticism and abuse, and, by what is far harder to bear. the failure of honest and well-meaning citizens to appreciate and support sincere efforts to serve the public. As the minister of the Gospel must look for his reward in the consciousness of devotion to the spiritual welfare of his flock, so the faithful public servant is best repaid by the knowledge that he has to the best of his ability promoted the material welfare of his constituents, and especially of those whose weakness calls for forms of governmental encouragement and protection with which the rich and powerful may well dispense.

Reading this, one feels that Governor Walsh himself will be able to give a good account of his political stewardship.

Archbishop Bagshawe-better known by the lesser title of Bishop through his quarter-century incumbency of the episcopacy at Nottingham-died on the 6th ult., at the venerable age of eighty-six years. His life covered a long period of English Church history, in which he himself was more an actor than a spectator. Known as "the Lion of the Oratory," he was a fearless, vigorous, forthright controversialist, preacher, and director of souls; and though some feared, many loved him, and all respected him. A devotion to the Blessed Virgin which showed itself in the writing of hymns in her honor did not leave him to the last. "How beautiful is Our Lady!" were his last words, as he lay in a room stripped of almost the barest necessities, that the poor might have wherewith to be clothed and fed. Surely there was welcome for him on the other side. R. I. P.



St. Joseph's Flower.

BY LAWRENCE MINOT.

So trusting in the love of God,

Your petals tremble in the light That almost warms the frosty sod,---

Spring's early blessing from on high.

You are most like a child's first prayer, And you are purer than the snow; You've come when March is in the air,— St. Joseph's flower, we call you so.

You warm the heart, though snowflakes fly.

Tommy Travers.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

X.—THE FOX AND THE WOLF.

UT of the dark shadows of Duffy's Court crept Bunty's brother, his mind full of evil thoughts of which the sleeping boy would never have dreamed,—on through ways that wound and twisted like the paths through dim woods, where wild, hungry, hunted things steal out at night to tear the bird from the nest, the lamb from the fold. Ah, far worse than the fox and the wolf are men like Nick Ware!

In his father's stately mansion, Tommy slept under silken draperies, shielded by all mortal can give of love and care. Miss Norton had just bent softly over his pillow to count his respiration before she retired for the night. Bart had seen to the locks and bolts that guarded every door and window. The electric burglaralarm had been adjusted to go off at the first light-fingered touch. "Long Tom" knew how to take care of his own.

And at Saint Gabriel's, too, all was still for the night. Sister Leonie had said the last prayer before our Blessed Mother's altar, had signed the Cross on each little pale brow, and gone to her own white-curtained corner to rest. Down in the great hall Tommy's red light burned in the Sacred Heart oratory, as he had asked; and its glow fell on the whitewinged Archangel who kept watch and ward,-such watch and ward as all dad's millions could not buy. Did the great Archangel see the stealthy form creeping through those darkened ways from Duffy's Court? Did the red lamp's glow show him Nick Ware? Surely all the angel care that Tommy's simple faith and love deserved was needed to-night.

On and on through the shadowy, winding streets stole the man-wolf that Bunty called "brother," until he reached the place he sought—a tall old warehouse near the river, that looked quite dark and deserted to the ordinary passer-by. But Nick knew better. The great city has its caves and dens as well as the forest and mountain. Climbing the shaky fire-escape that hung like a tangled web from the back of the house, he tapped at a door on the third story.

"Who is there?" came a quick call from within.

"Me," was the answer,—"Nick Ware. Let me in, Foxy! Got news for you, news that won't keep. Let me in!"

There was a muttered curse within, then a slipping of bolts and bars; for dens have to be guarded as well as millionaire mansions. The door was half opened, as if reluctantly; and Nick pushed in, to have it closed sharply, and bolt and bars pushed in place again. The wide, slant-roofed room into which he entered reeked with odors of stale tobacco and liquor. There was a bed, a table, two chairs, and little else in the way of furniture. The one inmate — a sandyhaired, sharp-featured man of about thirty—stood blinking, half awake, at his visitor.

"What in thunder are you prowling round after me like this for?" he asked ill-humoredly. "Didn't I stake you up three hours ago? What do you want now?"

"Nothing," answered Nick, — "not a durned thing, Foxy. I just had to come. I was afraid you might get a notion to skip off to Chicago in the morning before I could see you and tell you the news." Nick dropped down on the foot of the bed and went off in a series of chuckles. "You'd never guess what's happened, you'd never guess in a thousand years! Long Tom has given in!" (The blinking eyes suddenly sharpened.) "Given in," echoed Nick,—"given in!"

"Not he! He is standing like a stone wall, harder and stronger than ever. He hasn't given in one inch. Why, if the boys brought battering-rams against him, he'd hold to his terms!"

"But, Foxy, Foxy, there's cracks even in a stone wall, and I've found one to-night. I've found a way to bring Long Tom whining to our feet, and begging us to take his coin."

"What sort of fool talk are you giving me?" asked the other, impatiently. "You . must be drunk, Nick Ware."

"No, I'm not," was the quick reply. "I may have been an hour ago, but this here news sobered me up. And it will wake you up, too! What do -you think, what *can* you think, Foxy, of Long Tom Travers hiring my brother to take care of his sick kid,—push him out in his rolling chair, take him wherever he wants to go,—my brother, Bunty Ware?"

"Your brother?" said Foxy, startled. "Your brother? I didn't know you had a brother." "Well, maybe you didn't, but I have," answered Nick; "and one of the sharpest and toughest kids you ever saw. Been knocking around the world for himself ever since he was knee-high, and knows the ropes, you bet! Only about thirteen years old, and don't ask nothing from nobody: gets it for himself. And fight! Why, he's the terror of Duffy's Court!"

"And Long Tom trusts his kid to him!" exclaimed Foxy, incredulously. "Oh, you're drunk still, Nick! You don't know what you are talking about."

"Don't I, though?" said the other, triumphantly. "Hear my story out. Didn't I tell you that Long Tom's kid was in a hospital, that I saw him there? Well, Bunt was there too, --tumbled down a hatchway and broke his head, and was laid up for six or seven weeks. And this young Tom saw him, and sort of took to him. I don't know why, I am sure, but he did. Bunt is big and strong, and the doctors let him push the kid's rolling chair around at the hospital, and they got dreadful thick. And now they're both out, and Long Tom has hired Bunt steady to take care of the kid,-hired him for ten dollars a week,-hired him to roll the boy round wherever he wants to go. When he told me first, it fairly took away my breath." "I don't see why," said Foxy, shortly;

though there was a flash in his redrimmed eves.

"You don't?" exclaimed Nick. "You don't see how this puts Long Tom in our hands? You don't see that, if we get our grip on that there kid, we can squeeze that old dad of his dry? You don't see that, with Bunty playing nurse, that kid is as good as ours now?"

"You mean that this rascally little brother of yours can be trusted to turn the trick, to give the boy up to us?" asked Foxy, breathlessly.

"No, I ain't saying exactly that," answered Nick, as certain looks and words of his "rascally little brother" returned to him. "I ain't saying that we can trust Bunty out and out just yet. But he is dreadful soft on me, being the only family he's got."

Foxy smiled grimly.

"You may laugh, but he is. And he would never turn against me, I know, never. He'd be hanged himself first. There ain't enough money in the world to make Bunty turn against his brother Nick. I ain't saying we can trust Bunt to play this here game for us, but I can work him, Foxy,—I can work that boy any way I want; and, no matter how I worked him, he'd stand by me. If they was to put Bunt against a wall and shoot him full of holes he wouldn't give me up."

"Well, what's your plan? Give it to me clear and plain," said Foxy, gruffly. "Plan!" echoed Nick. "Why, I haven't

any plan! I was looking to you for that. All I've got is Bunt,—Bunt that is going to have the kid in his hands, and will do whatever I say. And with that kid in our hands, Foxy—"

"Our hands!" repeated Foxy; and again the keen flash came into his eyes, though there was a doubting scoff in his voice. "You talk like you thought of robbing a henroost, Ware. What do you suppose Tom Travers would be doing, with his whelp in our hands? Why, his lion's roar would shake this round earth through!"

"No, it wouldn't," answered Nick. "He'd skeer-skeer like a woman. 'Taint as if the boy was big and husky and could stand things. Long Tom wouldn't dare to leave him with us twenty-four hours. He'd pay anything we asked quick as wink. He couldn't risk waiting to bargain. It would be cash down, whatever we chose to ask. I ain't saying he wouldn't rage and roar afterward. We would have to skip off to the ends of the earth mighty quick. But, as long as we had the boy, Long Tom wouldn't dare draw his breath. George! but it's a big game,-the biggest game, Foxy, you ever played yet. To have Long Tom, that's been bossing and driving and grinding

everybody in his reach, that's got thousands of men cursing and storming now 'cause he won't give in the few nickels more they ask for, slaving year in and year out,—to get Long Tom in the squeal, Foxy! It's a game worth while."

"It is, — it is!" answered the other, with sudden passion; and the lean pale face and the red-lashed eyes kindled into life and glow. "When I think of the way he drove me out of his works, — drove me out like I was a mangy cur; how he swore that if he didn't have the law he'd have a horsewhip, and he would let me have that if it cost him ten thousand dollars' fine!"

"You haven't any reason to love him, Foxy, I know," said Nick.

"Love him!" was the fierce answer. "I hate Long Tom so that every drop of blood in me seems to boil when I hear his name. I hate him so that I would give half my life to do him harm."

"Here's your chance, then," said Nick, eagerly,-""here's your chance, one that won't come in a lifetime. Here's our chance to bring him down, to skewer him through and through, man; to have him squirming and squealing and begging us to take anything we want to give him back his kid. Here's our chance, yours and mine. I can't work it out myself: I haven't the brains or the money,-I haven't the nerve; but I can work it out with you. I was afraid you might be off to-morrow, as you said you would; so I came to you to-night to head you off, to tell you about Bunty, to give you the chance you'll never get again. It's for you to say whether you'll take it or leave it."

"I'll take it!" said Foxy, with a fierce oath, while again his pale face and eyes flamed with passion. "I'll take it, or at least I'll try it with you, Nick. It will need money and grit, as you say. We will have to move slowly and cautiously, Nick, and plan every turn. But the game is worth it. We'll make it worth ten thousand times its cost." "We will indeed!" answered Nick, triumphantly. "I could never play it alone; but with you to lead—you as a partner,—with Bunty to play dummy at our call, we'll win out for sure."

Then Foxy, all a-quiver now with fierce resolve, brought out glass and bottle; and they sat at the table smoking, drinking, talking excitedly far into the night.

Bunty, sleeping peacefully in Granny Pegs' garret, was dreaming of camp fires and bucking bronchos and mountain trails, — of all the vividly pictured details he had gathered from posters and movies, — of the glad, free life and of the nest he was to share with Nick.

But it was one of Tommy's bad nights. He woke in the softly lit silence of his beautiful room, with the pain "hitting him hard." A touch of the electric bell beside him would bring Miss Norton to his side. But why should he call the poor lady from her sleep? She could do him very little good, as by sad experience Tommy knew. He would "stick it out" alone, as the soldiers in such battles must. And as he lay like the brave little "Major" he was, silent and suffering amid all the splendor surrounding him, his thoughts turned, with a strange sense of comfort and peace, to the red lamp burning for him on Sister Gertrude's altar. He could not fight or work, or do great things like the heroes in his books and pictures; but even a sick boy could be brave and strong,-brave and strong, and "stick it out alone."

(To be continued.)

It is told of President Lincoln's boyhood that of the books he did not own he took voluminous notes, filling his copybook with extracts, and poring over them until they were well fixed in his memory. He could not afford to waste paper upon original compositions; he would sit by the fire at night, and cover the wooden shovel with short essays and arithmetical exercises, which he would rub off, and begin again.

#### The Dove of Iona.

### BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.

A scholar of the Irish school of Clonard who has left his record upon the pages of history, and his name upon heaven's list of saints, was Columba, which means, . you are aware, a dove. He was of royal birth, a prince in his own right, and endowed with the graces and virtues which princes should always have, but which, alas! they often lack. He was a merry boy, too, full of life and fun, and doubtless played many innocent jokes upon his fellow-students in the quiet cloisters of Clonard. He took his turn at the labor of the house as if he had been a peasant, and the first task given him was the sifting of the corn for the following day's provisions.

Columba was only a boy, although in after years so great a saint; and, notwithstanding the fact that he could willingly sift corn, he found it hard to sit by the side of a peasant and forego all those privileges of rank to which he had been born. He showed this feeling in an unpleasant way, and the others resented it. One in particular, Kieran by name, the son of a carpenter, felt with bitterness that Columba considered himself better than the rest because he was by birth a prince, and he made many scornful speeches to him and about him. One night, the legend runs, an angel appeared to Kieran, holding in his hands the tools of a carpenter. "See," he said, "these only have you renounced in giving up the world, while Columba has thrown away a throne and sceptre." After that Kieran grew to love Columba, and they became the closest of friends. The carpenter's son also became a saint and perhaps as great a one as his schoolfellow.

After Columba had founded many convent schools in Ireland his heart turned toward his sister countries, then overrun by barbarians, and it became his dearest wish to go to them with the lighted torch of learning and religion. One of those happy events which mortals sometimes call misfortunes came to his aid. He incurred the displeasure of a ruling king of Ireland, and was forced to become an exile from his own dear green island. He crossed to Scotland in a frail wicker boat, taking with him twelve faithful followers; and on a low island of barren rock off the west coast of the land of the Scots he made his home.

The island had formerly been a place of Druidical worship; but Columba soon drew about him a large number of zealous religious, who sent Christian hymns and prayers to wake the echoes, instead of the wild, uncouth chants of the heathen hordes that had been heard so long.

The monastery which arose on the seawashed island we know as Iona, and poets have never tired of singing of its beauty and its glory. From here went missionaries to every part of the land, upward of three hundred religious houses being founded by the monks of Iona under Columba's supervision. And he himself was always where there was most hardship to be endured and work to be done. Every waking moment he, born a prince, toiled with his humble brethren. They travelled and taught together, cultivated the earth and transcribed manuscripts; and all this skill they imparted to the people wherever they journeyed, - the people, in turn, venerating and loving them. It was thought a great privilege to be blessed by one wearing the habit of a monk of Iona.

Columba was a most wonderful scribe, specimens of his writing being treasured to this day; and he was a poet as well; but more than all he was a holy man, and in the history of the early British Church there is record of no gentler, sweeter saint than St. Columba, the dove of fair Iona.

Ir youth be spent in idleness, manhood is likely to be contemptible, and old age miserable.

## A Cup of Cold Water.

History, it is often said, repeats itself, and the noble example of King David has, unconsciously perhaps, been written again and again upon its broad pages.

The Eastern sun was burning hot, and he was a beleaguered wanderer. The wellsprings were dried by the fiery breath of the desert, and the King and his men were alike suffering all the torments of horrible thirst. Then, made feverish-as it is said men will be when deprived of water,-and thinking of his more youthful days, he murmured his wish to have a draught from the well at Bethlehem. Three of his men broke through the camp of the Philistines, reached the well, and bore a cup of water to their leader. And he, moved by this act, could only protest that water bought so dearly was too sacred for him to use,-that it was like drinking the blood of those brave men; and he poured it out upon the soil as an offering to God.

Another scene in which the cup of water played a part had Alexander the Great for its central figure. After his march from the banks of the Indus, he and his warriors were making all speed to get home. The time was September, and the summer's sun had burned the sand to powder. Other commanders had here lost great armies through want of food and water, and the same privations began to mow down the forces of the Greeks. But Alexander, himself suffering from a wound, urged them on, knowing that in speed only there was hope. And when a soldier, with great difficulty, procured for him a little water, he, like David, poured it upon the ground, lest his warriors, seeing him drink, should thirst the more, and lose heart.

Among other instances we select but one. Sir Philip Sidney, that "very perfect, noble knight," was mortally wounded riding from the fight at Zutphen. There was but one cup of water, and a soldier near him was dying. "Give it to him," said Sir Philip: "his necessity is greater than mine."

## THE AVE MARIA

## WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

-The "last articles" of Count Albert de Mun, all of which deal with the great worldwar, have been published in a small volume. An early translation of it may be expected.

—Pending the "official biography" of the late Mgr. Benson by Fr. Martindale, Mr. A. C. Benson has prepared "Hugh: The Memoir of a Brother," which Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. are to issue this month.

-Our English exchanges record the death of Mr. Robert C. Seaton, who was best known on this side of the Atlantic as a contributor to Napoleonic literature and the translator of Apollonius Rhodius. He was a convert to the Church.

-Bearing both in its exterior appearance and in its inner character the marks of its Oriental origin, "A Golden Jubilee" is a most interesting account of the discovery of Christianity in Japan. We are glad to welcome the story of this unique happening in the bright and native dress of this brochure. Published by the Juseisha, Nagasaki, Japan.

-The publishers (G. P. Putnam's Sons) have given so charming a make-up to "Rhymes of Little Folk," by Burges Johnson, that one feels the author's share ought to be very worthy indeed. A casual perusal of these "Rhymes," however, convinces us that to the publishers belongs the greater amount of credit. Such a verse as "Omniscience" is for the adult, but only the irreverent adult. Yet, we repeat, this is a lovely book to look at.

-An excellent devotion, the practice of the presence of God, should be promoted by a little volume entitled "Bypaths to the Presence of God," by Sister M. Benvenuta, O. S. D. (B. Herder.) The writer has meditated well, has read the better religious poetry, and can cite it aptly, while she suggests and provokes much interesting thought. Neatly bound and provided with a silk marker, the book has a fitting exterior attractiveness.

-While there is apt to be a connotation of jejuneness and immaturity about "theses" presented to the faculties of colleges and universities for degrees in philosophy or theology, St. Patrick's College, Maynooth, deservedly holds so high a rank among seminaries that a thesis which wins its S. T. D. is presumptively well worth while. In the case of "The Church and Usury," by the Rev. Patrick Cleary (M. H. Gill & Son), the presumption is thoroughly borne out by an examination of the work. It is a valuable contribution to the literature of the subject; and the subject is one of exceptional interest to Catholic economists and to their clerical advisers as well.

—Several educational, or pedagogical, books come to us from Rand McNally & Co. "Method in History," by William H. Mace, will give some valuable hints to teachers, and, for that matter, to would-be historical writers as well. Arthur Henry Chamberlain's "Ideals and Democracy" has for sub-title "An Essay in Modernism," but it is not the religious modernism condemned by Pius X. Religion, in fact, is left severely alone by the author. Nettie Alice Sawyer's "Five Messages to Teachers of Primary Reading" is replete with sound advice and good suggestions.

—The Rev. A. A. Lambing, LL. D., of Wilkinsburg, Pa., to whom Catholic scholarship in this country is already so greatly indebted, has issued another valuable historical work bearing the title "Brief Biographical Sketches," the subjects of which are "the deceased bishops and priests who labored in the diocese of Pittsburgh from the earliest times to the present." There is also "an historical Introduction." Not alone of local interest will this volume prove, but it will be a storehouse to the future historian of the Church in America. The period from 1749 to 1860 is covered in this, Vol. I. The author is his own publisher.

--Generations of Catholic readers will know what to expect of "Norah of Waterford," the latest offering from the prolific pen of that favorite novelist, Rosa Mulholland (Lady Gilbert). Here is an Irish story that will please, indeed: the real atmosphere, that no breath of the modern pagan influence at work even in Irish letters has touched; the genuine Irish speech, a trick of idiom rather than of "brogue"; real Irish men and women of the type we know; and over all and in all the persuasive influence of Irish faith. An interesting plot, in which the course of true love ripples a good deal, ends in a manner which we shall leave the reader to discover for himself. Many humorous "asides" give a piquancy to this delightful tale. P. J. Kenedy & Sons.

—"The Holy Viaticum of Life as of Death," by the Rev. Daniel A. Dever, Ph. D., D. D., (Benziger Brothers) is a duly authorized volume of spiritual study whose purpose is to set the Blessed Sacrament in its right relation to daily life, or to adjust life to the Blessed Eucharist. A simpler style would have assured the writer more readers and his readers more light. Such a sentence as this, from page 21, ought not to occur: "For, at first, the ancient 'viaticum' stood for the weary soldier's pay after his days of battles; after costly fields, sometimes, it may be, laxly, yet, on the whole, faithfully, disputed; and often right desperately and right nobly won." The author makes good use of the example of St. Stanislaus Kostka.

-"'The Dons of the Old Pueblo," by Percival J. Cooney (Rand McNally & Co.), is an historical novel that will appeal to those lovers of fiction (if there be any left in this age of problem novels, psychological tales, controversial narratives, and sociological disquisitions masquerading as stories) who are frankly interested in romance and adventure and wholesome love and heroic deeds. It is a story dealing with the last war with Mexico and the American acquisition of California; the setting is Los Angeles, or the pueblo of Our Lady of the Angels; there is abundance of intrigue and incident and vigorous action; and, quite naturally, the religious atmosphere is Catholic. Loreto Arillo and John Carroll make a thoroughly satisfactory heroine and hero, and the denouement is all that could be desired.

#### The Latest Books.

#### A Guide to Good Reading.

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

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

- "The Holy Viaticum of Life as of Death." Rev. Daniel Dever, D. D. 20 cts.
- "Norah of Waterford." Rosa Mulholland. \$1.10.
- "The Church and Usury." Rev. Patrick Cleary. \$1.10.
- "The Dons of the Old Pueblo." Percival Cooney. \$1.35.
- "Bypaths to the Presence of God." Sister M. Benvenuta, O. S. D. 45 cts.
- "The Curse of Adam." Rev. P. M. Northcote. 75 cts.
- "The Orchard Pavilion." A. C. Benson. \$1.

- "The Daily Life of a Religious." Mother Drane, O. S. D. 45 cts.
- "The Haunted Heart." Agnes and Egerton Castle. \$1.35, net.
- "Sunbonnets and Overalls." Etta Craven • Hogate and Eulalie Osgood Grover. 40 cts.
- "The Fruit of the Tree." Mabel A. Farnum. \$1.
- "Meditations for Seminarians and Priests." Very Rev. L. Branchereau, S. S. \$1.
- "Alsace and Lorraine." Ruth Putnam. \$1.25.
- "The Three Requests." Eleanor F. Kelly. 25, 6d.
- "An Eight Days' Retreat for Religious." Rev. H. A. Gabriel, S. J. \$1.50.
- "The Book of Red and Yellow." Francis C. Kelley. 15 cts.
- "Songs of the Country-Side." Daniel Joseph Donahoe. \$1.
- "Grace: Actual and Habitual." Pohle-Preuss. \$2.

"The Way of the Heart." Mgr. d'Hulst. \$1.50.

#### Obituary.

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

Rev. Bernard Watters, of the diocese of Detroit; Rev. John Downs, diocese of Peoria; Rev. David Supple, archdiocese of Boston; Rev. Francis McCranor, O. S. A.; and Rev. Joseph Specht, S. J.

Brother Gerard, C. S. C.

Sister M. Annette, of the Order of the Visitation; Sister M. Teclita, Sisters of the Holy Cross; Sister M. Otilla and Sister M. Martha, Sisters of Mercy.

Mr. William L. Miller, Mrs. Catherine Just, Mrs. Eli Hickey, Mr. Robert C. Seaton, Miss Helen Powers, Miss Mary Carroll, Mr. Jacob Ruisinger, Mr. Patrick Coleman, Miss Evelyn Converse, Mr. James Barrett, Mr. Walter Ryan, Mrs. Catherine Dawson, Mr. Thomas Fitzgerald, Miss Elizabeth Person, Mrs. Mary O'Brien, Mr. Joseph Fillo, Mrs. Catherine Holbrook, Mrs. Elesha Kavanaugh, Mrs. Margaret Leahy, Mr. John Reuter, Mr. John Schmitt, Mr. Joseph Huber, Mr. William Leedom, and Miss Eleanor Rossiter.

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

## Our Contribution Box.

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

For the Belgian sufferers: In honor of St. Anthony, \$1; Mrs. A. G. and M. O'D., \$1. For the foreign missions: Mrs. W. A., \$5.



VOL. I. (New Series.)

#### NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MARCH 13, 1915.

NO. 11

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#### The Trees.

BY THE REV. HUGH F. BLUNT.

WHENE'ER I look upon a tree, Mother of God, I think of thee.

I see in every tree His Cross, Deserted, sighing o'er its loss.

And there, within its sheltering shade, I see thee weeping, gentle Maid:

The Tree and Thou—the mothers twain,— With empty arms where God has lain.

# The Discoverer of the Old Catholics of Japan.



GOLDEN Jubilee of exceptional interest is to be celebrated this month by the Catholic missions of Japan. March 17 will be the anniversary of the discovery of

fiftieth anniversary of the discovery of the Japanese Catholics who, more than two centuries after their fathers, the converts of St. Francis Xavier, had been persecuted for the faith; and, after that faith had supposedly been absolutely extinguished in the Empire, were found to have preserved its essential doctrines intact. It is a notable instance of the thoroughness with which religious truth was inculcated by the great missionaries of the seventeenth century, and a gratifying proof, as well, of the correspondence of the first Japanese converts with the grace of God.

The story of the discovery is too well known to need retelling, but a brief sketch

of the discoverer will no doubt prove interesting. Bernard-Thaddée Petitjean was born on June 14, 1829, at Blanzy," in the diocese of Autun, France. He was the son of a ship-carpenter employed in the building of canal boats. The boy's somewhat precocious piety attracted the attention of his parish priest, who facilitated his entrance to a Latin school. Bernard distinguished himself among his fellow-students by his open-mindedness, his industry, and his ardent desire to do good in the world. Even at that date the work of the foreign missions had a sort of magnetic influence over him. His teachers soon learned that the surest means of interesting and pleasing him was to speak of converting the peoples of pagan countries.

Ordained priest in 1853, he asked to be relieved from the duties of a seminary professor which he had been performing for two years, and to be charged rather with parochial work. The position of curate at Verdun-sur-le-Doubs was offered to him; but, as a terrible epidemic, the cholera, was raging there at the time, Bernard's father urged him to refuse the position. The young priest's answer to his father was as 'simple as it was effective: "When you were a soldier, would you have refused to take your place on the firing line if you were told to go there?" The father at once dropped the subject.

The Abbé Petitjean remained at Verdun from 1854 to 1856, at which latter date we find him filling the rôle of diocesan missionary. Two years later he was appointed chaplain of the Sisters of the

Infant Jesus, whose mother house and novitiate were established at Chauffailles. In the quiet solitude of his new position, the Abbé heard, more distinctly and persuasively than ever, the voice of the Divine Master calling him beyond the seas to minister to infidel peoples. On July 30, 1859, at the age of thirty, he. bade good-bye to his diocese, and went to the Seminary of Foreign Missions. Mgr. Perraud thus recounts his departure: "Fearing to be prevented from executing his project, the future imitator of St. Paul escaped during the night from the presbytery of Chauffailles; like the great Apostle, he let himself out by a window to avoid being seen."

He had been at the Seminary scarcely eight months when he received a sudden order to go to Bordeaux and take the place of a missionary who had died just on the eve of starting for Japan. He accordingly left France in March, 1860, less than two years after the concluding of the treaties between Japan and the European Powers. It was in 1858, it will be remembered, that the Japanese ports of Yokohama, Nagasaki, and Hakodate were opened to foreign vessels. The missionaries immediately took advantage of the "open door," and were speedily established in several portions of the country.

Their situation was not, however, without danger. Even as late as 1862, when Father Petitjean left the Lu-chu Islands (where he had spent the first two years of his missionary career with Father Furet) for Yokohama, matters looked serious for the European residents of Japan, especially those in the interior of the country. Accordingly he remained at Yokohama awaiting an improvement in the general condition of affairs, in the meantime exercising his zeal in such ways as were possible. That the rewards of that zeal were not always speedy is clear from his writing at this period: "In exchanging the Lu-chu Islands for Japan, I greatly fear that we have come from

Charybdis to Scylla. Here not less than there the missionary needs to be a man of prayer and patience..." In the spring of 1863 he wrote these disquieting lines: "To fall by the sword or be burned to death is, so far as the missionary is concerned, only a choice of means by which to arrive more quickly at the end of his journey. Still, to avoid giving certain bandits the opportunity to kill us, we shall refrain for the present from walking out in the country."

The peril was not at all imaginary. Despite the presence in Japanese waters of ten British war vessels, the Mikado had named June 25, 1863, as the date for the expulsion of the "barbarians" (the The diplomacy foreigners). of the Shogun, who was friendly to the Europeans, succeeded in procuring a respite of five years. About the middle of 1863 Father Petitjean rejoined at Nagasaki his oldtime pastor of the Lu-chu district. One of his first activities was to determine which of the neighboring hills had been consecrated by the glorious death of the twenty-six martyrs of 1597. Three months after his arrival he wrote: " I think I have discovered the very hill which was the scene of the crucifixion and precious death of the holy martyrs canonized on Pentecost Sunday last year. This hill, which the Christians of the seventeenth century called Holy Hill and which many of them watered with their blood, is situated to the north of the city of Nagasaki. It is known to the Japanese of to-day as Tate-Yama."

The missionaries would have liked to build the church of the twenty-six martyrs on the Holy Hill itself, but it was situated on the side opposite to their concession. As the next best thing, they erected the little Gothic church on the Oura hill, whence the consecrated spot was plainly visible. Work on the church was progressing favorably, and it was nearing completion when, in the beginning of December, 1864, the contractor suddenly alleged all sorts of motives for withdrawing. Father

Petitjean says of the matter: "Just about this time the governor of the city [Nagasaki] sent two of his officers to me, requesting me to accept the professorship of French in the college he had founded for the study of foreign languages. Ι replied that, much as I should like to oblige the governor, it would be impossible to give him a reply until I was free from the worry connected with building the church. 'But when do you desire your temple of prayer to be finished?' inquired one of the officers. I mentioned the first of January. They left me then, promising to return soon. The next day three times the usual number of laborers appeared; the work was pushed day and night, so that the edifice was completed by New Year's."

Admiration for the "temple of prayer" was general. The boys of the city drew representations of it with chalk on the walls of houses and on the street pave-In connection with the new ments. church, Father Petitjean received some valuable information concerning the sites the three Christian churches of of Nagasaki in the preceding centuries. In the meanwhile, the governor having shown his good-will by causing the building to be finished, the missionary through gratitude accepted the proffered professorship. He began teaching on the Feast of the Epiphany, having a class of twenty. It was expected that a considerable advantage would result from these lessons. In their daily intercourse with the priest . the young people would learn to know and esteem him; and, besides, could he not, little by little, turn their thoughts to that religion for which so many of their ancestors had shed their blood? For the time being, those ancestors were pretty thoroughly forgotten, as the missionaries understood only too well when, on February 19, the new church was opened. Despite all the preparation that had been made, the Japanese failed to attend. Word had been passed around; and not even to satisfy their burning curiosity

would the natives go into the building, although the commanders of the French, English, Russian, and Dutch fleets were present in full uniform and accompanied by guards of honor. It was rather discouraging to the missionaries, but Providence had in store for them a splendid consolation.

Scarcely a month after the opening of the church occurred the discovery which filled the zealous priests with joy, and which is being commemorated with religious enthusiasm throughout Japan during the present month. To quote Father Petitjean's narrative: "On March 17, 1865, about a half hour after noonday, a group of from fifteen to twenty persons were standing in front of the church. Impelled doubtless by my good angel, I went out to them, opened the door of the church, entered and knelt to say a prayer. I had not time to recite more than one 'Our Father' when three women, from fifty to sixty years old, came and knelt near me; and one of them, placing her hand on her heart, said in a low voice: 'The hearts of all of us here are not different from yours.' -- 'Indeed,' said I. 'Where are you from?' - 'We are all from Urakami. At Urakami almost everybody has the same heart as we have.' Then another of the women asked me: 'Santa Maria no gozowa doko?' ('Where is the image of Mary?')"

To Father Petitjean the name of Mary was as a flash of lightning that reveals a whole tract of country that has been in darkness. Surrounded by these strangers who pressed about him like children who had found their father, he led them to the altar of the Blessed Virgin. He knelt with them, and all prayed in silence. They fixed their eyes on Our Lady's statue, and one of them suddenly exclaimed: "Yes, 'tis indeed Santa Maria! Don't you see in her arms on ko Jesus sama [her Divine Son Jesus]?" One can easily understand the spirit in which the pious missionary continues: "Blessed be God for all the joy with which my soul

was then inundated! What a recompense for five years of apparently sterile labor! Hardly had these people revealed themselves to me when they gave full vent to a strain of confidences which contrasted strangely with the reserve of their pagan brethren. I had to answer a multitude of questions about O Deous sama, O Yaso sama, Santa Maria sama, - their names for God, Our Lord Jesus Christ, and the Blessed Virgin! The statue of Our Lady and the Infant Jesus reminds them of the feast of Christmas, which they had celebrated, so they told me, in the 'We observe the feseleventh month. tival of On aruji Jesus sama on the twenty-fifth day of the month of white frosts,' said one of them. 'We have been taught that on that day, about midnight, He was born in a stable; that He grew up in poverty and suffering; and that at the age of thirty-three, for the salvation of our souls, He died on the Cross. Just now we are in the season of sorrow [Lent]. Do you keep these solemnities?'---'Yes: to-day is the seventeenth day of the time of sorrow.""

St. Joseph was not unknown to these visitors from Urakami, either; they called him O Yaso sama no yo-fu (the foster-father of Our Lord). Two other points of Catholic doctrine were emphasized by these oldtime members of the Church: the primacy of the Roman Pontiff and the celibacy of the clergy. Father Petitjean tells us: "Peter [one of the newly discovered Catholics] questioned us about the great chief of the kingdom of Rome, whose name he desired to know. When we told him that the august Vicar of Jesus Christ, the Sovereign Pontiff, Pius IX., would be very happy on hearing the consoling news we had just learned about Urakami, he expressed his lively joy. And yet, before leaving us, wanting still another assurance that we were really and truly the legitimate successors of their ancient missionaries, he somewhat shyly asked us: 'Haven't you any children?'-'You, your Christian friends, and all the pagans of Japan, — these are the children whom God has given us. As for other children, we can not have any. Priests to-day, like your oldtime missionaries, must be celibates all their life.'" Thoroughly convinced at last that they had indeed found "the fathers of their souls," Peter and his companions bowed their heads and exclaimed: "They are virgins: thank God, thank God!"

It is easy to understand why the apostles of Japan had laid such stress on these three points - devotion to Our Lady, the primacy of the Holy See, and the celibacy of the clergy. They were the tenets opposed to the errors which the Dutch and English Protestants were to propagate, and afforded sure signs by which the people could tell who were the true descendants of their ancient Fathers. A case in point occurred shortly before Father Petitjean's church was finished. The Protestant missionary had constructed a small chapel in Nagasaki, and had placed a cross on its steeple. Christians Seeing the cross, the of Urakami in large numbers paid the chapel The minister received them a visit. cordially, spoke to them of the religion of Jesus Christ, and invited them to come again with their wives and children, adding that his own dear wife would be delighted to see them. The Christians looked at one another and departed-and they did not return.

To the thirteen hundred old Catholics of Urakami were speedily added twentyfive hundred others of the Goto Islands; and as time went on, as many as twenty separate communities of oldtime Christians were entered upon the mission register. It was not all plain sailing for the new recruits. Religious freedom was not permitted in Nagasaki, at least in theory. Complaints had been made that the books which Father Petitjean used in his classes at the governor's college were too Catholic, and he had been invited never to touch upon religious questions; but he had taken a firm stand, and threatened to give up the classes altogether if the slightest restraint were put on his liberty. As a result, there were excuses and promises.

About the end of July, 1865, four months after the "discovery," one of the baptizers came hurriedly to warn the that, Nagasaki and Fathers in its environs, secret orders were being circulated forbidding the Japanese to visit the church. This news gave rise to considerable emotion. Was it an isolated act, or the beginning of regular hostilities? In any case, whatever the future might develop, there was one immediate effect: direct relations between the faithful and the missionaries must cease. Only the prayer-leaders and the baptizers were to come to the mission at night, at infrequent intervals; and then they would transmit to the other Christians the truths and the advice which they themselves received. As it turned out, however, the famous orders occasioned more smoke than fire. The French professor received more attention and politeness than ever from the governor. The principal effect of the threatened persecution was that it modified the life of the missionaries, who henceforth worked by night rather than by day. Clandestine excursions after nightfall were taken by them to the various Christian centres; and so they kept in contact with their flocks. the number of which went on steadily increasing.

In May, 1866, Father Petitjean made over the direction of the mission to his former pastor in the Lu-chu Islands, Father Furet, who had just returned from Europe. And it was time; for the strenuous work of the previous year, joined to excessive mortifications, had practically worn him out. Father Furet relieved his colleague of the French professorship so that he might devote his time still more exclusively to the Japanese Christians. The Goto Islands needing a resident missionary, Father Petitjean was assigned to that post. He was all ready to leave for his new home when, on August 9, he received his nomination as Vicar Apostolic of Japan. For the space of a month he hoped to be able to escape the burden, but his letters and protestations proved unavailing.

He was consecrated in Hong-Kong, October 21, by Mgr. Guillemin, Vicar Apostolic of Canton, and returned to Nagasaki in the beginning of December. During his absence there had been some signs of approaching persecution. Spies were found lurking around the church for several weeks, and soldiers rode through the villages. But nothing definite resulted; and indeed during the eighteen years of his episcopacy, while Bishop Petitjean had frequent occasion to deplore the inimical action of the government toward the Christians, and while at times the persecutors went to the length of applying the torture, exile rather than death seems to have been the climax of the punishment meted out to the converted Japanese. Arrest, however, and imprisonment and torture and exile were sufficiently grievous penalties to pay for the faith, especially when the victims were neophytes, none too thoroughly grounded in their new religion; and the occasional apostasy of a few of their converts was a severe trial for the good Bishop and his colaborers.

Unable to secure any assistance in the matter of religious freedom through the European consuls in Japan, Bishop Petitjean sailed for Europe toward the close of 1867, to plead in person in France and Rome the cause of his oppressed church. He was very graciously received by the reigning Pope, Pius IX., who greeted him as the "discoverer of our children of Japan," and who detained him in Rome until the close of the Vatican Council. For a year or two after his, return to his mission field, the Bishop met with the same difficulties from the government as had previously troubled him; but in 1873 he was able to the

graph to Paris: "Edicts against Christians suppressed. Prisoners freed. Notify Rome, the Propagation, and Holy Infancy. Immediate need, fifteen missionaries."

The concluding years of Mgr. Petitjean's career were spent in profiting by the era of religious tolerance that had been granted to Japan. He extended the field of his endeavors, increased the number of churches and missionaries, organized a small army of catechists and baptizers, and in general so ordered the affairs of the mission that in 1875 he deemed it advisable to divide Japan into two Apostolic Vicariates. To effect this, he went to Rome a second time; and in May, 1876, the Propaganda created the vicariates of North and South Japan,-Mgr. Petitjean retaining the jurisdiction of the latter, and Mgr. Osouf being entrusted with the charge of the former. One of the "discoverer's" most cherished projects was naturally the formation of a native clergy; and it was a project attended with heart-breaking disappointments, delays, and trials of various kinds; but finally in December, 1882, he had the consolation of ordaining the first three Japanese priests.

Two months before Mgr. Petitjean's death — that August, 1884, is, in Buddhism and Shintoism ceased to be the official religions of Japan, an event that marked the dawn of full religious liberty in the Empire. The zealous missionary Bishop had been suffering for years from a malady of the liver, and toward the end of August, 1884, he was stricken with paralysis. For forty-seven days thereafter he suffered with the most entire resignation to the will of God, calmly awaiting his final release. Humble and zealous to the end, he refused to let the missionaries spend with him the time that could be useful to souls. "Tell them," he said, "to go back to their posts. The fall of the general is no reason why the soldiers should leave the battlefield." The end came peacefully on October 7, 1884. He was fifty-five years old, and had spent twenty-four years in evangelizing the new generations of Japanese Christians. More than thirty thousand of these Christians, scattered all over the Empire, were the wondrous fruit of his blessed labors.

The remains of Bishop Petitjean were buried in the church at Nagasaki, under the altar at the foot of which, nineteen years before, he was kneeling in prayer when he discovered the old Catholics.

The Secret Bequest.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

#### XI.

FTER Bernard had taken his departure with the plans-very much reduced - for factory improvements, Honora remained where he had left her, and, leaning her arms on the desk by which she sat, looked out of an open window over the beautiful gardens, filled with all the glory of the Southern spring, - a glory of leaf and flower, of scented air and sunshine, almost intoxicating to one who had been so long confined within narrow city walls. She drew a deep breath as the fragrance of unnumbered blossoming trees and shrubs was borne to her on the soft breeze that entered; but she did not stir from her seat to go out into the alluring paradise of flowers and sunshine which invited her. She was, in fact, too deeply absorbed in her thoughts to think of moving. And these thoughts were not cheerful, as her face plainly showed; for she was facing the realization that she had not made the faintest progress toward fulfilling the wishes of Mr. Chisholm, - those wishes which she felt to be so strongly binding upon her honor and her conscience. She had indeed succeeded in keeping Bernard Chisholm in touch with the interests of the estate that should have been his; but the more she saw of him the more she felt that there was little gained by this,

so far as the object she had chiefly in view was concerned. His mental attitude showed no sign of change; and how, she asked herself despairingly, was she to bring about such a change?

"He has no regret," she told herself. "He has accepted the loss which he has incurred as if he had gained rather than lost, and gained something so great that the loss is not to be compared with it. Now, what is there to work upon in such a spirit as that? And yet the condition on which I am here is that I shall find a way to work upon him. I can't take all that has been given me, and do nothing toward the end for which it was given. But what am I to do? What possible means of influence have I? And how could I dare to use such means if I had them? He is so certain of his belief, and I am certain of nothing except that I am alive, and that love and duty are as much alive as I am."

She paused and meditated. Certain unforgettable words of the letter she had read many times since she read it first were printed on her memory, and recurred to her now as distinctly as if spoken by another voice: "In return for what I am giving you - large wealth and the power and ease it brings. - I ask that you will make every possible effort to draw Bernard from the errors into which he has fallen. It seems to me that you are peculiarly fitted to do this." She shook her head here in protest. "Oh, I am not, - indeed I am not!" she said, as if addressing some unseen presence. "I am not fitted at all for such a task. I have no arguments for his mind, if arguments would move him; and - and none of the attractions on which you relied for personal influence. There is nothing less possible than that he would wish to do anything for meespecially so tremendous a thing as to give up the religion for which he has sacrificed so much. I am, so far as I can see, utterly without power to move him; and yet I am bound in honor to make. the effort for the sake of which all this

wealth and ease have been given me. But how am I to make it?"

Again she paused, and again, as if in answer to her questions, the words of the letter came to her mind: "You are a young and, I have reason to believe, attractive woman; you have proved that you possess unusual qualities of character, and more than ordinary good sense. These things will be likely to appeal to him strongly." "But they do not!" she cried again protestingly. "Those are not the things that appeal to men. How could you think so? They are moved by beauty, and by the subtle power called charm, of which I have none. Now, Cecily has both; and if he falls in love with herand it seems as if nothing were more likely,---what am I to do in that case? I am warned that I must not marry him (supposing that he wanted to marry me) until I have 'induced him to renounce Romanism.' But Cecily would not regard such a prohibition, and Cecily is my natural heir. Is it by this means that Bernard is to regain his inheritance? But if he did not renounce his religion, that wouldn't fulfil the condition on which it was given to me." She shook her head in sad perplexity. "It is a difficult situation, and I wish-oh, how I wish there were some one whose advice I could ask.some one who could tell me what I am or am not conscientiously bound to do! Catholics surely have a great source of relief and help in their confessional; but" (whimsically) "that, no doubt, is something of which I'm forbidden even to think."

She fell into silence then; and as she gazed out over the lovely vistas of the sunshine-flooded, flower-filled pleasance before her, where countless birds were filling the air with their thrilling music, and everything breathed of the joy of life, all the youth in her suddenly sprang up and asserted itself. The inalienable, passionate desire of youth for happiness that desire so long repressed that she had almost forgotten its existence—stirred

in her veins like strong wine. To be happy! — that was surely 'the supreme thing in life; and it was quite true that she had been starved for it. Never since childhood had she known even a glimmer of happiness until now, - now when fortune was poured upon her in a flood, when the gratification of every wish was within her reach; and the only drawback was a qualm of conscience over the impossible condition made by an old man who was dead. After all, was it not folly to think so much of that condition,to feel as if the fortune were not really her own, but only to be held in trust for its rightful heir? The rightful heir had, however, forfeited it by his deliberate choice,-he was insistent upon that. And, since there seemed no possibility of inducing him to reconsider that choice, was it not the part of wisdom to put thoughts of the kind away, and, as Cecily constantly urged, take all that had been so lavishly given, and enjoy the wide, wonderful world to which wealth furnished the key?

It was as she asked these questions that she became aware of the presence of a servant at her elbow, holding out a small silver tray on which lay a card. Taking it up, she found a name unknown to her—"Miss Rainesford,"—and a glance of interrogation at the maid elicited only the information, "An elderly lady, ma'am."

Honora rose reluctantly; but there seemed no particular reason for excusing herself, although the hour was early for calling: rather a special motive for courtesy, since the visitor was an elderly lady, and she had been trained in the old-fashioned belief that there is a deference due from youth to age. She was glad that she had followed this impulse when she entered the drawingroom, where one of the most attractivelooking women she had ever seen came forward to meet her. Elderly, yes,there could be no doubt of that. But how charming in the refined grace of her

person and bearing, and in the mingled brightness and sweetness of her delicately chiselled face, from which the gray hair was rolled softly back, and out of which looked dark-lashed eyes of violet-blue! She held out a perfectly gloved hand, as she said in a voice full of melodious intonations:

"My dear Miss Trezevant, I am so glad to meet you! And I trust you'll excuse me for calling at so unfashionable an hour. But I met Bernard Chisholm a little while ago, and he encouraged me to come, saying that you were at home, and probably disengaged."

"Altogether disengaged," Honora assured her; adding, with a smile: "It was kind of Bernard to encourage you to come; for he knew I was alone."

Miss Rainesford nodded.

"So he said. And I felt the opportunity was not to be lost; for I've been wanting to find you alone. Not that I have anything important or mysterious to say; but simply because I have a desire to know you, and one can't know people whom one meets in a crowd. And sometimes even three is a crowd."

"Isn't there a popular saying to that effect?" Honora laughed. "I understand what you mean. One can know people in any real sense only when one sits down to talk to them alone."

"As we are sitting now," Miss Rainesford agreed in a tone of satisfaction. "This is what I have been waiting for, and I consider my meeting with Bernard this morning a very lucky chance. Perhaps you wonder why I have been so anxious to know you," she went on, after a slight pause. "It hasn't, I assure you, been merely from curiosity, because you have suddenly and romantically come into possession of a fortune which you could never have expected to inherit—"

"Not more than I expected to be called to mount one of the thrones of Europe," Honora assented.

"It has really been," Miss Rainesford continued, "because I've been interested by all that I've heard of you, and particularly by what I've heard from Bernard Chisholm. You see, I know him very well, and I must congratulate you on the fact that your relations with him are so friendly."

"How could they be anything else?" Honora asked. "He seems to be a person with whom it would be impossible to have other than friendly relations. And in my case there's every reason why they should be more than friendly. I have so much that should be his, you know."

"I'm quite sure that he doesn't think so—that it should be his, I mean," Miss Rainesford said quickly. "He gave it up in the most complete sense when he made his choice; and there's not a doubt butthat he is glad, very glad, that you have gained what he has lost. He thinks very highly of you; in fact, he's absolutely enthusiastic about the way in which you have taken up your new responsibilities. 'It's amazing how things have fallen out,' he said to me the other day. 'I believe that Miss 'Trezevant will do all that I could have hoped to do with the estate and the people connected with it.'"

"Oh, it's kind of him to speak like that, — very kind!" Honora exclaimed. "But the truth is that I should not be able to do anything without him; and the only merit I have in the matter is that of carrying out his ideas and following his suggestions."

"But don't you see how admirable and remarkable it is of you to do that?" Miss Rainesford asked. "It is what has made me want to know you — your attitude toward Bernard. There are so few young girls whose heads would not have been completely turned by such power and wealth unexpectedly given; and, who would not think chiefly of the possibilities of enjoyment which are opened, rather than of duties to be fulfilled."

"You must not give me too much credit for that," Honora told her. "I have had a training which made it easy for me to think of duties; indeed, I have never, since I was fifteen, been free to think of anything else."

There was a very kindly light in the violet eyes that rested on her.

"Perhaps you'll not understand me if I say that you have been fortunate to have been trained so well," Miss Rainesford remarked. "But the training doesn't detract in the least from your merit, as you seem to think. My dear, don't you know that there are people -- oceans of them — who *couldn't* be trained to think of duty before anything else?"

"Oh, yes!" Honora was obliged to confess. "I know that there are such people. But, so far as I am concerned, you mustn't make a mistake. I simply couldn't have done anything else but what I did."

"Being what you are, probably not. But if you had been a different person, you would speedily have decided that your first duty was to yourself, and that you would not sacrifice your life to others. That's the modern creed."

"Yes," Honora assented again, while involuntarily her thoughts flew to Cecily. How impossible it was to imagine Cecily sacrificing herself for anything or anybody! "But since I wasn't a different person, it comes to the same point, that I don't deserve commendation for what I couldn't help doing," she protested. "To obtain merit, there must have been struggle, mustn't there?"

There was keenness as well as kindness in the eyes that looked at her now.

"I fancy there may have been more than you think," Miss Rainesford said. "But if there were struggle you'd come out right. I'm sure of that, and so is Bernard."

"Is he?" Honora felt herself flushing a little. "That is very good of him, but please don't let us talk any more about me. Let us talk a little of him instead. I have been wanting some one to interpret him for me, and I feel as if you may be able to do so."

"What interpretation do you want?" Miss Rainesford asked. "Well" — Honora hesitated for a moment, — "I should like to understand if possible some things about him that, appear very contradictory. He seems so entirely a normal young man, full of interest in life, gay and pleasant, keen about business, and not averse to pleasure; and yet he has done a thing which is abnormal: he has made a sacrifice which one would expect only from a religious fanatic, and he isn't a fanatic."

Miss Rainesford shook her head smilingly.

"He is certainly not a fanatic," she said; "but I don't wonder that what he has done puzzles you as it puzzles others." She paused for an instant. "It isn't really possible for any one but a Catholic to understand it," she added.

A flash of intuition came to Honora. "Then you are—?" she began.

"A Catholic?" the other took up her sentence. "Yes, thank God, I am a Catholic, and, like Bernard, a convert! So, you see, I ought to understand, and perhaps be able to interpret him."

"And that is why you are such good friends," the girl said, with a thrill of interest. "Did you perhaps influence help to make him a Catholic?"

Again Miss Rainesford shook her head.

"I had nothing whatever to do with his conversion," she said. "Those outside the Church are unable to believe it, but personal influence doesn't make converts. Sometimes it points the way, but only the grace of God brings people into the Church. I never saw the grace of God act more directly on a human soul than on Bernard Chisholm's, and I never saw a more prompt and wholehearted response than his. He seemed to rise up in answer to the divine call, and fling away with positive gladness what would have held a weaker soul so securely back."

"That is what is most puzzling about him — his gladness," Honora said. "I asked him once to tell me what it was he had gained which made amends for all that he had lost, but he didn't answer the question. Perhaps he thought I couldn't understand."

Miss Rainesford flashed another keen glance at her.

"Can't you think of any other reason for his reticence?" she asked. "Don't you know that Catholics are suspected of trying to make converts all the time? As a rule, we don't make efforts of the kind; but sometimes the answer to a question will rouse a train of thought which leads very far. Now, it would be awkward if such a train of thought were roused with you, wouldn't it?"

"Why necessarily?"

"Well, you see, he couldn't explain what he had gained, without putting the claims of the Catholic Church before you; and those claims are so irresistible to a soul capable of recognizing and feeling them that you might—you'll understand that I'm merely indulging in a hypothesis—have found yourself in a difficult position."

Honora's leaf-brown eyes met hers with the utmost frankness.

"Of course I understand what you mean," she said. "You think that it would be dangerous for me to be too curious about the claims of the Catholie Church; for I might find myself in the same position in which Bernard Chisholm was placed, and I couldn't be expected to make such a choice as he made."

"My dear," Miss Rainesford said quickly, "I couldn't possibly mean that you would be unable to make such a choice; but it's plain that it would be very hard to you—we all know the condition on which you hold your fortune, and naturally Bernard wouldn't wish to disturb your good faith."

"There seems to me to be a good deal of arrogance—spiritual arrogance in that attitude," Honora protested. "Why should the claims of the Catholic Church be supposed to be so irresistible that they can not be discussed without danger to one's good faith? As a matter of fact, we don't find them irresistible; for numbers of people discuss them without being convinced of their truth."

"There are many reasons for that," Miss Rainesford said. "It's quite possible to discuss a subject with a mind closed to conviction. Most of the discussions one hears are of that kind. But if one finds an open mind—" She broke off hastily. "You must pardon me for talking like this," she said. "It's really not at all according to my usual habit; but you asked me to interpret Bernard Chisholm, and it isn't possible to interpret him except through his religion."

"I recognize that very clearly," Honora said. "I should be very stupid if I didn't. But perhaps I wanted an interpretation which you can hardly give. For instance, do you think his new faith is so firm that nothing could lead him to change his religion again?"

"Change his religion!" Miss Rainesford seemed irresistibly impelled to laughter. "If there's anything in the world less probable than that, I don't know what it is. But your question is one which is often asked about converts — their friends are always expecting them to 'come back,'—and it only proves that you don't understand."

"No, I don't understand," Honora agreed humbly. "I've never known anything before of a religion that had such mysteries and exacted such sacrifices. The religion I've known has been on very good terms with the world; there was nothing mysterious about it; and it exacted no sacrifices, because it had no power to enforce them. So, you see, when I have come face to face with so tremendous a sacrifice as Bernard Chisholm has made—when I am in the position of profiting by it,—I can't be other than a little curious."

"It's very natural that you should be," Miss Rainesford said sympathetically; "and I wish that I felt at liberty to satisfy your curiosity fully. But" (she shook her head as if admon-

ishing herself) "it wouldn't do,—it really wouldn't do! So you must just be satisfied that Bernard has no regrets for what he has done — in fact, I'm sure that he feels that he was very fortunate to have something to give in return for the great grace given to him,—and that all you have to do is to enjoy the good fortune which has come to you."

"That is what everybody says, including Bernard himself," Honora replied a little wistfully; "and of course I am unspeakably grateful for all that has come to me, — for relief from poverty and distasteful work, and fear of the future, and other fears even worse. But still—"

And then she paused; for how could she go on, since it was not possible for her to give even a hint of the secret bequest which had been added to the other bequest left her, and which lay so heavily as a burden upon her conscience?

"But still you are pitying the young man who has disinherited himself," Miss Rainesford said, smiling. "Don't do it, my dear, — don't do it! There's nobody less an object for pity than Bernard Chisholm."

"That, too, is what everybody says," Honora laughed, though the laughter was rather tremulous.

"Then heed what everybody says," Miss Rainesford advised her. "And now you must let me thank you for having kept him in Kingsford. It would have broken my heart to lose him out of my life; and, as you probably know, he had made his arrangements to go away."

"No, I didn't know," Honora said a little breathlessly. "Where was he going?"

"To South America. He had heard of a business opening in Buenos Ayres, and the idea of going there was very attractive to him."

"And yet he gave it up to remain here."

"You appealed to him to help you, and it was like Bernard to find the appeal irresistible. He realized how valuable his help was, and how difficult it would be for you to find any one to replace him in the management of the business."

"And so he stayed in a position which he might have felt humiliating to his pride."

"But he didn't. He hasn't any pride of that kind to be humiliated. Only small natures suffer in that way, and he well, he isn't small, you know."

"He's large in a way that I've never known before," Honora said. "But I see now that I shouldn't have put him to such a test; I shouldn't have made such a demand on his chivalry, for that's what it was. No wonder Mr. Maxwell was amazed, and thought I shouldn't have done it."

"I differ with Mr. Maxwell, then," Miss Rainesford declared emphatically. "I think it was a lovely thing for you to do; and I know, and *he* knows, that it was from no selfish motive, but because you wanted to provide for him that you did it. There was no need to provide for him, but you didn't know that; and your generous impulse has had the good result of keeping him with us a little longer, and of making you two good friends."

"I hope we are good friends," Honora said, and paused again because she could not explain the motive that had chiefly influenced her in begging Bernard Chisholm to remain.

(To be continued.)

## The Captive.

BY A. F. D.

 $\mathfrak{F}^{\mathrm{ORTHWARD}}$  from heaven through fields on fields of light,

By pasturing stars to the dim, whirling earth, The spirit speeds in young, immortal flight,

To fold her wings in birth.

In throes, at last, of bitterness and pain,

She stirs—spent captive!—in the alien clod; And death unfurls those homing wings again

That rush, set free, to God.

#### Santa Susanna.

BY MARY CRAWFORD FRASER.

I.

F all the fourteen *rioni*, or regions, into which Rome is divided, the first, called "Monti," is yet to me the best loved and the most interesting, and I have always felt honored in being one of its born children. The tide of modernism has swept over it since then; but the immortal landmarks stand yet, some dominating and tremendous, memorials of a time when the Roman Empire was the world; some still smiling in all the loveliness of the Renaissance, when earth's kingdoms indeed bowed to other rulers, but intellect and art still owned fealty to the Eternal City and all it represented.

The two dominions still guarded the quarter when I grew up there,-rival silences reconciled at last, their ripe beauty blending and harmonizing in the golden peace of the long noondays, in the dark sapphire of the quiet nights. The breeze that came up from the south sang among the cypresses very gently, just swaying their delicate crowning spires, but wafting away without disturbingthe massed foliage below, or shifting a single grain of the fragrant dust that its falling had piled for centuries around their roots. These had struck so deep that it seemed as if earth could hold no more, and they had risen and spread above it in upstanding buttresses velveted with moss, between whose deep arms a child could creep in and lie for hours on the sifted gold-brown mold, watching the play of branches in the sun against the blue, a thousand miles overhead; dreaming of the great past that made itself felt all around, even to untutored senses; and of an enchanting future limited to the blooming of the moss rose-tree, whose whereabouts just then was the most wonderful secret in the world - one's own

alone; or else of how many bunches of big dark purple violets could be smuggled upstairs in one's pinafore before the old gardener woke from his nap and came hobbling after one to snatch them away. For the gardener had illicit dealings with flower-sellers, through the scrolled ironwork of the gate that looked to St. Mary Major; and one of the chief joys of life was to outwit him, and pick armfuls of violets and hyacinths while he was asleep.

The most beautiful gate of all was the one to the right of the house,-- an immense decorated archway leading into the *piazzale* of the Villa, a vast round, ringed with cypresses, and delimited by stone pillars which stood in a semicircle, with huge iron chains swinging low between. This was planned as a waitingplace for the coaches and sedan chairs after they had put down their freight at the foot of the state staircase, under the porte-cochère. They came out into the broad alley, peopled with statues, behind the house, turned to the left, and drew up in the *piazzale* to wait till their lordly masters and mistresses had ended their feasting upstairs. Then the gate would be opened: the Excellencies, all packed into their gilt coaches or crimson sedan chairs, would trundle through, perhaps throwing a little silver to the ragged crowd that had gathered outside. The pages, beautiful, mischievous young rascals, would loll in those rose-wreathed Belvederes on either side of the gate, making fun of the great people while they nibbled the sweets they had stolen from the table, or hatched little hell-black perfidies with the shameless joy of their age and day.

And all the while, upstairs, perhaps, Vittoria Accoramboni, whom specialists in crime have called the worst woman that ever lived, was beginning to look round for some one to do away with poor Francesco Peretti, the cardinal's nephew, who had been unlucky enough to espouse her, and who, being virtuous, bored her to death. She found her weapon and used it, to her own undoing; little dreaming that Francesco's cardinal uncle would one day become Pope and—remember. Vet I think it was not only personal vengeance that moved Sixtus V., the great purifier, in that affair. Vittoria dragged down the Orsinis in her fall; and when they had been suppressed and exiled, Rome had peace. As Cardinal Montalto, Sixtus had laid out the Villa, and rebuilt the Negroni Palace for the young couple. Later it passed into the hands of the Massimos; and when my own memories of it begin, the great house was the property of perhaps the most decorous and pious noble family in all Rome; and the gardens, not a tree or shrub disturbed for three hundred years, were silent and peaceful as the grave.

In spite of its sad memories (for the poor young nephew had been dearly loved), Sixtus V. cherished this high quarter of Rome, and set his mark upon it in one beautiful building after another; and his example was followed by later popes. All these more modern potentates were but walking in the steps of greater builders of a greater day, when this region was the most fashionable and gorgeous quarter of imperial Rome. Much of it was covered by the Baths of Diocletian, the largest ever built and constituting a city within the city. It enclosed three of the Seven Hills, was covered with palaces, baths, and temples; and had, more distinctly than any of the other rioni except that of Borgo (Trastevere), a population of its own, which looked down on the citizens outside its borders as aliens and, very generally, foes. The immense remains of the ancient buildings had, I imagine, much to do with its popularity during the Renaissance; for they furnished abundant and beautiful material for the mere trouble of appro-, priating and using it. Why go farther afield, when marble and stone, bronze and carvings, lay piled high, so to speak, at one's own doorstep? The

pillaging amounted to devastation, it is true; but the results of it are singularly lovely, and some have been respected even by the reckless builders and planners of our own times.

Of all Sixtus V.'s achievements, the Church of Santa Susanna seems to me the most perfect, — the one where his favorite architect, Carlo Maderno, did most justice to his patron and himself.

I must have passed the exquisite edifice almost daily in my childhood; yet it was only recently that I entered it for the first time. And, so doing, I was granted another of those mysteriously timed surprises in which my life has been so rich,—the moments, marking epochs, that brought me the "Perfume of the Rainbow" on a summer morning in China, the return of the North Star to my horizon in mid-Atlantic, the blooming of a lily at dawn in Japan, a vision of Arctic glory in the Rockies,—supreme revelations of beauty, each a matchless gem to hang on memory's rosary.

Perfection is perceived only by force of contrast: Santa Susanna saw to it that this should serve her when I came to the church built over her dwelling, where her sainted body lies. Outside, in the broad Piazza of San Bernardo, an impassioned orator was declaiming to a crowd on the merits of a candidate for the Municipal elections; tram-cars raced and rattled in the blazing sunshine; motors, with unearthly yells, seared their way through groups of terrified citizens. And, alas! the juggernaut motor screams more discordantly and races more callously in our poor Rome to-day than in any city in the world. A sunburned contadina, with a couple of emaciated children hanging to her skirts, was trying to sell faded carnations at two sous the bunch. The great fountain with its pompous superstructure, the only unchanged feature of the scene, poured forth its flood of crystal even as it did when I was born within sound of it; but the colossal Moses, who always

looked so angry, appears now to be calling down Heaven's wrath on the desecrated Piazza.

The mild, faithful lions, though each gives from his mouth the old generous stream, seem to be gazing mournfully at the noisy pageant of vulgar life,regretting the wide, sunny calm of old, and waiting, none too patiently, for some cataclysm of nature to overwhelm it and restore a peace which has fled forever-though the lions do not know Your Great Sixtus, the fifth of that. the name, has been dead these three hundred years and more - poor lions!and his very name is growing dim on the architrave of the monument. The splendid material beauty he loved and cherished is all but gone; only a trace remains here and there. It seemed to me to-day that I, and the lions, and the tanned contadina who dipped her wilting flowers in his fountain were the last links left in the thin, thin chain with the past. And then I mounted a few worn marble steps and passed through a half-open door-and the past, with its silences and its peace, took me to its heart and said, "I am immortal, and I am here!"

What space and soaring quiet in that vast, dim church! What exquisitely balanced distance between porch and altar! What room for wings between marble floor and sombre glory overhead! The first impression is all of dear, deathly, restful emptiness. Featureless, unbroken as the sea at twilight, the vast sweep goes from your first footfall across the threshold to the mysterious confessional at the far end, with its double stairway which descends to a dark, closed sanctuary - the resting-place of the saint. From far above, one lamp hangs and burns; for behind there, at the farthest point of the raised choir, which is a church in itself, is the tabernacle, lonely and withdrawn, from which the Sacred Heart calls night and day to Its careless common children to come and be loved.

Only one chapel is there in this church

of unities, - a high, wide chapel to the right, opened out, as if Our Lord had gently reproached the architect for not providing a lodging for the Mother without whom He would not come to us, without whom He will not stay. There is a picture of the Blessed One, crowned and gemmed, black with the incense of centuries; yet so dominant, so loveinspiring, that, even as I was standing, awed, on the far edge of that twilight sea of space, two women in deepest mourning were kneeling before it in a rapture of love, holding out their arms as children do to the mother who calls them. And when they rose and passed me to go out, their tear-marked pale faces were aflame with holy joy.

Next door to the church, in one of the architectural wings on which it seems to rest on either side, is a tall old doorway, arched and massive, through which I have occasionally caught glimpses of a garden court, dappled with gold-green shadows. The portal stood half open as I passed to-day, and I could not resist the temptation of entering what I took for some religious precinct, since an inscription on the door itself ran "Congregazione Mariana"; and on Sundays I had seen many persons going in and out. But there was nothing ecclesiastical about what I found within. A white-haired woman, with the stern, handsome features of some dame of old Rome, sat sewing in the deep, embowered court; and beside her, looking eagerly up into her face, was a little girl of twelve or so, pale as a lily, with big dark eyes and an expression of intense seriousness.

Behind and around them rose the brown background of ancient wall, wreathed and canopied overhead by a broad-spreading vine. Little balconies jutted into the courtyard, far above one's head, spilling over great hanging mantles of the pink geranium which has become so popular with our flower-loving people. All was bathed in mellow gloom,—the clear evening light seeming to sink and rest lovingly on every rich old tint and softly swinging flower.

"May I come in?" I asked rather timidly, conscious now that I had intruded on a private dwelling.

The old lady merely bowed her head in consent and went on with her sewing, but the child sprang up and came toward me.

"Favorisca, Signora!" she said, her face lighting up with interest at the sight of a stranger.

Then some one spoke at my elbow: "There is little to see here, — a mere rustic scene, picturesque but uninteresting. Would you like to come into the church? There indeed I can show you something worth seeing."

It was an elderly man, the father of the little maid and the official sacristan. I realized that this was the man I had been looking for for days past, and in five minutés we were friends for life. So far. the guardians of the beautiful church had been invisible when I entered it; all doors except the principal entrance had remained tightly closed; and I was beginning to despair of finding any one to open the locked confessional under the high altar, and answer all the questions I was burning to put. As soon as the good man discovered that I was of his own generation and a born Roman, he opened his heart to me, enlarging on the great old times that we could both remember, when literally the only houses in this bit of the town were all religious ones, and an unbroken chain of convents and monasteries stretched from the Via di Santa Susanna to the Quirinal Palace on one side, and the Palazzo della Consulta on the other.

"And the last of all these, near Piazza Monte Cavallo," he wound up, "was the convent of the Sacramentine nuns, they of the Perpetual Adoration. And what do you think, Signora? When this government took possession and turned them all out and made the convents into barracks, did not I, whose levy was of the year 1850, have to go to that very convent of the Sacramentine to pass the military inspection! *Che destino, eh?* And there, too, I did a part of my time as a soldier. It was enough to break one's heart. There are no nuns left except a few Cistercians, hidden away in a little bit of their old house that the government left them here behind the church. Oh, such good, clever ladies, so instructed and so holy! The rest is all full of cuirassiers. Your Excellency will have heard them if you live near by?"

"Heard them"? Poor boys, I should think I had! The back garden of my house has a boundary wall which is also that of their exercising ground. They gentle, orderly fellows, are and on Sundays they and their officers crowd devoutly to Mass; but their bugles wake me at dawn, practise all day, and drown me in melancholy when they play "Last Call" at night. We can live down every trace of our tragedies, as we think; but there are two weapons by which they can stab us for a hundred years. The scent of nasturtiums and the wail of a bugle would make me weep in my grave.

"Let us go into the church, friend," I said.

The light was failing, and I was not sure that this kind fellow-ghost would appear to me again. He probably belonged only to the sunset hour. So we moved on, the white-clad little girl running back to find the keys. In a moment we had entered the great, calm sanctuary; and again I had the impression of moving over the surface of a twilight sea, while overhead the last gleams of the sunset lingered and fretted the broken gold of the vault.

(Conclusion next week.)

THE whole of Mary, and all the benignity of her queendom, and all the glory of her exaltation, and all the splendor of her graces, and all the mysteries of her motherhood, are because of the Precious Blood.—Faber.

## An Old Flemish Priest.

#### BY E. M. W.

ONG before the war broke out, long before we had so many Belgians in England, I had the privilege of knowing an old Flemish priest. He was typical, I think, of his country. May his memory be ever blessed!

Not all who are acquainted with the North of London have visited Starr Passage. Fewer still have lived in it. But for five whole years I lived there, and I left it with regret. Notwithstanding all its disadvantages, there is something in it that grips one's heart. And yet I remember that when I entered it for the first time, I felt something akin to dismay at the dingy aspect of the houses, and at the slovenly appearance of the people who lived in them. The Passage itself is not so narrow as its name implies, and is occupied for the most part by small shops, over one of which was the notice, "Millinery and Cats' Meat." I at once decided to close my eyes to the wonders that surrounded me, and pushed on resolutely until I came to a row of houses with grimy doorsteps and dusty window-Beyond these was a church. blinds. Striding over the pieces of soiled paper that were flapping about in the gutter, I dived across the Passage and stood at last on the presbytery doorstep. Just then, above the shouts of the children and the rattle of carts, a bell rang out three times.

The Angelus had then rung steadily in Starr Passage for five and twenty years — in fact, ever since the advent of "Father Leo,"—and I think that even the most rabid Protestant scarcely disliked the sound. Flemish by birth, Father Leo had long ago become a naturalized Englishman, out of love for the land of his adoption. He was a man of the people; he loved the poor and understood them, and they in return loved him. Years ago he had stood by his flock all through a dangerous epidemic. Nor had he confined his ministrations to those of his own communion; and in justice to the denizens of Starr Passage be it said that they are slow to forget a kindness.

It was a lucky day for me, that dark and drizzling afternoon on which I made the acquaintance of Father Leo. He walked into his comfortless, bare parlor for all the world as though he had come straight out of the pages of "The Little Flowers of St. Francis," as indeed he had. He called me "My dear," all grown-up as I was; and undertook without a moment's hesitation to find me a lodging, making only one stipulation: "Now mind! If I find you a room in my mission, you are to be my little friend. Don't forget! And you must come to me when you want anything. You won't be too proud to come to an old man like me, I suppose?"

Ah, good Father, the neighborhood is darker since you left it! How often have I looked out of the window of the lodging with which you provided me, and seen you threading your way along the Passage, short and stout of form, with a round rosy face and wisps of straggling grey hair! And behind you came ever a crowd of little children, eagerly clamoring for the customary distribution of marbles, penny tops farthings, and "God bless you, my little lozenges. clients!" he would say. And, no matter how they fought and squabbled, he always spoke of them as his "precious lambs." Good men and true, indeed, have many of them turned out, those boisterous youngsters whom he loved, and of whom he spoke so often to his Lord.

Father Leo knew six languages, yet he was very far from being a bookworm; and no little detail of everyday life came amiss to his shrewd Flemish brain. He was at everybody's service, but the poor and the unhappy had the warmest corner in his heart. "One can not judge by appearances," he would say. "It is more than likely that the old apple-woman who creeps into the last pew, and has only one poor dress, and is almost ashamed to come to church, has a more beautiful soul than the lady in the new silk gown who rustles up to the front seat." This, of course, was only a figure of speech; for the rustling of silk dresses was not frequent enough to prove a grave scandal to the worshippers in Starr Passage.

How good is a good priest! Only in heaven will it transpire how many lonely and uneasy deathbeds were made all radiant by the faith and trust of this old Fleming; how many wedding breakfasts were the holier and the merrier for his cheery presence and his ready jokes. I have seen him, on his pastoral visits, tasting the children's dinner, and agreeing that it was quite possible to make an excellent pudding without eggs. "God keep all here!" he would say, raising his hand to bless as he rose to go. "But how is my Fat Podge? I don't see her." For he had a special name for everyone; and no matter how comical it might be. nobody seemed to mind in the least.

So, blessing, he would pass along the sordid streets and alleys, in his eyes a great kindliness for the costers and the workmen, the untidy women and the ragged children of his adopted country; and deep in his heart a tender memory of the home of his childhood; a longing after his pious burgher parents, the quaint houses and the winding river, the old market-place with its irregular roofs and turrets, and the massive doorway of the old cathedral, silent and solemn as the hush of night fell around it. May God give them back to him in patria, together with all the Flemish and the English, the Scotch and Irish, he loved and served so well!

SATIETY follows more speedily upon success than despair upon failure. Let us thank Heaven for that, brethren dear!—*Theodore Winthrop*.

#### The Ave Regina Cœlorum.

Hail, Queen of Heaven, 'round whom rejoices Th' angelic host with choral voices! Hail, sweetest Root of Jesse, budding! Heaven's porch, earth's torch, whence light is flooding. We sing thee, Virgin, crowned with glory;

We chaunt the wonders of thy story. Thy praise, thus sung, thy mercy reaching, Now lift to Christ in prayers beseeching.

THIS beautiful antiphon to Our Lady **I** is used by the Church from Candlemas Day to Holy Week. It suggests to us to venerate the Blessed Virgin Mary under the title of Queen of Heaven, raised not only above all the saints, but even surpassing the angelic choirs. "Hail, Queen of Heaven! Hail, Queen of Angels!"-Ave Regina Cælorum! Ave Domina Angelorum! Her divine maternity, which is the source of all her glories and the origin of our salvation, is likewise commemorated. "We render thee homage, O sacred Root, O heavenly Gate, whence issued the Light of the world!"-Salve Radix, salve Porta, ex qua mundo lux est orta. Furthermore, we praise her incomparable virginity, by which she surpassed all that is most pure and beautiful in God's creatures. "Rejoice, O glorious Virgin! thou who art transcendent in thy loveliness." - Gaude Virgo gloriosa, super omnes speciosa. After having venerated Mary as Queen of Angels, Mother of our Redeemer, Gate of Heaven, and Virgin of virgins, we take leave of her with the petition, "Intercede for us with Christ."-Vale, O valde decora, et pro nobis Christum exora.

It is often said that the author and the origin of this anthem are unknown; and, strictly speaking, this is undoubtedly true. There is, however, an opinion which, on account of the number and authority of those who hold it, is not to be despised, to the effect that the *Ave Regina Cælorum* is the canticle sung by the Apostles at the death and burial of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

That the Apostles sang on this occasion seems not only very probable at

first sight, but is related and asserted by many grave writers of great antiquity. Dionysius the Areopagite, who is believed to have been present at Our Lady's death, assures us that the Apostles, and also the faithful who witnessed her departure from this world, vied in singing her praises. "When," he writes, "the Apostles, and we also as you know, and many of the brethren, had assembled (there being also present James, the brother of the Lord, and Peter, the head of divines), it was thought meet that, after having seen so sublime a spectacle, the princes of the Church-should sing hymns, each according to his ability." Similar words occur in the Canticle of the Greek Church: "O Virgin Mother of God! when thou didst depart from this world to Him who was born of thee. James, the brother of the Lord and first Bishop of Jerusalem, was present, as well as Peter, the prince of divines, and the college of the Apostles, to celebrate the sacred mysteries with hymns, and to accompany with canticles thy body, which had been the temple of God."

St. John Damascene, who lived in the eighth century, and was so distinguished for his devotion to the Blessed Virgin, in a sermon on the "Sleep" of the Mother "Those who had seen of God says: Jesus and ministered unto Him, now also ministered to His Mother, desiring to obtain her blessing as a precious inheritance. And when with many flowers and various hymns they had woven a sacred crown, they received her blessing as a treasure coming from heaven." Andrew Cretensis, Bishop of Jerusalem, also relates that they sang hymns around her bed, each in his turn. And Simeon Metaphrastes says: "The Apostles, and the faithful also, surrounded her precious body, and accompanied it with hymns to its resting-place."

On this subject Father Christopher de Castro remarks: "If in ancient times the faithful sang hymns over the remains of those who had slept in the Lord, because they had obtained the palm of victory, with much greater appropriateness must the Apostles have sung canticles at the departure of the Mother of God."

Pelbartus\* asserts that the hymn which the Apostles sang on that solemn occasion was the Ave Regina Calorum. As his authority he quotes Cosmas, surnamed "Vestitor," or "Vestiarius," who assures us that he learned what he relates from those who were present, or others who had heard it from their lips. The following are the words of Pelbartus:

"Then St. Peter, beginning, as Cosmas relates, exclaimed, 'Rejoice, Spouse of the heavenly court, candlestick of the divine light, by whom the Eternal Splendor was made visible!' And the Apostles in their turn said: 'Ave Regina Cælorum. Ave Domina Angelorum. Salve, Radix sancta, ex qua mundo lux est orta. Gaude, Virgo gloriosa, super omnes speciosa. Vale, et pro nobis ora.' Which may be translated: 'Hail, Queen of the Heavens! Hail, Mistress of the Angels! Hail, holy Root, from which the world's Light has arisen! Rejoice, O glorious Virgin! in beauty all excelling. Farewell, and pray for us!""

Whatever we may think of the value of this opinion, it is certain that the antiphon is very old, and has been in use for a long time in the Church. Since the time of Pelbartus, who lived in the second half of the fifteenth century, a slight change has been made in the words of the antiphon. Instead of Salve, Radix sancta ("Hail, holy Root"), we now say, Salve Radix, salve Porta ("Hail, Root; hail, Gate"). And the conclusion: Vale, et pro nobis ora ("Farewell, and pray for us"), is now thus supplemented: Vale, O valde decorc, et pro nobis Christum exora! ("Farewell, O thou most comely, and pray Christ for us"!) In the Venetian edition of the Works of St. Anselm (an. 1744) we read: Et pro nobis semper Christum exora.

It is from St. Ephrem-the light and

\* Pelbartus de Themesvar, O. S. F., "Stellarum Corona B. V. M." glory of the Syriac Church, who on account of the beautiful hymns he wrote is called in the Syriac Liturgy "the Harp of the Holy Ghost"—that the Church has taken the versicle which precedes the prayer said after the antiphon: Dignare me laudare te, Virgo sacrata. Da mihi virtutem contra hostes tuos. ("Deign that I may praise thee, O holy Virgin! Give me strength against thine enemies.")

"Most merciful God, grant, we beseech Thee, a succor unto the frailty of our nature; that as we keep ever alive the memory of the Holy Mother of God, so by the help of her intercession we may be raised up from the bondage of our sins. Through the same Christ our Lord. Amen."

## Newman as an Anglican Preacher.

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m MONG}$  the undergraduates at Oxford, during Newman's residence there as professor, was the future historian, James Anthony Froude. While Froude's unreliability in the domain of history is very generally acknowledged-he was afflicted, as an authoritative writer puts it, "with constitutional sentimentality and an unfortunate, if unconscious, facility for inaccurately adapting facts to suit the views he sought to promulgate,"-no one has ever called in question his ability as a vivid and emphatic writer; and his description of the future Cardinal as an Anglican preacher, found in his "Short Studies of Great Subjects," will prove of perennial interest to Newman's ad-Froude writes: mirers.

Personal admiration, of course, inclined us to look to him as a guide in matters of religion. No one who heard his sermons in those days can ever forget them. They were seldom directly theological. We had theology enough and to spare from the select preachers before the University. Newman, taking some Scripture character for a text, spoke to us about ourselves, our temptations, our experiences. His illustrations were inexhaustible. He seemed to be addressing the most secret consciousness of each of us,—as the eyes of a portrait appear to look at every person in a room. He never exaggerated; he was never unreal. A sermon from him was a poem, formed on a distinct idea, fascinating by its subtlety, welcome how welcome!—from its sincerity, interesting from its originality, even to those who were careless of religion; and to others who wished to be religious but had found religion dry and wearisome, it was like the springing of a fountain out of a rock....

I recollect a sermon from him-I think in the year 1839. I have never read it since; I may not remember the exact words, but the impression left is ineffaceable. It was on the trials of faith, of which he gave different illustrations. . . . Again, I am not sure whether it was on the same occasion, but it was in following the same line of thought, Newman described closely some of the incidents of Our Lord's Passion; he then paused. For a few moments there was a breathless silence. Then, in a low, clear voice, of which the faintest vibration was audible in the farthest corner of St. Mary's, he said: "Now, I bid you recollect that He to whom these things were done was Almighty God." It was as if an electric shock had gone through the church, as if every person present understood for the first time the meaning of what he had all his life been saying. I suppose it was an epoch in the mental history of more than one of my Oxford contemporaries.

In those days the future Cardinal was a leader whose ability and sincerity his followers never questioned; a preacher whose rare powers they praised to the skies; a writer whom they admired both for the vigor of his thought and the grace of his style. A little later, when he published his famous Tract Ninety, which was meant as a preventive of conversions to The Church, he was accused of preaching the most flagrant dishonesty; and many of his former admirers denounced him as a "Jesuit in disguise," a false guide, a juggler of words, who used language that at the same time diminished truth and propagated error. It was not until Oct. 28, 1845, that the greatest of the Tractarians made his submission to the Vicar of Christ, becoming a leader indeed and a host in himself. That date has been of consequence to the world. Future historians can not fail to regard it as one of capital importance in the nineteenth century.

#### Public Benevolence vs. Private Charity.

No one in the least familiar with the public utterances of Mr. Nathan Straus, of New York, needs to be told that they are always well deserving of consideration. But we question if this eminent American citizen has ever said anything more worthy of general attention than the answer he gave when asked (by a correspondent of the New York *Sun*) for his opinion on organized charity. We should like to reproduce every word of his reply, which is no less creditable than characteristic; but we must content ourselves with some extracts.

After remarking that in his opinion there never has been such widespread distress as exists at present, Mr. Straus continued: "The danger of organized charity, especially when carried on on a large scale, is that it is mechanical. Too often it lacks gentleness of heart and becomes cold and official. The person to be helped loses his individuality and is known as file 18, No. 8268, or something like that. So organized charity, perhaps almost of necessity, involves itself in red tape, leads to frigid formalities of printed rules, application blanks and investigations. . . . In times like these the kind of relief that is most needed is quick-given help; given without formality, given kindly, and, as far as possible, given personally. The need for organized charity would not be so great if we as individuals were more active; for personal helpfulness would materially reduce the enormous volume of work that presses upon the various organizations."

To the question whether the inexperienced giver would sometimes blunder in his benevolence, Mr. Straus answered: "Most assuredly. But suppose he *did* make mistakes, he does himself no harm. The happiness that comes to the giver is not measured by the worthiness of the recipient, but results from the unselfishness of the donor. Just now the value of personal aid is particularly marked because thousands of the most worthy and needy ones are too sensitive and shrinking to go before a charity board and ask alms. There are some who think that personal aid ought merely to supplement organized charity as a sort of emergency measure. I believe it is the other way; for our activities ought to make it so that organized work would take second place in the scheme of social service."

Coming from one who has long been identified with organized charity, these words are all the more noteworthy. But they should not be misunderstood. Mr. Straus' contention is that organized benevolence, necessary as it is in cities, should not take the place of personal charity, but rather supplement it. The best example of united charity in the world is the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, about which there is no red tape and no formality of any sort. Its members seek out the poor, and distribute alms to them personally as friends. There is no blundering in this admirable organization. Personal aid is what it aims at. The sensitive poor are the objects of special solicitude. And, best of all, it makes no parade of its beneficence. If every pastor in all our larger cities were to establish a branch of the Society of St. Vincent in his parish, and take an active personal interest in it, the widespread distress that exists in the country would be instantly relieved. A busy pastor can not, of course, personally look after all the poor in his parish; but they may be reached through members of . the congregation, a sufficient number of whom can always be found to take up charitable work. A zealous priest in charge of a large congregation in one of our Eastern cities was heard to say: "There are a great many poor people in this parish, but to my certain knowledge there is not a single one that suffers from lack of food or clothing. Our Charity Guild sees to that-and much besides."

As for Mr. Straus, he has unconsciously given proof that his heart is as large as his mind is broad.

#### Notes and Remarks.

The problem of the unemployed, always a matter of concern to social workers, is becoming of acute interest in many parts of the country at the present time. In connection therewith the utility, efficiency, and trustworthiness of private employment agencies are challenging the attention of those who have at heart the best interests of the honest laborer seeking work. That there is vast room for improvement in the methods of such agencies, or some of them, is clear from the findings of a commission recently engaged in the investigation of these bodies in one of our Western States. We quote:

Forty-two agents admitted the prevalence of the following abuses: illegal retention of fees, misrepresentation, shipment where there is not work, advertising where there is no job, splitting fees with foremen, extortion, shipment of unfit applicants, operations in connection with saloons; and they acknowledged these abuses on the part of the employer: misrepresentation, giving orders to several agents at the same time, retaining fees collected from employees. Needless to say, these forty-two employment agents claimed severally that their offices were innocent of such practices. Of the thirty-nine agents who professed ignorance of any abuse, we must say that we suspect their trustworthiness as witnesses, or at least their knowledge of conditions.

The regulation of all such private agencies in the interest of the men genuinely seeking employment is a service to which the State may well devote some attention.

The perusal of a leader in a recent issue of the London *Catholic Times* suggests the phrase, How to be fair, though a belligerent. Discussing the difficulty, not to say the impossibility, which some Anglicans find in understanding the neutrality of the Pope in the present war, our contemporary explains at length, and very convincingly, how the Holy Father *must* be neutral. Incidentally, it upholds its own side of the great controversy without at all impugning the good faith

of its opponents. It calls attention to the fact that the Pope hears from every quarter how the leaders of the faithful, whose supreme leader he himself is, are at variance in their judgments on the cause and the justice of the war. "A German cardinal is as sure that Germany is right as a Belgian cardinal is that Belgium is right. . . . Wherever we go we find firm opinions, honest convictions, decided judgment. Let us respect them and the holders of them." The radical difference between the congruous attitude of the Sovereign Pontiff and that of the various Catholic nationalities subject to his spiritual sway is then emphasized in this admirable fashion:

To us the question is as good as settled. We are in the war, and we shall stop in it, until we triumph. It counts as nothing to us that Catholics in Germany and Austria believe firmly that right is on their side. We believe that they are mistaken. They believe that we are mistaken. All we do is to go on our way, ignoring them, content in our belief that we are right. But the Pope can not do that. We have suspended all relations with these enemy countries. His relations with them continue. Surely that fact makes a difference! If the Pope, on information which any honest man would be compelled to admit was incomplete, were to decide against us, we should feel bitterly aggrieved. So, in similar circumstances, would our enemies. We can ignore them. He can not. He is the common father of both parties to the war, of all the parties engaged in it. And it is but common-sense for him, in his position, to take no sides except the side of peace.

If the Anglicans can not see the justice and sanity of such a course, it must be because their patriotism has blunted their sense of fairness.

Just why intelligent people are so easily deceived by what they see in print would be hard to explain. They demand proof for anything unusual or unlikely that they may hear, while they give full credence to any statements of the kind that they may read. Only last week some irresponsible journalist somewhere reported that Admiral Dewa, Japan's representative to the San Francisco Exposition, recently a guest of the Government at Washington, had been subjected to indignities at the Grand Central Station, New York; and our "watchful" Secretary of State hastened to send a telegram to the Admiral, expressing his distinguished regrets. But investigation showed that the reported indignities never occurred, — that the nation's eminent guest was not annoyed in any way while passing through the metropolis. He was in the hands of officials of the N. Y. Central R. R., and the best care was taken of him.

Trifling as this incident may appear, it is not without significance. Mr. Bryan is a newspaper man himself, and ought to know that the printed word is not always to be depended upon.

This is a time when some insistence may well be excused in emphasizing the truth that "Peace hath her victories no less renowned than War." It scarcely admits of doubt that no triumph achieved or achievable during the present conflict will measure up to the significance of one scientific victory won some years ago; and that no general, admiral, submarine captain, or aeroplane pilot whom the world will acclaim as the outstanding hero of "the great war" will live so long in history, or shine therein with so brilliant radiance, as the modest Catholic doctor, Pasteur. As illustrating the importance of medical antisepsis, the secret of which Pasteur first taught the physicians, Rome notes that such antisepsis has, during the first six months of the war. saved more than a hundred thousand lives. These figures are of exceptional interest: "In the Crimean war 15.21 per cent of the French wounded died from their injuries; in the Italian war of 1859-60 the percentage was 17.36. The proportion of deaths among the German soldiers wounded in the Franco-Prussian war, when surgical antisepsis had been introduced, but was only in its infancy and little known, went down at once to

11.07. During the Spanish-American and Anglo-Boer wars, when Pasteur's science had come into almost universal application, only between 5 and 6 per cent of the wounded succumbed to their injuries. The figures for the great European war are still more eloquent. Of the French soldiers admitted to hospitals, 55 per cent have returned to the front; 24 per cent are on convalescent leave; 17 per cent are under treatment and doing well; one and a half per cent have become permanently disabled; and only two and a half per cent have died."

The following graciously worded communication has been sent from the Supreme Sacred Congregation of the Holy Office by its secretary, his Eminence Cardinal Merry del Val, to his Eminence the Cardinal Secretary of State:

I take pleasure in bringing to your Eminence's knowledge that the Holy Father, in an audience granted to Mgr. the Assessor of this Supreme Congregation on the 28th of January last, has deigned to give another proof of his inexhaustible charity on behalf of the victims of the terrible war which for long months has been afflicting so many nations. The paternal love which moved his Holiness to seek, with happy success, from the earthly Powers the release of prisoners, that they might be restored as soon as possible to their own country, moves him now to ask of the King of kings, the release of those fallen prisoners in Purgatory, that as soon as possible they may attain the Heavenly Kingdom. To that end, opening the infinite treasure of the Church, the Holy Father grants that all the Masses said during time of war, by any priest and in any place, in suffrage of the souls of the faithful who have died or shall die in the present most bitter conflict, shall have for them the same value as if said at a privileged altar.

An altar, it may be well to remark, is said to be privileged when, in addition to the ordinary fruits of the Eucharistic Sacrifice, a Plenary Indulgence is also granted whenever Mass is celebrated thereon. The indulgence must be applied to the individual soul for whom Mass is offered; although the terms of the foregoing communication make it clear that, in the case of Masses said for those who die in the war, the indulgence is applied to all of them. The privilege is of two kinds, local or real, and personal. It is local or real when it is annexed to the altar itself; so that, whoever be the priest that celebrates at such an altar, the indulgence is gained. It is personal when it is inherent in the priest; so that it does not depend on the altar, but on the priest who celebrates.

No one will deny that the art of speech is possessed in high degree by the present Administration. Many will think it is not always used to the best advantage; or, rather, that it is sometimes brought into requisition when deeds, not words, are called for. Be that as it may, nobody should quarrel with Secretary Lane, who, as the President's representative at the opening of the Panama-Pacific Exposition, spoke eloquently and well in apostrophizing a type which should not be permitted to fade from American memory. Mr. Lane chose for eulogy the Pioneer. Part of his appeal follows:

The sculptors who have ennobled these buildings with their work have surely given full swing to their fancy in seeking to symbolize the tale which this Exposition tells. And among these figures I have sought for one which would represent to me the significance of this great enterprise. Prophets, priests and kings are here, conquerors and figures of ancient legend; but these do not speak the word I bear. My eye is drawn to the least conspicuous figure of all—the modest figure of a man standing beside two oxen which look down upon the court of the nations, when East and West come face to face.

Towering above this gaunt figure is the canopy of his prairie schooner. Gay conquistadores ride beside him, and one must look hard to see this simple, plodding figure. Yet that man is to me the one hero of this day. Without him we should not be here. Without him banners would not fly nor bands play. Without him San Francisco would not be to-day the gayest city of the globe. Shall I tell you who he is, this key figure in the arch of our enterprise? That slender, dauntless, plodding, modest figure is the American pioneer. To me he is far more: he is the adventuresome spirit of our restless race.

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Pity? He scorns it. Glory

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it. His sons and daughters are scattered along the path he has come. Here on this stretch of shore he has built the outermost camp fire of his race, and he has gathered his sons that they may tell each other of the progress they have made. His sons are they who have cut these continents in twain, who have slashed God's world as with a knife, who have gleefully made the rebellious seas to lift man's ships across the barrier mountains.

The long journey of this slight, modest figure that stands beside the oxen is at an end. The waste places of the earth have been found. But adventure is not to end. Here in his house will be taught the gospel of an advancing democracy—strong, valiant, confident, conquering,—upborne and typified by the independent spirit of the American pioneer.

No one will begrudge the Pioneer the glory he receives at the hands of Mr. Lane; but there will be many to regret that the Secretary did not see fit to remember with more gratitude the predecessor of the Pioneer—the missionary priest.

Reviewing the second series of "Papers for War Time," which includes "Christianity and Force," by A. G. Hogg, and "Germany and the Germans," by Eleanor McDougall, the London Athenaum makes some observations which, if they were made in the United States, would doubtless be bitterly resented in England. In reply to Prof. Hogg, our learned contemporary says: "We may fight Germany to a standstill, but unless we can convince her that the purpose for which she attacked was wrong from all points of view, the use of force will not end the matter.... And it may well be argued that we should not add any more temptations to those we have already put before Germany by our commercial spirit and apparent sluggishness."

Even more outspoken are the Athencum's words in reference to Miss McDougall's paper, "Germany and the Germans." "The jingo talkers," it says, "are gradually being silenced, and the deeper voices of the nation are being better heard. When the two countries are older and wiser, both will probably look back with amazement. We may understand something of that point of view which at present seems so impossible to defend, and we may learn that the Germans had more facts to bolster up their hatred of us than we at present realize. This pamphlet sets out the things for which we can love and admire our enemies; and the qualities spoken of are, to our mind, far more enduring than those which have led to the present war."

Sober words are these, and in striking contrast to words that might be quoted from other English sources, neither secular nor sectarian.

It is but natural that the Lenten pastorals of the bishops and archbishops of Great Britain should treat, in one way or another, of the great war. Nor do they assume a neutral stand. This, too, is natural. Passing over debatable aspects of the great struggle, Catholics everywhere can unite in the ardent prayer for peace which closes the pastoral letter of the Archbishop of Glasgow and his coadjutor. Their Graces write:

Let us pray that God may soon bring this struggle to a happy end,-happy for us and our allies; happy for oppressed nationalities all over the world; happy even for our German neighbors, by their casting off military pride and returning to their old ways of peace and industry. And if we help to bring them back, resisting them without hatred or ill-will, surely we may hope for the reward: "He who causeth the sinner to be converted from the error of his ways shall save his soul and cover a multitude of sins." Let us pray for those who are fighting the good fight; for those who have been disabled; for their friends who sit anxiously at home; for the families who have been bereaved; for those who have died for the cause, of whom we may trust that now the Spirit says: "They shall rest from their labors, for their works follow them." Let us pray that the sword, drawn by us in a just cause, may bring a lasting peace, and that we may be worthy to share its blessings. But let us remember that the promise is, "Peace to everyone that worketh good"; and that the message of the angels was, "Peace on earth to men of good will." "Now, may the God of peace be with you all."



The Helmet with the Golden Crest.

#### BY FATHER CHEERHEART.

N the depths of a narrow and picturesque Breton valley, Yves Kermadeuc laboriously tilled the few poor acres of land that supplied a living to himself and his six motherless children. Yves was, poor, and his cottage seemed ashamed of seeing the clear waters of the adjacent river reflecting its mud walls and thatched roof.

The times were bad. It was the period when Charles de Blois and Jean de Montfort were disputing the sovereignty of the Duchy of Brittany. King Charles V. had declared for Charles de Blois, and had sent him the brave Bertrand Duguesclin, with a large band of hardy knights. Jean de Montfort had as his allies the English.

Every week there were brave passages at arms and instances of heroic prowess; but the soldiery tramped down the crops, ate up the provisions of the farmers, and drank their cider. Poor Kermadeuc looked with concern on the half-starved countenances of his children. Still he did not despair of seeing better times; and he dreamed of a happier period, when his boys would be grown up strong and hearty, and life would smile on his daughter Yvonne, now a charming little maid of six years.

One day a beggar, a bent and wrinkled old woman, slowly approached the cottage door. Yves knew her well. She lived alone in an old ruined hut that had been built years before in a nearby wood and had been abandoned by its owners. Her husband and her only son had been killed by a wandering band of soldiers such as desolated in those days many provinces of France. It was said that since their death her reason had been affected.

"Good man," said this old beggar, "I am very hungry. The pillagers have taken my cow and set fire to my hut. Now I am wandering through the country, and no one takes pity on a poor old woman."

There was nothing in the pantry at the time save a single loaf of barley bread. Yves broke it in two and gave one half, with a bottle of cider, to the suppliant.

The beggar thanked him and went out. On a step of the porch was seated little Yvonne. She was not thinking either of the cruel war or of the poverty of her home. She was playing with a bit of wood wrapped up in a rag, to her eyes a perfectly beautiful doll.

The beggar woman approached the child, knelt softly down beside her and took her hand.

"Little girl," she said, "they call me crazy, and I have suffered so much that perhaps my mind *is* clouded. But I have sense enough yet to know that a good action never goes unrewarded. Mark my word! God will reward your father and bless you for his deed of charity."

And the old woman left so quickly that she appeared to dissolve into the fog that covered the valley.

The next day the Battle of Auray took place. The armies of De Blois and De Montfort came together on a vast plain. All day long distant clamor, the noise of arms, and the groans of the wounded terrified the people of the valley. Dead bodies began to pile up on the banks of the river. And, despite the efforts of Duguesclin, the troops of Charles de Blois faltered, then gave way. The knights fled at the full speed of their chargers.

Hidden in his cottage, Yves Kermadeuc watched from a window the fugitives going by. Some dragged themselves to the river to wash their wounds; some threw themselves on the ground, utterly worn out; while others ran breathlessly on and were lost in the shadows of approaching night.

One, however, came staggering toward the cottage, and fell on his knees before its door. His face was pale as that of a corpse; his armor was soiled with blood and mud. But on his head was a helmet the crest of which appeared to be gold, so brightly did it shine in the rays of the setting sun.

Yves had pity on the wounded man.

"Sir," he said, "what can I do for you?"

The man did not reply. His head leaned over on his shoulder, and blood was flowing from his breast.

"Sir!" repeated Yves, touching him on the arm.

The wounded man opened his eyes.

"Hide me," he murmured,—"hide me! I have no longer any strength with which to defend myself, and I don't want my enemies to take me alive."

"Well, I'll try," said Yves. "I'll put you on the floor behind our bed. But if your enemies visit my cottage, they'll surely kill me for helping you."

Then, placing his hands in the other's armpits, the hardy peasant half carried, half helped the knight into the cottage, the helmet falling off and resting on the threshold.

Some time passed, and once again distant noises troubled the silence of the valley. They drew nearer, and the galloping of horses was distinctly heard. Mounted cavaliers soon appeared, and a score of them rode up to the cottage. Their joyous mien and their blood-stained swords apprised Yves that they were victors in pursuit of the vanquished.

"Hello, there, peasant!" cried one of them, riding up to the door. "Haven't you seen passing by here a knight whose helmet has a golden crest? He fled from the battlefield, and our brave Lord de Montfort has promised a thousand guineas to whoever captures him. Answer, and on your life speak truly!"

Yves, all a-tremble, was just going to reply that he had seen nothing of the knight, when he checked himself, stupefied. Near the door, little Yvonne, tired of staying indoors was seated on the ground holding in her arms a substitute for her doll, the helmet with the shining crest.

"There's his helmet," cried one of the troop,—"there's his helmet, and the head can't be far away! Answer, fellow! Where's the knight?"

And Yves, despite the anguish that made him shiver in every limb, and despite his fear of death that he guessed was very near, replied:

"The man you're looking for must be a good ways off by this time; some horsemen dressed like you rode by here about half or three-quarters of an hour ago. My little girl must have found that helmet on the roadside."

"Malediction!" exclaimed the cavalier. "Our companions have forestalled us, and they will get the thousand guineas. Know, fellow, that your daughter is playing with the helmet of the high and mighty Baron of Roche-Aymon."

The cavaliers rode away. Soon there was no other sound than the rippling of the water over the pebbles, and the occasional groans of the wounded lying near. No others of the enemy came to the cottage that evening or during the following days. The Baron soon regained enough strength to resume his flight, and he could do so without danger: De Montfort's troops had left that part of the country.

When peace was declared he did not forget his peasant protector, so Yves had no reason to fear either famine or discomfort. The knight whom he had saved returned to the cottage with the Baroness Roche-Aymon. And the latter was so struck with little Yvonne's prettiness and charm that she, with Kermadeuc's consent, adopted the child and took her to the great castle she called her home. Shortly afterward Yves was put in possession of a smiling farm near the castle, with a farmhouse that rejoiced in a roof of red tiles, and all sorts of conveniences. Yvonne often went to see him, and sometimes she recalled the old beggar woman who had predicted her good fortune because of her father's charity.

## Tommy Travers.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XI.—AN AFTERNOON "OUT." UNTY'S steady job began next day. Promptly at two he was Travers' door, where at the Tommy in his rolling chair was soon ready for him. Whatever Miss Norton may have thought of this outing for her patient, she was too well trained by her three diplomas to make any professional objections; so, beyond seeing that Tommy's furs were well fastened, and that he had a hot air cushion arranged scientifically at his back, she had nothing to say against his father's word and wish.

Housekeeper, butler, hall boy,-all were strangers and newcomers in the stately home; there was no one who really cared for Tommy in the whole splendid house,not even a dog. It was one of Tommy's dreams to have a big, shaggy dog for a friend and playmate; but dogs were too rough, the doctors had said: they might jump on him and jar his back. So, excepting of course dad, who was busy in his great offices down town, there was no one but Bunty to care for Tommy at all. Yet even Tommy's mother, if she could have looked down from heaven to-day, would have been satisfied with Bunty's watchful guardianship of her boy. Eye and ear and hand had been trained in a rough school, where scholars have to be deft and quick, and on the lookout for danger; and Bunty trod the ways of the great city wisely and warily, as the young Indian follows the forest trail.

It was a bright wintry afternoon, and the wide streets about Tommy's home were full of gayety and life. Elegant equipages were dashing up and down the smooth asphalt; carriage horses were prancing and champing; motor cars were sounding their warnings as they swept by; here and there a bright-colored awning stretching over the sidewalk told of some brilliant festivity in the splendid house beyond.

Beautiful ladies in furs and velvets stopped to glance at the rolling chair and murmur a pitying word. It was all new and wonderful and bewildering to Tommy, who had never seen this gay world before. But Bunty had. He had dodged around its brilliant. borders, a ragged and unwelcome interloper; he had stared at wedding and funeral processions, followed parades and circuses. Striding fence and friendly tree, he had witnessed ball games. This gay, glistening scene did not bewilder Bunty a bit. He kept on his way carefully and steadily, watching his charge with keen, clear eye, easing the wheels over curb and crossing, holding up when the crowd pressed too close, pausing cautiously before venturing into the whirl of the driveway. Bunty could not have been more careful if he had known that dad, suddenly seized with a panic at the thought of this bold venture, was following him at a distance, watching his boy's newly appointed guardian with anxious gaze.

"O Bunty, stop,—stop here a minute!" said Tommy, turning a bright face and sparkling eyes to his "pusher" as they reached a park, where a street piano was making gay music, and a crowd of tiny children were at play. "Look at those babies dancing! I never saw little babies dance before; did you, Bunt?"

"Oh, yes, many a time!" answered Bunty. "Dago Joe's kids jump to a hurdy-gurdy before they can walk."

"Oh, do they?" asked Tommy, wistfully, as he surveyed the little toddlers swinging around merrily on their chubby legs. "You see, I have never jumped or danced."

"Because everybody was afraid to let you try," said Bunty, sagely. "If you had been Dago Joe's kid, you would have tried."

"Maybe I would," laughed Tommy, who, after Miss Norton's three diplomas, found Bunty's medical outlook very cheering.

"When you're tumbled out in the world with no one to take care of you," continued Bunty, "you have to try. But you get licks and knocks and hurts that you couldn't stand."

"I might," said Tommy. "You don't know how I can stand hurts,—bad hurts, too," added Tommy, as he recalled the little room at Saint Gabriel's where the doctors "did things" to him. "And there isn't any fun in them. When you rough and tumble into things there's some fun. Sometimes, after I've been reading all day, I have fun in my dreams. I think I'm up at the North Pole, skimming around on the ice, or riding an elephant in the East somewhere, or cast away on a distant island with nothing to eat."

"You call that fun?" asked Bunty, staring.

"Yes," said Tommy. "It's exciting, you see, and I've never have had anything exciting happen in all my life. It's as bad as being a girl,—worse," declared Tommy, ruefully.

Then dad, who had been following the pair at a distance, came up as if he had just been crossing the park and had caught sight of them through the leafless trees.

"Having a good time, my boy?" he asked.

"Fine, dad!" answered Tommy. "You don't know how fine it is to be out and stirring round."

"Wouldn't the limousine do as well?" suggested his father.

"No-o-o!" was the prompt reply. "The limousine wouldn't be any fun at all, dad, *This* is fun. You feel sort of in the thick of things, not on the outside. Let us buy some peanuts from that man at the corner. And couldn't we stop in that store and get some soda water, fizzing straight out of the fountain, and not bottled up?"

As dad saw the new light on Tommy's face, the sparkle in his eye, he realized again that the same spirit that had sent him out into the "thick of things" five and twenty years ago was stirring in his crippled boy. Life, real life in all its vivid color, its restless rush, appealed to Tommy, even as it had always appealed to him. "And he shall have it," dad vowed to himself. "Let the doctors say what they might, he shall have the brief glimpse of life that is all he asks. Buntyshall push him out into the 'thick of things' every day."

They stopped at the peanut stand, and Tommy examined the "roaster" with great interest, and bought enough nuts to treat all at Duffy's Court. The rolling chair was pushed into the drug store, and he had a "fizz" straight from the fountain, that was a tingling delight. They went on through the streets, dad stalking beside his boy, the unconscious cynosure of many sparkling eyes, that turned in admiration and pity on the sadly contrasting father and son. When they reached the Travers mansion, dad thrust his hand in his pocket and pulled out a five dollar note.

"Half pay in advance," he said, passing it to Bunty. "The job is yours, my lad. Come every day and take Tommy out."

And Bunty strode home through the wintry sunset, feeling like a millionaire. He bought the shawl, gaily knit of red and white wool, for Granny Pegs; and the shoes, sturdy in toe and heel, for Jakey. Then, as he reached the little bookstore where he had seen the picture, he hesitated. Books and pictures had never been much in Bunty's line; how he had even learned to read he could not tell, — just picked it up somehow when he was still a little "kid." He stood staring at the window for a minute before venturing in. The picture was there just as he had seen it yesterday. There were others, gayer and brighter, that were more to Bunty's taste; but he felt Sister Leonie would like this one best. There was only one customer in the store,—a tall grey-haired man, bending over some books in the corner. So, strong in the knowledge of the big money he still had in his pocket, Bunty strode boldly up to the counter.

"I want that there picture in the window, please," he demanded.

"What picture?" asked the proprietor. "The Sacred Heart, the Crucifixion, St. Joseph,—which?"

"I dunno," said Bunty, — "I dunno what you call it. It's the White Lady there."

"The White Lady!" echoed good Mr. McFeeley, impatiently. "You're in the wrong place, my lad. This is a Catholic bookstore. I have no picture of a White Lady here."

"Yes, you have," said Bunty, eagerly. "Don't I see it right there in the window, with lace edge like a valentine?"

"That!" exclaimed Mr. McFeeley, staring for a moment at the picture to which the boy pointed before he blurted out: "That! Why, you young rascal, to be talking of the Holy Virgin's picture as a valentine! The White Lady indeed! Git out of my store this minute, you haythen, or I'll crack yer head!"

"Just try it!" said the hero of Duffy's. Court, blazing up into righteous wrath. "Try it, you old sandy-haired Irisher! I'll mash in that snub nose of yours so quick you won't know where you are."

"Tut, tut, tut!" broke in a soothing voice; and the old gentleman, who had turned from the bookshelf in the corner to listen to the altercation, stepped forward with outstretched hand. "It's all a mistake, — all a mistake, I am sure, McFeeley. The boy meant no harm. Let me talk to him a minute."

"And give ye more of his impudence,

Father!" was the hot reply. "Sure I know the young villain now. He's one of the gang from Duffy's Court, the worst toughs in the whole town, your reverence. The White Lady indeed—"

"There, there, there!" interrupted Father Con; for it was the old shepherd of "the worst toughs" in town that was looking kindly on Bunty. "Keep your temper for a minute, my good Mac, while I speak to the boy.—What did you want with the picture, my son?"

"My son!" It was the first time in Bunty's wild life that a father's voice or word had fallen on his ear. It lulled the wild tempest of his fury like a charm. He looked up into the gentle old face, and burst into shaken, almost sobbing speech:

"I wanted to buy it for Sister Leonie, that nursed me at Saint Gabriel's, nursed me good and kind and didn't get no pay. I wanted to send the picture to her. I thought she'd like it 'cause it was the same White Lady that stood in the Free Ward, with a lamp at her feet, where Sister Leonie knelt down every night to say prayers."

"Saint Gabriel's! Sister Leonie! The Free Ward!"

Father Con looked at the flushed face of the young "tough," and revelation burst upon him. The boy he had found senseless under the broken hatchway! The boy for whom there was no room in the nearby hospital! The stray sheep that he had sent with a plea for pity into Sister Leonie's white fold!

"I see,—I see!" said Father Con, to whose dim eyes strange vistas of love and mercy were always opening,—vistas that worldly vision never reached. "I know this boy, too, McFeeley. He has just come from Saint Gabriel's, where I sent him two months ago. He knows the dear White Lady only by that name. There is no irreverence in his title for our Queen without spot. Sell him the picture as he asks."

"If ye bid me, Father." But there

were strong doubt and reluctance in the good Irishman's look and tone.

"Then sell it to me," said Father Con, smiling.

"Sure, it's yours for the asking, Father," was the quick reply.

"No, no, that wouldn't suit us; would it, my boy?" And Father Con drew out a poor pocketbook. "There's your money,"—he handed the man a quarter. "Now, my boy, you can buy the picture from me."

Bunty, who had been casting dark looks at his late antagonist, quite agreed to this new transaction; and, with a lightened brow, paid up to Father Con at once.

"Now, suppose," said this new friend, cheerily, "we get a stamped envelope and mail the picture right away?"

Again Bunty, who had only very hazy ideas about such matters, agreed. Then, somehow, while Father Con was stamping and addressing his purchase, Bunty found himself telling him his name, and where he lived, and how long he had been out of Saint Gabriel's, and various other matters of personal history which wise old shepherds like to know.

"You've never been to church or school?" said Father Con, as they walked out of the threatening atmosphere of Mr. McFeeley's store to find a mail-box. "Never been nowhere, except—except

Saint Gabriel's," answered Bunty.

"Ah! Well, Saint Gabriel's is a good beginning,—a very good beginning," observed Father Con. "And the White Lady,—didn't you ever hear her name?"

"I think Sister Leonie called her 'Hail Mary,'" replied Bunty, doubtfully.

"Good again!" said Father Con. "Wouldn't you like to know more about this beautiful picture we are sending Sister Leonie,—who this sweet White Lady with her hands outstretched in love and pity is?"

Bunty thought of the restless nights when that gracious figure, above its moon-ray lamp, had seemed almost a living Presence, watching while Sister Leonie slept.

"Yes, I would," he answered.

"Come to see me and I'll tell you," said his new friend,—"at the little house beside the old church on Water Street. Come any Thursday evening you please. I'm always at home to my boys. Ask for Father Con Nolan, and you'll get me at once."

(To be continued.)

#### Molière's Generosity.

The great Molière always set aside a portion of his income for the poor. One day his favorite pupil, Baron, went to him and told him that an old acquaintance, now a poor strolling player, greatly needed help, being penniless and deterred from joining his company.

"How much shall I give him?" asked Molière.

"Four pistoles would, I think, be enough for the present," answered Baron.

"Well, here are four pistoles for him," said Molière; "and here are twenty more that you can give him as coming from yourself."

That was the way Molière spent much of his money, and surely he might have done worse with it you will say.

#### A Big Mistake.

#### BY L. H.

'TWAS Mollie's mamma wrote the notes, And sealed them all to send,

Inviting to a birthday lunch Each one she called a friend.

But Mollie opened one to see

Just what the writing said. "Your presence is requested, dear—"

Was all that Mollie read;

And, rushing to her mother, cried: "A change you'll have to make;

'Your presents are,' the words should be. Oh, what a big mistake!"

## THE AVE MARIA

## WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"The German Army in War" is the title of a new book by Mr. A. Hilliard Atteridge, just published by Methuen & Co. Our valued contributor already had a long list of important books to his credit.

-We welcome a revised and enlarged edition of "Catholic Belief and Practice," by the Rev. James E. McGavick. It is an excellent book, deserving of the widest possible circulation. Diederich-Schaefer & Co., publishers.

—Attentive readers of a recently published book by a learned American author will find in it more than one curiosity like this: "The platform contained a plank favoring a protective tariff, . . . another washing its hands of Know-Nothingism."

—The death is reported, from England, of Miss Louisa Emily Dobrée, a writer whose name is familiar to readers of devotional literature. Miss Dobrée was a convert to the Church, whose interests she served whole-heartedly and with great gratitude, as her numerous works attest. R. I. P.

-We notice that the London Athenæum shares our dislike of the use of "S" instead of "St." as the English abbreviation for saint. Our contemporary holds that "S" should be followed by the Latinized form of the saint's name: thus in an English book we ought to read "St. John," whilst "S." stands for "S. Johannes."

—"Is Death the End?" by John Haynes Holmes, minister of the Church of the Messiah, New York (G. P. Putnam's Sons), is a treatise on immortality which contains no message and holds no utility for Catholic readers. The author accuses St. Paul of illogicality, and gravely informs us (page 338) that "it makes no practical difference, from the standpoint of the moral life, whether we are mortal or immortal." Mr. Holmes believes, nevertheless, that we *are* immortal. Typographically, this book is admirable.

—"The Human Soul and Its Relations with Other Spirits," by Dom Anscar Vonier, O. S. B., is professedly a book for the educated lay mind. Its author, the learned Abbot of Buckfast, modestly disclaims for its theories any originality, stating that they are merely the views of the great Catholic philosophers and theologians, and, foremost among them, of St. Thomas Aquinas. As a comparatively simple explanation of some of the philosophical truths of Scholasticism, the work commends itself to all who love intellectual truth and have an abiding interest in the things of the mind. The clerical as well as the educated lay reader, be it said, will find this book eminently worth while. Published by B. Herder.

—"The Holy Week Book," issued by Messrs. Burns & Oates (obtainable in the U. S. of B. Herder), is such a proper thing as to make one regret that there is only one week in which to use it. Besides a preliminary explanation of all the Offices of Holy Week, it contains the Latin and English, in parallel columns, of all the Church services.

—"The Book of Red and Yellow," by the Rev. Dr. Francis Kelley (The Catholic Church Extension Society), may now be had in cloth covers. Those who would know the truth about Mexico have only to consult this work. It is a graphic description of conditions in that distressful country, and a strong, if indirect, arraignment of our government's action in connection therewith.

—A brochure of some ninety pages, "What Faith Really Means," by the Rev. Henry Grey Graham, M. A. (R. & T. Washbourne, Ltd.), has the lucid and cogent appeal which readers of THE AVE MARIA associate with the author's contributions to our columns. The apologist supposes an earnest but bewildered inquirer into the matter of faith, and seeks to enlighten him by straightforward exposition, and to convince him by unstrained argument. There is persuasive unction as well, and not the least minimizing of Catholic truth. The whole is apologetic of the first rank. The Bishop of Galloway contributes an apt foreword.

—A model of bookmaking and a model book is "The Straight Path; or, Marks of the True Church," by the Rev. M. J. Phelan, S. J. (Longmans, Green & Co.) In Book I. the author considers the Marks of the Church; and in Book II., The Pope and his Prerogatives. His method is the same with each of the four Notes: I., that the true Church should be One, etc.; II., that the Catholic Church *is* One, etc.; III., that the Catholic Church *is* One, etc.; III., that no other Church is One, etc. In the second part Fr. Phelan treats chiefly Infallibility and the "Trials and Triumphs of the Papacy." But no mere summary of the scope of this book does it justice. The author's data, his texts, his proofs, are the common property of Catholic exposition and controversy. His use of them is his own, at once dynamic and dramatic. Nor does he restrict himself to dry exegesis. It is no little praise to say that often throughout this book we were reminded by Fr. Phelan's style of the splendor and power of another Irishman whose style had high commendation from so eminent a critic as Ruskin—viz., the late Sir William Butler. "The Straight Path" is a glory to the Catholic literature of our tongue. And it may be had for the extremely low price of eighty cents.

--An interesting study of a subject certainly not too well known is "A History of the Commandments of the Church," by the Rev. A. Villien, professor in the Catholic University of Paris. (B. Herder.) The precepts are taken up in order, and their origin and development shown on a historical basis. Not the least valuable result of this method is the light which it throws upon early Church discipline as represented in the writings of the Fathers. We notice that the author is explicit with regard to the age at which annual confession becomes obligatory, and vague on the same point with regard to Holy Communion, though the wording of the law is the same in both cases. Nor does he take note of the fact that the latest approved catechism from Rome unites under one precept these two.

#### The Latest Books.

#### A Guide to Good Reading.

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

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

- "A History of the Commandments of the Church." Rev. A. Villien. \$1.50.
- "The Straight Path." Rev. M. J. Phelan, S. J. 80 cts.
- "What Faith Really Means." Rev. Henry G. Graham, M. A. 15 cts.
- "The Holy Week Book." 30 cts.
- "The Human Soul and Its Relations with Other Spirits." Dom Anscar Vonier, O. S. B. \$1.50.
- "The Holy Viaticum of Life as of Death." Rev. Daniel Dever, D. D. 20 cts.

- "Norah of Waterford." Rosa Mulholland. \$1.10.
- "The Church and Usury." Rev. Patrick Cleary. \$1.10.
- "The Dons of the Old Pueblo." Percival Cooney. \$1.35.
- \*Bypaths to the Presence of God." Sister M. Benvenuta, O. S. D. 45 cts.
- "The Curse of Adam." Rev. P. M. Northcote. 75 cts.
- "The Orchard Pavilion." A. C. Benson. \$1.
- "The Daily Life of a Religious." Mother Drane, O. S. D. 45 cts.
- "The Haunted Heart." Agnes and Egerton Castle. \$1.35, net.
- "Sunbonnets and Overalls." Etta Craven Hogate and Eulalie Osgood Grover. 40 cts.
- "The Fruit of the Tree." Mabel A. Farnum. \$1.
- "Meditations for Seminarians and Priests." Very Rev. L. Branchereau, S. S. \$1.
- "Alsace and Lorraine." Ruth Putnam. \$1.25.

#### Obituary.

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

Rev. Hugh Briggs, of the diocese of Plymouth; Rev. James Reilly, diocese of Syracuse; Rev. John Weir, S. J.; and Rev. Cornelius Delahunty.

Sister M. Paschaline, of the Sisters of Notre Dame; and Mother M. Clare, Sisters of St. Joseph.

Mr. John Hubbard, Mr. Anthony Ruffing, Mrs. James Creighton, Mrs. Mary McDade, Mr. Joseph Faulkner, Mr. Charles P. Reilly, Mr. Thomas Matthews, Miss Alma Wenning, Mr. Charles Dickson, Miss Sarah Cushing, Mr. John Frost, Mrs. Mary O'Loughlin, Mr. George Hunt, Mr. Terence Clancy, Mrs. Mary Graef, Miss M. E. Redfern, Mr. Francis Crotty, Mrs. Melvina Pierson, Mr. F. X. Kramer, Mrs. Mary O'Donnell, Mrs. A. Kapp, Dr. J. E. Barrett, Mr. George Martz, Mr. Charles McGraw, Miss Catherine Vesey, Mrs. Ellen Collins, Mr. George Masterson, Mrs. Catherine McMullen, Mr. John Phillips, Mr. Joseph Roser, Mr. Frank R. Quinn, Mr. David Joyce, and Mr. G. F. Rung.

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

#### Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee." For the Belgian sufferers: T. G., \$10; for the foreign missions: O. M., \$10.



VOL. I. (New Series.)

### NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MARCH 27, 1915.

NO. 12

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## Thine Arms.

BY ELEANOR DOWNING.

So wide Thine arms they circle in The bird's intrepid flight,

The clefts that none but eagles win, The clouds that veil them white;

Yea, and the very stars that spin Beyond our point of sight.

So strait Thine arms they shutter out The hilltops and the seas,

The streams, the grasses' bladed rout— Worthless a world of these,

When Thou wouldst clasp Thine arms about A sinner at Thy knees!

## Venial Sin, a Real Iniquity.

T is a truly pernicious disposition of mind that leads some people to say, "I will be satisfied if I can keep from mortal sin; T really can not bother about trying to avoid venial sin." The writer has actually heard this said, though it is to be hoped that not many Catholics would explicitly give utterance to such a sentiment. At the same time it is unquestionable that not a few, though they would hesitate to formulate, either mentally or verbally, a definite determination not to trouble about venial sins, yet in practical conduct, either from sloth or carelessness or discouragement, act as if they had made that very un-Christian and un-Catholic resolve.

There is a real danger of underrating the seriousness of venial sin. There is,

indeed, all the difference in the world between mortal and venial sins in themselves and in their distinctive natures. But in actual fact, in the concrete, in the individual lives of Christians, there is frequently a close connection between the two. In other words, it is an undoubted fact that venial sin often leads to mortal sin. Many mortal sins would never be committed were they not led up to, and the way for temptation prepared, by the commission of venial sin. How often does not habitual sloth and love of ease, venial perhaps in itself, lead to mortal sins of sensuality! Can not the same be said of venial offences against the virtue of temperance in eating, drinking, and the use of various creature comforts?

Because venial sin is not so terrible an evil as mortal sin, it must not therefore be looked upon as no evil at all, or as a slight evil. It is a great evil; next to mortal.sin, it is the greatest of all evils. No physical suffering, no misfortune, no punishment in this world or the next, no disease, not death itself, is so great an evil as a single venial sin,—real sin, of course, not a mere imperfection.

Confining ourselves to actions that are not merely less perfect than they might be, but are strictly sinful, though only venially sinful, it is Catholic truth to say that such actions are wholly unlawful, not to be justified by any advantage whatsoever that may be gained by them, or by the avoidance of any physical or worldly loss or suffering. It is not lawful, for instance, to tell a lie even to save one's life, for the reason that there is no comparison between the creature and the Creator. That God's holy will should be done is of more importance than any consideration affecting the material advantage of any human being. All sin, even a venial sin, is an offence against the Almighty God of heaven and earth, and a departure from His holy will and law. It is better for a man to die the death of the body than that God's will should be contravened and His service neglected.

This is the fundamental reason why nothing can excuse a deliberate venial sin in God's sight. It is an offence against His Majesty. It is saved from involving man in mortal guilt only by the fact that his mortal, earthly nature, his liability to lose sight of his final end, the object of his existence, his supreme good-which is nothing else than God, - make it possible for him to commit acts which, not involving, as mortal sin does, a conscious renunciation of that supreme good, yet have no reference to that final end and object for which he was created, and can not be referred to God and God's glory. What is venial in a man would be of necessity a mortal sin in an angel (if angels could sin at all), because of the fuller knowledge of God and clearer insight into the springs and motives of their actions that angels possess. Let it be never forgotten that, after mortal sin, venial sin is the greatest evil that can be.

The punishments of purgatory throw a lurid light upon the evil of wilful venial sin. It is undoubtedly true that the severest chastisements of purgatory are inflicted for mortal sins that have been forgiven as to the eternal punishment due to them, but which involve the pardoned sinner in a terrible liability to temporal penalties. Yet the words of Holy Scripture and the revelations made to saints render it certain that the chastisements of venial sin in God's prison house are truly awful. The souls who suffer there are the loved friends of God; yet such is the nature of venial sin that He who loves them so well, whose Father's Heart yearns over them, must punish them with dread severity, since divine justice as well as divine mercy is one of His attributes, and can not be set aside. That justice, while it must punish, yet can not punish sin more than it deserves. Venial sin, then, is of such a nature that it fully deserves those heavy inflictions which lie upon souls in purgatory in consequence of their faults.

Yet, alas! we go on, perhaps quite happily, in habits of venial sin, adding sin to sin. "It is only a venial sin," we say, in action, if not in so many words; "it does not matter." When this life has passed, when our eyes are opened, we shall see that those venial sins have raised a barrier between us and God, --- that God who (then we shall clearly see) deserves our utmost love, our utmost service. We shall see that not only is it wrong to seek our supreme happiness and final satisfaction in created things, involving ourselves in mortal sin, by which we turn our backs upon Him and reject Him altogether, but that it is wrong also, and a real iniquity, to go aside out of the way of justice,-to linger on the road and to play with the trifles of the wayside, even though we do not turn our backs upon the goal and travel in the opposite direction. Then we shall long for God, our only good, our only satisfaction, with an unspeakable longing and thirst. Then we shall desire with all the energy of our being to fly to Him without impediment. That ought to have been our disposition on earth. It might have been; faith proclaimed that we ought to have sought God, and God alone, in all things. We had no lack of teaching, no lack of holy examples, no lack of the means of grace; but we dallied and toyed with the things of earth, and now we can not go to God till we have paid the uttermost farthing of the penalty due. We are saved, "yet so as by fire." While the foundations and the essential parts of our spiritual edifice are safe by the mercy and grace of God, yet we have added thereto and built thereon "wood and hay and stubble"; and that work of ours must burn, and we "must suffer loss."\*

And the loss we suffer by venial sin is not only in the next world, but in this. For venial sin cools, though it does not utterly destroy, the virtue of divine charity in the soul. It saps spiritual energy, and brings souls into that sad state known as lukewarmness,-a state of degradation and falling away from higher things once attained. It takes much of their value from good works; it stands in the way of numberless graces which God would fain give us for our sanctification and perfection. It renders us unworthy of special providences which we need, and which God would otherwise confer upon us at critical moments in the spiritual life; it sullies and disfigures the soul in God's most holy sight. And, as has already been said, it paves the way for mortal sin, and thus may be the occasion of damnation itself. We are told in the Life of St. Teresa how God showed her the place in hell that would have been hers had she persisted in certain venial sins of vanity. To say, therefore, "I will confine my endeavors to avoiding mortal sin," is to run the risk of most grievous self-deception. If the outworks are not watched and defended. some day the enemy will storm the citadel; and if a man is careless about venial sins, he will some day be in grave danger of falling, before the onslaught of temptation, to worse things.

Our venial sins, then, should be the subject of serious concern to us, and of thoughtful legislation in the conduct of our Christian life. We should always make some definite venial sin the subject of self-examination, of special sorrow and firm resolution at confession. Those who as a general rule have fortunately nothing but venial sins to confess should make sure of real sorrow and purpose of

\* I. Cor., iii, 12, 15.

amendment when they receive the Sacrament of Penance. Above all, let the thought of God's goodness, of the truth that Christ our Lord suffered for our venial sins; the thought that by venial sin we grieve our best Friend, who is bound to us in the bonds of charity; that we grieve, too, the Holy Ghost who dwelleth in us, -- let the thought that venial sin is an inconceivable meanness and shabbiness toward Him who, all the time, is pouring out upon us the riches of His mercy, grace, and love,-let these thoughts move us to hearty repentance and serious amendment of that which so much displeases the loving Lord, who yearns over our foolish souls with morefar, far more - than a mother's te der affection.

## The Secret Bequest.

. BY CHRISTIAN REID.

## XII.

HE studio where Julian Page had set up his easel with a view to perpetuating upon canvas the new order, which, artistically speaking, he found little worthy of perpetuation and sadly uninteresting to the artist soul, was in one of the modern, many-storied buildings which had so greatly transformed Kingsford. It was the newest and tallest of them all, and had been built by Mr. Chisholm as an investment, on the site of a quaint old hostelry that dated back to Colonial days, and had had the distinction of entertaining many noted figures of the past within its low-ceiled rooms. With the rest of the estate, the great building now belonged to Honora; and Cecily was conscious of an ever-renewed thrill of pleasure when she entered the great, stone-carved doorway, passed across a marble-paved vestibule, and was wafted upward by an elevator, which seemed less a convenience for the public than a concrete symbol of prosperity for herself.

The studio was in the highest story, with a glorious outlook from the windows over the picturesque, rolling country surrounding the town, and stretching away to a blue line of distant mountains. Spacious and airy, the large room was the better for not being encumbered with much furniture, and for little or no attempt at decoration. When Cecily, with the recollection of some other studios in her mind, had commented on this, Julian shrugged his shoulders.

"It's more workmanlike," he said; "and I'm here simply to do work---not to make an æsthetic atmosphere, and entertain æsthetic friends. You are the first artist whom I have had the pleasure of receiving; and you are as unexpected as an archangel could have been."

Cecily laughed.

"It certainly was not worth while to prepare an artistic *milieu* for such an apology for an artist as I am," she said. "Besides, I like this freshness of space. It looks as if you were in earnest and bent on business. Draperies and armor, and divans and cushions, would seem out of place here, and the mill-owners and their wives and daughters might think you were only playing at portrait-painting."

"I'll convince them that I'm not, when I've painted you," he replied.

But his confidence in his ability to catch her elusive loveliness was very much shaken in the time that followed; and when he finally declared that he could do no more to her portrait—that, in fact, he was afraid to add another touch to it—he was so far from satisfied with the result of his labor that, on the morning appointed for its inspection, Edith Selwyn, who was the first to arrive, found him standing before the picture with what was for him a very gloomy expression of countenance.

"Why, it's charming!" she cried, as she entered and saw the radiant vision which smiled at her from the canvas on the tall easel. "How could you possibly slander yourself by saying anything else?" "Do you really think so?" he asked, turning round with a perceptible lightening of the gloom of his face. "You're not saying so merely to cheer me up?"

"Nonsense! You are in no need of being cheered," she returned. "It's delightful,—you must know it is delightful! One might think it had been painted by Romney or Gainsborough, or some other of the old English painters."

"Oh, come!" he remonstrated. "That's a little too strong even for my vanity to swallow."

"But it's true," she insisted. "It's in their style, and amazingly like them."

"Well, of course there's an attempt at imitation of the style," he confessed. "It suddenly struck me how much she resembles the beauties of that day, as we see them on the canvases of Sir Joshua and Gainsborough and Romney; so I've deliberately given an eighteenth-century air to the picture. That's one thing I'm doubtful about now. It seems an absurd affectation for such a type of modernity as Cecily Trezevant."

"Not a bit of it!" Edith pronounced. "Cecily Trezevant is there, with all her modernity, though she has the aspect and surroundings of the eighteenth century; but that only makes her more piquant."

"I'm glad you think so," a gay voice behind them exclaimed; and Cecily came in, bringing, as it seemed, the brightness of the spring day with her. "I'm glad you recognize that he has succeeded at last," she went on, slipping her arm through Edith's as they stood before the easel. "He has been so discouraged that he doesn't see himself what a charming thing he has done. It *is* charming, isn't it? Positively I've fallen quite in love with myself as I'm represented there."

"I don't wonder," Mrs. Selwyn laughed. "Any one might fall in love with so adorable a creature. And it isn't merely a lovely picture: it's an excellent likeness, too."

"Didn't I tell you so?" Cecily inquired, with a nod of her head toward the artist, whose gloom was rapidly vanishing under the sunshine of such commendation.

And, in truth, it was not only a lovely picture, but also an excellent likeness of Cecily in one of her most characteristic moments. It had been a happy inspiration of Julian's to place the charming figure against such a background of woodland glade and soft green shadow as Sir Joshua himself might have painted, — the graceful, nymph-like form, in its simple, clinging dress, standing with hands and arms full of flowers, and a garden hat fallen back on the shoulders, to show the glory of sunlit hair; while the beautiful face looked out of the canvas with Cecily's own smile on the lips and in the eyes,-a provocative and faintly mocking smile of subtle sweetness.

"Julian, you've accomplished something really wonderful in that expression," Edith went on, turning her gaze from the portrait to its original, and back again. "And, whether you meant it or not, it's the contrast that is so arresting, idyllic simplicity, which the girlish figure and all the accessories suggest, together with the smile of a siren. Where did you learn that smile?" she broke off, addressing Cecily. "It's too sophisticated for any one so young as you are."

"That's where the note of modernity comes in," Julian said before Cecily could reply. "The modern girl is more sophisticated in her teens than her grandmother was at fifty. That's what I meant to indicate, and I'm tremendously glad to know that I've succeeded."

"I hope you'll succeed as well in painting Honora's soul as my smile," Cecily remarked. "You remember the agreement was that you were to paint her soul? But I don't know when you will have a chance to try; for she is so absorbed in business — all kinds of wretched details-that there's no getting hold of her. I couldn't even induce her to come and see this portrait this morning. She preferred to stay at home and talk factory improvements with . Bernard Chisholm,"

"So Bernard was with her!" Julian commented. "Then it's not surprising she stayed. He has an unholy passion for working, that fellow, and for making other people work if he can."

"I'll do him the justice to say that he isn't accountable for Honora's working," Cecily explained magnanimously. "She has a passion of that kind herself, and it was more her fault than his that she didn't come with me."

"But she can see the portrait at any time, now that it's finished," Mrs. Selwyn observed; "while business really is important, you know. And it's charming that she and Bernard Chisholm should be such good friends, and work together. It's something that could hardly have been expected."

"It's exactly what could have been expected of Honora," Cecily said; "though of course if Bernard had been a different kind of person she wouldn't have succeeded in making a friend of him. As it is, I think his attitude is a great deal more surprising than hers."

"They are both surprising enough," Edith agreed; "but his does astonish everybody to a remarkable degree. Bobby—that's my husband—was talking about it yesterday. He has the highest possible opinion of Bernard, but he simply can't understand him."

"Of course he can't," said Julian. "How could he? Selwyn is the most practical of men, and Bernard's a confounded idealist,—so there you are!"

"Bobby has ideals, too, though they are rather well concealed," Edith said. "Please make a note of the fact when you come to paint his portrait, and don't represent him as just a commonplace, self-satisfied business man."

"I'll try to throw a glamour of idealism about him," Julian promised; "though I must say that he's not a type to suggest anything of the kind; and I'm afraid this demand that I shall paint souls is going to become embarrassing. I'd much rather paint your portrait than Selwyn's," he added frankly. "You are a delightful subject for the brush."

"Delightful!" Cecily agreed enthusiastically. "But there mustn't be anything idyllic — no woodland glades and flowers—about her portrait. It must be a grande dame picture,—a stately princess in rich clothes and jewels, with eyes as bright as her jewels."

The bright eyes looked at her laughingly.

"You're a flatterer," Edith said. "But I'll do my best to attain the grande dame pose,—for of course I've expected to have my portrait also painted, though I haven't been very keen about it till I've seen this lovely thing of you. So you may consider yourself engaged to paint Mr. and Mrs. Robert Selwyn," she went on, turning to Julian. "And for goodness' sake give as much of an air of distinction to Bobby as possible; for I don't want future generations to look at our portraits and remark, 'How could that—er—distinguished-looking woman have married such a very ordinary man?'"

"I'll do my best," Julian assured her. "But I'm afraid you'll have to wait a little, for engagements are piling in upon me rather fast; and I must paint Miss Trezevant's portrait, you know."

"She's a delightful subject, too," Edith said. "I've never seen a more charming face than hers. And what is *her* pose to be?"

"Like herself—absolutely simple and unpretending," the artist replied. "I couldn't think of painting her in any other way; and I only hope I'll succeed in putting some suggestion of her charm on my canvas."

"Oh, you will! After that" (the speaker indicated Cecily's portrait by a nod) "I have the utmost faith in your skill; although I'm well aware that the same degree of interest can not be expected in other people's portraits. Now I must run away. Cecily, are you coming also? May I take you anywhere? My car's at the door."

"So is mine," Cecily responded proudly.

"It's like all the rest of the fairy-tale. Cinderella's pumpkin coach has taken the very modern form of a fine limousine. Of course I made Honora get it; for, left to herself, she would have continued to drive about with Mr. Chisholm's oldfashioned carriage and horses."

"I'm devoted to horses," said Edith Selwyn, with a sigh for the memory of the beautiful creatures she had known and loved. "But Bobby likes automobiles, and it seems hardly worth while to keep both. Then if you're not coming—"

"No, she can't go," Julian interposed; "for I've a few more touches that I want to put on the portrait."

"Take care how you put more touches on what is already perfect," Edith warned him. "Good-bye, then! And many congratulations on the success of the picture! Don't forget my bridge party to-morrow, Cecily, whatever you do."

She rustled away; and the two, left together, looked at each other and smiled, though there was a shade of reproof in Cecily's expression.

"You know that you don't want to put any more touches on the portrait," she said. "You remarked only yesterday that you wouldn't touch it again for anything; so why did you tell such a—fiction?"

"Simply to keep you a little longer," he answered. "But I'll change the statement from fiction to fact." He took up a palette and brush, and proceeded to put light touches of paint here and there on the canvas, while carefully avoiding the face. "I think Mrs. Selwyn was tremendously impressed," he observed in a gratified tone. "She's clever enough to know clever work when she sees it."

"That picture would impress anybody," Cecily said. "It has astonished me. I didn't think you were anything like the artist that's revealed there. You don't mind my saying so, do you?"

"Not a bit," he told her sincerely. "I don't expect to be taken seriously, never having taken myself seriously at all. And, to be quite truthful, the picture has astonished *me*. I've been awfully discouraged about it, as you know; but now it seems to me by far the eleverest thing I've ever done. It's entirely thanks to you," he said, turning abruptly toward her. "You've furnished the inspiration. I couldn't have achieved such a result with any other subject."

"Oh, yes, you could—you must!" she answered quickly. "How else are you going to avoid disappointing people? Now that you've found what you can do, you must keep on doing it, for your own credit's sake. And, having been stimulated to accomplish that picture, you ought to find others easy. I'm a difficult subject, you know. Many artists have found that out before you."

"I'd like to punch their heads!" Julian observed vindictively. "I can't bear to think of other artists having painted you. I wish I could believe that I was the first to catch the real you, and put the elusive personality on canvas."

"Well, you're the first to catch what Mrs. Selwyn calls my siren smile, if that satisfies you," she said.

"It satisfies me as an artist, but it is very far from satisfying me as a man," he told her. "All the time I've been painting the smile I've been wondering what it meant, as perhaps Leonardo da Vinci wondered over the smile of Mona Lisa." . "I don't believe he wondered at all. I've no doubt he interpreted it perfectly."

"Then you think I should be able to interpret yours?"

"You are not exactly a Leonardo da Vinci," she reminded him; "but neither am I Mona Lisa, so perhaps you should."

"I've been studying it ever since I caught and put it down there," he said, gazing ruminatively at the smile in question. "It has haunted and puzzled and tantalized me, but at last I seem to have grasped the meaning of it. Shall I tell you how I read it, and will you tell me if I'm wrong?"

She nodded from the deep chair in which she was sitting.

"I'll tell you — that is, if I know myself," she promised.

"Well, it seems to me that it says, 'Admire me as much as you please, for I like the incense of your admiration; love me if you choose, for I rather like that, since it's at your own risk; but don't expect any return from me, for I'm one of those who take all and give nothing.""

"Upon my word!" Cecily sat up a little breathlessly. "And you call that interpreting me!"

"Isn't it true?" he challenged, turning upon her again. "Can you put your hand on your heart and say that it isn't true?"

There was a moment's silence, in which they looked at each other,—the young man with a sparkle in his eye and a seriousness which sat rather oddly upon him, and Cecily with a mixture of indignation and surprise. But the frankness which was so marked a trait of her character at length triumphed.

"No, I can't say that it isn't true and very shrewd," she presently confessed. "I would never have given you credit for so much penetration, but you've really divined my attitude very well. I do like admiration — who doesn't?—and I don't object to love, so long as it isn't pressed upon me in an offensive manner; but I haven't the faintest intention of making myself uncomfortable for the sake of any man."

"But," the man listening to her cried, "would you call it making yourself uncomfortable to accept and return love?"

"I should call it extremely uncomfortable," she replied decisively, "since it would interfere with life as I've planned it; and I don't intend to let anything interfere with that."

Julian laid down his palette and brush very deliberately, and seated himself beside her.

"Would you mind telling me how you've planned life," he asked, "since love is to be excluded from it?"

"I didn't say that love was to be absolutely excluded from it," she replied. "I only said that I didn't intend to allow it to interfere with my plans, as it has a great trick of doing, you know."

"By which I suppose you mean that people sometimes fall in love in a way that makes it necessary to modify their plans of life?"

"Exactly. And I don't intend to modify mine." A certain hardness came into all the lovely lines of her face. "Nothing shall make me do that," she declared. "We have but one life, and but one youth in life; and we are fools if we don't make the very best of that. When we were so poor, it nearly maddened me that, although I had youth and beauty, I could do nothing with them. But the experience educated me: it burned all sentiment out of me, and made me see what are the things that really count. Then when this wonderful fortune came, I determined that I would have those things. Life here just now is pleasant enough, but it's only a preface to the life I've planned. As soon as possible — in other words, as soon as I can tear Honora away-I am going into the world, the great world abroad, and I mean to have everything that can be grasped there. I'm beautiful, am I not?"

"Very beautiful," he agreed.

"And clever, — you can't deny that I'm clever?"

"It's the last thing I should think of denying," he assured her. "Your cleverness is as great as your beauty."

"And I'm rich — that is, Honora is rich, which amounts to the same thing; so am I not right in thinking that the world is before me to conquer and gain all that I want?"

"You are perfectly right," he replied. "I have never seen any one better equipped for conquest. Youth, beauty, cleverness" (he checked these advantages off on his fingers), "money, and carefully cultivated lack of sentiment,—all together ought to carry you far, and make it easy for you to secure whatever you want from the world." "Now you are a little bitter," she said reprovingly. "It's astonishing how soon and how inevitably a man drifts into bitterness when he finds that a woman doesn't appreciate his attractions as he thinks they should be appreciated."

"Now you are sarcastic," he returned. "I've never had any illusions with regard to the effect of my attractions on you. Why on earth should I? I'm only a poor devil of a painter, with nothing to offer that is in the least degree worth your acceptance, since you've cast hearts out of the cards with which you play the game of life."

"And if I hadn't, is there any particular reason why I should accept your heart?". she inquired.

"None — none at all," he hastened to reply. "And do me the justice to acknowledge that I haven't pressed it on your acceptance. I've understood from the first that the only part I could be allowed was to burn a little incense, and relieve the dulness of a provincial environment by amusing you."

"You are not amusing me now," she told him frankly. "And all this isn't a bit like you. It's a manifestation of character common enough to men when they are—er—"

"Rejected?"

"I haven't rejected you, for you've had too much good sense to offer yourself; and I hope you'll never do anything so foolish. I was about to say, 'when they are disappointed.'"

"But I'm not disappointed," he said, "for the very good reason that in order to be disappointed one must first have hoped. And I haven't, in your phrase, been so foolish as to have had any hope of anything different from what I've found. From our first meeting I saw clearly that you were intoxicated with the possibilities of <sup>·</sup> admiration and pleasure which the command of money opens to you, and that you had no serious thought to give to any one but yourself. Under these circumstances, my own

thoughts haven't been serious—though I can't deny that I'm very much in love with you."

"There isn't any harm in that," she remarked, "as long as you don't expect---"

"Pray set your mind at rest," he begged. "I don't expect anything, except to be allowed to enjoy your presence while you condescend to remain with us. After that you will no doubt soar into regions where a poor painter couldn't hope to follow."

"I thought painters could enter anywhere, if they were famous and rich enough," she observed.

"But I am neither famous nor rich," he pointed out.

"There's no reason why you shouldn't be both," she said decidedly. "A picture like that" (she looked at the portrait on the easel) "ought to open the door of fortune for you in a country where art meant anything. Of course it doesn't mean anything in provincial America; so for heaven's sake, for the sake of your own future, get away as quickly as possible! Go back to Paris-go anywhere that is in the world. Your mother and Alicia would want to murder me if they heard me giving you such advice, but I shouldn't be your friend if I didn't give it. It really won't do for you to waste your time and talent painting the nouveau riche of Kingsford."

"Perhaps not. But it was worth coming back to Kingsford to do that," he said — and he, too, looked at the portrait. "It has revealed me to myself, as well as revealing you; and some day, after I've accumulated enough shekels from the *nouveau riche* of whom you speak, I'll go back to the great world, where by that time you will have made yourself a place, and beg to be allowed to paint you again in your full development. It ought to be something very splendid, that development."

"It will be," she announced calmly. "You may be quite sure of that. I am probably heartless and egotistical—

you've been telling me quite plainly that I am both,—but I am determined to taste life to the full, now that the chance is given me. And, after all, is there any greater duty than to make the most of ourselves, and cultivate to the utmost whatever powers we have? That's the advice I've been offering *you*. And now" (she rose as she spoke) "I'll add another. Shut up your studio and come with me. We'll take the car and go as far out into the country as we like, and spend this glorious day as it should be spent—in the open. I couldn't make Bernard Chisholm idle with me; but you'll come, I know."

"Nothing more certain!" he cried, springing up joyously. "Count upon me for unlimited idling in- such companionship."

(To be continued.)

## The Farewell.

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

The railway station of a large Western city. Kathleen, going back to Ireland, is saying goodbye to her young brother, Maurice, whom she promises to send for in the spring.

## KATHLEEN.

 THE smoke of factories, hiding sun and sky Through all the lonesome day,—yes, that is why
 why

I'm going back. To live in this wild city All the slow years, nor ever hear the ditty The happy thrush sings o'er the late June grass: That's why my heart is pining. So I pass From out these sunless streets to fields I know, Where shamrocks lie beneath the daisy snow.

## MAURICE.

Ah, sister, and you'll hear the gull's sharp call Far out to sea, from the cliffs of Aherfall!

### KATHLEEN.

And, dear, 'tis sorry I am you can not come, That your poor ears must hear the dizzy hum. Of wheels within the black, unlovely building; That you will long in vain for the sun that's guilding

The cross of Athery. And so good-bye,

- Brother of mine, your life in the morn! Don't cry,
- My own! I'll surely send for you in spring, When the daisies show, when hiding corncrakes fling

The dew from off their backs. Remember, love, When your young heart is breaking, see above This smoke, the sky of Creelabeg, the Deel Mad-leaping down the rocks for woe, for weal, To mother sea. Ah, thus she calleth thee, My blue-heart stream, as Ireland calleth me! My soul is there already. Lovely earth, Green Ireland, where the fairies had their birth, The kind South soothes thee with her wind's caress:

The chanting sea doth sprinkle thee and bless, With violet mist, adown each valleyed aisle,

As brief clouds veil the sky and the good sun's smile!

### MAURICE.

Will you think of me when you see the wild geese flying

In wedges to the west where the sun lies dying?

### KATHLEEN.

Don't doubt, machree, though now you do not come.

O you'll come, surely, when the brown bees hum

Above the wheat field in the young spring greening;

When the white-thorn bush, down o'er the flush pond leaning,

Drinks up the sap and feels the wine of life!

Don't let your heart down, though the maddening strife

Beat at your senses all the smoky day.

O'dream of Creelabeg and Creela Bay;

The salt wind laughing up the Deel; the fog Shrouding with mantle-dark the heather bog

- By the slopes of Knockanare; the dark-eyed men
- Who toil in yellowing fields the day, and then,
- With falling night, walk down the headlands home.

And, brother, listen: through the fog and foam I'll see your wistful face, your black eyes shining,

And the heart in me will pine that you are pining.

Ne'er will the wild geese fly across the wind, With heads out-thrust, to the marsh fields behind Kilbeg, but I will pray for your returning; And, Maurice dear, I'll keep the brown sods burning

Till you are home again in showery spring, When flush streams flow to sea a-murmuring!

### MAURICE.

O sister mine, and soon your hands will catch The soft, warm rain a-dripping from the thatch! You'll mock the cuckoo from the alder calling At the edge of night, when the early dew is falling!

### KATHLEEN.

Hush, dear! The time is now! Ah, so I press My lips to yours! I grudge my happiness,

And you with moist eyes dreaming hour on hour

Of the heath hills and the wind of Ahendour! And know, dear brother, God loves Ireland best; For she's been always meek when sorrowpressed.

While yet a maid she was wedded unto Grief; True wife was she, nor ever sought relief

Down the great years. All the fair children born

Of her have felt the thong of hate and scorn; Yet have they loved her in the foggy dawn,

In the hot noon, and when the young stars shone.

Then, when her husband Grief unlovely grew, The kind God in His golden heaven knew, And sent Grief's sister, Joy, to charm her pain, Till Grief unlovely, lovely grew again.

### MAURICE.

'Tis far to there,-and will you hear my call

Above the Kerry wind and the waterfall?

## KATHLEEN.

I'll hear, and send for you when the Shannon wide

Is songless 'neath the weight of April tide; When o'er the drills the buds begin to show,

- And healing showers bring back the vanished glow
- To the land's face. Don't let your heart doubt, love;

For surely, in the spring, the clouds above The Galty mountains will refresh your eyes, When you are home, and under Irish skies— O hush, *machree!* It is the panting train!

### MAURICE.

Ah, the foggy days until we meet again!

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## Santa Susanna.

BY MARY CRAWFORD FRASER.

II.

HE walls of the nave of the church are frescoed with the story of "Susanna la Casta," of Old-Testament fame; and, though too far removed from modern standards to be noticed at all by present-day art critics, are beautiful in their wide washes of delicate color and their fidelity both to human nature and to the spirit of the story. Baldassare Croce painted them, and took joyful advantage of the spacious surfaces to place his groups in surroundings of noble architecture more germane to his own day than to that of Susanna. The first and the last scenes of the drama are particularly fine. It is not the usual naked coquette who sits by the fountain bath, but a gloriously angry wife and mother, drawing closer the draperies she had not yet discarded, and showing in every line of noble face and flashing eyes her scorn of the senile debauchees, who, one kneeling and one standing close to her, pour forth their passion in her outraged ears.

Then come the calumny, the sentence, the mourning; horrified family and fellowcitizens accompanying her to death,some believing in her still; some, as men and women will, shaking their heads over the instability of eminent virtue. One seems to hear the lament of the "Imitation": "I have seen the pillars crumble and the stars fall from heaven." And then the deliverance. In the one short hour that has passed since the accusation, Susanna seems to have been lifted away from earthly terrors and resentments. Unconscious of the rejoicings around her, unconscious of the sentence being even then carried out on her accusers, she stands awed and transfigured on the Temple steps, thanking the God of her fathers for His inscrutable and adorable judgments.

Her story was painted here for two reasons,—the first, because her name is the same as that of Diocletian's girlmartyr; the second, because the Susanna of the later day sacrificed her life to her vow of virginity. No inspired boy-prophet sprang up to save her; but a great multitude of redeemed souls, won by her prayers and example, accompanied her to the home and the arms of her Heavenly Bridegroom.

Susanna's father, Gabinus, was related to the family of Diocletian; and it seems that he held some charge in the imperial household where his daughter grew up. She was a Christian from her babyhood, and had probably been baptized by her uncle, Pope Caius II., who also suffered martyrdom in the great persecution. In the midst of frenzied corruption and luxury, Susanna grew to maidenhood pure as a snowdrop, and as beautiful as she was pure. Her father, a devout Christian, guarded her jealously, but all his vigilance could not prevent the fame of her beauty being spread abroad. Maximianus Galerus, the adopted son of Diocletian, having once looked on her face, fell madly in love with her, and, going to the Emperor, demanded her for his wife. The spoiled boy never asked in vain, and at once the order went forth that Susanna must prepare to become his bride. Her father Gabinus, deep in all his daughter's sweet counsels, must have had a heavy heart when he told her of the Emperor's command. There was no elation at the proffered honor. Both knew that there was only one end before them. The honor would be refused, and the refusal meant death. How still they must have sat in the golden house that night, holding each other's hand, and speaking in whispers of the short, quick road to glory that lay before them! What fervent prayers went up for faith and courage to endure to the end!

Then, as the night drew on, the hunted Christians came gliding through the long, underground passages that led—indeed

still lead-to the catacomb refuge three miles away, now marked by the Church of Sant' Agnese. Pope Caius, too, came; and Susanna, like St. Cecilia, was repaid for the mother joys she had renounced on earth by becoming the spiritual mother of two hundred souls, baptized then by St. Caius, and all crowned with martyrdom before the great persecution was over. In the convent attached to the church is a very ancient fresco depicting this scene,the neophytes crowding up to the font; St. Caius, with earnest, eager face, pouring the water on their heads; while Susanna stands smiling by, her hands raised in a quaint gesture of joyful applause.

Her decision, however, when it became known at Court and in the city, elicited no applause, but only scornful unbelief. The daughter of Gabinus actually dared to refuse the greatest match in the Empire, the altogether adorably successful and fortunate young fellow whom every other girl in Rome would have accepted on her knees? It was unthinkable! How could she dare to give herself such airs? The young man himself seems to have behaved with a certain amount of self-restraint. Fearing that his passion would betray him into folly or violence if he ventured into her presence, he persuaded his friend Sebastian, the brilliant commander of the Pretorian Guard, to go and plead for him.

The name of Sebastian calls up one of the most splendid figures in all the chivalry of Christendom. His father was a noble Milanese, who had married a French wife; and their son was born in Milan, then a far more important city than Rome, so far as commerce and the defence of the Empire were concerned. It was the chief strategical point in all the North. Strong garrisons were stationed there, commanded by generals who knew their business, and who smiled scornfully at the suggestion that there were more important posts to be had in Rome. At the first sign of aggression from whatever quarter, Rome would shriek to them to protect it. And in Milan young Sebastian grew up, and was trained to arms, and loved his career with all his heart, as a good soldier should. His noble birth, his gallant young beauty, his spirit and charm, won all hearts; and he rose from one command to another, doubtless envied by men and loved by women.

But there was in Sebastian's life a source of joy and strength unsuspected by his comrades in arms. He was an ardent Christian, and used his many advantages to keep and protect the poor Christians, who, even when official persecution was not raging, had to suffer in a thousand ways from the rapacity of local governors and their armies of parasites. As I have noted elsewhere,\* the various edicts issued from time to time against the followers of the new religion were never officially repealed, and nothing was easier for the man who coveted his Christian neighbor's goods than' to denounce him and claim his property. Sebastian threw all the weight of his great influence (the greater because no one suspected him of any more personal motive than the one of chivalrous pity for the oppressed) into the scale in their defence, at the same time animating them to courage and patience on their hard way. His own time would come later, he knew; meanwhile perhaps among those who most profited by his help there were little cynical growlings-one can almost hear them: "Easy enough for him to say, 'Be steadfast! Endure to the end!' Why doesn't he come out and declare himself, instead of swaggering about in that gorgeous uniform, hail-fellow-well-met with our pagan tyrants and cutthroats? Perhaps they would treat us more decently if we had a few fine gentlemen like him in our ranks." And so on.

Then, suddenly, Sebastian disappears from Milan and is next heard of in Rome, prime favorite with the Emperor, advanced to the highest post of military

\* "Italian Yesterdays."

honor, that of commander of the Pretorian Guard. Diocletian loads him with favors and honors, he is Maximianus' bosom friend, the courtiers follow suit; and all this just as Diocletian has decreed the tenth persecution of the Christians, a persecution more ferocious than any that had preceded it!

Surely Sebastian has faltered, has abandoned his faith, is saving himself by betraving his Saviour! Ah, no! This is the moment when his fellow-Christians in Rome need his help more than his old friends in Milan; and he has flown to their assistance, material and spiritual. He is everywhere, — in the catacombs, in the prisons, feeding the hungry, comforting the despairing, spiriting away whole companies into safety, and speaking great words to those whom even he can not save from torture and death. "Have no fear," he says. "All Christ's strength will be yours; and in a few hours you will be smiling down on us from His right hand. Pray for me, then, dear, valiant friends, that I may not fail to meet you there! My own hour is close now."

The wonder of it is that no one dared denounce him. Perhaps it was felt that Diocletian's fury when he learned the truth would wreak itself first on the object nearest at hand. At any rate, Sebastian is bathing in the full glow of imperial favor; for this is the moment that Maximianus chooses to charge him with his love mission to Susanna, the shadowy loveliness so carefully watched over by her father and his many dependents in the splendid dwelling that stands at the northwest corner of the grand new Baths --- the "Palace of the People"--that Diocletian is building for the benefit of his devoted subjects.

True to the usual methods of selfish pleasure, this monster temple of luxury was cemented with innocent blood and untold suffering. The workmen, some forty thousand in number, were all Christian slaves. They left their pathetic little marks on their work,—here a rough

cross stamped into a brick, there an attempt at a palm or a Pax scratched on the plaster. They built all the visible glory which was to delight Roman eyes and senses; and they built the hundreds of staircases in the thickness of the walls. by which the army of highly-trained slaves conducted quite noiselessly the service of the public. And when it was all finished, and Rome was laughing with delight over its new toy, ten thousand two hundred and three of the builders, with good St. Zeno at their head, were driven out to the Temple of Mars, where the Porta San Sebastiano stands to-day, and massacred to the last man. This did not, take place till 302 or thereabouts, and Diocletian was merely "getting his hand in"; for the tenth persecution, instituted by him and proclaimed all over the Empire, did not officially begin till 303. Before the benign creature's abdication two years later, he erected a "stately column near Aranda on the Douro," on which he caused to be inscribed the fact that "the name of Christians, destroyers of the Republic [!] is abolished, and their superstition everywhere destroyed."

It was earlier than this that Sebastian, hearing of the sufferings of the Christians, came to Rome. It was on one of the hottest days in summer-early in August, 295-that he consented to carry Maximianus' message to Susanna. Already her father's house was a meeting-place and a refuge for the persecuted brethren, two secret underground passages having been dug from its cellars, by which they could escape to the country. One, three miles long, ran almost directly east to the Catacombs of St. Agnes. The other diverged southward, circled all the area of the Baths, and then also led eastward, joining the first about halfway. It was evidently intended as a last resource should the beginnings of the more direct one be discovered and betrayed to the enemy. Underground Rome was by that time a complete network of cacombs and hiding-places, one stratume below

another,-a vast labyrinth, of which we merely hold, as it were, the stray ends; but so far-reaching and deep that modern builders in Rome, notably in the erection of some of the new ministries, have had to dig as far into the earth as their edifices now rise above it, in order to lay any solid foundations at all. The modern architect can not command thousands of unpaid workers as did the builder of Diocletian's Baths; so the famous "Ministry of Finance" and the "National Debt Palace" cost a little more than they did, and are as ugly as the other iniquity was beautiful.

My old sacristan at Santa Susanna gravely informed me that St. Sebastian's conversion dated from his visit to the holy maiden, depicted on one of the frescoes of the apse where all her history is set forth. Here, as the handsome young officer is pleading with her, both he and she start apart, terrified and amazed; for, in a blaze of glory, an angry-eyed angel from heaven has swept down between them, and warns Sebastian back with threatening hand. The surging rush of the angel's descent is splendidly given; and the girl shrinks under his wings in fear as great as that of the man who flings himself to one side to escape the arm that seems just about to strike him down. As a matter of fact, Sebastian could scarcely have failed to know that Susanna was a Christian, seeing that he was at the very heart of all Christian affairs; and that her father's brother, Caius, was the supreme ruler of the Church at the time. The only explanation of the story seems to be that he knew nothing of her vow of virginity, and perhaps even thought that, in becoming the wife of Diocletian's adopted son, she could use her influence to mitigate the sufferings of her coreligionists. But that was not to be. Susanna explains that there is to be no earthly bridegroom for her; and Sebastian goes back to carry to him who sent him her refusal of the offered honor.

Diocletian, on hearing of her decision,

issued his customary sentence,-he probably repeated the too familiar words in his sleep, since they were so constantly on his lips; and when there was nothing else to talk about he could always order a few executions. Susanna was to be put to death, as well as her old father; and there were others waiting. "Let a good crowd be got together, and variously torn to pieces. The people will be pleased; and they have to be kept in good humor during these hot sirocco days, or they might get troublesome. Stay!" (And here some gleam of pleasure would show itself in the pouched eyes.) "We can have a little fun with Susanna's father. Put him in the stocks in his own house. and let him starve to death."

So it was done as the Emperor ordered; and above Susanna's tomb in her old home is a strange and very ancient fresco, showing Gabinus and his daughter and another martyr, Tiburtius, the son of the Prefect Chromatius, looking out in sorrow and fear after they had heard the sentence. The cold grey sky behind them is unbroken by a gleam of light. No palms or crowns have been shown them yet. They are face to face with death, cold, agonizing, horrible; and the Lord for whom they are to suffer has made no sign. It is the saddest picture in the world. The faces are those of heartbroken children whom their Father has deserted, and their eyes ask for Him almost despairingly.

But the end was not like that. Upstairs, above the high altar, Susanna smiles her quiet, mysterious smile; while an unexplained light rests on her hair, and her thoughts seem very far away from the headsman who is already raising his axe. All the pictures of her are faithful to one type, and that must have been transmitted very carefully during the first few centuries; for it is rather an unusual one. A tall, graceful girl, with a round, almost childish face; dark eyes, very innocent, and happy except in that one picture; a soft mouth not oversmall, a mass of pale brown hair wound closely round the head, and always that impression of the smile ready to return at any instant. I know Roman girls to-day, hard-working, good girls, with just such faces and coloring, and the same lovely expression.

So we see Susanna passing, and only then do we remember the fate that had been selected for poor Gabinus. Ah! here he is, in a great fresco all to himself, where he is shown sitting in the stocks, his poor ankles almost grown to the wood; for he has been there thirty days and nights, without food or drink; and his face is like that of a skull covered with tightly-drawn parchment, but his sad eyes turn to the group of Christians who kneel at his right hand; and one can almost hear the thread of a voice in which he is bidding them pray for him and for themselves in this tribulation.

He has not seen or has not cared to notice a group of men, insolent in their full-fed health and shining armor, who stand on the other side of him, falling back over each other in their surprise at finding him alive. There is no explanation of their coming. Perhaps some rumor had got abroad, or a jailer had reported that the old man was not dead yet and they had come to see what was the matter. What they have seen is that the God of the Christians is the true God. since He can work miracles like this that they behold; and then and there they vow to follow Him and none other. They, too, had to die to reach Him; and many thousands of others after Sebastian. despairing of helping or saving his brethren any longer in the awful storm that had broken loose, turned on -the Emperor, and in burning astonished words, that seemed to scorch as they fell, reproached him for his vile cruelties, and declared that all along he himself had been a follower of Christ.

We all know the end,—the commander of the Pretorian Guard stripped and bound and set up as a target for the

Persian bowmen; his body, pierced with a hundred arrows, hanging corpse-like when they left it; Irene, the gentle lady, coming with her servants in the night to carry it home, and finding that the gallant heart was still beating; her long nursing of the martyr back to life, and his escaping from her custody as soon as he could move, to go and meet Diocletian in broad midday and once more threaten him with the vengeance of Heaven for his crimes; the Emperor's consternation when he believed he saw a spirit, and his quick relief on discovering that this was indeed Sebastian in the flesh; and the second martyrdom, on the marble steps, under the clubs of the No mistakes were made that lictors. time. It was only his mangled, disfigured body that was borne to Irene's house, and thence through the dark underground passages to the catacomb cemetery; for Sebastian's brave kind soul had really reached home at last.

The fresco to the right of the altar has nothing to do with Susanna's history. It represents the martyrdom of the seven sons of St. Felicitas, under the "mild and enlightened rule" of Marcus Aurelius. The poor, brave woman holds her youngest son in her arms, hiding his eyes from the slaughter of his brothers, lest the terror of it should shake his fortitude for his own end, so close at hand.

I always feel a certain terror when I find myself underground, and the old chill seized me when the sacristan began feeling among his keys for the one that opens the iron gate that guards St. Susanna's tomb. Our only light was a scrap of cerino — the twisted taper so much in use here, - and its faint gleams seemed to make the darkness beyond the gate more inky black. Then the little girl, with a laugh, twisted her slim body between the bars, and stood smiling at us like a captive spirit till the rusty key turned in the lock and we could follow her. Another door had 'to be opened before we found ourselves in the series

of underground chambers, once beautiful with sunshine striking on painted walls and mosaic pavements, and still more beautiful with the presence of the fair maiden saint. "Here she passed every day," said the little girl, stooping down and touching the mosaic lovingly. "See, I will give the signora some bits of it to take home!" And from a broken corner she picked up nine of the little cubes and put them into my hand.

I was admiring just then a piece of ancient wall, still covered with that wonderful lacquer-like stucco, part а royal crimson, part pure white, as fresh as if it had been laid on but yesterday,such depths of color as we have no secret for now. In order to preserve the remains and support the heavy superstructures of the church and street, the subterranean spaces were divided into small chamberseach roofed with a solid vault, and sustained by massive additional wallswhen Carlo Maderno built the church for Sixtus V. The architect had to be archæologist in those davs. and an Maderno's underground work is scientific to the last degree, - preserving every vestige of the ancient topography, piercing tunnels for ventilation from chamber to chamber and passage to passage of the vast labyrinth which stretches, at this point, from the tomb of St. Susanna under the high altar in the church right across the wide Piazza to the farther wall of San Bernardo opposite.

(The End.)

## To Saint Joseph.

BY EDWARD F. GARESCHÉ, S. J.

**S**AR more a pleasure than a care Providing is for thee!

So long thou wast provider there For Christ's necessity!

No more is Nazareth's home, so fair, Where ye abode, ye three!---

No more for them need'st toil fore'er: But now-provide for me!

# The Knight's Penance.\*

N a far country there was a rich and powerful knight, the which lived in great luxury, lavishly expending his wealth and keeping high estate; and he had many friends and retainers, for he generously entreated them that served him. But because of the ease and splendor that he lived in, this seigneur forgot God and his duty, and went never to Mass, nor vet to confession; for he was proud of heart, and held them to be but fools that told their evil actions to their curate or any other priest. Long did he live in this foolish error; and because he had a dread of the penance that should now be put on him should he turn from it, and of the mocking of his friends, that were of a worldly conversation, he neither made confession nor left his fault.

But one friend he had that was of a right disposition and grieved greatly for the hatred that this knight, his comrade, had of the Sacrament of Penance; and he was exceeding desirous to turn him from these courses if he could. Therefore on a certain day in Lent time this gentleman, meeting him in the way, said to the knight: "Messire, I marvel that you can bear to look upon your ill doing, which is greatly displeasing to God and Our Lady, and to the world. For in that you confess yourself never, your sins go alway with you, the which are a heavy burden for any man to bear alone. And behold! Easter Day comes, when every Catholic man should put himself in a state of grace that he may have God's mercy. For God did suffer shame and pain upon the Tree of the Cross, to save His people and rebuke the enemy in hell; in that before His crucifixion all went to damnation. And He won for us so great freedom that none can now be damned that makes confession and repents. There-

<sup>\*</sup> A Mary-legend of the Middle Ages, originally written in French by an unknown author. Adapted for THE AVE MARIA from the English version, by Evelyn Underhill.

fore we should every one seek our soul's health in this Sacrament, both for sign of our thankfulness that He did the penance of the world, and for that our reason bids us so to do. Verily, the man is but foolish that neglects it. And I entreat you, brother, that you also will be shriven; for you stand in exceeding need of it. Let us go talk with that hermit who lives in the mountain; he is a good and discreet man of right holy life. Of a surety he will give you no ill counsel, but will tell you all that is meet and right to do."

Now, the knight, that had so stubborn a mind, was moved by these words to some apprehension of the error he was in; and he bethought himself that if the thing indeed were thus, then was he in evil case. Therefore he made soft answer, saying: "I will go right quickly; for indeed I see that I have held myself toward my Redeemer but unknightly, and have repaid His bounty by discourtesy. And now I feel the load of my sins heavy upon me, the which I will confess full speedily; for I know that I shall have great ease of it."

Then without delay he set forth to the mountain, and with pains he mounted to the harsh rocks whereon the hermit dwelt, who there implored God night and day for all sinners. And that hermit was exceeding glad of his coming, and made good cheer for him. "For," said he, "joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that répenteth, more than over ninety and nine just folks which need no repentance."

Then did the knight speak to him a long while of his sins, for indeed there was much to be told; and the hermit, who was expert in the cleansing of souls, knew well how to search and question him, so that presently he was acquainted with the whole of the matter. And when all was told and confessed, he said to the knight very gladly: "Fair brother, rejoice for that you shall be cleansed of your sin; and know that soon the love of God and of well doing shall be

engrafted in you by the grace of the holy penance you will have to bear."

Now, these words troubled the knight greatly; for he was of those that would have God's mercies living softly the while, and giving nought for that which he had got. Therefore did he say to the hermit: "Alas, my father, in the matter of this penance I know not how it may be! I can in no wise bear a great one, nor set myself to fasting; for I am none of those lusty fellows that may with ease of body mortify the flesh, since I was bred softly, and love only to eat delicates. All know it is my custom so to do. Therefore, because I live in the world, where all observe me, I must have a penance I can do at my ease; for great austerities will but cast me down quickly and throw me back into sin."-"" Messire," answered the hermit, "do not fear. You shall have so light an one that none could refuse it. were he never so impotent or so old." And said the knight, "Pardieu! I ask no better!"

Then that hermit admonished him and said: "Mark well that which I shall ordain to you, for herein shall be proof of your contrition. You shall take this costrel which here you see, and go down to the stream that is below, and there you must fill it with water to the brim; and when that you have so done and brought it me again, you shall be quit of all your sins. But take heed that you sin not again."

"So will I do," said the knight, exceeding joyous for the indulgence he had had, for indeed this penance was a little matter. And he took the costrel, that was a vessel made in the fashion of a little flask, and ran quickly to the stream and seated himself upon the bank. Then dipped he the said flask into the stream to fill it; but the water, that was flowing swiftly, turned aside when it came near and went on either hand. And he did all that he could for the filling of his costrel, dipping it more deeply in the pools under the banks; but at the end of

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his travail it was empty still, at which he marvelled greatly.

' And, so striving and accomplishing nothing, he began to wonder what it might be that letted him; for neither in the flowing of the water nor in the fashion of the flask could he see any hindrance, and yet something that was past his wit fought against him. And first he was exceeding wrathful, conceiving that there was witchcraft therein; but presently it came to his mind that it was but the vileness of his own soul that tormented him thus, whereby the water, that was pure, fled from before him, making it to be impossible that his penance should be done. Then was he greatly alarmed, having knowledge of his evil state, and he swore and promised that he would not return to that hermit till his flask was filled and his penance accomplished; for he knew that absolution he must have, though he went oversea to gain it.

But when he had made this vow, seeing his costrel yet empty, he repented incontinent of that which he had said; for it seemed to him that perhaps for this promise he must indeed set himself to long pilgrimage, the which was little to his mind. And he thought: "Shall I do so great a folly as to leave my wife and honor and the great station in which I am, because this mad hermit hath set me a penance that I may not do? Verily I was but a fool to come to this confession; for only this morning I lived in ease, doubting nothing. It is meet that ill should come of such traffic. But now I will give back this costrel, and will go home; nor will I seek to get me shriven by this madman that hath vexed me thus." Then he thought again, for indeed he was in great trouble and perplexity: "Yet, if I do this, what shall I say to him? Return? Folly! I can not thus forsake that which I undertook; for he is no true knight that denies his promise, whatsoever it may be. I have sworn to do this thing, and I will hold

to it; therefore I go my way and return not until this flask be filled with water to the brim."

Then did he depart from that place; but he went heavily, doubting whether he might accomplish this quest; for now he knew that God loved him not because there was no good thing in him. And, leaving his wife and his estate, this seigneur went a solitary penitent through the world, and whenever he came to a spring or to any running water, there did he stay his steps and dipped his costrel therein. But in no wise could he fill it: and his heart was often wrathful because of this burden that had been set on him. for no peace could he get, neither of body nor soul. Thus did he go many months, by dust and heat, by rain and wind, by snow and frost, ever on foot and companionless. And it came that he wandered for two years and more, searching for the means by which his penance might be done; and now he was become poor, thin, and ragged, suffering cold and weariness, but still his vow was unfulfilled. And a great desire drove him-namely, that he might have peace with God; but no help would he ask, for by his own strength he was resolved to get it.

But it happened one winter's day that he wandered in a great and thick forest; and he was very weary and full melancholy, for he went ill-shod, and had but rags to keep his body from the cold. Therefore he began to bewail himself because of the exceeding great misery that he endured, and, "Alas!" he said, "how foolishly have I lived, that have brought myself to this wretchedness, wherein I am robbed of all ease, and am like to die without honor upon the road! Was ever such unhappy knight? And yet, if at last I can accomplish this quest, I shall have no ill, but rather great blessedness; for then I shall be acceptable to God. Let me wander therefore in patience. For by my own ill-doing am I thus exiled from all joy; and verily he turns from

good to evil that turns from the fulfilment of a vow he has made, for this were a disloval act." And, his heart being softened, he cried also to Our Lady, saying: "Alas! dear Lady, sweet Saint Mary, how greatly discourteous have I been to your Son, that He turns from me thus! Yet I know that I lead not this wretched life for nought; for some day my penance shall be done, and then by your grace I shall have great guerdon from God, who lifts up sinners and comforts them when it pleases Him. Most glorious Virgin, will you not pray for me? For indeed I stand in great need of your compassion, and I know that you do most powerfully plead for sinners before God. And by my own grace I may never come from my sufferings, for well have I deserved them; and this no man knoweth better than I."

When Madame Saint Mary, that is full pitiful and kindly, heard this poor knight thus entreat her, and saw that he wandered solitary through the world because he had not the companionship of God, her heart was grieved for him; for she knew him to be a right loval gentleman, that would never forsake the accomplishment of his quest. Therefore she came to him where he walked in that dark forest, and she gave him counsel that he should return to the holy hermit with the costrel he might not fill, and confess his failure with humility, asking his help, for that he grew old and weary in this pilgrimage.

When that knight heard the words that the glorious Virgin put into his heart, he was exceeding glad; and he turned back upon the road and went into his own country as quickly as he could, and to the cell of the hermit that lived yet amongst the rocks. And the hermit made for him right joyous welcome, as he did for all travellers that had need of it; though he knew him not for whom he was, because of his thinness and his sorry clothes. Verily, all the signs of his estate had long gone from him, and he seemed as some poor pilgrim that is glad to ask an alms. But when that he made himself known, showing to the hermit his costrel into which no drop of water had yet come, then that good and holy man did recognize him indeed, and he gave thanks to Jesu Christ and to His glorious Mother with tears and clasped hands, because this penitent had returned in safety. Then made he the knight to sit down near him, and heard most gladly the life he had lived, and how that he had been brought to discipline his flesh on this quest. And that knight told him all he had suffered, confessing very meekly that his penance was yet undone, for that no water would come into the costrel.

Then said the hermit to him: "Messire. know that by these griefs you have had you have gained great merit and great price. For you are quit for all your sins, in that you have borne this heavy penance of weariness and poverty, leaving your estate and honors for the getting of your salvation, the which God shall give you by His grace. And know that if hereafter you keep yourself at this point of virtue, you shall receive the crown of Paradise. Therefore may you now leave this costrel that you have carried with you; for I will give you another penance, the which shall be the ending of your grief." But the knight, that had now a most ardent and an humble heart, and was altogether dedicate to God and to Our Lady, said to him: "Nav, good father, this can not be; for I will have no other perance while I live till this that was put on me for my sinfulness be done. Of a surety I may not leave a quest that is not ended; and I know that God will by His grace enable me to do it when my penitence is pleasing in His sight. Therefore when I have rested me and heard that which you would say for my admonishment, I will commend me to Saint Mary's guidance and go again into the world."

Then the hermit, exceeding joyful, praised God most heartily; and he spoke

many comfortable words to the knight for his encouragement. And so did he do till at last the hour came when the penitent must depart from that cell and set himself upon the road again. So they made their farewells; and now the hermit wept greatly, being full of pity; and the knight wept also, for his heart was moved by Our Lady's grace, so that he knew his evil state and had great grief of it. And he had still slung about him that costrel which he carried for his penance through the world.

And it happened, by the sovereign mercy of Madame Saint Mary, and of her Son Jesu Christ, that one of the tears which he shed fell by chance within that costrel. Then God, who hated him notno. nor hateth any contrite sinner,-did do for him gréat marvel; for that tear of penitence which he had shed so great did grow that it filled all the said costrel to the brim, and so his penance was accomplished before ever he set foot upon the road. When that knight saw this fair miracle, greatly was he amazed, and he fell down upon the ground rendering thanks and praise to God and His Mother: and so also did that holy hermit, as indeed religion did enjoin And the hermit took from him his costrel that now was full, and absolved him, saying: "Go you back now to the world, and to your estate and to your wife; for by Our Lady's intercession you are made clean and shriven. And set you ever to welldoing in remembrance of the grace that , Our Lord hath shown to you; for unto the tear of your penitence He hath added the ocean of His love."

Some one has been questioning M. de Rothschild, who says that riches can not make a man happy. "Certainly," said the Baron, slowly and as if talking to himself, "if there were not some advantage attached to a fortune, people would not give themselves so much trouble to acquire it. But happiness, the only true happiness, lies in labor."

# The Doctrine of Indulgences and the So-called Reformation.

THANKS to contemporary historical research, and especially to Dr. Janssen's great work, the "History of the German People," the monstrous imposture—for it was nothing else — of the Reformation is coming to be seen in its true light. A revolution is being wrought in public opinion, and "the blessed Reformation," as Protestants used to call it, is becoming less and less sacred.

Among the superstitions exploded by Dr. Janssen's research is the Protestant notion of the doctrine of Indulgences as propagated in the pre-Reformation period. It will be seen from the following extracts from popular books of instruction that were current in Germany at the end of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth century, that the doctrine was proclaimed with the same clearness and precision then as now:

"The Seelenführer says: 'Know ye that indulgence does not forgive sins, but only remits the punishments which you have deserved. Know ye that you can obtain no indulgence when you are in sin, and have not confessed and truly repented and really determined to improve your life; for otherwise all is to no purpose.'... The Summa Johannis of the year 1480 likewise declares that only he 'who sincerely repents of his sins gains the indulgence.... If the man be in the state of mortal sin, he can not obtain the indulgence; for it is not given to sinners.'... To those who said that indulgence was 'forgiveness of sins for money, and therefore that it could be bought,' the 'Explanation of the Articles of the Creed' [A. D. 1486] remarks that it was a question 'of the praise and honor of God, not of the collection of money. Again, the indulgence is not given to those who simply contribute to the building of churches, unless they are in a state of grace, and give out of piety, in true faith,

with great confidence in the Communion of Saints and their merits, in whose honor and praise the churches are built, and with especial confidence in the mercy and help of God.'''

And so with all the other calumnies of the time; the light which is being shed upon the Reformation by contemporary historical research is so bright and penetrating that the most hidden motives of the movement are exposed to the scrutiny of the whole world.

## Sensible Advice.

I N a recent issue of the Austral Light there is an excellent short paper by Norman Hoare on "Children and Ghosts." In the course thereof he emphasizes the point that one of the greatest troubles of children—ot imaginative and nervous children—is the awful terror which darkness and loneliness bring on. He comments also on the danger of filling the young, receptive mind with visions of the real existence of a class of beings like ghosts and grinning skeletons and bloodthirsty ogres, whose special delight is to catch little boys and girls. As opposed to such action he advises:

Early there should be instilled into the mind the fact of the omnipresence of God and the companionship of our angels: this will serve a double purpose. But with mere idle fears a little strictness should be used, lest letting children give way would engender a quite unwarrantable cowardice. Treat kindly the frightened, and scorn not the fearful; for it is not cowardice to fear: cowardice is giving way to fear. The bravest have feared; and the most fearful, did we but know it, are often heroes.

Thè timorous child who will face the dark is far braver than one who never knew such fear. But the child who never knows the terrors of darkness and loneliness is saved an enormous worry. Children place implicit reliance on their parents' word: on the parent, then, it lies to inspire that confidence which will mean much happiness, both for the toddler and afterward for the man.

Good advice to all who have the care of the very young.

## Notes and Remarks.

A great, and seemingly growing, abuse is the violation of the laws of the Church in regard to new devotions - patent prayers, sure methods of escaping purgatory, even passports to heaven, and the like. Many persons seem to have the notion that so long as these unauthorized "pieties"-not a few of them are gross superstitions - are used privately, they are "all right." There is no telling the amount of harm that is done by them. They destroy genuine piety, foster superstition among uneducated and illinstructed Catholics, and cause scandal to Protestants, who are wont to regard them as typical of the devotional practices which are tolerated, if not approved, by ecclesiastical authority. The faithful ought to be particularly on their guard in such matters as this.

Some devotions of which the Church approves are not always propagated or practised as she would have them. Others which she has not approved, and never will approve, are often regarded as sanctioned simply because they have not been specifically condemned. Devotions that serve to remind us of the need of keeping the great truths of our holy religion before our minds and of constantly meditating upon them are the ones to be preferred.

That the granting of Home Rule to Ireland would result in the cessation of the disastrous tide of emigation which has been continuously flowing from her shores since the middle-nineteenth century is a statement with which we are all familiar; and recent census returns seem to ratify the assertion. The imminent prospect of Home Rule has apparently sufficed to arrest the tide. For the first time in sixty-five years Ireland's population has increased instead of diminishing in the course of a full year. Not only was there a decrease in the number of emigrants from, but an increase in the number of immigrants to, the Emerald Isle. Some eight thousand Irish-born residents of other lands returned to their native country to remain there permanently, more than half of that number going from the United States. When Home Rule is in full operation, the immigrants will probably outnumber the emigrants in the ratio of three or four to one. We sincerely hope so.

The advance statement concerning the Official Catholic Directory, sent out by the publishers, P. J. Kenedy & Sons, contains as usual a number of interesting paragraphs. While the Catholic population of this country is said to be 16,309,310, the editor of the Directory, Mr. J. H. Meier, declares that at least ten per cent should be added to these figures for the floating population of which no record can be kept. Such addition would give us practically eighteen millions of American Catholics, three and two-third millions more than we numbered in 1905, and seven and a quarter millions more than our total in 1895. The actual increase in 1914 is said to be 241,325. Of the nineteen thousand (less six) priests in the country, fourteen thousand are secular clergy and about five thousand are priests of religious Orders. The increase in the ranks of the clergy during 1914 was four hundred and twenty-six. As for future clerics, our eighty-five ecclesiastical seminaries are preparing 6770 young men for Holy Orders. Many other items of interest are contained in the statement, to which we may return again.

If those Protestant ministers in the Philippine Islands who conduct what they call the "Catholic Mission of S. Mary the Virgin" happen to read a-statement recently made by Dr. W. T. Phillips, presumably a minister himself, they will not feel comfortable,—we hope not. Dr. Phillips is quoted in several of our exchanges as saying: "Probably the meanest type of Christianity I have ever come across in the world is what I found at several points in the Orient, where missionaries of certain American sects, avoiding the difficulties of pioneer work among the heathen, have planted themselves in the midst of converts of older missions, and have undertaken to proselvte them for their particular tenets concerning immersion or some other peculiar sectarian distinction. Environed by all the opportunities of the non-Catholic world, and with their smallness rebuked by the presence of a great need, they yet do not hesitate to wean away from another missionary the fruit of many years of labor, all for the sake of some shibboleth. They call this foreign missions; instead it is one of the worst forms of domestic sectarianism transplanted to a foreign shore."

Pious Protestants in this country contribute large sums to support this "meanest type of Christianity."

A recently published novel dealing with the Franco-Prussian War represents Bismarck as haunted and obsessed in his declining days by remorse of conscience and terrors of soul. "But for me," he is reported to have said, "three great wars would not have been made, nor would 800,000 of my fellowmen have died by violence. Now for all that I have to answer before Almighty God!" It may be questioned whether the Man of Iron ever uttered these words. He had to bear the brunt of all the blame and abuse that was hurled against the military ring in Germany, being called a bulldog at home and a bloodhound abroad. "Attila was a lamb beside me," he says in one of the published letters to his wife, whom he always addressed as "My Darling," "My dear Heart." A believer in "frightfulness" would not write in this wise.

It is well known that Bismarck would have been content with smaller territorial acquisitions than were actually secured, but 'was overruled by those who were

bent upon opposing him. After peace had been signed, he wrote to his wife, "More gained than I think wise"; and he regarded Metz as containing "very indigestible elements." He had no love for France, and more than once declared that it would be the end of her if she ever again took up arms against Germany. Still there is nothing to prove that Bismarck desired to see the Fatherland become a great military power, or that he gloried in war. His letters show that, even when he was passing from victories on the field to victories in diplomacy, his mind's eve remained fixed on his home; and it is to his credit that he did not. then forget that "many honest folk among us, as also among the enemy, have fallen, are crippled or are in mourning." Bismarck was no hypocrite.

As the theme of an essay or a discourse, the horrors of war was stereotyped and trite long before the present unparalleled conflict gave a new meaning to the phrase; but "The Horrors of Peace" is not so commonplace a title. This latter phrase is chosen by the *North American Review* as the caption for an article on an evil which has been repeatedly discussed in these columns; but the *Review's* presentment is worth reproducing:

About half a million men perished in the Civil War. This meant that there were thousands upon thousands of newly created widows and thousands upon thousands of fatherless children in the United States, suffering all the attendant and consequent miscries resulting from a violent' severance of the tenderest of human ties. It must not be forgotten, however, that from the close of the Civil War to this day an even more ghastly total has been added up, a greater number of widows has been created and a much larger number of children has been rendered fatherless or motherless in the "horrors" of our divorce courts.

From 1887 to 1906 a total of 1,274,341 divorces were granted in the United States. This means that 2,548,682 American husbands and wives have been arrayed against one another in legal battle for the severance of the tenderest of human ties.

The half million of men who sacrificed their

lives in the Civil War were contending over a great principle of government and the question of slavery. The records of our divorce courts show that these two and one-half million of husbands and wives were contending over the questions of cruelty, desertion, adultery, and drunkenness. Which is the more deplorable of these two horrors?

The answer is of course obvious; but mere denunciation of divorce is of little or no avail unless the denouncers are prepared to do constructive work in the matter of lessening its ravages.

Tolerant as the Moslem may be of what he regards as the eccentricities of Christians-the differences between them as to belief and practice,-his contempt for those who take up arms against one another is apt to be expressed without restraint. 'Your civilization is a sham!' an educated Turk is reported to have said to a European in Constantinople, after the first great battle of the present war. 'With what face can you preach good will and universal brotherhood abroad when at home you are cutting each other's throats? You Christians should all return whence you came, and put an end to the bloody strife among yourselves. Only then can you hope to impose your creed upon contented and peace-loving people here.'

A missionary bishop in the Orient tells us that the world-war is a greater scandal there than we can have any idea of, and will prove a formidable obstacle to the spread of Christianity throughout Asia for many years to come.

One unfailing sign of the anti-Catholic campaign that is being waged openly as well as in secret in many parts of this country is the mania prevalent in a number of State legislatures for introducing "Convent Inspection" Bills. To the credit of some of the non-Catholic legislators, these Bills do not always become law; and Governor Ferguson, of Texas, is to be congratulated on his treatment of such a Bill in his State. He appointed a Commission, all of whose members were Protestants, to examine the measure and report to him thereon. Their report, as follows, deserves attentive reading elsewhere than in Texas:

A Bill, or Bills, of similar purport to House Bill No. 65 has or have been from time to time introduced in many State legislatures. To the credit and sanity of these legislatures be it said that, so far, it has met with favor in none of them. In this Bill, as in its predecessors, is concealed the cloven hoof. To enact a law providing that upon the petition of twenty persons an inspection of reputable institutions could be made by county commissioners would be bad *per se*, and would introduce a principle and precedent in legislation that could but result in promiscuous meddling without providing a single safeguard to good society.

Reputable institutions, such as private hospitals, reformatory homes, convents, asylums, sectarian seminaries, etc., are subject and open to every kind of inspection that due regard, efficiency, cleanliness and sanitation could properly require or demand. But, aside from this fact, this particular Bill is a veiled and unprovoked effort, whether wittingly or unwittingly, to encourage a vicious and unwarranted anti-Catholic sentiment in the American State. This Republic was founded, in the wisdom of the fathers, upon the principle that America should forever remain a harbor of refuge for the oppressed of every land; the home and citadel of religious and political liberty, sustaining and perpetuating a government where every citizen could worship God after the dictates of his own conscience, and uninterruptedly enjoy the rights of property, religious and political freedom, and the pursuit of happiness.

We respectfully recommend that the Bill be not passed.

At a recent session of the Commission on Religious Prejudices, created by the Supreme Council of the Knights of Columbus, the underlying causes of the prevalent anti-Catholic prejudice were investigated, and the conclusion was reached that these attacks on religion come largely from three classes:

First—Those who fail to appreciate the Constitutional provision regarding freedom of religious worship, or to understand the belief of those professing a religion other than their own. Second—Those whose purpose is to destroy not only the Catholic religion but all religion and all duly constituted government. Third—Perhaps the worst class comprises those who, despite their expressed motives of high purpose, are actuated solely by sordid mercenary motives.

While we are inclined to doubt the efficacy of the Commission's invitation to societies and organizations of all religious beliefs to co-operate with them in arresting the evil, we approve of the action promised in this paragraph:

The Commission will request the Postmaster General to make a public statement regarding his position on the exclusion of non-mailable matter, in view of the decisions of the United States Courts, apparently overlooked by him in his annual report.

One of the most deplorable effects of the great war is the abandonment of many flourishing missions in pagan lands. Some of them were wholly dependent upon the charitable alms of France, Belgium, and Germany, now diverted into other channels. And of the missions remaining, there is hardly one that is not suffering from the depletion of resources consequent on the state of things in Europe.

But the loss of *personnel* is the greatest blow to our missions abroad. One-third of all the French priests in Korea-the youngest and most vigorous of them--have responded to the "call to colors." As many as sixty have left from a single diocese in India. Indeed, the same sad report comes from all quarters-Japan, Africa, China, Oceania, etc. "What gaps have been made in the ranks of the Lord's army!" exclaims a bishop in India. And, with many novitiates and missionary colleges depleted or destroyed, it will be a long time before the ranks are filled again. Meanwhile let us hope and let us pray that all Christendom may become more Christian.

In more than one of our Irish exchanges attention is called to a fact which many of their readers must have antecedently noticed: the genuine historical value of

the Lenten pastorals of the Irish hierarchy. Apart from the doctrinal instruction with which these pastorals are habitually replete, they contain as a rule vivid pictures of contemporary conditions in the spheres of industry, economics, sociology, and the higher politics. The unequalled opportunities enjoyed by these prelates for knowing the virtues and vices, the hopes and fears, the complaints and the longings, the aversions and the ambitions of their flocks enable them to speak with an authority and a precision which can hardly be supplied by the most painstaking historian or professional publicist. In so far as these Irish pastorals for the present Lenten season are concerned, one lesson which they unanimously teach might well be taken account of by some - a few - Irish-Americans whose harangues as to Ireland's duty of the hour seem to be neither necessary nor judicious. With utter unanimity, the Irish bishops applaud the action of their people in standing shoulder to shoulder with other British subjects in defending the Empire.

It is a distinct service, especially at this time when slanderers are busy, to set forth the purpose, methods, and spirit of the work performed by the Sisters of the Good Shepherd as the Rev. W. T. Kane, S. J., has done, writing in the current number of the *Queen's Work*. An idea of the scope of this labor and the amount of it may be gathered from Fr. Kane's concluding paragraph:

No mere statistics could do justice to the great work the Order has done. And even complete statistics are not easily had. As usual with Catholic charities, the activity of the Good Shepherd nuns goes on quietly and silently, with no display and no advertising. They are working for Almighty God and for souls, and God does not need a published report in order to follow their work. They are also working so hard and so much that there is little time for compiling and publishing accounts of their work. But a few facts are forthcoming. The New York convent in its first fifty years received 13,038 girls, of whom 8581 were sent by the Courts, and 4457 came of their own will. Of these, 7274 have been returned to their families and friends, 4672 have been discharged and aided to find work, 251 have been transferred to other institutions, 369 died holily in the Home, and nearly 500 at present remain in the house. There are now about 1200 Good Shepherd nuns in this country, some 800 Magdalens, and over 7000 girls in their various refuges. It may be conservatively estimated that the nuns have cared for 100,000 girls in this country alone, and over 1,000,000 in the whole range of their Order.

Catholics have every reason to be proud of the Good Shepherd nuns, and all society ought to be grateful for their unassuming but very real labor of love and social service.

From unbridled denunciation of Catholicism to concrete acts of anti-Catholic vandalism the road is direct-and not very long. Somewhat like a sequel to the spoken and printed diatribes of bigots comes the destruction of a beautiful statue of the Blessed Virgin in the garden of the Ursuline Convent at Tiffin, Ohio. The statue was of Carrara marble, weighed more than a ton, and, apart from its religious value, was a work of art. It is to be hoped that the miscreants who are accountable for its destruction may speedily be discovered and punished in a fashion that will prove exemplary to the whole country.

One of the most prosperous organizations connected with the Church's foreign missions is the Congregation of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, or, as they are sometimes called, the Missionaries of Scheut. Founded only half a century ago under the auspices of the Belgian hierarchy by the Abbé Verbist, it has developed so rapidly that, apart from other fields, it has two hundred missionaries in Mongolia, one hundred and sixty in the Congo, and forty in the Philippines. Since the beginning of the war, about sixty of the Fathers have been residing in London.



## The Beatitudes.

## BY RICHARD BYRNE.

XLESSED the hearts in spirit poor, For theirs is Heaven's Kingdom sure. And blessed are the meek, for they Shall dwell in Paradise some day. And those that mourn--ah, truly blest! They shall find comfort upon God's breast. They that for justice hunger still, Fróm God they shall receive their fill. Blessed they that in mercy speak: Never in vain shall they mercy seek. Blessed whose hearts from stains are free, For the clean of heart their God shall see. And unto those that for peace have striven The name of God's children shall be given. Blessed who thirst for justice' sake, For they of God's Kingdom shall partake.

## Tommy Travers.

## BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XII.—AN EVENING AT HOME.

ATHER CON NOLAN! Bunty Ware's eyes opened wide at the name. It stood for a great deal all along the river front, — for hot soup and hot coffee on bitter winter nights; for a big shelter room, open to the hungry and homeless; for stout shoes and warm jackets when Jack Frost was nipping fingers and toes. It stood for "mothers' meetings," where Mrs. "Dutchy" had learned to abandon sauerkraut and sausage for her baby's diet; and Mrs. Dago Joe had been taught the virtues of soap and water for skin and clothes. It stood for a dingy old church that could not be persuaded to follow its respectable parishioners uptown; but lingered among the warehouses and tenements, its doors always swinging open, and its dim arches shady and sweet like summer woods. It stood for a schoolhouse, where there was a "Boys' Brigade" that marched out sometimes with flying banners to the music of fife and drum.

But it was a name that stood for law and order and justice,—a name that no sneak or sinner, be he young or old, could evade. And Bunty, having been in the ranks of sinners all his young life, had carefully avoided acquaintanceship with Father Con. Once, indeed, he and Jakey had followed scoffingly behind two little "Dago Joes" as, with their small brown fists full of flowers, they had gone proudly to a May festival; and, in the midst of splendors of light and bloom that held the graceless young intruders mute, Bunty had caught sight of a tall figure in shining robes, that Manuel and Filippo had told him was "Father Con,"-such a majestic "Father Con" as Bunty was more than ever convinced it would be wise to avoid. It was small wonder that he stared open-eyed at the kind old gentleman who claimed the title, --- this very friendly old gentleman who had bought the picture and envelope for him and was now dropping them in the mail-box.

"You've heard of me, I see," said Father Con, smiling as he read the upturned face.

"Yes, sir," answered Bunty. "But but you don't want no boy like me. I—I ain't your sort."

"Oh, yes, you are," was the cheery reply, and Father Con laid his hand upon Bunty's shoulders,—"just the big, strong, bluff sort of fellow I like! Why, you don't remember me, of course, because you didn't know anything at the time. But when I found a crowd around you, wondering who you were and where they could take, you, when you had that tumble through the hatchway, it was I sent you to Saint Gabriel's. Sister Lucilla, Sister Leonie,—all are great friends of mine. We must be friends, too. Won't you come and try?"

"Y-e-s," said Bunty, somewhat hesitatingly; for he felt he was venturing on very doubtful ground. "I'll come—and and try."

And with this agreement they parted, and Bunty went on his way to Duffys' Court, to present the shawl to Granny Pegs, and the shoes to Jakey, and to treat the whole establishment to a festal supper that befitted his new fortunes. Fresh rolls and "apple bread" from the Dutch baker around the corner, hot sausage, coffee that was coffee indeed,coffee that warmed Granny Pegs' old withered heart instead of muddling her brain. Bunty did not need to go up to his own room for comfort to-night. Granny Pegs stirred the kitchen fire into a ruddy glow, and, with the new shawl wrapped around her crooked shoulders, seemed quite grandmotherly. Jakey munched the peanuts that Bunty had brought, and listened with eager interest to all the day's doings. Even Nick came home very soon after dark, friendly and sober. It was really almost a home circle gathered round the rusty stove, Bunty thought, with a strange warming in his lonely heart. Nick was so nice and so pleasant, so very, very brotherly!

"Yes, Bunt and I are sticking together now for good," he told Granny Pegs. "We're never going to break away again,—are we, Bunt? It's partners with us two forever. And if I can put things through as I think and hope, we'll both be off before long to where life will be worth living for us."

"Where are you going?" asked Jakey, with interest.

"West," answered Nick,-":out in the

wild, free West, where there's room for everybody,—room to spread and grow; where there's acres of mountain and fields and forest to be had almost for the asking; where you can ride and hunt and fish the whole day long. I ain't going to stand by and see a fine, husky brother like Bunt cooped up here. I mean to give him a chance—a chance to be a man."

"Won't you take me, too, Nick?" piped Jakey, wistfully.

"Well, we can't promise that yet, can we, Bunt?" said Nick. "We've got to get our own start first, Jakey. Then then you haven't got the build for it like Bunt. He is just made for that sort of thing. I'm not. I haven't got the weight or the strength or the grip. But Bunty here has. I can just see him flinging a lariat over a kicking steer, sitting a bucking broncho like he was born to the 'biz.' I'll be all right at buying the cattle, keeping accounts, looking after things at home; but, for the real live work on a ranch, it takes a chap like Bunt to stir around."

"Yes, that's what I want," said Bunt, his eyes shining in the firelight; "and I haven't no chance for it here. I want to stir around."

"That's just what I say - what I know," went on Nick. "There's boys that can settle down for money-chasing in a big town like this, but you ain't that sort. I knew it the minute I laid eyes on you when I came back, --- came back to look after you, Bunt. Blood is thicker than water, as everyone knows; and my blood kept growing thicker and thicker as I thought of the little kid that I left behind here, that was likely wanting some one to help him grow. My blood got to thickening so I believe I'd gone off in an apoplexy if I hadn't come on here when I did. And now that we're here, happy together, you bet I don't ever mean to let him go! Bunt ain't going to miss father or mother while he's got his brother Nick."

And Bunty's eyes shone brighter and brighter as Nick went on to describe the life that they were to lead together,the "round-ups" and the "brandings," the long rides over the mountain trail, the camp under the great red woods,--all that Bunt, whose sturdy spirit and strength had found outlet only in lawless ways, had dreamed of and longed for. For an hour or more smooth-tongued Nick held the two boys breathless, while Granny Pegs lit her old clay pipe and sat smoking before the fire without a word. But when the party broke up at last, and the boys went off to bed, she had something to say to Bunty's brother as he, too, rose to go.

"I've been listening to you," and she turned her one eye on Nick with a keen look that did the work of two. "That good coffee woke me up, and I've been listening to all that you've said; and I want to know what sort of devilment you're up to now, Nick Ware?"

"No devilment at all," was the answer. "I'm going to take Bunty off with me when I go, and give him his chance, as I said."

"I don't believe you," said Granny Pegs, and her one eye glared defiantly at Bunty's brother. "You're a scaly, low-down skunk, and always were, Nick Ware. You don't mean no good to that boy, I know. But I'm a-watching you,-I'm a-watching you both. Bunty is the only human creetur that has ever given me a kind thought or word this forty years, and I ain't going to see him fooled into hurt or harm. You're playing some dirty game upon him, I know. I've only got one eye, but that eye is going to keep a mighty sharp lookout on you, Nick Ware, — a mighty sharp lookout, as you will see." And, nodding a grim warning, Granny Pegs took up her candle end, and went off to bed.

Bunty had been asleep for an hour or more when he was aroused by his brother's entrance. Nick had brought a box of fried oysters, with pickles and crackers, from the nearest restaurant. "It's my turn to stand treat now," he said.

Bunty was quite willing to wake up and enjoy this midnight festivity. And Nick wanted to hear more about Bunty's fine job, and where he and Tommy had gone, and what they had done.

"Old dad was watching you," he said, with a hard laugh. "I thought there would be some one on the lookout."

"Oh, no, there wasn't, — there wasn't at all!" answered Bunty. "What would they watch me for? I ain't going to let Tommy come to harm."

"Of course you ain't! That's the mean part of these here 'big bugs': they don't trust nobody. Think poor folks like you and me are going to 'do' them all the time. And Long Tom Travers is 'bout the meanest of his kind. Why, you ought to hear the stories they tell about him! He's a regular slave-driver, Bunt,-keeps his people down in the black holes he calls mines, where they never see the sun year in and year out. And when they try to stand up like men and say they want better pay and better hours, he just snaps his fingers and tells them to get it if they can. Why, there's a thousand men out of work at Capulco now, because they won't give in to him,a thousand men, with their wives and children crying for bread. And he won't listen to them. It's a shame, with all the money he's got, too, -a consarned shame!"

"It is," agreed Bunty. "But Tommy don't know about it, I'm sure, or he would talk to his dad, and he'd listen to him. Maybe if I told Tommy, Nick---" "Don't you!" interrupted Nick hastily. "Don't you let on you know. It would dish your job forever. They would fire you quick as wink. But when I think of what a cold-hearted, hard-headed, close-

of what a cold-hearted, hard-headed, closefisted chap that old Tom Travers is, with all them women and children out there calling to him for help, it looks like somebody ought to stir him up, sure." "Tommy would do it," said Bunty. "He thinks so much of Tommy that he would do anything he asked. And I don't believe he is such a bad man as you think, Nick. Maybe he don't understand. I came near getting in a fight to-day because I didn't understand."

And Bunty proceeded to tell Nick about his trouble in Mr. McFeeley's bookstore, and his meeting with Father Con. It was not pleasant hearing for brother Nick. His crafty eyes narrowed as he listened, and he muttered an ugly word under his breath. Friendly relations with Father Con were about the last thing desired by Bunty's "teacher" just now. He might stand the "lookout" of Granny Pegs' one eye, for that was often dimmed; but Father Con's spectacles had power of vision that was to be dreaded indeed.

"Asked you to come and see him, did he?" exclaimed Nick. "Asked you to come to his house! Don't you do it, Bunty,—don't you do it for your life."

"Why not?" asked Bunty, in wonder. "Because-because-" Nick proceeded" to draw on all the storied horrors he had ever heard or read. "It's like as not you'd never get out. They'd lock you up till you promised to be a Romanist,--lock you up in some dungeon underground. And when you did promise, they'd carry you to some far-off place and make a monk of you,-some place with high walls that you couldn't climb. I've seen them, Bunt,-seen them all spiked with broken bottles that no boy, however big, could cross. I was passing one of them places once where they shut up the monks, and I could hear them wailing in a way that would most break your heart. The chap I was with called it chanting, but I knew better than that. They were wailing and moaning because they couldn't get out."

"The Boys' Brigade 'gets out. I've seen them marching many a time," said Bunt.

"Maybe they do," answered Nick." "They've got fathers and mothers to

look out for them; but when they get a stray fellow like you, Bunt, they are going to hold on to him tight and fast. And I couldn't do nothing for you, being only a brother—nothing at all. And just now, when we're planning to go off on a ranch and have such fine times together, it would be tough for me to lose you." Nick's voice shook with his brotherly feelings,—"tough for sure."

That shaking voice settled things with Bunt.

"I won't, then," he answered. "Don't you worry, Nick. I won't go near Father Con if you're afraid he'll carry me off. For I'm sticking by you, Nick, through thick and thin now,—through thick and thin."

And so Father Con lost his hold on the stray sheep, and Bunty was left to brother Nick alone.

(To be continued.)

## The King's Bell.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

The story of the king's bell has been woven into verse by a true poet. In prose it runs somewhat like this:

Once upon a time, after a long and honorable reign, a king lay dying. He called his son and heir and said to him:

"The rights of all kings sooner or later come to naught; he who seems to rule is the veriest slave. You must look for nothing but a life of trouble, and consider yourself fortunate if you can some day die in peace."

But the prince, being young and full of 'hope, and having the wilfulness of inexperience, protested, as young persons will, that he knew better.

"The cares of state," he said, "shall sit lightly upon me. The life of a king should be one long holiday. I will show my courtiers and all the world what true happiness means. What is the use of being a king if one can not be happy? Why, a bird in the air or a peasant in the field is better off than that! I am in no hurry for my kingdom,—indeed, dear father, I am not; but I shall be a happy king."

While he spoke his father sighed and died. When the royal mourning was over, the new king ordered that a bell of silver should be placed upon the top of the palace in a high tower. Attached to it were many ropes, so arranged to connect with the rooms below that, wherever the king might be, one should be always near his hand.

"Whenever I am happy I shall ring the bell," he told his courtiers and his friends; "and that, you shall see, will be often; for I am sure that my father's dying words were mistaken ones. Yes, I shall be a happy king."

So the years slipped by; and, though they listened, his people never heard the bell. One thing after another prevented the king from ringing it. "When I get through this grievous affair of state," he would say, "I shall be happy." But that affair would be succeeded by another. Then he would murmur: "When this war is over and peace returns, then the bell can be heard from every room." But before his hand could clasp the bell-rope word would be brought of fresh threats or outbreaks. So the bell remained silent.

At last he, like his father, lay with life slipping away. The priests came in good time to administer the last Sacraments. A noise of weeping floated through the palace.

"What sound is that?" asked the king. They dared not tell him. "I command you to tell me," he said to the grand chamberlain; but he turned away his face. A priest then stepped toward him and whispered:

"The people, your Majesty, are weeping because you are so soon to leave them."

"Am I dying, then?"

"You are in grievous danger of death, and should think of your departing soul."

"And my people love me so much that they weep because I am to leave them?"

the field is better off than that! I am he demanded eagerly, lifting his head in no hurry for my kingdom,—indeed, from the pillow.

"Sire, they would gladly die for you, they love you so," answered the priest.

Then such a beautiful look as no one there had ever seen overspread the whitening face of the dying king. He reached out his hand, rang the bell, and with its sweet and silver clangor sounding, and the consolations of Holy Church filling his soul, he passed to the happiness of Paradise.

## Cano's Masterpiece.

Cano's most beautiful picture is that of "Our Lady of Belem," or Bethlehem, painted at Malaga for the cathedral of Seville. In serene, celestial beauty, this Madonna is excelled by no image of the Blessed Virgin to be found in Spain. Her glorious countenance would seem to be a revelation in answer to prayer. The drapery is a crimson robe, with a dark blue mantle drawn over the head. The head of the Divine Child is childlike, and yet not childlike; but there is much infantine simplicity and grace in the attitude, as He sits with His tiny hand resting on that of His Mother. These hands are admirably painted; and the whole picture is finished with exceeding care, as if the painter had determined to crown his labors and honor Seville with a masterpiece.

Cano was the artist who was once engaged to model a statue of St. Anthony for an accountant. When the work was finished there was a dispute regarding the price, which was deemed too large; and the accountant asked how many days' labor the statue had cost. The answer being that it took twenty-five days, the accountant rather indignantly observed that at the rate charged it would be four doubloons a day-a most extravagant sum. To this Cano rejoined: "Yes, but I have been fifty years learning to make such a statue as that in twenty. five days."

# THE AVE MARIA

# WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Another edition of "The Office of Holy Week" comes to us from H. L. Kilner & Co. It is of convenient size, well printed, and neatly bound in purple cloth.

--We heartily welcome a cheaper reissue of "England and the Holy See," by Spencer Jones, M. A.; and hope it may have a wide circulation among our Anglican brethren.

—It is much to be regretted that the clergy and educated laity of the United States are not more familiar with the work of the English Catholic Truth Society. Besides affording a great variety of excellent general literature, it supplies thoroughly adequate refutations of current calumnies against the Faith.

—It is difficult to believe that any one could see the "Sunbonnet Babies" and not love them. Their character is as happy as their name and their appearance. Their authors, Eulalie Osgood Grover and Bertha Corbett Melcher, have produced, as a second reader, another volume about these delightful little people. "The Sunbonnet Babies in Holland" is a children's masterpiece. Illustrated throughout in color—and the pictures are genuinely good,—it is amazingly cheap at fifty cents. Rand, McNally & Co., publishers.

-The pith of a treatise by St. Augustine, translated by Mary H. Allies, and published by Burns & Oates under the title "How to Help the Dead," is in these few lines, occurring on pp. 57, 8:

It is no small grace at least to perceive quite clearly that we must not search into certain obscure and hidden things which we can not understand. Let a man who wants to learn a certain thing to his advantage, as he supposes, learn that ignorance of it will not be to his disadvantage.

The treatise is St. Augustine's answer to St. Paulinus of Nola, who had asked his opinion as to whether burial at the altars or shrines' of the martyrs profited the dead.

-The promised volume of Archbishop John Joseph Keane has been issued in handsome form from the press of Mr. J. J. McVey. Its titlepage is as follows: "Emmanuel, by John the Beloved; Christi Servulus, John Joseph Keane, Archbishop of Ciana, being his Scribe." And there is, besides, a quotation from Isaias, vii, 14. The book is dedicated to his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons. Its author conceives Christ as summoning five great Councils, meeting respectively at Bethlehem, Nazareth, Calvary, Rome and in "the Wide World." "To these Councils," Emmanuel speaks in the Prologue, "I shall summon the wise and the foolish of all ages, that they may hear and see My Truth as it is indeed; that they may taste and try the fruits of My Tree of Life, and of their many trees of error and of death; that they may judge whether the world's future had better be shaped and ruled by Me or by Satan. And thou, John, shalt chronicle the lesson of these Councils, and give the record to the world in My Name." The lesson of these wondrous assemblies we leave the devout reader to gather for himself, as perhaps it will not be the same for all readers. There are blank pages for noting down private reflections upon the matter presented.

-An anonymous American business man who is credited with "a long and intimate knowledge of German life and German national ideals" has written, and the Putnams have published, "Can Germany Win?" a 12mo of thirteen chapters and 163 pages. We have found in the book nothing that is not generally known at present to all intelligent readers of the more important reviews and magazines; and our interest in the author's conclusions would naturally be greater had his publishers dowered him with "a local habitation and a name.'' Whoever he may be, his opinion, frankly stated, is that Germany can not win; and that England (England rather than the Allies) can win, although only after a long and bitter struggle.

-No room is left for doubt as to the authorship of a daintily little volume lately issued by the Neale Publishing Co.; for the title-page bears these avowals: "Father Tierney's Poems-The Published and Hitherto Unpublished Poems of the Rev. Henry B. Tierney." Furthermore, a picture of the author is presented as frontispiece, under which is the fac-simile autograph, "Henry B. Tierney," thus rendering identification complete. The collection is an interesting one, and as varied as could reasonably be expected. The author betrays a preference for the personal, but is not always happy in the expression of it. The following stanza is from "A Song of Songs Unsung":

> A million songs are raging in my heart; But, for a sin of silence long ago, God struck me dumb,—withdrew the poet's art. I suffer now for sins of long ago.

One need not hail from Missouri to have doubts as to the admissibility of some of Fr. Tierney's rhymes. However, he is not the first of poet priests to spurn the bonds of

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technique. His friends will find much to admire in this book, small though it is. What we like best about it is the frontispiece, which shows a benevolent-visaged soggarth, to whom little lapses of language are of no consequence.

-"'Man's Place in Visible Creation" is the sub-title of "Our Palace Wonderful," a new book by the Rev. Frederick A. Houck, published by D. B. Hansen & Sons. It is a 12mo of 173 pages, and contains 14 illustrations. The author's aim is to give his readers some idea of 'the palatial home prepared for us by a loving and bounteous hand.' A short passage which we find on page 128 will suffice to show how this aim is executed: "Again, what a wonderful example of God's infinite power do the charming coral reefs furnish! How insignificant the means, yet how grand and immense the achievement! The coral structures of the microscopic polyps give us a striking instance of the simplicity and wondrous sublimity of the Creator's works. Even the American nation would lack the enterprise to undertake the construction of such an edifice in mid-ocean." No appreciative reader, we think, will object to the italicizing of the word "American" in this paragraph. The absence of an index is the only fault we shall find with Fr. Houck's book. It bears the imprimatur of Bishop Schrembs, of Toledo, who in a letter to the reverend author declares that he has read it "with great care and much interest."

# The Latest Books. A Guide to Good Reading.

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

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

"Can Germany Win?" \$1.

- "Emmanuel." Archbishop John Joseph Keane. \$1.
- "How to Help the Dead." St. Augustine. 50 cts.
- "A History of the Commandments of the Church." Rev. A. Villien. \$1.50.
- "The Straight Path." Rev. M. J. Phelan, S. J. 80 cts.
- "What Faith Really Means." Rev. Henry G. Graham, M. A. 15 cts.
- "The Holy Week Book." 30 cts.

- "The Human Soul and Its Relations with Other Spirits." Dom Anscar Vonier, O. S. B. \$1.50.
- "Norah of Waterford." Rosa Mulholland. \$1.10.
- "The Holy Viaticum of Life as of Death." Rev. Daniel Dever, D. D. '20 cts.
- "The Church and Usury." Rev. Patrick Cleary. \$1.10.
- "The Dons of the Old Pueblo." Percival Cooney. \$1.35.
- "Bypaths to the Presence of God." Sister M. Benvenuta, O. S. D. 45 cts.
- "The Curse of Adam." Rev. P. M. Northcote. 75 cts.
- "The Orchard Pavilion." A. C. Benson. \$1.
- "The Daily Life of a Religious." Mother Drane, O. S. D. 45 cts.
- "The Haunted Heart." Agnes and Egerton Castle. \$1.35, net.

## Obituary.

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

Rev. Charles O'Reilly, of the diocese of Detroit; Rt. Rev. Joseph O'Connell, diocese of Brooklyn; Rev. H. P. Peeters, C. S. C.; Rev. Onesimus Renaudier, S. M.; and Rev. John Leibfritz, C. SS. R.

Mr. Robert Waldron, Mr. Henry Brummel, Mr. James W. King, Mr. Lucas Mattis, Mr. John Casey, Mr. Enoch Marsh, Mr. Michael Egan, Mr. Robert Smith, Mr. William Weisler, Mrs. Bridget Duffy, Mr. John Feldkamp, Mr. Hubert Lederle, Mrs. Carrie Keenan, Mrs. M. J. Cooke, Mr. Michael Weller, Mr. William Kirst, Mrs. Annie J. O'Neil, Mary E. Cushing, Mr. Bryan Flannery, Mr. Isaac Goodson, Mr. William Overkamp, Mrs. James Hannon, Miss Mary Moynihan, Mr. Herman Paschen, Mr. Jacob Rienhold, Mr. W. E. Desmond, Mr. T. L. Clancy, Mr. George Cook, Mr. V. A. Dreyer, Mr. William Kelly, Mr. Frank Hughes, Mr. George Weislogel, Mrs. D. Sheehan, Mr. W. H. Wangler, Mr. Joseph Sudbeck, and Mr. Samuel Lindsev.

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

# Our Contribution Box.

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

For the Belgian sufferers: M. D., \$1; D. M. M., \$1; friend, 50 cts. For the foreign missions: friend, \$2; friend (Cambridge, Mass.), \$6.40. To send good reading to hospitals, prisons, etc.: friend, \$5.



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#### NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MARCH 27, 1915.

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## On Calvary.

BY CATHAL MALLOY.

WHERE in this awful din and dark Of sundered earth and sealed heaven is the Third Blest Person of the Three? The Word, Never so full revealed as on His tree: The Father by His presence here denied Is meetly signified. But now creation's ark Shudders through unacquainted seas of Blood, Above that Flood Where broodest Thou, Blessed Bird? Or hast Thou flown apart . Into the heart Of one who heard And bore and kept the Word,-In her beneath the tree Revealing Three?

Lady Day in Spring,

BY A. E. P. RAYMUND DOWLING, B. A.

ARCH the twenty-fifth never seems to receive its adequate estimation among the high days of the Christian kalendar. We reverence it, of course, as the Feast of the Annunciation, or the Salutation, and it is marked as a double of the second class. But, in truth, it is the Feast of the Incarnation of Our Redeemer — Y Encarnacion del Hijo de Dios, as the Spaniards, with their clear vision, entitle the day; or, as, translated, it is in the corresponding day (29th Barmahat) in the Coptic and Abyssinian kalendars—*Conceptus Christi*. By right, therefore, it would appear to be the very highest and first of all commemorations; and it is this aspect which is taken by the Divine Office. So it seems remarkable that its rank is not commensurate in importance, for it is not even of the first class; although this may be accounted for because it must fall in Lent and often in Passiontide.

Perhaps from the circumstances of that advent's being so personal and hidden, consisting of the angelic message and the Blessed Virgin's acceptance of it, the Church has preferred the Epiphany or the Nativity for honoring the Incarnation, and restricts this feast to the sending of the divine messenger to the Maiden of Nazareth, selected out of the whole human race for the receipt of that tremendous offer. So that this is the Salutation of Mary with reservation of the resultant mystery. In England it has always been pre-eminently Our Lady's Day. In popular parlance, it is sometimes written Lady Day in Spring to distinguish it from that in summer; but, although the latter be spoken of as the Assumption, the former is never anything but Lady Dav.

As about other festivals of Mary, there is connected in various ways with the Annunciation much charming folklore that has never been gathered together; we meet with it here and there in fragmentary allusions, showing us how intimate throughout Christendom was Our Lady's sweet name, and how the faithful loved to associate it with the natural world about them. It was this month of March that some of the ancient philosophers and Fathers of the Church deemed to have seen the creation of the world, echoes of which tradition we find in Dante when he says, as translated by Cary: The sun was mounting with those stars<sup>•</sup> That with Him were what time the Love Divine At first in motion set those beauteous things. And, similarly, Chaucer:

Whan than the monthe in which the world began That highte March, whan God first maked man.

The 25th of the month is marked frequently in early kalendars as the day of Adam's creation, making the Incarnation more remarkable on that day the as type and antitype; while Gabriel's Ave is the reversal of Eva. Again, as in Adam King's kalendar for 1588 (which only repeats what was the customary thought of earlier days than his), on March 25 "Melchizedek sacrificit bread and wyne in figure of ye Bodie and Bloud of our Lord which is offerit in ye Messe." Also it was recorded as the day of "the immolation of Isaac by Abraham." Both of these records of Scripture assigned to the day are explained by the very general tradition that "Christ was crucified, dead and buried upon this day." † This was in accordance with the opinion of St. Augustine, St. John Chrysostom, Tertullian, and others; the date being vii kal. Apr.,-i. e., March 25, A. D. 29. The Church seems to have favored this opinion by adopting this date for the feast of St. Dismas, the penitent thief. Modern research, however, seems more inclined to place the anniversary a little laterabout April 6.

In Bohemia they say that the Feast of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin used always to be held sacred even by animals; and that out of respect the birds refrained from building their nests on that day. The cuckoo, however, was an exception. She disregarded the

† Kalendar of Genevan Royal Folio Bible of 1583.

instinct of her kind, and consequently was reprobate and deprived of her husband. Hence it is that she has no nest of her own, but lays her eggs in that of another.

The anniversary of the sounding of the first Ave was marked in France formerly by the ringing of every Gabriel, Angelus, and Ave bell in the land; so that the feast became known as Festum Campanarum, and told of man's gratitude to Mary for the answer, "Be it done unto me according to thy word." For over fourteen centuries Catholics have loved this day as the turning-point in the history of the human race. It is, as we have said, by far the greatest feast-day of the Mother of God; and to none other have the children of Mary's Dowry so prominently assigned the title of "Lady Day."

In Italy they like to think that on this day of graces the angels come down to their fair land and fill the cornfields with flowers. In Belgium the Flemish call it "Our dear Lady of Prosperity," because from now the seed corn prospers and all transplanted shrubs and herbs take root. Thus do Christian peasants make nature share in its own way with the blessings to-day brought to man. And how could it be otherwise? Is it not God Himself visiting this earth to tabernacle amongst us, and for nine months permitting His infinitude to be girdled by the Virgin's womb? A Council of Toledo entitled the day "the Festival of the Mother of God," and it is from that Motherhood that springs all the honor we pay to her. It is a perennial charge against the Church by outsiders that our devotion to her is comparatively of modern growth. We will give a shortened extract from a writing sixteen hundred years old. It occurs in a sermon by Methodius, Bishop of Tyre, who was martyred about A. D. 312. He puts this apostrophe to Our Lady in the mouth of Simeon and Anna:

"Blessed art thou all blessed, and to be desired of all! Blessed after the Lord

<sup>\*</sup> Aries constellation.

is thy name, full of divine grace, and grateful exceedingly to God, Mother of God.... Thou art the circumscription, so to speak, of Him who can not be circumscribed, the circumference of Him who embraces all things, the upholder of Him who upholds all things, the nurse of the Nourisher, the reservoir of Life, the mercy seat, the spotless robe of Him who clothes Himself with light as with a garment. Thou hast lent to God, who stands in need of nothing, that flesh which He had not. He who fills earth and heaven, whose are all things, has become in need of thee. Time would fail us, ages and succeeding generations, too, to render thee fitting salutation as the Mother of the King Eternal, even as somewhere the illustrious prophet says, teaching us how incomprehensible thou art. . . . Hail to thee forever, thou Virgin Mother of God, our unceasing joy!"

It seems in no way discordant to turn from so tremendous a mystery to nature and its flowers; for such are the purity and sweetness of the herbs of the field that they alone seem to be unalloyed by the Fall, and the only offering man can proffer outside himself as expressive of his deepest emotions. The highest of all titles that Mary can have is that of Mother of God, which became hers to-day,-a dogmatic title of such tremendous import that we in the present day would hesitate to bestow it on a flower or bird. But devotion expresses itself in various forms in various ages and countries, and it is well for us to remember St. Augustine's wise comment, that the centurion who deemed himself unworthy that Our Lord should enter under his roof, would not have found fault with Zacchæus who hastened to welcome Him as his guest.

We find this title especially prevalent in Germany, the Rhineland, and Austria, where the great sanicle, or alchemilla, is *Muttergottesmäntelchen*; or *Mutterkraut*; the dwarf French bean, *Muttergottes-stockbohne*; the tansy, *Muttergottesruthe*; and the white convolvulus, Muttergottesgläschen. About St. Gall, in Switzerland, the red centaury, whose old English names were Gall of the Earth and Christ's Ladder, is there Muttergotteschrut. In Carinthia, one pretty trembling grass (Briza media) is Muttergottesthränen, its bitter-flavored spikelets on the delicate stems recalling the Mother's tears.

It is possible that the English name motherwort for the Leonurus cardiaca referred to this title: for it was the Manus Beatæ Mariæ of the old botanists; and in Spain is still Madre Santa Maria. Its rough, sage-like leaves are stained with white, as if by the Mother's milk; and there was an old saying that wherever fell the crumbs of the Christmas loaf which was given to the poor, there the earth returned this useful herb, once prized in the physic garden. It belongs to the great family of Labiates, most of which are connected by affection with the Virgin Mother's name, - not for their beauty, but their virtues; for, numerous in every quarter of the globe as they are, none of their order is harmful; many of them are aromatic, many valuable in medical and household use.

It is very usual nowadays to hear the white lily (Lilium candidum) spoken of as the Madonna Lily, or Annunciation Lily, since it is frequently seen in the works of early painters of both Italian and Flemish schools,-placed in the hand of the Archangel Gabriel or growing in a vase beside the Blessed Virgin. But it is rather a strange fact that no such name is to be found connected with this beautiful flower in the old herbals or folklore of Europe. Of course we are speaking of historical botany, and in no country with which we are acquainted does it bear Mary's name, save in modern times in England, and in books of no botanical authority. In Italy, for instance, it is everywhere Giglio di Sant' Antonio, but nowhere Della Madonna; so in Portugal and Spain. In Denmark it is St. Jakobslija, from coming about St. James' Day.

As an emblem of purity, it has been employed from pre-Christian times; and nowhere can it be more suitable, with its meaning elevated and sanctified beyond all pagan conception, than beside the Mother-Maid. The Office in honor of her Purity (third Sunday in October) seems redolent of lilies in such references as Gabriel's going to Nazareth (which mean a "flower"), "feeding among lilies," "As the lily among thorns, so is my love among the daughters," and the like.

For simplicity, exquisite purity of color, and elegance of form, no lily can compare with the homely cottage-garden Lilium candidum; and there is every right for modern lovers of this perfect flower to dedicate it anew to Our Lady's Annunciation. For this is, apparently, a real popular desire,-not the invention of the horticultural catalogue or any individual, but so spontaneous a recognition as created the ancient folklore names. Unfortunately, this is hardly above ground in March, and not in flower before Visitation-tide in July. There is, however, a yellow gagea, very different in aspect from the noble lily,-a humble plant somewhat like a yellow Star of Bethlehem, which was known in the sixteenth century as Our Lady's cowslip; or, in Sweden, Varfrudaglök (Lady Day wort), from coming at the festival. It is a native of Britain, which looks pretty in grassy places on sandy soil, and not the least like what we usually know as a cowslip.

There is a well-known little plant called the orpine stonecup (Sedum telephium). In Languedoc, and in other parts of France and Italy, it is known as Herbo de Nostro Damo. This the peasants suspend in their rooms all the winter, and say that it flowers at the Annunciation in honor of Our Lady. Hence its The stems are singularly tenaname. cious of life after they are severed from the root, so that it has been called the Everlasting Livelong. Its golden floweret a pentacle; and this forms made

Mediæval people, learned in signatures, recognize the mystic seal of Solomon, and find here another indication of one of Mary's titles—Sigillum Salomonis.

As being the day of the first sounding of the Ave, gratia plena, we may recall the name for that delicate and pretty plant, the common rue (Ruta graveolens), of Herb o'Grace, or Ave Grace, as it has been corrupted into, - the Herbe de Grâce of France. Whether or not the name originated in reference to the Angelic Salutation seems to be undecided: but we know that the memorial of the Incarnation, like the Sign of the Cross, has ever been held by Catholics as a most potent petition in peril; and it is likewise sure that this herb was thought sovran to repel plague, pestilence, and the like, which evils were attributed to the work of the powers of darkness. In order to render it efficacious, we find in early books prayers for the blessing of rue; for it is to be worn in sachets on the person, or to be burned in infected places. It is said to have once shared with the thistle in being the emblem of Scotland; and if its name be really taken from the Ave Maria Salutation, that would be another argument for what we contend to be the true thistle of that nation's badge - viz., Mary's Thistle, the Carduus Marianus.

A typical legend often repeated in books about the earlier saints, illustrative of the state of grace attainable by a constant contemplation of the mystery of to-day, is the story told of a worthy old soldier who late in life renounced the world and entered an Order to make his peace with God. The master of novices tried to teach him some ordinary prayers by heart, and by hard daily effort he learned the Ave Maria; but beyond this it was quite impossible for him to commit anything to memory. The abbot was appealed to, and he decided that it was fruitless to attempt more. Years went by, during which the Ave was the old man's only formal petition; and, dying

with that upon his lips, he was laid in the monastic cemetery. A wonderful thing happened; for from his grave came up a lily hitherto unknown, bearing upon it the words Ave Maria.

In pictures of the Annunciation, sometimes the Archangel Gabriel carries a palm branch, and Dante speaks of his bringing it—

Down unto Mary, when the Son of God

Vouchsafed to clothe Him in terrestrial weeds. Sometimes, as in the picture of Simone Memmi, in the gallery at Florence, olive crowns Gabriel's head and is borne in Taddeo his hand. Bartoli. another Sienese, and Martin Schoen, the most poetical of the early German school, also use it in this manner. The lily is still more frequent; and this shows the error of those writers who consider that the Lilium candidum was introduced from America; perhaps mistaking it for the arum of the West, since, as Dr. Lindley points out, many Flemish and Italian artists had painted it before Columbus was born.

We must record here one plant that has been especially connected with this day's scene, when Gabriel appeared as the harbinger of the Holy Ghost. Franciscan and Dominican kalendars commemorate the great Archangel on the eve of Lady Day, but the Roman kalendar on the 18th of the month. In all true representations of the Annunciation, "the Power from on high" that the heavenly visitant announced as ready to "overshadow" the astonished Virgin is shown as a Dove descending, amidst rays of glory, from God the Father, so that, with Mary's consent, the Holy Trinity is suggested. As was their wont, it was for its virtues, not for its appearance, that the men old time dared to associate the of Herb Archangel (Angelica Archangelica) with such transcendent mysteries; and throughout every country in Christendom this plain-looking plant of the celery order bears the name of the Holy Ghost wort. or that of the Archangel. In Sweden we

even find *Helig Trefaldighetsönt*, or Herb of the Blessed Trinity, given to it; and in Germany, *Dreieinigkeitswurzel*. For in early days, long before the druggist's store existed, men had to resort to the pharmacy beds of the monastery or to their own herbal gardens for nature's alleviatives to the ills of our race.

Contagious aire ingendering pestilence, Infects not those that in their mouths have ta'en Angelica, that happy counter bane Sent down from Heaven by some celestial scout, As well the name and nature both avowt.\*

The almond tree, which, contrary to the ordinary rule of nature, puts forth its blossoms before its leaves, afforded a very ready natural illustration of Aaron's rod, which miraculously budded; thus indicating the divine will that he was to be the high priest of the chosen people. The type was applied to the Blessed Virgin, who is spoken of as the "Mystical Almond," in accordance with the Church's mystical translation of Holy Writ. In Numbers (xvii, 8) we read: "The rod of Aaron for the house of Levi was budded: and the buds swelling, it had bloomed blossoms, which spreading the leaves, were formed into almonds." The note to this is: "This rod of Aaron, which thus miraculously brought forth fruit, was a figure of the Blessed Virgin Mary conceiving and bringing forth her Son without prejudice to her virginity." It was this reference to Mary that made the almond regarded as an emblem of virginity. An old Saxon homily by Ælfric, in the tenth century, has this commentary:

"The maidenhood of Mary was manifoldly betokened in the Old Law. God bade Moses, the leader, take twelve dry rods for the twelve tribes of the people of Israel, and lay them before the holv Ark within the great Tabernacle; and He would by those rods declare whom He had chosen for bishop. Then on the second day Aaron's rod was found growing with boughs, and blowing, and bearing nuts. Verily, the dry rod, which was not

\* Du Bartas. Translated by Sylvester, 1641.

planted in the earth, nor clothed with any rind, nor with sap quickened, and yet grew and blew and bare nuts, betokened the Blessed Mary, who had no society of man, and yet bare the Living Fruit, who is the true Bishop and the Redeemer of our souls."\*

In the Speculum Humanæ Salvationis we have, beneath a woodcut of the rod of Aaron, the lines:

Virga Aaron producit fructum sine plantatione, Maria genuit Filium sine virili conjunctione;

Virga florens Aaron dignum sacerdotium monstravit,

Maria pariens nobis magnum sacerdotem paravit.

Mediæval writers loved to play upon the similarity of the words Virga and Virgo, either as the rod of Aaron or of Jesse, as in the Introit for Our Lady's Birthday, said to be composed by the saintly Fulbert, Bishop of Chartres, in 1007:

Stirps Jesse Virgam produxit, Virgoque Florem Et super hunc Florem requiescit Spiritus Almus, Virgo Dei Genitrix Virga est; flos, Filius ejus.

In the world of floral nature there are many interesting things which the piety of the ages gone regarded as examples of the Incarnation; but we can find space for only one, and that shall be the Rose of Jericho. It is, of course, one of the multitude of titles that love has given to Mary from the words of Ecclesiasticus (xxiv, 18): "I was as a rose-plant in Jericho." Most persons have seen what is sold under this name in Oriental stores. It looks like a bundle of dried-up twigs about the size of a bird's-nest, quite unattractive in appearance,-so much so, indeed, that many regard it as wanting in everything to deserve the position of importance it holds as a poetic title, and of mention in Holy Writ.

But, as we have so often to remind our readers, the modern idea as to the worthiness of a floral dedication is the exact reverse of that which prevailed in Mediæval times. Those were days of reality, not of superficiality; the exterior was indifferent compared to the interior

\* Thorpe's Translation, ii, 9.

virtue and significance. And certainly it is hard to imagine a more uncompromising example of this fact than in the Jericho Rose. It is botanically the Anastatica Hierocuntica; and the thought contained in it is that while Mary was the Radix de terra Sitienti\* (the root out of the dry ground of this world), yet when the dew of the Holy Ghost fell upon her at the Annunciation, responding to the gracious influence, she became the Mother of the Life of the world.

This dry and dead-looking heath, when placed in water and moist sand, displays its hygrometric sensitiveness, and, relaxing its rigidity, unfolds and spreads abroad its reviving twigs. Hence its botanical name of Anastatica - the Resurrection flower. When growing, it is said to be cruciform in shape; and after its little grey flowers and leaves have withered, the stems curl inward, forming a round ball; the root loses its hold; the wind tears it up and blows it about the sandy wastes, until it lodges in some moist spot or is bedewed with rain; then the little globe unfolds, and the seed is shed, to germinate and blossom afresh.

In the East, Christian and Moslem have many a legend about the weirdlooking plant, which to them is a unique / phenomenon; but, with our widened information, we are acquainted with several others possessing similar qualities. To the natives it is known as Kaf Miriamthe Hand of Mary; chef, or kef, being the hollow palm with the fingers clinched in upon it. By the women of all faiths in the East, as by many still in Europe, it is much esteemed; for Mary's Hand is sought to be near their bedsides to alleviate their anguish, with firm faith that when it has fully expanded its fibres, their sorrow will be turned into joy.

The Ave of Gabriel was like a stone thrown into some still pool, which creates a ring of ever-increasing size. Starting at the Santa Casa of Nazareth, it has widened out century by century, until

\* Isa., liii, 2.

to-day goes up a chorus of many million of voices all round the earth's circle, of vaster proportions than ever before, in gratitude to Mary for the consent which she uttered this day, and by which became possible the advent of man's Redeemer.

> He came all so still To His Mother's Bower,

As dew in April That falleth on the flower. Mother and Maiden Was never none but she; Well might such a Lady

God's Mother be.\*

The Secret Bequest.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

## XIII.

ONORA did not see Bernard Chisholm again for several days after the visit of Miss Rainesford; but meanwhile

she learned something about that lady from Alicia Page, who had become a frequent and familiar visitor; a certain degree of intimacy, though without any really cordial feeling on either side, having sprung up between Cecily and herself.

"Miss Rainesford—Helen Rainesford!" the girl said in answer to an inquiry. "Of course I know her, — everybody knows her. She's General Rainesford's daughter. You must remember him?"

"I'm afraid I don't, — you see, I've been away so long," Honora said apologetically. "Do they belong here? Are they of the old people?"

"Oh, yes, indeed! And, like the rest of us, they haven't much money. The General has never been very successful in business; and now he's too old to do anything, so his sons keep up the home for him; and Miss Helen takes care of him, and teaches music besides. She's a charming woman, only—er—she's a Romanist, you know." "So she told me, and a great friend of Bernard Chisholm's."

"Yes: people say that she converted him to Romanism."

"She says that she didn't—that she hardly knew him before he became a Catholic. They are of different generations, so I can't suppose she did see much of him. Young men, as a rule, don't care for the society of elderly women."

"Miss Helen's rather an exception to that rule," said Alicia. "She has always been so pretty, and she's so pleasant and sympathetic that everybody likes her, in spite of her change of religion."

"But surely that concerns only herself."

"Well, people don't think so, and in her case it made a great difference in her life. She was engaged to be married, and after her change of religion she broke off the engagement."

'Why?"

"The man to whom she was engaged he was one of the Latimers, who've grown rich .by manufacturing, like old Mr. Chisholm — refused to make some promises that the priests demand, and therefore she wouldn't marry him. I've heard that he felt it dreadfully, — so much that he went away from Kingsford. But he married somebody else after a while, and he's very rich now; while she's an old maid, teaching music to support herself. Wasn't she a fool?"

"I don't know." There was a curious, introspective look in Honora's eyes as she spoke. It was as if she caught a glimpse of something wonderful, mysterious, and distant as the stars are from the earth. "I don't know," she repeated. "She may have been a fool or she may have been supremely wise. It is hard to tell. But at least it was a heroic choice if she loved the man."

"I don't see anything heroic in "it," Alicia declared. "I think her first duty, was to the man she loved. And she certainly loved him. Everybody who knew her is agreed about that. If she wanted to sacrifice herself, she had no right to

\* Fifteenth century carol.

sacrifice him. It is a horrible religion," the girl cried vehemently, "that takes possession of people, and forces them to do such cruel things!"

"It is at least a real religion, a living force," Honora felt impelled to say. "There is no other in the world that has power to exact sacrifice, which people make not only willingly but gladly. If Miss Rainesford regrets her choice, she certainly doesn't show it."

"She's far too proud to show it, but she *must* regret it," Alicia said. "She has not only sacrificed her own happiness, but think of all she could have done for her father as Hugh Latimer's wife! She could have given him ease and comfort in his old age. But she sacrificed him also; for, although her brothers do what they can, they are struggling men with large families, and it's no wonder they are very bitter about her conduct."

"I suppose it is no wonder, as human nature is constituted," Honora assented. "That must be the hardest part of such a sacrifice-to cause suffering to others who don't see the reason or necessity for it," she added, while her thoughts went back to some words of Bernard Chisholm when she had accused him of acting selfishly in disappointing his uncle. What divine saying was it he had quoted? "He that loveth father, or mother"-or anybody or anything -- "more than Me is not worthy of Me." Terrible words surely if they really meant the necessity for such sacrifices as he and Helen Rainesford had made! "But Bernard doesn't admit that he has suffered from his sacrifice," she said, involuntarily uttering her thought aloud.

"No, he doesn't admit it," replied Alicia, who did not seem at all surprised at the introduction of Bernard's name. "But, whether he admits it or not, he has suffered. Think of all that his change of religion has cost him! He was brought up in the expectation of inheriting his uncle's fortune, and to have lost it has altered the whole of life for him, and -- and for others. Oh, I oughtn't to be saying things like this to you!" she broke off, coloring vividly. "I don't mean that I'm not glad for you to have the fortune, since it had to go to somebody. But it should have been Bernard's, you know."

"Of course it should have been his," Honora agreed. "And you needn't hesitate to express to me what you feel on the subject; for I have felt it too."

"Not as I have," the girl said in a low tone. "It wasn't to be expected."

And the tone more than the words told Honora, what she had once or twice before suspected, that Alicia felt Bernard's loss in a very special manner. By a flash of intuition she seemed to realize what the situation had been - the intimate, cousinly association between the two; the attractive qualities of the young man; the girl's heart turning toward him as a flower turns toward the sun: the prospect of a future of wealth, ease, and happiness opening before her; and then, like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky, Bernard's incomprehensible conversion, his uncle's irreconcilable anger, his disinheritance, which had truly "altered the whole of life for him" in ways that were at present past calculation! Yes, it was all pathetically plain to Honora's eyes, now that they were opened. And not least pathetic was the fact, of which she felt assured, that Alicia had not filled the place in Bernard's life and thoughts that he had filled in hers. Else things had been different. The majestic figure of the Catholic Church might indeed have intervened; but he would not have been so indifferent to worldly loss had it fallen upon another as well as upon himself, and he would hardly come with so gay a spirit to the house that had been built for him, if his act had exiled from it the woman whom he might have asked to be its mistress.

And even as Honora was thinking this Alicia spoke again impulsively:

"You mustn't misunderstand me, or

think that there was ever anything between Bernard and me in—in the way of a love affair. It was only that I was always fond of him, and—and I think he was rather fond of me, until this dreadful religion of his came between us."

"But why do you call it a dreadful religion?" Honora asked. "You must know that it has not made Bernard feel differently toward his friends."

Alicia gave her a glance which expressed many things which a girl, trained in the reticence in which she had been trained, could not express in words. Aloud she only said:

"It has made all the difference in the world. It has put a barrier between us that we can't get over. I don't know whether he feels it or not, but I do, whenever we're together now—but here's Cecily at last!"

She spoke quickly, as if glad of the interruption; for the conversation had taken place while she waited for Cecily, with whom she was going to one of the bridge parties for which fashionable Kingsford society now chiefly existed. Cecily, who entered at the moment, cool, radiant, and charmingly dressed, lifted her brows.

"Why 'at last'?" she inquired. "We are not due at the party for twenty minutes yet, and the car will take us there in ten. So I'll put on my gloves."

She sat down, and as she began to draw on the long white gloves that she was carrying she looked at Honora.

"I'll have to think soon of returning some of all the hospitality I am accepting," she said. "When are you going to believe that sufficient deference has been paid to the memory of Mr. Chisholm to allow us to do a little entertaining?"

"I thought after a few months — in the autumn perhaps," Honora answered hesitatingly.

"We could have a lovely garden party now," Cecily observed. "The autumn is a long way off, and I hope we won't be in Kingsford when it arrives." "Where do you hope you will be?" Alicia asked. "In New York?"

Cecily laughed a little mockingly.

"New York is only the Mecca of provincials, my dear," she said, "and I am not a provincial. No: I could have whatever I wanted in New York now; but I don't want anything, thank you!"

"Then where are you going?"

"To Paris first, of course. And then anywhere, everywhere. You didn't think I was going to spend my life in Kingsford, attending a constant succession of hen parties, as the English call them, did you?"

The scorn of her tone was so unmistakable that Alicia flushed, and Honora exclaimed reprovingly:

"O Cecily!"

"Why shouldn't I say what I think?" Cecily inquired, opening her eyes. "They are hen parties, where the same set of women meet day after day to show their best clothes to one another, and grow wildly excited over a badly played game of cards, for the sake of a trumpery prize or two—" She paused with a laugh. "Alicia looks quite shocked," she said. "Yet I've told her time and again that the undiluted society of women bores me to the verge of extinction; and there are no men apparently in society here."

"They are all too busy to sit down and play bridge in daytime," Alicia somewhat indignantly explained. "You've met them at our dances at night."

"Oh, yes, I've met them on those occasions!" Cecily answered. "But, with the exception of Bernard and Julian, I can't say that any of them interested me. Still, a man's a man, and a great relief, even if he's stupid, after one has had so large a dose of unrelieved feminine society."

"I think you are the most disloyal person to your own sex that I've ever known," Alicia said, with feathers still ruffled.

"Well, that only proves that you haven't known many women, or that they haven't been candid enough to tell the truth," Cecily calmly replied. "I always tell the truth; and you may be sure that there will be men at my party, when Honora consents to my giving it. Now," with a glance at a diamond-set watch at her wrist, "I suppose we had better go, or they will be impatiently waiting for us to begin their game. Who was it said that—

Men some to business, some to pleasure take, But every woman is at heart a rake?

He certainly would have been quite sure that she is at heart a gambler, if he had seen a modern bridge party."

After the luxurious car carrying the two girls had silently and swiftly rolled away toward the town which lay outstretched in the valley below, Honora, who had gone out to see them off, turned and walked slowly in the direction of the garden, her face grave, and her eyes full of a look which meant that she hardly saw the beautiful scene before her, which usually gave her such intense delight.

Even after she had entered the lovely pleasance, when its flower-set spaces were all about her, and the sweet, iterated note of its thrushes sounding above the rose-arched pergola under which she was walking, her face kept its abstracted expression, though now and then she drew a soft breath of pleasure. But it was not the pleasure with which she usually responded to these influences of nature; for there were other and more disturbing influences which now absorbed her thoughts.

Cecily! How could she ever have imagined that, after the first novelty and delight in the possession of wealth had worn off, Cecily would be satisfied with life in Kingsford, where her own interests and duties lay, and where a difficult task had been appointed for her? So far from being satisfied, it was now quite clear that the girl had set her mind upon speedy departure — upon spreading her wings for the wide flight into the world for which she had always longed; and

Honora knew well the tenacity of Cecily's will. "Of course by withholding money I could force her to stay," she thought. "But if she is unhappy and discontented, what good will the money be to her or to\* me? What I've chiefly cared to do with it was to make her happy. It doesn't matter in the least that I shouldn't be happy wandering about Europe with nothing to do, - I, who've always had so much to do! I could endure that well enough if it concerned only myself. But I should be neglecting Mr. Chisholm's charge and making no effort to fulfil it. I can't tell Cecily that, and I know that she will give me no peace until I do what she wants; and she'll think me simply selfish if I refuse to do it - and soand so-"

She paused abruptly in these troubled reflections as she caught the sound of a step behind her; and, turning around, she saw Bernard Chisholm advancing toward her under the pergola, with its climbing roses and singing birds. He looked so gay and light-hearted, with his springing step and smiling air, that she was conscious of a sudden pang of envy; and then she laughed as she held out her hand to him.

"What is it?" he asked with some surprise. "What have I done to amuse you?"

"You have done nothing," she replied. "I am laughing because it is ridiculous that I should be envying you for your cheerfulness,—for you are almost offensively cheerful, you know."

"Am I?" He laughed in turn. "I didn't know it; but you are the last person whom I should have thought it would irritate, as cheerfulness\_sometimes does irritate people who are not feeling particularly cheerful themselves."

"It doesn't irritate me at all," she assured him. "It only amuses me, because—well, because one might expect it to be the other way: that I would be cheerful, and you—"

"Depressed?" He laughed again. "It's

quite true that I'm not depressed; but neither are you, I hope."

"Oh, but I am!" she cried hastily. "It seems absurd, when I have so much money,—but I am!"

He ceased to laugh, and stood looking at her with something like compassion in his bright dark eyes.

"You surely didn't think that having a great deal of money would prove a talisman against depression!" he said. "Frequently it acts the other way."

"You mean-?"

"That there's often much trouble connected with great possessions. You must have known that."

"I suppose I've known it as an abstract truth," she replied. "But I've never realized it before; for up to this time almost all the troubles of my life have sprung from want of money. And if I had expressed what I felt before this great change of fortune came to me, I should have said I could never be depressed in spirit again, if I had money enough to meet the expenses of life, and give Cecily what she wanted."

"And now you've learned-?"

"That I was mistaken, that's all. But there's really no reason for troubling you about it. Do pardon me, and come and sit down. It's delicious out here, isn't it?"

"Perfectly," he answered, as he obeyed her gesture of invitation, and sat down beside her on a bench under a mimosa, which was filling the air with the honeyed sweetness of its feathery blooms, about. which unnumbered humming birds were fluttering on jewel-like wings. Floods of golden sunshine, alternating with cool deep shadows, were lying on the brilliant flower beds and green lawns before them; and as Bernard's gaze dwelt on the charming picture, he said regretfully: -

"I'm so sorry that you are not happy here! I hoped you might be."

She glanced up at him quickly, and he was struck by the wistfulness in her eyes.

"Don't think me ungrateful," she said, "I could be happy, very happy, here if it were not for certain difficulties. It's another truism—isn't it?—that there are always difficulties in every situation. That which is troubling me at present is about Cecily. I want more than anything else to make her happy, and I find that I can't do so without sacrificing things which it seems to me I shouldn't sacrifice."

"As for example-?"

"Well, she is tired of Kingsford, though I hoped it would amuse her a little longer; and she has set her heart on going to Europe to live. She has been very much flattered, and believes that she could achieve a great success over there."

"I haven't a doubt that she could, with her beauty and cleverness and your money," Bernard remarked. "But you don't want to go?"

"It isn't so much that I don't want to go—that wouldn't matter at all, for I've never been accustomed to considering my own wishes,—but I don't feel as if it would be right, for many reasons. I have duties which should keep me here, haven't I?"

Bernard was astonished by his own inclination to answer emphatically, "You have!" He was suddenly aware that he would be very sorry if the leaf-brown eyes into which he was looking should vanish out of his life. But he gave himself a mental shake, and replied truthfully:

"Of course it's desirable that you should be here, but there are really no compelling duties to detain you. The business can be conducted very well by your managers, and no doubt you would return occasionally to look into things."

"I have hoped to do a great deal for the factory operatives," she said. "I thought that you and I together could make life a better thing for them."

"So we could," he agreed—and then caught himself again; for an instinct warned him that perhaps he might have come to like too well such working with her. "But your plans can be carried out even in your absence," he added. "You know I told you the other day that you must not let your inheritance become a burden to you."

"How can I help it?" she asked. "We can't escape burdens, whatever we do; and surely wealth is not meant merely for self-indulgence. It must carry duties with it. And I've also a duty toward Cecily—to judge what is best for her."

"That's quite true. To give people all they want — which seems to be your ideal, so far as she is concerned—isn't always the best thing for them."

"I'm beginning to see that perhaps it isn't," she said. "But I've never been able to deny Cecily anything that it was in my power to give her; and I don't suppose I ever shall be able to do so."

"If your conscience told you that you must, I think you'd find the strength to do it."

She shook her head.

"I don't believe that I would," she said. "The strength that enables people to pain and sacrifice those that they love, even at the bidding of conscience, is a mystery to me." She paused and looked at him with a curious gaze. "I've just heard of such a case," she went on. "It was the story of your friend, Miss Rainesford—by the by, I haven't thanked you yet for sending her to see me. I liked her very much."

"I thought you would," he answered. "I knew she was very anxious to meet you, and I fancied that you might develop friendly sympathies."

"We did. She is the most interesting person I have met in Kingsford, but—"

He flashed a smiling look at her as she hesitated.

"Go on," he said. "But-?"

"I don't know what to think of her story, as it has been told to me; and I should like to know what you think of it — whether you believe that she acted rightly or wrongly in giving up her lover as she did."

"Why, really," he answered, "there is for a Catholic but one opinion possible. He refused to make the promises which the Church requires from the non-Catholic party in what is known as a mixed marriage, and she had to choose between him and her religion. There was no alternative."

"And you think she chose rightly?" "I couldn't possibly think otherwise and be a Catholic."

"Ah!" She reflected for a moment. "Then you are quite sure she did well in sacrificing the happiness of her own life, the happiness of the man she loved, and the comfort of her father's declining years, for the sake of an arbitrary law of the Catholic Church?"

"There is nothing on earth that I am more sure of," he replied. "Sacrifice is really the keystone of human life. We can not have anything worth having without sacrificing something to obtain it; and the higher the good, the higher the price to be paid."

"If one paid only oneself! But to make others suffer—that would be intolerable."

"Can't you realize that suffering\_must be in the world for some great purpose, or else it wouldn't be so unescapable?" he asked. "And therefore we should not be so anxious to shield others from a discipline they may need."

"That is a doctrine too high and too hard for me," she said, shaking her head again; "but both you and Miss Rainesford seem to have acted on it. I don't wonder that people think that she made you a Catholic."

"She didn't, however, you know."

"I know, for she told me so. But, since that is the case, won't you tell me what did make you one?"

(To be continued.)

WE who murmur and repine and chafe and fret all the day long if anything goes against us, call ourselves disciples of the Sacred Heart; and yet we have not so much as the will to bear the Cross, much less to love it.

-Cardinal Manning.

## The Annunciation.

#### BY FRANKLIN C. KEYES.

HOLY silence filled the realms of space And overflowed the stars,—Expectancy Hung out her trembling banners in the sea Of uncreated void; and that far place Where spirits gaze upon their Maker's face Was quick with hope. A mighty Angel stirred Within the depths, the sound as hardly heard As that of falling dew on spider's lace, And all was still again. But lo! within The courts of God majestical begin To throb the blessed legions with desire,— And now the Angel stirs again, and fire Seems borne upon him from the Holy Throne, And swift he quits his sphere, as plumbs. a stone.

- Downward his course; quicker than flash of light,
- A million million leagues he finds his way; The suns are passed, sentries in blinding white, His eyes are whiter and outflash the day;
- Downward his course, past comets flaming bright,
- While brighter flames the torrent of his way.
- The angels know the path that he must go Athwart the ether till he find the place
- Where dwells God's purest creature, full of grace
- Unspeakable, in Nazareth below.

'Tis late,---the silver moon has fallen low. And glances through the casement of her room To where, with purest lilies all ablow. The rod of Joseph whitens in the gloom. There Mary kneels, a child as men surmise, But very old as God sees from above; Her cheeks are white with watching, and her eves Two stars bedimmed with all the rains of love. It nears the middle hour now of the night, As Gabriel, luminous with ecstasy, Approaches; and the earth takes pause to see The close of this great day of God's delight. The Blessed Mary startles at the sight Of his high presence,-bending low to hear What message brings this visitor of light.

A word—a question answered—then as clear As her own spirit in its chastity,

"Behold God's handmaid! Be it done to me According to thy word."

The night is still; The moon still lingers where its beams may fill Her room, and lave the lilies on the rod; And only Mary knows the joy of earth, Save where as Gabriel goes a holy mirth Breaks out among the cherubim of God.

The First of the "Children of Mary."

#### BY MARY KENNEDY.

T was nearing sundown, and through the open door came pungent odors of early spring herbs. Abigail, busily preparing the evening repast, was singing in

a high, sweet voice. Suddenly the room darkened. The small hands stirring the yellow meal fell limply at the girl's side, and her large black eyes filled with a watching terror. The psalm ended in a frightened, broken cry. And the darkness descended upon the valley, covering it like a pall. Added to this was the shock of an earthquake, distinct and violent, which seemed to threaten all things with immediate annihilation. But before long the sunshine again poured in the open door; only it seemed less radiant than before, and there was a mysterious stillness in the air.

When the table was ready, the girl went to the door. The rose light of the late afternoon revealed her, — a small, graceful figure of glowing girlhood, robed in the soft white garments of the middleclass Jewish maiden. Her abundant black hair was bound with a narrow white band, which left it unconfined, the flowing tresses making more prominent the olive tint of her complexion. Her eyes—large, brilliant, black eyes — were her most attractive feature. Fringed with heavy lashes, they showed to a close observer the wistful, lovable disposition of the little maid who was wont to call herself "my father's joy."

At this moment Abigail awaited his return. During the past days the girl had not been able to understand his actions. Never before had he displayed evidences of temper, nor even signs of fretfulness. But now Abigail scarcely knew him. Moody, at times almost savage, taciturn except when arguing, the man had changed to such an extent that his daughter was at ease only when he was absent. She could but vaguely account for his conduct.

Not being permitted to leave the immediate surroundings of her home, she knew of the great world outside merely through the talk of those who came to her. For many months the one topic of this conversation had been the doings of the so-called Messiah. Like all Jewish girls, Abigail was thoroughly interested the wondrous Person. in But this Man, as pointed out to her, seemed a wandering impostor, and the interest on her part soon died away. It had perished, only to rise up again during the last few days. Word had come to her father that he was wanted at once in Jerusalem, and he had departed hurriedly the morning before. That his going had something to do with the "Nazarene," Abigail understood. She wanted very much to know more; but her father had sternly ordered her to be silent, and to be prepared for him and his cousins when they should arrive the next day.

So Abigail had made ready for them. As she stood in the doorway, her hands clasped tightly before her, and her eyes following the fluttering course of a dove flying sunward, she wondered what her father had been doing.

"I do not believe the Nazarene is wicked," she thought. "They say He cured people, and was good to the poor and unfortunate, and that He loved and blessed little children. I do not believe—"

"Abigail!"

Running breathlessly along the winding road, her cousin David, a boy of her own age, was calling to her. She ran to meet him.

"Uncle Abraham and the others are coming! I ran ahead to tell you."

The face of the lad was white and strained, and under the blue eyes lay deep black circles.

The girl glanced keenly at him.

"David, you are ill!" she said.

He nodded slowly, and sank upon the stone flag before the door.

"No,-wait! Do not get anything. I am not ill."

"But, David, you look so — so old! I am afraid!"

"They have killed Him!" he muttered hoarsely.

"Killed whom?"

"The Messiah is *dead*!" In a heartrending burst of dry sobs, he covered his face with dust-soiled hands.

"Oh!" Abigail shivered. "I-I didn't know you liked Him so!"

"'Liked Him'?" The boy rose tremblingly to his feet. "I would have died for Him!"

"Tell me, David,-tell me about Him. I know so little."

The lad straightened. There, in the shadow of the city that had murdered Him, his white cheeks flushed with boyish love and enthusiasm, his eyes sparkling, and his voice controlled only by the burning resentment within him, the little apostle of the Nazarene began his life work with the crude telling of the story of the Crucifixion.

"I had been following Him for days. Then He disappeared. John told me He had gone away into the desert. I waited. During my waiting I listened to the people's talk. I went to all the khans. Some of the people were friendly, many did not care, others hated Him. These I tried to tell of His goodness, His cures and pity, and His love for children. John knew and the rest knew He intended leaving us. Then Uncle Abraham sent me on a journey to Aunt Rebecca. That was four days ago. When I returned yesterday, I heard they had taken Him prisoner. I tried to get past the guards to be near Him, but they prevented me. His friends told me He desired no violence. I realized that. Then—then they drove Him to Golgotha."

"O David!" sobbed Abigail.

"They placed a heavy cross upon His shoulders, and made Him carry it all the way up the hill. His face was covered with sweat and blood; His eyes were almost swollen closed; His hair was matted with blood, and some of it was torn out. On His head they had pressed down a crown of thorns."

Abigail's voice rang out in horror, but the dogged tones went feverishly on:

"Large thorns were bound together and crushed—*crushed* deep into His head. His feet were cut and pierced with the stones, and His body was lashed with the whips of the guards. *I saw it!* I tried to get near Him again, but they drove me away. I followed Him all the way; and just a little behind me was His Mother."

"His Mother?"

"Yes, His Mother. When we reached the top of the hill, the sun was still hot. There was no shade. Then they laid the cross on the ground, and placed Him on it and *nailed* Him to it."

At this the boy's voice broke passionately, and his thin shoulders shook with panting grief. The little maid was cold. with grief and horror. Yet her large eyes were full of unbelief.

"I—I can't believe it!" she whispered faintly.

"But I saw it all! They lifted the cross and He hung there. So long He hung! They gave Him something to drink, but He would not have it. His head dropped lower and lower. His Mother came nearer to the cross, and He spoke to her. Then the sky darkened, and it thundered, and the earth trembled. You must have noticed all this. They thought Him dead, and stabbed His side with a spear to make sure. The people were terrorstricken."

"Yes." Abigail's eyes now blazed with faith. "He was God!"

David gazed at her with mournful intensity.

"I know it, but why did He permit Himself to be crucified?"

"Perhaps—perhaps" (the little maid's voice was pregnant with hope) "He will return."

The boy stifled a sob.

"Perhaps He will. He raised Lazarus from the tomb after he had been long dead."

"David, who murdered Him?"

He started. "The-people."

"Why didn't father and the rest stop 't?"

Her cousin's lips parted as if in speech, but he said nothing.

The air had grown cooler. Abigail glanced hastily down the road, where in the distance figures could be seen approaching.

"Did not father try to save Him?"

"Abigail, do not question Uncle Abraham about what has happened. He does not understand."

"But," insistently she pressed him,— "but he did not help those others?"

The silence of David gave her his answer.

"My father!" The dark eyes revealed the horror no words could express.

"Abigail, he did not know. And He forgave them all."

"David, David, my father helped to put Him to death!"

"I do not believe he did it willingly. Some day Uncle Abraham will know the truth and be sorry."

"Did you never tell Him you loved Him?"

The blue eyes winked back quick tears. "I couldn't. I had a chance many a time, but I didn't feel worthy to tell Him. Maybe He knew."

"Something tells me He does. But let

us not be found talking together. My father will soon be here."

Only the thought that unexplainably convinced her of the return of the Holy One that had been put to death enabled Abigail to greet her father. Like David,he was covered with dust and his garments were torn. His face was lined with care; but the small dark eyes were burning with desire gratified, and the thin lips could not conceal a smile of satisfaction.

"Peace be with you!" exclaimed her father, and leaned to kiss the girl.

She drew back and trembled.

"Peace can not be with thee, father!" she said softly, and entered the dwelling.

The man's brow darkened, and he swung around.

"Has David been here?"

"Yes, father; and he has told me all."

Abigail served the men. There were four with her father, and all ate and drank heavily. When they had finished, Abigail's father turned to her.

"I have forgotten your words, daughter. You, too, must forget what your cousin David told you."

"Father, I can never forget what I have seen and heard this day."

Early on the first day of the week, Abigail saw David running to meet her again. With shining eyes and lips quivering with joy, he exclaimed:

"O cousin, He has come back!"

"O David, then He is truly God!" The boy breathed deeply.

"I was going to the place where they laid Him, but I met Mary, the mother of James. She has seen Him. I went to John, and he told me it was so. The great stone at the grave was rolled away. He has risen."

"Dear God!" whispered Abigail. "If I had only known Him before!"

And then the words of David, "Just a little behind me was His Mother," flashed through her mind. His Mother! How she longed to know His Mother! Only *she* could understand the love of Abigail;

only she could tell her how to know and love Him better.

Next day at dawn Abigail was up, putting the house in order, and preparing for the morning meal. Long before her father and his guests had risen she had finished her tasks. "I shall have time to greet the day," she thought.

Out into the cool greyness of the morning she sped, her black hair flying behind her, and her cheeks tinged pink from the damp air. At no other time had she ventured so far alone-down the winding path, past the border-line of her father's land, and into the rolling country beyond. Suddenly she stopped. "If I should meet Him, how happy I should be! But He wouldn't be journeying here," she decided; and ran on swiftly, breaking into song,one of the haunting, melodious chants of her race. As she turned and was about to retrace her steps homeward, she saw a radiant figure walking toward her. She knew, and ran to meet Him.

"Rabboni!" she cried, and fell at His feet.

Gently He bade her rise.

"Rabboni, I love Thee! I believe in Thee!" went on Abigail. "I hope in Thee! I love Thee! What shall I do to serve Thee?"

At that moment from beyond the piled-up eastern clouds the sun rose in golden splendor, enveloping the Christ in dazzling glory.

"Gó to Mary. Learn of her," He said, and was gone.

And she went to His Mother and listened to her, and became through her teaching the first "Child of Mary."

An Outdoor Crucifix.

BY SPEER STRAHAN.

**T**HE round sun dips, and a reddish light Sifts through the leaves, as if in awe,

Dewing those arms, outstretched and white, With a mist of blood like Calvary saw.

### The Stations of the Cross.

A MONG the devotional exercises recommended for the season of Lent, especially on Fridays and for Holy Week, is the Way of Calvary, commonly called the Stations of the Cross. It has for its object meditation on the passion, death and burial of our Blessed Saviour, as a sovereign means of grace for the conversion of sinners, for the stirring up of the tepid and lukewarm, and for the greater sanctification of the just. Such a form of devotion has continued substantially from the time when our Saviour ascended into heaven.

We learn from St. Jerome, writing in the fourth century, that great numbers of pilgrims were wont, from the very beginning of the Christian Church, to visit the holy places of Palestine, out of devotion to the mysteries of the life and death of the Saviour. He says that people came for this purpose even from the extremities of the earth. Under Julian the Apostate, St. Cyriacus, patriarch of Jerusalem, suffered martyrdom "while visiting the holy places." The flow of pilgrims was steady and ever-increasing with the spread of the faith.

There is no doubt that these pilgrims followed traditionally the Via Dolorosa at Jerusalem; for the early Christians had carefully marked by secret signs, and had religiously preserved and handed down orally to succeeding generations, the memory of the very spots most intimately connected with the last events in the passion and death of Our Lord, of which they had been eye-witnesses. In the city of Jerusalem, it is on these very places that the Stations of the Cross are still performed. Devotion to the Way of the Cross was introduced into Europe by returning pilgrims; and thus many devout souls were enabled after the descriptions given to them to visit in spirit those places sanctified by Our Lord's last days of humiliation on earth, who could not visit the country in person. During the Crusades particularly, when for a century

Jerusalem was held by the soldiers of the Cross, who had recaptured it from the infidels, this devotion was daily practised in the Holy City; and the spiritual Way of the Cross was extended to every land.

Mention is made in the Dominican annals of a saintly priest, the Blessed Alvarez, who, after his return from the East to his convent at Cordova, in Spain, built a number of little oratories, in which he represented, station by station, the principal events on Our Lord's sad progress up to Mount Calvary. The spread and immense popularity of this efficacious and richly indulgenced devotion is principally due, however, to St. Francis of Assisi and the Franciscan Fathers, who, soon after the foundation of their Seraphic Order, were introduced into the Holy Land, and allowed to remain there after the Crusaders had been driven out, and the Saracens had reconquered Jerusalem. As few people could ever hope to visit these sacred places, the Franciscans, in order to satisfy in some measure the piety of Christians, began to erect, in the year 1342, in all the churches attached to the convents of their Order. a series of fourteen images, painted or sculptured, representing the fourteen most touching events (some being mentioned in the New Testament, and others being known only through tradition) in the Passion of Christ.

These images had each a cross at the top, and were called "Stations," because in performing the devotions the faithful used to remain a few moments in prayer and meditation before each one of them before passing on to another. They were arranged around the inside walls of a church, or on the side of a winding road leading up to the top of a hill or mound, surmounted by a great black cross called a "Calvary." In visiting these Stations, the faithful accompany in spirit their dear Lord in His most sacred Passion, and may gain the same indulgences are granted to the pilgrims who perform the in Ierusalem itself.

### Trust in Providence.

CONFIDENT reliance on the goodness of God was always a characteristic of the saints, as it still is of those Christians whose lives bear the closest resemblance to their saintly models. Particularly noted for this virtue was the holy Cardinal of Milan, St. Charles Borromeo. He not only practised this trust in God in his own affairs, but sedulously endeavored to instil it into all his people. Talking once with a person of high rank, whom he was trying to persuade to have confidence in God on all occasions, because He never abandoned even in the smallest circumstances those who rely upon Him, St. Charles narrated this personal experience:

"A few days ago, my house steward came to me, complaining that he had no money and did not know how to provide for the urgent needs of the house. He requested me to be more sparing in almsgiving and my other pious works, as it was by expenditure of that kind that the house was reduced to such extremity. I told him he should trust in God, and hope for help from His merciful bounty. He was not satisfied with the advice, however, and went off grumbling. Within two hours I received a packet of letters, among them one containing a bill of exchange for three thousand crowns remitted to me from Spain. Sending for my steward, I gave him the money. saying: 'Take it, O thou of little faith! Behold, the good Lord has not abandoned us!' Let me add that the remittance was truly providential, as I was not expecting it; and, for that matter, it was sent two months or more before it really became due."

It would be an easy matter to reproduce from the annals of many a religious community in our own time and country instances quite as striking as the foregoing, in which simple, childlike trust in God's Providence has been superabundantly rewarded.

# The Religious Awakening in France.

WITH a unanimity that is little less than marvellous, all intelligent observers of contemporary France testify to the reality of her religious awakening. Publicists of every creed and of none bear witness to the striking metamorphosis that has taken place since the beginning of the war. One of the latest writers to comment on the change is an Anglican parson, who is quoted to this effect in the London *Catholic Times:* 

France has travelled far since the days of General André, when men were certainly not encouraged to go to church, and when officers whose clerical sympathies had been denounced at headquarters, lost every chance of promotion. The country will continue to move along the same road. It is not likely that Jesuit or Benedictine Fathers, who in the hour of danger, forgetting the treatment they had received from the government, and hastening to serve their country, have received promotion or the Cross of the Legion of Honor, will again be banished when the war is over. It is not likely that a generation of men who in the dread and danger of battle are experiencing the strength and stay of religious belief, will ever return to their former attitude.

The war has drawn together the Church and the Army in a manner which appeals to the sense of chivalry in the French nature. The voice of the extreme Socialist and anti-militarist is no longer heard in the land. Misunderstandings have vanished; and it is no exaggeration to say that the attitude of the French people with regard to the Church is undergoing a complete change.

While the devotedness of the French soldier-priests and the Sisters counts for much in this gratifying change, it should be remembered that seeds for the present harvest were planted long before the war. As François Veuillot points out, France was made ready for the reawakening in three ways: "The French Catholics have never neglected prayer on behalf of their country; they have been indefatigable in performing works of charity; and within recent years they have established great popular organizations which have brought the priests into contact with the masses of the people."

# Notes and Remarks.

A study of "War, this War, and the Sermon on the Mount," No. 20, "Papersfor War Time," by Canon Streefer, would repay clergymen of all Christian denominations. Not a few of them, sad to say, truth to tell, have lost their heads completely, talking and writing more like men of arms than ministers of the Gospel. Canon Streeter contends that "war is possible only in a civilization which is not yet Christian," and that "war will end when, and only when, some nation is prepared totally to disarm and to take the consequences." We venture to say that when the present great conflict is over and there is a better understanding of the causes for which it was undertaken, more than one nation will be willing to disarm and feel in no dread whatever of consequences. The moral effect of what has already proved the bloodiest and most destructive war in all history can hardly fail of being so great that no other way of settling international disputes will be thought of than arbitration. And it is not at all unlikely that the Pope will be the chief arbitrator.

Among the saddest letters that reach us nowadays are those from missionaries in pagan lands, telling of the lack of means to extend, even to continue, their labors for the spread of the Gospel. A Sister of Charity, in a district of China where the pagans number 8,000,000, writes: "Owing to the lack of funds, our missionaries have been unable to open any catechumenates for the men, and have had to discharge their catechists." And yet the harvest was ripe here. If we could found schools everywhere, the people would flock to them. They are so eager to learn about our holy religion, poor things!... We are all turning our eyes toward America just now, as the only hope for the missions for some years. Our friends in Europe are either ruined

themselves, or overwhelmed with demands for home needs. In various convents in the north of France and in Belgium we had several friends who used to send parcels of rosaries, medals, etc., for the catechumens, and other things that were much appreciated; besides selling the work done by our poor women and girls in the homes. Alas! all is now at an end. We can only pray that God may have spared our former benefactors, and beg Him to find us other friends."

It is significant that the institution singled out for distinction in the recent anarchistic plot exposed in New York city was not a government building but a Catholic church. It shows what anarchy at least regards as its greatest enemy. It sets in a lurid light-a red glow, though the bombs were unexploded-the Church as the symbol of law and order, and the bulwark of the existing state of society. This circumstance ought to afford some illumination to another class of the Church's enemies. It illuminates as by a lightning flash the position of those "patriotic" bigots whose aim is identical with that of these "alien" anarchists. The so-called Guardians of Liberty and the Black Hand brethren should shake hands as fellows-well-met. Of course they hate the Church for diametrically opposed reasons, but what is a little thing like that among confrères?

In the course of an editorial, captioned "Public Schools in Danger," the *Chicago Israelite* inveighs against certain troublemakers in a neighboring State who are now trying to take hold of the public schools as their own proper right; "who consider our common country as theirs alone; who seek to dominate our government in all its branches, and rule all our public institutions, to the exclusion of those who do not accept these pernicious meddlers as leaders. The present seems to these men an auspicious time to wage a new crusade to make our public schools a sectarian institution, wherein they can make propaganda for their particular *ism*. For this purpose there has been established the International Reform Bureau, with headquarters at the National Capital. One of its agents, Wilbur F. Crafts, is now stumping Ohio, seeking to subvert its existing school system and to make it subsidiary to the Protestant churches."

Part of our contemporary's conclusion is this: 'It is therefore the duty of all persons and organizations, religious or secular, to stand for freedom from sectarian meddling with our public school system.' To this we agree; and we have little fear that Brother Crafts and his ilk, be they ever so crafty, will be able to do anything permanently to disrupt the traditional principles of American democracy.

The absurdity of the notion that people can be rendered moral by legislative enactment was clearly and forcefully pointed out by Dr. Horace M. Brown, of Milwaukee, in a discussion of the "Eugenics Marriage Law" last week in the legislature of Wisconsin. Besides being an incentive to perjury and quackery among physicians, it was shown to be utterly impracticable. "This law," . said Dr. Brown, "seems to be an offspring of a peculiar mania that has passed over this country, that men may be made moral by law, and that each particular function of life can be modified by a group of men sitting together in the capitals of the various States, attempting to bring about purity in civilized life by such means."

The silly statement is still repeated that there are enough relics of the True Cross to build a ship,—even enough for the construction of a whole fleet, according to some sneering wiseacres. As a matter of fact, however, all the attested fragments in existence—most of them are the merest splinters—would not make a cross too large for a child to bear. The learned M. de' Fleury estimated that a cross of the size used for execution would contain, say about 178,000,000 cubic millimètres, whereas the total of the pieces of the True Cross preserved amount to only 3,942,000 cubic millimètres. How far this would go toward building a ship, not to speak of an entire fleet, is too absurd to be considered. Not only was M. de Fleury's estimate a very conservative one, but he made allowance for relics destroyed in fires or otherwise lost. It is well known that all the old cathedrals of Europe preserved inventories of their sacred relics and works of art.

The Lætare Medal was presented this vear to Miss Mary V. Merrick, of Washington, D. C., whose title to this eminent distinction is her great work for charity, prosecuted from a bed of pain. Afflicted in early years with a spinal trouble which renders her incapable of walking or sitting upright, and which has given her the "sweet sister Suffering" for a constant companion. Miss Merrick has wondrously and nobly redeemed the days of her foredoomed inutility. In 1891 she founded the Christ Child Society, whose object is the clothing and general care of the children of the poor. It is now established in Washington. New York, Chicago, Omaha, Detroit, Indianapolis, and numerous other cities. Not the least notable of its beneficent effects is the manner in which its programme of charitable service reacts upon its own members. The work is prosecuted altogether upon a supernatural basis, becoming, as its gentle foundress intended, a veritable apostolate. Besides founding the Christ Child Society, and remaining always, though unconsciously, its chief inspiration, Miss Merrick is the author of a popular Life of our Blessed Lord, and has 'translated into English Mgr. de Ségur's famous "Life of Christ for Children." .

Dr. Kerby, of the Catholic University of America, than whom no one is more

capable of speaking on the question of Miss Merrick's personality and work, recently wrote of her: "I believe that Miss Merrick's name is known and her work is understood and valued more widely than is the case with many, if any, other Catholic women in this country. Few Catholics will be found in the United States whose personal merit is greater, whose life is half so noble, or whose distinctive work in the national activities of the Church means more. Her range of intellectual interests is large, and her appreciation of life and literature is extremely accurate and balanced. Her disposition is wonderfully cheerful. Thereis about her a wholesomeness and naturalness that is nothing short of marvellous in view of her physical condition."

Not Miss Merrick alone but all the men and women who are busy with Catholic charity may feel honored and may rejoice in the selection made this year by the University of Notre Dame for the Lætare Medal.

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The many friends of the Sisters of Charity of Leavenworth will rejoice to know that the community has recently received from Rome full approbation for the Institute and its Constitutions. Just how much this means to the Sisters themselves-how many prayers answered, how many sacrifices rewarded - only those religious can know who have gone through a like experience. We can readily believe that, great and generous as have been the efforts already put forth by this devoted sisterhood in their thirty-eight missions in our Western States, still greater efforts may be expected of them under the stimulus of this high approval. Gratitude will be the spur. We congratulate the Sisters both upon their graces and their opportunities.

While no judicious citizen will condone insubordination in our soldiers or our seamen, and much less their assaulting their superior officers, we feel sure that no man with red blood in his veins, no Catholic at least, felt inclined to censure very harshly ordinary Seaman Ventimille, of the U. S. S. *New York*, who was sentenced to thirty days' solitary confinement on bread and water and a fine of three months' pay for knocking down a petty officer who spat and trampled upon his scapulars after having thrown them on the floor.

Our readers will accordingly be gratified to learn that the impetuous young seaman was released from confinement at the expiration of half his time, and that his fine was remitted in full. Personally, we think that poetic justice calls for the dismissal from the service of the petty officer, who obviously is not, even in embryo, a gentleman.

Making the point that, notwithstanding the recrudescence of bigotry noticeable in this country of late years, the Church is still treated by outsiders with more fairness than used to be the case, Mr. W. J. Moriarty, supreme auditor of the Knights of Columbus, recalls an incident possibly unknown to some of our readers. During John Quincy Adams' incumbency as President, the people of Cincinnati, including Protestants, Catholics, and all other creeds, erected an observatory on Mount Adams, Cincinnati. The President made the dedicatory address, and expressed the hope that the cross of the Roman Papacy would never cast its shadow across the spot and blight the scientific knowledge that would emanate there. Clearly, no American political leader of repute, to say nothing of the Chief Executive, would dare to express such a hope to-day. Incidentally, it may be mentioned that Mount Adams has long been the site of a Passionist Monastery, and that no fewer than four great crosses throw their shadows athwart that highest of Cincinnati's hills. And, by the way, it was an American convert to the Church who was mainly instrumental in the foundation of that same monastery. It will remain when the name of John Quincy Adams is forgotten even in Massachusetts.

A project which the Catholic societies of Cleveland are now considering may be one which will commend itself in other cities as well. It is a plan of establishing a Catholic Community Hall, "a sort of Catholic Chamber of Commerce," which would be a rallying-point for all Catholic interests, and a point of departure for all Catholic endeavors. Some of the advantages to commend it are set forth by the Rev. F. T. Moran, pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Cleveland, who said: "Personally, I think there is room for such a building. It could house, for instance, a publishing plant, meeting rooms for our various societies, more especially for the Knights of Columbus; an information bureau for Catholic strangers in the city, particularly young men and women strangers; a gymnasium, baths, a restaurant, and in various ways serve Catholic social welfare."

If the proposed institution could realize successfully even a part of these proposals, it would appear to be amply worth founding.

In contradistinction to the rabid maligners of the Church in the professedly anti-Catholic press, there is a fairly large number of eminent Protestants in this country who are not afraid to give Catholicism due credit for its influence on the nation's morality and civilization. A case in point is cited in the Columbian: "Replying to the question, 'Is not the Catholic Church a hindrance rather than an uplift to civilization?' propounded to him during a discussion at the weekly forum of the First Congregational Church, Jersey City, a few days ago, the Rev. Dr. Nehemiah Boynton, moderator of the National Council of the Congregational churches in the United States, said that the Catholic Church is making, and has been making, one of the greatest contributions to civilization in the history of the world. 'If you should withdraw from the city of New York to-day the power of the Roman Catholic Church,' he declared, 'there would be Bedlam within a month.'" A faithful saying.

A correspondent of the New York Sunday Sun calls attention to a striking passage, as follows, which occurs in a sermon preached before King Louis XV. during the Lent of the year 1718 by the illustrious Massillon:

Sire, look always upon war as the greatest scourge that God can inflict on an empire. Seek to disarm your enemies rather than to vanquish them. God has confided to you the sword only for the safety and security of your people, and not for the misfortune of your neighbors. The empire over which Heaven has established you is sufficiently large; be more inclined toward softening its miseries 'than toward extending its limits; utilize your glory rather to repair the disasters of past wars than to undertake new ones; render your reign immortal by the happiness of your people rather than by the number of your conquests; do not measure by your power the justice of your undertakings, and do not ever forget that in the most just wars victories entail as many calamities for a State as the most sanguinary defeats.

Times have changed since these noble words were spoken; so have rulers—also preachers.

As illustrating the absurd lengths to which the thoroughgoing, out-and-out anti-Catholic bigot will go in his endeavor to make capital of any and every occurrence in contemporary history, an English exchange notes that a Protestant minister, the Rev. Mr. Middleton, has actually written a pamphlet to prove that the Kaiser, in making war, was merely the catspaw of the Pope of Rome. In view of the fact that Pius X.'s death was undoubtedly hastened by the war, and the further fact that Germany is mainly a Protestant Power, the pamphlet should be a curiosity. Brother Middleton himself must be regarded as a rara avis among Protestant ministers.



## A Snowdrop for Our Lady.

BY ANGELIQUE DE LANDE.

WEET Mother, on this feast of thine That comes in early spring, Gladly I'd beautify thy shrine, But I've no flowers to bring.

Roses that made the June so fair, Lilies that with them vied,

Field blossoms and exotics rare Are sleeping side by side.

'Tis hardly time for them to rise, March is so cold and drear;

Scarcely the Mayflower opes her eyes Till April smiles appear.

But what is this, with wistful eye, And heart that droopeth low,—

So like the snow I'd pass her by, Were she not nodding so?

Ah, 'tis the snowdrop, waxen-white, Modest and pure and sweet!Fair flower, I cull thee with delight, To lay at Mary's feet.

### Little Delphine's Experience.



BY J. JACQUIN.\*

LITTLE girl sat at the knee of her great-greatgrandmother, an old lady of ninety-five. The day was warm and balmy, and the

door leading to the balcony stood open. An aeroplane suddenly appeared in the blue sky, looking for all the world like a great bird. The old lady pointed up to the white wings, and said:

"Rose, I saw the first railroad and I have lived to see the first aeroplane. If you ever have as long a life as I have

\* Translated for THE AVE MARIA by H. Twitchell.

had, who knows what marvels will pass before your eyes? You will comprehend then that the most wonderful stories are the true ones, and that the good fairies your books tell about are quite insignificant persons. The real genii whose wands have transformed the world are those men with sooty faces and rough hands whom you see filing out of those great factories over there, with their tall chimneys.

"Since the day when one of their ancestors made that stone ax and that rude vase of clay that father has in his cabinet, thousands of years have passed. But from the efforts and labor of their descendants has come the splendid period in which you live; and it is the stories of these real fairies and magicians that you should learn instead of the imaginary ones. I am going to tell you of an experience of my own.

"Once there was a little girl named Delphine. I might as well tell you at once that this little girl was myself, and that I was ten years old at the time of my adventure. I had a great many relatives. There were Uncle Benjamin, Uncle Theodore, Uncle Aristides, and numerous cousins, — Adele, Julie, and Catherine, daughters of Uncle Aristides; and Victor, Alfred, and Rosalie, the children of Uncle Theodore.

"Uncle Theodore was a royal notary, and I was always much impressed by his long, white mustache, his solemn air, his gold spectacles, and his heavy watch chain, which he displayed with pride. Uncle Aristides had made a fortune in dealing in horses. He made a very handsome appearance, with his high boots, his blue pantaloons, and his apple-green redingote, with its great buttons of white metal.

"These two men were quite the most

important personages in Rive de Gier, our village. My father was very simple and unpretentious. He was only a modest laborer in the mines. It was because of this fact that Uncle Theodore and Uncle Aristides never visited their brother Pierre, and that my cousins never took any notice of me. Uncle Benjamin had gone away ten years before to make a tour of the world, and had never been heard from.

"Our home was a vine-covered cottage standing in a large garden. On the roof was a little weather-cock, and I used to sit for hours watching the wheels fly around when the breezes blew. The main highway, from St. Etienne to Lyons, ran along back of our garden. Over this there was a constant procession of teams hauling coal from the mines. It was all very pleasant and I was never lonely.

"Once or twice a week I used to go to see the coach come in. It always drew up with a great clatter. Its passengers were usually going to Paris, and I gazed at them admiringly. They would alight in haste, run in for refreshments, then rush back to their seats, inside or outside. The door would slam shut, the whips crack, the bells jingle, and off they were. The noise was deafening. When it was all over, the spectators returned to their homes.

"In the evening, when my father came from his day's work, he often mentioned M. Seguin's name. This gentleman was an engineer in the mines, and he was a very important personage. When he spoke everyone listened with respectful attention; and, in our family at least, no one was ever permitted to question his great merits. This talented engineer was building a mysterious machine with the greatest possible secrecy, and my father was his confidential assistant. You can imagine my curiosity concerning this machine. What would I not have given to know what it was to be used for? 'It will be a great surprise,' was all my father would say concerning it.

"Well, while waiting for M. Seguin's surprise, we had one in our family. Uncle Benjamin returned from India as rich as Crœsus. He came in the coach, the last of August. He greeted all three of his brothers with great cordiality, showing no preference. On the very day of his arrival, he purchased a chateau near Givors; and, as he took possession at once, nothing was heard from him for at least a month. Then he sent notes of invitation to all his nieces and nephews, asking them to spend the day with him at his chateau.

"I was quite beside myself with joy. A family discussion was held on the subject of my toilette. We were really poor; but, for Uncle Benjamin, we felt that sacrifices should be made in order that I might be suitably attired on the great occasion. The next engrossing problem was how I was to get to Givors. It was not the day for the coach, and we had no *calèche* like Uncle Aristides, nor a *cabriolet* like Uncle Theodore. My father only smiled and said that he had an idea, and we were not to worry ourselves.

"At last the important day arrived. When I was dressing, I heard the sound of horses' hoofs on the road. Looking out of the window, I saw the calèche and the cabriolet passing, and in them were my cousins dressed in their best. They looked so fine in their beautiful clothes that I was quite dazzled by the sight. But I was not of a jealous nature, and I very cheerfully donned my new poplin gown, my taffeta bonnet, and my mitts. My mother handed me my parasol and gave me a covered basket to carry. 'Here are some little cakes flavored with orange flower for your Uncle Benjamin. He used to be very fond of them,' she said, by way of explanation.

"My father then took my hand and we set off for the factory. On the way he told me that he was going to show me M. Seguin's machine. Just outside the great building, I saw hitched together three wagons of the kind usually drawn by horses. But instead of horses, I saw a strange-looking object. It had four wheels and a queer-shaped body, with a chimney rising from one end. 'This is the machine,' said my father. I must confess that I was greatly disappointed. I had expected to see something very different.

"'M. Seguin was there smiling. He patted me on the head and `said: 'You will remember all your life the ride you are going to take to-day, little girl.'

"He lifted me up into a wagon and placed me on the seat. He then took his place in the machine beside my father. His voice trembled as he gave the order: 'Go ahead, Pierre!'

"My father turned a crank, a jet of steam escaped with a whistling sound from the queer-looking chimney, and we began to move. I can never express my astonishment and fright as I saw M. Seguin's machine gliding smoothly along, and the wagon in which I sat following it. I was afraid to move and I was trembling in every limb. Soon I noticed that we were passing back of our garden. My mother was there watching us, and I understood her emotion. My father waved his hand to her, and in a flash we were gone.

"At the village, everyone came running out to see that most extraordinary thing a machine that moved by itself! But we were soon on the road again, and I gradually became reassured. As we passed the fields, the peasants paused in their work to look at us. Some waved their hands and some made the Sign of the Cross. M. Seguin laughed, and my father clapped his hands. At intervals they opened a little door and tossed coal on a glowing fire.

"As we neared Rive de Gier, where Uncle Benjamin lived, I felt a new fear. How were they going to stop? It was quite a simple matter, I soon discovered. When we reached the foot of the hill where the chateau stood, my father turned his wheel: the machine moved more and more slowly, and finally stopped entirely. M. Seguin then lifted me out carefully, and seemed much gratified. My father called down: 'Greet Uncle Benjamin for me!' Then the wheels of the machine began to turn with a grinding sound, and it was off, leaving me alone, quite overcome, with my basket on my arm.

"Five minutes later I rang at the gate of the chateau. An attendant soon admitted me to the grounds, where I saw my cousins playing and shouting on the greensward. No one came near me, however. After wondering a moment what I was to do, I walked up to a gardener, who was raking the lawn, and ventured timidly:

"I would like to see my Uncle Benjamin."

"'Come this way, Mademoiselle,' he replied. 'Your uncle has the gout and has to stay in his room.'

"He then led the way up the steps of the broad veranda, across a hall and up a staircase, to my uncle's room, where he left me. Uncle Benjamin was sitting in his easy-chair, with his bandaged foot resting on a high stool. I made my very best courtesy and said:

"Good-afternoon, Uncle!"

"Good-afternoon, Delphine! You are late, my child. Be seated.'

"I balanced myself on the edge of a tabouret, with my basket resting on my knees. My face was scarlet and you can not imagine my embarrassment. I explained that we were not rich, and had no *calèche* like Uncle Aristides, nor *cabriolet* like Uncle Theodore, and that this was the cause of my late arrival.

"So you had to walk?"

"'O no, Uncle! I came in M. Seguin's machine."

"At this he burst out laughing.

"What kind of a machine might that be?' he asked.

"Then I told him of my ride, and that M. Seguin had made a machine that ran of itself, and was started and stopped by turning a wheel. I also spoke of the astonishment of the peasants, and how the trees flew past. My tongue was loosened, and I fairly marvelled at the way it ran. Finally I stopped.

"'I shall go to see this wonderful machine,' he declared. 'But what have you in your basket?'

"'Some little cakes my mother sent you. She remembered that you used to like them. They are flavored with orange flower.'

"'What! Did your mother remember that?'

"So saying he called me to him and kissed me on both cheeks, while his eyes were dimmed with tears.

"'I am doing wrong in keeping you this way, my child. Little girls can not be expected to enjoy the company of an old man like me. Run out and play with your cousins.'

"'If you are willing, Uncle,' I objected, 'I should rather stay here and lunch with you.'

"'Very well, if you wish."

"It was delightful. Through the large windows, we could see the park, bright with autumn foliage. Two large peacocks with drooping tails sat on a wall in the sunshine. On the lawn, some of my cousins were playing games. Adele and Victor were slowly promenading up and down the gravel walk. These two were the ones who interested me the most, with their princely airs and their fine clothes. Adele wore a beautiful organdy gown, with embroidered pantalets, grey silk hose and shining slippers. I can see her now. Ah, my poor poplin gown and my taffeta bonnet!

"At four o'clock the refreshment bell rang. No one came up to see our uncle. We ate our cakes together, and I certainly was not the more greedy one. Luncheon being over, the games began again, and sounds of merry laughter came up to our window. Finally the sun began to sink in the west and the park was filled with shadows. It was time to go, and my cousins came to take leave of our host. Not one of them seemed to be aware of my presence. When they were all pressing around him, Uncle Benjamin summoned his coachman and said:

"'Jean, get the carriages ready for these children. Bring my *cabriolet* out, too. You are to drive to Rive de Gier, and tell my brother Pierre that I am going to keep Delphine here for a time, as I like her very much. I will bring her back one of these days, when I come to see the wonderful machine that M. Seguin has built. Now good-bye, children!'

"You should have seen the crestfallen expression on the faces of my cousins as they took their departure.

"When he died, Uncle Benjamin left me a great fortune. I owed all my wealth to M. Seguin's little machine, which enabled me to go, on a beautiful autumn afternoon, to visit the chateau of Givors.

"There are many of those machines now, and on just seeing the white-winged aeroplane soaring through the blue sky, I thought of those who create such marvels. The name of Seguin came to my mind, and I have told you about him just as you will tell your great-greatgrandchildren about Bleriot in the years to come."

# Dante's Cat.

The great poet Dante, it is said, had a favorite cat, which was trained to hold a candle in her paw while her master read. This achievement of the pet of the immortal Florentine was the cause of many practical jokes. One night while he was reading, and the patient animal was holding the light, a friend came in with a box, out of which popped a mouse. The result was what might have been expected. Puss, being a good mouser, rushed for the mouse with all her might, and the candle fell to the floor. After that the poet ceased to use his favorite's paw as a candlestick.

### Tommy Travers.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XIII.—A PERILOUS VENTURE.

OR more than three weeks now • Bunty had held his job. There had been a long stretch of bright wintry days, unbroken by storm or snow,-glad days, when earth and sky seemed all a-sparkle with joy and light. And Tommy and Bunty had made the most of them. They had investigated the neighborhood for blocks around, lingered under the leafless trees in the parks, made friendly acquaintance with dancing babies, "tipped" organ-grinders and monkeys, and established cheerful relations with all the marketmen and storekeepers along the route. The peanut-vender had learned when to look for Tommy's coming, and the druggist knew just what "fizz" he liked best. The silver-wheeled chair had a right of way all its own. The gay crowds of reception days made place for it, with pleasant words and pitying glances, and it had been caught in more than one shower of rice and *confetti* as it lingered outside wedding feasts.

But when Bunty came home at night, it was only to tell the questioning Nick of "pushing" through fair, open, sunlit ways, where no fox or wolf would dare intrude.

"Might as well be a baby nuss outright!" scoffed Nick. "Why don't you show a big kid like that some fun?"

"Where?" asked Bunty, eagerly.

"Lots of places," answered Nick. "There's all kinds of games and shows and movies for folks that can pay up."

"But—but I couldn't push Tommy in," said Bunty.

"Yes, you could," replied Nick. "I know a place down-town where they would let you push him in all right. And it's a fine show—"The Last Days of Pompeii' it is called. A big mountain busts up in fire and smoke, and buries everything and everybody in sight, real red fire and black smoke. You'd think it was going to burn you up then and there. And you hear the houses tumbling and the people crying,—the finest show I ever saw."

"Is it very far from Tommy's housefrom Woodley Square?" asked Bunty.

"Not very," answered Nick. "No sort of a push for a chap like you. You'd get him there before he knew it. And he'd like it, I'm sure. It would stir his blood up, that's what a sickly kid like that wants, — something to stir up his blood. George! it's a sin and a shame to keep trundling around a chap twelve years old like he was a bottle-baby. You ought to show him a little boy fun. It would do him good."

"I believe it would," said Bunty. "He has dull times for sure, and he never saw even a movie yet. I'll tell him about it to-morrow."

"You'd better," rejoined Nick, with an evil gleam in his eye that Bunty did not see. "To-morrow will be the last day of the show. There's a matinée at three o'clock, and you can get in for ten cents. You could wheel him down and be back before any one knew it. And I tell you that smoking mountain is worth seeing. Nobody that can raise ten cents ought to miss it."

And Nick proceeded to descant on the glowing wonders of the great show, until Bunty was able to retail the description most vividly as he pushed Tommy out into the wintry sunlight of the next afternoon.

"'The Last Days of Pompeii,'" said Tommy, kindling into eager interest. "I've read all about that in my books. The big volcano burst out and buried everything and everybody under burning lava. Golly! it must be a fine show."

"It is," replied Bunty. "There's pictures of it on all the walls and fences downtown,—fire and smoke everywhere, all the people running for the boats to get away." "Yes," said Tommy; "and there was a blind girl leading them, because she could find her way in the dark where no one else could see. I've read all about it, and it's all true. Dr. Dave has been there. He saw people digging up the old houses that were buried for more than two thousand years. Yes, I'd like to see that show, Bunty."

"Well, why can't you?" asked Bunty, who felt he would like very much to see it himself. "It's in a big tent, where they will let me push you in. I'll take you if you want to go."

"Oh, I do---I do!" said Tommy, breathlessly. "But maybe I ought to ask dad."

"What for?" queried Bunty, who had never felt obliged to ask anybody's permission for a boyish venture. "If you've got a quarter, that will take us both in. And if you're going, we'd better start."

Again Tommy hesitated. But the weeks of freedom had made him bold. He felt, sure of Bunty's quick eye and steady hand. The street was full of gay crowds bent on pleasure for this bright afternoon. What was there to fear?

"Push away, then!" he said cheerily. And Bunty pushed away into perils of which he little dreamed.

It was a very big show indeed, this "Last Days of Pompeii,"—so big that it could not be effectively housed in any of the movie theatres proper, but carried a 'tent of its own, to be set up in any vacant lot the show's resources could command. The vacant lot this time happened to be one recently cleared for building purposes, in an unsavory neighborhood that was being rapidly demolished by civic decree. All around were houses, more or less dilapidated, renting at nominal sums while they awaited the destruction demanded by the lines of a great railway that was to make its terminal here.

And by the wide, broken window of one of these houses, that commanded a clear view of the entrance to the great show, Mr. Nick Ware and Foxy Kane stood watching now.

"It's only a chance that they'll come," Nick was saying; "but it's the chance we've been waiting for, and we can't let it slip. It will be dusk before the show is over, and there will be a push for the cars; and we can tumble over the kid's rolling chair, and naturally pick him up out of the crowd. Nobody will know nothing about him but Bunt, you see; and I can fix things with him. And you'll have the machine waiting to kerry the kid 'home.' Why, it's dead easy, Foxy,--easy as falling off a log. Here you've been fussing and fuming because we couldn't do nothing; and see how dead easy it works out, after all?"

"I don't see anything dead easy yet," snarled Foxy. "Here I've been hanging around three weeks, listening to your pipe dreams, and wasting good money on them. And now it's ten dollars for the motor car we've got waiting for this wild goose chase. I am a fool to believe anything you tell me about the kid and your brother."

"Are you?" asked Nick, catching the speaker's arm excitedly. "Look there, then, Foxy Kane,—look there and say whether I am a fool or liar!" And he pointed with a shaking finger to the street below, where a white wicker rolling chair was being cautiously pushed through the crowd that was pressing forward to the entrance of the show. "There's our game!" added Nick, triumphantly. "There's Bunt and Tommy Travers walking straight into our trap!"

It had been a long push,—rather longer than Bunty had supposed; for Duffys' Court lay at the other end of the town, by the docks and waterways, and this neighborhood was comparatively strange to him. But he had scouted around here sometimes, picking up jobs about railroad sheds and freight cars. So he had no trouble in finding his way, by easy stages; and Tommy had reached the great show without feeling jolt or jar.

It was a Tommy, quite breathless with wonder and delight, that pulled out his silver pocketbook and cheerfully paid the dollar demanded by the doorkeeper for the entrance of his chair.

"It's all right, Bunt!" he said to his companion, who was prepared fiercely to dispute this "gouge." "You see, I take up a lot of room, and must pay for it."

"Maybe the young gentleman would like a private box," suggested an obsequious usher. "We've got four of them, red velvet hangings and cushioned chairs; five dollars the choice. You'd be out of the crowd then."

"Oh, no!" said Tommy, while Bunty glared speechlessly at the extortioner. "I don't think I want a box. I like the crowd. Just find me a nice corner where I won't be in the way," added Tommy, with a friendly smile that won good-will wherever he went, — good-will that all dad's millions could not buy. And the busy usher warmed into kindly interest at once, and found the white wicker chair a nice corner that commanded a dollar view of the stage, as even Bunty was forced o agree.

And then the orchestra tuned up into martial music. Black darkness fell upon the crowded tent as the staged picture. burst into light and glow, and all things vanished from Tommy's thoughts but the wondrous scenes before him. Never in all his shadowed, sheltered, suffering young life had his imagination been kindled by such vivid glow and color and motion; never had he even dreamed of such realistic picturing as now held him speechless almost breathless. He was no longer crippled Tommy Travers in his white wicker rolling chair: he was moving through the bright Italy of two thousand years ago,—through groves and gardens and pillared halls, where steam and electricity, telegraphs and telephones had no place; where even this great New World in which he lived was still unknown. Fountains were playing, youths and maidens dancing to the music of lyres and lutes; there was but one shadow on the bright scene — the tall mountain that

rose dark and frowning against the sunlit sky.

But Tommy knew what was to come. With parted lips and shining eyes, and little thin hands clinching the cushioned arms of his chair, he waited the denouement. Ah, if Tommy had only guessed there were shadows blacker than that pictured mountain hovering near him now,—peril almost as deadly as that lava burst of long ago threatening his sheltered life! Evil eyes were watching him as he sat there in the darkness,—eyes that had no pity or mercy in their glance.

But, all unconscious of danger, the little "Major" sat in breathless wonder and interest as, with crash and roar most realistic, Vesuvius burst into flame and smoke. Floods of burning lava swept down upon grove and garden and temple as, struggling in firelit clouds, the terrorstricken crowds rushed wildly to the sea. In a grand *finale* of thunder and lightning, and stormy waves engulfing the maddened throngs, the show came to a fitting close.

"Golly, but that was fine!" exclaimed Tommy, drawing a long breath, as the lights flashed up and he was back in the twentieth-century world, with a hurrying crowd pressing around him. "It was the finest thing I ever saw, Bunt. But we'd better push home quick. It must be pretty late."

"It is," said Bunty, anxiously. "I never pushed you out this late before. And this durned crowd here won't let us pass.— Get out of the way here, you fool kid!" growled Tommy's guardian, as a small boy stumbled before him.

"Fool kid yourself!" was the indignant retort in a familiar little pipe, that quavered into delighted surprise as the speakers' eyes met in recognition. "Jing! if it ain't Bunty Ware!" cried Joey Burke, — "Bunty Ware and Tommy Travers!—Dad, dad,"—Joey caught the hand of the big, blue-coated officer just ahead of him. "Look who's here, dad! Tommy Travers—Tommy Travers who was so good to us at Saint Gabriel's!"

"Eh, God bless us!" cried the good man, who was off duty for the day to give his just-returned Joey a "bit of a lark." "Tommy Travers is it, the little corker in the rolling chair? And what in the name of all the saints is a poor little cripple like that doing in this kind of a shindy? Here!"-and Officer Burke, in all the majesty of his buttons and baton, swung to Bunty's side. "Give me hold of the chair, lad! You can't get through this push. Hold on to Joey there, while I get this little lad here safe through the crowd. I'll go home wid ye," said the big policeman as they reached the darkening street. "Sure this is no place for the like of ye, me boy! Ye're not at Saint Gabriel's wid the blessed angels watching over ye. Remember that," added Joey's honest dad, all unconscious that one of the best of guardian angels just now was his own big, blue-coated self.

The pressing, hurrying crowd made way good-humoredly at the sturdy officer's word. The two evil shadows watching for the white wicker chair stared for a moment in bewilderment as they saw its guardian, and then leaped into the automobile waiting near by, and swept off, cursing, into the darkness, as Officer Burke pushed Tommy safely home.

(To be continued.)

### A Puzzling Study.

In former times, when every family of distinction had its coat-of-arms and crest, much pains was taken to have the accompanying motto comply with the rules of heraldry. It was required to be brief and ingeniously suggestive; not too puzzling, nor too easily understood, nor too arrogant. And it was not to be worded in the mother tongue of him who bore it. Another rule was that the motto should not contain more than eight syllables. This last requisite was not so easy a matter as it may appear to the person who has never tried to put a pithy saying into very few words, and very short ones.

To young people with a taste for looking up the customs of former days, the study of heraldry would be an entertaining pastime as well as an instructive one. Think of the mottoes made familiar through their place in history. Each one complies with all these requirements, and is never too long, and always sweetly humble without losing its dignity. There is the motto of the Order of the Garter, "Evil to him who evil thinks"; that of the English kings, "God and my right"; that of Pope Leo X., "The yoke of the Lord is sweet," surmounting the yoke which was his crest.

In the seventeenth century devices began to go out of fashion, and they survive only in the coats-of-arms of older families. But there is, even in our republican America, a renewed interest in the mysteries of the Herald's College; and it is whispered that in London one can buy a fine coat-of-arms—crest, motto and all—if he can afford to pav a good price for it.

### The Legend of the Jessamine.

When Our Lord died upon the Cross, there was, as now, a profusion of flowers growing around Jerusalem. Among them was the jessamine, which springs up luxuriantly in that region, and which was then of a beautiful rose-color. On the awful day of the Crucifixion, when the earth quaked, and the veil of the Temple was rent in twain, all the delicate and tender flowers died from fright and sorrow; but these beautiful jessamine blossoms hid their lovely heads behind their glossy leaves, and endured the grief and shame with Our Lord. Only when He was dead did they venture forth, and lo! they were white instead of pink. Endurance in trouble and sorrow is the lesson that they teach.

# THE AVE MARIA

# WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

-A list of books soon to be published by Messrs. Constable & Co. includes "Essays on War," by Mr. Hilaire Belloc.

—A volume of spiritual letters written to one of his converts by the late Monsignor Benson, with a preface by his brother, Mr. A. C. Benson, is announced for early publication by Longmans, Green, & Co.

--Katharine Tynan's new novel, "The House of the Foxes," just published by Messrs. Smith & Elder, is described as "a story of modern love in an ancient Irish castle, and the coming together after many trials of the only two who are able to lift an ancestral curse."

-The Catholic Directory of the British West Indies contains, besides the statistics usual to such publications, various other valuable bits of information on diverse subjects of Catholic interest. Indeed, an index would seem to be required to render this directory more readily serviceable.

-A paper read by Dr. W. H. Grattan-Flood at a recent meeting of the Royal Society of Antiquaries of Ireland has been reprinted from the *Journal of the Proceedings* of that Society. He supplies many quaint extracts from the account-book of Ferdinand Weber, a well-known Dublin harpsichord and organ maker in his day.

-One of the things that a reviewer has to be thankful for is the occasional advent to his desk of a novel such as "The Elder Miss Ainsborough," by Marion Ames Taggart. (Benziger Bros.) Clean and wholesome, full of excellent character-drawing, abounding in sentiment that never degenerates into sentimentality, redolent of quiet charm, and shot through and through with genial humor, the story is a delight in the perusal, and a pleasant memory when its reading is finished.

-Inasmuch as all of Mgr. Benson's work was self-revealing, there is little of the man left to be portrayed by his verse, which is now handsomely issued in a little volume of twentythree titles. A note of introduction is contributed by Mr. Wilfrid Meynell, while Canon Sharrock's account of Mgr. Benson's last days makes an appropriate appendix. The novelist, the controversialist, the preacher were all greater than the poet in Robert Hugh Benson; he had not the "genius for verse." But he managed verse remarkably well, as he did everything to which he put his hand. It strikes the reviewer that, whereas the prose Benson has at his best the glow and thrill of Francis Thompson, the poetic Benson is most indebted, as an influence, to the author of "The Christian Year." A photogravure likeness as frontispiece makes the book seem all the more personal. For sale in the United States by P. J. Kenedy & Sons.

—Our foreign exchanges chronicle the death of the venerable Abbé Vigouroux, of the Society of San Sulpice, first secretary of the Vatican Biblical Commission and the author of numerous valuable books, including a dictionary of the Bible. His death, which is a heavy loss to his community and to Biblical scholarship, will be mourned all over the world. R. I. P.

-Exquisite form lends additional charm to "Les Cloches des Morts," by the author of "By the Gray Sea," etc. (Sands & Co.; B. Herder.) It is an intimate little volume, taking one quite into the author's heart. Anonymous though he is, one feels that one really knows him. His holiday in the old Norman town, his experience of the Church's comfort for those bereaved by death, his reflections on the great mystery itself and his own hinted-at, hallowed romance,-all these reveal a very charming and truly Catholic soul. We regret that the text was not better fitted to the small-sized page on which it appears. Thus, pages 27-32 are all one paragraph, as are also pages 32-37 and 47-54.

-"The Unfolding of the Little Flower" (Sister Theresa of Lisieux), by the Very Rev. N. M. Cunningham, V. F., is an issue of the "Sanctity in our own Days" series. (Kingscote Press.) There is no indication given of what number it is in that series. The work purports to be, quoting from its title-page, "A. Study of the Life and Spiritual Development of the Servant of God, Sister Theresa of the Child Jesus, Professed Religious of the Carmel of Lisieux." Its author is, we learn from the same source, "Rector of the Church of St. Thomas the Martyr, Sevenoaks, Kent, Vicar Forane for the County of Kent, Notary Public and Archivist of the Diocesan Curia of Southwark." The work does not aim to be a biography; the Little Flower has spared others that duty, having herself written, under obedience, her own life. "The Unfolding of the Little Flower" is rather, so to speak, a piece of spiritual botanizing, undertaken and executed in most reverent spirit. Materially, the volume, though bound in paper, is very attractive; and the illustrations are particularly good. But there is bad grammar on pages 13, 16, 18, 40 and 47. His Emimence Cardinal Gasquet contributes a preface.

-A poet among poets was the unfortunate young Englishman, Digby Mackworth Dolhen, a new edition of whose poems, with a memoir by Robert Bridges, has just appeared in London. Dolben's guide and friend declares that his work is "not only of rare promise but occasionally of the rarest attainment, and its beauties are original." The following stanzas are 1 art of a "dream" with which a long rhapsody of spiritual conflict concludes:

> The Lion of the tribe of Judah, He Has conquered, but in Wounds and Agony. The ensign of His triumph is the Rood; His royal robe is purple, but with Blood.

And we who follow in His martyr-train Have access only through the courts of pain. Yet on the Via Dolorosa He Precedes us in His sweet humanity.

A Man shall be a covert from the heat, Whereon in vain the sandy noon shall beat; A Man shall be a perfect summer sun, When all the western lights are paled and gone.

A Man shall be a Father, Brother, Spouse,

A land, a city, and perpetual house;

A Man shall lift us to the angels' shore;

A Man shall be our God for evermore.

It is painfully interesting to learn that but for his father's influence Dolben would have died in the Church. But, then, Almighty God seeth the heart.

# The Latest Books.

#### A Guide to Good Reading.

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

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

- "Les Cloches des Morts." Author of "By the Gray Sea." 75 cts.
- "Poems." Rt. Rev. R. H. Benson. 75 cts.
- "The Elder Miss Ainsborough." Marion Ames Taggart. \$1.25.
- "The Unfolding of the Little Flower." Very Rev. N. M. Cunningham, V. F. \$1.25.
- "Can Germany Win?" \$1.
- "Emmanuel." Archbishop John Joseph Keane. \$1.
- "How to Help the Dead." St. Augustine. 50 cts.

- "A History of the Commandments of the Church." Rev. A. Villien. \$1.50.
- "The Straight Path." Rev. M. J. Phelan, S. J. 80 cts.
- "What Faith Really Means." Rev. Henry G. Graham, M. A. 15 cts.

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#### Obituary.

#### Remember them that are in bands .- HEB., xiii, 3.

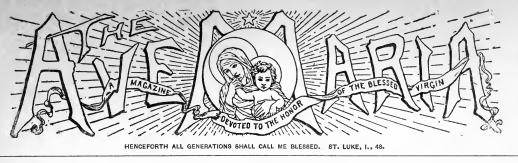
Rt. Rev. Joseph Fox, of the diocese of Green Bay; Rev. Thomas Campbell, archdiocese of Dubuque; Rt. Rev. James O'Connor, diocese of Albany; Rev. Bernard Klein, diocese of La Crosse; and Rev. Charles Corley, archdiocese of New York.

Brother Brendan, C. S. C.

Sister Ann Stanislaus, of the Sisters of Charity; Mother M. Joseph and Mother M. Benedict, Order of St. Ursula.

Mr. Edward Walpole, Mr. Louis Zecher, Miss Bridget Torpey, Mr. Philip Enders, Mrs. Catherine McHugh, Mr. Joseph Wickert, Sr., Mr. F. J. Kenny, Miss Mary R. Johnson, Mr. Patrick Ryan, Mrs. Mary Krownapple, Mr. Joseph McDonald, Mrs. Josephine Duras, Mr. John Sloan, Mrs. Mary Braun, Mrs. Anastasia Purtell, Mr. Samuel Ludwig, Mrs. Margaret Moynihan, Mrs. Mary Noonan, Miss Ellen Rossiter, Mr. David Young, Mr. Charles Mair, Miss Mary Carroll, Mrs. W. Ray, Mrs. Mary Magee, Mr. John Benner, Mrs. Rose Powers, Miss Catherine Hughes, Mr. John Welby, Mrs. Elizabeth Brophy, Mr. Edward Halbert, and Mr. J. E. Pfaff.

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



VOL. I. (New Series.)

#### NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, APRIL 3, 1915.

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## Our Lady's Easter.

BY THE REV. EDMUND HILL, C. P.

 ${\mathfrak S}_{
m HE}^{
m HE}$  knelt, expectant, through the night; For He had promised. In her face The pure soul beaming, full of grace,

But sorrow-tranced—a frozen light.

But ere her eastward lattice caught The glimmer of the breaking day, No more in Joseph's garden lay The buried picture of her thought.

The seal'd stone shut a void, and lo, The Mother and the Son had met!

For her a day that ne'er should set Had burst upon the night of woe.

In sudden glory stood He there,

And gently raised her to His breast; And on His Heart, in perfect rest, She leaned her own in voiceless prayer.

Enough for her that He has died,

And lives, to die again no more: The foe despoil'd, the combat o'er, The Victor crowned and glorified.

The Paschal Candle.

#### BY JOSEPH MAY.



HE use of lights in religious services has come down to us from the ages called Dark. To the query, "Why do we

carry candles?" Pope Innocent answered: "We carry candles because the Gentiles dedicated the month of February to the infernal gods; and as, at the beginning of it, Pluto stole Proserpine, and her mother, Ceres, sought her in the night with lighted candles, so they, in the beginning of this month, walked about the city with lighted candles. The holy Fathers could not utterly extirpate this custom, so they ordained that Christians should carry about candles in honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary; and thus, what was done before in. memory of Ceres, is now done in the honor of the Virgin Mother."

The "lighted candle" with which the disconsolate Ceres sought her lost daughter was a torch kindled from the flames of Mount Etna; and it is for this reason that she is always represented as holding a flaming torch in her left hand. Her principal festivals were celebrated in the month of April and lasted eight days, during which the Roman matrons who assembled to do her honor carried lighted torches in memory of her search for Proserpine.

But, while lights of some kind or other may be said to have figured in religious worship from the remotest ages, the candle, as we now understand the term, is comparatively modern, although it would be difficult to say at what precise period it was first used. The Oriental liturgies all speak of the lights used at Mass. St. Paulinus of Nola writes of "altars crowded with a forest of lights"; and another authority, Micrologus, says: "According to the Roman order, we never celebrate Mass without lights, .... using them as a type of that Light . . . without which, even in midday, we grope as in the night." Elfric (947) ordered lights at Mass, "not so much to dispel darkness

as in honor of Christ, who is our Light."

The Paschal Candle is symbolic of our Divine Lord, its five grains of blessed incense representing His five wounds and the precious spices with which He was anointed. In the early ages of Christianity, the fire struck for the kindling of lamps was blessed every day in 'some churches; and it was not till about the vear 100 that this benediction was reserved exclusively for Holy Saturday. And it is from the Lumen Christi, blessed upon that day, that the Paschal Candle is ignited. The use of the Paschal Candle can be traced to the time of Pope Zosimus (417), and it is supposed to have existed even before that date. At all events, the words of the Exultet, sung by the deacon as he blesses the candle, are attributed to St. Augustine.

The use of artificial lights as emblematic of our Divine Lord has no doubt been largely inspired by the various passages in both the Old and New Testament in which He is spoken of as "Light." The Prophet Isaias (ix, 2) compares Him to "a great Light," and says that "to them who dwell in the region of the shadow of death a Light is risen." When the holy old man Simeon held the Divine Infant in his trembling arms in the Temple, he spoke of Him as a "Light to the revelation of the Gentiles."\* And Ambrose Serle, in his "Essay on the Names and Titles of Christ," shows how the rabbis regarded Him as a divine Light destined to lead them to eternal peace. "Thy word is a lamp to my feet," says the Psalmist, "and a light to my paths." † To St. John Jesus was "the true Light which enlighteneth every man coming into the world." And, more than all else, Christ tells us with His own Divine lips that He is "the Light of the World." ‡ Writing to Vigilantius, St. Jerome says: "Wherever the Gospel is read lights are produced,-not, indeed, to banish darkness, but to demonstrate a sign of joy: that, under the type of a corporal light, \* St. Luke, ii, 32. † Ps. cxviii, 105. ‡ St. John, viii, 12. that light may be manifested of which we read in the Psalmist: 'Thy word, O Lord, is a lamp to my feet and a light to my paths.'" Speaking of the lights carried by neophytes in baptism, St. Gregory compares them to the "lamps of faith with which the radiant souls shall hasten forth to meet the Bridegroom."

"The pure wax," says a standard liturgical writer, "symbolizes Our Lord's humanity, which was stainless and sinless; and the light, His divinity, which always shone forth and illumined His every action." Early in the sixth century, Ennodius, Bishop of Pavia, gave three reasons why a wax candle should be used for religious purposes. First, because the rush wick, having come out of pure water, was an emblem of purity; secondly, because the wax, being produced by virgin bees, typified chastity (both bees and fish were regarded as sexless); and, thirdly, because the flame suggested the love that descended from heaven. Durandus likens the wax to the body of Christ, the wick to His soul, the flame to His divine nature, and the actual burning of the candle to His lingering passion and death.

According to the learned Abbé Châtelain, the ancestor of the modern Paschal Candle was not a candle, but rather a big wax column on which the dates of the movable feasts were inscribed. He tells us furthermore that the custom of thus recording dates still survived in his own day in the Cluniac churches, the dates of the feasts being written on sheets of paper which were fastened to the Paschal candles.

In the ancient churches of Rome, the Paschal candlesticks were usually fixtures, and frequently of great size and of elaborate design. One of the sights of the cathedral of Durham before the Reformation was the "Paschal," as it was called. This was a huge candlestick of highly polished brass, the central stem of which was about thirty-eight feet high, and in this the regulation Easter Candle was placed; the combined height of candlestick and candle being at least seventy feet. From the central stem long branches, furnished with smaller candles, stretched toward the four cardinal points. Owing to its enormous length, this Paschal Candle had to be lighted from above, there being an opening in the roof for the purpose. Contrary to the general custom which placed the Paschal candles on the north side just below the first ascent to the high altar, the Durham candle stood in the centre of the altar steps.

The Paschal Candle used at Lincoln in 1300 weighed three stone; and that burned in Westminster Abbey on Easter Sunday 1558 weighed three hundred and thirty-six pounds. What was left of these gigantic candles, after they had served their purpose, was made into smaller candles to be used at the funerals of the poor. In the record of bygone expenses preserved in the church of St.-Mary-at-Hill, in the city of London, there is the following curious entry: "For a quarter of coles for the hallowed fire on Easter Eve, 6d. To the clerk and sexton for two men watching the sepulchre from Good Friday to Easter Eve, and for their meate and drinke, 14d. For the sepulchre for divers naylis, and wyre and glu, 9d. Also payed Thomas Joyner for making of the same sepulchre 4s."

Here is an account for candles at Heybridge in the time of Henry VIII.: "For 2 pounds of wax against Christmas, 15. 8d. The striking of the said wax,  $1\frac{1}{2}d$ . For 2 pounds of tallow candles against the same feast,  $2\frac{1}{2}d$ . For 8 pounds of wax against Easter, 6s. 8d."

"The bachelors of the parish of Heybridge have delivered the nine tapers belonging to the sepelchure at the Feast of Easter. each containing 5 pounds of wax, and they have above all charges 5s. 10d.; and so remaineth in the stock clearly above all 43 pounds of wax, which resteth in the hands of Richard Langore, wax chandler.

"Also in the said year the maidens of

the said parish have delivered in the nine tapers belonging to the said sepelchure, at the Feast of Easter, every taper containing 5 pounds of wax; and they have above all charges 25. 10d."

Bishop Grandisson, at his church at Ottery St. Mary, ordained that a lamp of oil should burn all day, and a mortar, or cresset, by night (since it does not burn out so soon as a lamp), in a proper and convenient place, in honour of the Body of Christ. The tapers on Our Lady's altar were to be lighted not only during her Mass, but at her antiphon after Compline. After these and other dispositions, the Bishop continues: "Lest these lights which we have ordained to the honour of God and the Mother of the Eternal Light shall ever, which God forbid, be withdrawn or diminished by the carelessness or malice or avarice of those who, as sons of darkness, seek rather their own than what belongs to Jesus Christ, we have made the above regulations. If any, inspired by God's grace, increase the luminary, may God increase their light here and hereafter, and may eternal light shine upon them! But as to those who take away these lights, may they fall into the outer darkness, where is weeping and gnashing of teeth, unless they quickly repent!"

The use of "Christ's Dish," as it was called at Easter, is thus explained by an old chronicler: "Eustace, Abbot of Flay, was sent into England by the Pope, and preached with great miracles. He exhorted men to take the cross for the recovery of the Holy Land, to give up markets and servile work on Sundays [3 p. m. Saturday to sunrise on Monday morning]; he bade the rich keep on their table 'Christ's Dish,' into which each person put some part of his meat for the poor; and to the rectors of churches and priests; as well as to the people, he gave frequent admonitions that a light should burn continually before the Eucharist, in order that He who enlightens every man who cometh into this world might,

in reward for this temporal light, grant them the eternal light of glory."

But it is not only artificial light that is regarded as symbolic of the Eternal Light: the sun itself even in pre-Christian times served to remind men of the Almighty One, and was worshipped by the natives of Mexico. The moment of its rising had a sacred significance even when the world was steeped in idolatry, and it has a still more solemn and holy one since the glorious ravs of the Sun of Justice have pierced the darkness of infidelity and dissipated its shadows.

### The Secret Bequest.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

### XIV.



T is probable that, like most converts, Bernard Chisholm had been asked often before the question which Honora now addressed to him; but there was something in her manner of asking it which made him hesitate for a minute before he replied:

"I think I have told you once before that the answer to that question might lead us very far-besides being rather egotistical on my part."

"Never mind about being egotistical," she said. "And as for leading us far, I remember your telling me so; but you also promised that, when we were better acquainted, you would explain what I wanted to know. And I'm sure you don't make promises without intending to keep them."

"But sometimes one promises rashly," he confessed. "I can't believe that the history of my conversion would really interest you-"

The challenge in her glance cut him short.

"I'm sure you know better than that," she said. "You must know that everything you say on the subject interests me. It's as if you opened slightly the door into a new and different world of thought and feeling, and then shut it in my face."

"Oh, no!" he protested. "I can't have been so rude as to shut any door in your face."

"But that is exactly what you have done," she insisted. "From our first meeting, whenever your religion has been mentioned, you have changed the subject in a way I can compare only to the closing of a door."

"And can't you give me credit for not wishing either to bore or to embarrass you?" he asked. "I've found that my friends are very likely to be bored or embarrassed by any allusion to my (in their opinion) objectionable religion."

"I'm afraid you are very disingenuous," she told him. "It's impossible that you could honestly think you would either bore or embarrass me by allusion to a subject which interests me so deeply, if only because it has brought so tremendous a change into my life."

"But that's the very reason why it has seemed necessary to avoid it," he explained. "Under the conditions of your inheritance, it would be in-very bad taste, shall we say?-for me to discuss it with you."

"I can't see why."

"Oh,' I think you must! And, at all events, I do."

There was a brief pause, and then-

"So Miss Rainesford was right!" Honora observed reflectively. "I spoke to her of the closed door, and she suggested that possibly you did not wish to discuss the subject with me because you were afraid of unsettling my faith, and perhaps putting me in the same position in which you were placed-without your courage to meet it."

"Is it possible Miss Rainesford said that!" he exclaimed.

"Well, not exactly the last," Honora replied. "That was only my interpretation of what she did say. But she was quite explicit about the danger of unsettling my faith, so I must tell you that there's no need of such consideration. I can discuss the claims of the Catholic Church without any danger to my faith such as it is."

The last words were uttered involuntarily, and so low that only Bernard's quick ear enabled him to catch them. He looked at her wonderingly.

"In that case," he said, "I'm unable to understand why you should be interested in discussing the claims of the Catholic Church at all."

"Oh, you *are* dense!" she complained. "Excuse me, but really you are! Why, my interest is altogether personal, of course. As I've told you before, you've done so extraordinary a thing, made so extraordinary a sacrifice, that I am curious to know the nature of the influence which proved so powerful."

"But I can't explain what puzzles you without opening doors which would—"

"Lead one far? But please understand that I am not afraid of opening doors. I want to discover what lies behind them."

"You want to know exactly-?"

"Why you were led to change your religion; why you are apparently so well satisfied in it, notwithstanding all that it has cost you; and why you are sure if you *are* sure—that you could not be led to reconsider old claims, and change again?"

"To what?"

The question was very quiet, but she found it unexpectedly difficult to answer.

"To something broader, perhaps," she hazarded at length, — "to a religion that would leave your mind free, that would not fetter you with dogmas."

He smiled. "Is there such a religion?" he inquired. "There are theories and sentiments in abundance afloat in the world, but a religion without dogmas that is, without formulated beliefs, and the authority to make those beliefs binding on the consciences of men—does not and can not exist."

"See how dogmatic you become at once!" she said reprovingly. "Now, it seems to me that freedom is the most desirable thing in the world, and we know that the Catholic Church forbids all freedom of thought."

"Only with regard to those things which God has revealed," he explained; "and one wouldn't wish to make a mistake with regard to them, would one?"

"Not if one could be certain that they were revealed by God," she answered. "But that is where the difficulty comes in, you know."

"Yes, I know," he assented. "I have been through it all, have wandered in the morass of human opinion that is called freedom of thought, and been very grateful to find at last a guide to show me the one safe road to peace of soul here and eternal life hereafter. But I feel all sorts of a prig to be talking like this!" he broke off. "And I really shouldn't be discussing religion with you, so would you mind changing the subject?"

"I should mind very much," she replied decidedly. "Please go on. You found a guide, you say; but how did you find it? Miss Rainesford declares that personal influence doesn't make converts to Catholicity. Then what *does* make them?"

"You must have heard of the grace of God."

She looked at him with an astonishment which she made no attempt to disguise, and which was not so much for the statement as for the strangeness of hearing a young man say such things. They would have been strange enough from anybody, but from a young man! One must have been brought up as Honora had been, in an atmosphere of modern Protestantism, to realize just how extraordinary she found this.

"Yes, I've heard of it," she answered. "That was Miss Rainesford's explanation. But it is more mysterious than the other; for we don't know much about the grace of God — at least we are not accustomed to hearing it given as a reason for change of belief."

"That's quite true," he remarked. "I never heard a Protestant (unless he or she became a Catholic) attribute any change of religious belief to the grace of God. It is always purely and frankly a matter of personal taste and preference with them."

"Why not call it exercising the right of private judgment?" she asked. "And how is it different when one becomes a Catholic? Haven't you, for example, exercised private judgment and also personal preference in choosing your religion?"

"To a certain degree I have," he acknowledged. "When one is outside of the Church, one must use one's judgment in deciding on her claims. But there's so much more above and beyond this that it's quite impossible to attempt to describe it."

"It's clear that you don't care to make the attempt, so far as I am concerned," she said. "But I believe I understand what you mean. It was a fascination a strange, indefinable attraction  $\stackrel{\P}{-}$  that drew you. I know, because I, too, have felt it."

She had certainly succeeded in startling him now.

"You!" he exclaimed, — "you have felt-?"

She nodded. "Yes, I have felt in slight-oh, very slight-degree an attraction in Catholic churches which I haven't found anywhere else; or, to be strictly accurate, I should say that I have felt the attraction in one Catholic church, for I've seldom been in any other. It was a church that I passed every day on my way down-town in New York; and I was first attracted by its massive appearance, by an air about it — as if it were a stronghold and fortress of peace. I can use no other expression; for that is the idea which always occurred to mea fortress of peace. I noticed it for a long time before I ever went inside; but at last one day the attraction seemed to become irresistible, so I left my train in order to find out what the fortress really held,"

"And you found-?"

"That my instinct had been right, and that it held peace, — a wonderful, penetrating, pervading peace, such as I've never known any other place to hold. And—I don't know exactly how to say this — it wasn't the peace of mere stillness and silence which might be in any large, empty building. It was more than that: it was—"

"Yes?"

"As if the building *wasn't* empty in any real sense,—as if some influence filled and pervaded it, and gave one the strangest feeling of being rested and soothed and comforted all at once. Of course," she went on hastily, after a short pause, "I have no doubt that the explanation lies in my own state of mind at the time. I was so tired,—even more tired spiritually and mentally than physically; life stretched before me as so arid, so devoid of hope, or satisfaction of any kind; and I was besides so oppressed by cares and fears which it isn't necessary to enter into—"

"I understand," he said, in a tone of deep sympathy.

"That I was ready to be acted upon by any influence. And aren't we told that we can sometimes hypnotize ourselves?"

"We are told a great many absurd things," he replied; "but I hope you don't believe that you hypnotized yourself into feeling as you did in that church?"

"No, I can't believe that I did," she said; "for, if so, I ought to be able to produce the same state of feeling somewhere else, and I've never been able to do so."

"You've tried?"

"Yes, I've tried. You see, I had fallen into the habit of stopping occasionally on my way home, to spend a short time in the church of which I speak; it was like a spiritual bath of refreshment, which helped me to gather up my energies and go on with life. But after Mr. Maxwell came I had a feeling that I must not go there any more, — that it wouldn't be honorable to do so, since I had inherited a fortune on the condition I was not a Catholic."

"Had you ever thought of becoming a Catholic?" Bernard asked a little breathlessly.

"Oh, no!" she answered very decidedly. "I had never thought of it, and I knew nothing about the Church except what Protestants believe. But I had been conscious of what I suppose was a shadow of its fascination, so I felt that I must not continue to expose myself to that fascination after I had accepted Mr. Chisholm's money."

"I'm afraid he would have thought twice about leaving it to you, if he had known that you were paying visits to a Catholic church," Bernard remarked, with an irrepressible smile.

"I was quite certain of that," Honora said; "and therefore I didn't go back any more to the church which I still called my fortress of peace. But I missed it, even in the midst of the excitement of my last days in New York; and once or twice I went into other churches - not Catholic-in search of the same attraction. But I never found it. Some of them were very beautiful, and had everything in the way of architecture, stained glass, and religious emblems to make them devotional; but there was no spell about them: they were just empty buildings, and there was no more to be gained by going into them than into any other quiet place."

"And how do you explain the difference?" Bernard asked curiously.

"I can't explain it," she answered. "But, since you must have felt the same influence in much greater degree, perhaps you will explain it for me?"

"The explanation is to a Catholic the most obvious thing in the world," he told her. "The church simply wasn't empty: the Blessed Sacrament was there."

"You mean the—Host?" she queried. "I supposed so, when I saw people bowing toward the altar. But why should I, who am not a Catholic, and don't believe what Catholics do, have been conscious of Its presence?"

"God only knows," the young man answered a little desperately. "You can't expect me to interpret that. And—and you do not at all realize how far the subject would lead us? *I* realize, because I've been over the road, and I know how things hang together, — what an inexorable logic there is about the Catholic faith. So I can't take the responsibility of discussing it with you. If you are really interested, there are books and priests to tell you whatever you want to know."

"I am not at all interested in that way," she said hurriedly. "I haven't the least curiosity about the Catholic faith on my own account. My curiosity is altogether about *you*, and your attitude toward the religion which has cost you so much. I've been wondering if, perhaps, you haven't begun to regret your sacrifice a little. People say that converts are frequently disappointed after they join the Catholic Church, that a revulsion of feeling takes place, and—and that they often come back."

"Not often: on the contrary, very seldom," he said; "and never those who have been sincerely converted — that is, who have not acted from mere emotionalism, or from unworthy motives. So far as I am concerned" — he paused for a moment, — "I think that I have given sufficient proof that my conversion was sincere, and consequently must be lasting."

"Nobody could possibly question the sincerity of your conversion," she hastened to assure him. "But sincerity does not secure one against making mistakes. And all the more because of your sincerity you would be forced to recognize the fact if you had made a mistake, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, I should be forced to recognize it," he answered; "but there's nothing more wildly improbable—I may say impossible — than that I should ever recognized that I made a mistake in entering the Catholic Church. I waited a long time, and I counted all the cost before I took the step that seems to you so extraordinary. And now, instead of feeling the disappointment and revulsion of which you have spoken, I am filled with wonder that I could have waited at all, and that any cost seemed worth considering in comparison with the gain."

Very simple and very quiet both words and manner were, but they carried such a force of conviction in their simplicity and quietness that Honora was suddenly filled with a sense of the futility of further effort to accomplish the task laid upon her by the old man who was dead, together with a disappointment for which she was wholly unprepared. Had she really hoped to be able to influence Bernard Chisholm in the manner desired? She told herself that she had not entertained such hope; but to her surprise, and much to her discomfiture, she felt a mist of tears rising to her eyes.

"I'm sorry, — oh, I'm very sorry!" was all she could say.

"But why should you be sorry?" Bernard asked gently; for he saw the shining mist in the leaf-brown eyes, and was deeply touched by it. "Everything has happened for the best. I have gained, more than I can express; and you have profited by my loss, which is the greatest possible source of pleasure and satisfaction to me."

Then Honora laughed, as people sometimes laugh to avoid tears.

"You remind me," she said, "of a story I once read about one of your saints. It was in Mediæval times, and his brothers decided to go and become monks or hermits, or something of the kind, and wanted him to remain in the world to inherit the wealth and honors of their family. But he said, 'Do you call it a fair exchange to take heaven for your-

selves and leave the world for me?' And so he went along with them. Well, I don't mean that I approve of their ideas, but yours are strikingly like them. You congratulate yourself upon having gained eternal things, and you imply that I should be satisfied with inheriting the fortune you scorned. It's like the saint and his brothers — the higher choice for you, and for me—"

"But no choice has been asked of you," he reminded her. "The fortune came to you as a free gift: you were not required to choose between it and the grace of God."

She was about to reply, "No, I was not required to choose," when something like an illuminating flash of light upon the past made her stop and ask herself if there had really been no act of choice, no deliberate movement of the will, when she accepted the condition upon which wealth had been given her, and when she decided that she must not enter again the church where she had found such mysterious peace. Bernard saw a startled expression come into her eyes, and then she surprised him by rising abruptly.

"You are right," she said: "there is nothing at all to be gained by this discussion, for it's as if we were talking in different languages. I've seemed inexcusably persistent in forcing it on you; but I hope you'll believe that it wasn't merely from curiosity."

"I'm quite sure of that," he told her quickly. "I know that your interest has sprung from the kindness of your heart from sympathy with one whom you conceive to have been hardly treated, but who really wasn't, and who therefore must not accept sympathy to which he isn't entitled."

"You've told me that several times before, and I'll promise not to make you tell me again," she said. "Now come, and let us talk about the contract for the factory improvements."

(To be continued.)

# The Youth of France and the War.

BY THE COUNTESS DE COURSON.

HERE is no doubt that the gigantic struggle in which France and her allies are now engaged has like all great social up-

and her allies are now engaged has, like all great social upheavals, brought to the surface hidden reserves of moral strength and religious faith which, when life was easy, were less apparent to the casual observer. Our soldiers' letters from the front, the reports of our military chaplains, the anecdotes culled from the newspapers, and, above all, the personal experience of those who see France from *within*, — all point to a magnificent outburst of religious faith on the part of officers and men.

There are authentic stories told of certain trenches where the soldiers, led by the soldier-priests, pray together several times a day, where the Rosary is recited aloud at stated times, and where on feast days Holy Communion is brought to the fighters in their soaked and sodden retreats. Farther from the line of fire, Mass, said in some village church by a soldier-priest, is attended by a numerous and devout congregation of military men. It is they who lead the singing, and who, when the Mass is said in a deserted village, act as acolytes.

Best of all, the wounded and the dying are eager for the ministrations of a priest, and, according to a military chaplain with a wide experience, it hardly ever happens that the priest's advances are repulsed: on the contrary, professed anti-clericals frankly recognize that, since the war, their views with regard to religious matters have altered. "The cannon is an eloquent missionary," said one of our military chaplains; and, in presence of danger, many so-called sceptics realize the hollowness of arguments that hold good in times of safety. Indeed, the happy influence of the soldier-priests over their comrades can not be over-

rated,—not that they preach, but they act, which is still more convincing.

These different causes go far to explain the religious revival that has been fanned into flame by the war. But we must remember that its seeds were sown beforehand. The ground upon which so rich a harvest has sprung up was carefully prepared, at the cost of much labor. The heroic attitude of our Catholic soldiers is the result of years of persevering efforts on the part of the priests and laymen who devoted their time to social work among the French youth. For the last quarter of a century, there has been a steady increase in the number 'and activity of the institutions — guilds, "patronages," religious and social associations that bind together the Catholic youth of France. Recognizing the undoubted fact that the tendency of the day is to develop all social associations, the Catholics wisely took the lead in a movement that, if directed into the right channels, might serve the interests of the Church.

Among these institutions the "Association Catholique de la Jeunesse Française," commonly called the A. C. J. F., has a prominent position. It was founded twenty-five years ago, under the auspices of Count Albert de Mun; and it numbered, when the war broke out, over one hundred thousand associates, belonging to all ranks of society. Their object is purely social and religious. They aim at forming an army of disciplined workers, ready to fight the battles of the Church, under the guidance of her priests, when and where the peril is most pressing. Among these young men are landed proprietors, lawyers, clerks, and farmers. They often meet to draw up their plans of campaign or to examine ways and means; they are bound to avoid political discussions, and obedience to the Church and to her representatives is strongly impressed upon them. Before the war, the influence of the A. C. J. F. was considerable; its last congress excited general interest, and we know of some small towns where the excellent attitude and intelligent activity of its members has happily influenced public opinion.

The patronages, for boys of the working classes, which exist in all our large towns, also successfully waged war against the evil teaching of the government schools, which are generally atheistical. But in the country villages, where the government schoolmaster is feared by the ignorant peasants, his influence is greater than in the towns, and meets with less opposition. Hence the remark that has been made by all those who know France well, that the religious revival, so perceptible before the war, began in our large cities, whence it must in time spread to the villages.

Even the sporting spirit, that of late years has developed among the youth of France, was made use of by the Catholics; and a well-known Parisian medical man. Dr. Michany, spent his time and his fortune in organizing "Les Gymnastes Catholiques," who took part in all the matches organized throughout the country; and even from a technical standpoint, they did credit to their training. The spirit of the association was openly Catholic. It had branches in our chief towns, where the members successfully counteracted the pernicious influence of other associations that, under cover of sport, were instrumental in spreading antireligious and revolutionary doctrines.

Thus, during the years that preceded the war, in spite of the unrelenting opposition of the official world, the impoverished and harassed Catholics of France labored for the spiritual benefit of the youth of their country. Notwithstanding a thousand difficulties, they perseveringly stemmed the tide of atheism. They also proved their wisdom by adopting, in the interests of their work, the modern methods that have superseded the simpler ways of former times. By their intelligent attitude with regard to the demands of the twentieth-century working-men, they honored the Church and proved her to be in touch with all the social changes that may benefit her children.

When, eight months ago, the war broke out, all the men of France between the age of twenty and forty-eight were called upon to serve in the army. The young, men-trained by the associations, guilds, and patronages to consider it their duty to promote not only their own salvation but also that of their neighbors-responded to the call with heroic generosity. There was, as is natural, an element of vouthful enthusiasm in their eagerness to take up their post at the front; but this feeling was steadied by the conviction that, in face of an ordeal that tests the highest courage, soldiers who had the advantages of a religious training, who professed to be practical Catholics, were bound to do more than their duty. Instances are plentiful of the acts of self-sacrifice to which this conviction has led the Catholic young men of France. The patient work-often prosecuted with much trouble and grievous disappointments during many years-is now giving its results.

The Abbé E----, director of one of the most important patronages in Paris, has three hundred members of his association on the firing line; more than twenty others have been killed within the lasteight months. He is in constant touch with his "boys," who are either wellto-do workmen, bank clerks or tradesmen. Their letters are the reward of the care and attention he has expended for years past on his patronnés. They are brimful of patriotism, courage, self-sacrifice, and apostolic zeal. One of these lads has just written a letter to the Abbé, proving that the lessons of thoughtfulness for others, taught to him in the patronage, are not forgotten on the battlefield.

He lay, grievously wounded, for a day and a night between the French and German lines. Close to him lay another soldier, even more severely injured than himself, and who, in despair at being left

to suffer and die unaided, uttered words of anger and rebellion that drew his neighbor's attention. The young Catholic soon forgot his own sufferings in his desire to help the poor soul that was fast drifting into eternity. By a supreme effort, he crawled as near as possible to the other's side; and soon discovered that he was in presence of a rabid anticlerical, more ignorant perhaps than wilfully rebellious, whose past was a dark record of evil deeds. The boy's heart went out to his fellow-sufferer; his earnest faith made him eloquent. He explained, argued, exhorted, so clearly and sweetly, with such infinite patience, that, God's grace doing the rest, the dying sinner was brought to repentance and to prayer. No priest was at hand to absolve him, but he died with an act of faith and contrition on his lips, speeded into eternity by the fervent intercession of the soldier at his side. The latter was eventually rescued by the French stretcher-bearers.

From the father of another lad (the hero of the tale) we hear the following account. Pierre F---- was an ardent member of the "Association Catholique de la Jeunesse Française." He was studying law in Paris, and, both in Paris and at his home in the provinces, was eager to promote Catholic interests by all means in his power. When the war broke out, he joined the ranks with the young recruits belonging to the "class of 1914," who, in normal circumstances, would have become soldiers last They were, on account of November. the war, called to serve three months earlier, and were sent to the dépôt of their regiment to learn their new duties. Pierre's father, a widower, who leaned on his boy as on his best friend, knew that some weeks, perhaps months, must elapse before his son's military instruction would be completed and he would be sent to the front. Suddenly he received a letter saying that his boy had already taken up his post. He wrote to ask for

an explanation of this unexpected departure, and received the following answer: "Forgive me, my dear father, when I tell you what has happened. Three *territoriaux* — men over forty, fathers of families, whose wives and children are dependent upon them --- were called to the front; and, seeing their distress, I and two of my comrades offered to take their place. Our offer was accepted, and we are now on the firing line. I believe that, professing as we do to be practical Catholics, we are bound to honor our education by performing more than our duty. My mother from heaven seemed to approve." We may add that two of these lads were killed near Ypres. The writer of the letter is reported as "missing."

The same feeling is prevalent among soldiers of all classes of society; but in those who have received a Catholic training, the sense of patriotism and military discipline is glorified by a supernatural desire to honor God by the sacrifice of their lives for the salvation of their country. This adds a mystical beauty to their heroism, and it certainly is a powerful help to endurance. We know of young tellows before whom life was spread out with all that can charm and delight the soul of man, who left their homes after having accepted with willing hearts the prospect of death at the front for the salvation of France.

On the 23d of January there fell, in the trenches near Lassigny, a young man of twenty-four, the Duke de L----. He was the head of one of the old aristocratic families of France, whose history is closely and gloriously bound up with that of his country. He was not a soldier by profession, but possessed, say his fellow-officers, all the gifts of a leader. Before leaving home as lieutenant de réserve in a cavalry regiment, he wrote a letter to one of his uncles, commending his widowed mother to his care, and adding: "As for me, who knows if I shall return? Remember, whatever happens,

that the one thing that matters is that France should be victorious. My life does not signify: the welfare of the country is the only thing of consequence." The young Duke's military career lasted six months, during which he was twice named in the official reports as having performed brilliant "deeds of valor," and his colonel sent up his name as a candidate for the Legion of Honor. He was killed by a shell while endeavoring to protect two soldiers who were under his command, and was temporarily buried between them, in a village cemetery some miles from the fighting line.

This is but one example among thousands of the steady determination with which the youth of France go to meet suffering and death. The same spirit that dictated the Duke of L——'s letter breaks out in the pages sent home by a gamekeeper's son, who is now at the front. These letters are cheerful and spirited; but underlying the brave words and humorous descriptions is a feeling of absolute self-surrender in the hands of God for the welfare of the country. Nothing else matters! Nothing else is worth dwelling upon!

At the beginning of the campaign, these very young soldiers were sometimes carried by their impatience beyond the bounds of prudence. The story of a lad from the south of France, Alain de Fayolle, is a pretty one; though, from a military standpoint, his action is not defensible. He was just out of the military school of St. Cyr when the war began; and in a corner of his knapsack he carefully packed a pair of white kid gloves and the casoar, or red and white plume that adorns the blue shako of the St. Cyriens. He 'was placed as sublicutenant in an infantry regiment and sent to the trenches in the Marne. One day an order came to leave the trenches and attack. Alain de Fayolle put on the white gloves he had kept for his first battle, and gave the order to advance; but the men hesitated. The lad, tremulous with impatience, urged them on; then, as they still held back, he suddenly drew his *casoar* from its hiding-place, stuck it in his *kipi* and repeated the order. Their young leader's action roused the men's enthusiasm: with a bound they rushed forward. But the gay colors attracted the enemy's attention, and soon Alain de Fayolle fell mortally wounded. He was assisted by a soldier-priest, to whom he whispered a last message for his parents.

At the same battle of the Marne, another very young officer fresh from St. Cyr commanded a group of African troops, who, in spite of their traditional courage, seemed bewildered and hesitating when told to advance. He kept his self-control, and quietly put his men through the military exercises that they were accustomed to perform in the court of their barracks. For a quarter of an hour he kept them manœuvring, under a hail of fire, as cool and as collected as though he were in his garrison town. Then, when the men had recovered their spirit of discipline and self-possession, he successfully led them forward.

Letters written from the front or from the hospitals, often badly spelt and badly expressed, breathe this same spirit. Sometimes the writers are workmen or peasants; they can not put their feelings into eloquent words, but their meaning is clear. Life and death do not matter: what are of importance are the welfare, victory, and interests of France. It is almost startling to meet with this spirit of self-sacrifice in men whom till now we were accustomed to look upon as commonplace and uninteresting, but whom the tragedy of the great crisis has made into heroes.

No less striking are the instances of deep religious feeling that are to be met with among our wounded; and it is generally possible to trace the influence of a devout mother in the youth of those who view life and death in a purely spiritual light. This came home to us only the other day, when a young soldier, who

before the war was a peasant in Lorraine, was brought to a Red Cross hospital in a pitiable state. He was adjutant in an infantry regiment, had been grievously wounded near Ypres, and during six days his terrible wounds had been dressed only once. This lad-he was only twentyone,-quiet, self-contained, and reticent like the people of his country, never spoke of himself. His eyes moistened when he alluded to his dead mother, whom he looks upon as a saint; and when he spoke of his sergeant, who was killed at his side. On arriving at the hospital, he asked that, out of the money he had brought, an offering might be immediately made to have Mass said for the repose of the soul of his sergeant. Later he put a note-book, belonging to the same sergeant into the hands of the Red Cross delegate at the hospital, to have it sent to the dead boy's mother.

The blood-stained note-book lies before me. It can not at present be sent to the sergeant's people, who are cut off from all communication with the rest of France; as they live at Tourcoing, a town held by the Germans. To his widowed mother, the dead soldier wrote his last words and wishes. He was a workman's son; but, like the Duke de L----, had the spirit of a martyr. He bids a tender farewell to his mother, brothers, and sisters; dwelling more on the thought of France than on his personal feelings, and expressing his absolute submission to God's holy will. Evidently, this boy had been reared in a Catholic home, and the lines written by him in the bloodstained note-book are a further proof of what has already been said regarding the religious spirit of sacrifice that underlies the patriotism and courage of our boysoldiers.

What those who are gentlemen by birth and education express correctly and clearly, the others say more awkwardly, but the feeling is the same in both cases. On leaving home, the Duke de L—— remarked to his mother: "If I

die and France is victorious, you must not mourn." A peasant soldier from the mountains of Central France, who died the other day in a Red Cross hospital, used almost the same expressions. His wife, with streaming eyes, told us that, on starting for the front, he said to her: "I have prayed to die a martyr. If I do not come back, you must not weep for me."

These gleams of heroism which light up the tragic atmosphere in which we move are, in general, the result of the patient efforts of the workers who, alarmed at the progress of official atheism among the young men of France, have for years past strenuously resisted the rising tide. The seeds sown by them were, before the war, developing gradually; their progress was certain, if slow. Then came the great conflict and its emotions; in the fierce blaze of the gigantic struggle, the seeds have suddenly sprung up, ripened, and brought forth wondrously abundant fruit.

### Our Risen King.

FROM THE LATIN OF FORTUNATUS.

EAIL, thou day through all the ages,— Fostal day, when, strong to save, Jesus, over hell victorious,

Rose to glory from the grave!

Thanks break forth from all creation, With the all-reviving spring;

Earth her choicest gifts returning, All to hail her rising King.

At the feet of Him who conquered

Death, and made hell's squadrons fly,

Leaf and blade of plain and woodland, Buds and blossoms, lowly lie.

Cloud and sunbeam, field and ocean, Sing to Him who burst those bars,

As above the sky He riseth

To His throne beyond the stars.

When the Crucified, triumphant,

Over all His sceptre sways, Tribute to Him, as Creator,

All created being pays.

The Ship of "Good Hope."

AN EASTER STORY.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

I.

HOUGH it was only the afternoon of Good Friday, Easter was already in the air. It was a late Easter that year,

so that the tremulous joy of the newborn spring was also on everything. It seemed as if the Alleluias were quivering in the brown branches of the trees, through which the sap was rising, as they shaded the Dutch town of New Amsterdam, there where it lay between the two rivers and jutting out into the Bay. The full gladness of the "day that the Lord hath made" could not reach the depths of men's hearts, where heresy held full sway; and the Catholics, poor and obscure, had to be content with celebrating the sacred mysteries in private. Still, the old traditions of Catholic ancestry were strong, and "Paas" was a day of rejoicing.

The good Vrow Lysbet Kocks had in her flat-bottomed boat that morning two strange passengers instead of her strongarmed daughter who usually helped her with the rowing. The boat was piled high with dairy produce, which she was bringing from her farm on the shore of Long Island to the market-place at New Amsterdam. She had a particularly large stock of fresh eggs, which were greatly in demand for Easter morning; though she had already sold many dozens, which, painted over in various colors, made gay the windows of the shops, or lent their rainbow hues to stalls in the market.

Calm and serene as though she were on the driest of dry land, Vrow Kocks sat there amongst her crocks of butter, jars of milk, and crates of eggs. Her broad, good-humored face, highly colored from the exertion she was making, was shaded by a close-fitting, frilled cap. Her linseywoolsey gown was carefully tucked up, lest it might get wet. Her quaint figure made an excellent foil to those of her two passengers, who had been allowed as a special treat to accompany her that day to her farm and back again. They were cousins and great friends, Judith and Cornelia Van Brugh, both light and alert of build, eager and smiling of face. They bore a remarkable resemblance to each other in their chief physical characteristics, though there the resemblance ended. Both had china-blue eyes, pink and white complexions, and hair that was the color of flax. The two were talking together interestedly of the new spring gown which each was to wear on Easter Day; and of their bonnets, all white and green, in harmony with the season.

Vrow Kocks took no part in their conversation, save to glance at them from time to time, with a smile and a nod of approval, as if to say: "Children, enjoy yourselves." Her attention was given mainly to the sky, bright blue in places, with masses of fleecy white clouds, such as are called "mare's-tails," and which for a day or two past had caused men to sav that a change of weather was at hand. Vrow Kocks kept her eyes, indifferently at first, and presently with anxiety, upon a black cloud which had been gradually growing larger as it came from the northeast. The good woman did not like the appearance of that cloud, and she heartily wished she had not left her daughter at home. With her help, they could have reached shore more quickly. The girls, intent upon the subject that engrossed them, and others which grew out of that first entrancing topic of spring finery, noticed nothing until the sky above them had suddenly grown dark.

A terrible wind swept down upon them when they were about in the middle of that broad stream, the East River. The water, hitherto so harmless and gentle, like little children playing, suddenly grew bold and aggressive. It changed from blue to gray and black, rocking their boat insolently to and fro, as though it



mocked at its sturdy build and apparent strength. It sent showers of spray over the three travellers and upon the dairy produce. Happily, Vrow Kocks, being of that sturdy pioneer stamp of women which has left its impress upon the colony, stuck resolutely to her oars. Also she was a Catholic; and at the first uproar of the gale she made a great Sign of the Cross, saying, "Jesus, Mary, aid us!" She gave no other token of perturbation, though her ruddy cheeks grew pale. She ordered the girls to throw one tarpaulin over themselves and another over the produce, and to remain as quiet as possible.

Then it was that the different nature of the two girls manifested itself. Cornelia, soft and timid, wept and hid her face on her cousin's shoulder; while Judith sat upright, her face pale, but full of courage and confidence.

"Can I help with the oars?" she asked. "One can not move now," the good Vrow declared, shaking her head.

Around them blew the gale with terrific fury; and against them beat the pitiless rain; while flashes of lightning rent the black clouds above. Every instant it seemed as if their boat must be overturned or submerged by the waves that were dashing around them.

Through all that stress of fear and anguish, in Judith's mind was a deep impression of wonder and curiosity at the sign which Vrow Kocks had more than once made, and at the unfamiliar prayers which she heard her repeating aloud. Suddenly she remembered that, she had once heard Vrow Kocks called a Papist. And that thought recalled, in turn, how, when Judith was a child, she had had a nurse to whom she was much attached, - an Irishwoman, - who had often made a sign like that upon herself and upon her charge, and had-'taught her many prayers, some of which were to the Mother of God. The nurse had been dismissed in disgrace by the alarmed parents, when Judith had innocently repeated in their presence some of those

prayers. But for a long time they had obstinately remained in her mind, and she had said them at intervals. She tried to recall them now with an instinctive realization of their efficacy; but, in the bewilderment of her mind, could not do so. She listened instead to Vrow Kocks, who could be heard above the noises of the storm praying aloud: "Mary, Mother of Him who died to-day and who rose on Easter morning, save us! Pray to thy Blessed Son for us!" Involuntarily, Judith found herself echoing those words.

Like the lightning flash through the darkness of the clouds, came the thought of that Mother who had sorrowed on that Good Friday and rejoiced with the dawn of Easter morning. The girl suddenly felt in every fibre of her being how powerful must be the intercession of that Woman above all others blest, and how great her compassion for humanity. As the storm grew fiercer and fiercer, and their situation became more perilous every moment, she, too, prayed in all sincerity of heart and soul. For, humanly, it seemed as if that Easter morning about which she and Cornelia had been conversing so blithely would never dawn for them. There they were upon that wide stretch of water, and, despite all Vrow Kocks' efforts with the oars, making no progress shoreward, but rather being downward toward the driven Bav. Apparently, they were alone upon the surface of the stream. They could not see a hand before them because of the blinding rain.

Meanwhile Cornelia wept and uttered exclamations of terror, adding to the danger by her spasmodic movements. And still the valiant soul of the dairywoman, apparently undismayed, cried aloud to the Mother of a Divine Son, while she strove with all her strength to direct the course of the boat and keep it at least from drifting downward. Any moment, as was plain to see, the strong fer might become too much for her, and in any case it was sadly ineffectual. Hope had almost died even in the brave heart of the rower and in that of Judith, who still preserved her undaunted mien, striving to calm the abject terror of her cousin and to keep her quiet. But Judith found herself re-echoing, with a fervor that surprised herself, the prayers which Vrow Kocks repeated with more and more emphasis: "Queen of Heaven, who to-day didst mourn, and didst rejoice on Easter morning, pray for us, help and save!"

At the very moment when help seemed farthest, when an oar had been wrenched from one of the hands that were becoming exhausted, there sounded quite near at hand a welcome hail, followed by some questions in an unfamiliar tongue. At first it seemed like an illusion, as also that sight which Judith was the first to descry. For there was a good-sized vessel bearing down upon them, and calling out, as it seemed, words of hope and courage.

"We are saved, Vrow Kocks! We are saved!" cried Judith.

"Saved! But she is dreaming, the child who has been so brave!" answered the good Vrow. "No, no! We are lost, if Jesus and Mary do not hear!"

Then in an instant she saw, and her prayer of thanksgiving went up swift as an arrow to the Throne of Grace and to the feet of Mary, Queen of Easter.

It was a French trading vessel, which had espied them from its moorings, and braved the storm to reach and save them. Cornelia, whose aspect was pitiable, collapsed altogether when help was near, and had to be carried aboard. But Judith held herself with the same high courage, and required but little assistance to reach the deck of La Bonne Espérance.

On board the brigantine they were treated with the greatest courtesy, officers and crew vying with one another to do them service. But the handsome young master and part owner, Captain Vandeleur, had his eye upon Judith from the

first. Her slender, erect figure, the flaxen hair that contrasted with his darkness, the fair skin that made his own look swarthy, the china-blue eyes, appealed to him, no less than the courage and composure,-upon which, indeed, the good Vrow Kocks, who had gained the ear of the Captain, presently grew eloquent. "Ma foi," he said to himself, "that is a brave heart hidden away under the bodice of a fillette." And he could not sufficiently admire her, nor take his eyes off her for any length of time. But different qualities attract different people. And the master's lieutenant, who found Cornelia's appearance very much to his taste, was as much attracted by her helplessness and her terror, which made her cling, sobbing, to his arm, as his superior officer had been by the opposite qualities in her cousin.

Vrow Kocks was a pitiable object, her cap hanging limp about her face, her linsey-woolsey gown soaked by the rain. But she had promptly recovered her habitual good humor, and was loud in her praises of the mercy of the Lord and of His Blessed Mother in sending help to them. The Captain, listening reverently, raised his cap, for he was a Breton and a Catholic; but his Huguenot lieutenant put on the semblance of a smile and a sneer. The former, drawing Vrow Kocks aside, said to her, in a low voice that did not reach the others:

"So that on Easter morning, good mother, you will be singing the *Regina Cali* with a will?"

"It is true," said Vrow Kocks, "I shall sing it as never before." She added in a cautious whisper: "You are, then, one of us?"

The Captain nodded.

"At the house of the Spaniard, at seven of the clock."

"I thank you for the hint!" said the master. "God willing, I shall be there."

Judith had noticed the brief conference between the two, but naturally had no idea of its import. Nor did Vrow Kocks enlighten her, since the strictest secrecy was observed upon such matters amongst the Catholics. But the girl, who had been pondering deeply on all that had occurred, was mostly silent during the homeward journey to New Amsterdam.

It was a fair and lovely afternoon, after the storm. The sun, coming out, threw a golden mist over the tall, prisonlike structure of the Stadt Huys, or city hall, upon the Fort, and upon the solitary hill, where the traditional Dutch windmill waved its gaunt arms. Judith's unseeing eyes were upon all these familiar objects while the sailors who manned the Captain's own gig brought them swiftly shoreward. But when the boat had landed them and the dairy produce at the wharf hard by the Market Veldt, Judith had contrived to whisper to the market-woman:

"Vrow Kocks, I am going with you on Easter morning. Where you worship, I will worship, and never anywhere else so long as I live."

"But your parents!" cried the good woman, in trepidation. "What will they say? And you know our services, when we contrive to have any, are one might say illegal."

"It does not matter," returned Judith; and in her face was the same look of firmness which had been there in the height of the storm.

# III.

The sunlight of the Easter morning was so glad, so entrancing, Judith could almost believe that, as in the old childish legend, it had danced at its rising. That rising she had witnessed, as she stole out of the house to meet Vrow Kocks at the corner of the Glassmakers' Lane, where it descended from the Heeren Garten, and wherein stood the house of the Spaniard. The older woman, still a little perturbed by the risk she was running in permitting Judith to accompany her, was grave and reverent in dress and demeanor, as befitted the occasion. As they walked on together she remarked: "It is a blessed thing to know on this Resurrection morn that the Lord is risen indeed."

Judith listened to that woman-whom she had known hitherto as a vender of her wares in the market-place, or crossing in her boat from shore to shore—as some young disciple of old might have listened to the wondrous tidings of the first Easter; for she intuitively felt that if the woman had but little of worldly knowledge, her faith was sublime. Nor did the girl, from then onward to the end of her life, ever forget the impression produced upon her mind by the ceremonies of the Mass, which, even though she could not understand them, thrilled her, especially at the supreme moment when she had bowed her head in unison with all the rest. She remembered, too, with a sudden rush of feeling, a cryptic saying of her Irish nurse at the moment of bidding her farewell: "Sure, alanna, whenever I hear the Holy Mass and the Son of God comes down upon the altar, I'll pray that He may bring you to His truth."

Easter was there, too, for all the simplicity of that bare room. On the altar were some Easter lilies, amongst which the tapers shone like stars. Judith had heard the Alleluias which the priest pronounced, and her soul had replied to them with a rush of joy. Some voices had sung that canticle which seemed to her indeed celestial: "Rejoice, O Queen of Heaven! For He whom thou didst deserve to bear has risen, as He said."

Before the end of the Mass, the priest turning round from the altar, spoke a few words on the festival, which "thrilled the great heart of humanity, as perhaps no other, with hope and triumph." He bade them all rejoice, whatever might be their trials; "for pain and sorrow, the heritage of Good Friday, were this day turned to the gladness of victory. And so it would be one day with earthly sorrow which had been borne in the Name of Christ, Rejoice, therefore, and again I say rejoice; for ye are the followers of the Risen Lord."

At the thought, Judith felt her whole being thrilled with a strange emotion. There were a good many other worshippers present, but the girl felt no curiosity concerning them. Her whole attention was concentrated on the altar. At the conclusion of the service, she insisted on remaining to see the priest, in order to explain to him what had occurred, and inquire what steps she must take to become a Catholic. The priest responded that he would be some weeks longer in New Amsterdam, for he was but passing from the missions of Massachusetts; that he himself would that her lessons instruct her: and would begin on the following Sunday, the anniversary of the day when our Divine Lord had given new powers to His Apostles and had bestowed on them His peace.

# IV.

There was a little tempest in a teapot when Judith announced (though without giving any particular reason) her determination to absent herself from service at the Dutch church. There where it stood, inside the enclosure of the Fort, had worshipped her parents and their parents from the beginning of the colony. And to remain away to-day of all days! The father and mother could scarce believe their ears. They concluded, however, that she was still suffering from the effects of her late adventure. Moreover, they feared being late for church, and it was ill arguing on the Sabbath Day.

It seemed strange to the girl herself to remain thus looking out of the window after her father and mother, while the bell, which had been brought from Holland, and was noted for its silvery tone, pealed insistently. She could see with her mind's eye Jan Gellisen ringing with all his might and main a special Easter peal; and the Dutch ladies of fashion, clad in their newest frocks, hastening to church, with slaves to bear their brass-bound prayer-books. She had so set her heart upon her own new lutestring, a bonnet with spring-like ribbons, all white and green, and a scarf to match! Momentarily, the tears came into her eyes as she reflected how she and Cornelia had planned to be there together. She remembered how Cornelia had said to her the other day in the boat: "I wonder if, when we go to church on Sunday with our Easter finery, we shall get a beau?"

As, indeed, so many girls did. Many a match in a little Dutch town had dated from the Easter Sunday morning, when enamored swains cast admiring glances across the aisle at the fresh and pretty faces set off by spring finery. And on returning along the Heeren Garten, it was customary for the swain to join the admired one, and, under the eyes of father and mother, to walk decorously home from church. It was at that instant Judith suddenly bethought herself of the bronzed face and bright dark eyes of the master of the La Bonne Espérance. And the color came into her cheeks as she remembered certain eloquent glances of admiration which she had caught, and which expressed far more plainly than any words how his interest in her had been excited. She wondered if it were to the Dutch church he and his lieutenant would go. Somehow, it had never occurred to her that he could be a Catholic. In her experience, no gentlefolk had been of that faith; or if they had, they concealed it for prudential motives. So, she decided, if he were to go to church at all, no doubt it would be to that French place of worship which the Huguenots had lately built, unless, indeed, he had had a reason for preferring the Dutch church that morning.

A strange feeling of loneliness, of isolation, came over her. What was this she was doing, that threatened to cut her off from friends and kindred and all the dear, familiar things of life? She had to steady herself with the remembrance of what she had seen that morning, and to rebuke herself for ingratitude for that favor, greater far than the saving of her life, which had been vouchsaled to her when a lightning flash had seemed to pierce the darkness of her intellect. Also she began to recall in all its joyous beauty the Easter mystery, and to repeat over to herselt the words of that hymn which had so impressed her: "Rejoice and be glad, O Queen of Heaven, because the Lord is risen!"

#### V.

Cornelia came home from church with Judith's parents. She was full of wonder and curiosity at her cousin's action; and her searching questions might have been harder to evade than those of the elders, only that she was full of excitement. The two officers of the Good Friday adventure had not been at church, but were on the parade afterward. They had been introduced to Judith's parents, who loaded them with thanks; and they were actually coming in a few moments to the early dinner of the family. So Judith, had to hasten upstairs to give some touches to her attire, being more than a little excited when she greeted the two heroes in the blue and gold drawing-room.

During dinner, Captain Vandeleur devoted himself with true Breton politeness to Madame Van Brugh; while the Lieutenant, somewhat regardless of his host, permitted himself a good deal of gay badinage with Cornelia. But after dinner, in the drawing-room, the Captain seized his opportunity. Mynheer Van Brugh had fallen fast asleep, and the attention of his wife was presently engaged by the entrance of an elderly crony. The conversation, though fragmentary, was exceedingly interesting to the two most concerned, and it seemed as if the happenings of Good Friday afternoon had made them old acquaintances. A new and vital note crept into the discourse when, in answer to Judith's query as to whether he had gone to the Huguenot place of worship, the Captain had answered gravely:

"No, nor am I of the Protestant faith." Judith's heart gave a great bound; and the Captain, drawing nearer, said in a low voice:

"Mademoiselle, I have always thought Easter to be a joyous festival. But something has happened to-day which has made this the happiest I have ever known."

Judith, a little mystified, glanced at him inquiringly, as he proceeded to explain:

"We sailors are not diplomats, but speak our minds with frankness. I pray that you will not consider me forward or presumptuous." He paused, searching the girl's quiet face with his honest dark eyes. "When I saw you so brave, so noble in the time of danger, when I looked into your face that afternoon of our adventurous meeting, there awoke in me a sentiment, which I dare not explain until I have known you longer and obtained the consent of your parents. That sentiment I might even have striven to overcome, had it not been that I saw you this morning—"

Here Judith interrupted him quickly: "This morning! Where was that?"

The officer looked about him cautiously—since secrecy was necessary before he replied in a whisper:

"In the house of the Spaniard. Then I knew that you were one of us."

"Not one of you as yet," the girl explained hurriedly; adding in a few words the story of her strange experience,' and of the sudden and overmastering realization of the truth. This she ascribed in great measure to the prayers of her Irish nurse, as also to the example of good Vrow Kocks.

The officer listened with intense interest to that wondrous narrative, with all the faith of a Breton shining in his eyes. He was impressed anew by the girl's earnestness, and the splendid courage which permitted her to break away from all ties and to enter alone upon that difficult path. It was with additional ardor that he told her how the sentiment of which he had spoken had sprung up stronger than ever, coupled with a hope.

"For it is surely of good omen," he

added, "that my ship should be named *Good Hope*. I have wanted to speak to you of this hope to-day, that it may be always linked with the joy of Easter."

From the time that Captain Vandeleur had mentioned his presence that morning at Mass in the house of the Spaniard, Judith had never doubted that the hope at which he had hinted would one day be realized. But she was prepared to admit only that it gave her great courage and confidence to know he was a Catholic,—a fact of which until that moment she had been wholly ignorant.

After the visitors had gone, Cornelia, who had spent the interval in gay converse with the lieutenant, summed up the situation. It was done half pettishly, though without real ill-humor; for the girl was the best-tempered of mortals:

"Though you did not go to church to-day to show your Easter finery, Judith, you have done better than I."

"In what manner?" Judith inquired, her eyes shining and her lips smiling.

"Because, my cousin, I have got this Easter Day a beau, and you got a lover."

Though Judith laughed at the suggestion, she knew that it was true, and deep down in her heart she added: "And a great deal more besides. This has been, in truth, a happy Easter Day. May it bring joy to all the world!"

### VI.

When the year had again sped round upon its course, Vrow Kocks was once more rowing her flat-bottomed boat across the East River, with her produce for the Easter market. Her only passenger this time was her taciturn but strong-armed daughter. The good woman was all in a flurry because of the wedding, that was to take place on Easter Tuesday, of her beloved Miss Judith to Captain Vandeleur. She herself had had a good deal to do with the negotiations for the marraige of the couple in the house of the Spaniard, by that same missionary priest from Massachusetts who had received Judith into the Church.

The latter's parents had been duly informed of her change of religion, and had borne the tidings with greater equanimity because of her coming marriage to a man well known and respected in the port as an honest and prosperous trader and gallant sailor.

Cornelia, however, had various causes for chagrin. In the first place, she could not be bridesmaid, and there would be no wedding procession to the old Dutch church. Also, it seemed hard that, whereas Captain Vandeleur was giving up his roving life of the sea for Judith's sake, though retaining the ownership (from which he said he should never part) of La Bonne Espérance, things were far otherwise with her lieutenant. He had just been appointed captain, vice his late commander; and the girl knew that after the wedding he was prepared to sail for distant ports, waving her a gay "good-bye."

Of that Vrow Kocks knew little, nor would she have been surprised; for since the day of the storm she had had little interest in Cornelia. But as she sat and looked up at the blue sky, so cloudless to-day, she pondered:

"Just to think of all that has come to pass because I took two young ladies in my boat, and a mackerel sky brought a storm! Out of the storm, through the prayers of Blessed Mary and the power of her Divine Son, came that ship of *Good Hope.*"

# "His Blood be upon Us!"

### BY THOMAS E. BURKE, C. S. C.

27OT upon us as on the men of old, Like brimstone and like fire;

- Nor like the blood of Abel upon Cain, Brought down through Heaven's ire;
- But like the Paschal blood that long ago Saved Israel from her plight,
- And turned aside from every faithful home Death's Angel in the night.

# The Story of an Easter Egg.

N the sacristy of the Cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris are to be seen a row of faded cassocks, torn and pierced with bullet holes. They are the cassocks of the Archbishops of Paris murdered by the revolutionists. There hangs the soutane of Archbishop Affre, who in 1848, in his love of his neighbor and the desire of quieting the excited populace, mounted the barricades and was shot down; there is the cassock of Archbishop Sibour, who was murdered during the procession in the Church of St. Etienne du Mont in 1857; and finally there is the soutane of Archbishop Darboy, who, with other prisoners, was shot in the prison of La Roquette in 1871.

Until a few days before the last-named execution the prisoners were kept in Mazas, whither a lady came one day and asked permission of the prison-keeper to see Archbishop Darboy. The jailer was astonished at the boldness of this request; and he would doubtless have expressed his surprise and displeasure in a forcible way had he not been impressed by the noble bearing of the lady.

"You can't see the prisoner Darboy, Madame," he replied; "and you ought to have known it."

"But I beg you to grant me this favor."

"Who are you? What papers do you bring? What is your name?"

"My name—my name is Clementia," answered the lady.

"I know of no such name. Have you an order to enter?"

There was no answer.

"Then go away or you will be arrested." "Will you not, then, have the kindness

to give this to the prisoner?" "What is it?"

what is it?"

"Well, leave it there."

The lady went sorrowfully away.

The warden placed the egg on a table as an officer in showy uniform entered. "Well, anything new?" he asked, in a rough tone.

"Nothing, captain; except that a woman has just left this for the prisoner Darboy."

"Give it to me."

'In the evening the Communist officers met as usual at a banquet in the Rue St. Honoré, the captain amongst them. In the course of the conversation, which consisted chiefly of blasphemies against religion, the captain produced the egg, which another officer quickly picked up saying: "I have often heard of strange intrigues carried on by means of eggs. Be assured we shall find something in this one."

The company laughed. "Open it and let us see," they said to him.

He did open it, and truly there was a note neatly folded up in the eggshell.

"There!" he exclaimed. "Do you believe me\_now?"

"Read it! Read it!" they all cried out.

"MONSEIGNEUR L'ARCHEVEQUE: — As I am not allowed to see you, I take this means of expressing to you my deepest gratitude for the many benefits that you have conferred on me and my children. Without your help they would now be dead; for they could not have endured the siege. Now they are quite well, and they crave your blessing. Every day, at two o'clock, I will bring them to Mazas, that they may again receive the treasured blessing of their benefactor, together with their unhappy mother—"

Here the reader was interrupted by loud laughter.

"Surely a most interesting conspiracy!" he remarked.

"But it does not seem to be very dangerous," said another. "Is there no signature to the letter?"

"There is a signature, but it is not easy to make it out. Clementia, I think it is—yes, Clementia Arpentini."

These words were followed by a deathlike silence; and all eyes were turned to the captain, who became pale as death. "Clementia Arpentini!" he stammered. "That is—yes, that is my mother. What a wretch I am!" And he rushed from the room, and the company soon broke up.

What became of the captain was never learned with certainty. It is related that when the Archbishop and the other victims were ranged against the wall and the slaughter was about to begin, a man in a torn uniform threw himself on his knees before the prelate, exclaiming: "Monseigneur, I also must look death in the face. Bless me, as you so often blessed my mother and my brothers."

He was shot down with the prisoners.

### One Class of Americans.

T WO Catholic speakers, in cities far apart, and upon occasions that had little in common, delivered a kindred word upon a subject very much to the fore in many minds just now. The Rt. Rev. Bishop Gunn, at the dedication of the new chapel car in New Orleans recently, spoke of a class of Americans who are truly so,--"the people of our little towns and hamlets, the pioneers, the advanceguard of our industrial army on the farm, in the cotton fields, in the mines, who want to hear the message of Christianity which the Catholic Church alone can bring. These people are tired of the deception of which they are the victims; disgusted with the lies on which they are being fed. They are naturally religious and naturally conservative; they naturally belong to us. They see as we do the danger-signals which are frightening some of us, and they are being taught that the Church is the cause and reason of them all. We must enlighten them-undeceive them."

People of this stamp—since they are not Guardians of Liberty—sometimes, when occasion demands, go to war in defence of the flag. A naval chaplain, a Catholic priest, who also somehow found his way to the front in an hour of peril, discovered them there, in the van that should have been occupied by the Guardians, who were, unaccountably, absent. The chaplain is the Very Rev. John P. Chidwick, who was on the *Maine* when it was blown up in Havana harbor. Speaking in Scranton, Pa., on Washington's Birthday, he declared

that the veneration and respect that Protestants paid him was one of his most glorious and happiest of memories of the days that have gone. He told of a call to the bedside of a dying Catholic in Norfolk, Virginia, having come to a battleship on which he was attached; of the captain's declaring that he would order no men out to face death with the seas running very heavy, but that if the chaplain could obtain volunteers he would be allowed to use one of the small boats. "Every man aboard that ship, including the Protestant captain who would not order a crew out, stepped to the front when it became known that I desired a volunteer crew to risk lives in the darkness of the night on a treacherous sea." Fr. Chidwick told of Protestant commanders changing Sunday orders so that Mass might be said.

The venerable chaplain declared that real Americans are not the kind who make attacks on the Church and her people. "These men I have described to you, those men of the Army and Navy, the best, biggest-hearted, most lovable and kindest in all the world,--those Protestants to whom I have referred, they are real, true Americans,-- the same sort of Americans as ourselves.

Bishop Gunn and Father Chidwick have expressed an unalterable Catholic sentiment; and, we are happy to believe, there are thousands not of our Faith who will take it with instant welcome. As a matter of fact, the bigots would have us think they speak for a larger following than ever gave sign of supporting them. Catholic life is its own best apologetic. A Catholic neighbor often represents the Church to his non-Catholic neighbors. If they see him a good, "neighborly" man, his home-life wholesome, his business activities unexceptionable, they do not, as a general rule, hold his religion against him. Even the priest, the natural object of suspicion and mistrust, is often, perhaps generally, a leading citizen in the community, respected and trusted by all. As we believe in the American people, we believe in the doom of bigotry.

### Notes and Remarks.

'It is a commonplace at present to speak of the beneficent influence, from a religious viewpoint, which the war has exercised on the masses of the French people, and more especially on the soldiers actually engaged in the mighty struggle. What is less commented on is the fact that very much the same benefit has accrued also to the people of Germany. The religious transformation in that country since the outbreak of the conflict was made the subject of Lenten pastorals by several of the German bishops. Cardinal von Bettinger in a message to the Kaiser's soldiers wrote: "There was a time when unbelief and immorality were openly in evidence. Belief in God and in our Divine Saviour was not merely assailed, but mocked at. The war has, however, produced quite a different state of things. The rays of belief have broken through the clouds. The people are once more assembled before the altars in common prayer and common adoration. From unbelief they had nothing consoling or sublime to expect. Its preachers have been brought to shame. The God of mercy has prevented us from going to ruin: He has given us warning."

Having been repeated in diplomatic centres everywhere, the story, good enough to be true, of a little tilt between the German and French ambassadors in Washington is now going the rounds of European journals. An Italian, with a hand-organ, stopped before the German Embassy one day last summer and began playing the "Marseillaise." He played the air once, twice, and was just beginning the third rendition when Count Bernstorff called a servant, handed him a dollar, and directed him to give it to the organgrinder and tell him to go at once to the French Embassy and play the "Wacht am Rhein." The servant went out to the organ-grinder, ordered him to stop.

playing there, and offered the dollar. The Italian took the money, and said he would stop after he had played the "Marseillaise" once more. He explained that he had to do this, as M. Jusserand had given him two dollars to play it three times in front of the German Embassy.

This story will doubtless be told the other way by all the German papers, but that won't spoil it.

The rapid increase in the number of charitable institutions like the Working Boys' Home in Chicago and the Hotel for Workingmen and Newsboys' Home in St. Louis, is matter for rejoicing. The amount of good done by such institutions is inestimable. It is a pity that they are not better known to the Catholic public, especially to those in a position to contribute to their maintenance. And it is a fact that public appreciation of the selfsacrificing labors of those who conduct them comes oftener from non-Catholic than Catholic sources. Who has not read or heard enthusiastic tributes to our charitable institutions from outsiders? Their wonder always is that so much can be done with such slight resources, and that men and women can be found to devote themselves exclusively to works of charity. Catholics take so many things for granted, and manifest so little enthusiasm over results which excite the envy or admiration of Protestants.

'Don't ask me what I think about them or what they are doing: it will take me two or three days to get over my astonishment,' was the answer made to his wife by a non-Catholic merchant who had just returned from an unintended visit to a house of the Little Sisters of the Poor. A friendless Jew who was cared for during a long illness by the Alexian Brothers in Chicago was heard to express the hope of some day being in a position to befriend every Catholic institution in the city; and he declared that never again would he miss an opportunity of defending the Church. Mr. Roger W. Baldwin, a former chief probation officer in the Juvenile Court of St. Louis, before his retirement from office, addressed the following letter to Father Dunne, of the Newsboys' Home, to express his appreciation of that institution and its "faithful director":

The Home has an unusual value among institutions, particularly from our point of view in the Court, where we have to deal so quickly with so many hundreds of unfortunate children. In the first place, its willingness to receive any boy for whom there is room whether he be Catholic, Protestant or Jew gives us an opportunity to care in the most homelike way for those boys who need a temporary home, pending some permanent arrangement.

Unfortunate boys from all over the country, who land in St. Louis, ask for "Father Dunne's"-a tribute to the real home spirit, which has made of your earliest friends in the Home such promising young men. The Home is, indeed, the refuge of many a youngster refused by other institutions-too old for the Orphan Home and too good for the Industrial School. You seem to have a place for all the "odd pieces" of the boy puzzle. Better yet, all the "57" or more varieties of boys, nine times in ten respond unconsciously to the principle on which the Home is based,-of bringing out by the honor system for each boy every bit of his pride and self-reliance, by making him feel that he is the boy for whom the Home exists. The practical results which the Home gets without fixed rules, without regulations (save those of rare common-sense) are a tribute to your deep personal interest in each of the one hundred and thirty boys.

We congratulate ourselves on the benefit the Home is, and has been, to the Juvenile Court; and I congratulate the boys of the city in having in you so faithful and so wise a friend. It has been a pleasure and a privilege to work with you.

It is a pleasure to us to record testimony like this, and to know that so much of it is offered.

When, a few months ago, the Rev. Randolph McKim, D. C. L., of Washington, D. C., published a book, the very title of which is an insult to Catholics, and in which he makes the outrageously calumnious statement among others that the Catholic Church keeps the Bible away from the people, and would rather see men burn it than read it, only one newspaper in the whole country, so far as we know, reproached him for his bigotry and injustice. But when, more recently, the same reverend polemic, in a letter marked "Private," accused a reputable metropolitan journal of venality, he was promptly and sternly taken to task by its editor for violation of justice and charity, and warned against "what seems to be a congenital impulse to bear false witness against his neighbor."

Having tried ourselves to teach Dr. McKim a sadly needed lesson in Christian charity, and failed in our efforts, we can not but rejoice that, for his moral benefit and for the moral benefit of readers of his books dealing with religious questions, he has again been reminded of the enormity of slander and false witness. However deplorable it may be that a minister of the Gospel should deserve public censure, there is good ground for satisfaction when, as in the present case, the condemnation is stern without being abusive, and adequate without being violent.

That the common Christian is a soldier, and needs an equipment in the fight he must wage against his spiritual foes, is the burden of a most practical sermon recently delivered by the Very Rev. Prior Higgins, C. R. L., and published in the *Universe* (London). Six pieces in that armor are enumerated by St. Paul, and of one of them Prior Higgins says:

St. Paul speaks of the feet being "shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace." It is particularly useful to meditate upon this at the present time, and to bring together the idea of peace and war. The true soldier is one who does not fight for the sake of fighting, but who fights for the sake of peace. His object is to secure peace by destroying the breakers of peace. His own natural disposition is to bear and to forbear; his inclination is to go farther, and to meet halfway an appeal for pardon on the part of the enemy, even as did the father in the beautiful parable of the Prodigal Spn,— another thought worth recording. Just as the feet are protected against the stones and flints in the road by the shoe, so the man of a peaceable disposition is protected against many of the annoyances and troubles which assail those who are not thus protected. The man that is peaceable, after the counsel of the Apostle, is the man who does not see trouble everywhere, and does not feel the pricks and thorns others are smarting under, and who does not detect an offensive meaning in every word said within his hearing. He is at peace within himself, because he is at peace with God; and at peace with his neighbor, because he loves his neighbor in God, and sees Christ in him.

How much Christian philosophy there is in these few words!

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A gratifying result of fanatical diatribes against the Church is the occasional protests they elicit from the very people whom the bigots seek to impress. The innate love of fair play that characterizes all really manly men resents misrepresentation and calumny, and not unfrequently reveals itself in some such expressions as the following, contributed a while ago to a Scotch newspaper by a Presbyterian workman:

In the summer of 1849 there were lectures on the Tower Knowe, at Hawick, on charterism, Protestant religion, atheism, pantheism, the efficacy of cure-all-disease medicines, etc. But when the cholera broke out all those orators became filled with terror and took flight. "The funeral bell" was the only sound which broke the solemn silence of the town. Then came forth the Rev. Father Taggart, of the Catholic Church, and the Rev. Mr. Campbell (who shortly after became a Catholic), of the Church of England. These two ministers went to the aid of the cholera-stricken and distressed. Their fight against disease was not a "projectile" warfare, where they could attack the disease from a distance. Those two clergymen, actuated by the love of God and man, went daily "down to the valley of the shadow of death" and fought against the cholera in its own trenches. They went into the poorest homes; they prayed for and soothed the cholera-stricken; they pointed the dying to the Father's home of many mansions; they spoke kindly and encouragingly to the bereaved, and prayed for God's grace for all.

The average Scotchman is too canny and too logical not to be more impressed by this concrete argument than by the abuse and misrepresentation which evoked it; so once again intended evil has resulted in good.

The persistent and determined efforts of the allied fleets (and probably by the time this is in print the allied land armies as well) to take Constantinople naturally lead to much speculation as to the eventful fate of the Turkish capital should the Allies prove the winners in the war. In an interesting contribution to the *Nineteenth Century* ("The Future of Constantinople"), J. Ellis Barker discusses the question at some length, and seems to be of opinion that the city will be given to Russia. Answering a very common objection to that solution of the problem, he says:

Those who fear that Russia might become a danger to Europe in the future, and who would therefore like to see the *status quo* preserved in Austria-Hungary and at Constantinople at first sight Austria-Hungary, as at present constituted, appears to be an efficient counterpoise to Russia—seem very shortsighted. I think I have shown that Russia's acquisition of Constantinople, far from increasing Russia's military strength, would greatly increase her vulnerability. Hence the possession of Constantinople should make Russia more cautious and more peaceful.

The concluding paragraph of Mr. Barker's article is of general interest, although he does take the issue of the war for granted. Concluding his argument that, even with Constantinople, Russia would not be a European menace, he writes: "Lastly, the world will as little tolerate a Russian Napoleon as a French or a German one. Hitherto every nation which has tried to enslave the world by. force has been checked by a world combination. The Russians will scarcely be anxious to undertake a policy which has brought about the downfall of Turkey, ancient Spain, Napoleonic France, and modern Germany. Whenever a great danger arises to the liberty of the world, the threatened nations combine for mutual protection; and a balance of power,

sufficiently strong to restrain it, is automatically established. That has been the lesson of history."

It is unquestionable that pitfalls for the unwary young woman or girl are becoming more numerous and more dangerous. There is good reason, therefore, for repeating the advice on this matter given by one in a position to know whereof he writes:

It is necessary for unescorted women in large cities to be constantly on their guard against strangers. And the younger and more attractive the girl, the greater her need of vigilance. Nor is she safe simply because she is blind and deaf to strange men: she must be on her guard against her own sex as well. Perhaps she is in greatest danger from women. It is never safe to trust to appearances. Women engaged in the most infamous business known to civilization stop at nothing. They have been known to don the garb of religious Orders. They feign illness. They make use of the appeal that one woman makes to another. No young woman should ever enter a carriage or cab with a strange woman; nor should she assist an apparently ailing woman up the steps and to the door of a strange house. She should beware of chance companions in travelling. And she should never hesitate, out of a mistaken sense of delicacy, to appeal to the nearest Positive means of identification policeman. should be carried in the handbag.

While the dangers besetting the path of young women and girls in smaller urban communities are less imminent than in our large cities, the foregoing advice is not inapplicable to the residents of even small towns and villages. Especially at night, unescorted girls should, if possible, keep off the streets, be they streets of small town or large, village or metropolis.

That the first St. Patrick's Day celebration since the definite triumph of Home Rule would evoke many a notable tribute to the oldtime Niobe of the nations was a foregone conclusion,—a conclusion fully verified by the event. Among the worthwhile deliverances of the feast-day one of exceptional merit was that of Mr. John J. Barrett at the Panama-Pacific Exposition. Our readers will thank us for giving them these pregnant paragraphs of his stirring oration:

It does seem more than a mere coincidence doesn't it?—that Ireland receives the scepter of government just at the supreme hour of human history when the civilization of the ages seems breaking up. For a thousand years her birthright of freedom has been postponed; and now, in the midst of almost universal chaos, that higher Power which shapes the destinies of peoples as of men ushers in the newborn nation. Is there no meaning in this juncture of events?...

What is the message that Ireland brings to the civilization of the world? What new spirit will she represent in the parliament of nations? What are the ideals that will dominate her national life? What will Ireland stand for in the brotherhood of States? ... The civilization that Ireland brings to the council-chamber of States out of her splendid and historic past-is a civilization that the world stands much in need of, and may well accept even at such humble hands as hers. For it is a thing entirely of the spirit, of the mind, of the heart, of the emotions, of the affections,-of all the deep stirring idealism and higher aspirations of the soul. And it reaches back in unbroken continuity to ancient days. And it has been tried in flame and fire and devastation. And it has met the shock of other civilizations and absorbed them into itself. And it has not succumbed to invasions, and it has not been disturbed by wars; and on its fair escutcheon there is not the blemish of a single wanton act against any other race. Well did the historian exclaim in an outburst of admiration: "Chivalric, intellectual, spiritual Ireland!"

The foregoing is no mere emotional outburst of perfervid patriotism: it is the verdict of the truest interpreters of race-progress and Celtic influence in the histories of peoples.

Sir Samuel Evans, one of the judges of the English Divorce Court, recently made short work of deciding whether Anglicans are or are not Catholics. The lady petitioner in a certain case which he was trying professed to be "a Catholic of the English Branch."—" Is the head of your church, madam," asked Sir Samuel, "the King or the Pope?" Obviously, there was no more to be said.



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### An Easter Gift.

#### BY ARTHUR BARRY.

F simple rhymes were only dimes, F if verses were but gold, My gift would wear a form so fair 'Twould cause you joy untold. But poets, sure, are always poor;

So kindly wish and thought Must make amends to youthful friends For gifts more richly wrought.

May peace abide, this Eastertide, With you and yours, I pray;

The Risen Lord to you award

His grace from day to day!

May true content your joys augment Throughout the springtime fair,

And the beauteous mien of Heaven's Queen Win your hearts to praise and prayer!

# Tommy Travers.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

### XIV.-DARK DAYS.

UT "The Last Days of Pompeii," alas! ended things for Bunty. Tommy's dad had come home

in the early dusk, fierce and impatient with all the world; for it had been a trying day. The Western strike was spreading; his men sullenly insisting upon terms to which he would not yield, he had steeled himself, like the strong fighter he was, for battle to the last. But when he reached his door, he was met by tidings that pierced all his stern armor and made him for a moment faint and weak as a child; for the great house was all astir with Miss Norton's questioning: "Where is my patient? It is contrary to every rule and regulation of my three diplomas to have him out at this unseemly hour. Why is he not at home?"

No one knew. Miss Norton had been off duty, and it had been no one's business to inquire. At two o'clock, Master Tommy had gone out as usual, with his boy attendant, and had not been seen or heard of since. And while dad stood listening to this confused testimony, in which love had no voice, his heart pierced with deadly fear that made him cold and faint, the wicker chair rolled up to the door, with Tommy, a little pale and tired but quite safe, seated within; and Bunty, to whom Officer Burke had resigned his place at the corner, calmly pushing his charge home.

And then — then — the blood swept back into dad's heart, boiling into fury after its deadly chill. He sprang to the luckless Bunty, caught him by the shoulder, and there was an outburst of wrath that quite outdid the volcanic fires of Vesuvius.

"What do you mean, you miserable beggar? What do you mean by keeping the boy out like this? Didn't I tell you he must be home by four o'clock?"

"Dad, dad!" interposed Tommy's feeble little chirp. "It wasn't Bunty's fault, dad. I made him take me to the show—'The Last Days of Pompeii.'"

"There!" cried dad, flaming into fiercer fury. "You've had my boy there in that foul, filthy, death-breeding hole! You dared to take my boy there! I'd like to thrash the life out of you for it, you young whelp! Get out of my sight before I do it,—get out of my sight, and never come near this house again!"

"Dad, dad!" piped the pleading voice again. "It wasn't Bunty's fault, dad. I asked him to go."

But dad was past all reason, all pleading now. His boy, his frail, delicate, crippled Tommy, at that low-lived show, in that beggar crowd, in that poison-



laden air! It was enough to give him his death.

"Get out!" roared Long Tom, with a fierce oath. "Never come near my boy again! If you do I'll lay my horsewhip on you in a way you won't forget."

And, with a fierce sling that sent Bunty reeling against the lamp-post, dad caught the sobbing Tommy out of his chair and bore him into the house, to Miss Norton, who for the moment was quite shaken out of her professional calm.

"I trust you won't blame me, Mr. Travers. It was by your orders that my patient was trusted to such care. I regarded it from the first as somewhat unwise."

"Unwise, Madam! It was folly, idiocy, madness! But when I do turn fool, which is not very often, I am a fool indeed."

And then Tommy, still sobbing pitifully, was turned over to Miss Norton's scientific care, and sponged and rubbed, and given the latest thing in sedatives, and put to bed.

Meanwhile Bunty, who for once in his rough young life had been struck dumb by dad's astonishing outburst, staggered down the darkening street, a little stunned by his knock against the lamp-post, and much more so by the storm of wrath that had just broken over his luckless head. What it was all about he really could not understand. Tommy was home safe and sound, a little late, to be sure; but to Bunty, who had tumbled up through ways of daylight and darkness alike, one twilight hour scarcely seemed to count. He had taken Tommy to the show the boy had asked to see, and had brought him home unharmed. And for this he had been cursed and shaken and knocked against a lamp-post, and threatened with a thrashing if he ever came near Tommy again!

A thrashing! As the dulness passed away from Bunty's head, the spirit of the hero of Duffys' Court began to rise. A thrashing! Why, he ought to have lit right into the daring speaker of such a word and 'smashed his ugly mug' then and there! A thrashing - for him, Bunty Ware! What had he been thinking of to let any old "plute" knock him around and talk to him like that? A thrashing! Ah, Long Tom's was not the only blood that could see the and boil! The grip of those iron fingers seemed still pressing on Bunty's shoulder; his head throbbed from the knock on the lamp-post; but that hoarse-spoken threat hurt worst of all. It woke the untamed spirit in Bunty's breast to vengeful life. Thoughts such as come to the young savage of the wigwam and the desert surged into his mind. He paused at the darkened entrance of an alleyway, and crouched against the wall to consider.

"I've a mind to do it!" he muttered, fingering a box of matches he took from his pocket. "I've a mind to steal back up there to that garage behind his house where they keep the gasoline. I've a mind to do it, and get even with that big, loud-mouthed 'plute' that talked about thrashing me. I've a mind to do it," continued Bunty, his eyes beginning to gleam wickedly as he pictured his fiery revenge. "Nick said he was mean and hard, and drove poor folks as if they were dogs. I'll show him he can't drive and starve and thrash me. I can make that there fine house of his blaze and smoke and crackle bad as that mountain in the show. I can spoil all those fine things so they'll never be fine again. I can make all his folks skeer and squeal, and run for their lives like them people run to-day. But - but - Tommy would skeer, too! They would hev to pull Tommy out of the house, and jolt and jar him so he'd be killed outright. What was I thinking 'bout? I clean forgot how it would hurt Tommy to get a skeer like that."

And, drawing a long, quivering breath, as if some evil thing had loosed its grip upon him, Bunty dropped the box of matches back into his pocket and strode home to Duffys' Court.

Those were dark days that followed

for Bunty. The light seemed to have vanished from earth and sky. The winter that had smiled so long for him and Tommy suddenly turned upon him with fiercest frown. Storm followed storm; snow and sleet pelted the old house in Duffys' Court. Granny Pegs was laid low with rheumatism, and Nick came home drunk and quarrelsome every night. Jakey and Bunty had to shovel snow and clear crossings, for no other jobs could be had. The cabbage soup was very thin now, and the kitchen fire burned low.

But worse than this "tough luck," which Bunty had faced all his life, was a new hurt in his heart, - a sense of pain and loss that he had never felt Saint Gabriel's, Sister Leonie, before. the white ward with its stillness and peace, the care and tenderness he had found there, - Bunty, shivering in his cold garret, dreamed of all these night after night. But most of all he dreamed of Tommy,-Tommy under his Christmas Tree: Tommy in his rolling chair; Tommy being pushed without jolt or jar through bright, sunlit ways where all was glad and happy life, - smiling, friendly, cheery little Tommy, whom he must never see again. And such a fierce pain struck through Bunty's heart, such a queer choke came in his throat, at this thought that he began to grow bitter and hard and ugly-tempered under it all. It was as if some hardy young tree, whose' pink buds were just opening in the spring sun, had been suddenly nipped by a black frost.

For Bunty's "teacher" was not idle. When Nick roused from his drunken stupor at night, it was to fill Bunty's ears with stories of Long Tom's cruelty and oppression, of the scant pay he doled out for long hours of toil, of the women and children starving because his men would not yield like slaves to his iron will.

"Wants to drive 'em like they was dumb beasts, with whip and rein; and thrash 'em and beat 'em when they kick, jest like he wanted to beat you." "Yes," said Bunty, a sullen light flaming in his eyes. "I know."

"Something ought to be done to a hard-hearted, cold-blooded cuss like that," Nick continued,—"something that would make him feel things hisself, that would make him squirm and squeal and pay out his cash."

"Yes," repeated Bunty, the sullen gleam in his eye deepening as he thought of the fierce grip on his shoulder, the threatening voice in his ear. "And I'd like to do it,—that is" (the fierce glare and tone softened) "if it wouldn't skeer Tommy. He can't stand no sort of jolt or jar. I wouldn't do nothing that would hurt Tommy."

"Pooh!" said Nick, angrily. "You're a softy on that kid, Bunt, and he don't keer two straws for you. He has forgotten you're living. That's the way these grand folks do: take you up one minute and kick you off the next. You ain't no more than a stray cur to any of them."

And, as the dark wintry days passed on, Bunty began to believe Nick. He had been only a stray cur picked up and kicked off again. It was on one of the darkest of these dark days that he came home, cold and hungry and bitter. All his money was gone,—borrowed by Nick, or spent for food and fire. There was no job at the crossings, for the snow had melted away under a driving storm of sleet. The old house in Duffys' Court was looking its dreariest,—the front door swinging open on a broken hinge, and the icy rain beating into the black void beyond.

Bunty paused for a moment on the threshold. He knew of a place where he could find light and warmth: it was a gambling house not far away, where boys were hired to trick and cheat, and rob the guests who came there to drink and smoke and play,—to filch from their pockets as they took their coats in the hall, to give them change in false money of which they dared not complain. Bunty knew of boys who made many a dollar there; still, a certain rude honesty all his own had made him scorn such "lowdown" tricks. But, as Snuffy Jim had whispered to him at the corner, there was to be an oyster spread at Jeffry's to-night, and they wanted hands. Bunty looked in the black, cold entrance and thought he would slip around. Why should he not "trick" for a hot supper, a warm room, and a dollar or so in his pocket? He was only a stray cur, as Nick had said. and nobody would care.

As he hesitated his eye fell on something white lying on the floor of the darkened entrance: a letter, - a letter perhaps for Nick, who maintained a cautious correspondence with friends unknown to Bunty. "Don't let anybody see no letters that come here for me," he had warned his brother. So Bunty, who was dimly aware that Nick's ways and means were not such as would bear close and critical inspection, hastily picked up the envelope that, scrawled over with half a dozen different addresses, wet and soiled and travel-stained, had fluttered at last to its destination like a brokenwinged dove. For Bunty, staring at it in the dim light of the doorway, saw it was directed in plain typewriting, not to Nick-but to "Master James Bernard Ware."

(To be continued.)

# Easter Mackerel.

The chub mackerel, a food-fish of some importance, although it is smaller than, and inferior to, the common mackerel, is found in large quantities throughout the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans in temperate latitudes. Among the various names by which it is known are "Easter," "linker," and "thimble-eyed" mackerel. It is found most abundantly in the Mediterranean Sea, and doubtless the fishermen in that quarter of the world are responsible for the "Easter" prefix.

### A Sage in the Woods.

Emerson, the Sage of Concord, once spent a season in the Adirondacks, and exhausted the patience of his guides, who, though most kindly disposed toward the genial and gentle author, could not help thinking that he spent altogether too much time with his "worthless scribblin'," when he could be far better employed in hunting or fishing. Emerson was more plain of face at that time than when age had softened his rugged features; and the guides were unanimous in the opinion that the only beauty he possessed was beauty of heart and loveliness of spirit, of which he gave constant proofs. Steve Martin, the most noted of the Adirondack guides at that time, thus expressed himself to one who took delight in telling the story:

"Wal, sir, Mr. Emerson was every inch a gentleman; as nice a feller as you ever did see; pleasant and kind, and a good scholar, too, they say; always figgerin', studyin', and writin'. But, sir, he was the homeliest critter for his age that ever came into these here woods."

# An Easter Miracle.

One Easter Day, when St. Oswald was sitting at table, he was told that a crowd of poor people were waiting at the gate, begging for food. He sent out at once a silver dish full of meat, and ordered that the dish itself should also be divided among them. St. Aidan, who was sitting dining with the king, seized the king's hand, blessed it, and prayed, "May this hand never perish!"

St. Oswald, marching against Penda in 642, was defeated and killed at the battle of Maserfield. His body was mutilated, and his limbs set on stakes by his brutal conqueror; but when all else had perished, the white hand which St. Aidan had blessed still remained white and uncorrupted.

# WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

-A hitherto unpublished story by Jules Verne is announced by Messrs. Sampson Low.

-A translation (based on the 1526 folio edition) of the Sarum Missal, in two volumes, is among recent English publications.

—"The Schools of Mediæval England," by Arthur F. Leach, is the latest addition to the "Antiquary's Books." It has forty odd illustrations.

—Bishop Fisher's Commentary on the Seven Penitential Psalms, edited, with preface and glossary, by Mr. J. S. Phillimore, forms a new volume in "The Catholic Library Series."

-Mrs. Hugh Fraser has translated, with connecting and explanatory notes, "The Patrizi Memoirs: A Roman Family under Napoleon (1796-1815)." Mr. John Fraser supplies an Introduction.

-The editors of and contributors to the *Villa World*, of Villa Maria, Montreal, Canada, are to be congratulated upon the high merits of their second issue. Struck by the excellent handling of the subject "The Warrior Gael," we read on only to find further ground for thinking this a very ably edited periodical. We bespeak for it the success which it so amply deserves.

-The Putnams have brought out a second and revised edition of Frances A. Kellor's "Out of Work: A Study of Unemployment," first published in 1904. The claim is made for the book that it is a laboratory product, based on direct personal knowledge of the conditions of America's labor market, rather than an academic study written in a library and based only on labor reports and statistics. While some suggestions of the author will not commend themselves to all sociologists, there is in the volume much of very general interest.

-The reviewer who described "The Graves at Kilmorna: A Story of '67," by the Very Rev. Canon P. A. Sheehan, D. D., as "depressing" applied a mild epithet to this gloomy document of despair. It is a story of the Fenian uprising, and less a story than a plain setting down of history. As a novel, or merely as a narrative, it lacks every quality associated with Canon Sheehan's previous work. It seems to us impossible to regard it as the work of his mature years; it is more like the tyro's first attempt at story-telling. As to the truth of the dismal picture of Ireland which it affords, we shall let those who know speak. We are certain of this, that had it come from the hand of an outsider many voices would be raised against him. Longmans, Green, & Co.

—The speech of the Hon. James A. Gallivan, of Massachusetts, in the House of Representatives, Feb. 4, 1915, on "The Roman Catholics of America and the Knights of Columbus," which was published in full in the *Congressional Record*, has been reprinted as a pamphlet. It is valuable as containing, up to date, the record of the attempts of bigotry to smirch the Catholic name, and what came of those attempts.

—"From Fetters to Freedom," or, as its sub-title runs, "Trials and Triumphs of Irish Faith," by the Rev. Robert Kane, S. J. (Longmans, Green, & Co.), is a collection of twentytwo occasional sermons and addresses delivered at different times during the past quarter of a century. The raison d'être of the title is the fact that the discourses "are broadly illustrative of the emerging of Catholic Ireland from the serfdom of the Penal Laws unto civil, social, and religious liberty." The deep thought, poetic conception, and vivid imagery which made the author's previous volumes a delight to his readers are again in evidence in the present work.

-"The more I think of the whole business, the more confused I grow," says the heroine on page 275 of "On the Fighting Line," by Constance Smedley; and the sentence pretty accurately describes our condition as we reach the last page (494) of this new English novel. The title has nothing to do with the war: it refers, literally, to a line of portraits; and, symbolically, to the struggle of women for "a place in the sun." The story is the record of a business girl's activities, bohemianism, love affairs, etc.; it has a good deal to say of "rotting" and "bucking up"; it has "no use for" religion; and on the whole is uninstructive, uninteresting, and unwholesome. G. P. Putnam's Sons, publishers.

—"The King, the Kaiser, and Irish Freedom," by James K. McGuire (Devin-Adair Company), is a frankly pro-German, anti-English, downwith-Redmond volume of 313 pages. It is dedicated "to the millions of men and women of German blood in this country"; and it bears the "endorsement" of Mr. A. E. Oberlander, editor and publisher of the *Deutsche Union*, of Syracuse, N. Y. The temper of the author is fiercely partisan, and, like most partisans, he is inclined to see things as he would like to have them rather than as they are. His conclusions will assuredly not be accepted' by hosts of Irish-Americans, who are likely to prefer, as to the general subject under discussion, the opinion of the united hierarchy in Ireland, and, in this country, that of so good an Irish-American as Cardinal Gibbons.

-Dr. Edward Greene, of the Smithsonian Institution, has presented his botanical library and collection of specimens to the University of Notre Dame, where he is to reside and continue his work as soon as his engagements in Washington are fulfilled. His collection is said to be one of the largest, and is doubtless the most valuable private collection, in the United States. Dr. Greene was formerly professor of botany in the University of California, but for several years has been connected with the Smithsonian Institution. He has published numerous books on his favorite science, and ranks among the foremost botanists in the world. A most interesting account of his conversion to the Church is given in "Some Roads to Rome in America."

# The Latest Books. A Guide to Good Reading.

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

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

- "The Graves at Kilmorna." Canon Sheehan. \$1.35.
- "Out of Work: A Study of Unemployment." Frances A. Kellor. \$1.50.
- "From Fetters to Freedom." Rev. Robert Kane, S. J. \$1.50.
- "The King, the Kaiser, and Irish Freedom." James K. McGuire. \$1.50.
- "Les Cloches des Morts." Author of "By the Gray Sea." 75 cts.
- "Poems." Rt. Rev. R. H. Benson. 75 cts.
- "The Elder Miss Ainsborough." Marion Ames Taggart. \$1.25.
- "The Unfolding of the Little Flower." Very Rev. N. M. Cunningham, V. F. \$1.25.
- "Can Germany Win?" \$1.

- "Emmanuel." Archbishop John Joseph Keane. \$1.
- "How to Help the Dead." St. Augustine. 50 cts.
- "A History of the Commandments of the Church." Rev. A. Villien. \$1.50.
- "The Straight Path." Rev. M. J. Phelan, S. J. 80 cts.
- "What Faith Really Means." Rev. Henry G. Graham, M. A. 15 cts.

"The Holy Week Book." 30 cts.

- "The Human Soul and Its Relations with Other Spirits." Dom Anscar Vonier, O. S. B. \$1.50.
- "Norah of Waterford." Rosa Mulholland. \$1.10.
- "The Holy Viaticum of Life as of Death." Rev. Daniel Dever, D. D. 20 cts.
- "The Church and Usury." Rev. Patrick Cleary. \$1.10.
- "The Dons of the Old Pueblo." Percival Cooney. \$1.35.
- "The Orchard Pavilion." A. C. Benson. \$1.

### Obituary.

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

Rev. Edward Campbell, of the diocese of Dallas; Rev. Joseph Dermody, archdiocese of Boston; Rev. John Lowekamp, C. SS. R.; and Rev. Cornelius Thompson, C. P.

Brother Anthony, of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

Mother Mary Bernard, of the Sisters of Mercy; Sister M. Raphael, Sisters of the Good Shepherd; Sister M. Simeona, Sisters of the Holy Cross; Sister M. Mechtildis, Sisters of St. Dominic; Sister M. John, Sisters of Charity; and Mother M. Augustine, Order of the Presentation.

Mr. T. J. Dawson, Mr. William Turner, Mrs. Agnes Godat, Mrs. Margaret Clancy, Mr. Ernest Ahrensbeumer, Mrs. Mary Shea, Mr. John Fox, Miss Margaret Hess, Mr. Joseph Stulz, Mr. Edward Fitz Gibbon, Miss Mary Peoples, Mrs. Elizabeth Shilder, Mr. Richard Avis, Mr. John Kearney, Mr. Frank Bauer, Mrs. Margaret Callahan, Mr. Joseph Dickson, Mrs. Margaret Hayes, Mr. Henry Jansen, Mr. Michael McNally, Mrs. Irene Platt, Mr. John Morrison, Miss Mary Keefe, Mr. Florent De Guise, Mr. Peter Ryan, Mr. Winfield McGrath, Mr. Anton Platz, Mr, Henry Schaeffer. Mrs. Bridget Halloran, Mr. Joseph Venderlop, Mr. William Carey, Mr. Albert Grant, Mr. W. J. Gould, Mrs. Susan O'Connell, Mr. Henry Hogue, and Mr. Charles Hanson.

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



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# In Praise of Christ's Mother.

FROM THE ANCIENT COPTIC, BY THE REV. W. H. KENT, O. S. C.

**T**HOU art called, O Maiden Mary! Holy Flower of sweetest odor, Blossom from the root upspringing Of the Prophets and the Fathers; Like to Aaron's rod that blossomed, With no seed of man thou bearest, Maiden still, the Word Eternal. Wherefore do we give thee glory, Hail thee as the Theotokos. Pray thy Son to grant us pardon.

Than all saints thou art more mighty. Full of grace, do thou pray for us. Thou art higher than the Fathers, And more glorious than the Prophets; And thou speakest with more freedom Than the Cherubim and Seraphs; For thou art mankind's true glory, And of all our souls the guardian. For our sake beseech our Saviour That in faith He may confirm us, Grant us grace, our sins forgiving, Show us mercy through thy pleading.

No one of the highest spirits, Myriad angels and archangels, To thy blessedness attaineth; With the Lord of Hosts, thy glory. Thou art clothed the sun outshining. Thou art brighter than the Cherubs; And the Seraphim before thee Wave their wings in exultation.

GOD reigns only in peaceful and unselfish souls.—St. John of the Cross.-

After Ten Years.

BY J. F. SCHOLFIELD.

### I.—PRELIMINARY.

NE of the regrets of a convert the only one he has with regard to his new life in the home that he has found so happily—is that he can do so little in return for the mighty grace of which he has been the subject. This is peculiarly the case when it is only in middle life that he has come to the City of God; and still more so when he has occupied the position of a teacher and (in however small a degree) a leader, and now finds that he is ever receiving in boundless measure, and has nothing to give but his unconditioned obedience and his whole-hearted love. At least he can bear witness to the wonder and the tremendous reality, to the gladness and the strength, of the new life that embraces him like a very atmosphere of benedic-And so it seemed to an almost tion. unknown convert, who came years ago to his Mother's arms, with all to gain, and no gifts of scholarship or high position or weighty influence to offer, that it might perhaps be to her honor if he tried to tell something of what he has found her to be - and finds her every day in ever widening and deepening measure.

The Church for nigh upon two thousand years has endured, with divine pity and divine calm, calumnies of every kind. Accusations that of necessity destroyed each other have been made against her.

She has been charged with too stern asceticism and too great laxity; with obstinate conservatism and with recklessness in changing and adding to the deposit of the Faith; as at once too imperious and too tolerant; as ready to make terms with the world, and as hopelessly failing to accommodate herself to the demands of secular thought and social development. There is no invention too grotesque, no lie too utterly stupid, but it has served as an arrow in the quiver of her foes. The very senselessness of the accusation has recoiled upon itself. It has been, I believe, the experience of many a convert that, long before the guiding light led him into the fulness of Truth, the senseless bitterness of anti-Catholic controversy has turned his interest and his sympathy toward the maligned religion. If such was the attack — if false witness, and hatred so malignant that no slander was too vile oŕ too ridiculous, were the chosen weapons, — there must, it seemed, be something to say for the object of this wild malice. The Church might be in the wrong, but at least these "hooligans" amongst her enemies could not be right.

It is not only evil-minded men who carry on this campaign of lying and slander: those whom I have called the "hooligans" of the anti-Christian and anti-Catholic forces would oppose religion of any kind, with a hatred deep in proportion to the claim made on the conscience and the will. The real quarrel is, on their part, because the Catholic Faith stands for obedience, discipline, chastity; and they will have none of these. But the false witness comes from the depths of ignorance as well as from the depths of malice. There are charges innumerable brought against the Church because people have simply no conception of what they are talking about. They are like the proverbial Teuton who evolved the idea of a camel out of his inner consciousness in order to describe the beast. They imagine that they know far better

what the belief and practice and unhappy experience of a Catholic really are than the man who knows them as concrete facts.

One of the most frequent misconceptions, constantly stated as an incontestable fact, and often put forward as a bogy to frighten seekers after truth, is the idea that conversion in the long run spells disappointment. It has been so, we have been told, with some of the very greatest of the convert children of the It was said continually Church. of Cardinal Newman, until the splendid declaration of perfect peace in his true spiritual home, with which he closes the "Apologia," scotched the lie once and forever. Scotched, not killed; for anti-Catholic slanders seem almost gifted with a diabolic immortality. I heard it said, many years after the publication of the "Apologia," that if the great Cardinal could have lived again, he would never have left the Anglican fold. I saw it stated even after his death. Probably no intelligent person believed it then, or for many years before; but intelligence is not a universal commodity.

As with the greatest, so with the least. The most obscure convert is told very much the same as the most illustrious. Similar absurdities are uttered; and sometimes really believed, about both. A personal friend said of the writer, a few weeks after the great step had been taken: "Oh, he'll come back all right! They all do." One is inclined to ask where was the good man's elementary sense of facts; for he was not an untruthful person. Another friend told me seriously that of course a convert was made much of just at first, but that his fellow-Catholics soon got tired of him, and dropped him like a hot potato. The most extraordinary reports were current (never, thank God, among my best friends) as to my mental condition, my discontent and general misery, and even my moral degeneration.

From the standpoint of those who

invented and repeated them, these stories were certainly deplorable; from my own, they were delightfully comic, and gave (I fear still give) food for great mirth in my family circle. I mention them only because I am convinced they are the common lot of converts. Such things are often the result of sheer ignorance, but of ignorance combined with quite unnecessary stupidity. A man makes up his mind that such and such a condition must be inevitable, and then proceeds to say that it actually exists. No one but a fool or a moral degenerate, he argues, would leave the comfortable, sensible pastures of Protestantism: therefore our friend John Smith, who has actually done so, is either one or the other. It is beautiful logic, if only the major premiss had any shred of truth.

Ignorance, however, is not the only motive power in these calumnies. Α. strange kind of anger is apt to take possession of a convert's friends and acquaintances, especially if he is a convert parson, and most of all if he is a High Church parson of the "extreme" type. They feel as if they had been duped and misled; they resent bitterly what seems (and is) the condemnation of their own system by one who knows it intimately; and so they scatter recklessly the most absurd, and often the most uncharitable, statements. Behind all this there is another motive power, which they would indignantly deny, and of which they are only subconsciously, if at all, aware; and that is, insecurity as to their own position. If our good friends on the other side of the Great Divide that marks off the Church from all other religious systems were not-many of them-most uncomfortably suspicious as to the validity of their own claims, a convert would be spared a good deal of unreasoning abuse.

Well, all this tends to concentrate itself into the persuasion, which they try to hug with a kind of despairing affection, that a convert's experience is one vast disillusionment. There is, we are told,

romance and emotion in the first glow of reception into the Church. Converts build up an imaginary palace of delight, where everything is going to be couleur de rose, where henceforward there will be nothing but peace and sensuous enjoyment of the "pomp" and "glitter" of the Catholic religion. All ecclesiastics and religious are, of course, saints; there is to be no more of the old imperfections and trials that were so difficult in their former spiritual home. Then (so these weavers of fiction proceed) the whole thing is found to be an illusion. Doubts spring up where all was thought to be certainty; there are scandals and inconsistencies; troubles of every kind are no less (probably more) serious than before. But for a sense of shame, and the dread of being branded as persons of no settled convictions, they would gladly come back to their old surroundings. They are not really at home where they are, and never will be. It may be all very well for "born Catholics," but converts must be wretched and disappointed, and, in fact, "out of it" in every way.

And yet these poor converts do not seek their old spiritual haunts: on the contrary, they appear to have settled down in the most provoking way. And those who still know them say they seem quite cheerful, but of course that may be put on for the edification of non-Catholic acquaintances. Anyway, it is most annoying; and they have no right to behave as if they were satisfied, when *we* know they can not possibly be so.

What a strange comedy all this makes! It is time (and the best and most thoughtful of non-Catholics feel this as much as ourselves) that the united testimony of us converts should be listened to, and taken for the truth it is. There are some outstanding facts to which it is our privilege to witness; and when non-Catholic theorists find themselves "up against" these facts, they are bound to accept them and not try to explain them away. My desire, if I am capable, is to show how years of experience of Catholic life only deepen and develop the first marvellous grace. In fact, to many of us it is the hardest part that seems to come the first. Anything like emotion or excitement is singularly absent from the businesslike, almost prosaic, act of reception into the Church. The convert knows indeed that "the snare is broken, and we are free"; but the sense of deliverance, the peace and gladness, develop by slow degrees. After ten years one seems to be only beginning to find out the inexhaustible wonder of the mighty gift that has been youchsafed.

Those who read these papers will, I think, forgive the writer if at times he becomes somewhat autobiographical. It is almost impossible to convey what one aims at expressing without such allusions. The very insignificance of the convert himself—the fact that he is merely "an average man"—may perhaps help to illustrate the appeal that the Catholic religion makes to the great mass of men. Ten years, it may be, give some claim to witness what the Faith and the Church mean in the very ordinary life of a very ordinary man.

There are converts, however, it will be urged, who do go back from their newfound home. Very few,-so few as to make a total utterly insignificant in quantity, even still more so in quality. Some may have lapsed through inconsiderate haste in submitting to the Church from merely sentimental considerations; here and there circumstances may have hindered due instruction; now and then, alas! other and lower motives are at work. My acquaintance with converts is very large, but I know only two cases of this worst kind of apostasy, one of them resulting from a most absurd and trifling cause of offence: duty interfered with a selfish desire, so religion was thrown overboard. In the other case, submission to the Church had been perhaps rather the result of disgust with Protestantism than absolute conviction of the truth of the Catholic claim. And

I am not sure that in either of these instances there was definite loss of faith in such truths as, for example, the Sacrifice of the Mass or the sacramental system. In fact, it would not be uncharitable to say that loss of temper rather than loss of faith was at the root of the defection. In any case, such exceptions serve but to throw into stronger relief the experience of, practically, all of us. They only appeal to our pity and our prayers. But for divine grace, their lapse might have been our own.

(To be continued.)

### The Secret Bequest.

### BY CHRISTIAN REID.

# XV.

HE dusk of the June evening, filled with the fragrance of flowers, and with sunset fires still lingering in the west, where the delicate golden crescent of a new moon gleamed, was holding the earth under its spell of enchantment, as Bernard Chisholm walked down one of the shade-arched streets of the older part of Kingsford, and entered the gate which led to a spacious, old-fashioned house, set back from the street among tall, old trees.

There was no one visible on the wide veranda surrounding the house, where many large, comfortable chairs were grouped, as if waiting occupancy. But through its open windows a flood of melody poured out on the twilight; for some one within was playing Schumann's "Träumerei" most beautifully, bringing out the lovely melody with velvet-tipped fingers.

Bernard mounted the steps of the veranda noiselessly, and sank into a chair beside a window which opened to the floor, and near which, in the room within, he knew that the piano stood. Here he remained without moving until the last strains died away, and then he applauded softly. Immediately a hand drew back the draperies of the window, and a voice cried eagerly:

"Is that you, Bernard? Come in, and we'll have some music."

"Thanks! But I've just enjoyed the 'Träumerei,'" Bernard answered, as he rose; "and I can't indulge myself further now, for I want to talk to you; and if I don't seize the present opportunity, some intrusive person will certainly interrupt us. So, please, do you come out!"

"Very well," was the laughing rejoinder.

There was the sound of a piano lid closed, and the next moment Miss Rainesford stepped through the window, and sat down beside him.

"Here I am," she said. "And if you want to talk of anything important, you've chanced upon a good time; for father has gone to George's with the children—who were here to tea,—and he will certainly remain there an hour or two."

"It wasn't the General whom I had in mind as an intrusive person," Bernard had the grace to explain, "but some one of the numerous visitors who have frequently forced me to think that you are entirely too popular."

"Perhaps it's because I'm one of the few people who prefer to listen rather than to talk," she hazarded. "And I don't deserve much credit for it, either. I'm often too tired and sometimes too indolent to talk; so I just lean back and let my visitors pour out their stream of conversation with very few interruptions. They like that."

"Well, lean back now, and I'll pour out what I have to say. But I warn you that I shall expect attention; for I've come to seek advice."

"In that case I won't lean back. I'll remain upright in body as well as in mind; for I'm sure you wouldn't seek advice on an unimportant matter. What is it?"

"Something that I may be mistaken in thinking important, yet I have an instinct that it is. It's about Miss Trezevant— Honora Trezevant."

"Ah!" Miss Rainesford sat a little more upright. "That's an interesting subject. And what about her?"

"Well" — the young man frowned slightly, as if in perplexity,—"I've had rather a singular conversation with her this afternoon, and, upon my soul, I believe that she is inclined toward the Church."

"A great many people are," Miss Rainesford remarked calmly, — "many more than ever act upon their inclination, being, like Demas, too much attached to the things of this present world. I'm not greatly surprised to hear that Miss Trezevant is one of them. I rather suspected something of the kind from our conversation when I went to see her. She seemed so peculiarly interested in your conversion."

"She has evinced that interest from the first," Bernard said; "and I have had difficulty in avoiding the discussion of the subject with her. I've thought her persistence in trying to discuss it rather strange; but I set it down to curiosity, and sympathy with my loss—which, in spite of all my assurances to the contrary, she insists upon considering very great. But this afternoon I had a new light."

"Yes? What kind of light?"

"A gleam that seems to explain the fascination the subject evidently holds for her. It happened in this way. I went to see her on business, and found her in the garden alone. But instead of talking business she began to speak of other things—first of her sister, who has discovered that Kingsford offers too limited a field for the gratification of her desires and ambitions, and has decided that she wishes to go to Europe to live."

"And does she want Honora to go also?"

"That appears to be her plan. And it was quite evident that Honora would have no power to refuse, though she does not want to go, as she confessed."

"Then she is weaker than I would have given her credit for being. If that beautiful, spoiled creature — who must be as selfish as she is spoiled — wants to go abroad to live, she could send her under proper protection, without going herself."

"I gathered that that wouldn't suit Mademoiselle Cecily's plans; and so Honora was very downcast at the prospect of leaving her interests and occupations here. Well, the conversation drifted along. We talked of you, and, by the by, she was charmed with you—"

"Many thanks! I was certainly very much pleased with her. And then?"

"Then there came what I am tempted to call the inevitable diversion to the subject of my religion. It seems you had told her that personal influence didn't make converts—"

"I remember telling her something of the kind — of course in answer to her questions."

"So she wanted to know what *did* make them, and practically demanded a history of my conversion."

"Did you give it to her?"

"I did not. I forget what I said exactly. It was, I fancy, just the usual fencing on my part. But for the first time it seemed to provoke her. She charged me with disinclination to answer her questions because I feared unsettling her faith, and said that she did not wish to be considered in that way, — that she had a right to discuss the claims of the Catholic Church if she chose to do so."

"That's true, you know. She has a right to save her soul, in spite of the Chisholm will and the Chisholm fortune."

"A right, yes. But since she isn't in the least likely to exercise that right, one is bound not to disturb her good faith not to give her information that would make her position terribly hard, were her conscience once roused."

"I'm not sure that I agree with you. I'm not at all sure that one has a right to withhold information of the kind because one is not certain that it will be acted upon."

"Generally speaking, you are probably right. But in this particular case I think I'm right," Bernard said obstinately. "You don't know this girl; you don't realize how easy it would be to rouse her conscience, and how dreadfully she would suffer if it were roused."

"I believe that I realize it," Miss Rainesford answered; "for, although I have seen her only once, I was very much impressed with her, and she is easily read. There is nothing subtle about her: it is a transparent character, very sincere, very loyal, with strong affections, and little thought of self. It is by such characters that sacrifices are made."

"Not sacrifices that would entail suffering on others. That's where the defect of the quality of unselfishness comes in, and there's where you have a difficulty that could hardly be surmounted. Cecily Trezevant would stand like a lion in the path of her sister's possible conversion to the Church; for, as you know, the latter holds her fortune on the condition of not being a Catholic, and she would forfeit it if she became one. The sacrifice would be too much to expect of her."

"Why should it be too much to expect? You made it."

"The situation is entirely different with her from what it was with me. I gave up the fortune, it's true; but that was a small sacrifice for a man with youth, health, strength, and nobody depending on him; while it would be an appalling sacrifice for this girl, who would be forced to return to poverty and labor for which she is wholly unfitted, and who has a sister whose prospects in life she would destroy—and who would never forgive her for it."

Miss Rainesford sighed. "I suppose it would be too much to expect of her, unless she were of the most heroic mould such mould as we do not encounter often in life," she said. "But you haven't told me yet why you think that she is inclined toward the Church?"

"Haven't I? I'm afraid I'm telling my story in a very disconnected manner. Well, in the course of the conversation about my conversion, she startled me by confessing that she, too, had felt the attraction of the Church, - that attraction which, like a powerful magnet, draws souls toward it, as we know well. But she is altogether ignorant of the faith, as you may judge from the fact that she doesn't understand what renders a Catholic church different from any other. It appears that she fell into the habit of wandering into one in New York, and so became conscious of an atmosphere unlike any she had ever known before."

"I've heard many Protestants say that they were conscious of such an atmosphere in our churches."

"I'm aware that there's nothing unusual in the experience, but it was rather pathetic to hear this girl describe hers, how, after a day of wearying toil, she would drop into the church, which she called 'a fortress of peace,' and find there rest, comfort, and strength to go on with life. It was all perfectly comprehensible to a Catholic, but it puzzled her. tremendously."

"Didn't you tell her what was in the church?"

"Oh, yes! I told her that, in the fewest words possible; but when she wanted to know why she, who had no faith in the real Presence, was so conscious of It's influence, I simply declined to discuss the subject further. In the first place, I didn't know myself, though I had a strong suspicion; and, in the second place, it was an absolutely impossible subject for me to discuss with her."

"Why was it impossible for you to discuss it with her?"

He stared a little. "Surely you must see that I am the last person to have anything to do with her conversion to Catholicity, if it should take place," he said. "I suppose I'm stupid," she replied, "but I don't see. Is it possible that you are thinking of what people would say?"

"A little perhaps," he admitted. "We all have our weaknesses. And you can't but acknowledge that it might look like a revenge for my disinheritance, if I had any part in converting the heiress, whom my uncle selected, to the religion he detested, thereby forcing her to lose the fortune he left her."

Miss Rainesford burst into laughter.

"I've never heard anything more utterly absurd!" she exclaimed. "You know that nobody would ever dream of attributing such a motive to you."

"Seriously, I don't know it," he answered. "I can see a good many people shaking their heads and saying that it was quite 'jesuitical,' and altogether what was to have been expected."

"Of course there are always fools to be reckoned with," she conceded. "But you didn't care in the least what people said, or how far they misjudged you, when it was a question of your own conversion."

"That was a different affair altogether. My conversion concerned only myself, but I can't incur any responsibility in this case."

"It's the first time I've ever known you afraid of responsibility."

"I'm not only afraid, I positively refuse to accept it in the present instance," he asseverated. "And therefore I've decided that it will be best to carry out as soon as possible my original intention of leaving Kingsford."

"Because Honora Trezevant has asked a few questions about the Catholic faith? Bernard, I am amazed at you!"

"The amazing thing to me," he returned, "is that you don't seem to realize the position in which I am placed. I can't continue to evade her inquiries, and I can't possibly accept the responsibility of answering them. So the only thing to do is to go away."

"But you are so illogical!" she ex-

claimed. "You've said in the most positive manner that you consider nothing more unlikely than her conversion."

"I am not talking of her conversion in the sense of a formal, outward act," he explained. "Considering the tremendous renunciation it would entail, I do regard that as absolutely unlikely, if not impossible, however much she were convinced of the truth of the Catholic faith. But the conversion of the spirit—the terrible inward struggle of conscience on one side, and affection and interest on the other, there is where tragedy would come in. And I can't, I won't, have any responsibility with regard to that."

There was a moment's silence, and then Miss Rainesford said slowly:

"All this is so unlike you that I am inclined to draw a conclusion which may not please you."

"What conclusion do you draw?" he asked.

"The conclusion that you are thinking of running away, not so much because you feel yourself in danger of converting Honora Trezevant as of falling in love with her."

"And if your surmise were true," he said, quietly, "wouldn't you think that I was acting wisely in running away?"

"Bernard!" she gasped. "Do you mean that it *is* true?"

Even in the dusk she could see that his eyes were smiling as he looked at her.

"Only as a possibility," he told her. "It was the second revelation that I had this afternoon; for I hadn't before been aware of such a possibility. But she is very attractive, very sympathetic, very charming altogether; and if I continue to be associated with her as I have been lately, I—well, I can't answer for myself. And so there's but one word for me, and that word is 'Go!'"

"But why?" Miss Rainesford cried appealingly. "It seems to me that it would be ideal if you and she fell in love with each other and married,—the most perfect righting of a wrong imaginable. And what is more," the speaker went on, with a sudden flash of intuition, "I believe that is what your uncle hoped and intended. Why else should he have left his fortune to a girl? Depend upon it, his pride wouldn't let him break his word and leave it to you after he had threatened you with the loss of it, but he hoped you'd get it in this way."

' It was Bernard's turn to laugh now.

"My dear friend," he said, "let me assure you that my uncle neither read nor wrote romances, and such a plan would never have entered his mind. If it had but it couldn't, for he knew me too well." "Knew you in what way?"

"In the way of being certain that I would never take by such means the

fortune he had refused to give me." "Do you mean that if you loved this girl and she loved you, you would not

marry her because she inherited your uncle's fortune?".

"I mean just that. Nothing would induce me even to consider such a possibility."

""Well, I call that sinful pride."

"And I call it self-respect. So there you are! But really we are going much too fast. I'm not in love with Honora Trezevant: I only felt this afternoon that it was within the bounds of possibility that I might come to be; and I'm absolutely certain that she hasn't the faintest idea of being in love with me. But her interest in the Church is a very real and very persistent thing, and the peculiar circumstances of my conversion make it centre about me; hence her inquiries into the psychological process of that conversion."

"And to avoid those inquiries you are going to run away! I wouldn't have believed it of you."

"But I have all along intended to go away," he reminded her. "I want to take advantage of that opening in Buenos Aires of which I've told you, and this means only that I would go a little sooner than of late I have intended." "And I've been hoping that you had given up the idea of going at all,—that I wouldn't have to lose you out of my life. You don't know what it would mean to me to lose you. Oh, I wish your uncle had never heard of Honora Trezevant!"

"Don't wish that," Bernard said. "She is not only the right person in the right place, but I shouldn't be here now, you know, but for her. All my plans were settled for going, but she begged me to remain; and I was tempted to do so, partly because I wanted to help her in a difficult position, and partly to carry out some plans of my own about the business. But it was a mistake — I see that now, and the sooner one ends a mistake, the better."

"But you've said that she's going away!" Miss Rainesford cried, with the air of one who is struck by a happy idea. "If the younger sister has set her mind upon their going abroad to live, why, that solves the difficulty; and you needn't run away to avoid either converting or falling in love with Honora."

"I didn't say that she was certainly going abroad—only that Cecily wishes her to do so."

"But what Cecily wishes is the thing that comes to pass, isn't it? Oh, I've no doubt they will go! So there's really no immediate necessity for you to buy your ticket for Buenos Aires."

"Of course I can't leave immediately," he acknowledged. "That wouldn't be fair, since I've just undertaken to superintend certain improvements in the factories. But I shall go as soon as possible, and meanwhile—"

"Yes, meanwhile?"

"I'd like to hear what advice you have to offer for my guidance in the situation."

"Don't be a coward!" she advised him promptly. "It's a rôle that doesn't suit you at all. Up to this time, I've never seen any one face life with more cheerful courage; and there's no reason why you should lose either cheerfulness or courage now. If God intends to reward you for what you have done by letting you help another soul along the difficult path of sacrifice—"

"No, no!" he interrupted. "I decline that rôle altogether!"

"You can't decline it, if it is appointed for you. And if God puts a great opportunity before Honora Trezevant, you have no right, in your desire to spare her suffering, to close the door of inquiry in her face."

He smiled, remembering Honora's words about the closed door.

"It's clear," he said, "that you are inclined to offer only the most heroic advice, — advice which is entirely too heroic for me to follow. So don't be surprised if you hear that I have become wholly absorbed in business as long as I remain here, and that I shall hereafter see as little of Miss Trezevant as our relations will allow."

(To be continued.)

### Love's Cloister.

#### BY O. S. B.

#### I.—LOVE COMETH.

LOVE came into His cloister on a time Ere yet the night its silent course had run, Ere yet the birds, to greet the rising sun, Had, joyous, chanted their exultant Prime. And, lo! the air with music was a-chime, Wherein all harmonies were blent in one---Beginning, ending; ending and begun---In praise of condescension so sublime. I had no words of welcome, yet my soul Poured forth herself in love, her Love to meet; And, lying prostrate at His blessed feet, While floods of peace through all her being stole, Passed from her own to His divine control In self-surrender, absolute, complete.

#### II.-LOVE SPEAKETH.

Then spake He: "Lo! I know how, year by year, Doubting, yet feebly trusting, thou hast stayed Within this cloister's limits, as I bade; Have marked each penance, every prayer and tear, Known all thy tremors, every needless fear;
Have seen thee oft by futile foes dismayed.
Let not thy heart be troubled nor afraid.
Hast thou forgot so soon that I am near?
Wait but My time; be patient, and abide
My certain coming, though I tarry long.
Though weak thou be, My grace shall make thee strong.

Ask Me yet more; it shall not be denied. When pilgrim plaint shall end in victor-song, All thy heart's longings shall be satisfied."

III.—THE SOUL MAKETH ANSWER. "If I have thought of Thee upon my bed, On Thee at Matins will I meditate, And all my hunger shall be satiate As one with marrow and with fatness fed. So shall I keep the road Thou bid'st me tread Until Thy hand at last unbar the gate Closed now so fast between us, and await Thy call to follow Thee where Thou hast led. If, then, for Thee I walk in stony ways, Thy love-shall turn them into paths of peace; And all the turnings of life's thorny maze, Seen in Thy light, to order shall increase; Till all its mysteries, all its shadows cease In the glad dawning of the Day of days."

# IV.-LOVE HIDETH HIMSELF.

Thus spake my soul; yet even as she spake Love hid His face, and, as before, my cell Seemed bare and empty, ere the clamorous bell Had called the slumbering brethren to awake. Yet though it please Him in such wise to take His sensed Presence from me, nor to dwell Seen, heard, within His cloister, and to tell All I would ask Him: He doth not forsake Nor yet forget me.

Therefore I remain Within these narrow limits closely pent, Knowing them boundless; and my soul, content, With loneliness, with tears, with bitter pain, Awaits His coming; nor awaits in vain The certain ending of her banishment.

THE call to the really spiritual life is met to-day with more excuses than were found by those who refused to attend in the parable of the marriage supper.

-Anon.

# Catholic Germany at War.

#### BY W. F. P. STOCKLEY.

VERY reader of THE AVE MARIA L who tries to judge justly about the races of men in their great distress of to-day (and specially of every Catholic reader should this be true) must have been gladdened-if one may now use the expression-to see brought forward in this magazine the words of so thorough an Englishman as Father Bernard Vaughan, reminding not only English-speaking neutrals (who also must hear more of the English-spoken side of things), but reminding even his own English that, among the enemy, too, men who face death seek to prepare themselves for the severing of their soul and body,-seek to know what their responsibilities are, as to a subject's duty toward a king, and as to a man's duty toward his own soul; that German Catholics as well as Belgian and French can preach and pray more. earnestly when danger is near. "When you hear the bullets coming in front, behind, all round,-it is then you can pray," a tired-looking, wounded Prussian remarked to me in a train taking him to his home, near Cologne; and not from such as he came any word of hate against the brave men who had fought him. Every reader will be heartened, at least, to know that German priests are now teaching and ministering, and their German soldiers asking for and receiving guidance and consolation, in anxiety and in agony, with simpler Christian earnestness and truer resignation to the will of God than perhaps ever before.

And THE AVE MARIA has done us good by suggesting that in the English priest's words there is a sign of the times, now that men are beginning to consider not only more curiously but more wisely the desperate phenomena of the nine months' warring world. May one European reader say that it was from America, and from

Catholic America, that he had looked for words such as these, and for reminders that the religion of act and practice-the Catholic-was the guide and stay of suffering millions, not only in the allies of those who speak America's language, but in those from whom news must reach English-speaking Americans, less often, less fully, less clearly, if not less fairly? Where, if not in Catholicism, in the universal religion, shall we look for justice to all; for sympathy with all men, and more completely with those of the household of faith; for the sense of the true greatness and yet littleness of life; for "that calm of mind, all passion spent," which comes in a Catholic church, in a confessional, in the using of prayers and aspirations that speak truth with authority, and in the quiet sense of blessing through objects used and blessed? Where else shall we look for a resignation which is not stoicism; for hearty humor rather than cynicism; for little of worrying, and much of the sense that all men are children of the one Father, and are here on trial at His hands?

The first time the present writer went into a German confessional after there was war between the penitent's country and the priest's, the advice he got was to pray that men on all sides should do their duty, and that all should keep the one main thing in mind that after standing well in the judgment of our fellow-citizens as to this year's duties, we have each to stand at the great Judgment as to the right or wrong intent of the acts of all our lives. "Every subject's duty is the king's, but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed: wash every mote out of his conscience; and, dying so, death is to him advantage; or, not dying, the time was blessedly lost wherein such preparation was gained. And in him that escapes, it were not sin to think that, making God so free an offer, He let him outlive that day, to see His greatness

and to teach others how they should prepare."

So Shakespeare's English Catholic warrior king; so, in unsentimental acceptance of the contrasted facts of time and of eternity, the German Catholic guidance for soldiers and for all men, at this day and hour. And it is to express the thought that that beneficent teaching, fitted for all needs and all times, is doing its common-sense and awful work on one side as on the other in this war, that an English-speaking writer is led to set down such words as these, which seem a recalling, a reminding, not to say a comfort or an inspiration, to fellow-Catholics as they think and pray, and judge and learn, and even hope-even that,-and yet do not dream. The impartiality, the reticence, the coolness, yet the pity, the appealing outcry of Benedict XV. are a strength to all his children,-a help to that confidence and that submission in the sphere of our sorrow, - a help to those thoughts that wander through eternity; by which thoughts alone, as the Pope says, common-sense, common justice, and common honesty will prevail in our judgments upon ourselves and upon the nations and the classes among mankind. And, to repeat, it is surely in the Catholic press that should be felt the sense of the absolute, and the resultant fairness, patience, wisdom, and fellowfeeling.

One has read so much in English of the good effect of the war's miseries on religion in France—nay, on the acts of France's fanatics in high places (though, be it said, those who chose to open their eyes could see much in the France of the missionaries to make Catholics of other nations speak humbly, long before this time of destruction) — that one who passed some months in Germany during the war can not but often think of the lion's remark, *Si moi aussi je savais peindre; en anglais.* When, on my return to Ireland, I heard a good, narrow nun say — one whose international reading

about unknown lands was doubtless the Irish yellow press, coarser in color than the more sincere "jingo" press in England — that the Catholics of all these war countries are bad Catholics, I thought of an Irishwoman I saw moved to tears as she first stood among the hundreds or thousands singing at that nine-o'clock Sunday Mass in the cathedral of Cologne, finding herself amidst a body of worshippers whom every Irish priest would be proud to lead at home; even as an Irish priest-professor at Maynooth, not long ago, said he longed to see in Ireland a congress of just such thousands of Catholic men and leaders of men as he had been present at in Germany. They meet yearly, these German Catholics; and are a power in the whole German empire, where Catholics count but a third. In the great Rhineland Dom a sob seemed to break from the faithful when the priest announced them the lamentable to injuries to the more lovely Mass-house of Rheims, however inevitable in war's retaliating barbarities.

Bavaria, as we know, is, like Ireland, three-quarters Catholic; unlike it, with a very pious Catholic king and royal family, devoted these days, even as all great personages, to working for soldiers and their families, and not neglecting to appear in state and in humbleness at their Munich cathedral's High Mass when war began; as again when Pope Pius X. died. Besides, Austria-Hungary is also thus largely Catholic. And of those two allies, one supposes half their troops may be Catholic. I have seen three thousand German recruits filing into a church for midday sermon by a Capuchin Father. Thence the civilians had perforce to give way. But a Jesuit's sermon in another church was the type of those sermons which civilians could hear in Germany, as, doubtless, in France (Jesuits do preach in both, though refused a home in either)-that "we have sinned with our fathers, we have done amiss and dealt wickedly"; that though we

think indeed our cause just, and it is our duty to defend our country, yet what attacks in our country, in times of peace, have there not been on the very name of God, on His laws for men, on what makes life worth living, and takes out of sorrow all despair! We have not deserved Wir haben den Frieden nicht peace: So often, too, these priestly verdient. words have risen in France and in halfanticlerical Belgium: Nous n'avons pas mérité la paix. Indeed, the German cardinals and other bishops have issued a joint pastoral on that text. They write:

"... The war burst on the cold clouds and the evil vapor of infidelity and scepticism, and on the unwholesome atmosphere of an un-Christian overculture. The German people recovered their senses; faith returned to its rights.... Following the guidings of grace, following the voice of their pastors and the exhortation of their God-fearing Kaiser, the people entered the churches, and found there the Saviour; many found Him again who had wandered far from Him.... Our soldiers before their march renewed with Him in Holy Communion their covenant for life and death....

"Our first and weightiest duty is penance and expiation. The war is a judgment for all nations afflicted by it. Time of war is time of penance. Woe to the nation which even this terrible chastiser can no longer bring to penance. It is ripe for destruction; and even victory would be for it a defeat....

"We are innocent of the outbreak of the war: it has been forced upon us; that we can testify before God and the world....We do not want to occupy ourselves with the account books of other nations. In us, too, has the war laid bare heavy guilt. Things could not go on as they were....What shameful, degrading treatment, depreciation, contempt, had religion been obliged to endure openly,—or, rather, have we not allowed ourselves to endure in our own weakness and cowardice! That is our fault,—our most grievous fault.... Into our country, too, there had penetrated a mind-culture, un-Christian, un-German, and unsound in its whole being, with its external varnish and its internal rottenness, with its coarse pursuit of wealth and pleasure, with its no less arrogant than ridiculous supermen, with its dishonorable imitation of a foreign infected literature and art, and even of the most shameful extravagances in the fashions of women....

"It would be a fatal mistake to think that now all guilt has been blotted out, and the German people have been born again together to a new and better life. Long guilt is not atoned for by a short repentance."

Surely one may repeat the text here, there, everywhere, without taking upon one's self the mystery of things as if we were God's spies; of Him who maketh His sun to shine on the evil and the good, and sendeth rain on the just and the unjust.

And then, when the young men have to go, one reads in England noble words that they must remember, and, in a higher sense, their poet's appeal to soldiers: Dishonor not your mothers: now attest

That those whom you call fathers did beget you.

Noblesse oblige. And so one read a German bishop's article, reminding his young men that the honor of their Fatherland was confided to them; that every needlessly cruel act and every possible shameful act of theirs would stain the German name. What are the very postcards printed for Catholic Germany but the young soldier father holding his child before the familiar wayside crucifix, the young mother on her knees imploring safety for all, while "above are the Everlasting Arms"?

I know of one German priest now out at the front who has been giving daily Communion to the men. Their piety, he says, is much more faithful than that of their officers; though, in the days before the troops left Munich, what numbers of officers as of men one saw in groups, or with their poor little families, at altars and near confessionals! "To be in need brings one to God," was the saying one heard quoted when churches became fuller, when every evening (and so, no doubt, still) church after church would hear unceremonial but most solemn prayers for living and for dead. As a servant-maid came in one night from a sermon and reminded us, "We were told to pray, in Catholic love, for enemies as well as for friends."

In small villages about the country, where we alien enemies—alas!—went free in the land of Oberammergau, under the cross seen afar on highest peaks,

Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot Which men call Earth,

women and old men came in for the evening Andacht; and in larger villages we joined with large crowds, while the children of each parish were grouped round the altar, with the *recueillement* that comes more readily to youth itself, among a disciplined Volk. It would move even the poet's coming-in fool to think as well as to pray.

Finally, as this sojourner was passing from his German enemy friends, he asked on the Prussian border, before reaching Holland, if the parish church of the place was Catholic. A servant of the inn seemed to give to the fellow-Catholic as kindly a welcome as would have been shown him in his own island home. Thanks to her, he found his way darkling the fine old three-aisled church, to crowded with hundreds, perhaps a couple of thousand, villagers. They came for Benediction (all singing together) and for sermon; the white-haired Pfarrer telling the young men that in such days as these they must be self-denying, sparing, wise; while the maidens, too, must be wise and in no sort frivolous. All was strong and earnest,-half an hour's daily devotions of resolve and trust and offering of self, and thought of the eternal years.

It was meant for one country. And yet not so. As in the words of the Catholic

confessor, so in those of a Catholic preacher, there is ever the sense that in Christ there is neither Jew nor Gentile, neither bond nor free, but we are one. The true religion, natural and then revealed, must be in its essence that which subserves neither place nor time. There can never be a thought of incongruity in the Catholic of this land or of that praying to Almighty God, whatever be the circumstances of the land where he prays. "In Him we live and move and have our being." "Without Him was made nothing that was made." The Absolute, the Infinite, the Eternal; and then the sense of utter nothingness of the finite; the impossibility, the absurdity, in any comparing of them; the consequent submission, trust, resignation, without indifference and with faith,-these are the points of true religion's meditations, and are implied in the simple mentality of many whose national religions by their very limitations are too little conscious of what is impious or foolish in some of their appeals, which seem to forget that God's ways are not as our nation's ways, nor His thoughts as ours.

I heard a Protestant Churchwoman remark—and she was a religious-seeming person—that God must be puzzled with all these different nations' notions in their prayers. Would any Catholic, not flippant, not sceptical, have forgotten himself or herself to say so much? "God is a spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." Yet also

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin, That all with one consent praise newborn gawds. In Germany, too, bishops and priests have had to plead against superstition among some of their soldiers, who had been tempted to the arrogance of those nostrums called chain-prayers.

And all those good and bad things are in France. The present Bishop of Beauvais' plain speaking on the superstition-mongers has been translated and published in the English Catholic *Month*. But so they are in (by us) less-heard-of Germany. And we are thinking, Catholicwise, of how men are one. Nor are any men more ready to feel this sincerely, and to act more nobly thereupon, than are soldiers. "The brave soldiers and sailors on all sides understand and respect one another, or most of them do," writes the English wife of a German professor. "We must wait for the return of our soldiers," says a well-known English authoress, "to dispel, as after the Boer war, the hideous inventions of stay-at-homes."

The world listened to Christmas carols and singing, not to say to noise of joyous feasting, among the poor fellows from the rival villages of Dumdrudge, doomed next day to send one another's souls into eternity. Nevertheless, there come thoughts of the noble dutifulness, of the simplicity in service, of the confidence in one's own right, not without recognition of the adversary's conscience and equal rights with us. All those thoughts subserve the thoughts of the further religious spirit and practice which we have been watching on both sides of the trenches. The soldiers are one in many common courtesies to wounded comrades and foes. They are one, so many millions of them, by their lives and deaths in the Faith. Is it possible, as we have read. that the Blessed Sacrament has been borne by Bavarian priests before the peasant defenders of Bavaria? The Rosary is heard in their trenches even in the moments of firing. And in French trenches is the same trustful prayer.

A German Franciscan was charged with the care of the French wounded, from whom he could hardly be long absent; for to that new flock of his he had lost his heart. Another had but love and pity when, out of six French wounded, four at death received the Sacraments, but two refused. What had not been taught to these two about priests! The poor prejudging minds, perchance, could not so soon unlearn. But there was a dying French soldier, prisoner of war in Germany, who, as a French savantpriest - still quietly at his studies in a German university town - told me, left all that he had (some sixty francs) to the German Red Cross, out of gratitude for the Christian care of him by his enemies. An English clergyman, with a son offering himself for his country's cause, has said: "I am afraid, of all the armies in the field, ours has the least religion." Yet he naturally admired English soldiers. And a German added that, perhaps, English without religion are better than Germans and French without religion. Nevertheless, another English clergyman does deplore that his poor fellows, when they want to turn to God in fear and trembling of heart, do not seem to know how to think of Him as their Catholic France allied fellow-mortals of and Belgium know, however forgetful these may have been, and for however long. It is doubtless we Catholics, with altars to no Unknown God, who may merit the many stripes.

We hear many English and French words on freeing German-speaking Alsace There is one set of from Germany. Alsatians who will be free of their country indeed if it puts itself, or is put, under France. These are the monks and nuns who live there, and who dread the change which they know would have to come when, under French law, they would all be turned out, and driven to take refuge elsewhere in Germany. The Protestant part of Prussia has its own lesson to learn before it gives equal religious rights, such as are given now in Catholic German States to men of all religions or of none, Little Prussian Poles are forced out of Polish, even as little French Bretons are forced out of Breton and its Chouan Catholic traditions.

But Germany is a wide land, showing many "Home Rule" varieties. Somewhere there, more of the monks and nuns would have to find a home, as so many of those French exiles have already found homes. The French Benedictine scholar Dom Germain Morin, has lately been quoted in THE AVE MARIA. He studies, one repeats, in Germany; for his own country will know him not. And I think of one middle-aged French nun, driven into Germany, trying to support herself there by taking boarders, praying, she says, that she may be left where she has been befriended. It is not in Alsace; so she has a better chance, whatever happens. And doubtless she prays most of all that her own *doux pays de France* may turn to a wiser tenderness.

As one comes to an end — one could dilate so much further! — one thinks of Shakespeare's good doctor, as he hears, and sees, the madness, and the breaking of wicked ambitions:

God, God, forgive us all!

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### What Delia Did.

BY H. R. BOSCH.

JOSEPH DAWSON'S private secretary turned from the open door of his study with the suggestion of a smile.

"It's just Dorothy, Mr. Dawson," said Miss Graham.

"I want to come in, daddy," an urgent voice supplemented. "It's" (and sixyear-old Dorothy pushed past the secretary) "very important."

"Why, of course you may come in— U-u-uh! Have a chair!" Mr. Dawson was so engrossed in the papers before him that he did not immediately realize to whom he was speaking.

"Yes, daddy." And Dorothy climbed promptly upon his knee. "Please listen, daddy! I don't take chairs: I'm not a syn-der-cut. I'm afraid you're not listening, and it's important."

"Oh, is it?" Mr. Dawson laughed heartily and ran a hand over his daughter's curls. "Why, dear me, little girl, you've been crying!"

"Sh!"-glancing toward Missing

in vivid embarrassment. "It is private, daddy, and it is very, very important." Dorothy sighed her relief when the hint had been delivered.

"Oh!" Miss Graham smiled and flushed. "Certainly, Dorothy." Yet she waited for Mr. Dawson's "If you please, Miss Graham," before she finally withdrew.

"Now, little one, what do you want of daddy?"

Dorothy struggled with a quivering lip and fast-filling eyes.

"Delia's dead," she said. Then she sobbed loudly, burying her head upon daddy's shoulder.

"Tell daddy all about it, dear! Was Delia one of the ponies perhaps? We can find another exactly like—"

"No, of course she wasn't a pony, daddy!" Dorothy interrupted, sitting upright and suddenly composed. "And we can't ever get another. She was one of the maids, and she always took care of me when nurse was out. Don't you remember her? She's gone only one week, daddy" (tears coming again), "and she d-died of am-ammonia."

"Pneumonia, dear! Oh, I heard something or other from the housekeeper! Dorothy, I sent word I'd pay all—"

Dorothy once more interrupted, entirely too distracted for remembrance of manners:

"I want black on my sleeve, and I want to go to the Mass they have in Delia's church when people die. May I - may I, daddy?" The tears were streaming from Dorothy's eyes.

"Don't cry, Dorothy. It distresses daddy dreadfully to see you cry."

"I c-can't help it, d-daddy. Nurse says I shan't have black on my sleeve, and I shan't go to any such funeral. And I loved Delia, daddy; and once, when you and mummie were in Washington, I went to a lovely church with her, and Delia said—" Dorothy paused, overcome with grief and excitement,

Mr. Dawson, who had been making carnest, if clumsy, attempts to pat his

StryE!

weeping young daughter into tranquillity, was slowly reddening now. The change in his complexion started at the word "Mass."

"Yes, Dorothy,—I hear. What did Delia say?"

"She said, 'Here's where you belong, poor lamb! And promise Delia never to forget what she's saying. You're only five now, but I'll teach you the "Hail Mary," and trust the Blessed Mother for the rest.""

Mr. Dawson's unwonted color remained.

"Did she teach you the 'Hail Mary,' Dorothy?" he asked in a low tone.

"Yes, daddy. And now I'm six, but Delia's dead."

Mechanically, Joseph Dawson continued to soothe the sobbing child; he was so utterly absorbed in the scrutiny of himself that even Dorothy was excluded from his mind.

"Isabel!" he finally exclaimed, starting from his seat.

"That's mummie," said Dorothy, wiping her eyes with her frock. "She couldn't come: nurse says Aiken is far away. But you could take me, daddy." The small face brightened. "O daddy, will you? And may I have black on my sleeve?"

"Certainly, if you want it so muchfor one day. It's strange—I think we'd better—"

Mr. Dawson was floundering, confused as no syndicate had ever caused him to be. He abstractedly put Dorothy down upon the floor; and, when pierced by her look of amazed reproach, hastily restored her to his knee,

"I thought you'd feel sorry about Delia," said Dorothy, concluding that Mr. Dawson's erratic action was what her mother called "a man's way" of evidencing his sympathy. It appeared that one never, according to Mrs. Dawson, could count upon what a man would do when emotion was the proper course; therefore, once back in her place, Dorothy was comforted by her father's peculiar behavior.

"Dorothy!" Joseph Dawson had taken his resolution. "You and I belong to the Catholic Church, like Delia, — that is, I'll have you baptized to-day—"

He broke off, ashamed of the admission he had made. What had caused him to be so recklessly careless through the years since his marriage?

"Really and truly, daddy?" Dorothy cried in delight. "Oh, wouldn't Delia be glad! You darling daddy! And won't mummie be surprised when she comes home?"

"Hem! Yes, I fancy she will. We'll tell her at once, Dorothy, in a long telegram. Won't that be fine?" Having dallied for seven years, Joseph Dawson was now in haste.

"It—it will be lovely, daddy,"—with a long breath.

"And now, dear, daddy will have a lot to do, getting ready for this afternoon. Run along and tell nurse she is to be careful what remarks she makes while living in a Catholic household. She may put on that black ribbon, if you want it."

"Thank you, daddy!" She kissed him merrily and danced away, her sorrow completely conquered by her joy.

It took considerable time to compose that telegram to Mrs. Joseph Dawson. The answer arrived in the evening, a few hours after Dorothy Virginia had been made a child of the Church. This is the way it read:

DEAR JOE:-You take things too seriously. I never enter a church, as you know. Daughter will probably not bother her head later, as neither you nor I could be considered religious. I have no objection whatever to your having her baptized—not the slightest. But why didn't you care sooner? It seems rather awkward now, when she is so big; but if you don't mind, it's all right—so far as I am concerned, ISABEL,

Mr. Dawson went out after Dorothy fell asleep. He had kissed her in her little bed, and duly admired the frock hanging ready for Delia's Mass in the morning. At the last moment Dorothy had decreed a white instead of a black ribbon upon the sleeve. With the odd but immovable logic of childhood she had said: "Because, daddy, Delia will be so glad up in heaven, now that I am baptized."

There was a sign upon a church near by: "Mission for Men." Joseph Dawson carried Isabel's telegram in his hand. He felt it to be his indictment. Evidently his care-free, easy-going wife would never have dreamed of any opposition had he behaved like a man in matters of his religion.

Men were going up the steps, mostly in perfect silence. Dawson stood a moment, unconsciously clutching Isabel's message. A burly, not entirely sober man lurched toward him.

"What a lot of fools still live!" he sneered, anticipating approval.

Joseph Dawson straightened.

"The fools," said he,—"the fools remain outside."

And like a boy he hurried up the steps into the church.

Spring's Approach.

BY MARY M. REDMOND.

WHEN the icy fetters break, .

And the sleeping rills awake, Winter wanes;

Though the chimney fires still burn, There's a hint of Spring's return In the lanes.

E'en though wintry still the skies, When the sap begins to rise, Spring is near.

Soon the green creeps through the mould, And the tiny buds unfold, Spring is here!

# Most Obliging.

I N the course of one of the frequent revolutions which deluged Spain with blood in the middle of the last century, a Carlist priest was forced to take refuge with a prosperous farmer in Catalonia. The police, who were on his track, arrived at the farm one evening, and penetrated forthwith into the sitting-room where the family were gathered about the hearth. The priest also was there disguised as an indoor servant.

The police plied the farmer with a multitude of questions, to which he replied: "Gentlemen, as you may see for yourselves, there is no stranger here. Whether, however, 'some priest may not have hid himself around the premises without my knowledge is another question. I can't say as to that. Accordingly, you may do your duty. First of all, search the house from cellar to garret, if you will, then visit the barns and the stables; and you, Jacques" (addressing the priest), "take a lantern and conduct these gentlemen all over the premises; let them see everything and go wherever they want to."

The police proceeded to prosecute their search, and they did it very effectively, leaving no room unvisited, and prying into every nook and corner. Each successive failure to discover the priest evoked vigorous curses on that Carlist's devoted head, and threats of what they would do to him when they *did* find him. At last they decided to give up the search as useless, and re-entered the house to take leave of the farmer, who had meantime prepared refreshments for them.

"Gentlemen," said the farmer when his guests were departing, "of course you will not forget our servant, my faithful-Jacques, after all his trouble."

"Assuredly not," replied the captain of the squad, handing the disguised priest a generous tip. "He has shown himself most obliging, not less so than yourself, sir,"

## About the Alleluia.

T HIS word Alleluia—from two Hebrew words: allelu, to sing, to celebrate; and iah, an abbreviation of Jehovah, was among the Hebrews an acclamation of joy and gratitude. It is found in the Psalms of David and in the Book of Tobias. St. Epiphanius says that the Prophet Aggeus sang Alleluias half a century prior to the coming of Jesus Christ. St. John, in his Apocalypse, writes that he heard the word chanted by legions of heavenly spirits.

From the Jewish worship the Alleluia readily passed into the ecclesiastical liturgy. The Church of Jerusalem introduced it into its first Offices. If the God who had promised a Saviour to Israel had been praised with enthusiasm, why should not the same acclamation serve to glorify the God who had so mercifully accomplished His promise?

The Latin Church, in the first centuries of the Christian era, adopted the word in her liturgy, but only for Easter Sunday. Pope St. Damasus extended its usage to all seasons, and even to burial services. St. Jerome, speaking of the funeral of his sister Fabiola, says: "Psalms were sung, and the vaults re-echoed Alleluias." Pope St. Gregory the Great, therefore, far from introducing the custom of singing the Alleluia in the Latin Church, as some writers have claimed, merely confirmed a usage already established. This Pontiff, in specifying those seasons of the ecclesiastical year during which it might be sung, excepted the period from Septuagesima Sunday until Easter. It was also banished in the West from the Mass and Office of the Dead. Finally, as in certain churches it was confined to Paschal time, its use was extended to the period which separates Pentecost from Septuagesima.

The custom of the Western and the Eastern Church is not in this respect uniform. In the East, the Alleluia is sung throughout the year, even on Good-Friday; and to the psalms of the funeral services

the Alleluia forms an accompaniment. The most solemn of the Alleluias in our Offices is that which follows the Gradual. It is repeated twice at the beginning of the versicle, and once at its close. Lebrun says that since the seventh or eighth century there has been added to the Alleluia a sequence of three notes. This prolongation of the song without words has for object either to express man's inability worthily to celebrate the ineffable Godhead, or, according to St. Bonaventure, to emulate the joy of the elect in heaven,-a joy that is endless and incapable of expression by words. This prolonged note on the final a of the Alleluia is also a species of allusion to the language of Jeremias: A-a-a! Domine Deus nescio logui,--- "Ah-ah-ah! Lord God. Behold, I can not speak."

Sozomenus relates that a voice was heard singing Alleluia in the Temple of Serapio. To those who heard it, it served as a notification of what soon afterward took place-the consecration to the true God of that temple of idols. According to the testimony of many credible authors, the word was frequently heard resounding in the heavens: and Francis Alvarez tells us that, in commemoration of these prodigies, the name Alleluia was given to a monastery in Africa. Everywhere during the first centuries of Christianity this word was sung. The rowers in their boats made the banks of rivers echo with its joyous accents, and the husbandmen in the fields forgot their toil in its gladsome repetition.

Although in our age this admirable epitome of praise and thanksgiving does not enter so largely into the daily life of even exemplary Christians, during the Paschal season all practical Catholics re-echo the Alleluia in their inmost hearts. It is the dominant note in the jubilant praise of Eastertide; and souls that have been gladdened by the glorious hopes born of Christ's Resurrection find in it the fitting expression of their homage, praise, and love.

### Worse than Vulgar.

WITH the recurrence of the time for the solemnization of marriages we are again reminded of a subject that was alluded to here and there during Lent. We refer to the social side of weddings, more particularly the efforts made by certain participants in the nuptial cheer to cause the newly-wedded pair all the chagrin and annoyance possible. Of course this is supposed to be "fun." To resent it, no matter to what idiotic lengths it may go, is to lose one's standing as a "good fellow."

All thinking persons, whatever their shade of religious belief, must regard the kind of practices to which we refer as the very essence of vulgarity, no matter who adopts them or in what spirit they are followed. To Catholics, such antics should be abhorrent, and pastors should have little trouble in making them appear so. There is no reason why a wedding day should not be like a First Communion day. Marriage, too, is a sacrament, and it means for the soul a deeper entering into Christ.

The following resolution drawn up by the Catholic societies of Ohio should commend itself to all Catholics: "We strongly condemn the pagan customs of making a young couple on their wedding day the object of annoying and unbecoming mockery. The bridal pair enters upon a state both holy and full of responsibility, and should therefore meet with the sincerest congratulations and kindly sympathy of all earnest Christians."

There is the Catholic note. Men and women who regard marriage thus sacredly do' not want the day of their wedding turned into a mad exhibition of that most dreary and deplorable of all forms of alleged humor, namely "practical joking." Such giddiness, it seems to us, suggests the frame of mind which permits these same merrymakers to get married and divorced the same month. For Catholics the practice should be utterly abolished.

#### Notes and Remarks.

In a paper dealing with his visit to Rome in 1902 for the settlement of the friar lands difficulty, read at a meeting of the National Geographic Society last week in Chicago, former President Taft took occasion to repeat his denunciation of the practice of discriminating against candidates for political office on account of their religious creed. He said: "No reason for voting against a man is so narrow and unrepublican as that he differs from the voter in religious belief. The formation of societies or parties to give effect to a movement in favor of the members of any Church or against them because they belong to the Church should be frowned on by every friend of democracy and every friend of religious liberty. Such movements usually are conducted under the cloak of secrecy, and are almost always, by reason of this, perverted into an instrument for somebody's ambition or to achieve some political revenge."

Mr. Taft has said the same thing often before, but no one knows better than he how much need there is of repeating the denunciation and warning conveyed in these words. It is a fact, as unquestionable as deplorable, that organized religious intolerance is pretty general in the United States at present.

Apropos of General Scott's success in pacifying without bloodshed the belligerent Indians of Utah. Father William Hughes recalls an incident that occurred a year and a half ago. At that time there was an uprising among the Navahos, and the same officer was appointed to the command of the troops sent to subjugate them. The Indians were "rounded up" without bloodshed. The fact was heralded throughout the country, and the credit was given to General Scott. The Secretary of the Interior sent him a letter of congratulation. But General Scott, soldier and gentleman, replied to the

Secretary that the credit was due, not to him, but to Father Anselm Weber. The facts were these. General Scott and Colonel McLaughlin, who is one of the oldest officers in the Indian Service, agreed that the one white man who had the confidence of all the Navahos was Father Weber. The Indians would receive him under a flag of truce. Father Weber was asked to go to the recalcitrant band. He said he would. White men who knew the character of the Indians and the character of the country feared for Father Weber's safety. They advised him not to go. He only smiled and went. Several visits were required, and each one took several days. Finally he succeeded in pacifying the Indians.

It was by no means the first time in our history that the Black Gown proved a more forceful and effective agent for law and order than the armed and accoutted soldier.

Such ultra-timorous Catholics as "viewed with alarm" the attention paid by our Biblical scholars to the work of non-Catholics in the field of Scripture study may profitably meditate for a few moments on these words of Benedict XV.'s reply to the address recently read to him by the president of the Pontifical Biblical Institute: "But with regard to Biblical studies a special note is to be found in the fact that in another camp than ours men have been working; and it is necessary that Rome examine what they have accomplished, that Rome weigh it, that Rome tell the Catholic world what is the truth, what is the value to be assigned to the productions put forth by those in. the other camp. Thus the Pontifical Biblical Institute had come to be a necessity of our time."

The commander of a German submarine is quoted as saying: "We do not need doctors nor do we need an undertaker. If anything goes wrong with our craft when we are down, no doctor can help us; and we carry our own coffin with us." This ought to be grim enough to suit anybody. And there is such a rush of applicants to serve in submarines that the German Admiralty has a selection of the most competent officers and the most reliable crews. Public sentiment in England, we notice, is not wholly in favor of regarding these men as pirates, and of hanging any of them that may be captured alive.

Judging from the comments of our Pacific Slope exchanges, Vice-President Marshall made an excellent impression on those who heard him speak at the Exposition, and at Berkeley, to a university audience. Among his quoted sayings at the latter place are these:

Happy is the man in public life who remembers that the people who waved palms and sung Hosannas to Our Lord on Sunday were the same who shouted "Crucify Him!" on Friday.

Time was when we thought it no one's business what we wore, ate, or drank. I myself think so yet.

I am not against really progressive legislation. I hope you will have as much more of it as will do you any good. But your legislature will be "as idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean" unless the men and women of California stand up for God and home and native land.

There is a tendency to depreciate the ability and the homely wisdom of our Vice-President; but the tendency is observable in just such quarters as ridiculed Lincoln until Death placed him among the immortals.

<sup>4</sup> Persons who are under the impression that pre-Reformation times were relatively schoolless would do well to dip into the latest addition to the "Antiquary's Books," by Mr. A. F. Leach. He himself has much to learn about the later Middle Ages, but he is well qualified to teach those who are still in the dark regarding them; and his work ("The Schools of Medieval England") is a real service to general readers, especially to such as can make allowance for his prejudices. Accord-

ing to Mr. Leach, Herefordshire at the close of the fourteenth century possessed as many as 17 grammar schools among a population of 30,000. He claims that the fifteenth century was superior in secondary-school supply to the nineteenth century, if not to the twentieth; for he holds that there was at that time one grammar school to every 5625 of the people, whereas the Schools Inquiry Commission Report (1868) estimated one secondary school for each 23,750 of the population of England. In fact, our author makes a strong case for his view that the fifteenth century was a great period of school foundation.

Mr. Leach's book is a really valuable one; but, as we have remarked, his prejudices sometimes get the better of him; and, with all his research, he seems not to have investigated the educational work of monasteries.

When the death of a priest is set down as a "community loss" it may be inferred that his life was one of uncommon service and singular devotedness to duty. It is . in such terms as this that the secular press of his city refers to the death of the Rev. Joseph M. Nardiello, of Bloomfield, N. J. A long life was allotted this devoted pastor, and he filled it with good deeds. Particularly, his known charities were numerous and munificent. "He was the ideal shepherd," one secular editor writes of him,—a priest "of lofty and holy purposes, and with a great human heart. There is no earthly way to measure the good accomplished by such a life." We learn that prayers for Fr. Nardiello's recovery were offered in a Presbyterian church; and it is not surprising to hear that the citizens of Bloomfield have already set on foot a plan for the erection of a monument to his memory.

We noted with genuine regret, a short time ago, the fall from grace of a new periodical for which we had begun to have a liking. Politically, it seemed a

veritable knight-errant, the sans peur, etc., sort. It spoke with a clear and pleasing voice on questions of art, letters, science. It began to create a place for itself,-a new classification all its own. Alas that these expectations should be irretrievably shattered by one issue! An article unsigned, presumably of editorial authority, openly advocates such a programme and campaign of sin as has destroyed cities and civilization in the history of man. We are sorry that a periodical of such promise, with a field of its own to win and hold, should so readily and quickly have lost its identity in the promiscuous welter of the yellow press.

Now and then non-Catholic congregations hear things from the pulpit that must cause them to sit up and listen, whatever they may think or say afterward. For instance, the Rev. F. A. Russell, president of the Lancashire (England) Congregational Union, declared on a recent occasion that "there was a Church before there were any Epistles or Gospels; and when the Gospels were written the Church chose those which most truly recorded her experience. The Roman Catholics were wise in insisting that the Church came first. In their view, the literature of the Church did not authenticate the Church, but the choice of the Church authenticated the literature. Taking that standpoint, the importance of régime became paramount; the very existence of the churches depended upon honoring it." Here surely is food for all thoughtful Protestants.

The present Sovereign Pontiff is still a sufficiently "new" one to warrant our favoring our readers with an artist's description of his physiognomy. Sculptor Raffaele Romanelli, who is executing two busts of the Holy Father, and who has in consequence been favored with several sittings, is quoted as saying:

The Pope has a very interesting head, with something about it that reminds one partly of

Niccolò da Uzzano's head by Donatello, and that of Fra Girolamo Savonarola. The marks of a very vivid intelligence shine forth in it: the forehead spacious and somewhat compressed at the temples, the skull round with plenty of room for the cerebral mass,-characteristics these of a serene, well-balanced mind. The nose is aquiline; the eyebrows deep and well designed, bringing out the splendor of the eyes, which are not large but very bright and piercing. They are somewhat shortsighted, and are usually hidden behind thick glasses; but the glance they frequently dart over the lenses reveals an intelligence clear and quick. The mouth is large but well chiselled in a sure and vigorous line, indicating chiefly a noted firmness of resolve. The chin is prominent, after the classic type of Cæsar or Napoleon. These linear characteristics undergo strange changes and various physiognomical combinations, caused by the nervous, almost restless temperament of the Pontiff.

When the war is over and American tourists resume their habit of visiting Rome, we shall have so many different word-portraits of Benedict XV. presented in the American press that the foregoing professional description may be useful as a corrective. There is increasing interest in the personality of the Pope.

On the occasion of the recent dedication of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, in Boston, there was read a letter from the Rt. Rev. Mgr. O'Brien. The following paragraphs of it will be found of genuine and general interest:

I presume you have seen in our papers the statement that the Anglican Bishop Gore issued a Pastoral "prohibiting prayers for the animals engaged in the war." You doubtless know that the Church, from time immemorial, has authorized her ministers to bless the lower animals that minister to our wants. In this blessing God is invoked to grant to the animal strength and health to bear its burden, and, in case of sickness, to restore it to health. Obviously this blessing is a prayer.

The following rule from Cardinal Donnet for our treatment of dumb animals I gladly make my own. He says: "Every animal should have the distance measured which it has to go; the burden it has to bear should not exceed a certain weight; it is fit for work only a certain number of hours in the day and of days in the week. It is the universal law, the divine dispensation. It can never be transgressed with impunity."

I also make my own the following prayer addressed by Cardinal Newman to the founder of his Order, St. Philip Neri:

"Philip, my glorious advocate, teach me to look at all I see around me after thy pattern as the creatures of God. Let me never forget that the same God who made me made the whole world, and all the men and animals that live in it. Gain me the grace to love all God's works for God's sake, and all men for the sake of my Lord and Saviour, who has redeemed them by the Cross. And especially let me be tender and compassionate and loving toward all Christians, as my brethren in grace. And do thou, who on earth was so tender to all, be especially tender to us, and feel for us, hear us in all our troubles, and gain for us from God, with whom thou dwellest in beatific light, all the aids necessary for bringing us safely to Him and to thee."

Mgr. O'Brien is spoken of as a warm friend of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and of the late George T. Angell.

We have been impressed by the notable tributes paid to the memory of the late Senator O'Connell, of Colorado, as found in the columns of the *Denver Catholic Register*. An illuminative paragraph, quoted from a non-Catholic journal,-will satisfactorily explain—to any thoughtful reader—the secret of the dead Senator's integrity and worth:

Senator O'Connell was an ardent Catholic; and those who knew him best knew that he never started a day's work, whether in the Legislature or in private affairs, that was not preceded by a visit to the altar at his church. He was one of millions of men who come and go, and yet do their duty without any prominence to speak of while here. He was what the Saviour referred to when He said, "The salt of the earth,"—just a grain in the great mass of men, and yet plainly discernible to those who knew and loved him.

One can readily believe that about the last thing to occur to the soldiers in the European trenches is the turning of phrases or the making of epigrams. Yet out of the very intensity of their actual life is born many a saying of which a literary artist might be proud, "Life in the trenches is the best of retreats," said one Catholic soldier; and his companion added: "Yes: bullets and cannon balls are eloquent preachers."

. . . .

In the course of a recent stirring address on the subject of "Our Critics," the Rt. Rev. Bishop Dowling, of Des Moines, made this excellent observation: "I have said that anti-Catholicism has done no good to the State, and I repeat it. But there is one unsuspected good it has done, . . . it has kept thousands of Catholics within the Fold; it has brought many to the knowledge of the Church who, short of this extraordinary campaign of vilification, would probably never have been interested in her claims."

A good instance in point is the case of a Lutheran minister of Dubuque who, with his family, has lately entered the Fold, brought thereto as the result of investigating the false charges made against the Church by her enemies. especially the anti-Catholic press. The case is far from being a solitary one. Incidentally, the new convert has had to take employment in a factory in order to earn a living. If the change were the other way about, a lucrative position would have awaited him on the lecture platform. Ex-ministers who enter the Catholic Fold seldom die rich, but they always die happy.

It was a mere subterfuge on the part of the agent of the Associated Press to assert that the amount of damages in the suit won by Father Rossman against his sectarian slanderers was too small to warrant the publication of the Federal Court's decision. This triumph of justice was declared to be "of no public interest," when every item of scandal that the scavengers of the press can rake up is sent broadcast over the land, and "featured" in all possible ways by not a few papers that would resent being classed as disreputable.



The Goldfinch's Nest.

#### BY LIONEL BYRRA.



ATHER more than three hundred years ago the little French village of Magonne, situated between the sea and a number of marine ponds, belonged to Count Aubry of

Garches, a despotic old man and a very irritable one. He was not at heart actually cruel; but once he said "so and so must be done," you might take it for granted that "so and so" would be done, cost what it might. When he was in one of his tempers he would listen to nobody his chaplain or any one else; and even little Lucy, his seven-year-old granddaughter, whom he greatly loved, could not always coax him to change his mind. The least little thing would vex him; but what particularly angered him was the habit, acquired by a number of his vassals, of cutting wood in his forest.

What he called his forest was, by the way, only a sand-dune covered with some scraggy pine trees. At Magonne, however, the number and size of these pines formed the pride of the inhabitants, because they were the only trees in the whole district. There was no place to plant others, since the village was only a species of small island; and as far as you could see there was no solid land save occasional ridges that separated the ponds, and here and there a few acres of half-submerged swamp.

Accordingly, there were no trees, and hence three consequences: first, wood was dear; second, Count Aubry's vassals did not scruple to help themselves to his pines; and, third, the Count was always in a fury. For a long time he contented himself with threats; but at last he declared that, in virtue of his rights as overlord, he would imprison for a year in the dungeon of his castle any one convicted of carrying an axe into the forest. This decision was given out on the morning of the first day of April.

Now. that same morning Dame Pierrette, crab-fisher (or fisherwoman, if you prefer), broke her oar while using it as a lever to shove her little boat into the water. You must know that Dame Pierrette was a widow with four children, the eldest of whom could scarcely dress herself alone; that she lived in a miserable hut, and owned a shaky, halfrotten skiff. The smallest kind of a wave would have sent this old craft to the bottom, but in the ponds where the water is calm it answered its owner's purpose fairly well. The Dame used her oar as a scull to propel the skiff to the places where the crabs abounded. She caught them by the dozen in nets, put them into a sack, and then walked a good six miles to Montpelier to sell them. And crabs did not bring much, either. All the same, thanks to the few pennies she made, the mother was able to feed her little ones.

And, now that her oar was broken, how was she going to live? She did not possess a half-crown, and the idea of buying an oar never occurred to her; but she said to herself, with her eye on Count Aubry's trees:

"If I only had a piece of wood long enough, I'd soon make a better oar than my old one."

Toward evening the unfortunate woman approached the forest, but scruples overtook her and she returned home. The next day at noon, however, when she had divided among the children her last bit of bread, and reflected that they would soon be asking her for more, and asking in vain, she told herself: "After all, I can't let them starve. Surely Our Lady won't mind my taking just one bit of wood." And she went at once to the forest.

She chose a straight young pine and began chopping it down. Just as a last stroke was to be given, she heard an angry voice behind her say:

"You'll repent of this, you wretch!"

Dame Pierrette faced about and was almost stunned at seeing the old Count, accompanied by his steward and three armed attendants. The old man was beside himself with rage, and stuttered out a hundred things, not all of them intelligible, although two expressions recurred frequently, "To prison," and "For a year."

At last he signed to his followers. The guards 'seized Dame Pierrette, took her to the castle, and consigned her to a dungeon. Then only did she protest in a plaintive cry—but the great, thick door was closed and the cry was hushed.

The Count went joyously upstairs to his room, walked up and down its length with a rapid step, and, rubbing his wrinkled hands, said to his steward who had accompanied him:

"That's settled, anyway. I'll keep the audacious wretch there for a year. I won't bate a single hour of the full time."

"Sire," timidly observed the steward, "Dame Pierrette has four young children."

"Do you presume to plead for her?"

"I fear to displease you, else-"

The Count rushed upon the steward, seized him by the throat, hustled him out of the room, and threw him downstairs.

Already the whole village had heard of Dame Pierrette's misfortune, and there were none so hard-hearted that they did not pity her. In fact, all the villagers gathered before the church porch and resolved to go to the castle-in a body and endeavor to secure, if possible, the prisoner's release. But Aubry of Garches would not receive them, and he commissioned his porter to advise them to address their petition to the stone image at the castle entrance: the result would be the same.

Accordingly, the good people had to retire. Before doing so, however, some of them sought out little Lucy, the Count's granddaughter, and begged her to intercede for Dame Pierrette.

The child at once proceeded to the old man's room, and rapped at the door.

"'Tis me, grandpa."

"Come in, my dear,-come in!"

Lucy went in, rosy and smiling, and the Count's visage lost its look of sternness. Drawing the child toward him, he asked:

"Well, my little lady, to what do I owe the honor of this visit?"

"I have a favor to ask. I want-"

"Yes. I guess what you want. A new doll, isn't it?"

"Not at all."

"Then a carriage for your goat."

"'Tisn't that either."

"Let me see! Then it must be a gold key for the box in which you keep your ribbons. You spoke to me about that last Sunday."

Lucy looked up at him a little shyly. "Yes," said she, "I want a key, but not the one you think I do. I want you to give me a key to the dungeon, so that I can let out the poor old woman you put in there."

There was a handsome, finely-worked crystal goblet on the table at the Count's elbow. He seized it and flung it furiously against the wall, breaking it into a dozen of pieces. Lucy shrieked in terror at his anger and fled.

Left alone, the old man growled: "They won't move me a particle. I said a year, a whole year." He was flushed and his temples were throbbing violently. He opened a window, rested his above on on the sill and looked out. Just below the window, in a flowering rosebush, there was a nest of goldfinches, and, at the bottom of the nest, four fledglings, scarcely covered as yet with fluffy down. They could not have been hatched very long; but, all the same, they had good appetites; and their beaks, almost as large as their bodies, were scarcely ever closed. The mother bird was flying around the bush, now here, now there, gathering tidbits for the hungry beaks, feeding them, and at once seeking more food.

Aubry of Garches looked at this miniature home and contemplated it with pleasure. His eyes followed the bird, and he said to himself: "There's an. active and a loving mother!"

Suddenly, however, as the goldfinch once more regained her nest, a fierce hawk swooped down, seized her in his cruel claws and soared away.

"Robber!" shouted the Count. He felt real chagrin, and remained for some time at the window cursing in his heart the bird of prey.

In the meanwhile, beneath the window the nest was disturbed and the beaks were open, hungry. 'Twas pitiful to look at. The fledglings peeped and chirped as if to ask: "When will our mother come back?"

"Little ones," murmured the old noble, she will never return."

He reflected that she alone could feed this family, all too young; and, leaning over to observe the nest, he said: "There are four of them." And a voice within him added: "Just the number of Dame Pierrette's children."

Then, without further ado, he went down to the dungeon, released the poor woman, slipped two gold pieces into her hand, and said: "Go home to your children."

And it was little Lucy who reared the baby goldfinches.

OPPORTUNITIES, like eggs, must be hatched while they are fresh.

Tommy Travers.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XV.—A JOURNEY.

LETTER for him! Bunty studied the storm-blurred address in "James amazed bewilderment. Bernard Ware,"-there was no mistake. Who could be writing a letter to him? Never in all his life had he received one before; and sent, not to "the tough Bunty," but to "Master James Bernard Ware." With the same strange feeling that had come over him when he first saw himself in the new corduroy suit, Bunty took the letter up to his room, and, lighting the tin lamp, proceeded to open and read it, if he could. Handwriting was usually too much for him; but the author of this wonderful epistleperhaps-remembered the boy who never had a teacher, and had written it in clear, printed form. It was dated fully a month back; for the postman had found it difficult to locate Master James Bernard Ware at Duffys' Court. It ran as follows:

### SAINT GABRIEL'S.

My DEAR Boy :--- Your beautiful picture of our sweet Mother Mary has just come to me, and, O my Bunty, it filled me with gladness and with joy! For it told me not only that, with a grateful heart, you remembered Sister Leonie and the days and nights at Saint Gabriel's, but also that "our dear Lady" had found a place in your thoughts which I did not guess. I feel that her blessing is upon you; and I will pray every night before her altar that she will be a mother to you, and keep you from all harm and wrong, my Bunty, and make you a good, good boy. Come to see me when you can. You will always find a loving welcome at Saint Gabriel's.

From your old friend and nurse,

SISTER MARY LEONIE.

Three, four, five times did Bunty read this letter before all its sweet meaning sank slowly into his mind and heart. Sister Leonie had not forgotten him, he was her "dear boy." She had been so glad to get the picture! She would pray for him every night before the altar. The "White Lady" would be his mother and keep kim from all harm and wrong. His mother! Bunty had never known a mother, and the name sent a strange, sweet thrill through his young heart: "Mother,—mother!"

"Bunty!" It was Snuffy Jim's voice calling from the foot of the stairs. "Hi yi, Bunty! Ain't you a-coming round to-night? There's going to be a big time at Jeffrey's,—the biggest time you ever saw. Oysters and beer by the barrel. And I'll get you in all right with the 'pickings.' You'd better come."

"No-o!" cried Bunty gruffly, gripping the white letter as if it were a guiding hand. "I don't want none of your 'pickings.' I'm staying home to-night."

And he went downstairs to kindle the kitchen fire and warm some bean soup for supper, and rub poor old Granny Pegs' helpless arm with turpentine liniment; while, with her new shawl about her shoulders, she crouched close to her smoky hearth, her one eye burning with feverish fire to-night.

"Eh, but ve've got a heart, Bunty Ware, — a heart that has warm blood beating in it, which is more than I can say of any one that has been next or nigh me this forty years. And listen, Bunty lad! I'm giving ye a true word of warning. Look out for that brother of yourn. He's working at some devilment, I know; and he'll draw ye into it if he can. There was another of his own kind here to see him to-day, and they were shut upstairs for an hour or more together, plotting for no good. They didn't know of the hole in the chimney, so I heard a bit of their talk. Did ye ever hear of any one called Long Tom?"

"Yes," said Bunty, with a fierce flash in his eyes that always came at that name.

"It's him they were talking about," went on Granny Pegs,—"him and his kid."

"His—his kid! Not—not Tommy?" gasped Bunty.

"I didn't hear no name: it was only the 'kid,'" said Granny Pegs. "And it was some harm they were planning against him, though what it was I couldn't tell. And ye were to be drawn into it, if they could; though Nick cussed at ye for a soft young fool that he daren't trust."

"That he daren't trust?" repeated Bunty, in bewilderment.

"I am only telling ye what I heard," said Granny Pegs, peevishly. "And there was a boy named Bart that was giving them tips so they'd know what to do."

Bart! Bunty recalled the gilt-buttoned hall boy of Woodley Square,—Bart, with the long, rat-like face he had never liked; Bart, who had stood by grinning when Mr. Travers threatened to thrash him; Bart, was giving tips about Tommy! For what, Bunty could not think.

"That's all I know," said Granny Pegs; "for the pain struck me so hard I could hear no more. But ye keep out of their devilment, whatever it is, lad. Mind, I'm warning ye; for it's jailed or hanged that brother of yourn will be yet, I well know."

Jailed or hanged! Bunty's stout heart chilled at the words. He remembered that dark evening, more than a month ago, when he had crouched in the alleyway, the box of matches in his hand, and fierce, vengeful fury in his heart, that only the thought of Tommy cooled and calmed. Was some such vengeance threatening Tommy's father now, --- vengeance that might fall with deadly "jolt and jar" upon the little boy? All that was good and true and tender in Bunty's heart burst into warmth and life at the thought. Tommy, his little friend, in danger! Nick, his brother, plotting evil! Rat-faced Bart giving tips! Ah, Bunty must keep both eyes open and watch sharp! He was still thinking of all this, though it was after midnight when Nick came home. But it was not the dull, stumbling, muddled Nick that Bunty expected to see. It was quite a changed Nick, who wore a suit of good clothes, and carried a hand-bag, and came up the stairs with a light, cautious step altogether new.

"Hello!" he said cheerily at sight of his watching brother. "Up, are you, Bunt? I'm glad of it. I've got good news for you. We're off to-morrow, Bunt,—you and I are off at last."

"Where?" asked Bunty, in a startled voice.

"West,—to the wild and woolly West. I've got a job there,—a job for both of us in a Colorado ranch, up the mountains; and big money if we manage all right."

"Who — whose ranch is it?" asked Bunty, breathlessly.

"Mine—yours and mine as long as we choose to hold it," answered Nick. "We're to manage the whole business for the owners, and divy the cash. And it will be some cash, you bet! It's the chance I've been waiting for, Bunt, the chance of our lives. Just you stick by me as you promised,—stick by me as a brother should, and see what I'll do for you, Bunt. We'll shake this old town and never set foot in it again,—shake it for good and all."

"Couldn't we take Granny Pegs and Jakey?" asked Bunty. "Granny would cook for us fine."

"Take nobody," replied Nick, scornfully. "We don't want to lumber up with anything we've had here. We want to start fresh and new. Cook! Why, we can cook for ourselves,—build our camp fire in the open, cook our wild turkey and venison like the free men we are. We don't want any one-eyed old woman stumbling around us out there. And Jakey is not big or strong enough to stand things just yet. We can send them money when we get things going."

"Yes, we will,—we will," said Bunty, "because I wouldn't like to give them up forever, Nick. Golly, I'm glad we're going at last! When do we start, Nick?"

"To-morrow," was the answer,—"tomorrow morning at seven o'clock sharp. It's a four days' trip, and we don't want to lose no time. I've got the tickets in my pocket and everything ready. So tumble into bed, for we've got to be up at sunrise."

Bunty rose from the broken chair where he had been seated, thinking so anxiously, all his doubt and fears dispelled.

"Golly, I'm glad!" he repeated, and he laid his young hand on his brother's shoulder, — an unusual demonstration from Bunty Ware. "I'm glad you're going to shake this town, Nick. I've been bothering a lot about you,—afraid you'd get into some trouble here. I'm glad we're going far away, where you can't—can't get into trouble, Nick."

And, with this glad sense of relief cheering him, Bunty tumbled into bed, and was soon asleep.

Nick had him up betimes before Granny Pegs and Jakey were astir. There was no use in rousing the old woman to "caterwauling," as Nick declared; so all adieux were dispensed with. And the two brothers, whose personal belongings required little packing, were soon at the depot, where a sandy-haired, red-eyed personage, whom Nick introduced to his brother as Mr. Rande, joined them.

Mr. Rande looked Bunty over doubtfully, and asked Nick if he was quite sure he would do, to which Bunty's brother swore a most emphatic "Yes."

Then the long journey began, the journey which to Bunty, whose life had been passed in such rude and narrow bounds, seemed like some wonderful, bewildering dream. Seated by his window, he watched the changing panorama with breathless delight, as the train swept on, cleaving the mountain in the darkened tunnel, leaping the gorge on some dizzy trestle, rushing through the busy city, dashing over the foaming stream. It was no beggarly journey: Nick treated him well. His curtained berth was almost equal in comfort to the white bed of Saint Gabriel's. They stopped at the roadside restaurants, and ate of the best in the land.

Sometimes at these waits there was time to walk along the platform beside the track and stare at the snorting engine, and exchange a friendly word with the grimy-faced fireman; for, in spite of all the elegance of his journey, Bunty found it lonely, - Nick and Mr. Rande being off most of the time, talking "business" in the smoking car. And one of the most pleasant parts of his trip was a bright afternoon when his fireman friend let him ride in the tender and 'see how she It was a most interesting worked.' experience, and Bunty got a lot of railroad information at first hand. This new acquaintance had been in two wrecks and a hold-up, and did not "skeer much" at anything now, but just took things as they came.

"A hold-up isn't as bad as a wreck, is it?" asked Bunty, deeply impressed with such heroism.

"Wuss, 'cording to my notion,—a deal wuss," was his friend's answer. "A wreck comes sort of natural, and don't rile you; but a hold-up! To have the road blocked up, and a lot of galoots with drawn pistols jumping on you in the dark, certainly does make your blood bile. But we ain't kerrying no money along this road now, so there's no more danger of that."

"What's in that fine greenish car shut up so tight and marked 'Silver Queen'?" asked Bunty, curiously.

"Oh, that's some big bug's private car. I don't know whose. Somebody sick aboard, I've heerd; for there's a doctor and nuss. They're a-bringing 'lungers' out here all the time to get well, and folks don't like to travel with them when they're bad, so they come private whenever they can. Now we're stopping here, and you'd better jump down, sonny, or the old man might kick; for this riding ain't exactly 'cording to rule. Besides' we've got an ugly stretch before us, where it will soon be too dark for you to see. I'll take you up agin to-morrow."

And Bunty jumped down, ready for supper at the little station beside the road. The sun was just setting, the golden rays streaming in a flood of light through the deep mountain gorge opening before them, - a gorge whose frowning sides rose almost to the pink-tipped clouds above. Bunty, who was learning travellers' ways, dashed hurriedly into the station to get his supper. Hot coffee was already steaming in the waiting cups, ham and eggs sizzling in the plates, bread and butter piled in tempting array for the repast that must be snatched "on the fly." Nick had given his brother meal tickets, so that he need not wait for him. And Bunty never waited: it was too quick a business for a hungry boy to risk any delay.

"All aboard!" came the warning shout before he could get half his money's worth. "A-ll a-board, — a-ll a-board!" And Bunty caught up a sandwich and a piece of layer cake, and bolted for the train. He had to pass the private car on his way. One of its wide windows stood open to the sunset, and framed in its silken hanging was a pale little face, that held Bunty for one breathless moment as if he were turned into stone.

"All aboard!" came the final call; and, rousing, he stumbled almost blindly into the moving car.

"Tommy!" he gasped to himself, heedless that sandwich and cake had dropped from his hold. "It couldn't be. I must have been seeing things. That couldn't be Tommy Travers away out here."

(To be continued.)

It is too often the fashion to do little things in a slovenly way. From my point of view, if anything, no matter how insignificant, is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well.—Notes for Boys (and their Fathers).

### A Devout Composer.

O one who loves the peerless oratorio "The Messiah"—and who that has heard it does not?—can fail to find place in his heart for the amiable though stern old man whose genius evolved it. It has comforted the souls of millions; it has dried tears, renewed hope, and lifted the downcast as few other musical compositions have done. The Alleluia Chorus alone would have been quite enough to immortalize the name of Handel.

The author of "The Messiah" was, in many ways, so like the great English lexicographer that he might almost be called the Dr. Johnson of music, or the dictionary-maker be termed the Handel of literature, as you please. Both were overbearing at times, gentle-mannered at others; voracious eaters, quick to take offence and quick to forgive; and withal, in a certain way, eminently and earnestly pious.

This marvellous composition was first performed in Dublin in April, 1742; and the proceeds—some £400—were promptly given to the city's charities. Indeed, Handel had always a strange feeling toward this masterpiece of his, maintaining that never, if he could help it, should it, be rendered merely for gain. Of all the charities of Dublin, he loved best the Foundlings' Hospital, and "The Messiah" was frequently given for the benefit of the deserted infants which it sheltered. It is said that it brought nearly £11,000 to that worthy institution.

One day Lord Kinnoul complimented Handel upon the pleasure this oratorio had given the audience. The maestro briefly answered: "I am ill pleased, my Lord, if I have only entertained them: I wished to make them better."

"What were your feelings," asked some one, "when you were composing the Alleluia Chorus?"—"I felt," said Handel, reverently, "that the whole heavens were before me and the great God Himself." It was of the pastoral symphony in this oratorio that poor old George III. once remarked: "I could see the stars shining through it." And here we must not fail to mention that whenever the Alleluia Chorus is sung in England, the audience rises to its feet as one man. This is no new custom. On its very first presentation every person in the house, even the King, arose when the strain, "For the Lord God Omnipotent," was begun.

It is related that Handel's servant, upon taking him his chocolate in the morning, often found tears mingling with the ink as he transcribed the words of Holy Writ; and a friend who called when he was fitting music to the phrase, "He was despised and rejected of men," testifies that he was sobbing like a griefstricken child.

Handel died on Good Friday, as he had always prayed to do; and before his statue in Westminster Abbey lies "The Messiah," open at the words, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." It was beautifully said of him by one of his friends that on Easter Sunday he must have passed to the joys of paradise.

### Lincoln.

UR teacher asked in class to-day Why Lincoln was so great,—

Why all the world reveres his name Despite his sad, stern fate.

Frank Brown declared he had no "looks": His figure, gaunt and tall,

Seemed very awkward, and his words The commonest of all.

He never rode a battle-horse, Or fired a great big gun,

Yet History's page proclaims his name As a most worthy son.

It set me thinking pretty hard;

This truth it brought to light-

Plain "honest Abe" in every case Did what he thought was *right*.

PIÈTA.

# THE AVE MARIA

# WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

---"The Soldier Priests of France," by the Comtesse de Courson, is a recent issue of the "Irish Messenger Series"; its object is to show how God "draws good out of evil."

—"The Third Order of St. Francis," by Fr. Stanislaus, O. S. F. C., is a welcome addition to the English Catholic Truth Society's Franciscan publications. It is a neatly printed penny pamphlet, with an appropriate brown cover.

—Parts VII. and VIII. of "Roma" (pages 217–280) deal with the history of the Catacombs. Father Kuhn's text is interesting as usual; and the typographical excellence of the work is highly creditable to the publishers, Messrs. Benziger Brothers.

-There should be many readers among students and prospective authors for Mr. Robert Wilson Neal's new handbook on the technique of the short story—"Short Stories in the Making,"—just published by the Oxford University Press. It includes an adaptation of the principles of the stage plot to short story writing.

-The boy or girl of any age, from eight to eighty, who doesn't thoroughly enjoy "The Mirror," by Mary F. Nixon-Roulet, doesn't deserve to get another good story in a month of Sundays. Full of life and action and adventure and shipwreck and murder and sensible boypiety and delightful as well as desperate characters, it goes straight to the heart of the reader. The grey-haired boys and girls may perhaps think that the coincidences are marvellous, but they will like the tale none the less for that. Altogether good, without being goodygoody. Published by B. Herder.

-On page 135 of "Patricia," by Edith Henrietta Fowler (G. P. Putnam's Sons), the heroine whose name forms the title of the book indulges in this soliloquy: "I do want to show all the conventional, run-in-a-religiousgroove kind of people that a man like my father, who believed in nothing at all, could yet keep his hands as clean as any of theirs." Patricia, through much of the novel, is her father's own child in the matter of belief, though she reforms at the close. The story reminds one in many respects of Anthony Trollope's studies of English clerical life, although the publishers' announcement omits all reference to the religious setting. The book contains some excellent characterdrawing and much enjoyable humor, and it will

prove eminently satisfactory to those who are interested in the "Church of England as by law established."

-In a recently-published study of the guilds ("The Revival of the Guilds"), Mr. A. J. Penty contends that we shall never succeed in making civilization tolerable till we have recaptured the spirit of mutual co-operation which in the Middle Ages produced the Guild System.

—The Abbé Felix Klein, who has been serving as chaplain of the American Ambulance at Neuilly (a suburb of Paris), has written, and the Libraire Armand Colin has published, "La Guerre vue d'Une Ambulance." A brochure of 280 pages, it is a most interesting diary or journal, kept from August 3 to December 29. While it will naturally be best appreciated by sympathizers with the Allies, the literary charm of the distinguished author can scarcely fail to impress any reader familiar with French, and more especially any American reader of that language.

—Some four or five months ago we appreciatively noticed in these columns the first volume of "Popular Sermons on the Catechism," from the German of the Rev. A. Hubert Bamberg, edited by the Rev. Herbert Thurston, S. J. (Benziger Brothers.) We are now in receipt of Vol. II. of the same work. It deals with the Commandments, and contains fifty sermons, averaging about twenty-five hundred words each. The clearness and practicality which we had occasion to commend as featuring the previous volume are equally distinguishable in the present one, which will be found of genuine worth to preachers and catechists.

-The Official Catholic Directory for 1915. edited by Mr. Joseph H. Meier and published by Messrs. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, is a volume of 1600 closely printed pages-the complete edition,-with some improvements and new features which will be thoroughly appreciated by all who use this valuable reference book. If the statistics are incomplete and unreliable in some cases, it is not the editor's fault, nor can the publishers reasonably be blamed for the delay in the appearance of the Directory. Their task is a difficult one and demands cooperation. They are determined to perform it as well as possible; and, with the practical sympathy to which they are entitled, it is hoped that the next number of this indispensable

year-book will be more free from errors and omissions, and that its publication will not be so long delayed.

-The Golden Jubilee number of the Catholic World furnishes an occasion, for which we have been waiting, to extend to that periodical--to the editor and his staff and all connected with it-our warmest congratulations and heartiest good wishes upon its fiftieth anniversary. The number itself is a notable one. Naturally the history of the magazine is the leading feature. The record thus presented is one of which any periodical might justly feel proud. Particularly are the Fathers of the Congregation of St. Paul to be commended for the high regard they have had for the importance of Catholic literature and the many valuable contributions they have made to it. To the present editor, whose highest praise is that he has faithfully kept the traditions of the Catholic World's illustrious founder, Father Isaac Hecker, while further extending its appeal, most generous praise is due, from all ranks and avenues of Catholic life, but from none more especially than his fraternity of the Catholic press. THE AVE MARIA is proud of its fifty years friendship for the Catholic World, and happy to be its fellow.

### The Latest Books. A Guide to Good Reading.

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

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

- "Popular Sermons on the Catechism." Rev. A. Hubert Bamberg, Rev. Herbert Thurston, S. J. \$1.50.
- "The Mirror." Mary F. Nixon-Roulet. 60 cts.
- "The Graves at Kilmorna." Canon Sheehan. \$1.35.
- "Out of Work: A Study of Unemployment." Frances A. Kellor. \$1.50.
- "From Fetters to Freedom." Rev. Robert Kane, S. J. \$1.50.
- "The King, the Kaiser, and Irish Freedom." James K. McGuire. \$1.50.
- "Les Cloches des Morts." Author of "By the Gray Sea." 75 cts.
- "Poems." Rt. Rev. R. H. Benson. 75 cts.

- "The Elder Miss Ainsborough." Marion Ames Taggart. \$1.25.
- "The Unfolding of the Little Flower." Very Rev. N. M. Cunningham, V. F. \$1.25.
- "Can Germany Win?" \$1.
- "Emmanuel." Archbishop John Joseph Keane. \$1.
- "How to Help the Dead." St. Augustine. 50 cts.
- "A History of the Commandments of the Church." Rev. A. Villien. \$1.50.
- "The Straight Path." Rev. M. J. Phelan, S. J. 80 cts.
- "What Faith Really Means." Rev. Henry G. Graham, M. A. 15 cts.
- "The Holy Week Book." 30 cts.
- "The Human Soul and Its Relations with Other Spirits." Dom Anscar Vonier, O. S. B. \$1.50.
- "Norah of Waterford." Rosa Mulholland. \$1.10.
- "The Holy Viaticum of Life as of Death." Rev. Daniel Dever, D. D. 20 cts.
- "The Church and Usury." Rev. Patrick Cleary. \$1.10.
- "The Dons of the Old Pueblo." Percival Cooney. \$1.35.

#### Obituary.

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

Rev. Joseph Nardiello, of the diocese of Newark; Rev. Rudolph Ollig, diocese of La Crosse; and Rev. Nicholas Hecker, C. SS. R.

Sister Martha, of the Sisters of Mercy; Sister M. Madeline, Sisters of the Holy Cross; Sister Ann Maria, Order of the Visitation; Sister M. Aloysia, Sisters of St. Dominic; and Sister M. Alphonsa, Sisters of St. Benedict.

Mr. Francis Burch, Miss Margaret Roche, Mr. George Burle, Mrs. A. Byrne, Mr. John Ellis, Miss Margaret McGrath, Mr. William Jarvis, Mr. Louis Hyatt, Mr. John Corbett, Mrs. Catherine Corbett, Mr. Joseph Hermann, Mr. A. F. Murphy, Mr. John Wray, Mrs. Margaret O'Connor, Mr. William Swift, Mr. J. H. Myers, Miss Julia Hughes, Mrs. Robert Nesbitt, Mr. Samuel Adams, Miss Julia Costigan, Mrs. M. Morgan, Mr. John Marshall, Miss Marie Ludford, and Mr. Frank Hayden.

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

## Our Contribution Box.

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

For the Indian Missions: M. E. R., \$2; for the Belgian sufferers, C. H. M., \$5.



VOL. I. (New Series.)

#### NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, APRIL 17, 1915.

NO. 16

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## Mater Divinæ Gratiæ.

BY CHARLES A. DOBSON, B. A.

 $\mathfrak{M}_{claim}^{OTHER of Grace Divine! What greater}$ 

To sinner's love and hope can e'er be found Than in this twofold title blest, whose sound Can change his bitter sense of utter blame, And soften it to trustful childhood shame?

For, knowing mother-love without a bound, And seeing, too, that Mother glory-crowned, What can, to him, be sweeter than this name?

Mother of Grace Divine, how can it be That even one should fail in trust of thee, And not, with glowing heart, repeat alway, As young St. Stanislaus was wont to do,

Growing in hope and love day after day, The thought, "God's Mother is my Mother too"?

Havana Days.

### BY JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

OR an American, the chief charm of Havana, or of any semitropical country, for that matter, is the contrast between northern and southern vegetation and temperature in the month of February. The tourist leaves zero weather and the snowy landscapes of the north on Monday, and in a few days he walks about in gossamer clothing, under a warm sun, among the palms and laurels of a Cuban winter. It is a glorious transformation scene, to which the northerner never really gets accustomed. It always seems like a

theatrical performance, bound to vanish The name of February very soon. connotes winter, and winter connotes closed houses, steam heat, icy breezes, and sparkling snows; but one glance around proves that February and winter have lost their northern meaning in Cuba. The dark blue waters of the Gulf of Mexico sparkle under a tropical sun; the air is scented with the perfumes of a varied vegetation; barefooted children run about the streets; even the night air is balmy and free from chill. The wise visitor, just released from the strain of an American winter, lies back with content, and loafs with his soul. The mere tourist leaps and bounds across the entire surface of the sunny island like a hired acrobat. He sees everything and learns nothing, except the depths of weariness and disgust; but his money keeps the guides in good speaking trim, the agencies and hotels in a whirl, the money-makers in a state of ecstasy.

February in Havana is first cousin to a New York June. The long days succeed one another without rain until the northerner begins to weary of the cloudskies and the steady sun. He less welcomes a rain storm and revels in a bank of threatening clouds; while the Havanese shudder at the spectacle, fiy from the open, close shutters and doors, and shiver at the refreshing dampness which follows the rain. When they see Americans sporting in the Gulf at Marinao beach in February they wonder at their hardihood. Swimming time for them is in the summer; and water at 70 degrees

Fahrenheit for them spells a chill. They shrug their shoulders as much as to say, What more can be expected from Americans?

In spite of all that has been written on the subject, there is no love lost between Cubans and Americans, whether these Cubans be of pure Spanish blood or of the mixed breed,-that is, of African and Spanish blood. The political condition is very unsettled, because, on the one hand, the Cubans are no more prepared for self-government than the Filipinos; and, on the other hand, Uncle Sam has a finger in every Cuban pie, with an unspoken threat to gobble the entire custard if anything goes wrong. Temperamentally, the Spanish blood will never flow parallel with either the English or the American strain. The wars of four centuries have built up a rampart which no engineering can ever surmount. So in Cuba the Americans are respected, as in Europe, only for the money which they spend. In volume it is bound to increase, because no lovelier spot can be found in which to escape the cruel winters of the north.

Even the summer heats are not severe. A priest at the Jesuit college told me that the two summers which he spent in New York gave him more caloric distress than all his summers in Cuba, where the northeast winds are always blowing, where humidity is light, and where the thick-walled houses always provide a cooling shade. These houses are astonishing to the American tourist. A general view of Hayana from the height of Jesus del Monte somewhat resembles a city of the Orient, with low, stone, flat-roofed houses, giving the general appearance of a stoneyard. The ordinary house in Havana is of stone covered with cement in colors, and about one story in height. The business houses, the hotels, and the palatial residences run from two stories to four. It would take many pages' to describe the differences between these buildings and the American style of

building. I am writing, however, to give impressions, not precise information.

In touch for the first time with the Spanish element in American civilization, and curious to learn its characteristics, I was properly delighted at the very first acquaintance to discover the profound dislike which the Cubans have for both Americans and Englishmen,the two nations whose writers have most villainously slandered Spanish character the past, and still continue their in slanders, even where sections of the Spanish race are in revolt against the parent stock, as in Cuba. And while I shall not have a great deal to say in, favor of the Cubans as a people, it must. be placed to their credit that they resent the everlasting lying which has permeated English letters and journalism, from Elisabeth's Burleigh down to America's John Hay, against the Spanish race.

Spanish dignity and kindliness are proverbial. If one could only praise the Cubans for their sense of order! In a way, Havana is a dignified and handsome city. The noble promenade called the Prado, the little plazas scattered here and there, the noble public buildings, the beautiful suburb called the Vedado, are worthy of the ancient town, and are kept in neat condition; but alongside there exists the queerest form of disorder that I have ever seen, - except in Spanish towns. You will find a garage and a millinery shop sandwiching a private residence on a stately block; you will see a fine house, whose balconies are filled with wellgowned women, next door to a colored tenement or a blacksmith shop. There is no such thing, as with us, as relegating the smithies and garages and colored people to certain obscure parts of the town. "Higgledy-piggledy" is the only word to describe the Spanish sense of order.

The most wonderful spectacle in Havana is the Tacon market, not for splendor of building or any other virtue, but that business can be conducted

at all amid so tremendous a confusion. The average American mind goes temporarily insane after a visit to the Tacon market, while the Spanish merchant and patron never for an instant lose head or temper in the dire confusion. Not all the languages of the human race, blended into one for the purpose, could do justice to its marvellous complexity, its variety of simple and compound smells, its highcolored disorder, and the mildness of its thousands of customers. I have a suspicion, after witnessing similar phenomena among these descendants of Spain, that the Armada was built and managed after the style of the Tacon market, and that the simplicity of storm and English sailor methods found destruction of the pile rather easy. There was too much of it.

This is not saying that the Cubans are poor business men. On the contrary, it is one of the American jokes in Havana that no Jew can do a successful business in Cuba. The Cuban is too much for him in competition, which is surely high praise for the Cuban, at least from one point of view. The general ability and readiness to "skin and scalp" the tourist no one disputes. The system has no defects, and suffers from no competition. There are no American hotels in Cuba, and the English language is not spoken even by the waiters. Now, in Europe it is considered a necessity for the robber to speak the language of the victim.

Seated one day in a restaurant, I listened to а neatly-dressed woman making an appeal in Spanish. She had already made it to several others, and I knew her to be a beggar. This class is received everywhere with courtesy, and is permitted to solicit alms at pleasure, partly for the reason that Cuba has no poor laws and no poorhouses, and no system of outdoor relief. The poor have to shift along somehow. Merely to test the waiter, I said to him: "What does she want?" He replied: "No tiene,-she poor, she has nothing." This statement seemed to meet with no response from me, and he therefore explained to the woman that I was a rich American, and naturally would give nothing. They chatted amicably about me for a minute she curious, he full of information on the Americans,—when I handed her a Cuban coin worth two cents, a very respectable sum to bestow on a street beggar. The return for this outlay was large and immediate. The waiter's credit went into the abyss; as an authority on rich Americans, he then and there fell down forever; and, with renewed thanks, the good woman took her leave.

Tenderness to the poor is as remarkable among the Havanese as their utter lack of feeling in another direction. Α point of interest in the city is the fashionable cemetery named in honor of Columbus; and a curious feature of the cemetery is what the Havanese call the Ossorio, - in plainer words, the "Boneyard." In this cemetery the authorities have a custom of renting a plot for a period of three years, let us say. At the end of the three years the lease may be renewed. If it is not, then the bones are dug up, thrown into a walled space promiscuously with other bones, and left there to meet the hour of absolute dust and a windstorm - also, incidentally, the resurrection. Americans, looking down into this boneyard, have their own opinion of the Cubans; whereas the natives seem to find nothing odious in it. The custom could be changed in a day, if the people so willed it, because Cuban authorities are very sensitive to the will of the multitude. After the decorous execution of Ferrer in Spain some years ago, a professor in the Havana University passed the ordinary sensible criticism on his conduct and punishment, which so aroused the ire of Ferrer's disciples among the students that they rioted until the professor withdrew his very just. criticism of a notorious scamp.

The quality of human respect does not receive much encouragement among the Cubans. Everyone does as he pleases,— dresses to suit himself, lives where he feels like living, eats after his own fashion. builds as he knows how or his architect chooses, and drinks anything from aguardiente, at twenty cents a gallon (the fieriest of liquors), to the beneficent agua de coco, which I recommend to all Americans. It was a surprise to me to find the Cubans hearty eaters and very mild drinkers,-and eaters of meat at that, and drinkers of rum to boot. The general impression about Cuba is that the people live on fruits and vegetables, whereas their bill of fare consists largely of stewed meats and the popular concoctions known as bologna and head-cheese. They make a sandwich down there which should receive the pious attention of the gourmets of the north. It bears the poetic name of media noche, after the bread roll which helps to make it. These rolls are tender, firm and sweet. Cut in two, the insides are daintily colored with a delectable mustard; then are inserted delicate slices of ham, chicken, head-cheese, pickle, and cheese; and the whole composition melts in your mouth with the readiness of ice cream and the substantiality of corn beef and cabbage. The media noche is not the American abomination known as the club sandwich.

For dyspeptics, the most glorious thing in Cuba is the water of the green cocoanut, or agua de coco, sold at all the bars, which are piled high with the dark green fruit, fresh every morning. At command, the waiter cuts a square slice out of the fruit, and pours a clear, water-like fluid into a glass filled with ice. The taste is slightly sweet, cocoanut flavor, and altogether delightful. One glass will soothe the wildest stomach into profound calm, and two glasses a day will convert an intestinal tract as mad as Mexico into a garden of Eden. The water has a curative effect on the liver and kidneys. The Havanese are partial to café au lait, the cordials, their own rum and their own beer; but they do not drink these things: they sip them while in conversation with friends, and the American habit of emptying a glass of beer at one swallow gives them considerable amusement.

As they are not an athletic people, their spare time is spent in the restaurants, of which there are five thousand in Havana,-most of them open day and night; and all without doors, walls or windows, except at the back. Each restaurant has a bar; for there is no such thing as taking out a license to sell alcoholic drinks. A merchant is free to open a restaurant and saloon anywhere. The visitor, therefore, gets the impression that Havana is composed chiefly of restaurants, and that the people spend most of their time in them. Yet so lightly do the Havanese indulge in liquors that I saw, in the whole time I was in the city, only one drunken man, and he happened to be an American visitor, who fell in love with the popular beveragethe rum made from the sugar-cane.

Of course there is drunkenness (chiefly from the cheap aguardiente) among the lowest class of laborers; but it is connected only with private or public holidays, and did not obtrude itself on my inquiring gaze. The Cubans have become somewhat fond of their own lager, which they advertise by electric signs in the chief parks in a most elaborate manner. Formerly they were not fond of advertising in the American style, reasoning in the good old way that if people wanted the goods which they sold they would take the trouble to discover the firms who made and sold them. Then a brisk gentleman named Kenedy landed in Cuba about the time of the American occupation, and took up the expensive task of instructing them in the merits of American advertising methods. Far more than either insurrections or the blowing up of the Maine, Mr. Kenedy may be said to have changed the face of Cuba. He built up a successful advertising business, made the trade popular, and warms the heart of the lonely American tourist, just arriving in Havana, with announcements in colors of the great home favorites—Emulcion de Scott, etc. Even the stolid Cuban farmer was drawn into the net of the clever advertiser.

It is not easy to make up one's mind about the Cuban people. Shrewd and tireless business men,-yes, but seemingly without the power of co-operation in business or state affairs. Everyone knows that the theory of Cuba Libre, so long the shibboleth of insurrection, was and is pure burlesque. In the hands of its own people, the Cuban government could not survive a month. Uncle Sam supervises this island, which is now essential to the defence of the Panama Canal; and not a political finger is raised in the island without the permission of Washington. It would be interesting to uncover all the buried wires, European and American, political and diplomatic, financial and religious, which indicate the great game being played secretly by all the Powers of the world in and around Cuba. Cuban character has no more to do with it than the Eskimos. Some maintain that the Cubans have no character. An amiable, lazy, overtaxed people, they live under different conquerors in the same fashion.

Very simple incidents illustrate this statement. One night I set forth to visit 48 Amargura Street, the home of certain American exiles in Havana. I found the street and the number, but it proved to be a warehouse. In the attempt to discover number 48, I routed out a whole restaurant, an overworked tailor, a private family, and a boy who was very proud of the English which he could not speak. The search revealed a curious fact: that the houses were not numbered in order by any system. - For example, opposite 48 was 63, and next to it was 33. The mystery would not then have been solved but for the meeting with Carroll O'Neill, a plump fourteenyear-old friend of mine, with that happy disposition which would have made him the Scriptural boy who was found in the

hungry mob with five barley loaves and two fishes. Carroll guided me to number 48, which turned out to be also number 62. The first number was faintly indicated at one side; the second stood forth in impudent prominence over the door. The explanation was that some systematic persons once tried to renumber Havana in modern style, and succeeded chiefly in ruining the old style and the new. Very characteristic indeed!

I asked my friend Carroll if the Cuban boys really liked baseball, a game apparently popular and successful in Havana, where the boys play it in the parks, and regular teams play it for the multitude. He replied with some scorn that they certainly liked it, but always got winded at second base, and were glad to lie down "any old time" from fatigue. "And for that reason," he added, "they won't play football at all, because it tears their clothes and tires them too soon." Many a similar hint Carroll gave me. Now, the climate is very well adapted to games as stirring as American baseball and football, being dry and equable for nine months of the year; but in all these regions the air seems to insinuate that to-morrow is a better day for vigorous action than to-day. I could not see any future for baseball in Cuba, although it would be the remaking of the Spanish and mixed races in the island.

The people are not lacking in physical energy when the proper reward is in view. On the night of my arrival in the city, the "cabby" took me to my hotel on a gallop, through streets where one team can barely pass another, and pedestrians can shake hands with you without change of position. I flattered myself that my arrival was creating the same sensation as such speed would create in New York, that collision would soon put an end to a glorious career, or that a policeman or a reformer would steer us into the police court. Out of the narrow streets we dashed into the Parque Central, and across it into narrower lanes. Noth-

- ..

ing happened; no one dodged and no one stared; the police looked the other way; and "cabby" overcharged me ten cents, and dashed away for another fare.

make clever baseball The Cubans players, most capable business men, and vet ... well, there it is, - the suspicion that all is not complete there; that Cuban briskness is a pose adopted from the Americans; that it is kept up because Washington sees everything, and would speedily vanish if for a year Cuba could be itself-the land of mañana. Assuredly in the matters of morality and religion it has become the land of mañana. The Cuban people do not go to Mass on Sundays or to the Sacraments at any time as a matter of habit or conviction. They have no respect for their bishops and clergy, no understanding of doctrine or morals, no Christian intelligence. Their children sometimes make their first confession and Communion, and never make another.

The morals of the men are in keeping They have none, with their irreligion. and make no concealment of their pernicious opinions and conditions. Immoral books are openly for sale in all the bookshops of Havana. Corruption is, or seems to be, the Cuban hall-mark. Often they insult the priests, of whom you do not see many in the streets. Oddly enough, the American priest is placed in a different category, and his confident aspect and masculine dress secure for him every respect. Probably, too, his readiness to resent impertinence and to punish insult in American fashion is well known. As my friend Carroll said to me with the same contempt as before: "No, the Cubans never fight: they just have a perfect lady's jawing match, so waste any time on their you don't squabbles." It may be true that the ready fist secures a respect which meekness can not win.

None the less, on the gorgeous occasions of life the priest is in demand, and receives the same honors as the civic authorities. One afternoon I saw a street funeral of magnificence, wherein the clergy marched with proper dignity, the censers swung, the altar boys strutted proudly, and the golden crucifix was carried high amid the reverent crowd. Many blessed themselves and uttered prayers for the dead. The forms of religion do not seem to have departed, but the spirit is surely dying, if not dead. In the bookshops, alongside the vilest pictures and books, are to be found all the pious objects of devotionrosaries and prayer-books and the like. There is some grave confusion in the Cuban mind on the religious question. This fact can not be denied. Beside it there is another fact of grave consequence: that no one knows why the faith is dying, and no one, apparently, is taking any pains to find out.

The one pleasant and indisputable fact about Havana and its people is that they are worth a long visit. The poor are many; they are very, very poor, ill-fed, ill-clothed, ill-housed; but with one advantage over their northern kindredthey have no coal bills to pay and no cold to suffer from. Besides they are very patient and gentle and dirty in their domestic life; yet somehow manage to appear in public with well-cleaned garments, and take pride in this. The city is certainly made for the idle tourist. Its historic interest is lovely and unfailing. One can sit for hours on the parade called the Malecon, at the ocean end of the Prado, and watch alternately the dark waters of the Gulf and the picturesque walls of the Morro Castle, which ornaments the entrance of the harbor. Along the opposite side of the harbor run the beautiful old walls of the Cabañas fortress, commanding the city,-a mass of stately pink and grey stone, simply fascinating in its suggestion of war and romance. At the far end of the bay rises a lovely green hill, clear and bright as an emerald among the gray colors of the town, crowned by a toy fortress, which peace has converted into a prison. Everywhere

are the signs of that early day when explorers and missionaries and merchants and pirates and sailors and soldiers made this region a very fairyland of romance. It seemed outrageous to me that in the bookshops of the town you could find every abomination of modern fiction displayed prominently; while of the men who made romance in that region there seemed to be hardly a volume.

The old streets and the old buildings are of everlasting interest. Everyone finds his way to the old, deserted, disgraced church of San Francisco de Paula, which is a fine symbol of the faith in Cuba to-day,-dirty and forlorn, buried under the débris of trade, yet stately and firm as in its golden days when the people believed. Everyone finds his way to the cathedral, where for long the bones of Columbus rested, - a delightful old place, battered by time and no longer the resort of any but the tourists. At the Solemn High Mass on a Sunday fifty people attended; the previous Office was chanted by a solitary canon and an assistant, and no further services adorned the day from nine in the morning. The churches are few and have no relation to the needs of the people. Out in the suburbs, where only recently the Havanese have learned to combine a country life with a business existence, a few churches have been erected with some life in their methods and their worship.

Undoubtedly Cuba is destined to enjoy a bright commercial future; and Havana will long be its most important city, lying as it does on the Florida Straits, in close contact with the commerce of the world. But that future must depend absolutely upon the United States, whose influence will always be paramount through all the changes of history. This hint should be taken by American Catholics, and it will do no harm if our writers and tourists spend their time and talent in occasional studies of Cuba with a view to forming American Catholic conscience on an important matter.

#### The Secret Bequest.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

## XVI.

HAT Bernard found greater difficulty than he anticipated in carrying out his resolution of being wholly absorbed in business, and seeing no more of Honora Trezevant than could be avoided, was hardly surprising, considering that, as human experience assures us, "the best laid plans of men and mice gang aft aglee"; and also that he had not reckoned upon Cecily, and her power of making people do not what they desired but what she desired they should do. So it came about that, answering a telephone call one morning, he found himself addressed by a silvery and rather imperative voice.

"Hello! Is that you, Bernard?" the voice inquired. "This is Cecily Trezevant. How are you, and why haven't we seen anything of you lately?... Oh, been very busy, have you? But that's stupid—to be so busy that you can't spare time to see your friends.... Well, I'm glad to hear that you're sorry, for sorrow should include amendment; and I'm going to give you an opportunity not only to amend but to do a favor. You like doing favors, don't you?"

"It depends upon the nature of the favor," Bernard replied cautiously. "I'm afraid I am not very benevolently inclined. What is it you want me to do?"

"Why, something that you like very much, so you can't refuse, however unbénevolent you may be. We want you to take part in a concert that Mrs. Selwyn and I are getting up."

"For your own amusement?"

"Primarily, and also for some charitable purpose — I forget what exactly, and it really doesn't matter. All that is matters just now is that you'll promise to help us; and you will, won't you?" I'll be delighted to do anything I can." "I was sure you would. Be kind enough, then, to report for rehearsal at eight o'clock this evening."

"At Mrs. Selwyn's?"

"No: at our — Honora's — house. We are going to rehearse in *your* music room. You don't mind, do you?"

"Why should I?"

"I knew you wouldn't. In fact, I thought you'd be glad to have the beautiful room put to some use. I told Honora so. She was inclined to object, but—well, we needn't go into *that*, either. You'll be certain to come at eight promptly? Thanks so much! Good-bye!"

As Bernard hung up the receiver, he said to himself, "Kismet!" It was not what he would have desired, to be booked for participation in an amateur concert, with rehearsals not only in Honora's house but in the music room that had been fitted and prepared for his individual use and pleasure. But, since the matter had been taken out of his hands, he was willing to shift responsibility to the shoulders of fate, and accept the situation with resignation.

Indeed, there was more than resignation in this acceptance: there was a distinct sense of a difficult effort relaxed. After all, he had perhaps been unnecessarily startled by that conversation in the garden, and there was really no reason why he should debar himself from intercourse with Honora because she showed a curious interest in his conversion, or through fear that he was not strong enough to resist an attraction to which it was impossible for him to yield. Miss Rainesford's, "Don't be a coward!" echoed in his ears; and he told himself that she had been right in characterizing his fears as exaggerated and fantastic. There was nothing less likely than that Honora's interest in his religion would lead to any practical result in her own case. Had he not her word to the contrary, her arguments against the Church, her almost passionate assurance

that her interest was purely personal to himself? And he was undoubtedly sure of his own strength,—his clear realization of the fact that there was no woman in the world set farther apart from him than the heiress of the fortune he had forfeited. These things being so, it-was therefore well that Cecily had put an end to a course which, if persevered in, would probably have led to embarrassment and misconception.

Fortified and encouraged by such considerations, it was with a light-hearted sense of something pleasurable awaiting him that he spent the remainder of the day, and, when evening fell, took his way along the familiar road which led to the house that was to have been his own, and was now Honora's.

The stately residence made a beautifu<sup>1</sup> picture, standing on its commanding eminence, in the sunset glow, as he drew near; and, somewhat to his surprise, he found Cecily waiting for him at the head of the terrace steps, — a lovely figure outlined against the incarnadine west.

"How nice of you to be so punctual!" she cried at sight of him. "I was afraid you might be late."

"Why were you afraid?" he asked. "You said eight o'clock, and it is barely eight now."

"Yes, I know I said eight," she replied. "But that was because I wanted to have a little talk with you before the others came. The rehearsal is really appointed for half-past eight. So, you see, I should have been very much disappointed if you hadn't been on time. But here you are, and now we'll go into the garden, where we shall be undisturbed."

She turned as she spoke; and, with increasing surprise, Bernard moved beside her toward the garden. It was delightful there in the exquisite June twilight, filled with the fragrance of flowers. But he was not able to enjoy the charm of the place or the spell of the hour, through wondering what had given Cecily her very unwonted air of serious preoccupation. As they walked, she spoke lightly enough of the coming concert, and of those who had agreed to take part in it. But through the stream of words he was conscious that her attention was really absorbed by something altogether different; and he was himself only waiting until she should let him know what this subject was.

It was not long before she did so. They had passed under the pergola, where he met Honora when he was last there; and as they emerged she led the way toward the same seat under the mimosa where he had then sat.

"Let us sit down," she said. "I know you are wondering why I've brought you out here, and what it is that I want to talk about. Well, there's no good in beating about the bush, especially when time is limited; so I might as well say at once that I want you to tell me what is the matter with Honora?"

He was so entirely unprepared for, and so thoroughly astonished by, this inquiry that for a moment he could only stare at the speaker. Then—

"I wasn't aware that anything was the matter with her," he said. "Why should you think I would know, or could tell you anything about it?"

She gave him a quick glance out of the pansy-purple eyes that could be so keen sometimes.

"There are several reasons why I thought it possible you might know," she replied. "One of them is that your absence of late has coincided so exactly with the change in her."

"What kind of a change?" he asked anxiously, overlooking the allusion to himself.

Cecily hesitated slightly.

"It's rather hard to define," she said, "though it's very perceptible to me, so perceptible that I feel I really can't endure it any longer without some explanation."

"Have you asked her for an explanation?"

"Of course I have. But she gives me no satisfaction, and only declares that there's nothing the matter with her which, on the face of it, is absurd!"

"But you haven't told me yet in what the change consists."

"No, and I can't describe it further than to say that she is dreadfully depressed in spirits (though she tries to hide this), and that she evidently has some great worry or weight upon her mind."

"But why should you connect me with this condition?"

"By the simple process of putting two and two together," she replied a little dryly. "This condition, as you call it, has existed in particularly marked degree ever since your last visit; and therefore I should be very stupid if I didn't draw the conclusion that something had taken place then which produced a deep effect upon her. So I determined to ask you about it, and I did hope you would be frank with me. She hasn't said or done anything that you have — er misunderstood, has she?"

"Good Heavens, no!" he exclaimed with energy. "What could she possibly have said or done that I would misunderstand?"

"How can I tell?" Cecily returned. "I've thought that she might have made some offer that offended you,—tried to induce you to take part of the estate, perhaps—"

"You must know that is impossible," he interrupted quickly. "Nothing of the kind has occurred or could occur."

"Well, something occurred!" Cecily persisted. "There's no good in telling me that something hasn't happened to disappoint her deeply; and I'm as sure as that I'm living that the disappointment is connected with you. What you've done or declined to do of course I can't tell."

"And you refuse to believe that I have neither done nor left undone anything, of which I am aware, that could have such an effect upon her?"

"Then why have you been staying

away so unaccountably?" she demanded, turning upon him. "It's ridiculous to expect me to believe that her depression and your absence have no connection. Oh, I know I've no right to be questioning you in this way! But I'm very much concerned about Honora's state of mind, and she has let fall some really extraordinary remarks."

He was himself so much concerned that, almost involuntarily, he inquired:

"What kind of remarks?"

But again Cecily hesitated before replying.

"They were rather vague," she said at last, "but they seemed to express some kind of a feeling that the fortune she has inherited isn't really hers, that she is only holding it in charge for somebody or something else—" She paused and looked at him with an anxiety she was unable to conceal. "There's nothing in your uncle's will to justify such a feeling as that, is there?"

"Nothing whatever," he replied. "The estate is left to her unreservedly—in the most absolute terms."

"Ah!" Cecily gave a sigh of relief. "Then I can't imagine what on earth is the matter with her, or what idea has taken possession of her mind. It's really more like an obsession than anything else. You'd think that after such a life as she has had, such dreadful experience of poverty, she would enjoy intensely the fortune that has come to her. But the fact is that she *doesn't* enjoy it. You must have observed that?"

Bernard signified that he had observed and been surprised by the fact alluded to.

"I've been puzzled from the first by this curious attitude of hers," Cecily went on; "but I thought it would wear off after she became accustomed to the possession of wealth. Well, it doesn't wear off: on the contrary, it seems to grow stronger; and I can account for it only by supposing that she is worrying about your disinheritance. She feels very keenly about that, you know," "I know that she does, and I have tried very hard to convince her that there is no need for such concern on her part."

"I believe you have tried," Cecily conceded; "but you certainly haven't succeeded very well. And as for what's lately occurred—for you can't expect me, to believe that something didn't occur to account for the coincidence of your absence and her singular depression,—if you can't or won't throw any light upon it, there's no reason why I should detain you here any longer."

She rose as she spoke; and, as Bernard rose also, he said in a tone of deep concern:

"I can't express how sorry I am for what you've been telling me — I mean about your sister's state of mind; and sorry, too, for my failure to convince you that I haven't anything consciously to do with it. As for my staying away, that has been for a reason altogether different from what you have imagined."

She paused, and stood looking at him intently in the light which the afterglow of the sunset was still shedding over them.

"But you can't deny," she challenged, "that there was a reason other than the filmy excuse you've given?"

"If so," he replied, "it was a reason which concerned only myself."

"But somebody here must have done something to produce such an effect. If it wasn't Honora, was it perhaps myself?"

He smiled as he regarded the charming picture she made, standing in her alluring fairness in the colorful twilight.

"I'm sure," he told her, "that you are well used to causing wilder eccentricity of conduct than any of which I've been guilty; but I must relieve you of all responsibility for mine."

She flushed under his gaze, which seemed to appraise and to dismiss the charms she was accustomed to find irresistible; and, turning, began to walk toward the house.

"In that case we needn't discuss the subject further," she said. "The others are probably arriving by this time, and we must join them. I hope you'll like the programme we've arranged, and the songs for which your friend, Miss Rainesford, has cast you."

When Bernard met Honora a little later, he was extremely relieved to perceive no sign of the change in her of which Cecily had spoken. The simple graciousness of her manner was exactly what it had always been; and she made no indiscreet inquiry about, or allusion to, his prolonged absence. He himself felt more than a little conscious on this point, especially under the eye of Miss Rainesford, who was talking to Honora when he came up to greet her. But that lady also was mistress of perfect tact, and at once put him at ease.

"O Bernard, I'm so glad to see you!" she said, as he turned to her. "I've been fearing you might decline to help us; for I know you dislike amateur performances—"

"But I'm not disobliging as a rule, am I?" he asked. "And there could certainly have been no question of my declining if I knew *you* were interested in the performance. But what is it for? I haven't heard yet."

"Haven't you? Well, I'm glad to say it is for an object we can all agree upon, and work for in harmony — the new city hospital. Society is so terribly cut up into sects and sets of all kinds that the need to relieve human suffering is about the only ground on which we can meet."

"Then it is surely appropriate that our entertainment should be musically harmonious," he laughed. He looked again at Honora with something appealing, though he was not aware of it, in his handsome eyes. "Are you going to help also?" he asked. "I don't know whether you are musical or not."

"Only in loving music," she answered. "My musical education stopped short when I was about fifteen; and it didn't • really matter, since I don't think I have

any talent worth cultivating. But I am devoted to hearing music — though there again I haven't been able to cultivate my taste very much."

"You must have had many opportunities to do so in New York," he suggested.

But she shook her head.

"No: I was too busy, and I had very little money to spend on luxuries,—and operas and concerts *are* luxuries. The only fine music I ever heard was in the churches. I always went on Sunday where I thought I would be sure of finding some." She added a little deprecatingly: "I'm afraid it was my only idea of divine worship; and there wasn't any real wor-" ship in that—only the satisfaction of my longing for harmony."

"Oh, I don't know!" Miss Rainesford said. "The harmony raised your thoughts to God, and made you grateful to Him for creating such a source of delight, I'm sure. Did you go to the Catholic churches? You would have been likely to hear the best music there."

"Occasionally I went to the cathedral, but not very often, — it was so crowded, and the services were so unintelligible to me. But Catholic music is superb, I know."

"The best of it is. But there are a good many different kinds," Miss Rainesford observed discreetly. "If you are not well acquainted with it — and few people outside of musicians are — you must get Bernard to play over some of the Masses of the great composers for you. He's an enthusiast about that kind of music. It was what converted him."

"Was it?" Honora's eyes turned, wide and bright, on Bernard. "He has refused to tell me what did convert him. I'm glad to know at last."

"Miss Rainesford was not exactly serious," Bernard said, with a slightly reproachful glance at that lady. "She means only that music was one of the roads that led me to the door of the Church." "The chief road," corrected Miss Rainesford.

"Yes, I suppose it was," Bernard admitted. "You see, it happened this way," he said, answering the inquiry in Honora's look. "I had always been very fond of music, but I had never chanced to hear any Catholic music—I mean the music written for the Church by the great masters—until, by the merest accident (if anything in life is an accident) I went with a party of friends to a ceremonial function at the Benedictine Abbey not far from here—"

"What!" Honora's astonishment forced her to interrupt. "Is it possible that there is anything so Medieval as a Benedictine Abbey near here?"

"Quite near, as distance is reckoned in these days of motor cars," he assured her. "Two or three hours' run, no more. Well, oddly enough, I had never felt any curiosity about the Abbey; but reports of fine music to be heard there wakened my interest. So I went-" He stopped for a moment, keenly conscious of Honora's quickening attention, and then continued hurriedly: "I can't go into details of what I heard and saw there but I found that I had stepped out of the world I knew into another-so remote in its strangeness, yet so close in its appeal to the deepest instincts of my nature, that it overwhelmed me. The music? Oh, yes! The music delighted me, and I met the young monk who was the organist and director of the choirto my unaccustomed eyes a figure out of the Middle Ages in his religious habit, but a man as modern as myself, and a musician to his finger tips. He responded charmingly to my advances, and opened to me a world of music that enchanted me, as I sat by the organ for hours while he rolled out the great harmonies. For, to make a long story short, I didn't go back with my party. I stayed at the Abbey for several days. And that was the beginning of the end of which you know."

Honora's eyes were shining as she looked at him.

"And Music led you there!" she commented. "You had built this beautiful home for her" (she indicated by a gesture the splendid room, all lighted and open before them, from which the rich notes of a piano now came); "and she rewarded you by leading you away, and forcing you to sacrifice it."

He smiled irresistibly.

"You've really grasped it!" he said. (To be continued.)

### God's Glory.

#### BY ANASTASIA E. CONLON.

SEE Thee in the morning light That gently steals o'er hill and vale,

I hear Thee in the rippling brook

That flows unceasing through the dale;

Within the breeze I hear Thy voice, That gently speaks in love to me; And from my inmost heart I say, "How beautiful our God must be!"

"How beautiful our God must be!"

I see Thee in the spring's first hour, In summer's quiet, happy days,

In autumn's golden harvest time,

In winter's stretch of snow-clad ways; I see Thy power ev'rywhere,

In wooded grove, in busy mart;

And in my soul I humbly say,

"O God, how wonderful Thou art!"

I feel Thy hand in happy hours; When sorrow's cup is held me here;

I know Thou lovest those who mourn, That Thou wilt bring them peace and cheer;

I see Thy love embracing all;

Each finds a shelter in Thy heart; And from my inmost being cry, "O God, how merciful Thou art!"

All Nature speaks of Thee to me; The sunlit morn, the beauteous day,

The starry night, the calm, the storm, Thy loving attributes portray.

All that I am cries out to Thee; I long to feel Thy fond embrace;

If such Thy glory be when veiled, What will it be when face to face!

### After Ten Years.

BY J. F. SCHOLFIELD.

### II.—AUTHORITY.

THOSE who have the happiness never to have known any religious environment but that of the Church would find it utterly impossible to realize the confusion, at times approaching complete anarchy, that reigns outside her walls. Probably the Anglican communion may claim the record in this respect. In other non-Catholic denominations there is, usually, more or less of a restraining standard. It is true that Presbyterian and other Protestant ministers are divided in their teaching by the impassable gulf that separates the extremest Modernism from old-fashioned "Evangelical Orthodoxy." But to the outside world, at least, there is little that can challenge comparison with the phenomenal divisions of our Anglican friends.

Most converts from Anglicanism can bear witness from personal experience to this state of matters, and to the disquiet and distress resulting from it. The changes of my own life brought me into contact with, I suppose, all the principal divisions, and a good many subdivisions, of the Church of England. I was brought up in a town parish in the north of England, where the teaching and practice at our big parish church were very noncommittal, and, in fact, never conveyed to me anything definite at all. Nothing approaching High Church doctrine or ceremonial had ever been heard of; yet I do not remember anything strongly marked in the opposite direction. Morning and evening prayer were said, in a queer, attenuated form, every day, and the Communion service celebrated every Sunday and principal holyday.

Long musical services were a great trial to my youthful patience: The music, I fancy, was good, but, except for the hymns (taken, of course, from the ubiquitous "Ancient and Modern"), a very weariness to many of the congregation. Our organ was at one time said to be the largest in England, and we were very proud of it. There was a numerous choir, cassocked and surpliced, who used to practise "choral walks" (which were great called processions) on feasts. Looking back, it puzzles me to think how the long, heavy, and in a sense ornate, functions could ever have touched the religious emotions, much less. have appealed to the conscience and will.

Even as a boy I felt the Communion service, as performed at home, a miserable fiasco. It was not irreverently celebrated; there was some very remarkable ceremonial, meant exceedingly well, but hopelessly grotesque. But it was absolutely unsupernatural. With an occasional exception, both clergy and congregation seemed to be engaged in a rite that was supposed to be extremely solemn and important, and yet the impression conveyed was that it was in reality neither one nor the other.

A very average English boy troubles himself little enough about such things, but I well remember a sense of dismay and disappointment time after time. Even the Protestant Prayer Book retains relics of the august language of the Missal, and I could not understand why there was so 'much said about the Body and Blood of Our Lord, and apparently no corresponding worship. Without in the least knowing, it seems to me that, by some divine mercy, I already believed in the miracle of Transubstantiation. Certainly no external influence had ever given me a hint in that direction. I had learned in the Anglican catechism that "the body and blood of Christ are verily and indeed taken and received by the faithful in the Lord's Supper"; and, so far as I thought of the sense of the words at all, it never struck me that they meant anything else but what they plainly said.

There were two other parish churches in the town, both of them on a decidedly

"low level." One of them has since become the very ne plus ultra of extreme "Anglo-Catholicism." It was not to be expected that such surroundings would result in any very definite ideas in a young, undeveloped mind. But in my home (Deo gratias!) there was real piety, a strong, traditional "Church of England" orthodoxy, neither high nor low, and a total absence of controversy. The spirit, therefore, was not anti-Catholic in any fanatical way. We grew up to believe, no doubt, that the Roman Catholics held a number of erroneous opinions (what they were was quite vague and indeterminate); but they were to be respected for their devotion and loyalty to their Protestant dissenters always religion. seemed the real enemy; though I am afraid this may have been on social and political, rather than strictly theological, grounds. We certainly knew nothing about them or what they believed.

My school life was a blank, so far as regarded any conscious touch with the religion, such as it was, to which I belonged. Now and then I attended a "High" church, though scarcely ever a particularly advanced one. Such services seemed to me to have a good deal more meaning than the ordinary Anglican function of forty years ago, and the differences between the two interested me. But I had next to no notion of the reason for these distinctions. I certainly thought, as I advanced in my "teens;" that a High church was much more what the Church of England intended than what I had been accustomed to; but I had no idea of anything beyond this. Roman Catholicism was a quite distinct thing, no doubt worthy of all respect, but something with which I had no concern.

Cambridge opened a new world of thought to me. Among my friends were a few very "advanced" men; one of them had in his room an oratory under the invocation of St. Monica, and I occasionally assisted at Vespers (the real Breviary Office, translated), sung to the

Plain Chant, with incense at Magnificat, and the officiant in a cope. Catholics will smile at all this, but my friend did it in the most perfect good faith. At the same time I came under the influence of one of the parochial clergy, then in charge (and afterward vicar) of a wellknown Cambridge church. He was a very learned and deeply pious man; and, though the ceremonial he then used was very scanty, his teaching embraced, it seems to me now, almost everything Catholics believe-always excepting the foundation of all dogmatic authority, the privilege of Peter. I knew one or two Catholics, but we never exchanged a word on religious matters. In those days the Church was represented by a small and unpretentious building. The sumptuous church of the English Martyrs, the erudition and splendid service of Monsignor Barnes, the compelling influence of Robert Hugh Benson, and the far-reaching work of the Fisher Society, were yet in the distant future.

Cambridge Anglicanism did not tend to settle the mind of any young man who was beginning to ask a reason for his belief, and to desire a secure founda-There was a strong, traditional tion. Evangelical party, one or two of whom I knew, but which never had any attraction for me.' It was quite distinct from the old-fashioned Church of England spirit to which I had been accustomed. What we should now call Modernism was at work among a considerable section of both dons and undergraduates. Perhaps the most influential party, represented by Dr. Westcott, then Regius Professor of Divinity, and Dr. Lightfoot, Lady Margaret Professor in the same faculty (both old Catholic foundations), might be described as Orthodox Broad Church. Then there was a strong, if not very numerous, "Anglo-Catholic" section. Moderate High Churchmen were not greatly in evidence. And the great majority, I fear, like the Achaian proconsul, "cared for none of those things."

From Cambridge I went for a year to the theological seminary at Cuddesdon, near Oxford. This college had the name of being decidedly advanced in its teaching; there were certainly a sprinkling of advanced men, but most of them were moderate High Church Oxonians, and some not even up to that standard of Dr. Gore, afterward Canon conviction. of Westminster, Bishop of Worcester, and now of Birmingham, was the viceprincipal; and to him, for his unwearied patience and goodness toward a somewhat tiresome student, I owe the deepest gratitude. He has since been identified with Modernistic teaching of the less destructive kind; but his influence undoubtedly, by the breadth of his outlook and the intense earnestness of his character, gave my young mind an impetus toward the Church which he certainly did not intend or desire.

So far as practice was concerned, Cuddesdon represented the mildest and most colorless form of Anglicanism. One could reach no practical authority for what was taught or done in the Church of England through the training there given. It seemed a matter of choice — almost of taste — to what particular section of Anglican churchmen a man should attach himself. Naturally, the parishes to which the students went on their ordination differed widely as to both teaching and ceremonial. Only the extreme Anglo-Catholic and the belligerent Protestant type seemed to be tabooed.

By the time I was ordained I had come to the conclusion that the only reasonable course was to accept frankly the extreme High Church position, and to devote my insignificant capacity to helping to undo the miserable work of the sixteenth century. I did not doubt for a moment that the so-called Reformation was a national apostasy; but my superiors had taught me that, however deep might have been the heresy of Messrs. Cranmer and company, they did not succeed in severing the sacramental unity that bound

modern Anglicanism to the Mediæval Church in England, and so to the "whole, Catholic Church," as we should have expressed it. The absurd theory of "branch" churches had no meaning for us. Our theory (no less absurd, I fear) was that the two English provinces had, unhappily, been separated from the Apostolic See, so far as outward communion was concerned; that this had not destroyed their existence as part of the Catholic Church, but only interfered, however grievously, with their wellbeing; that things could not be right until we were once more under the shadow of Peter, and that our work was to strive and pray for this happy end. Looked at from within the Church, what a futile and hopeless dream it was! But it has possessed, and still possesses, some of the best and most devout souls in the Anglican fold.

Years passed before I came to see that, in its very raison d'être, this and every other conception of Anglicanism could be nothing but an opinion; and one opinion was quite as good as any other. In fact, the trouble, that became greater and greater until the burden was by divine mercy laid down at the feet of Christ's Vicar, was not so much that the Church of England taught this or that wrong doctrine, or was, at the best, ambiguous as to some of the essential truths of the Faith; but that, as a living spiritual authority, she taught nothing at all. Her formularies still contained a good many Catholic truths, but they could be taken or left at the sweet will of any of her children. Nearly all her bishops seemed determined that she should determine nothing. Those that took a definite line, with one or two exceptions wished to reduce her to a Puritan sect. The Oxford Revival had indeed won a fairly secure place within her borders, but it was merely as a school. The minister of one parish (as my own, and every Auglican's, experience can testify) might teach the whole doctrine of the Holy Mass, and

train his people to invoke Our Lady and the saints; his neighbor in the next parish might, with equal authority, declare his brother's religion to be a blasphemous fable and a dangerous deceit.

And the endless subdivisions were even worse, at least to one's mental constitution. The ridiculous stress laid on triffing points of external observance, especially by moderate High Churchmen; the parochialism that made "our use at St. Timothy's" the one infallible standard of Christian worship; the mental obfuscation that would neither affirm nor deny, nor yet frankly treat a point as an open question,—all these were mere straws that showed the direction of the current, but proved pretty clearly that it was away from all authority.

There was no final court that could give an irrevocable decision on any matter whatsoever. The appeal to "the undivided Church," in the Anglican sense, was absolutely futile, because it was an appeal to a non-existing authority. To those who reason, it is unthinkable that, given a Divine Revelation, there should not be some plain method of arriving at its content. In other words, if God our Lord has spoken to the world, can He have left it to chance whether or no men can discover what His message really is?

We are daily seeing more clearly the fruit of this lack of the living Voice of God's guaranteed interpreter of truth. Thirty years ago, Cardinal Newman's estimate of the value of Anglicanism as a breakwater against unbelief was still in great measure true. Now the very facts on which the whole Christian religion rests are openly denied by Anglican clergymen with complete impunity. The publication of such a book as "Foundations," by a number of Oxford dons, and the recent elevation of the editor, whose own contribution to the book is certainly outspoken in its rejection of those facts, to a cathedral stall, are unhappy examples of the truth of this. A well-known Anglican bishop, now departed, once said that the Church of England bore witness to the facts in question, but drew no deductions from them. That a clever man could make such a statement is appalling, from a merely intellectual standpoint. But if he had been living now, he certainly could not have committed himself to the first part of his extraordinary observation.

No one but a convert, I suppose, can realize fully what it means to come from such a religious environment to the City of God. A fellow-convert wrote to me, when I stood at the very gates but had not yet entered: "Seen from without, the Church of England loses her spell." It seems to me now that, while a thousand tender and happy associations cluster round the memory of my Anglican days, as an institution for spiritual ends the Church of England does not really exist at all. She appears like the "baseless fabric of a vision." As a State establishment, she is substantial enough; as a Protestant denomination, she is conceivable, though she has scarcely enough coherent form for this, but as a body claiming to teach dogmatic truth and to minister sacramental grace, she is quite unthinkable.

It is not for me, as a layman unversed in theology, to write at length of the divine authority to which now for many years I have made my glad submission. But I may record with profoundest gratitude how the Catholic Church is the sublime and utter satisfaction of both intellectual and spiritual needs. The reason is free as it has never been before, when a man enters into the liberty of the children of God. In this sense, too, the words are gloriously true, Cui servire regnare est. Outside the Church, one is forever trying to justify a position; within, there is no more need to argue than there is for children to justify their position in their home. 'The Church's claim to teach infallibly is seen to be a necessity of reason, if once we admit that a Divine Revelation exists at all. Everything falls into its place in our mother's

teaching, formerly there was no assurance that our conclusions were either right in themselves or that they truly represented the belief of the body to which we belonged.

The Church presents to us the Christian Faith in its magnificent entirety; we may take it or leave it; but for those who face the facts there is only one conclusion. I do not mean by this that non-Catholics fail in intellectual honesty; but either the Catholic religion has never been fairly placed before them, or else inveterate ignorance and prejudice have so distorted their mental vision that they have rejected a monstrosity of their own invention, which is not Catholicity at all. Those whose unspeakable happiness it is at last to see the City of God in her august splendor and her awful beauty, can but take the exiled patriarch's cry of wonder on their lips: "Indeed the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not. How terrible is this place! This is no other but the house of God and the gate of heaven."\*

At last we have found a teacher whom we can 'trust, who has a definite message which she has been proclaiming to the world for nearly two thousand years. We have submitted to an authority, intense in its strength and in its tenderness, that does not put us off with vague generalities, or tell us that two contradictory and mutually exclusive statements are equally true. Outside the Church there is nothing to trust; now, because we can trust God Himself, we trust the messenger whose indefectibility and infallibility He has secured by His own pledged word.

Year after year, to us converts this mighty fact becomes more and more the sheet-anchor of our spiritual life. We are men under authority. A religion that has no living voice that claims obedience is not a religion but a speculative philosophy. Is it conceivable that we who have come from the land of con-

• Gen:, xxviii, 17.

fusion and impotence to the divine order and strength of the One Church of God should look back with a secret regret or a half-stifled longing for the old environment of uncertainty and unrest? To "What is Truth?" Pilate's question, there is one Teacher, and one alone, that gives an authoritative and coherent answer. And when we take our place as her children, we find that every part of her message finds its echo in the deepest necessities of our hearts. For it is the voice of God on earth.

(To be continued.)

#### Back to the Fold.

ву х. у. z. \_\_\_\_\_ I.

I WAS sojourning in one of the little towns on the shore of the Mediterranean. Although there for my health, I was not very ill; and I- determined to enjoy for the next six months a grateful interval of silence and solitude.

Such an exile had very few terrors for one of my temperament. With a moderate supply of books and stationery, and what my doctor would term an *immoderate* supply of pipes and tobacco, I have been able to dwell more contentedly in far lonelier and incomparably more desolate places than the pretty town I had selected for my residence. Moreover, with the legs of a tourist and the pencil of a scribbler, I felt proof against boredom of all kinds.

Once installed at the Three Kings' Hotel, I began to note my companions at the *table d'hôte*. By far the most interesting of these was a young man, apparently about twenty-five years of age, whom I heard addressed as Viscount B——. He sat just opposite to me, by the side of his mother, so that I could study him at my ease without appearing to do so.

It would be difficult to imagine a form and face more charming than the Viscount's, Tall, handsome, and well built, he had what is sometimes called a sympathetic physiognomy—a countenance in which were blended, in exquisite harmony, intelligence, nobility, purity, and truth. His glance, at once mild and deep, was singularly attractive to me, and, as I soon discovered, to most of our company as well.

He spoke but little: conversation evidently fatigued him. The feverish sparkle of his eye and the hectic tinge of his cheek told plainly, it seemed to me, that he was a consumptive. He was subject to distressing coughs and partial suffocation, and almost every such attack culminated in his spitting blood. Several times, too, the hemorrhages brought on terrible vomiting.

About a month after my arrival he began to absent himself from the table, and finally ceased altogether to appear there. We learned that he ate scarcely anything, and that the attacks which we had sometimes witnessed were growing in frequency and seriousness. His physician paid him daily visits, and replied to our inquiries as to his patient's health that the young man was in grave danger: his heart had become affected.

The landlady of the Three Kings' was a practical Catholic; so, having been told by the doctor of the serious condition of her young guest, she deemed it her duty to inform in turn the Countess his mother.

"Madam," she began one day, "they tell me that your son is very ill. You are caring for his bodily comfort with the greatest solicitude. Don't you think it time to look after his soul? If you would have a priest sent for, there is no lack of excellent ones here. You have only to choose. Will you have our venerable *curé*, who is as full of wisdom as of years? Or would you prefer the Abbé Bourque? He is about the same age as the Viscount, and is the apostle of our young people."

The Countess did not at once reply. She grew as pale as a corpse, and her fear rendered her speechless. When she had somewhat recovered she exclaimed: "Stop!—for mercy's sake, stop! He may hear you, and it would give him a shock. 'I must be very low,' he would say, 'since they talk of bringing a priest to see me.' Why, it would be enough to kill him!''

"But, dear Madam," replied the good hostess, "the doctor has told me that your son is very dangerously ill, that there is hardly any hope of his recovery. Meanwhile he may die at any time, and, unless you look to it, die, too, without putting his accounts with the good God in order."

"What would you have me do? I am confident that my husband, were he alive, would severely blame me for bringing a priest here under the circumstances. Priests are well enough for those who have led a wicked life, but my son's conduct has always been irreproachable."

And this was all that the landlady could extract from her. If one meets with many Catholics to whom their religion matters very much, one also sometimes comes in contact with others to whom it seems to matter very little. The Countess was one of these nominal Catholics; they may be found in all classes of society.

II.

Within a day or two of the interview just recorded, the rumor spread through the hotel that the Viscount was dying, and that his mother, through most deplorable cowardice, refused to let him know his condition. Some of the guests thought her conduct quite natural, and applauded her precaution, saying that such an announcement would only hasten his death. Others, of course, were pained to learn the news; and expressed the landlady's views about the necessity of receiving the sacraments.

There was one young person in particular who was overwhelmed with sorrow when she heard the state of the case, and who vowed that she would try every possible means of preventing such a catastrophe as the Viscount's dying without being attended by a priest. This was little Gertrude S—, the fifteenyear-old daughter of a civil engineer, who, with Gertrude and her English governess, was spending some weeks in our Mediterranean health resort.

"Papa," said Gertrude to Mr. S----, "could you not do something?"

"What do you want me to do? This unfortunate young man sees nobody. If I ask to be allowed an interview with him, they will suspect my purpose. We can do nothing, I think, but pray."

Gertrude was not satisfied. She reflected for a moment, then suddenly rejoined:

"Papa, may I pay a visit to his mother?"

The father was touched. "You are a brave little girl," said he, giving her a kiss. "Go, and may the good God go with you!"

Gertrude had received that very morning, from one of her father's friends, a magnificent bouquet. Taking up the flowers, and accompanied by her governess, she resolutely proceeded to the Countess' door and knocked gently. It was opened by Madam C—— herself, who was so struck with the expression of modesty, sweetness, frankness and grace that shone from the face of the young girl, that without hesitating or even asking herself the cause of this dainty apparition, she at once led pupil and governess into her parlor, and insisted upon their sitting down.

"Madam," said Gertrude, "we heard this morning that your dear son is suffering very much, and we have come to. make inquiries. Moreover, I received a little while ago this pretty bouquet from one of papa's friends. Will you kindly give it to him, Madam, and tell him that we are praying for his recovery?"

It was a very simple request, a mere act of ordinary civility; but the expression that accompanied the words went straight to the mother's heart. Still quite unsuspicious of any ulterior design on the part of her visitors, and fascinated by the charm of Gertrude's manner, she answered:

"My dear, would you not consent to see

my son, and present the bouquet yourself?" "O Madam, it will afford us the greatest pleasure."

The Countess preceded them to her son's room to inform him of this unexpected visit. He was half sitting, half reclining in a great arm-chair. His color was ghastly, and his face and hands were extremely emaciated. It looked as though the little life that was left him had taken refuge in his eyes.

Gertrude, who had not seen him for a month, was terrified at his aspect. To her he appeared more like a corpse than a living man.

"O God," she murmured, "help me in my task! There is only very little time left in which to accomplish it."

The Countess approached the invalid and began a formal introduction.

"My son, this is Mademoiselle—" She had never heard Gertrude's Christian name, and in her trouble had forgotten even that of the engineer.

"Gertrude S---," said the visitor.

"Gertrude!" murmured the Viscount, in a tone of mingled sadness and satisfaction. "That was the name of my sister who died last year at the age of fifteen. Ah! we die young in our family."

Then, with the sudden change of impressions so natural in the sick, he made Gertrude talk to him. He himself said little; words almost choked him. He told her, however, that the bouquet was charming; and he said to himself that still more charming was the idea of this child's offering flowers to one whom she had scarcely seen.

Gertrude knew that one should take care not to weary the sick; so at the end of a quarter of an hour the visitors arose.

"What! already?" said the Viscount, a much better sign than if he had felt like saying "At last!"

Both he and his mother were profuse in their thanks to their new friend.

"If our flowers give you any pleasure," said Gertrude, "and our visits do not inconvenience you, we shall come again, and always blossom-laden. I know where to find the prettiest anemones; and last year I made some marvellous discoveries near the old villa on the southern roadviolets, orchids, daisies, and lilies of the valley in profusion."

And so they parted, the best of friends. III.

Besides his physical sufferings and the mental anguish consequent upon the knowledge that his end was drawing near, the Viscount was dying of ennui. He loved his mother tenderly, but that mother was rather a weak personage. Three years a widow, she had lost, a twelvemonth ago, a beautiful and loving daughter, and now felt that she was soon to see her only remaining hope also wither away. Deepseated piety alone could have given her the fortitude to moderate or at least conceal her sorrow; but, as we have seen, she was anything but deeply pious. She appeared before her son now in a paroxysm of grief, now with a countenance that strove in vain to preserve an aspect of repose. The thought that he was daily to enjoy a quarter of an hour's intercourse with the gentle and serene Gertrude was, therefore, like balm to the invalid's agitated spirit.

It need not be said that Mr. S----his daughter's gladly consented to charitable plan, and that it was understood the governess should, as a matter of course, always attend her pupil in these visits to the sick-room. As a matter of fact, however, Gertrude often went unattended to see her invalid, as she soon came to style the Viscount. She invariably found the Countess keeping him Despite her want of piety, company. the latter was a most devoted mother. What she could not herself succeed in doing to amuse and tranquillize her son, she was delighted to see accomplished by another.

During the first two or three days Gertrude and the Viscount conversed in a desultory manner about a hundred different topics - the weather, the influence on the temper wrought by sunshine and rain, the love of flowers, their favorite colors, literature, the pleasures of life in the country, and kindred subjects. They talked, too, of God and religion, but only in an incidental way.

Later on, as the young man grew weaker, and could take no further part in a conversation than to interject an occasional monosyllable, Gertrude turned to the Countess, who graciously did her best to second the young girl's efforts to entertain the invalid. Despite her good-will, however, the mother was too entirely taken up with her grief to pursue any discourse of a serious nature; and her tremulous tones, in which the tears were almost audible, so depressed the invalid that Gertrude ventured one day to say to him:

"What if I should read to you?".

He bowed his head in assent; and thenceforth, during at least half of the daily visit, his young nurse became his reader. And she read admirably. Her voice was sweet, full, and sonorous; and her articulation distinct without being affected. Well managed, the human voice is the most perfect of instruments; for it is a living one. To say that the Viscount listened with pleasure is to understate his feelings: he listened with rapture. Her gentle tones seemed actually to charm away his pains. Then, after reading for some time, Gertrude would, unaffectedly, and as if forced to do so by a noble soul and a rich imagination, make a comment on what she had read.

This continued during three weeks. Not a single direct attempt at proselytism had been hazarded, and yet the poor invalid was visibly wasting away.

"It is only a question of days," said the physician, in answer to our inquiries; for the interest of the company at the table d'hôte had not diminished as the weeks went by. The wonder was he had lived so long. Meantime we were all anxiously awaiting the upshot of the ministry in which it was well understood our amiable acquaintance, Miss S----,

was engaged. She had the good wishes of most of us and the constant prayers of not a few of our number.

"If that amiable little saint," said our good landlady, "can't bring about his consenting to see a' priest, may the bon Dieu have pity on him and on his foolishly loving mother, whom I would like to take by the shoulders and shake till she saw that what she considers kindness is the worst kind of cruelty."

#### IV.

Gertrude went to Holy Communion at the six o'clock Mass one morning, and again and again begged God to inspire her with some plan of effecting her object. She recited five decades of Our Lady's Rosary with the same intention, and entreated the Refuge of Sinners to let her prove herself a true child of Mary by enabling her to succeed in bringing the Viscount to a sense of his spiritual needs.

At ten o'clock she and her governess went up to the Countess' apartments.

"How is the patient this morning?" inquired Gertrude.

"Very weak and very gloomy," answered his mother. "But do come in; your visit will do him good; it is his only relief. Do you go in alone; Miss H—— and I will remain here. He said to me about an hour ago: 'When Miss Gertrude comes up to-day, I should like to see her alone.""

"That's a good beginning," thought Gertrude. Then, with an aspiration to the Holy Ghost, she entered the sick room.

She was less astounded than pleased to see the Viscount not gloomy or sad, as his mother had said, but smiling, gracious, and apparently happy.

After a few trifling remarks—if we may call trifling what springs from one heart and reaches another — she asked herself how she should approach the great question. She sounded the patient delicately on the subject; and finding neither resistance nor inclination, she was somewhat repelled by this sort of neutrality. "Can I have taken the wrong road?" she mentally inquired. One circumstance added much to her embarrassment: the Viscount seemed to enjoy her trouble. He watched her with a half-mischievous smile, which almost discomfited her entirely. At last he broke the awkward silence.

"Come, come, my friend! there is no need of handling the matter with gloves, or of lingering so long at the door of the subject. Do you imagine that I have not seen through you this long while past? Prudence is a good quality, but one should not abuse it. I know perfectly well what you wish me to do, and I am inexpressibly grateful to you besides. Come, speak! I am waiting."

Gertrude would willingly have spoken, but she was mute from joy and thankfulness. When she attempted to say something, her voice failed her.

The young man said nothing. But it was plain that he was gratified. A moment later the Countess and Miss H—— entered the chamber.

"My dear mother," said the invalid, "you know very well that I am dying. The principal thing now is that I should die well. You have been afraid of terrifying me, and would not call in a priest; so God sent me this little Sister of Charity. She has not preached to me or reproached me; but what preaching is comparable to her ingenious charity---"

"Monsieur B—," interrupted Gertrude, "you will fatigue yourself. Don't talk any more, please. And, besides, what you say is—"

"Well, well, be it so! It is better to act. Mother, will you send for the *curé*? I *must* go to confession. To fulfil my duty, to obey the law of God, and also to gladden the heart of Mademoiselle, I wish to die a Christian death."

An hour later he received the last Sacraments with evident piety.

And now if I were inventing this story, its conclusion would certainly be different from what, as I am merely the marratory of facts, the real ending must be. Eacts

are stubborn things, and truth is sometimes stranger than fiction even pretends to be. The doctor was mistaken, or perhaps Extreme Unction operated in the Viscount's case, as it has done in thousands of others, a bodily as well as a spiritual cure. The invalid who had been given up by every one suddenly began to get well. He had wished to die a Christian death: God apparently desired him to live a Christian life. He improved so rapidly, too, that in less than a month from the day the curé was sent for he was able to leave his room. The landlady declared that his cure was nothing short of a miracle.

I shall not attempt to describe the gratitude which the Countess C—— and her son showed to her whom the latter persisted in calling his little benefactress. Gertrude and her excellent father declared they both made much ado about nothing. What she had done was quite simple, and to their mind only natural.

With the arrival of May, the company at the Three Kings' disbanded, — the Countess and her son going to Spain and the East, M. S— and his daughter to Bordeaux, I to London, and the others to their respective cities, towns, or villages.

About two years later I met Mr. Sone evening, coming out of the Church of Notre Dame in Paris; and learned that on every recurring 15th of March, the anniversary of the day when Gertrude began her ministry, she received a splendid bouquet. Whether the Countess and her son were in Granada, Jerusalem, or at the foot of the great Pyramids, the flowers invariably arrived on the anniversary. Finally, the bouquet was accompanied one year by a letter from the Viscount's mother to Gertrude's father. That was the beginning of the end. Gertrude is the most loving and lovable Viscountess in all sunny France; and Miss H----, who still lives with her former pupil, declares that their household is the ideal of a Christian family.

#### An Extravagant Assertion.

TNDER the caption "The Irish-American Press," there appears in a book just published the statement: "All of the leading and influential papers in America are now against Redmond." As we happen to see from week to week the great majority, if not all, the papers in question, we are in a position to characterize the statement as wildly extravagant. In the first place, among the ten journals named by the author of the book as bearing out his assertion, there are several that have no real claim to be called either "influential" or "leading"; and, in the second, ten is a rather small percentage of the papers usually called Irish-American. The Chicago Citizen, whose "Irishism" and Americanism are both above suspicion, more truly than the author quoted, represents, we feel certain, the great mass of intelligent, thoughtful, and judicious Irish-Americans-or, better perhaps, Americans of Irish birth or extraction. Our Chicago contemporary says:

"To us it is not only wicked and absurd but unpatriotic and treasonous to put any consideration, or any animosity, above and before love of Ireland. It will, of course, be understood that duty to the Stars and Stripes is paramount; but, after this, devotion to the old land is the feeling that possesses us. For it we are willing to forget for the time being. For it we have resolved to give our support to the National party. Our friends who differ from us-and we are speaking of those who are honest, as many are-take another view of the matter. With them hatred of England is first. To this the welfare of Ireland must be subordinated. Let the dear old land suffer-yea, even suffer a great deal-if England can only be made to suffer a little. Ireland is not only asked to sacrifice all prospect of Home Rule, but to degrade and disgrace her tried leaders, that revenge upon England may be had. The things for

which we labored and hoped for over a century must all be immolated to the Moloch of vindictiveness."

Mr. Redmond and his colaborers in Ireland may rest assured that the noisiest portion of the Irish-American press is far from being as "leading and influential" as it likes to believe itself. And they may further rely with perfect confidence on the whole-hearted sympathy with which their policy and action, in this most critical period of Irish history, are viewed by the really influential Irish-American press and by the vast majority of its readers.

## That They May See!

THE latest Bulletin (No. 8) of the progress in preparing the way for Christian unity through the World Conference on Faith and Order states that an increasing number of letters show "a world-wide recognition of the necessity of a visibly united Church in order to make Christ's law of peace and righteousness and love effective." This is gratifying. No less so, and full of significance, is this further statement: "Christians are beginning to see that they must set the world the example of an earnest and sincere effort to understand the needs and positions of others."

An earnest and sincere effort to understand what Christianity is, and an entire willingness to submit to the authority established by Christ, are all that is necessary to effect Christian unity. We marvel at the blindness especially of the episcopal commission of the World Conference on Faith and Order. A visibly united Church has been in existence since the Day of Pentecost; and it is like "a city seated on a mountain" for all who have eyes to see.

Ut omnes unum sint is an admirable motto for the World Conference on Faith and Order; Domine, ut videam, should be its earnest prayer.

## Notes and Remarks.

Whether or not the religious question was a dominating factor in the recent municipal elections in Chicago, there is no denying the fact that it was raised in the preliminary campaign. It is characteristic of the secular press to minimize the influence of such questions in practical politics, and to explain the results at the polls by all sorts of more or less plausible reasons. They are not anxious to admit in their columns conditions which they nevertheless know full well exist, and which, in the privacy of their home or office, they habitually discuss. It is. accordingly, doing little more than emphasizing the obvious to say, as does the Echo of Buffalo: "The religious issue which played a *rôle* in the Chicago elections may likewise crop up in other cities. It behooves Catholics to inaugurate an educational campaign to forestall any move in this direction. Fair-minded Protestants will consider an honest statement of the Catholic position in civil matters; but if no such effort is made, even they may be imposed upon."

The educational campaign has already been inaugurated, and considerable good work has been accomplished; but the Chicago case should determine our societies, and individual workers as well, to increase their activities.

While the probationary methods that are becoming increasingly popular in a number of Courts in this country do not invariably commend themselves to the judgment of the thoughtful citizen, any more than does the multiplicity of suspended sentences of which one reads from day to day, there is no doubt that such methods, when judiciously as well as juridically employed, often prove effective as a crime-deterrent. As defined by an Indianapolis jurist, probation is "a judicial system by which an offender against penal law, instead of being punished by a sentence, is given an opportunity to reform himself under supervision, and subject to conditions imposed by the Court with the end in view that, if he shows evidence of being reformed, no penalty for his offence will be imposed."

That the system has abundantly justified itself in many a Court seems clear from the evidence adduced; and it is needless to say that few, if any, critics of this departure from the traditional procedure will object to this statement of one of its upholders: "To administer justice properly, the presiding judge should earnestly endeavor to distinguish between the delinquent and the criminal-the occasional and the chronic violator of the law; to give sufficient time for careful investigation of the merits of each case; and to see that, while the community is protected, the rights of the individual, especially of the poor and ignorant and uninfluential individual, be not overlooked."

Though there is not, of course, the slightest necessary antagonism between commercial pursuits and religion, the aphorism that "business is business" undoubtedly carries some connotation of a notable difference between the methods of at least "big business," "high finance," etc., and the principles of morality. It is, accordingly, gratifying to read, in so typical a business paper as the *Wall Street Journal*, paragraphs such as these:

Not long ago it was pointed out in these columns that one of the effects of the war might be a widespread religious revival. There is a difference—not of degree but of kind—between the man who sincerely believes in something and the man who doubts everything. It would be wrong to say that the form of his belief does not matter. But, if he is sincere, it is better to believe something than nothing. Perhaps nine-tenths of the evils from which we suffer are beyond the reach of statutory law. But they are all susceptible to amendment by conscience through the mercy of God.

There is every sign that such a religious revival is developing; and if this be the case, it is of infinite concern to business men. Even such movements as are inaugurated by spectacular evangelists, who preach down to their hearers rather than up to their God, are not insignificant. If that sort of froth or scum is apparent on the surface, there is a movement of greater depth and potency below. In this direction lies reform, because the only real reform starts in the indjvidual heart, working outward to popular manifestation through corporations, societies and legislatures.

Not the least effective sermons are sometimes preached in apparently incongruous pulpits, and we trust the *Journal's* little homily will prove as fruitful as it is suggestive.

The very title of Dr. James Field Spalding's book, "The World's Unrest and its Remedy," should be enough constantly to win new readers for this excellent and able Apologia. It is a book for the times. Two chapters especially, dealing with personal obstacles to the Catholic religion, deserve the widest reading; they will be found extremely helpful, not only to outsiders, but to those of the household of the faith. In reference to "the return to Christ" vociferously announced by so many non-Catholic teachers at this time, Dr. Spalding says in his concluding chapter:

With all our heart that is what we wish might be,—the return to Christ: not to some of His words, but to all of them; not merely to His ethical teachings about the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of men, which so many just now are making much of, which the Church has always held—West, too, as well as East, St. Augustine as well as Clement or Origen,—but to what He taught about Himself, His Church and religion, the spiritual needs and destiny of men. Yes, let us have what Christ hath said. How many of His gracious words have been long despised or misinterpreted! There is no call to cite them. Men know them well enough, and how they have slighted them!

To speak in all seriousness, the return to Christ everywhere could mean, we believe, but one thing—the triumph of the Catholic faith in the world. It could not be the setting up of the bald simplicity with which so many associate their thinking of Christ, which would do away with all idea of Church and dogma; it would be the acceptance of the one Church, by Christ Himself established, with the teaching power of her doctrine, the dignity and glory of her worship, and the sway of both over the spiritual life. For this triumph of Christianity in the world the Holy Catholic Church unceasingly prays and strives. It is little for one or many to meet trial, discouragement, opposition, persecution. It is a joy to suffer and endure for the truth of God. Nothing else is to be compared. Nothing else is of importance. Everything is at stake. If the Catholic religion is not the religion of Christ, it is nothing; if it is that religion, it appeals to all who come within its reach with the exclusiveness of truth. Those who heed its appeal will find the sure remedy for the world's unrest.

Dr. Spalding is to be congratulated on having written so well and to such good purpose. "The World's Unrest" (Longmans, Green, & Co.) deserves much wider circulation than it has yet attained.

Even in ordinary times one does well to think twice, or several times, before accepting as correct the news from Rome supplied by our secular press; and during the present unprecedented period incredulity may well be one's normal attitude toward all such information from the Eternal City as is not vouched for by ''There fully accredited writers. are plenty of things happening at the Vatican," says Rome, "but they are veiled by a secrecy that is both wise and necessary." The real Vatican news, our contemporary adds, is almost limited these times to what appears in official letters and documents. Of one report that has been going the rounds of the press for some weeks past, to the effect that if Italy goes to war the entire diplomatic body accredited to the Vatican will be sent away from Rome on temporary leave, etc., the same journal declares, "this little story, like so many others, is not true."

The action recently taken by the Knights of Columbus of Paterson, New Jersey, was so entirely Christian in spirit, and so utterly opposed to the conception which many Protestants entertain of habitual Catholic practice, that it merits publicity. On the occasion of a visit to Paterson by an anti-Catholic lecturer, one of his principal supporters was an employee of

the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.,a deputy superintendent, in fact, of the Company's Paterson district. On the ground that one of their officials "should not be actively engaged in a religious controversy and take a part which hurt the feelings of thousands of our policy holders," the Company asked for the official's resignation. No Catholic influence, declares its president, was brought to bear on the Company in deciding them to take this action. Still, the Knights of Columbus were accused of having secured the deputy superintendent's dismissal. And then the president of the Company published a letter from the Grand Knight of the Paterson Council, in which a plea was made for the reinstatement of the offending official, --- "this misguided young man who is suffering, like many other good Protestant people, from the wave of bigotry which is now spreading all over the country." That this contemporary instance of heaping coals of fire on an enemy's head might be made complete, the Grand Knight's appeal was granted, and the official reinstated. Our heartiest congratulations to the Paterson Knights.

A good word for the Calabrians-so many of whom are sojourning in this country, their hearts set on a speedy return to their native land-is welcome from any source. They are generally supposed to be revolutionary and more ready with a stiletto than an argument. But Mr. Norman Douglas, a non-Catholic traveller and author, who knows these Southern Italians intimately, gives a different impression of them in a book on Calabria which he has just published. He contends that the Calabrian has an innate aversion for oppression, and is as apt to resist overtaxation as any other form of injustice. Hence his antagonism to the Italian municipalities. An important difference between the Calabrians and ourselves is thus pointed out by Mr. Douglas. "In mundane matters where

the personal equation dominates, their judgment is apt to be turbid and perverse; but as one rises into questions of pure intelligence, it becomes serenely impartial. We, on the other hand, who are preeminently clear-sighted in worldly concerns of law and government and in all subsidiary branches of mentality, can not bring ourselves to reason dispassionately on non-practical subjects."

There is hope for Calabria, and its regeneration is likely to come from America. Earthquakes are, of course, beyond its control; but malaria and brigandage are being successfully wrestled with; and the money sent or brought in large sums from this country is wisely expended for public utilities and improvements.

In reference to the popularity and prosperity of Billy Sunday's itinerations the New York Sun asks: "Are large masses of Americans deaf to any religious appeal that is not made in terms of coarseness?" It would really seem so. That notorious evangelist is in the habit of spattering his crude reflections on Gospel texts with the slang of the streets; and his audiences applaud loudest when he is most vulgar and irreverent. It should be remembered, however, that few non-Catholics nowadays really believe in the divinity of Christ. Their more religious forefathers would have been deeply distressed at many of Mr. Sunday's references to our Divine Lord. Catholics shudder at them. Still, if this new-fashioned exhorter is doing good, even a little, we have no desire to have him placed on the retired list, as the Methodists say. It is to be hoped, however, that he will soon come to realize the folly of trying always to be as funny as he can, and the utter impropriety of athletic antics in the pulpit.

The late Mgr. Benson had decided views on the subject of how to preach. His own method involved a very great amount of preparation but left him free

in the very act of speaking to express his thought with all the force said to be. in extempore utterance. Needless to say, for those who ever had the privilege of listening to him, he reduced his practice to an art. There was a process to his perfection, however, as an anecdote related in his brother's "Memoir" goes to show. "He was to preach a harvest festival sermon at Kemsing Church, and on arrival found that he had left his MS. behind. During the service he feverishly made notes in the vestry on the backs of old envelopes. Getting into the pulpit, he arranged the notes before him; and, to his consternation, discovered that he had read them through in four minutes. He went through the whole again, slightly varying the phraseology, and yet again repeated the performance, only to find on putting on his coat that the MS. had been in his pocket all the time."

A remarkable record of conversions is that given in the accompanying paragraph from the Brooklyn *Tablet*. Here are the details, and the writer's reflection upon the facts:

A Catholic priest-a curate, by the way, in a city parish - baptized his one hundred and second convert last week. Ordained about five years, this means an average of about twenty a year. This is admirable, and above the average, owing to favorable circumstances and plenty of zeal. We are not sure that many priests keep a detailed record of their converts; but, putting the average at six a year, this means that, with 18,000 priests working in the sacred ministry in the United States, there ought to be about 108,000 converts a year in the United States. With the personal service rendered by the zealous priests instructing them, we believe that most of these converts remain faithful to their new-found faith. Despite the loss through mixed marriages, we believe that the majority of conversions come through marriage with good Catholics. This is surely "making America Catholic."

We wish we could be more optimistic on the matter of mixed marriages, but of the many means of "making America Catholic" this one appeals to us least of all.



The Shadows.

BY VINCENT E. GREEN.

🖟 'M not a bit afraid of those SF Black shadows on the wall That creep into my sleeping room

When daddy lights the hall; I talk to them most friendly like,

And they all bow to me,---

They know that I could lock them out With my small bedroom key.

But I won't never lock them out, Because they're so polite:

They come just when I go to bed, But never stay all night.

When mamma gets my good-night kiss And says, "God bless you, dear!"

She turns the light out, and at once The shadows disappear.

Tommy Travers.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

#### XVI.—AN ADVENTURE.



UNTY!" cried the pale-faced little master of the Silver Queen, starting up from his velvet-covered air cushions. "Miss Norton, Miss Norton, I've just seen Bunty Ware!"

"My dear, my dear, no, no!" Miss Norton hurriedly drew down the silkendraped window; for, since that tragic night a month ago, Bunty Ware had been an exciting subject to be most carefully avoided. "Lie down again, Tommy. The train is moving, and you must be quiet."

"Oh, just let me look out one minute,one minute more, Miss Norton! I am sure it was Bunty standing there right before me."

"Impossible, Tommy,-impossible! It was your fancy, my dear! Really, you must lie down on your pillows. I could allow you to sit up only while the car was quite still."

"Golly, but you make a baby of me!" said Tommy, as he sank back upon his pillows.

It was a fretful tone, all unlike the little Major of Saint Gabriel's. Tommy had grown fretful of late, as Miss Norton had certified on her chart. There had been a time, after that stirring scene of Bunty's banishment, when the lines of the chart had zigzagged so wildly that they were too much for Miss Norton, and a great specialist had to be called in to see if he could steady Tominy's heart and pulse. The great specialist had looked very grave, as became a gentleman whose time is worth several dollars a minute, and said very little, as also became a personage who is paid several dollars a word.

But dad managed to extricate the opinion (which cook and housemaid had already pronounced downstairs) that Tommy had been injuriously excited, and must have complete quiet and rest. The specialist advised the removal of Polly and the Victrola, and the muffling of the telephone bell. (Calling up and hearing from Saint Gabriel's had been one of Tommy's greatest delights.) When dad pressed for further golden speech, the great man had declared that ozone was often beneficial in such cases, and he could recommend an apparatus (very costly, of course) by which it could be pumped into Tommy's room three times a day. The apparatus was installed, but was by no means a success. Tommy had gasped and spluttered, and said it did not smell good, so the ozone pumping had to stop.

Tommy lay upon his silken And cushions in his quiet room, growing paler and punier and more fretful every day. He had been quite as ill, and had things to hurt him even more, at Saint Gabriel's, but he had never been dull, listless, hopeless like this. For there was no one here for him to think of but his own poor little self. There was no Free Ward that he could treat to grapes and oranges; no "hippity-hopping" boys whom he could furnish with crutches and boots; no interesting stories, from Sister or nurse, of the little Spaniard in No. 2 who talked such funny English, or of small Freddy who had taken the first walk in his straightened legs that morning, or some wee tired chap who had gone "Going to to heaven in the night. heaven" was not at all terrible at Saint They were the happy little Gabriel's. ones, as Sister Leonie used to say, smiling through her tears, whom the good God took home so soon.

There was no one now to talk to Tommy of the good God; no one to whisper low prayers at his bedside, when the pain was too bad for him to talk; no sweet chant echoing from the far-off choir; no breath of incense stealing through the corridors, bearing benediction from the chapel he could not reach. Tommy had all that wealth could give; but he was pining for things that money can not buy,—things that have no cost or price.

And when dad discovered that, in spite of the great specialist, the trained nurse, the ozone apparatus, and the quiet and rest, Tommy was steadily losing ground, he felt desperate indeed. Business demanded his presence West. He would go out and prepare the house at Capulco for Tommy, and Miss Norton could bring him in his private car. Dad tried to keep alive in his heart the faint hope that perhaps the change would do Tommy good, to which the great specialist rather hesitatingly agreed, provided the journey could be taken quietly, without undue excitement. And he recommended that a young doctor should accompany the party, as emergencies might arise that would require medical skill. So it was that Tommy was on his way to Capulco, propped up on air cushions, with Dr.' Delvin, a spare, spectacled and very serious gentleman, and Miss Norton watching his every breath.

It had been the dullest, longest, dreariest kind of day for Tommy. The Silver Queen had been speeding through scenes that would have been a thrilling delight to him; but, after studying the altitude, Dr. Delvin thought it best to keep the windows closed, lest the atmosphere should be too rarefied for Tommy's heart. Only for that brief pause in the sunset valley had he been allowed to look out. But that look out had been a luckless one for Miss Norton. She found her patient roused into fretful rebellion against quiet and rest. He wanted the window open; he wanted to see the mountain-tops again; he wanted to ask the conductor if there was a big boy in brown corduroy on the train. He was sure-sure-he had seen Bunty Ware.

And, to quiet this undue excitement, Dr. Delvin had agreed to open the window for a while, and let his patient view the wonderful scenes through which they were passing. The great mountain gorge was still aflame with the dying synset, but its frowning sides were growing darker and darker as the train swept on its way.

"My, but it's grand and wild!" exclaimed Tommy. "It looks just like the pictures in some of my Indian books. Do you suppose there are Indians living here still, Miss Norton?"

"None at all," answered Miss Norton promptly, feeling they were approaching an exciting subject. "There are no Indians within miles of this route, I am sure."

"Except perhaps a few, thoroughly civilized, who can do no harm," added Dr. Delvin, assuringly.

"I'm sorry," said Tommy. "I wouldn't care for civilized Indians at all, but this would be just the place for real wild Indians to break loose and come warwhooping down those rocks."

"Such things never happen now," observed Dr. Delvin.

"I don't suppose they do," said Tommy, regretfully. "But, golly, it must have been exciting when they did! It took nerve then to tackle a mountain pass like this. Between bears and Indians and mountain lions, you never knew what was going to happen. When I get well and strong and grown up, I am going some place where things happen, you bet!"

"Where will that be?" There was an icy effort at cheer in Dr. Delvin's words. Hope must be sustained in such cases, however hopeless.

"Oh, I don't know yet!" answered Tommy. "Africa or India or Egypt or Turkey,—some place where it's real wild and dangerous, and there are outlaws and bandits. Did you ever see a bandit, Dr. Delvin?"

"Never," answered the Doctor, glancing at his watch to see if his patient had talked long enough.

"Dr. Dave did," continued Tommy, who had brightened up into something like his old self. "He was tramping it through Italy when he was a student, and two of them stepped out on a mountain road and held him up; thought he was some rich young chap whose father would pay for him. And they kept him all night before they found out he had only three silver pieces, a steamboat ticket, and a passport home. Dr. Dave had a lot of adventures. He used to tell me about them sometimes when I couldn't sleep at night. Did you ever have any adventures, Dr. Delvin?"

"No," was the reply. Dr. Delvin was spare and spectacled and not at all of an adventurous pattern. "I never wanted. any."

"Oh, didn't you?" asked Tommy, wondering. "Didn't you ever want to be shipwrecked on a desert island, or get frozen up at the North Pole, or hunt

elephants and tigers, or anything like that?"

"Never," answered Dr. Delvin, emphatically.

"I would like it," said Tommy. "Dr. Dave would, too. We used to have a play at night, when I couldn't sleep, that we were off together adventuring. Mybed used to be all kinds of things-a camel swaying soft and easy over the desert, a boat rocking on the sea, a palanquin with Indian bearers. I used to get so tired of its being just a bed that this sort of play rested me; and the first thing I knew I had dozed off, and it was morning again. And, then, sometimes we made up stories,-stories of what I was going to do when I got well and strong. Of course I have to stand all this molly-coddling now. But just you wait,wait until my back and legs get all right!" (Tommy drew a long, fluttering breath.) "Maybe I won't break loose!"

And even Dr. Delvin was conscious of an unprofessional stir in the region of his heart at the words; for the great specialist had diagnosed Tommy's case to him infallibly, as great specialists can; and he knew the boyish speaker would soon "break loose" indeed from the frail earthly bonds that held his brave young spirit here.

But it was time to stop talking now, and take a cup of beef tea; so the window was shut, and Tommy lay back in his air cushions, somewhat cheered by the rainbow dreams that had broken for a moment in the dull grey of his present life. These dreams were with him still when Miss Norton gave him the evening powder that made him pleasantly dozy, and he sank off into a light sleep.

Dr. Dave, cheery and kind-faced, seemed at his side, and they were both treading the sunlit shores of Italy in search of adventure. The scenes of the "great show" again stretched before Tommy, the villas of the old Italian city arose on either side, young men and maids were dancing to the music of lyres and lute:

and he could walk at Dr. Dave's side, he could run with the Roman boys stripped for the races, he could dance with the dancers, too. He could even climb the frowning mountain-side to which Dr. Dave seemed leading, where the path they were treading wound upward to the sunset sky. But he felt no doubt or fear: Holding to Dr. Dave's hand, he was pressing boldly onward - when suddenly, with roar and crash, the rocky heights around seemed to give way; the mountain burst into fire and smoke; and Tommy woke to a rumbling and quivering of the steel-ribbed car beneath him; to a blackness broken by flaring, smoking lights; to a hideous clamor of shrieks and shouts and curses around him.

"Hands up,—hands up, or we'll make short work of ye! Back,—he's back there in the rear! Hold to this ole wild cat here, somebody, while I get the kid!"

"Don't touch him, you villains!" Miss Norton was screaming shrilly. "Don't touch that boy! You'll kill him — kill him!"

"It's murder, murder, murder!" gasped Dr. Delvin, who, with the muzzle of a pistol at his head, was having an adventure at last.

"We know what it is," was the hoarse rejoinder, as Tommy, still not quite sure whether he was awake or asleep, was caught up, air pillows and all, in the grasp of strong arms. "Don't skeer, kid, don't skeer! We ain't going to hurt ye!" was the rough assurance breathed into Tommy's ear, as, half-stunned, halfconscious, he was borne off by his captor at reckless speed into the night.

# (To be continued.)

WHEN St. Augustine and his devoted band of missionary monks stepped upon the shore of England, their first act was to honor our Blessed Lady by singing a litany in which she was invoked as Queen of All Saints; and, thus chanting, they advanced to meet King Ethelred and his Queen.

# The Lesson of the Seven Wise Men.

Most people have heard of the Seven Wise Men of Greece, Pittacus, Bias, Solon, Thales, Chilon, Cleobulus, and Periander. Here is their story; and the moral of it is worth remembering, if the names are not. As some Coans were fishing, certain strangers from Miletus bought whatever should be in the nets without seeing it. When the nets were brought in they were found to contain a golden tripod. A dispute arose among the fishermen and the strangers as to whom it belonged; and as they could not agree, they took it to the Temple of Apollo and consulted the priestess there. She said it must be given to the wisest man in Greece; and it was accordingly sent to Bias, who declared that Thales was wiser, and sent it to him. Thales sent it to another one, and so on until it had passed through the hands of all the men, distinguished afterward as the Seven Wise Men; and as each one claimed that the other was wiser than he, it was finally sent to the Temple of Apollo, where it long remained to teach the lesson that the wisest are the most distrustful of their wisdom.

# A Quick-Witted Soldier.

Four Austrian soldiers, in the time of the Emperor Joseph II., were tried for the crime of desertion. Being convicted, they were condemned by the military court to throw dice to determine which one of them should suffer death. Three of the prisoners willingly conformed to the decision of the court, but the fourth persistently refused, giving as his reason the Emperor's orders against playing any game of chance. "Respect for the law," 'he repeated, "law is my only motive." The Emperor, being informed of the culprit's plea, and admiring his quick wit in so critical a situation, ordered him • to be set free, and in addition freed his companions likewise.

# THE AVE MARIA

# WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

-Vols. XI. and XII. of Dr. Mann's "Lives of the Popes in Middle Ages" are devoted to Innocent III., one of the most illustrious of the Mediæval Pontiffs.

-Nos. 207 and 208 of the penny pamphlets issued by the Australian Catholic Truth Society are "Cultured Paganism," an interesting critical study by the Rev. W. J. Tucker, S. J.; and "Little Thérèse," a true story for young readers by Miriam Agatha. It is the story of the childhood of the "Little Flower of Jesus," and is exceptionally well told.

-The matter which enters into the composition of "Catholic Echoes of America," by Agnes Schmidt, is very good,—being indeed but the true account of what Catholics have done in the history of this country. We could have wished, however, a somewhat different manner of setting it forth. Published by the Catholic Truth Society of Pittsburg.

—"The Earthly Paradise," a 16mo brochure of seventy-seven pages, by the Rev. J. Henry, C. SS. R., contains fourteen short, lucid, and thoroughly practical chapters on the vocation to the religious life. At a time when the supply of Brothers and Sisters is altogether inadequate to the demands for Catholic teachers, many pastors might do worse than promote the circulation of this excellent little treatise. It is published by B. Herder.

-Mr. Scannell O'Neill has furnished the Angelus Series with "The Wit and Wisdom of John Ayscough." The selections are surprisingly good, considering that John Ayscough is not, by first intention, a maker of epigrams. He secures his effect by wholes, as readers of such a book as "Marotz" will agree. Many of the sayings recorded here are as good as the following, but none are better: "The Church has been the best guardian of liberty, because she has been the best guardian of law." For sale in the United States by the Benzigers.

-"Oremus," an octavo of 177 pages, bound in flexible leather, with red edges and ribbon markers, is described as "the priest's handbook of English prayers for church services and special occasions." It bears the *imprimatur* of Cardinal Farley. Forty pages of the volume are given to brief daily meditations for the Month of the Sacred Heart, and as many more to similar meditations at May and October devotions. The compiler has included not only the litanies approved for public worship—those of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the Most Holy Name, Loreto, the Saints, and St. Joseph,—but also those approved for private devotion. The vernacular prayers for special favors and various occasions are numerous, and as a whole the compilation will be welcome to many pastors. Joseph F. Wagner, publisher.

—A handy little book of spiritual reading for the quiet half-hour in the evening is "Saints and Saintly Dominicans," edited by the Rev. Thomas à Kempis Reilly, O. P. (John Murphy Co.) To every day in the year is assigned its saint or holy person, usually of the Order of Preachers; but this principle of selection does not exclude other saints on their proper days. The reflections on their lives are especially helpful.

--Among the American Book Co.'s texts for supplementary reading in the second and third years of school are "Peter and Polly in Summer" and "Peter and Polly in Winter," "Little Dramas," and "Dramatic Stories." Peter and Polly, four and seven years old, are creations of Rose Lucia. Ada M. Skinner is the author of the third book mentioned; and the same lady is co-author, with L. N. Lawrence, of the fourth. They are all well adapted to the purpose for which they were written.

—"Early Conversions to the Church in America" is the title of a new book in preparation by Georgina Pell Curtis, author of "Some Roads to Rome in America" and "Beyond the Road to Rome." A great deal of valuable history about the early days of the Church in America is sure to be brought to light in this third work. The author will be grateful for reference to any sources of information about conversions to the Faith in this country during the seventeenth, eighteenth and first half of the nimeteenth centuries. Her address is 5000 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

-Though "Loneliness?" will hardly be ranked as Mgr. Benson's greatest novel, it will assuredly be considered one of \the most satisfactory. Its nearest affinity among his works is the matchless "Initiation." The theme is that most fundamental of all, the claim of God upon the soul,—the theme of "The Hound of Heaven." In "Loneliness?" the soul which becomes the battleground of conflicting forces is that of Marion Tenterden, a grand opera singer, who finds ultimately that there is content for man only where God left it—in His Heart. The plot is well constructed, the movement is rapid and sure, the characters are all well individualized; and of at least one of them, Maggie Brent, we should not be surprised to find that she took permanent place among the immortals of fiction. One regrets that this is not only the latest but really the last of Mgr. Benson's novels. Published by P. J. Kenedy & Sons.

-A translation of some essays by Heinrich von Treitschke, published between the years 1871 and 1895, with a foreword by Mr. George Haven Putnam, is among new publications of Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons. The collection, which covers a variety of subjects, is entitled "Germany, France, Russia, and Islam." It is a book of interest rather than value. Wellinformed readers, in the light of current events, will smile at some of the author's statements and wonder at others. His lecture on Luther, delivered at Darmstadt in 1883, affords abundant proof that he is not entitled to rank as one of Germany's leading historians. It is impossible to refute writers like Janssen, Denifle, and Grisar, but they all refute Treitschke. No enlightened German nowadays regards Luther as a saint, or indulges the hope that his countrymen will ever unite in honoring him as their chief hero and teacher. Such, however, was Treitschke's delusion. These essays of his are of some interest, as we have said; but they were really not worth translating.

#### The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

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

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

"Loneliness?" Monsignor Benson. \$1.35.

"Saints and Saintly Dominicans." Rev. Thomas Reilly, O. P. \$1.

"Oremus." \$1.50.

- "The Wit and Wisdom of John Ayscough." Scannell O'Neill. 50 cts.
- "The Earthly Paradise." Rev. J. Henry, C. SS. R. 15 cts.
- "Popular Sermons on the Catechism." Rev. A. Hubert Bamberg, Rev. Herbert Thurston, S. J. \$1.50.

- "The Mirror." Mary F. Nixon-Roulet. 60 cts "The Graves of Kilmorna." Canon Sheehan. \$1.35.
- "Out of Work: A Study of Unemployment." Frances A. Kellor. \$1.50.
- "From Fetters to Freedom." Rev. Robert Kane, S. J. \$1.50.
- "The King, the Kaiser, and Irish Freedom." James K. McGuire. \$1.50.
- "Les Cloches des Morts." Author of "By the Gray Sea." 75 cts.
- "Poems." Rt. Rev. R. H. Benson. 75 cts.
- "The Elder Miss Ainsborough." Marion Ames Taggart. \$1.25.
- "The Unfolding of the Little Flower." Very Rev. N. M. Cunningham, V. F. \$1.25.
- "Can Germany Win?" \$1.
- "Emmanuel." Archbishop John Joseph Keane. \$1.
- "The Straight Path." Rev. M. J. Phelan, S. J. 80 cts.
- "A History of the Commandments of the Church." Rev. A. Villien. \$1.50.

#### Obituary.

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

Rev. August Althoff, of the diocese of Natchez; Rev. Thomas O'Reilly, diocese of Manchester; Rev. M. J. Ward and Rev. J. F. Szukalski, archdiocese of Milwaukee; Rev. W. K. Ryan, diocese of Salt Lake; Rev. James Smith and Rev. Henry Schaapman, S. J.

Sister Mary Buckner, of the Sisters of Charity; and Sister M. Roche, C. B. V. M.

Mr. James Butler, Mrs. William Harley, Mrs. Florence Sullivan, Mr. Bernard Vollmer, Miss Jennie Donegan, Mr. Daniel Woods, Mrs. Anna Sando, Mr. John, Killon, Mr. James McMahon, Mrs. Marie Hutter, Mr. John Moore, Miss Helen Maloney, Mrs. Annie Mulrey, Mr. Louis Baquet, Mr. J. McKinny, Mr. Joseph Hulford, Mrs. Susan O'Brien, Mrs. Ellen Martin, Mr. N. V. Johnson, Mr. Charles Morgenthaler, Miss Carrie McMahon, Mr. George Rogers, Miss Catherine Flynn, Mr. James Bonner, Miss Margaret Deisner, Mr. George Amberger, and Miss Marguerite Huckenstein.

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

#### Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee." For the Chinese missions: E. M. B., \$3.



VOL. I. (New Series.)

#### NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, APRIL 24, 1915.

NO. 17

[Published every Saturday. Copyright, 1915: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

#### To Our Lady.

(From the Portuguese.)

THOU art like the fragrant bough Of the beauteous cassia tree;

Like the Orient myrrh art thou,

Whose sweet breath is worthy thee. Lady, when the sufferer sighs,

'Tis to thee he turns his eye; 'Tis to thee the sinner cries,

Virgin of the cloudless sky!

Thee does Wisdom's son compare To the towering cedar trees;

And the Church which is thy care, To Mount Zion's cypresses.

Thou art like the palm trees green,

Which the richest fruits have given; Thou the olive, radiant Queen,

Blooming on the heights of heaven!

Lady of the golden light,

Dazzling Star beyond compare,

Shining clear in darksome night,— Daughter, Mother, Spouse all fair!

Though the curse that Eve had brought, O'er her children threat'ning stood,

All the evil that she wrought,

Lady, thou hast turned to good!

BEAR in mind these three things: First, that the Author and Founder of the devotion to the Mother of God is Jesus Himself; secondly, that the chief promoters of it were the Apostles and disciples of Our Lord; thirdly, that in nothing do we go beyond them.

-Cardinal Manning.

Catholic Teaching in Mediæval Church Windows.

#### BY G. M. HORT.

the windows of Solomon's F Temple, we hear only that they were narrow without, and broad within,-a device for modifying the light which is still employed in the mosques of Jerusalem, India, and Persia. The Christian Church, on the contrary, was quick to realize the religious possibilities of the window, and the definite part it might play in the service of the sanctuary. In the Book of the Apocalypse, the early Christian artist could read of a heavenly building, which, though so full of the light of God's Presence as to need neither moon nor sun, vet gained lustre from its own walls--its pearly gates and foundations of precious stones.

And another hint at the possibilities of the wall-window would be provided by the frescoes of the Catacombs, cryptic yet vivid symbols which gave to the sad walls some shadow of the Eternal Radiance, and contained the germ of those elaborate wall-paintings which were to be in later ages the glory of Mediæval Christendom.

In this mural "Biblia Pauperum" ("Bible of the Unlearned") the windows, as we all know, were to prove neither the least illuminative nor the least durable pages. For not only is glass a peculiarly sympathetic medium for the portrayal of the supernatural, but experts also tell us that the difficulty now experienced, in so many Mediæval churches, in following the Scriptural story told by the walls is largely caused by the loss of *frescoes*, which have perished or become unintelligible, while the *windows* have stood the test of time.

The first English church to be beautified by glass windows was that of Jarrow, built by Benedict Biscop, Abbot of Wearmouth, who in A. D. 680 sent to France for workmen to adorn the walls of his church and monastery, and to teach their craft to some of his own people. Taking into consideration the shape and size of the Saxon window, these artists must have had but small scope for their skill. The English, however, proved apt pupils, and, with a reversal of the proverbial wisdom, showed themselves ready to adapt their "cloth" to the requirements of the desired "coat." These requirements were of an increasingly practical kind.

Though the old desire for a gorgeous color-scheme, suggestive of the jewelled foundations of the Holy City, had not deserted the Christian artist, Gregory of Tours tells us that the windows of the church at Izeure were so richly colored that a thief, mistaking them for gold and silver, took them out and tried to melt them down. The love of color was rapidly subordinated in the West to the thirst for edification. It was felt that the ideal church window of the future must not only cast "a dim religious light," but be in itself religious—the illustration of some Scriptural scene or some dogma of the faith.

More window space would naturally be necessary for this; and Abbot Benedict seems to have had the thoroughness of the true enthusiast in handling the situation, and in sowing for others to reap. His success is quaintly hinted at in the old North of England saying: "It is never dark in Jarrow church."

It is also recorded of Benedict that he obtained from Rome sacred paintings to be copied on the church walls. "He wished that all on entering the house of God, especially those who knew not how to read, should have before their eyes the ever-beloved images of Christ His saints, ... that they might and meditate upon the blessings of the divine Incarnation, and be reminded, by the sight of the Last Judgment, of the duty and necessity of strict self-examination." Other Mediæval ecclesiastics who had this end at heart were Adalbert of Rheims, of whom we read that he "adorned the windows of his church with various histories"; and the Abbé Suger, of St. Denys, who designed subjects for his abbey windows, and composed Latin verses to explain their meaning.

While the art of glass-painting — or, as the early pot-metal work is more correctly described, glass-dyeing — was thus employed in the development of "the speaking pane," the form, number, and tracery of church windows were gaining" a sacred significance of their own for the devout eye, and teaching their own silent lesson.

An old legend of St. Barbara relates that her conversion to the Christian faith was first suspected by the pagan nobleman, her father, through her request that the tower his servants were building for her should have three windows. Thus, in secret, would she have paid honor to the Holy Trinity; and thus also, in Mediæval churches, we find the threeshafted, or triple, window regarded as an emblem of the Triune God.

Windows with two shafts symbolized, either the two precepts of charity—love of God and of one's neighbor — or the Apostles, whom Christ sent out to preach by two and two. Small windows set beneath a representation of the Crucifixion were sometimes known as "the feet of Christ"; while in the pointed arch of the Early English window devout imagination loved to trace a resemblance to the aspiration of the soul, or to a finger pointing heavenward.

As for the large circular window, the peculiar glory of the Mediæval cathedral,

it was the natural symbol of eternity, and, as such almost entirely dedicated to transcendental themes, — e. g., the Church Triumphant, the Last Judgment, or the Hierarchy of Heaven. Its popular name of "rose window" recalls, of course, the great vision of Dante, to whose oftquoted description of the saintly multitude, "in fashion like a snow-white rose," and hovered over by angels like a troop of bees, only passing reference need here be made.

Though the comparison is perfectly just and quite unavoidable, we must, however, remember that, in the Mediæval church window, "the rose" was manyhued; a gorgeous color-scheme played its part in the imagery. The Eastern rose of Laon cathedral-which represents the four and twenty Ancients of the Apocalypse seated in a double circle round the Great Throne-has been described as producing the effect "of huge deep-hued blossoms stamped into the wall." A window in the cathedral of Auch sets Our Lady in the centre, or heart, of the rose, and surrounds her with successive circles of saints and angels; the space between each circle being occupied by stars or spheres.

In St. Stephen of Beauvais, and also in that victim of modern warfare, the cathedral of Rheims, rose-windows illustrate, by an intricate wheel-like scheme, the cycle of man's life, its seven ages, and the passing of human glory. In Chartres-where the peculiar beauty of the window-work has gained for the cathedral the name of "Our Lady of the Beautiful Glass"-a window in the south transept shows the nine choirs or ranks of the angelic host, each order distinguishable by its attributes; and the western rose contains a representation of the Last Judgment, that favorite and appropriate subject for west windows, through which the glow of each day's sunset serves as a reminder and a foreshadow of the. decline of all earthly things. At Chartres, the figure of Our Lord as Judge is encircled with an aureole of quarterfolls,

symbolic of eternal power; and a very beautiful detail is the position of His wounded hands, which He seems to be showing, in silent reproach, to the souls assembled for judgment.

Second only in popularity to these sublime schemes was the simpler one which gives its name to the "Jesse" window. This theme-also treated in stone carving, as in the Jesse reredos in Christchurch priory, Hampshire-was peculiarly suited to high perpendicular windows. The symbolic "stem of Jesse" (generally represented by a vine) started from a figure of the father of David\* in the lowest pane, and bore on its successive tiers or branches figures or heads of Our Lord's earthly ancestors, the topmost bough being crowned by Christ in His Mother's arms, occasionally surrounded by the Seven Gifts' of the Spirit in the form of doves.<sup>†</sup> A more mystical variation was the "winepress" or "chalice" window, wherein the vine started from the body of Our Lord, or from a chalice filled with His blood. In this case, the branches would bear representations of His spiritual descendants - Apostles, saints, and so on.

The "Jesse" window was complete in itself; but consecutive schemes, which, needed window after window to express them, were numerous, and much esteemed by our forefathers both for their beauty and their expository value. Among these we must instance the "Rosary windows," a series of small medallions, picturing, as their name implies, the successive "mysteries," and surrounding each picture with a border of roses.

Often the windows of a church — or one large window, with several panels familiarized the worshippers with the events in the life of the patron or some other favorite saint. The windows of the "Corona" or "Crown of Becket" chapel

<sup>\*</sup> One very interesting "Jesse" (St. Vincent's, Rouen) has St. Anne as the root.

<sup>†</sup> The leaden bindings of the panes, --- a necessary evil of pot-metal work---here did yeoman's service, and represented the twining, twisting branches of the vine.

in Canterbury cathedral are devoted to the miracles of the martyr. The history of St. Mary of Egypt is narrated by a series of windows in Bourges cathedral;\* that of the Cornish saint, Neot (said to have worked many miracles), by windows in the church of the Cornish village that bears his name. And the catalogue might be prolonged indefinitely; for sacred biography was then, as now, a particularly favorite study.

Other and more complicated windowschemes aimed at teaching the entire story of the Redemption, according to a parallel arrangement in which the chief events of the Gospel were represented, each accompanied by its Old Testament type or foreshadow. The possibilities of such a method must have occurred to Abbé Suger, one of whose twelfth-century windows in St. Denys had represented Christ tearing the veil from the Synagogue, with an appropriate couplet.

But the idea was more fully and successfully set forth by two famous Mediæval books of devotion — the "Speculum Humanæ Salvationis" and the "Biblia Pauperum," — which followed the type and antitype plan in their illustrations, and aimed at familiarizing the unlettered at once with the historical outline and the spiritual meaning of the Scriptures.

In the later Middle Ages, these books formed the almost inexhaustible inspiration of the artist in stained glass. Indeed, Mr. Sydney Eden, a great authority on church windows, considers that, but for the destructive work of the Reformation, and the disrepair into which the perishable glass was purposely allowed to fall, we should find some attempt to reproduce "The Mirror of Human Salvation" or the "Bible of the Poor" in every parish church in England. We know, at any rate, that the windows in King's College chapel, Cambridge, with their elaborate "Story of the Olde and Newe Lawe," were modelled on the similar "story,"

now no longer told by the windows of Henry VII.'s chapel at Westminster. The model has perished; the copy has survived.

The scheme of King's Chapel windows is summarized by Mr. M. Rhodes\* as "The Life of the Virgin and the Life of Christ, illustrated by types from the Old Testament and other sources." Among the "other sources" we may instance the old classical story of the fishermen of Miletus who caught a pure gold tripod in their nets, and offered it in the Temple of Apollo. Mediæval Christian thought saw in this a type of the presentation of a pure virgin in the temple of God; and thus we find it contrasted with the dedication of Our Lady by her parents to a life of virginity in the Temple, precisely as in "The Mirror of Human Salvation." But, as we should expect, the majority of types are provided by the Old Testament. The temptation of Eve pairs with the Annunciation; Moses and the burning bush, with the Nativity, and so on. Appropriate quotations from the Vulgate accompany the pictures. The workwith probably some interruption, owing to the death of one of the craftsmen, the King's glazier - seems to have occupied the years between A. D. 1515 and 1531.

Canterbury cathedral has only the remains of a similar window-scheme; for, less fortunate than the College Chapel, the cathedral suffered heavily from the depredations of Richard Culmer, the notorious "Blue Dick" of Commonwealth days. The work was earlier than that of King's, and bore a closer resemblance to the woodcuts of the "Biblia Pauperum"; since, as in that book, two Old Testament events instead of one (the "antitype" in the central panel, and a type on either hand) were employed to illustrate the Gospel truth. For instance, the Annunciation was contrasted both with the burning bush and with the miracle of the fleece of Gideon.

It is in the comparatively obscure church of Fairford, Gloucestershire, that

\* "Guide to King's College\_Chapel\_Windows."

<sup>\*</sup> Where also a set of medallion windows depicts the Parables of Our Lord,

we find the most inclusive scheme of all. Here Our Lord's life and the events that led up to the Incarnation are narrated in the windows of the eastern half of the church; and in the western, the events of Church history. One series of twelve windows takes us through the Creed, by means of figures of the twelve Apostles (beginning with St. Peter), each of whom holds a scroll inscribed with a sentence from the Creed.

Mr. Rhodes, speaking of the remains of similar apostolic windows in a side chapel at King's, observes that the series is "well known in Mediæval art." It gained, of course, a peculiar significance from the tradition that the Apostles, each, contributed a sentence to the Creed that bears their name. Also it is possible to see in it a recollection of how the walls of the Heavenly Jerusalem were inscribed with the twelve names of the twelve Apostles of the Lamb.

Fairford's west window shows, as is usual, the closing scenes of the story of Redemption. But its representation of the Last Judgment is distinguished by some peculiarly vigorous detail. Our Lord, as Judge, sits between a lily and a sword — the symbols, respectively, of mercy and justice; and before Him kneel Our Lady and St. John Baptist, interceding for the world, which burns beneath. Nor can we leave the Fairford scheme without mentioning the window in the side chapel of the Blessed Sacrament, where the pictured pane represents the Transfiguration — the type of Transubstantiation.

The illustrations in the "Biblia Pauperum" were also the inspiration of windows in Munich cathedral, and of the forty colored windows in the monastery at Hirschau, in the Black Forest, which date from the eleventh century, and were once thought, though mistakenly, to be more ancient than the "Biblia," and to have been themselves the originals of the forty woodcuts of that work. The "Biblia" might well have been specially popular in Germany, since tradition attributes its authorship to the German monk, St. Ansgar (A. D. 801).

Returning again to English examples, we find that the windows of Lambeth Palace chapel (said to have been built by Boniface of Savoy) once contained a "Biblia." The ill-fated Archbishop Laud, whilst he occupied Lambeth Palace, noticed the disrepair of the chapel windows, and, with the help of his secretary, "made out the story of each"; piecing them together little by little till the familiar scheme of "the Old and the New Law," with its type and antitype arrangement, was again revealed, and the windows repaired accordingly.

The sequel throws an interesting light on the inseparable connection, between the Church and the religious instruction of the unlearned, even in the minds of her enemies; for one of the accusations against the unfortunate Archbishop in his trial by the Commons was that he had copied the pictures (for the windows) "out of a Mass-Book."

There were, of course, other Mediæval religious windows which struck a more personal note, and displayed the figure, or heraldic bearings, of the donor, either naïvely mingled with some Scriptural scene or occupying the forefront of the picture. In the church of Kediton, we get a family group memorial window. In one pane, the husband and father — a knight named Bardiston-kneels, with his family escutcheon on his breast, and his sons-seven in number-in rank behind him. In the other kneels Dame Bardiston, with her seven daughters; and her family escutcheon likewise on her breast. But the inscription asks, with simplicity and dignity, for prayers.

Indeed, we need not remind Catholic readers that the personal detail introduced into so many of these memorial windows is not to be always interpreted as ostentation or lack of Christian humility. All pre-Reformation memorial windows embodied, as we know, the desire of the donor to be remembered in prayer; and often the easiest method of identifying him, and fixing him in the spectator's thoughts, would be by blazoning his heraldic coat.

Windows erected at the cost and according to the intention of particular guilds or classes of the community would require a paper to themselves. We can but instance here the three windows in St. Neot's, Cornwall, erected in the years of 1528, 1529, and 1530, by the youths, maidens, and matrons of the parish, respectively; the famous Bell Founders' window in York minster, erected by the Bell Founders' Guild, and representing the different stages of bell-casting; and, on the Continent, the singularly lovely tribute to Our Lady, given by the Guild of Money-Changers to the cathedral of Le Mans.

In this window, Our Lady is represented enthroned on flowers, and bearing them, sceptre-wise, in her hand; while beneath her the guildsmen are busy with their trade, - receiving gold and silver goblets in exchange for bags of money, testing and weighing coins, etc. We can imagine no form of words that could have preached a better sermon to those Catholic merchants than the pictured pane, set up by their own choice, and with their own gains; no greater incentive to the devout and honest guildsman, nor more poignant reproach to one less worthy, than this harmonious contrast of earth and heaven, perishable and imperishable treasure, presented to their eyes on every holyday, and stamping itself upon their memory.

The limits of our title allow us to stop short of the sea of troubles wherein English church windows, though suffering a less complete wreck than many other accessories of Catholic worship, suffered heavily enough.\* Of the irremediable damage that the tide of war has done, and may yet do, in that European country which has been truthfully described as: "incredibly rich in stained glass," it is, equally, no part of our scheme to speak, save, indeed, to remember for our comfort that, come what may, the Mediæval church window has done a work no destruction can undo. The story it told so faithfully, and the truths it so tirelessly taught, are written in our hearts until the appointed time of the restitution of all things.\*

#### The Secret Bequest.

#### BY CHRISTIAN REID.

### XVII.

For HE concert, under the able management of the ladies who had undertaken it, proved a: great success both socially and financially; but the handsome cheque: which went to the city hospital was by/ no means its final or most important: result. That result was rather to be: found in certain processes of thought and . feeling which were taking place with both Bernard and Honora, as a consequence : their renewed association, and of of the revelation which music had already brought to one, and was bringing to. the other.

For Honora was not likely to forget Miss Rainesford's, "You must make him play for you some of the Masses of the great composers"; and Bernard could not resist the pleasure of introducing so appreciative a listener into that realm of splendid harmony, where music, so often debased to lower uses, rises to the full height of its angelic mission to lift man's soul to God. It was indeed such a delight to him to find himself once more at the organ he had so carefully selected, and to roll out from its great

<sup>\*</sup> There was, on the score of expense, no systematic removal; the stained glass was to be suffered "little by little to decay." But, apart from this only too successful process, there were local outbursts of fanaticism against "the superstitious stained windows"; as at Salisbury, where much of the stained glass was thrown into the town ditch.

<sup>\*</sup> Amongst other authorities, the writer wishes to acknowledge indebtedness to Mr. Sydney Eden's invaluable book, "Ancient and Mediæval Stained Glass."

pipes the waves of glorious melody which he loved, and he was also so thoroughly assured of giving equal delight to Honora, that he overlooked, for a time at least, the fact that he was leading her along the path by which he himself had been led—by the most potent of all the arts which are the divinely appointed handmaidens of religion.

"Come next time a little earlier than the others, so that you can play some of your Catholic music for me," she had bidden him on the evening of the first rehearsal; and he not only promised to do so, but he had kept his promise, forgetful of any reason why he should not give to both her and himself so much apparently harmless pleasure. And from coming a little earlier than the others, he soon came much earlier; for time went quickly when one was interpreting and explaining the work of the great masters. And after the rehearsals were over he still came, unable to resist the fascination not only of the music but of Honora's pleasure in it. For who that loves an art-any art-intensely, does not enjoy with equal intensity opening it to another, wakening and educating another's appreciation of it?

And it was not only the music that Honora was learning to appreciate: the majestic harmonies carried to her mind a growing realization of the great sacrificial rite of the ages for which they were written; and, in the light of Bernard's explanations, she saw with her mind's eye, and seeing understood, those strange movements of the priest about the altar at which in the past she had more than once looked in ignorant wonder, and with the involuntary dislike of Protestantism. Now she was conscious of a sudden longing to see them again.

"I think I should understand a Mass now," she said one day abruptly, as Bernard's hands paused on the keys of the organ, while the last notes of the Benedictus of Gounod's Messe Solennelle died away. "You and the music together have interpreted it for me, so that I seem to comprehend clearly what I couldn't comprehend at all before. It was all so unintelligible, so unlike anything I had ever known. But I should feel differently now, and — and I would like to hear a Mass again."

Bernard looked at her with eyes which were a little startled. For the first time he realized how far he had been led away from his own resolutions, and how far he had been leading her along a path that was barred to her.

"I have no doubt you would understand the meaning of the Mass better now," he said, trying to speak carelessly. "It is a great act of worship, a sacrifice offered to Almighty God; and Protestants, you know, have lost that idea altogether, so it's not strange you didn't comprehend it."

"I'should like to see a Mass again," she repeated. "It would be interesting in the light of the new knowledge that has come to me." She paused, hesitated an instant, and then asked: "Do you think there is any reason why I shouldn't gratify my desire,—why I shouldn't go to the\_Catholic church here?"

"There's every reason," Bernard replied hastily. "You've no idea of the gossip that would ensue. Kingsford would be convulsed. Everybody would be sure that you were going to become a Catholic."

"What difference would that make?" She spoke a little haughtily. "I can't imagine anything of less importance than what Kingsford chose to think or say of my actions."

"Don't be too scornful of public opinion," Bernard admonished her smilingly. "Sometimes it has a right instinct. I think that it would have in this case. Everyone knows the condition on which you inherited the Chisholm fortune; and people would be right in thinking that while you held the fortune you should not forget the condition."

"I should not forget it because I went

to hear a Mass in a Catholic church. Numbers of Protestants visit Catholic churches purely from curiosity."

He looked at her with a quick, searching intentness.

"Would *you* go purely from curiosity?" he asked.

"From what other possible motive could I go?" she parried.

"Then don't go!" he told her very decidedly. "Curiosity is not a proper motive for going to witness the most solemn act of religious. worship in the world. Ignorance would excuse it in many people, but not in you. And then—"

"Yes, then-?"

"You owe a respect to the opinions of the man who gave you his wealth as long as you enjoy that wealth; and I can assure you that there is nothing he would more strongly have disapproved than your visiting the Catholic church, even from motives of curiosity."

For the first time since he had known her, he saw the blood mount to her face as if she were offended.

"In accepting Mr. Chisholm's fortune," she said, "I did not give up my freedom either of thought or of action."

"Forgive me," he replied gently, "but I think you did. And may I not remind you that you recognized this yourself when you felt in New York that it was a point of honor not to go again to the church where you had found such mysterious peace?"

She looked at him silently for a moment, and in her eyes he read something which startled him more than he had been startled yet. Then she dropped her lids, and said quietly:

"You are right. What was a point of honor in New York, where no one knew me or cared what I did; is doubly a point of honor here, where everybody knows what I should be disregarding. Well, I won't go to the Catholic church in Kingsford. I will wait to gratify my curiosity until I am out of sight of everyone who knows me. That will be when I go abroad—for I have promised Cecily that I will go."

"Oh, Cecily has carried her point, has she? I thought she would."

"Cecily always carries her points," Honora stated simply. "One might as well give up at first, for one has to give up at last—she is so quietly persistent. And, then, I've recognized that there's really no reason why I should not gratify her."

"There's a very good reason if you don't wish to go yourself," Bernard remarked.

She made a little gesture signifying indifference.

"That doesn't matter at all," she said. "Personally, I should prefer to stay here, where everything is so peaceful and restful. But Cecily says that I don't need rest, that what I need is to be excited and interested and taken out of myself, and—and to shake off morbid fancies. And probably she is right."

"I'm quite sure that she isn't right," Bernard said decidedly. "She is simply making a plea for her own selfishness, if you'll forgive my frankness. And what morbid fancies does she think that you need to shake off?"

There was a distinct shadow of trouble in the eyes that met his now. And as he saw it, he remembered Cecily's question—"What is the matter with Honora?" What, indeed, was the matter which gave that look, as if a haunted conscience suddenly gazed at him out of the beautiful eyes?

"That is merely Cecily's way of talking," Honora said hastily. "She i; apt to describe what she doesn't understand as morbid fancies. I really don't think that I have anything of the kind."

"I have never seen any one whom I should judge to be less subject to anything morbid," Bernard told her----"except---"

"Yes?"

"Except that a sensitive conscience, which you clearly possess, sometimes inclines that way. You ought to be on your guard against such 'a danger."

"Bit how can I be on my guard?" It was a positive wail of entreaty which escaped her. "One doesn't make situations for oneself—at least I haven't made them: they are created by others. And if one is thrust into them, and—and sees no way out, between conflicting claims—oh, I shouldn't be talking like this! It is foolish and useless, and there's no reason why I should trouble you with my—fancies."

"I'm inclined to think that there is a very strong reason why you should," he said. In truth, a flash of illumination had come to him: it was guite clear that the girl was tortured by some scruple of conscience, and to what or to whom could this relate but to the fortune she had inherited, and to himself? He suddenly recalled having heard Mr. Maxwell speak of a letter from his uncle which existed besides the will. Might not this letter contain something which would account for all that had puzzled both Cecily and himself in the attitude of the heiress toward her inheritance? Still sitting on the organ bench, he turned squarely toward her with a light of resolution on his face.

"See here!" he said. "I am going to be perfectly candid with you, and I beg you to be candid with me. There's something troubling you which can't be allowed to go on; for I'm certain that it rests on a misapprehension, and that it relates to your inheritance and to me. What charge did my uncle lay upon you in the letter he addressed to you in connection with his will?"

If he had exploded a bomb at her feet he could hardly have surprised her more than with this most unexpected question. Her lips sprang open, as well as her eyes, as she gazed at him speechlessly for a moment. And then,

"What do you know about the letter?" she gasped.

"I know-I've known all along-that

it exists," he replied; "but beyond that, nothing. I've never been curious about it, because I felt that its contents, whatever they were, didn't concern me. But I see now that was only a proof of my stupidity. My poor uncle—it would have been exactly like him!—has evidently laid some charge upon you with regard to me. Now I have a right to know, and you must tell me what it is."

"I can't tell you, and you have no right to demand that I shall," she answered, regaining something of self-possession. "The letter was addressed to me, and was strictly confidential."

He nodded. "I understand that. But you can't deny that it relates to me?"

"I'm not bound to deny it, or to tell you anything about its contents," she answered, with a flash of spirit.

"No, you are not bound to do so," he assented; "but you will, because it's only right that I should know the nature of the charge which is troubling you so deeply. However, if you are resolved not to tell me, I can give a shrewd guess, knowing my uncle as well as I.did—"

"I would rather that you did not guess, that you said nothing more about it," she interrupted. "It does not seem right; it is the violation of a trust."

"Not on my part," he told her quietly. "No trust has been given to me. So I am violating nothing in saying that I feel sure that Uncle Alexander, being sorry at the last for his conduct toward me (which, nevertheless, his pride and obstinacy would not permit him to change), tried to modify the situation he had himself created, by saddling your inheritance with some condition or charge which has deprived you of what should be your enjoyment in it. You can't deny this?"

She made no effort to do so: she only sat, gazing at him dumbly, and wondering how far his intuitions would carry him.

"Now," he went on, "that is plain; and there remains only the point: what did he tell you to do? Was it—could it possibly have been—to provide for me, by keeping me in charge of the business of the estate?"

"No, no!" she cried. "He never mentioned such a thing. That was my own idea altogether. I—I felt that you ought to remain here—that you ought to be kept in touch with things."

"Why?" He pressed the inquiry almost sternly. "Why should I remain here, why continue in touch with things in which I have no longer any interest, if it was not to throw a few crumbs of benefit to me from the fortune I had forfeited? It is true that you put your request on the ground of helping you the only ground that would have induced me to remain,—but my uncle must have written something which led to this thought on your part."

"He did not," she asserted positively. "You must believe me when I tell you that he did not."

"Of course I believe you," he assured her. "But, in that case, what charge *did* he lay upon you? It must have been something that was very near his heart."

He paused and looked at her with a singular, concentrated brightness in his eyes under their knitted brows. For a minute there was silence in the beautiful room, where the music had ceased to echo, and only the song of the thrushes came in through the open windows, the fragrance of together with the magnolia blooms from the garden beyond. Honora felt as if her mind lay open to that intent glance, and her heart was beating painfully as she waited for his next words. Suddenly they came, filled with a strange, comprehending gentleness:

"Nearest his heart!" Bernard murmured. "Ah, I see! Poor Uncle Alexander! He asked you to draw me away from the Catholic Church."

"And if he did," Honora cried passionately, "don't you see that it was his affection for you that made him snatch at so desperate a hope of influencing you? He must have known that I would have no power to do what he wished; but he was dying, and it was his only hope. Oh, *don't* you see the poignant sadness of it?"

"Yes, I see," Bernard answered with the same gentleness that had been in his voice before. "And I see, too, what a weight it has been upon you,—burdened with such an impossible task, and tormenting yourself over it."

"No, I haven't tormented myself," she said. "I've only felt as if I must make the attempt demanded of me. And you know how ineffectual the effort has been. I soon saw that nothing could change you, — nothing at least that I could offer—"

"Nothing that any one could offer," he said. "And what was the rest of Uncle Alexander's dream? If you succeeded in reconverting me — in bringing me back, as he would have said, from the 'errors of Rome,' — what was to happen then? Were you bidden to share your inheritance with me? How much my uncle must have forgotten about me before he could have dreamed of such a thing!"

"He didn't dream of it," Honora declared. "He made no such suggestion. All this is pure conjecture on your part, and you are forcing me to talk of something of which I have no right to speak. It was a matter that was to be a secret between us — between him and me, and now you have made me violate his confidence!"

"Oh, no!" Bernard said. "I have only guessed, without any help from you, something which I might have suspected from the first. And I am glad that I have guessed it; for I hope that I may be able to relieve your mind of a weight that should never have been laid upon it. I understand now why you have showed so much interest in my conversion,—in learning what hold my faith has upon me; and I think you must be convinced that there is no ground to hope that I could be induced to give it up for any earthly consideration." Meeting his eyes, filled with that inner light which she had seen in them once or twice before, she felt indeed thoroughly certain that no earthly consideration neither wealth nor power, nor yet the love of a woman, as his uncle had hoped could turn him from the faith which had been revealed to him, as to so many others down the long ages, in its meaning of sacrifice. A sharp pang — was it of envy?—contracted her heart, and it was a minute before she could control her voice sufficiently to say quietly:

"You are right. I was fully convinced the last time that I talked to you on thesubject that you would never change; and I felt also how inadequately I was equipped to attempt to change you. What had I to offer in exchange for your faith-the faith for which you had paid so dearly? I realized my own spiritual poverty, as I had never realized it before, when you asked what I would propose as an equivalent for what you possessed. I knew that I had nothing to propose--absolutely nothing, - and that my presumption was equal to my inadequacy. Then I made up my mind that I couldn't make any further effort to do what had been asked of me. It was not only useless --- it was not only that I realized that I had no power at all to influence you, --- but I had reached a point where I ceased to desire to influence you; for I felt that you possessed something which it was a terrible thing even to try to tempt you to relinquish."

Her voice fell, and again there was silence about them, - silence in which Bernard felt his own heart beating painfully. For what did this comprehension on her part signify, except that some gleam of the light of faith had fallen upon her also? And what could that mean other than a struggle, 'a temptation, and a demanded choice to which his own had been as nothing? He was suddenly frightened at the vision of what might lie before her, if the divine call which he knew so well became insistent. And, before he realized what he was doing, he found himself praying — if strong desire be a prayer — that it might not be so, that she might be spared so hard a trial. He rose abruptly, and closed down the organ with a gesture of finality.

"I'm glad you understand so well— I mean about my position," he said, "It's really very clear, although my poor uncle could never comprehend it, never be brought to see that it was founded on something altogether unalterable. He hoped — evidently to the last that I might change again. And so he burdened you with an impossible task. What a wild, what an utterly inexplicable idea on his part it was!"

But as he stared at her, lost in wonder at this inexplicable idea, he saw the blood mount again to her face in a sudden tide, and the meaning of all that his uncle had hoped and planned flashed upon him. Yes, it was quite clear. A11 else having failed, the old man had deliberately arranged a supreme and, as he hoped, irresistible temptation for him. Wealth alone had proved insufficient to move him; well, then, let the attractions of a woman be thrown into the balance also. This was why the fortune that should have been his was put into the hands of a girl. He remembered a suggestion of Miss Rainesford's to that effect, at which he had laughed, telling her that his uncle was not likely to have indulged in romantic scheming. But now he saw that he had done so,-only it was not scheming, but a somewhat romantic cynical calculation and building upon the force of the two strongest passions of man's nature, cupidity and love. Put them together (so he could hear the old man saying to himself), and even the fascinations of Rome must go down before them. Therefore he had carefully selected a woman who, he believed, would please Bernard's rather difficult taste; he had endowed her with the fortune that should have been his, and he had bidden her use every weapon in her power to induce

him to relinquish his religion. How she was directed to reward him after this end had been accomplished, Bernard refused to consider; but he saw how heavily the weight of the imposed task had lain upon a sensitive conscience, and in his heart he cried reproachfully: "O Uncle Alexander, how could you have done it!"

But even as these thoughts were passing through his mind—very much more rapidly than they have been set down here—Honora, with an instinct of them, said hurriedly:

"I hope you are not thinking too hardly of your uncle for giving me such a charge. If I could show you his letter (which I can't, because he bids me keep it secret, and I am sorry that you have guessed anything about it), you would see how pathetic this last effort of his was,—how entirely it was because he loved and thought of you to the last, and strove to find an instrument, however weak, to do his will after he was dead."

"That was it - to do his will!" the young man said a little bitterly. "Nothing else mattered. He used you as a mere pawn for that end, never thinking for a moment of how painful the position in which he placed you might be. Of course if you had been like other peoplethat is, like many other people - you would have taken so impossible a charge lightly enough; you would have seen the futility and utter unreasonableness of it, and put it aside, while you enjoyed your inheritance care-free. But you are not like that. Unfortunately, he chanced upon a very sensitive instrument; and you have allowed yourself to worry over the matter until even your sister has perceived it."

"Has she, possibly, spoken to you of my worrying?"

"Yes, she spoke of it to me some time ago, asking if I could throw any light on your singular attitude. But I was stupid, and I couldn't—then."

"I am glad you couldn't. I should be sorry for Cecily to know or guess anything about your uncle's appeal to me. She would think me absolutely foolish to heed it at all."

"And for once Cecily would be right," Bernard said. "She can be trusted to grasp the common-sense point of view; and you need to have that pressed upon you. Failing Cecily, will you let me express it? Briefly, then, you have faithfully endeavored to fulfil the task my poor uncle was inconsiderate enough to lay upon you; and, having learned its hopelessness, having found me obstinate and immovable in · my tabooed religion, you can now enjoy your inheritance, as you have not yet enjoyed it, with a conscience thoroughly at rest. And I may add that nothing could give me more pleasure than that you should do this."

She looked up at him as he stood before her holding out his hand. And, as in the garden on that afternoon when they talked last of his religion, he saw the leaf-brown beauty of her eyes through a mist of crystal tears.

"And while I take and enjoy all that should be yours," she said, "what is left for you?"

His smile flashed at her now like sunshine; yet he hesitated for an instant before answering — and she could not resist the impression that he hesitated through delicacy, as one who would not wish to boast of wealth before a pauper. Then:

"I must not even try to tell you what is left for me," he said gently. "It would — let me say it once more — lead us too far. Only believe, for your own comfort, that I am perfectly satisfied, and that sympathy is quite thrown away on me. Nevertheless, I am grateful for yours; and so" (he lifted her hand and touched the fingers lightly with his lips) "thanks and good-by!"

(To be continued.)

COMMUNITY of labor breedeth goodfellowship as surely as emulation breedeth rancor of heart.—Henry L. Stuart.

### A Convert's Golden Jubilee.

BY ANGELIQUE DE LANDE.

HERE at Thy feet, dear Lord, I kneel, Where it is good to be;

And, as I make my soul's appeal, I keep my Jubilee.

 'Tis fifty years since first I came To seek Thy pardoning grace,—
 Since first I called upon Thy name,
 And looked upon Thy face.

And now, as in those olden days, Thou callest me to Thee,

That I may keep with prayer and praise My Golden Jubilee.

Under the sanctuary lamp

That lights the path to Thee,

Where angels round Thy throne encamp, I keep my Jubilee.

While I recount Thy mercies o'er On this my Jubilee!

O wondrous Eucharistic Dove, What can I offer Thee,

But earnest faith and childlike love On this my Jubilee?

- As on that day, long years agone, My life was pledged to Thee,
- So now on this most blessed morn I keep my Jubilee.
- How sweet within thy courts to roam, And keep my Jubilee!
- Transfigured to my wondering gaze, Thy beauty, Lord, I see
- As on this day—this day of days!— I keep my Jubilee.
- Life holds no joy, death no alarms, While Thou art left to me,
- As, safe within Thy sheltering arms, I keep my Jubilee. BOSTON, 1865-1915.

# After Ten Years.

BY J. F. SCHOLFIELD.

#### III.—Unity.

OF late years, outside the Catholic Church, the word "unity" has been constantly heard. This is so far good that it testifies to a recognition that the ideal of Christianity demands that Christian people should form one great society instead of being broken up, as at present, into several hundred divergent sects. But, beyond a vague sense of this truth, the word, as used by nearly all non-Catholics, connotes little that has any practical bearing on the present, or hope for the future.

As an Anglican, I used to hear a good deal of "the reunion of Christendom." Long ago there was a society formed which was designed to unite Catholics, Orthodox, Anglicans, and (I fancy) Protestant Nonconformists, in prayer for this end; and the daily devotion recommended to the members (I was never one myself) consisted of the prayer from the Missal, "Domine Jesu Christi, qui dixisti apostolis tuis," and one "Our Father." The association at first included some Catholics; but membership in it was before long disallowed by authority, so far as the Church's children were concerned.

Besides this, three other organizations, with one of which I was connected, came under my notice, all aiming directly or indirectly at reunion in some form or other. One of these, the Eastern Church Association, has for its object diffusion of knowledge as to the Oriental (schismatic) churches, with the ultimate view of preparing the way for Orthodox and Anglican intercommunion,-an amiable dream that we may confidently say will never be realized. The other two societies I refer to are for clergymen only; and, while the immediate aim of one of them (the Society of the Holy Cross) is the deepening of the sacerdotal spirit among Anglican ministers, both look definitely toward the

restoration of Anglicanism to the ancient faith, and to communion with the Apostolic See. I believe, indeed, that the Society of St. Thomas of Canterbury exists expressly for the purpose of such restoration. Mr. Spencer Jones' wellknown book, "England and the Holy See," may fairly be taken as the expression of the aim and, in a sense of the programme, of this association.

On the other hand, there is the movement now connected with the euphonious name of Kikuyu, that once obscure Central African village where some Anglican dignitaries joined with a number of ministers belonging to various Protestant denominations in celebrating the Communion service, — the rite used being, we understand, that of the Church of England. The idea of these good people is, of course, to establish a kind of federation among all so-called Evangelical Protestant sects, to the absolute exclusion of Catholics, Orthodox, and Anglicans of the higher and better-instructed type.

The last few years have also seen an effort on the part of that strange, amorphous body known as the Evangelical Alliance to engineer a kind of union on the basis of American, British, and German Protestantism. A wedge of the most destructive sort has been driven into any design of this nature by the present inter-European war. If it had ever come into existence - considering what present-day Protestantism is,-it is quite evident that, notwithstanding orthodox phraseology to satisfy the more dogmatic element. the federation would have been a huge engine for the advance of Modernism of the worst kind.

Another effort at approximation, if not exactly union, has been for a good many years carried on in Scotland on the part of a very limited number of Anglicans and Presbyterians. From all I could gather before I came into the Church, and all reports nowadays, the movement consists in polite and interesting converations. From a practical standpoint, it is altogether futile. No doubt there are similar organizations in various parts of the world; but when there is no common arbiter to whom to appeal on disputed points, it is not easy for either party to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion.

I have briefly mentioned these various attempts toward union in order to show (1) the growing sense of the evil of division,-however unpractical and impossible the various schemes may be, they are on a higher plane than the spirit which treats the competition of the sects as something to be encouraged, and some of them at least are looking in the direction of the only real, because the one divine, centre of unity; and (2) to show, by these concrete instances, the hopelessness of all such schemes unless there is, as the first step, recognition of an authority that can interpret what is obscure, decide what is uncertain, and unerringly define, so far as is required, all revealed truth. Without this, it seems really waste of time to talk of unity.

My experience, and that of every convert, has forced on us the conclusion that, except among a very few, those who do talk of it are using a phraseology which is almost evacuated of real meaning. Unity among themselves, either in faith or practice, is an unknown quantity. For a good many years I belonged to a diocesan clerical society, and we used to meet at one another's house about six times a year to discuss various points of theology and ecclesiastical polity-about which, I fear, the knowledge of most of us was not very profound. We were excellent friends; but our belief appeared to be in a sliding scale from Catholicity without the Pope (of course a contradiction in terms, if one had only realized it) to something very like Agnosticism. I remember one member's (still an Anglican) reading a paper on the Sacrifice of the Mass, which was certainly meant to express the teaching of the Church, and during the discussion that followed another member's saying, without the

slightest acrimony, but merely as a personal opinion to which he had as much right as his clerical brother had to the belief set forth in the paper: "I think it's just all idolatry." Then we had quasiadvanced men who were afraid of "going too far" in the Catholic direction; moderate High Churchmen who puzzled one as to their standpoint, and who were probably not very clear themselves; men who described themselves as neither High nor Low; and some excellent Evangelicals.

The society was a microcosm of the Anglican Church. As an avowed meeting ground of people of widely differing belief, like the famous Metaphysical Society, of which W. G. Ward was one of the most shining lights, nothing could have been better; but as a gathering of clergy bound, in theory, to identical belief and practice, it was, like every similar association among Anglicans, an extraordinary phenomenon. Good feeling, friendship, pleasant interchange of thought, are all desirable in a high degree; but not one of these, nor all of them together, need have anything in common with unity.

It is evident to us Catholics, and it is difficult to explain why it is not so to everyone, that unity must rest on an acknowledged and effective authority, or it can not exist at all. There may be an external force, like Establishment, binding together elements which would otherwise promptly disintegrate; or there may be a deliberate compact, like the "Federation of Free Churches" in Great Britain, by which people pledge themselves to ignore certain points of belief which, if true at all, are unquestionably matters of high importance. In the latter case the tendency is obviously to discount all dogmatic religion whatever, and that has to a great extent come to pass in modern Protestantism. Such a union may be dissolved in part or entirely at any moment. In neither of these cases is there anything like real unity.

Yet for many years of my life I

repeated every Sunday, and a good many other days (following the directions of the Missal-mirabile dictu!), the august words of the Creed: "Et in unam, sanctam, Catholicam, et Apostolicam ecclesiam." And it is marvellous, as one looks back, to see the explanations, the complicated arguments, the quite unintended subterfuges, that were necessary to justify that confession of faith with the position of an Anglican, especially an Anglican parson. What we called "the Church"-i. e., the Catholic, Orthodox, and Anglican bodies (we had no use for the Oriental heretic or the German Alt-Katholik) - was, in simple fact, not one church at all. We tried to distinguish between a unity of faith and sacramental life and a unity of charity; but in the end it was seen to be a hopeless effort. The Catholic Church told us honestly and unequivocally that we had no part with her. The Orthodox Church of Russia (there is no one "Holy Eastern Church") showed at times great politeness to a few of our bishops and clergy, but was careful to commit herself to no intercommunion, or recognition of any sacerdotal status. And, worst of all, the Anglican Church herself, as a body, evidently desired no restoration of suspended communion between herself and the rest of Christendom. In fact, for generations after the Great Apostasy, and again after a deceptive hope of better things in the seventeenth century until the Oxford revival, the Church of England gloried in not being one with what her divines loved to style the "Romish Church."

And no one who knows Anglicanism from within could ever fall into the mistake of a few excellent French ecclesiastics in the last decade of the nineteenth century, who imagined, from their acquaintance with a few advanced churches and clergymen, that the Established Church of England (or any part of the Anglican body) was steadily moving in the direction of Catholic Unity. At the time of the publication of the Bull

Apostolicæ Curæ (in 1896) the bishop in whose diocese I was then stationed, in an address to his diocesan synod, affirmed that "we" had no desire for such reunion; and spoke of those who were prominent at that period in seeking for some rapprochement with the Holy See as of people who were to be distrusted and despised. His lordship was undoubtedly a strong Protestant, but I fancy his view of the matter was that of nearly the whole of the Anglican episcopate. In this, it seems to me now, they were certainly following the main stream of Anglican tradition.

The fact is, Protestantism in its very essence stands for disunion. How can there possibly, except by accident or exterior compulsion, be unity where the supremacy of private judgment is held sacred? For a short time, and within a small area, you may find apparent union, as in the greater part of England during the pressure of the Penal Laws against both Catholics and Protestant Nonconformists; and, still more, as in Scotland, from the Revolution which dethroned King James VII. until the disruption of the Established Church in 1843. The influence of Catholicism was so small, owing to the diabolical cleverness of the persecution which took children from their parents to bring them up in the new heresy, and the prejudice against Anglicanism so strong, that north of the Tweed there was an appearance of Presbyterian unity almost throughout the country. But, given freedom of conscience, any form of Protestantism must issue in division. How can it be otherwise when every individual is sole judge and arbiter in spiritual things?

Those with whom I was most closely associated in the Church of England recognized this fully, and therefore (among other reasons) the very name of Protestant was held by us in abhorrence. Yet all the time we were exercising the essential Protestant privilege of framing our own interpretation and limitations

of the Christian Creed. This is very far from being realized by advanced Anglicans: they sincerely desire to be one with the Catholic Church in all things, but they (equally sincerely) believe that only external unity has been broken between the English Provinces and the rest of "the Church."

Unfortunately, every step in the direction of unity is denied them. The Apostolic See has definitely repudiated their ordinations; in practice, the Orthodox Church does the same; while the last thing their own communion desires is internal unity, or external reunion, on "Anglo-Catholic" lines.

No one but a convert, perhaps, can fully realize the contrast between the deep, eloquent peace of the City of God and the turmoil and confusion outside her gates. It is often said by non-Catholics that there are divisions, no less, within the Church. The statement, in the sense in which it is made, is an utter falsehood. There are indeed disputes and quarrels of a personal character wherever you find fallen humanity, but this has nothing to do with the question. And there are, no doubt, differences of opinion and discussions on many points that are connected with our holy religion, but-and here is the heart of the whole matter - on no single point on which the Church has given her authoritative decision. The case is closed when she has spoken. Among the sects there is no closed question, because there is no authority to decide.

"All her members agree in one Faith," and in the convert's former spiritual home there are beliefs (or opinions) almost innumerable. An Anglican clergyman may deny the Resurrection of our Divine Lord and still hold his preferment; another may pour abuse on the Most Holy Sacrament and the Mother of God and his superiors will find no fault with him; a third may teach his people the Real Presence of Christ under the appearance of bread, and the invocation of Our Lady and the saints, and he will be tolerated, though heartily disliked. And the hearers of these authorized teachers are at liberty to take or leave, to approve or disapprove, whatever they think well in the doctrine or practice of their supposed spiritual pastors. It would seem that the evident facts need only to be stated, for men to see the fatal absurdity of such a body pretending to be a teaching church, or to bear witness to any revealed dogmatic truth.

"The Church is One because all her members . . . have the same Sacrifice and Sacraments." As a well-known Protestant writer and statesman has put it: "It is the Mass that matters." And his words, purely academic in the speaker's intention, are echoed by nearly three hundred millions of Catholics throughout the world. How is it among the myriad forms of Protestantism? Except for the handful of "extreme" Anglicans, the Mass is denied, and in some cases ignored, (happily growing steadily fewer) blasphemed. The few who devoutly believe in the Holv Sacrifice outside the Church are the mark of their fellow-Protestants' suspicion, if not worse. With regard to the Sacraments, the chaos of opinion is hopeless beyond words, and ranges from Catholic theology to the depths of "Sacramentarianism," to use the sixteenth-century expression for those who hold the means of divine grace to be merely more or less edifying ceremonies. It is quite true that the Anglican formularies are not susceptible of this barren heresy, but the holding of it is tolerated, and was for long the prevailing teaching of the Church of England.

"The Church is One because all her members . . . are united under one Head." Unity of faith and worship is possible only where there is unity of government. This, the pastoral and regal power of the Church, is, in fact, the foundation of her dogmatic authority and her sacerdotal gifts. "Tu es Petrus, et super hanc petram ædificabo ecclesiam

meam," comes, in order of time and of logical sequence, before "Hoc facite in meam commemorationem," and "Euntes docete omnes gentes." Outside the Church there is no real spiritual government at all. Anglicanism has her bishops; yet the testimony of her united episcopate is a very babel of conflicting voices.

This is so not only in England, where the interference of the State might be pleaded for an abnormal condition of things; but it is precisely the same in the Protestant Episcopal Church of America, in the Episcopal Church in Scotland, and in the British Colonies. When Anglican bishops meet with much pomp and dignity at Lambeth, they dare not discuss a single burning question. They see their clergy teaching, and their people following, absolute contradictions in such vital points of religious belief and practice as, e. g., Our Lord's birth of an immaculate Virgin Mother, His Real Presence under the sacramental forms, the cultus of Our Lady and the saints, the Sacrament of Penance, the indissolubility of holy matrimony; and, as a body, they can not offer a word of guidance. They can sanction nothing and forbid nothing on such essential things as these. If they did, their decision would be frankly treated as futile.

As an Anglican, this collapse of government was a grievous trial. For those who believe that Our Lord's words can not fail of their effect, His prayer in the Cenacle that all His people might be one seemed strangely in contrast with the fact of a divided Church. So it was borne in upon us that, since He is the Eternal Truth, His Church can not be divided. And from that conviction there is but a short step to the Church that alone is one in faith, one in sacrificial worship and sacramental grace, and one in the headship of Christ's Vicar. And what the mercy of God revealed, experience continually confirms. A convert's whole life

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('To be continued.)

# A Knight of Rieti.

# BY GABRIEL FRANCIS POWERS.

IN the clear, brilliant noon sunshine, to the breezy sky of white and blue, swelling and echoing through Medieval street and open piazza, came the blending, intermingled, many-noted cry of the people of Rieti cheering their heroes. Gallantly the feudatory lords and their armed forces rode, banners unfurled, swords clanking against spur and stirrup; fair, proud faces of young knights, high, glad eyes eager to greet life and war. To-day they joined with the Umbrian city of Spoleto against Aquila; to-morrow there would be another foe. What did it matter? To-day blades were whetted and healths tossed, and brave and gentle deeds done likewise in the name of chivalry. To-morrow it would be the same. Mass and banquet and battle; rich life, gorgeous and picturesque, good enough for to-day and to-morrow; holding love and victory mostly; sometimes, too, holding death. The women in the balconies knew that. And as they stoodbraided tresses, and pearls in the hair, forms sheathed in glancing silk, and delicate hands clasped on carved stone or wrought-iron balustrade-many a tender heart learned its own secret, watching the knighthood of Rieti ride away. Some leaned to throw flowers and bits of laurel, - the laurel of poets and conquerors; though rose and laurel, glancing off the steel, were only trodden under the hoofs of the chargers.

Dark of visage, long in the stirrup, with deep-set, roving eyes and sinister mouth, rode Baldello d'Aversa. And, "Grifo! Grifo!" rose the people's cry. They did not love him - who could?but they feared him; and his men, wearing his sable gryphon, were pitiless fighters and severely trained. Column on column, Then grimly. they marched past. "Bande! Viva Bande!" came the shout. So they recognized each one his lord.

And this one was light-hearted and debonair, ruddy and laughing—Raimondo Raimondi of the azure and silver bars. He gathered many men under his colors, having sway over vast lands.

But the whole mass of the people of Rieti cheered together, noisy, and pressing forward tumultuously, as the double rank of long, clear-noted bugles trumpeted before the third of the great feudal lords. He was the youngest and the best loved. As he rode he was rather grave, high, shoulders upright, eyes head straight and serious in front of him. The modelling of the face was very beautiful; brow and mouth, and the delicate shadows beneath the cheekbones, proclaiming him a thinker. Yet, young as he was, he had seen fighting in the Holy Land, and the tan of Eastern suns was upon him still. This was Angelo Tancredi, of lordly name and house. It was said they had kinship with that Tancred who was prince of Antioch. And it may be; for their arms were three swords on crimson field, looking like scimitars, and their count's coronet was surmounted by a cross. They did not call "Swords" for Tancredi: they called his name. He was too near and dear to them.

They remembered the day, not so many years since-the feast of Our Lady Saint Mary's Assumption-when they had thronged the cathedral to see him receive his belt with the gold clasps, blessed at the altar, his sword and golden spurs. They saw him, too, kneel humbly to receive the Body of Christ. Afterward he walked in the procession, clad in cloth of gold; and there had been a banquet and tourney for the novello cavaliere at the castle; and for the poor, always remembered in the days of faith, he had doled alms with his own knightly hands. "Tancredi! Tancredi!" rose the shout around him, hearts beating behind the words. He bent his head, courtly and grateful to them. Their hands kept touching him, knee and heel, and the horse he rode, as though he were some holy thing.

Then they shouted "Belfronte!" and he laughed aloud like a boy, clearly and merrily, patting the horse's neck in appreciation. He himself had named the horse from the white star on his forehead; and, if there was one thing in the world, the Castle of Aranda, my lord, coming-Tancredi loved, it was Belfronte. He could mount him running or leaping; and Belfronte waited for him, turning his fine head to watch him. They knew each other in the dark.

Where the brown street begins at the corner of the Cathedral Piazza, Angelo Tancredi raised his eyes. There stands the Senebaldi Palace. And it may be that the heart of one of the knights of Rieti also beat a little thick and a little faster. There were many figures in the balcony, but he saw only one, sheathed in sapphire silk, with hair that was a glory, and a wreath of purple-berried myrtle binding its gold. Tancredi observed the involuntary upward and backward start as he came. Then the daughter of the Senebaldi held her own small, proud head erect, and eyes that met his calmly.

So he passed. Yonder was the turreted, frescoed gateway, and the wide land of straight, white roads, vineyards and wheat The whole country lay open, fields. broad-bosomed and fertile, basking in the fruitful sun. Tancredi thrust deeper into the stirrups, then back comfortably in the saddle, and called on Belfronte for company. He could see very well that Belfronte, in his wise equine fashion, was. weighing the chances of war, and rejoicing beforehand, glad to give battle. As the long, brilliant afternoon wore on and they drew toward the hills, Raimondi joined him to exchange views on where -they were likely to meet and join the army of Spoleto. Already the air grew cooler, blowing from the mountain range; and Monte Argentuaro showed its flank, gleaming violet in shadow, and of a pale salmon color, like a gem, where it caught the light. The two knights' began to observe something like a dust cloud far away over the road.

"Bullocks," opined one.

"Foot," answered the "ther.

And an elderly ensign walking at Tancredi's elboweventured to join in:

"Methinks they will be the troops of down to stop our joining their enemy Spoleto."

"It will give us the chance of sleeping at Aranda to-night."

The castellated town did indeed show upon the heights, with the road dropping down, steep and even, as in a piece of decorative design or some old miniature. And over the road came the dust cloud; presently the black and white standard of Aranda emerging, and the dark, marching columns in good order. The lords of Rieti decided to wait at the foot of the hill.

D'Aversa put his men forward, their stout lances projecting in lines of level steel. Raimondi had the centre; Tancredi, impatient at the unaccustomed position, in the rear. In their simple manner of warfare was the intention to fight it out there, face to face, on the road. But as the ranks of mountain men poured down, in waving motion, D'Aversa suddenly charged. It was uphill; but before the pitiless, fixed, unescapable lances, the descending troops fell into confusion. Inevitably they deployed, straggling over the ditches, into the fields, even into the brushwood. Raimondi met the unexpected movement with a similar one, and the fight knit and closed into one immense, massed, struggling confusion. D'Aversa's spears were checked and pressed back by that continuous downward pouring of the road-wide phalanx. It was a body-to-body tussle, blow on blow, cry on cry; while many fell in the dust and by the roadside, and dark, thick streams oozed silently on the ground, and the rank grass was moistened in its roots.

Tancredi waited, knit-browed, motionless, like a human hurricane gathering fury. Raimondi's men held the whole

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line of battle. Then suddenly, in the very centre, came a break, and he plunged forward, lifting Belfronte in one magnificent, far-reaching 'leap. Immediately the cry went up around him, as everywhere when the young lord of Rieti gave battle: "Tancredi! Tancredi!" It was marvellous to see how the name worked. Close after him came his men, like a wedge driven irresistibly; the mounted figure leading in the point of the wedge. And his voice rang with its peculiar metallic, resonant sharpness of energy: "On! On! Through! Through! Through!" They struggled after him, jamming one another like a pack of hounds. In the thick of it, one moment, his calling ceased, and his arm, wielding the great sword, jerked nerveless. He had seen blood on Belfronte's neck. The light of day grew dim before his eyes. Then he threw off his weakness, lifted the horse again, and Belfronte felt the unaccustomed light touch of spurs. He threw up his head, neighing, and plunged.

"Tancredi! Tancredi!" roared the hoarse voices of battle.

"On! On!" came the answering rally. "Men of Rieti, come through,---come through!"

It was almost done. Raimondi was behind them. They were mixed in with D'Aversa lances at the very front, and then the wedge drove into the tossing mass of Aranda. Cries of warning began to follow, but Tancredi was never known to turn back or to stop. Yard by yard, inch by inch, cutting and thrusting, he fought his way. He was bareheaded now, his hair like an oriflamme above the surge. And presently there was no more an army of Aranda, but rout and confusion and flight, and a clear high road before one man and horse. There he drew rein, breathing hard through white nostrils, and trembling a little. Belfronte was trembling still more, his coat flecked with foam, sweat pouring from him. A lad of his household was the first to join He was struck dumb seeing Tancredi.

his master afoot, at Belfronte's head, and with tears running down his face. The men of Rieti came swarming, cheering, laughing. Then D'Ayersa at a gallop.

"You must mount and ride, Tancredi. We've got to take Aranda to-night.-There's bound to be more fighting at the gates."

"I walk. I would as soon stab my brother as run the risk of losing Belfronte."

"Stuff and nonsense! A horse is a horse. And you're cut in the head-yourself."

"Leave me alone and go. I will follow as I can. You and Raimondi ought to be able now to take Aranda without me."

"Do as you please. Time is too precious to waste in parleys."

The high shoulder and bitter visage showed the black lord's displeasure. Curtly he gave commands, and behind him the columns began quickly to form and to proceed in marching order. Tancredi saw Raimondi pass him, and his eyes followed wistfully; but he himself took the edge of the road, led Belfronte with his own hand, and ever so gently. He could not stop the flowing blood.

To their surprise, the troops of Rieti met no resistance at the gate. They crossed the little bridge leading steeply to the towered walls. The great gateway stood open; the street went up, bordered by little houses. Everything was closed; not a living being appeared. Had they but known it, women and children alone remained. As their horses clattered up the stiff ascent they saw a cloaked figure advancing toward them. D'Aversa suspected treachery.

"Stand!" he called.

The figure paused. The black gown and peculiar headgear clearly denoted a churchman.

"Who are you and where are you going?" asked the leader, discourteously.

"I am a priest and my duty calls me to a sick bed."

"I would like to see what you are carrying.... Very good. You may pass, sir." "And if you need further fields of ministration," interposed Raimondi, "you might go down to the foot of your mountain. You will find quite a few of your townsmen needing a shrift."

The two lords of Rieti laughed together, but no word came in reply. The cloaked figure was on its way again more swiftly. It passed the gates, sped down the road. Dusk was coming. In the purple mountain gloaming a solitary figure leading a horse loomed up. Angelo Tancredi halted.

"God greet you, Father!"

"And you, Sir Knight!"

"You go in haste."

"I carry the Body of Christ to a poorwoman who is dying."

"Here is a horse. Will you not take it?" "And you?"

"I shall not need it. Pray take it, Father!"

"There is no time to spare. God reward you!"

Tancredi was holding the stirrup. Gravely, before relinquishing it, he bowed his knee in the dust of the highway.

"To whom and where shall I return him?"

The young man was standing again, tall and upright, his eyes luminous in the dusk.

"I am Tancredi of Rieti."

The priest's eyes opened very wide. This must be he whom the common people called, in their picturesque way, "Tancredi of the Holy Sepulchre."

"God reward you!" he repeated again; and the quick plunge of the hoofs and the rush of the wind in his face told him the mettle of the steed he mounted.

One moment Tancredi stood looking after them, the pain and desolation of his face unspeakable. Then, head low, he walked the last slope to Aranda.

In the morning Belfronte had not yet been returned, so a country mare was found for his master; and, in the sunrise, the troops of Rieti marched forth again, refreshed with sleep and food, to join Spoleto. They had not been more than three or four hours under way when they encountered a small party of riders. Two in the company wore heralds' tabards embroidered with the arms of Spoleto. "Lords and men of Rieti," they cried aloud, "it is you we seek!"

And the embassage they had to declare was a strange one. Two suns ago, as the forces of Spoleto and Aquila met for battle, before that they could clash, a barefoot friar of those new brothers of Assisi who preached penance had come between the lines, imploring the combatants of both sides to forgive and forget, for the love of Christ, whatever grievances might be between them, and to put up their arms and declare peace; for that Christ had suffered and died for the men of both sides, and they were brothers; and that, instead of fighting, they should be weeping over the bitter passion and the death of Christ, and bewailing their sins that had been the cause of His bloodshedding.

The silence of complete surprise and confusion came over the men of Rieti. Searcely could you hear the champing of one horse. Tancredi alone found voice and faintly:

"This friar--is he giving the Cross?" "Nay, my lord. He bids us go back to our homes in peace. I do not think he calls for Holy Land."

"And what of Spoleto?"

"Spoleto and Aquila are reconciled. We bid you gladly to our city, and our magistrates will entertain and thank you; but, if you prefer to return to Rieti and your occupations, the allied city releases you in God's name."

The feudatory lords of Rieti gazed at one another in silence. Raimondi burst out laughing.

"Very pretty indeed for the gentlemen of Romagna! You go weep your sins, D'Aversa. <u>I</u> go back to my wife."

D'Aversa answered with a scorching oath: "Good-bye to arms!"

Tancredi alone had the courtesy to thank the heralds and to send greetings to the senators of Spoleto. Yet he was

# THE AVE MARIA

no better pleased than his peers to have to return home. He had never yet heard of so bald and senseless an ending to an expedition. He did not think that men with blood in their veins would ever be content to lay down arms. And what of all the training for knightly tasks, and what of chivalry?

He was standing at the corner of the old grey square, thinking it over; and, as he stood, he watched the sun steal down and across the face of the beloved Palazzo Senebaldi—balcony, point-arch window, and emblazoned stone.

"Ah, my lord Tancredi at last! I have sought you high, I have sought you low. This is the priest of Aranda, you may remember, to whom you so kindly lent your horse."

"I remember, Father."

"Alas, my lord-"

"Don't tell me,-please don't tell me!"

"But he was hurt,—he must have been wounded when you gave him to me?"

"He was sorely wounded."

The old, wise, sad eyes were full of sympathy.

"Perhaps it was my fault. I did not know. I pressed him hard. I was only just in time."

"I am glad you were in time."

Then silence.

"He carried me so well, by such terrible paths, in a dark night that had neither a moon nor stars! And just at the door forgive me, my lord! But it is as if it had been some human being."

Tancredi was looking away.

"One can not offer compensation for such a loss as that; but if there is any poor thing of mine, my lord, that might—"

"The horse was your own, Father; though my sorrow at his loss is great."

"How mine, Messer?"

"From the moment you mounted him. I myself should never have mounted again what had borne the Body of Christ."

The priest's hand rested a moment on the young man's shoulder.

"O Tancredi of Rieti, great is your-

faith!" "Then his voice dropped suddenly to a whisper: "Look, —look! There is that holy manifrom Assisi whom people call a saint. Look at him, myi lodd! He is coming toward us."

It was a tattered figure imakbrown robe, barefooted on the cobbles of the piazza. The emaciated face, with its great, inwardlighted, cavernous eyes, was at once radiant and dolorous. He came and stood exactly in front of Tancredi; and one of the sweetest, most musical voices that ever rang the Umbrian speech into God's air called the young knight by his name.

"Mi Signor Angelo!"

Tancredi was spellbound by this voice, that seemed to sing and to laugh, speaking the name of his baptism; and at these eyes that were like the eyes of a prophet, knowing all hidden things, and that seemed to have loved him—him whom they had never seen before.

"*Mi Signor Angelo*, long enough now hast thou worn thy knight's honors. It is time that thou take the Cross of Christ for thy sword, and the dust and mud of the highways in place of spurs."

Angelo's right hand rose, unconsciously, in question as though groping:

"Thou-who art thou?"

"I! Nobody, --- less than nobody. I am Francis, the last misery of Assisi, as God knows."

"Or it may be God's envoy; for thou hast the very image, stamped upon thy countenance, of Him who died upon the Cross."

Then the square and the palaces, and war and life and love,—all seemed to drift away a thousand miles into oblivion; and Angelo Tancredi knelt and loosed the clasps of his belt as though he were unbosoming his soul:

"Father, there is my sword for which thou askest, and here" (bending still lower) "are my spurs; and lo!" (raising a face now like an angel's) "here is myself."

CHARACTER is the organization of impulse.—*Mallock*.

#### Missions to Deaf-Mutes.

WHAT is well termed "a new departure in missionary work" is thus described by our interesting contemporary, the Sacred Heart Review:

For the first time in the history of the United States, perhaps indeed in the history of the world, a mission for non-Catholic deaf-mutes was preached lately in Pittsburgh by the Redemptorist deaf-mute missionary, the Rev. Charles Burger. The mission to these afflicted persons was continued every evening for a full week, and with very satisfactory results; many of the Protestant deaf persons coming every evening and listening to the explanations of Catholic doctrine by the eloquent missionary, who used the sign language in imparting to his silent hearers the truths of faith. Previous to the non-Catholic mission, Father Burger preached a full week's mission to the Catholic deaf. So much interest was created in Pittsburgh at these extraordinary services, that St. Philomena's Church, in which they were held, was crowded throughout the entire week by hearing people, as Father Burger delivered his sermon simultaneously in two languages. Father Burger also gave a mission to the deaf-mute children of the De Paul Institute during February this year, making in all a rich harvest in his three weeks' missionary work in Pittsburgh. The deaf throughout the country, and priests actively engaged in working for the deaf, are anxious to invite Father Burger to visit them and give a mission for them, in order to stimulate interest and activity among the Catholic deaf.

Contrary to what is, we believe, commonly supposed, the deaf-mute mind is very alert, once communication is effected. A missionary of our acquaintance relates how a sermon of his in a parish church, which was also attended by inmates from a deaf-mute institution, was as he spoke translated into the sign language by an interpreter; and says that the part of his audience that could not hear were no less deeply interested than those who could. Indeed, their manifestation of attention and their signs of piety were marked. We hope to see a quickening of interest in this matter and such efforts more widely made, for we are sanguine of their great success.

### Notes and Remarks.

The present mighty war has already added several names, and will doubtless add many another, to the lengthy musterroll of Ireland's soldier-heroes. There is another muster-roll, however, that redounds still more to her glory, and to it also a lengthy addition is soon to be made. Long before Ireland won martial renown in the Danish and Norman invasions and in the Continental wars, she had been proclaimed by the nations of Europe "Island of Saints and Sages"; and a recent decree of the Sacred Congregation of Rites is triumphant evidence that the glorious title was as well-merited in the dark days of the Penal Code as in the golden age that followed St. Patrick's eventful labors. Briefly, the first official steps have been taken in the process, the completion of which will be the beatification and canonization of no fewer than two hundred and fifty-seven sons and daughters of Ireland who suffered death for the Faith during the persecutions of English sovereigns from Henry VIII. to Cromwell. Several years ago, a decree such as the present one would have entitled all those mentioned therein to the appellation "Venerable"; but a reform instituted by Pius X. reserves that honor for a later stage in the process. Meantime the action already taken will be a source of profound and legitimate joy to the world-scattered sons of the Gael.

The fiftieth anniversary of the death of Abraham Lincoln recalls a little incident related by Archbishop Hughes, of New York, illustrating the liberality and kindliness for which that illustrious President and his Cabinet were distinguished. It is well known that Lincoln thoroughly appreciated the services which the Archbishop had rendered to the country, and never missed an occasion for praising them. No citizen of the United States could be more sure of a cordial welcome

at the White House than Archbishop Hughes. During one of his visits to Washington, Secretary Seward gave a dinner in his honor, at which some of the most distinguished men in the country were present. It was on a Friday, and, in compliment to the Archbishop, there was not a particle of meat on the table for any one. He used to refer to this as the most delicate compliment he had ever received. It is said that when Lincoln heard of the incident he remarked: 'Seward did the right thing; I would have done the same myself under the circumstance. Nobody can honor Bishop Hughes too much to suit me.'

.Notable sermons have already been preached in the magnificent new cathedral of St. Paul, whose dedication itself is a very notable event. Summarizing as it does much of the history of Catholicity in the Northwest, representing a progress from a little log church in 1841 to an edifice whose cost is in the millions-the free offerings of the faithful and of non-Catholics as well,-and whose beauty of architecture and of appointment, and grandeur of site, could not well be surpassed, the new cathedral crowns the life work of one of the greatest prelates in the history of Catholicity in America, the Most Rev. John Ireland, Archbishop of St. Paul. It was a fitting circumstance that the sermon in this noble temple on Easter Sunday, by the Rt. Rev. John Lawler, auxiliary bishop of the archdiocese, should be on "The Mission of Christianity"; and it was a sermon that must have stirred the hearts of all the hearers.

Cordial congratulations are due the young men and women of San Francisco who are active members of the League for the Reverent Observance of Good Friday. Starting only four or five years ago, the movement has grown and spread throughout California with gratifying rapidity, and each successive Lent marks additional vantage ground acquired. The *Monitor* gives a number of concrete instances in which, during the recent Lenten season, the success of the movement was emphasized; but perhaps as notable a tribute to the work of these young Catholics as has been paid is this paragraph from a secular journal, the *Enterprise*, of South San Francisco:

Among Christians, this day has always been observed with the greatest reverence and respect, because on this day over nineteen hundred years ago the Saviour of the world poured forth His blood upon the altar of the Cross for the redemption of the human race. No one, therefore, who believes in the divinity of Christ and the value of His atonement can fail to be willing to give outward manifestation of his interior respect for the great day of atonement. In our own county, though Good Friday is not a legal holiday, still there is a growing sentiment to the effect that if we can afford to close our places of business on such days as Washington's or Lincoln's birthday, . Columbus Day or Admission Day, out of a sense of respect and veneration for what they commemorate, for a still greater reason should those of us who are Christians be willing to do the same on the day commemorating Christ's death. This sentiment is so natural that it has led to the "Reverent Observance of Good Friday Movement," which has been making such headway during the last few years.... Let us encourage this movement, and thus confirm outwardly the opinion we have of ourselves as a community of reverent Christians.

Celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of its foundation last week, the Catholic University of America was the object of much congratulation and the scene of great rejoicing. At the formal exercises held under the University auspices, the three American Cardinals took part, the first occasion on which this has ever happened. There were present, besides, numerous members of the hierarchy and the clergy, many of whom were alumni of the University. Congratulations from the non-Catholic institutions of learning throughout the country were extended to the University by Dr. G. Stanley Hall, of Clark University; and from Catholic schools and colleges by the Rev. Dr.

John Cavanaugh, of the University of Notre Dame. An interesting circumstance connected with the celebration is that the venerable Cardinal Gibbons, who gave the sermon of the day, also laid the corner-stone of the University twenty-five The occasion was further years ago. honored by the presence of Archbishop John J. Keane, first rector of the University. The AVE MARIA rejoices in the good work done by the Catholic University of America, and prophesies even greater success for its future under the wise and farseeing guidance of its present rector, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Shahan.

Writing in our always interesting contemporary, the Lamp, Mr. Walter F. McEntire gives a number of curious details about the episcopal See of Panama. "The cathedral of the diocese at this time," he writes, "is located in the present (new) City of Panama, and was built from the private purse of one of its bishops, and that man a Negro. This bishop was the Rt. Rev. Francis Javier de Luna Victoria. One of the historians says that he was .'the first bishop of Negro blood in America, and probably of native birth to wear the mitre.' So far as our investigations have led us, it appears that he was the first bishop of American birth, and we have yet to find a record of another Negro bishop in America."

The fact—if it be a fact—is only another proof that the old Mother Church knows neither bond nor free, draws no color line, and takes no account of ancestry in those who are to serve at her altars or be dowered with her dignities.

On different occasions during the past few years we have called attention to a determined effort on the part of the anti-Catholics of Boston, and of Massachusetts generally, to induce the Legislature of that State to prohibit the appropriation of public funds for Catholic institutions wholly or partly under ecclesiastical control. The annual affair took on an unwonted aspect this year, inasmuch as some 2000 members of the Catholic Federation appeared before the Committee of the Legislature to speak for themselves. That they spoke to some purpose need not be said; but we have been impressed by this declaration of the Rev. A. A. Berle, Congregationalist minister, in opposing the proposed Bill: "Nobody has stated during the addresses in favor of this Bill a single instance of aggression on the part of Catholics in this State at the present moment which calls for legislative action. On the contrary, it was shown that, while millions have been given to Protestant bodies in this State-that is, non-Catholic bodies,the paltry sum of \$52,000 has been given to Catholic institutions."

A name that should not be forgotten in the annals of charity-or in the prayers of the faithful generally-is that of Eliza Frances, a Catholic colored woman who died not long since in New York city. Forty years ago she came thither from Baltimore, worked in humble ways, lived a self-denving life, and at its close, besides a few minor bequests, left a thousand dollars to her parish church, St. Benedict the Moor, and another thousand to St. Benedict's Home for colored orphans. As benefactions go, these sums are not large; but they were this woman's "all," and each dollar was probably earned by its full value in labor. The same is not always true of larger fortunes. Where the cup of cold water given in Christ's name shall not be forgotten, Eliza Frances will have her only fitting reward. Meanwhile, the example of her life helps to point the way for others.

That eccentric "evangelist," Billy Sunday, declared the other day: "On the question of divorce, I'm a Roman Catholic." A good many other non-Catholics of this country, some of them of far more weight and worth than the person just quoted, have recognized the peril to the future of the republic in the laxity of the marriage tie prevalent among Americans outside the Church. The ablest of our statesmen and publicists are all in favor of strengthening, rather than still further unloosening, the bond of matrimony; and hence it is peculiarly exasperating to read that a professor of sociology in a certain State university is allowed to deliver to impressionable young people such utterly fallacious nonsense as this:

Divorce is a blessing, not a curse. The step is taken with reluctance and only after the family ties have been broken. There is always a good ground for the decree of divorce, despite the trivial complaints usually published in the newspapers. A trip to the divorce court would convince any one of the truth of this statement. Increasing divorce is a token of the emancipation of woman and evidence of her increasing intelligence.

And perusal of the foregoing should convince any Catholic parent that the last place to which to send a boy or young man for an education is an institution where such doctrine is propounded with the authority naturally attaching to the professor's office.

An interesting fact which seems to have escaped the notice of the daily press is that by the death of Cardinal Agliardi, Chancellor of Holy Church, the preponderance of non-Italian over Italian Cardinals becomes greater than for many centuries perhaps than ever before. Another interesting fact is that by the recent death of Mgr. Laspro, Archbishop of Salerno, Cardinal Gibbons takes rank as dean by election of the hierarchy of the world. A great many bishops were still in their childhood when he was promoted to the episcopate by Pius IX.

One of the surprises that await the reader of Mr. A. C. Benson's memoir of his brother, Monsignor Robert Hugh, is the disclosure that the Benson family generally, as well as this brother who graciously writes the book, saw more of the late Monsignor in his Catholic than in his Protestant days. Of the final act in that ever-busy life the surviving brother writes: "It was not like an end: it was as though he had turned a corner and was passing on, out of sight, but still unquestionably there. It seemed to me like the death of a soldier or a knight, in its calmness of courage, its splendid facing of the last extremity, its magnificent determination to experience, open-eyed and vigilant, the dark crossing."

Christchurch, New Zealand, has lost its first Bishop in the person of the Rt. Rev. Joseph Grimes, S. M., D. D. The deceased prelate had passed the Biblical age limit of threescore and ten, having been born (in London) in 1842. A member of the Congregation of Marists, he taught, as a young man, in various colleges of his Order in Ireland and this country. Consecrated Bishop of the New Zealand See in 1897, he at once gave evidence that the choice of his ecclesiastical superiors was a wise one. To a truly pastoral zeal and a multiplicity of personal virtues, he added an administrative capacity that found ample scope in organizing and developing his new diocese. Many personal friends on both sides of the Atlantic will participate in the grief of his Christchurch flock because of his passing away. R. I. P.

The recent submission to the Churchie of two Protestant Episcopal clergymenprompts the New York Independent to repeat what it has said more than oncebefore apropos of such conversions: "It is very natural. They have followed a long line of their brethren. If they had learned to believe in the importance of ritual and! the mystical virtue of the sacraments, the transfer of spiritual power by unbroken tactual succession, and the binding values of ecclesiastical authority, they ought to leave any Protestant body for the unquestioning Church of Rome.",



Tommy Travers.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XVII.—THE LITTLE MAJOR.

สุ N that first wild, breath-) less moment of his seizure, Tommy knew nothing, felt nothing. The shock stunned him body and mind. Then, as if roused into reaction, the sluggish blood seemed to leap swiftly to heart and brain, and he became suddenly, vividly aware of all about him. He felt himself swung into a sort of litter or hammock, and borne, not ungently, up wild, rocky heights, still. echoing with the puff and shriek and whistle of the laboring engine, the shouts and wails of the affrighted passengers, all the tumult and outcry that had broken. upon the silence of the night.

His air cushion was still beneath him. The swift, swinging motion was not unlike that of the palanquin of his dreams, as the strong, light-footed bearers hurried on their upward way; while through all the natural terror of the situation there flashed the thrilling thought that here was adventure indeed, — adventure beyond all he had read or dreamed, — real', true adventure at last, far exceeding evem Dr. Dave's.

He had been captured, stolen, kidnapped! The "little Major" could not altogether repress the flutter of affright this realization brought to his soldier heart. But—but it would be only for a short while. Dad would pay up for him at once, — no doubt the very next day. And, with his "pulse beat and blood pressure" going at a rate that would have zigzagged Miss Norton's chart beyond all straightening, Tommy was swung on through the darkness, wonder ing what was going to happen next. Then suddenly there was a pause in the flight; he felt his bearers pushing in through a low, narrow opening. He was put down upon the ground in some dark shelter, where, through a break in the cavernous roof above, he could see a starry stretch of midnight sky. Again the terror of the situation mastered Tommy, and he grew faint and ill.

"Durned, if I don't believe he is gone!" muttered one of his captors, anxiously bending over him. "He ain't squealed since we teched him."

"Shake him and see," said the other, roughly.

"I can't,—I—daren't," was the reply. "I've—I had a kid like that of my own. To the devil with this baby snatching, and the mutts that put us at it! When they find the kid dead on their hands—"

"But I'm not dead!" broke in a feeble, piping voice.

"Lord!" gasped the man, recoiling.

"Lord!" repeated his captor, with a chuckle. "And I took him for a dead one."

"Golly!" continued Tommy, "I don't know what he will do to you, he'll be so fiery mad."

"Oh, we know all about your dad, and how hot he can make things, sonny, and we're risking it,—risking firing him up! But we don't mean to hurt you, don't you skeer 'bout that. This here ain't no pretty place, I know; but it's the best we could do to-night. We had to get somewhere in a hurry. Don't you skeer. Just you stand up to ming plucky, and we won't tech a hair of your head."

"You'd better not!" said Tommy, with a queer "boil" in his blood that he had never felt before. "Dad will have it out with you for this, anyhow."

"That's what we're counting on," was the grim reply. "We're making a deal with dad, with you for our trump card, sonny. And we can't afford to lose you. So take a swig of this to brace up on." And he put a flask to Tommy's lips.

"No," said Tommy, shaking his head. "Take it away! I don't want bracing. But — but I'll die of cold if you keep me here all night. Can't you make a camp fire?"

"We kin," was the quick reply, "and we will. You just lay back there, sonny, and keep alive, and we'll have a blaze going in half a minute. We've got the wood here ready for it."

And while the little Major lay back, struggling bravely against the faintness and the chill, the speaker, who loomed up like a big, black-bearded giant in the darkness, proved as good as his word. Very soon a pile of wood was gathered from some dusky beyond, and a fire was snapping and crackling into cheery blaze before Tommy. The leaping flames showed walls of rock and earth arching around him.

"A cavern,-a real cavern!"

Again the thrill of delight coursed through Tommy's chilled veins. This was beyond all Dr. Dave's stories and games. A real cavern and a camp fire! What would Dr. Dave say to an adventure like this? And, in the warmth and glow and cheer of the dancing' flames, the creepy horror that the little Major had been fighting off so bravely seemed to vanish into the scattered shadows, and he looked around him with brightening eyes.

It was a cavern, rough-walled and widespreading, its roof torn into the great fissure opening on the midnight sky. And things were heaped around—guns and pikes and miners' picks — that showed this was no undiscovered country into which Tommy had found his unwilling way. Even the black-bearded figure heaping fresh wood on the fire looked like rather a friendly giant in the ruddy light.

"Warming up, ain't you?" he asked, blinking over at his prisoner.

"Yes," said Tommy. "The fire feels good. You see, I'm not — not used to such a cold place as this."

"I ruther reckon you ain't!" chuckled the other, as he sat down on a rocky ledge jutting out of the cavern wall, and, with his chin resting on his hands, surveyed the pale little face revealed by the leaping light. "You've had it pretty soft, I guess, and this 'ere is tough on you. But" (the speaker's voice suddenly hardened) "there's wuss things than this. There's kids like you crying to their dads for bread that they can't give 'em. There's black holes under ground where men work till their legs and backs stiffen, and they can work no more, for the beggar's pay that won't keep 'em out of a pauper's grave. There's homes where there's no money to buy fire or light. And it's men, hard-hearted, hard-fisted like your-" The speaker broke off suddenly as he caught the bewildering look in Tommy's uplifted eyes. "Yes, yes," he added in a changed tone, "there's a lot of things wuss than this, sonny, that a kid that has had it soft like you can't know about. You can just count on this: nobody is going to hurt you, if we can help it; though it's likely to be tough and rough on you for a while sure."

"Tough and rough." These were strange and new words in Tommy Travers' vocabulary. Tough and rough! After Dr. Delvin and Miss Norton, after the charts and the soothing powders, after the great specialist's command of quiet and rest, after all the dulness and deadness and stillness of these last weary days, here was he, Tommy Travers, stretched out before a camp fire in the wild depths of a mountain cavern, and going to have it "tough and rough"!

"Now I ain't going to tell you no more," said his companion. "Bill hez gone off to report, and I'm to keep you safe here till morning. That's all you've got to know, sonny. You better snug up in the firelight and go to sleep." And the speaker pulled out a clay pipe from his pocket, filled it from a ragged pouch, and proceeded to smoke in a way that precluded further conversation.

But, grim and gruff and grisly as the big figure beside him was, Tommy felt it was a not unfriendly guardian that loomed up in the firelit shadows. The crackling wood sent forth spicy odors that recalled the incense of Saint Gabriel's. Tommy's thoughts turned to that sweet shelter where the red light was burning for him before Sister Gertrude's altar; and he felt that even in these dark depths there was a Love that held him safe in Its all-reaching care,a Father, wiser and mightier than dad, who could hear and see.

A soothing peace that Miss Norton's powder had never given stole over him. The curling clouds from his guardian's pipe seemed to uplift him on downy wings. With his frail little hands clasped, Tommy tried to murmur his night prayers—but, with the first "Our Father" unfinished on his lips, he was asleep.

. .

And Bunty? The same shock that had started Tommy out of his dreams in the Silver Queen had roused Bunty from his first nap in the curtained berth of his sleeper. He started up at the wild clamor of shouts and cries around him, to feel a rough grip on his arm, Nick's voice hoarse and hurried in his ear.

"Up and out with you, Bunt! Quick, quick!"

"A wreck!" thought the half-awake boy, — "a wreck, and Nick is waking and saving me!"

And, with the friendly fireman's stories flashing back into his mind, he stumbled forward, blindly, as Nick half led, half dragged him into the wild confusion without, where the train stood blocked in the blackest depth of the mountain pass, the engine shrieking and panting, the cars swaying; the passengers crowding out on the tracks, questioning, vociferating in wild excitement.

"A hold-up! Where are the villains? What's stolen? Who is stolen? Did they get away? Hunt them down,—hunt them down!"

"Impossible!" called an authoritative voice. "We must keep on. Take your places, please! There is no danger from the scoundrels."

But Nick only dragged Bunty on in wild haste.

"Nick, Nick, don't you hear? There's no danger. We needn't run like this. There's no danger, Nick."

"No danger!" echoed Nick, fiercely. "No danger the devil! Come on, you ninny,--quick, quick!"

And they scrambled on over rock and bramble, through tangles of dead vine and briar, up the black heights that frowned above the Pass, in a mad flight the bewildered boy could not understand. Where Nick was leading he could not think. Shouts, cries, even a pistol shot or two sounded in the darkness beneath them. The engine began to pant and stir, the whistle sounded, the bell clanged.

"Nick, the train is starting!" cried Bunty in dismay. "Where are we going, Nick? The cars are moving. We will be left. Gee whizz, we *are* left!"

"Good!" said Nick, pausing to draw a long breath of relief as the train swept off again, waking the echoes with its roar and rattle. "Well, but you're a ninny, Bunt,---you are a ninny sure! Looks like you ain't been real wide-awake since you got out of that thar hospital. Must hev given you some sort of dope there that 'dulled your wits."

"Well, they didn't," answered Bunty, gruffly. "They didn't give me nothing. that wasn't good." "I ain't so sure of that," went on his brother, who had paused on a rocky ledge of the steep ascent, and was scanning with restless gaze the heights above him. "They pulled some sort of wool over your eyes, for sure. You haven't • been the same sort of boy since. Even Granny Pegs saw that they gave you something that mushed you up."

"I tell you they didn't," said Bunty, angrily. "You're the mush head yourself, jumping off the train like a skeer-cat when we'd paid our way, and getting left in a place like this. Never heard of such a fool trick. How are we going to get out of here now? How are we going to strike that there job you were talking about so big?"

"We've struck it," was the answer,— "struck it right now and here, my boy! You gave your word to stick by me and stand for whatever I did, and I'm looking for you to keep it. And I'll see that you do," added Nick, his tone hardening fiercely. "There's to be no backing out of our bargain. I meant that train to leave us here. I hired the men to hold it up, and nab that sick kid of 'Tom 'Travers that was aboard it. And they've 'got him up here on these rocks. Your 'job here is to look after him,—keep him alive, if you can, till we squeeze his old "dad for our price."

"Tommy?" gasped Bunty, in bewilderment. "You've got Tommy? I—I don't believe it! You're lying to me, Nick Ware. You couldn't have Tommy Travers up here."

"Oh, couldn't we?" scoffed Nick, triumphantly. "Come and see!"

(To be continued.)

THE home of the chinchilla is among the Andes Mountains, in Chili, Bolivia, and Peru. It sleeps in the daytime, and at twilight it searches for roots to eat. It is a great climber, and runs up bare walls that seem to offer no foothold whatever. Its fur is an important article of commerce.

# A Little Girl's Praise.

Thackeray once told a friend that the most acceptable praise he had ever received came from a ragged little girl in one of the most poverty-stricken streets of London. As the great novelist passed along she called out to her brother:

"Hi, Archie! Do you know who him is? Him's Becky Sharp."

Thackeray was amazed. How had this ignorant little creature heard of him or of the Becky Sharp who figures in "Vanity Fair"? He stopped and questioned her, learning from her replies that her mother had been an actress and was "eddicated," but had had bad luck on the stage, and was now making trousers for a living. She had read one or two parts of "Vanity Fair," had told her little daughter the story as far as she knew it, and had once pointed out the author to her.

Thackeray took the grimy little hand of the child, and together they went to the mother's poor abode, finding her engaged in boiling potatoes for dinner. The novelist asked her what she most desired, and found it was to read the other chapters of the story which she had begun. The book was sent to her the next day, with other gifts.

"I was more pleased with that little ragamuffin's remark," Thackeray said afterward, "than if the Duke of Devonshire had praised me."

# May's First Day at School.

SHE went to school the very first time, Our sunny little May,

And eager we waited to hear her tell How she had spent the day.

- "I didn't like it at all," she said, Her little round cheeks aflame;
- "The teacher didn't ask me a thing I knew, 'Cept please would I give my name.
- "And then she broke her promise, too," Sobbed out our darling one;
- "For she said, 'Sit there for the present, dear,'-And she never gave me none!" \*\*\*

# THE AVE MARIA

# WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"The Lord My Light" is the title of an important new book from the pen of Fr. Joseph Rickaby, S. J., soon to be published by Messrs. Burns & Oates.

-All readers of that delightful book, "The Life of John William Walsh," by Mr. Montgomery Carmichael, will welcome his new venture in the same spirit, "The Solitaries of Sambuca," just issued by Messrs. Burns & Oates, and soon to be on sale in this country by the Benzigers.

-The opening of the Panama Canal has set free a deluge of books, not all of them so important as their titles would indicate. However, "The California Padres and their Missions," by F. Smeaton Chase and Charles Francis Saunders, should be worth while. It is published by Houghton, Mifflin Co.

-Cicero's "Somnium Scipionis," stylistically a remarkable piece of writing, has received a splendid setting in a new edition by the Rev. J. A. Kleist, S. J. The scholarly Introduction, the translation facing the text, the notes at the foot of the page,—all are calculated to make the "Dream" more generally and better known to undergraduate students. Schwartz, Kirwin & Fauss, publishers.

-Designed for children, "Robin Hood and His Merry Men," by Maud Radford Warren, attractively sets forth the words and deeds of that princely outlaw, with emphasis on the nobler qualities of this unique hero. The difficulties of the tale, from the viewpoint of ecclesiastical polity, are not satisfactorily dealt with. But children, of course, will not mind that, and they gain from being admitted through the medium of this book into the greenwood of old romance. The Rand, McNally Co., publishers.

-We are in receipt of six volumes of Benzigers' new "Thirty-five Cent Juvenile Library," as follows: "The Little Lady of the Hall," by-Nora Ryeman; "The Young- Color Guard," by Mary G. Bonesteel; "The Madcap Set at St. Anne's," by Marion J. Brunowe; "The Little Apostle on Crutches," by Henriette E. Delamare; "Daddy Dan," by Mrs. Mary T. Waggaman; and "The Haldeman Children," by Mrs. Mary E. Mannix. These stories are not of equal literary merit, but they are all bright and interesting. One of the best of them was originally published in THE AVE MARIA. Our only regret is that these, books are not more attractively bound. The illustrated paper jackets, however, will be pleasing as long as they last.

-The Rev. James MacCaffrey's "History of the Church from the Renaissance to the French Revolution," in two volumes, is announced for early publication by Mr. Herder. Father MacCaffrey will be remembered as the author of an excellent "History of the Church in the Nineteenth Century."

—An earnest mind is that of Mr. E. Ellsworth Shumaker, Ph. D., who has written "The World Crisis and the Way to Peace." (G. P. Putnam's Sons.) Dr. Shumaker is convinced that the obligation rests upon the United States to bring about peace at all costs. His plan involves appropriations on a large scale, and, if the Germans make it necessary, the sending of half our fleet to the North Sea. Neutrality he regards as an impossible position for us, and is himself, as will be judged, anything but neutral.

-We welcome the first number of the Catholic Historical Review for the study of Church History in the United States, edited by the Rev. Peter Guilday, and published by the Catholic University of America. Such names as those of the Rt. Rev. Rector of the University, Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O. F. M., and the Rt. Rev. Camillus P. Maes, D. D., among its contributors assure a high standard of scholarship. Apart from signed contributions, the depastments of "Miscellany" and "Documeats", would alone justify the publication. We segretthat so much space is given among the bookreviews to a volume that could have been, effectively disposed of-and, we think, in better tone---in half a dozen lines.

-The most considerable volume which has; as yet emanated from the Catholic Education, Press, Washington, D. C., is a "History of Education," being "a survey of the development of educational theory and practice in ancients, Medieval and modern times," by the Rev. Patrick J. McCormick, S. T. L., Ph. D., Associate Professor of Education in the Catholic University of America. This volume is Number Four in the University Pedagogical Series. Dr. McCormick divides his work into four parts, treating of Ancient Education, Christian Education, Renaissance and Reformation, and Modern Education. He thus takes in the entire scope, of the subject of education on the historic side. Accordingly, the wealth of matter here

presented, in due co-ordination, is very great. Particularly important and valuable are the chapters dealing with the comparatively little known theme of early Medieval pedagogics. Dr. McCormick's method is scholarly, and his style adequate. There are no "purple patches." We congratulate him upon producing an authoritative work, whose usefulness as a book of reference and as a volume for the studious perusal of educators generally can hardly be exaggerated. No price is given.

-A new and cheaper edition of the excellent and deservedly popular works of the Abbé Constant Fouard has been issued by Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. The set consists of six volumes: "The Christ, the Son of God: A Life of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ" (two volumes); "St. Peter and the First Years of Christianity"; "St. Paul and His Missions"; "The Last Years of St. Paul"; and "St. John and the Close of the Apostolic Age." Students as well as general readers will find all of these books well worth while; they are solidly learned as well as eminently readable. One forgets that they were written in another language, the translation is so good. . The publishers have made the volumes of the most convenient size, and they are carefully printed and durably bound. The set costs only \$7.50, and the volumes may be had separately for \$1.25.

# The Latest Books.

#### A Guide to Good Reading.

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

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

- "The World's Crisis and the Way to Peace." E. Ellsworth Shumaker, Ph. D. 75 cts.
- "Robin Hood and His Merry Men." Maud Radford Warren. 50 cts.
- "Loneliness?" Monsignor Benson. \$1.35.
- "Saints and Saintly Dominicans." Rev. Thomas Reilly, O. P. \$1.
- "Oremus." \$1.50.
- "The Wit and Wisdom of John Ayscough." Scannell O'Neill. 50 cts.
- "The Earthly Paradise." Rev. J. Henry, C. SS. R. 15 cts.

- "Popular Sermons on the Catechism." Rev. A. Hubert Bamberg, Rev. Herbert Thurston, S. J. \$1.50.
- "The Mirror." Mary F. Nixon-Roulet. 60 cts.
- "The Graves of Kilmorna." Canon Sheehan. \$1.35.
- "Out of Work: A Study of Unemployment." Frances A. Kellor. \$1.50.
- "From Fetters to Freedom." Rev. Robert Kane, S. J. \$1.50.
- "The King, the Kaiser, and Irish Freedom." James K. McGuire. \$1.50.
- "Les Cloches des Morts." Author of "By the Gray Sea." 75 cts.
- "Poems." Rt. Rev. R. H. Benson. 75 cts.

#### Obituary.

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

Rev. William Poole, Rt. Rev. Denis McMahon, and Rt. Rev. Charles McCready, of the archdiocese of New York; Rev. John Devlin, diocese of Newark; Rev. Andrew Garriga, diocese of Monterey; Rev. Joseph Marra, S. J.; and Rev. Peter O'Donohoe, C. S. B.

Sister M. Alphonsus, of the Sisters of the I. H. M.; Sister M. de Sales, Sisters of SS. Cyril and Methodius; Sister M. Peter, Sister M. Raymond, and Sister M. Cecilia, Sisters of the Good Shepherd; and Sister M. Felicitas, Order of St. Ursula.

Mr. Joseph Berle, Prof. C. P. Renaud, Mrs. Mary Lyons, Mr. A. C. Bunning, Mr. John McKenzie, Mr. Charles Smith, Miss Margaret McNish, Mr. William Morgan, Mrs. Annie Saunders, Miss Mary Langankramp, Mr. Edward Doyle, Mr. Charles Buhler, Mr. George Ross, Mrs. Bridget McCarten, Mr. L. M. Page, Mrs. Ellen Flood, Mr. Joseph Ward, Mr. William Callahan, Mr. Richard Davis, Miss Anna Welch, Mr. Thomas Egnew, Mrs. M. Cain, Mr. Michael McLaughlin, Dr. John Fleck, Mrs. Thomas Lenihan, Mr. Louis Gottwald, Mrs. Elizabeth McCormick, Mr. Oscar Mertens, Mrs. Jane McCarten, Miss Bridget McDevitt, Mr. John Ottersbach, Mr. Edward McNary, and Mr. Philip Weigel.

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

# Our Contribution Box

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee." To supply good reading for prisons, hospitals, etc.: Rev. T. D., \$5; Mrs. H. W. K., 90 cts.



VOL. I. (New Series.)

#### NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MAY 1, 1915.

NO. 18

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# In the Springtime of Our Lady.

BY HENRY MCLEAN.

OJOYOUS heart of mine, what shall I say! The crescent shimmers in the dusk of May, And blooming in the shadow of the grass

I see a lone

Bright flower full-blown—

White as the snows of holy Candlemas.

O I would sing a vesper minstrelsy

In honor of the Maid - so fair is she

Who hidden shone when Israel was dark! The one foretold,

The House of Gold

That held the Hope of priest and patriarch.

My joy was old in bygone centuries,

And young is it as twilight's hallowed breeze That whispers over farthest field and wood:

And I can hear

The message dear

Of stainless Mary's wondrous motherhood.

Ere passed the snows of Candlemas away My heart was sighing for Our Lady's May. And Mary's Month has come—O blessed moon!

When all is dim

It heralds Him

Who later is the sacred flame of June.

THE colored sunsets and the starry heavens, the beautiful mountains and the shining seas, the fragrant woods and the painted flowers,—they are not half so beautiful as a soul that is serving Jesus out\_of love, in the wear and tear of common, unpoetic life.—Faber.

Mary, Mother of Jesus.

BY THE VERY REV. R. O'KENNEDY.

HERE was a holy Jewish Maiden named Mary. She was of simple habits, simple life, and rare meekness. Worshipping God among the hills of Palestine, she might have remained unknown to the world had not God from all eternity decreed to take her from a lowly station, and, while leaving her the humility of the humblest, appoint her to the highest dignity possible to a creature. In a certain sense, Mary is a mystery; and, like all mysteries, hard to be understood. We must sit at the feet of Gamaliel to understand her. Our Gamaliel is Catholic theology as illustrated by the writings of the doctors and the saints. This will make all things simple. Catholic theology is not a harsh teacher: it is a Gamaliel whose lips drop honey.

It were easy to say that to a Jew named Joachim, and to his wife Anna, was born a child whom they called Mary. That is a fact, that is a truth; but what a truth, and what a fact! One can not see a thing if one places one's eyes against it. One must stand away from it. Our Gamaliel, will tell us where to get the best view of the Lily of Israel.

If a wealthy man or the sovereign of a great State has an heir given to him, he makes preparations to receive him according to his means. All that he can do for his first-born he will do. Would

God do less for His only-begotten Son, in whom He is well pleased? Theology takes us to the blue expanse of ocean, and it points out to us the flowing waters of the mighty rivers; and it bids us look at "the forest primeval, the murmuring pines and the hemlock." In the dead of night it calls upon us to admire the firmament, with its clusters of trembling "What are stars. And it says to us: all these for?" Then, before we have time to confess our ignorance, it whispers: "These the Great King prepared in honor of His Son, because He was to take a mysterious second birth in Creation,-He who was born at His first birth in the unimaginable splendors of the Father's bosom from eternity." Therefore did the Lord do all these things,—saying "to my Lord: Sit thou on my right hand, till I make thy enemies thy footstool."

What happened when He was born? "Behold, an Angel of the Lord stood by them [the Shepherds]; and the brightness of God [not the brightness of the sun, but the brightness of God] shone round about them; and they feared [as well they might] with a great fear. And the Angel said to them: Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, that shall be to all the people.... And suddenly there was with the Angel a multitude of the heavenly Host, praising God and saying: Glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth to men of good will." (St. Luke, ii, 9-14.) And what happened at His death? "And Jesus, again crying with a loud voice, yielded up the ghost. And behold the veil of the temple was rent in two from the top even to the bottom; and the earth quaked, and the rocks were rent, and the graves were opened." (St. Matt., xxvii, 50-52.) For whom else did such things as these ever happen?

A sovereign of this world prepares everything befitting the dignity of his child; and God, too, has done so with His Son. The whole problem of Creation, with its order, variety, and wealth of beauty, is intelligible when we think of it as the footstool of the heavenly Prince. On no other supposition is it reasonably intelligible. "All angels, men, animals, and matter were made for Jesus and for Jesus simply," says the devout Faber. "He was the first Creature. He is the sole reason of the existence of every created thing, the sole interpretation of them all, the sole rule and measure of every external work of God."

Rooms, furniture, clothing befitting the newly born heir of the king; and, more than all these, a fitting nurse. No common person, with rude manners, with untrained mind and rough hands, will worthily fill that office. The court will require courtier manners and grace. Neither will the manners of an African or Asiatic court suit those of a European one. The court attendant must be to the manner born. So it is with the court of heaven. But we know not the grace and manners of the court of heaven; for man's eye hath not seen nor his ear heard the things that are there in store. All we know from our Gamaliel is that the term "glory" embraces all that God arrays the blessed in; and from the same teacher we know that what is "glory" in heaven is "grace" upon earth. Therefore, as Jacob, in going in to his father, 'was dressed by his mother in good garments, and as the fragrant smell of them was as the smell of a plentiful field which the Lord hath blessed' (Gen., xxvii), so Holy Mary was arrayed in garments, not of the beauty of this world below, but of the magnificence and splendor of the world beyond the skies.

If I can not count the drops of water in the ocean or number the stars in the firmament, how can I estimate the graces given to Holy Mary? The earth, the sky, and the sea were only remotely connected with Our Lord; whereas Holy Mary was immediately and most intimately connected with Him, for from her He had His flesh and blood. My reason at once agrees that if all things be "good" because they were made for His footstool, then Holy Mary must be surpassingly "good" because she was to be His Mother.

Let us listen now to two of the saints, one a doctor of the Church. St. Jerome "What the blessed and eversays: glorious Virgin Mary was and how great her dignity may be understood from the Angel, who, divinely sent, says: 'Blessed art thou among women!' For it was fitting that with such graces she should be dowered so as to be full of grace,she who was to give glory to heaven and a God to earth. And therefore does he say, 'Blessed art thou among women!' for this reason: that whatever injury the curse of Eve brought on us, the blessedness of Mary took away. And of her and in her praise Solomon cries out in the Canticles: 'Arise, make haste, my love, my dove, my beautiful one, and come. For winter is now past; the rain is over and gone.'"

St. Germanus exclaims: "Hail, Ο Mary! Thou art full of grace; more saintly than saints; higher than the heavens; more glorious than Cherubim; more honorable than Seraphim; more venerable than any creature whatever. All creation was for the Son of God made Man. Everything was made, everything was adorned, everything was perfected, because of Him; and His Mother, of necessity, perfected the highest of all. Each had its perfection according to its nature, — the sea, the sky, the earth, fish, bird, insect and even man. There. can not be a doubt that God, when He was creating Adam, had in His mind (if we may so speak) 'the human form divine' of our Blessed Lord; and that Adam, in his outer majesty and beauty, was created rather to the likeness of Jesus' figure than Jesus to that of-Adam. But so far as heaven is above earth, so far is the beauty and dignity of grace beyond that of nature. It was, then, in the order of grace rather than in the order of nature that Holy Mary was adorned and perfected; though it was fitting that

nature, too, should have its adornment; for a certain grace and dignity of nature was to be expected in the Mother of the Son of God."

Holy Church in her Liturgy adapts the choicest passages in the Bible to the Mother of Christ. "He hath set His tabernacle in the sun,"-meaning that Mary, in whom the Lord took up His dwelling, was in purity like the sun in the heavens; and nothing in all creation is purer than the light of the sun. "The God who is omnipotent hath girded me round by His power; He hath made my path immaculate." This is what Holy Mary herself expresses in these words of her Magnificat: "He that is mighty hath done great things unto me." "My chosen one is white as the snow on Libanus: her lips are as the honeycomb dropping honev."

The antiphons which the Church sings on the feast of the Immaculate Conception are the most enchanting things in her enchanting Liturgy: "Thou art all fair, O Mary; and original stain is not in thee. Thy garment [of grace] white as the snow, thy face as the sun. Thou art the glory of Jerusalem, the gladness of Israel, the honor and pride of thy people. Thou art blessed, O Virgin Mary, by the Most High God beyond all the women on the earth. Draw us: we will run after thee to the odor of thy garments."

On December 8, 1854, Pope Pius IX., surrounded by an immense gathering composed of cardinals and of bishops from the most distant parts of the world, with the applause of all Christendom, solemnly pronounced and defined that "the doctrine which teaches that the Most Blessed Virgin Mary in the first instant of her conception was, by a singular privilege of God, preserved from every stain of original sin, has been revealed by God, and is therefore to be constantly and unwaveringly believed by all the faithful." \* This was delivered by the holy Pontiff, to use the words of the definition, "of his own supreme and infallible judgment." The decree, as it stands, was drawn up by Cardinal Cullen, of Dublin; the parenthesis, "by a singular privilege of God," alone having been inserted. Let us read one strikingly beautiful passage from the famous Bull of Pope Pius IX.:

"When the Ineffable God, whose ways are mercy and truth, whose will can do all things, and whose wisdom reaches powerfully from end to end, and disposeth all things sweetly, had from all eternity seen the grievous ruin that was to result from the transgression of Adam; and when He had decreed, in a mystery hidden from the beginning of the world, to complete the first work of His goodness through the Incarnation of the Word by a mystery still more hidden, in order that man, who had been led into sin by the wiles and snares of the infernal enemy, might not perish,-He selected, in the beginning and before all ages, a Mother for His only-begotten Son; and so adorned her, and surrounded her with His love that in her alone He was well pleased beyond all the creatures of His hands. Wherefore He so wonderfully endowed her beyond all angelic spirits and beyond all the saints, with a wealth of heavenly gifts taken from the treasure-house of His Divinity, that she was always free from every possible stain of original guilt; and that, all fair and perfect, she bore within her that plenitude of innocence and sanctity, greater than which there is not to be conceived under God, and so great that no one but God alone can understand it."

It is well known that a judge delivering judgment weighs every word he says. But a Pope or the members of a Council, in teaching the whole world, not alone weigh their words, but, before delivering them, fast and pray, and call upon all Christendom to pray. Any one who has ever read a treatise on the attributes of God, and weighed well what is written there of the eternity, self-existence, immu-

tability, infinity, omnipotence, omnipresence, wisdom, sanctity, and purity of God, must have realized with the Church that, no matter how exalted and how adorned Holy Mary might be, still it was condescension beyond thought on the part of God the Son to make her His Mother. "When Thou didst undertake to redeem man, Thou didst not abhor the Virgin's womb." The angels were shown the Incarnation, and a third of them 'abhorred the Fruit of the Virgin's It is not, then, the Virginal womb.' Mother but the only-begotten Son that the Church, in teaching the Immaculate Conception, has primarily in view. In the words of Duns Scotus, the great Irish Franciscan, Deus facere potuit, et decuit; ergo fecit. ("God could do it; it behooved Him to do it; therefore He did it.") In honoring and praising Mary we glorify God. No true Christian can fear to honor too much her whom the Almighty has honored so highly. "Above her is God only, below her is all that is not God," St. Alphonsus declares.

But long centuries before, St. Sophronius had written: "Rejoice, O Wonder, to be admired before all wonders! For what words shall fittingly speak thy praise? Who is so boastful as to think that he can declare thy magnificence? Thou hast adorned our human nature. Thou hast surpassed the Choirs of Angels. The splendors of the Archangels are darkness to thee. Thou lookest down on the sublime Choirs of the Thrones seated beneath thee. The most excellent Dominations fade away before thee. Thou dost outstrip the royal Principalities. Thou dost give strength to the mighty Powers. Thy virtue is more excellent than the Choir of Virtues themselves. Before thine earthly eyes the gaze of the Cherubim is lowered. The flight of the burning Seraphim, with their six extended wings, soars not exalted and close to the Great White Throne, eagle-like, as thine. In fine, every creature created by God's hands thou dost eminently surpass."

### The Secret Bequest.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

#### XVIII.



OTWITHSTANDING the very clear understanding between Cecily and Julian Page - or perhaps because of that understanding, - their intimacy, which Cecily preferred to call their camaraderie, had not lessened in the least degree. Julian remained as much her devoted admirer as ever, and she was as frankly receptive of his devotion, - their whole attitude being that of people who possessed in common the knowledge of a very different world from that in which they had met, as well as certain esoteric ideas and standards which set them apart from the

The Philistine bias of this society was indeed strongly evidenced by the manner in which their intimacy was regarded.

old-fashioned society around them.

"I suppose we shall have the announcement of your son's engagement to the younger Miss Trezevant very soon," her old friends frequently remarked to Mrs. Page, who in reply would shake her head with an enigmatic smile.

"I think not," she replied on one of these occasions. "Julian only laughs when I speak of anything of the kind, and says that I don't know the modern view of the relations between young men and women. It seems that they are allowed to be intimate friends without any idea of - er - marrying; and it's considered very narrow-minded to object to such intimacy."

"I should call it simply flirtation," the friend, who was outspoken as well as old-fashioned, observed. "Men and women can't be made over again by any modern views; and you can't turn an old thing into a new one by giving it a new name. If those two are not engaged, or going to be, they are just simply flirting."

"Well, at least they know what they are about, and neither is likely to harm the other," Mrs. Page said, with a resigned sigh. ""There's that good thing about the modern sort of flirting, that they are quite frank with each other. From what Julian says, I fancy that he and Cecily Trezevant have had a perfectly clear understanding."

"An understanding of what kind, in V, the name of conscience?"

"Well, that there's to be no question of marriage between them, I suppose,at least that's what I infer from things he has let fall. It seems Cecily has a very exalted idea of her capacities and deserts: she thinks that she is so beautiful and so clever that, now that she has money besides, she ought to make some very brilliant marriage. And Julian is quite beneath her notice."

"Set her up!" the indignant listener eiaculated. "Her head is completely turned with vanity and conceit. She's pretty enough, but no great beauty to my mind: and the money isn't hers at all but her sister's."

"Oh, she considers it the same as if it were hers! And I suppose it is the same," Mrs. Page replied. "Honora has no will of her own where Cecily is concerned."

"She'd better develop one, if she doesn't want ducks and drakes made of her fortune," the other declared; "for everybody is talking of this girl's extrav-They say she spends money agance. like water."

"She has a very handsome allowance, and uses it as she pleases," Mrs. Page explained. "But Alicia says that she always gets a good return for what she spends. She's really very shrewd; and, while I don't like her as I like Honora, I can understand her charm. But I wish Julian had never seen her!" the mother ended, with another sigh.

And there was reason enough for this wish, from Mrs. Page's point of view Julian, in her opinion, needed a steadying influence in his life; and when he returned home from that art existence abroad which she had so deeply distrusted, she hoped that this influence might be found in some one of the girls of his native place, who had been reared in the old traditions so dear to her heart. But she soon perceived that, except in a very light and transitory fashion, these girls did not attract Julian's errant fancy. Taxed with this, he acknowledged that they lacked a flavor which his sophisticated taste demanded. "They are pretty and refined, and natural as flowers," he said. "But they don't know anything about my world, and I couldn't live in theirs. So there you are! They are provincial in taste and type, and I'm-er-cosmopolitan, vou see."

"You're impertinent and spoiled, and the girls are ever so much too good for you!" Alicia told him with ruffled plumage, like a small bird up in arms for its companions.

"No doubt they are, and that is just what's the matter," he laughed. "Insipid food may be very healthful, but it's not stimulating to the palate after one has known highly spiced and seasoned dishes; or, to make another comparison, these girls are like milk and water, and I want—oh, I want champagne!"

Alicia eyed him disapprovingly.

"It sounds very dissipated," she observed severely, "I think the champagne would be likely to go to your head."

"The sooner the better!" he responded fervently.

And the champagne not only arrived, but mounted to his head with amazing quickness, when Cecily appeared,—Cecily with her flavor of the world he loved and longed for, with a beauty that fascinated all the artist in him, and a charm as subtle, as full of infinite variety as that (the comparison was his) of the "serpent of old Nile," the eternal type of the enchantress of the souls of men.

As may readily be perceived, much of this was exaggeration; for Cecily, with

all her power to charm, was by no means a Cleopatra. But an artist in love is even more prone to exaggerate than other men in the same condition. And Cecily, having nothing else of interest to do-since Bernard Chisholm proved strangely insensible to her charms,-found amusement in alternately enchanting and tormenting the young man with whom she had so much in common, and who really attracted her more than she would confess to herself, much less to him. For they were of the same world: they talked in a language which was largely unintelligible to those around them; and, since she had been perfectly explicit with him, and he was thoroughly aware of her plan of life, she saw no reason for deferring to the prejudices of his narrow-minded relatives and friends, so far as their intimacy was concerned.

It came to pass very naturally, therefore, that when Mr. and Mrs. Robert Selwyn were planning for an automobile trip through the beautiful mountain region of the Blue Ridge, they should have thought of inviting Julian and Cecily to accompany them, and that both of the latter should have accepted with enthusiasm. To Julian it was an altogether delightful opportunity for artistic work, and for the unrestricted enjoyment of Cecily's society; while Cecily herself, avid for pleasure of any kind, told Honora that she considered the arrangement quite perfect.

"The Selwyns are really charming people," she said; "and I'm sure we shall have a most delightful trip, breaking it when and where we please; and especially by a few weeks at Lake Toxaway, where Julian is making plans to do an immense amount of sketching. Edith says the party will be very distinguished, with an artist along, and—er—"

"Don't be modest!" Honora laughed. "For what part are you cast?"

"Oh, 'the beautiful Miss Trezevant,' of course!" Cecily laughed in turn. "It's wonderful how one is appreciated when one's qualities of beauty, or whatever else they may be, are set in a frame of gold! There's no good in being cynical, however. One must take the world as one finds it, and I find it a very agreeable place since we have had plenty of money. O Honora, isn't it like an awful dream, to remember that narrow, struggling life of poverty, with never a gleam of pleasure or hint of luxury, that we lived in New York?"

Honora looked at her with a sudden gravity on her face.

"Yes," she said, "it is dreadful to think of; but it would be more dreadful still if this were the dream and we had to go back to the other."

"Go back to it!" Cecily echoed the words in a key of angry amazement. "What do you mean? How could we have to go back to it?"

"We couldn't," Honora assured her hastily. "I was only wondering — what you would do in such a case?"

"I should kill myself," replied Cecily, promptly. "You needn't have any doubt about that. But what is the sense of such disagreeable and preposterous suggestions?"

"Isn't it good for us to contrast sometimes the present with the past?"

"No, it isn't," Cecily contradicted, unmindful of the fact that she had introduced the distasteful subject. "It's never good to think of detestable things, and what on earth is so detestable as poverty. You're morbid, Honora,—positively morbid! I've told you so before, and I'm certain that the sooner we get away from this place the better."

"What influence do you think there is in this place to make me morbid?" Honora inquired.

"I don't know," Cecily replied; "but I haven't any doubt of the fact that you are morbid." She paused, and considered the other for a moment with bright, keen eyes, in which there was a gleam of distrust. "I'm rather sorry to leave you here alone while I go on this

trip with the Selwyns," she then said. "But I hope you will occupy the time by getting ready for our departure as soon as possible after I return. Do finish all that stupid work about the factories,---or, better yet, put it all in Bernard Chisholm's hands, and arrange everything so that we can get off without delay. And, in making your arrangements, don't forget that we are not going on a sightseeing tour, or anything of that kind: we are going to stay as long as we please, and, so far as I am concerned, I think that will be altogether; for I intend to become one of the much talked-of American women who marry men of rank and live abroad."

"Have you told Julian Page of your intentions?"

"As much as concerns him. He knows perfectly well that I haven't the faintest intention of marrying *him.*"

"Then I must say that I think you are acting very badly in letting him be as devoted to you as he is, and in going on this journey, where you will be thrown with him so constantly."

Cecily opened her pansy eyes very wide.

"How utterly absurd!" she remarked. "Upon my word, you are as old-fashioned in your ideas as if you had been brought up in Kingsford by—by Cousin Mary Page!"

"I might be many worse things than old-fashioned," Honora replied with spirit. "And I don't think any fashion, new or old, excuses playing with a man's heart for amusement."

"My dear, you are really too ridiculous! Julian is a modern man, as I am a modern woman, and understands the situation as well as I do. He would only laugh at the idea of your wasting sympathy on him, and he'd be very sorry if I became so considerate of his heart as to deprive him of any of my society while he can still enjoy it."

"And you are planning that he shall soon lose it altogether! Cecily, I don't understand how you can be so heartless."

"You mean that you don't understand why I'm not as sentimental as you are," Cecily returned, in a tone of unmistakable contempt for all sentimentality, past, present, or to come. "Well, I couldn't make you understand if I talked all day. So why talk at all? My wings are spread for a wide flight into the world - the enchanting, distant, great world,-and not a hundred Julian Pages could hold me back. He's really very attractive, though," she added reflectively, "and I shall enjoy this trip we are to take together very much,-we are so thoroughly sympathetic in our tastes and ideas."

"Cecily, why shouldn't you marry him?" Honora asked desperately. "It would be so suitable in every respect."

"Do you think so?" It was a flash of scorn that shone in Cecily's eyes now. "That only shows how thoroughly commonplace you are in your ideas, and how little you know me. Wait and see what I will do with the unique opportunity fortune has given me; and then you will appreciate the absurdity of suggesting that I should throw it away by marrying Julian Page."

"I really think," said Honora, "that you are distracted with ambition and vanity, and—and it makes me afraid, to hear you talk as you do!"

"Afraid of what?"

"Of some terrible disappointment for you in the way you've planned for yourself."

"Don't trouble about that!" Cecily's tone was arrogant as well as scornful and involuntarily she glanced at the reflection of her brilliant beauty in a mirror opposite. "I will take care that I am not disappointed. Only stupid people allow things to go wrong with them when they are equipped to succeed as I am. Now, we won't discuss the matter further; for I only shock you, and there's nothing gained by *that*.

To return to our mutton: I'm sure I shall have a charming trip with the Selwyns. And meanwhile why shouldn't you take our car and make a few excursions on your own account? You can easily get up a party, for everybody is wild about motoring."

"I will think of it," said Honora.

She thought of it to such purpose that, a day or two after the departure of the Selwyn party in their great touring car, she went to see Miss Rainesford, and asked that lady if she would not like to make an excursion with her into the picturesque mountain region which lay so near to them.

"I shall be charmed to go," Miss Rainesford replied. "I've always longed to set out in a motor car and travel when and where I pleased. It's the absolutely ideal way of seeing a country. And how lovely of you to give me the opportunity at last!"

Honora had a swift thought of the motors (together with all other signs and symbols of wealth) that would have been at the speaker's command, had she followed the easy road of worldly prudence and married the man who possessed them all, but who had refused to make "the promises."

"I am so glad that you like the idea," she said. "I hoped that you would, for I think we can make the trip delightful. And would you mind not having any one along beside ourselves?"

"My dear, that is what I would like of all things," Miss Rainesford responded enthusiastically. "I can't endure travelling parties, unless they are made up of the choicest possible elements,—such elements as are not easily brought together. Just you and I alone, will be perfect."

"You see, other people might not care for the same things that we would," Honora explained. "I am going to let you plan the journey. We will go where you please, and stay as long or as short a time as you like. But there is one place I should like to include in our itinerary, if you don't object."

"Imagine my objecting to any place you would like to include! What is it?"

Honora hesitated for an instant, and then-

"Perhaps you'll think it odd," she said a little deprecatingly, "but I have a great curiosity to see that Benedictine Monastery of which you and Bernard Chisholm have talked, and where he was converted. There's something very strange about the idea of such a place in this country,—as if a bit of the Middle Ages had been brought and set down in the most incongruous surroundings of the modern world."

"I don't find anything odd in your desire to go there," Miss Rainesford replied promptly. "Of course it's interesting and piques curiosity immensely, the idea of a Benedictine abbey in this intensely Protestant country. But you won't find anything incongruous about it. The most remarkable thing that will strike you is how much in place it seems, how thoroughly it fits into its environment."

"Forgive me, but I can't believe that. It must seem—archaic. Bernard himself said that to go there was like stepping into another world."

"In the sense that he meant, it is another world: it is the supernatural brought into the midst of the purely natural. But it's as if it belonged there, as if it were a note which had been lacking. all along, but was now supplied; and, being supplied, harmony results. You can't understand now what I mean, but you'll see."

"Shall I?" Honora's eyes were very bright. "It will interest me extremely. And we can go there, then? Visitors are permitted?"

"Oh, yes! Visitors are received most courteously. Hospitality is a Benedictine rule, you know. And I suppose you would like to see something in the way of a religious function, wouldn't you?" "I should like it very much, and to hear some music."

Miss Rainesford nodded approval.

"So should I," she said. "And, by a fortunate chance, you have expressed the desire just at a time when it is possible to gratify it. Next Thursday is the Feast of Corpus Christi—but of course you don't know anything about that?"

"Nothing in the world," Honora confessed. "Perhaps you'll tell me what it is."

"I need only tell you what the name itself tells—that it's the Feast of the Body of Christ: in other words, of the Blessed Sacrament. It's a wonderful fête day in Catholic countries; but in this country it is no longer of obligation, and is therefore observed only in religious communities. I've heard that it is beautifully celebrated at Belmont—that's the Abbey,—and I've long wished I could go there for the occasion, but it has never been possible for me to do so."

"I'm almost glad that it never has been," Honora exclaimed, "since now I have the great pleasure of rendering it easy for you to go, and of going with you. Oh, do let us make our arrangements at once to be at Belmont in good time for the celebration! It is an opportunity such as I never expected to have—here."

(To be continued.)

#### Eternal.

#### BY ENID DINNIS.

• OYS are immortal: happy days have souls, And live again with suns that never set.

Life gives us hours which time in vain controls; The past hath moments which shall greet us yet.

Set, then, in front the things that are behind,-

The tender things that are no more. No more?' Nay, deathless, we those God-touched hours shall find

Eternal, midst the things that lie before,

## The Bicentenary of Fénelon.

BY WILLIAM P. H. KITCHIN, PH. D.

On my word, I must quit this place as soon as possible; for if I stay here another week, I shall be a Christian in spite of myself.—Lord Peterborough writing from Cambrai to John Locke.

RANCE noted though she could not fête January 7, 1915, the two hundredth anniversary of Fénelon's death. And in the present days of stress and danger, what thrilled her most in the glorious career of the great churchman was his boundless devotion to the wounded, his unceasing charity toward widows, orphans, and peasants rendered homeless by the dread scourge of war. By a strange coincidence, war devastated Cambrai during the greater part of Fénelon's episcopate, and to-day it is one of the storm-centres of the contending armies. The present Bishop, Mgr. Chollet, has remained at his post ever since hostilities began, and has proved himself a worthy successor of the great prelate of the eighteenth century.

It was in 1650 that Pons de Salignac, Comte de Lamothe-Fénelon, an elderly widower, whose sons were officers in the French army, married a young heiress, Louise de la Cropte. The Count's children were extremely displeased at their father's second marriage; but the pious uncle, Marquis Antoine de Fénelon, urged them to be resigned to God's Providence, "which often draws the greatest blessings, even of a temporal nature, from the very events which seem to clash most with our wishes and ambitious interests." The result justified the good uncle's intuition; for the child François, born to the house of Fénelon on August 6, 1651, was the noblest of his race, the greatest prelate after Bossuet of pre-revolutionary France; and as long as French speech exists his writings will be studied as models of an enchanting style, and admired for their suave and insinuating eloquence.

François de Fénelon was an extremely

delicate child, and once at least his life was despaired of. At the early age of twelve he entered the University of Cahors; and seven years later went to Paris, where he entered the Seminary of St. Sulpice, then in the first flush of its fervor and celebrity. His tutor was M. Tronson, third superior of St. Sulpice, who exercised a wonderful influence over his whole career. In later years, when he and Bossuet disputed on deep problems of mystical theology, M. Tronson was arbiter between them, and in the magnificent park of the Seminary of Issy (Paris) still stands a small stone summerhouse where these three famous men used to meet and hold their discussions.

Ordained priest in 1675. Fénelon thought seriously for a while of becoming a missionary in the East, but his friends prevailed on him to remain at home. After laboring for some few years in the parish of St. Sulpice, he was appointed superior of the "New Catholics," a society founded for Protestants about to enter the Church and for converts still on the threshold of the Faith. His success in this post caused Bossuet to recommend his appointment as head of a mission band who were to preach to the Huguenots of Poitou and Saintonge. In this work he proved himself a perfect apostle of admirable patience, ready to make all allowances for the prejudices, weaknesses and ignorance of his pupils. He always insisted that kindness was the best method of making converts, and that instruction given without bitterness and undue denunciation would gradually dissipate misunderstandings and disagreements. "No human power," he used say, "can pierce the impregnable entrenchment of the heart. Force can never convince men: it can only make hypocrites. When kings meddle with religion, instead of protecting it they enslave it. Grant, then, to all civil tolerance, - not by approving everything as indifferent, but by enduring with patience • what God permits, and by endeavoring to win men by gentle persuasion."

In 1689 Fénelon became tutor to the Duke of Burgundy, grandson of Louis XIV. The appointment was received with enthusiastic satisfaction, and the courtiers said that Louis the Great had outshone all other monarchs, and proved himself wiser than Philip of Macedon when he appointed Aristotle tutor to his son. The little prince was no easy pupil to train. According to Saint-Simon, the court chronicler, his pride and arrogance were colossal; he looked down on others, even on his own brothers, as inferior beings; he had also a most ungovernable temper, and would break out into wild storms of passion at the slightest contradiction. This was the boy Fénelon was chosen to teach: such was the poor material he had to mould into a "most Christian King" and "eldest son of the Church."

The tutor devoted himself heart and soul to the task; all his varied talents, his tireless patience, his vast stores of knowledge, his consummate literary art were employed to correct his royal pupil's faults, to inspire him with noble ideals, and make him worthy of his exalted station. For the little Duke's instruction Fénelon wrote his admirable "Fables," his "Dialogues of the Dead," his "Telemachus," which, after two centuries retain almost unaltered their freshness and charm. In these works, under an agreeable veil of fiction, he proposes the noblest aims to the boy, administers also the most telling rebukes, and shows him what incalculable harm a flattered ruler may do once he swerves from the path of duty.

The pen-picture of Burgundy as sketched. in the fable called "Le Fantasque," or "Master Whimsical," exemplifies the teacher's methods perfectly, and is too good to be omitted: "What has happened to Melanthus? Nothing without; everything within. There was a wrinkle in his stocking this morning, and we shall all have to suffer for it... He cries like a baby, he roars like a lion... Don't speak to him of what he likes best: for that very reason he won't hear a word in its favor. He contradicts others and tries to annoy them; he is furious that they will not be angry.... Sometimes he will suddenly drop his rage, and be amused at his own bad temper; he forgets what has annoyed him. ... Or, rather, it is we who are angry; the whole world is yellow, because the jaundice is in his own eyes. He spares no one, but rushes on the first comer, just to vent his rage. . . . But stay! He has changed again. He confesses his fault, laughs at his own absurdities, mimics them for our amusement. Now he is full of affection, caresses and makes much of those he has offended. till you would think he could never lose his temper again-you are wrong; there will be another seene to-night, at which he will laugh in the morning; but without the least thought of amendment."

Correction so skilfully administered was not without effect on the sensitive mind of his pupil. There are still extant some, "promises of honor" made by the child-duke to his preceptor. One of them reads: "I promise Abbé Fénelon on the honor of a prince to do at once whatever he tells me, and to obey him the moment he forbids me anything; if I fail in this, I shall submit to all sorts of punishment and disgrace. Given at Versailles, November 29, 1689.—Louis."

In similar strain does Fénelon preach to his pupil in the "Dialogues of the Dead." The great men of ancient and modern history converse together, point out to each other their weaknesses and shortcomings, so that the little prince, heir of so much grandeur, beset by so many dangers, may learn wisdom from their mistakes. The lesson which the teacher never tires of insisting on is that virtue alone makes a man truly great, be he monarch or peasant; and, in order, to drive this lesson better home, vaunted national heroes, such as Julius Cæsar, Louis XI., Henry VIII., are made to show:

... by what wretched steps their glory grows, From dirt and seaweed as proud Venice rose; In each how guilt and greatness equal ran, And all that raised the hero, sunk the man. Fénelon's methods were crowned with amazing success. He changed the proud, headstrong, passionate boy into a model man, from whose enlightened reign great things were expected. Providence, however, willed it otherwise. The Duke of Burgundy died in the very bloom of youth, three years before his grandfather.

Fénelon's writings had by this time given him a place in the French Academy. In 1695 new honors fell to his share: he was appointed Archbishop of Cambrai, and consecrated by Bossuet in the August of that year. The town of Cambrai was the ecclesiastical centre of the Flemish provinces wrested from Spanish rule by Louis XIV., and confirmed to him by the treaty of Nymwegen in 1678. In preceding centuries, its bishop's jurisdiction extended over Brussels and Antwerp. In addition he enjoyed quasi-sovereign rights and possessed his own fortresses, garrisons, and mint. Most of these glories had long since departed; but, though all feudal rights and most feudal possessions were things of the past, Fénelon still ranked as a Prince of the Holy Roman Empire and as a Duke of France.

To many of his people the new Archbishop appeared as a foreigner; half the diocese lay outside the frontiers of France altogether, and spoke not French, but Flemish; while the stately prelate, fresh from the elegant and courtly circles of Versailles, seemed more of a fine gentleman than the rough-and-ready Flemings were prepared to relish. But Fénelon's ever ready tact and exquisite amiability enabled him to overcome quickly these provincial prejudices and win the wholehearted love and veneration of his people. To his priests he professed himself-and, better far, proved himself-a father and a brother in God. To the laity he was extremely charitable and perfectly approachable at all times; eager to help, yet discreet in tendering assistance: he seemed when doing a kindness to be receiving rather than conferring a favor. He visited the peasants in their homes,

listened to the stories of their humble joys and sorrows, and, like St. Francis de Salés, accepted gratefully their simple hospitality and trifling gifts. To this day his memory is green in Cambrai and the environs, and the peasants give the name "Fénelon" to their children as though it were that of a canonized saint.

No part of the vast diocese, which counted as many as eight hundred parishes, remained unvisited by the zealous pastor; yet abuses were reformed and admonitions given with the utmost gentleness. He was accustomed to say that at Cambrai there was no room for tranchets,slashing young reformers, red-hot from the Sorbonne, who would govern by castiron rules and make no allowances for human nature. Every question of importance was examined by the Archbishop in a council composed of local church dignitaries, perfectly acquainted with the needs and possibilities of any situation that might arise; and the prelate felt himself bound by the decision of his advisers. The curé of Jument "fell out" with his flock because they had joined a religious procession bearing drums, flags, and arrows. "Speak to the parishioners severely in my name," wrote Mgr. Fénelon to the Rural Dean; "but also try to make the pastor understand that he will never gain any authority over them, or win their confidence, unless he learns to meet them halfway over these pardonable little eccentricities of custom."

But it was during war, and toward its unhappy victims, that Fénelon's charity was most exercised. For more than ten years (1704–1715) the War of the Spanish Succession ravaged his diocese, and the desperate battles of Malplaquet and Denain were fought within its borders. During these terrible years, when the spectres of famine and pestilence stalked abroad in the land, the Archbishop's self-sacrifice had no limits. Not satisfied with supplying the endless wants of the poor, he more than once supplied for the incapacity, carelessness or maladministration of the Government as well. In 1708 the garrison of St. Omer, being neither paid nor fed, mutinied, and threatened to pillage the town they were supposed to defend. The local authorities, feeling themselves unable to cope with the situation, fled. Fénelon gathered all the cash he could find in his palace, borrowed the remainder, and paid the soldiers himself.

As the war dragged on, with more and more defeats for the French, Cambrai overflowed with wounded, and became also a refuge for the peasants of the whole province. These homeless creatures were received by the prelate into his own palace, sheltered and fed there; while in the gardens and courtyard of his dwelling their cattle were stabled. Α gracious legend, which is at least ben trovato, represents the master of the house as going on one occasion to look for a cow that had strayed away from a poor woman, and bringing it back in triumph to its owner. "One would have thought," wrote Abbé Gallet, his secretary, "that one saw Noah's Ark, to which thronged in haste all who wished to escape shipwreck. He [Fénelon] ordered his steward to give food to all who asked it, and forbade him to refuse any one. After the bloody day of Malplaquet, the French troops received every assistance from the holy prelate. He made even the ecclesiastics leave his seminary, in order to shelter the wounded there.... It will never be known how much good this saintly Archbishop did in the hospitals during the last war. The striking conversions that God worked through him were beyond counting."

Nor was his sympathy confined to any rank, class or creed. Foreign soldiers as well as French, Protestants equally with Catholics, privates as well as officers, received from him due attention. He was as prompt at the bedside of the humblest as though he had no other business in life. And, in consequence, everyone revered him. He, who had made

himself all things to all men, was reverenced and loved by all. Prince Eugene and the Duke of Marlborough, the very generals that had inflicted the most crushing defeats on the French armies, vied in doing him honor, protected his property from pillage, and often granted to his prayers what no one else would have dared to ask. "In short," says Saint-Simon, "much as he was loved throughout the dominions of the King [Louis XIV.], his fame stood even higher wherever the King's enemies were masters."

The great French literary critic, Saint-Beuve, says that Fénelon's last years were like the close of a genial winter, big with the promise of coming spring. Though now only "a skeleton that walked and talked," and looking every day more ascetic and like St. Charles Borromeo, he performed all his duties with the utmost exactness. Returning from a pastoral visitation, he met with an accident, and on Jan. 1, 1715, a sharp fever set in. During the six days of his illness, the Holy Scripture was constantly read to him. "Repeat, repeat again," he used to say, "those divine words." The third day of his illness he received the Viaticum, and on the Feast of the Epiphany he was anointed. All that day and the following night he suffered intensely. "I am on the cross with Jesus Christ," he murmured. From time to time he would raise his eyes to heaven, and, joining his hands in the attitude of prayer, submit himself to God's will. Toward morning he grew weaker, and passed away calmly at a quarter after five.

In his testament he had expressed the wish that no expense should be incurred for his funeral. This wish was respected, and on his tomb were engraved the words: "The ashes, not even yet silent, still breathe and shine, of him who was the ornament of prelates, the spotless disciple of Christ, the exemplar of his flock."— Non mutus cinis spirat adhuc splendetque, præsulibus perpetuum decus, intaminatus Christi discipulus, forma factus gregis.

## The Little Governess.

#### BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

RS. GRACE had had a weary two hours, interviewing applicants for the post of her children's governess. She was a kind-hearted woman, and it somehow made her heart ache,—so many sadlooking women had come before her! Young, old, and middle-aged they were; and all of them tired, dusty, and a little faded. And as yet she had not been able to please herself. The room was a depressing place, in a street of tall old houses, which had been grand residences a century ago, and now were full of decay.

It was almost five o'clock as the last applicant was ushered in, waking Mrs. Grace's jaded mind to a faint new interest. She was a pathetic little figure, this very childish-looking girl, in her straight gown of black woollen, with tiny white frills at the neck and wrists. She looked as if she had not had enough air and sunshine, like a plant kept in a dark place. With care and tenderness she would have been very pretty, Mrs. Grace thought,indeed, she was pretty now, if only the lips and eyes looked as if they could smile. She had smooth skin of a creamy-golden color,-beautiful brunette skin, such as one does not often see in our country of blondes; her mouth was red and pretty, and her brown eyes gleamed like velvet under their long lashes; her hair came stealing out in baby rings from the disfiguring dark hat. She stood there very meekly, with a patient expression which had little hope in it. Mrs. Grace noted all this, and the shades below the eyes, and the droop of the sensitive mouth, with something like a throb of pain.

She had lived through heavy days of late, this mother. Less than a year ago her one little daughter had slid out of life, leaving a great void in the house (which was full of noisy boys), and in the mother's heart. Little Daisy had been a gentle child, with meek, quiet ways; she might have grown up, the mother thought, such a one as the girl who stood before her. It made her voice very gentle when she spoke, asking the usual questions,so kind and so gentle that a spot of red came in Ailsie Lyndon's pale cheeks, and her eyes lifted themselves up shyly. She had never been in a situation before, but her acquirements seemed to be good-of a solid, old-fashioned kind. Nevertheless, I think if they had not been so good she would still have secured the position of Mrs. Grace's governess; for that impulsive lady had taken such a fancy to her that it required considerable self-control to keep from putting her arms around the girl who was like what Daisy might have been, and taking her to her motherly heart on the spot. However, prudence prevailed for the moment, but not so far as to keep Mrs. Grace from carrying her off to Reindeer Hall that very evening.

Her recommendations, from a wellknown priest and the Mother Superior of a convent, were indisputable as to character; and Mrs. Grace felt quite elated as she packed the girl in her brougham, and ordered the long-suffering Williams, who had been exercising his horses and his patience for two long hours, to drive to Miss Lyndon's lodgings. Business there was rapidly concluded: there was only the bill to be paid, and the girl's small wardrobe (hastily put together) to be sent for, and then the horses' heads were turned homeward.

All this was in a city by the sea,—a city of moderate dimensions, within easy reach of the country, where one smelled the sea in the streets and caught glimpses of blue mountains from upper windows; a city of few manufactures, above which the scarcely soiled sky kept its innocent blue. It was April, despite the day's murkiness; and as they drove across the great bridge which connects the principal highway, the clouds were breaking up grandly to westward, with heaped masses of flaky gold, which were reflected in the tossed and muddy waters between the line of quays. By the time they reached Reindeer Hall the sun had come out, and the beautiful old red brick house lay basking in a flood of light, with the mountains behind it, and the trees, palegreen with the young opening foliage, framing it in.

Ailsie Lyndon had sat very quietly during the drive; though she looked from side to side once they had reached green fields, eagerly drinking in the country as if it were a new sight to her, or one of which she had been starved. As they turned in on the carriage drive, with the velvety yellow-green turf on either side, she uttered a sudden exclamation of pleasure, and then blushed rosy-red.

"It is so beautiful!" she said.

Mrs. Grace, who had been watching her keenly, was delighted with this appreciation of her beautiful home; she took her new governess' hand and stroked it affectionately.

"Welcome to Reindeer Hall!" she said. "I mean you to be very happy with me, my child; and I hope you will try to like me and to be happy with me,"—a most undignified speech probably; but, then, you see, she was thinking of Daisy all the time.

The wide, hospitable door stood open as they drove up, and the boys raced out-boys of all ages, from awkward striplings of sixteen and eighteen to a dainty little lad of five, with a rollicking "Jack Tar" suit. Agnes, the parlor maid, came out, smiling, to carry in the wraps, and looked at her mistress with honest welcome in her affectionate eyes. Oscar, the red setter, sidled up against their gowns; Custar, the pet Kerry, came up close to the rails, surveying the scene with great, placid eyes; even Tom, a big Persian cat, came and stood on the doorstep, arching himself and purring. Evidently this was the home-coming of a very well-loved mother and mistress.

When Mrs. Grace had disengaged herself

from the vociferous boys, she took Ailsie's hand and led her up the broad staircase, through the stained window of which the sun was streaming, and past a statue of the Sacred Heart in a niche of the corridor, with its red light burning, and flowers in tall vases. It was a pretty room they went into, with delicate roses on the wall-paper, and a little white bed, and a view of the mountains through the open window, and the furniture all white wood and pretty. And there on its pedestal was a beautiful white image of our Blessed Lady with heaped vases of white hyacinths; for to-morrow was the 1st of May. And, then, Mrs. Grace seemed as if she could not make enough. of her new governess, running here and there for things which she had to supply till the luggage came, and performing all manner of little services in a kind, eager fashion, till Ailsie could have cried with pleasure.

Then they went down to dinner, with its pleasant little accompaniments of flowers and china and snowy damask; and Mrs. Grace was kind in a busy, cheery fashion to the young girl. And afterward there was a little music, and the boys came in and clambered over their mother like loving young bears; and when they had gone there was an hour's quiet reading of books and magazines, of which the newest and most delightful overflowed the house; and then there was the Rosary in the schoolroom, at which all the house assisted.

Through everything Ailsie sat in dreamy pleasure, the red spot coming and going in her cheeks; she felt as if she were going to be very happy, poor child, and she had had a starved life hitherto. She did not tell her story that night to Mrs. Grace, though the kind lady came in at the very last to say good-night, and found her kneeling before the Blessed Virgin's altar, praying and thinking over her happiness with a half-frightened thankfulness.

In the days that followed, I fear the

ladies who accused Mrs. Grace of spoiling her governess would have found ample justification. Not that Ailsie shirked her work: she had a fine and delicate little spirit of her own; and because she returned her friend's goodness with a passionate and grateful affection, she was all the more determined to fulfil her duties with exactitude. But, for all that, there was plenty of time to spare, when they strolled through the shrubbery, blue as the sky with bluebells; or sat on the shady veranda, sewing and talking about things near to them for the most part. Mrs. Grace very soon told her all about Daisy, and this was an inexhaustible subject; and Ailsie, in return, told her story, not very expansively-for she was of a shy nature,-but slowly and by degrees.

She had been an orphan almost from birth, and had been brought up by her father's aunts, two old maiden ladies, who boasted of Puritan blood and had the most rigid Calvinistic spirit. Grey and hard of aspect, they never volunteered one tender word to the young orphan; indeed they left their niece to grow up in utter loneliness, not even sending her to school. She was taught daily by a governess selected by her great-aunts,-a lady in whom all human feeling had been planed down to a dull uniformity; she went through her duties with the regularity of a machine, and with as much interest. The girl had never had a friend. The old ladies had one servant, a Calvinist like themselves; their few friends were of the same way of thinking.

They never professed any affection for their young relative; certain duties toward her they carried out to the letter, but within the limits of the house she was left much to herself. There had been some old quarrel with her father, Ailsie fancied, which made even such cold performance of duty to his daughter, in their own eyes, a meritorious thing. So in childhood and girlhood she had been left entirely alone. Her books—a little hidden store which she had stolen from the parlor bookcase, in which their existence had been forgotten—she knew by heart. Religion had been taught to her in a way that made it terrible. It was not surprising that she had grown up delicate, without color, lifeless and silent, with that pathetic little droop of lips and eyes and figure. Barbara in her tower was scarcely more secluded; but the same light that came to Barbara came to Ailsie.

As she grew older she was watched less jealously, perhaps. At all events, she was alone out of doors one day, and strayed in at a church door. She saw the people coming and going, and the high altar with its tall candlesticks of silver-gilt, and the two figures of angels, with their reverent wings about their faces, worshipping at each side. The walls were full of pictures and paintings of lilies and palm branches on a gold ground; and in one of the many side chapels she saw the benignant figure of the Mother of God with the Divine Child in her arms. She knelt down there, as she saw others doing, and said nothing, but felt fascinated by the tender face, which seemed to look at her as her own mother might have done. Afterward she came often, and by degrees the thought came/ to her to become a Catholic.

The announcement of this intention to her great-aunts brought down on her head the most furious anger. Stunned by the storm she fled away to her haven, where she had time to grow quiet and remember the fury which had been spent on her. The elder lady had, in her horror and indignation, bidden her, if she became a Catholic, never to return to the house, Probably there was no real intention of driving the forlorn child out on the world, but she took it literally. She remained in the church till it was dark and closing time. She might have been shut in-and she would not have been at all afraid, with the red sanctuary lamp throbbing there like a heart, and the benignant Mother and Child looking

down at her,—but a silver-haired old priest who was passing through the side chapel saw her and came to speak to her; he had noticed for some time her long visits and her absorption.

Moved by some impulse, she told him everything. He would have taken her back to her home, for that night at least, but she was panic-stricken, and utterly refused to go; so he took her to a convent close by, and obtained shelter for her, while he went himself to try to soften the hearts of the obdurate old ladies. He was not admitted to the house even,-Priscilla, the maid, giving him sourly a bitter message, to the effect that the Misses Lyndon disclaimed all responsibility for the young person referred to. So Father Edward Costelloe had to put his own shoulder to the wheel. Happily, it was both an able and a willing shoulder. He instructed his ardent little neophyte in the new faith, and prepared her for the Sacraments. All this time she was in the safe-keeping of the Sisters of Hope. When she was received into the Church, she began to look about her for a means of earning her living, and so came to Mrs. Grace, as I have told.

This is a gloomy side of the girl's history, but as time went on Mrs. Grace began to look for a golden lining to the gloom. Like every good woman, as some one has said, she was a born matchmaker, and so she was delighted when she found out the small beginnings of a love story for her *protégée*. It had scarcely begun in those early days—at least it had only begun to manifest itself.

A year before all those events, a remote cousin, Jack Lyndon by name, had suddenly burst upon the dreary household in Madrid Crescent, making, during the time he remained, an utter revolution in everybody's life. He was the mate of a merchant seaman,—a gentleman (as all the Lyndons were), a good man, and a bright, handsome fellow. His charm had even thawed the frozen hearts of the old ladies, and he had gained a wonderful

ascendency over them. He took Ailsie to picture galleries and concerts, and even carried the whole household off for an *impromptu* picnic on the mountain side.

His visit was the first taste of life Ailsie had ever known; when he left, it was as lonely as death. He had a way of coming whistling into the house, and banging about it in all sorts of unseasonable cheerfulness; while he stayed he would have the windows wide open and the Holland covers off the furniture; he brought in a rose once or twice and laid it by his cousin's place at table. The old ladies learned to smile on him, and even brought out some of their ancient fineries to do him honor. He was irresistible, they all thought, and especially Ailsie; and Mrs. Grace, when she saw his photograph, was fain to acknowledge that they had good reason for thinking so. He was fairhaired, with cropped curls,-so closely cropped as only to appear in a ripple on his head; his eyes smiled out of the photograph with enchanting warmth. "A dear fellow!" Mrs. Grace said enthusiastically; for she was a romantic soul, and could sigh and smile over another's love affair with a living memory of her own girlhood's heart. Before he left he had asked permission to write to his cousin, and had written very faithfully,bright, cheery letters, with a freshness like that of the sea in them, and an undercurrent of tenderness running through them.

All the summer Ailsie kept growing rounder and prettier; she was beginning to blossom like a rose, Father Edward said on one of his visits; and it did one good to see the light of pleasure in her eyes. She had come to walk lightly, and her lips could smile out of their drooping curves. The little boys, whom she taught, adored her; and the big boys, home on vacation, had a sort of affectionate chivalry for her, which was a new thing. She was so gentle and soft, they said in extenuation,—being good boys, and a little ashamed of their goodness. Her letters came regularly while the roses bloomed and faded, and peaches and apricots hung on the red brick walls, and through September and the happy autumn months, which were like her heart's summer.

Mrs. Grace had never regretted taking this lonely girl to her heart; they were almost like mother and daughter; and Ailsie ran so willingly all manner of errands, and was so loving from morn till night, that somehow it seemed to the mother as if Daisy had sent her to fill her place. In the late autumn Mrs. Grace had a serious illness, and then Ailsie proved herself worth untold gold. She seemed never to want to sleep or rest: she hovered about the sick-room day and night, making with her noiseless, gentle ways, the doctor said, an invaluable nurse; she had a power over the invalid which the professional nurse was very glad to call into use; altogether, it was felt when the precious life was safe that Ailsie Lyndon had had, under God, much to do with saving it. Henceforth she was dearer than ever in the household. .

At Christmas came a letter which Mrs. Grace had long looked for, but which I scarcely think Ailsie had anticipated at all,-a letter in which Jack Lyndon declared himself. An honest, manly outpouring of affection it was; he would get his ship at midsummer, and then, if she would take such an unworthy fellow, they need not wait. He had not spoken till he was sure of his prospects, though he had loved her from the first,-"from the very first minute I saw you in that musty drawing-room," he wrote; "you poor little thing, looking as if no one had ever been kind to you; and your dear, beautiful little face flushing through its paleness!" It was a delightful love-letter.

So things were settled; and Ailsie came down one morning very shyly, with a beautiful ring of pearls and diamonds on her third finger. The pearls Mrs. Grace did not like, because they meant tears, she said. However, Ailsie had no tears. But Mrs. Grace sighed, and wished the girl was safely married.

So the time turned round to spring. , The bitterest spring in any man's memory it was, and it withered everything except the daffodils; they alone flashed their torches in the March weather that brought us Christ's Passion and His Tomb. With the waning of Lent, trouble, or premonition of trouble, came to Ailsie herself-Jack's letters ceased all at once! His ship was at an unhealthy Southern seaport delivering its cargo when his last letter came; they were to remain there some weeks, after which Jack would get his leave and come home to see his sweetheart. Then followed two or three dreary weeks, during which no letter came. Ailsie got frightened, and watched for the mail with a painful intensity of expectation. She would stand shivering at her window to watch the postman in the morning, and then listen, with her heart throbbing in her ears, for the footstep of the maid who would bring her letter; but none came. She did not talk much, but Mrs. Grace always knew by the blank look that she need ask no questions. Of an evening, about post-hour, all the excitement would begin again: the girl's hands trembling in her lap, the abstracted look, the eager listening, then the blank disappointment. So things went till Holy Thursday.

It was a bitter morning, with showers of dry snow, and a north wind fit to cut one in two. Despite the pleasant fire in her dressing-room, Mrs. Grace shivered at her toilet; the cold went to one's heart, and hers was very heavy for the trouble of the young creature she had come to love. Mr. Grace was off to his business early; and when she came into the breakfast room, hoping against hope that a letter might have come, there was no Ailsie. She rang the bell, and Martha, the old nurse, came in answer.

"Where is Miss Lyndon? Has she not come downstairs yet?"

"Well, indeed, ma'am," said Martha,

"I was thinking you wouldn't like it. But when she came down this morning, Agnes tells me, looking like the grave, and found no letter, she just drank a cup of tea, and said she had business in town and must do it. And Agnes said you wouldn't like her going out such a day and she so delicate—the creature!—that if she'd wait you'd surely send Williams with the brougham; but she just looked up with a scared look, and said she must go, and her love to you, ma'am, and she'll be back as soon as ever she can."

It was afternoon when Ailsie came back, the sleety dusk just growing to darkness. Mrs. Grace was at the window which commanded a view of the entrance gates, where indeed she had been, with few intervals, all day. At last she saw her coming,--such a sad little figure! There was no youth in the lagging footsteps and the tired head. Mrs. Grace had the halldoor wide open as she came up the steps. What ravages the day had made in her! The stricken face she lifted was grey and drawn and livid. She looked up and saw the motherly face and the kind eyes, and with a sudden, hopeless cry she fell forward just in time to be caught in the elder woman's arms. She was carried upstairs in a dead faint. Mrs. Grace undressed her herself and put her to bed, as she had often done for Daisy, the tears running down her face all the time. It was she who opened the clenched hand, and extracted from it the crumpled foreign telegram form. It was from the captain of Jack's ship:--- "Lyndon down with" fever. Not expected to recover."

By morning Ailsie, too, was down with fever. Dr. Kane, the kindest doctor in all the world, came, and shook his head over her. Her pretty curls were cut away and ice put to the burning head. It was a sad Easter and Easter Week! She raved incessantly of Jack and her mother, and lived over again the torturing hours when she had wandered about awaiting the reply to her telegram. She talked to her absent lover one minute, and the next was beseeching Our Lady to take care of him, and let her have a letter; or she was back again in the dreary life in Madrid Crescent before Jack came. What happiness she had had never seemed to recur to her in her feverdreams at all; her ravings were so sad that the silent tears ran down Mrs. Grace's cheeks as she listened.

At last, after one terrible night, a change came. The fever went, and the poor little patient glided into a quiet sleep, which made Dr. Kane, who had been watching for hours, quite hopeful.

"Thank God," he said, "she has taken a most unexpected turn for the better! But if she comes out of this she will be as weak as thistle-down that a breath blows away. If we had but good news for her!" for Dr. Kane knew all the story. "I'm afraid she will scarcely be strong enough to take hold on life unless we can give her some reason for it."

Mrs. Grace always said that the good news that came that day was a special gift from our dear Blessed Lady herself. She had made up her mind to telegraph again, with a horrible fear of the worst news coming in answer, when lo! a telegram arrived. Lyndon, in his first moment of consciousness, had implored the captain to telegraph that he was out of danger. You may be sure that Mrs. Grace sent off a cheery reply, and never said one word of Ailsie's illness.

Then she was summoned to the sickroom, to find that the girl had come back into the world of consciousness, and was lying there in her right mind indeed, but wan like a little ghost, with sad, wideopen eyes. She whispered the good news to Dr. Kane.

"Thank God!" he said. "Yes, we may tell her, but very gently. She has not begun to piece things together yet, but presently she will remember. She had better hear the good news before she remembers the bad."

So Mrs. Grace knelt down and knew the thin hand on the coverlet.

"You have been very ill, dear," she said, answering the question in the weary eyes; "but, thank God, you are going to recover. And your dear Jack is doing well, and will be here, please God, as soon as you are well enough to see him."

Dr. Kane was quite satisfied with the result. A lovely light flashed over the pale face,—a light which had a reflection from past sorrow in it. He interfered when she would have spoken.

"You- are to say nothing at all, but just get well for this precious young man of yours. And now go to sleep, like a good child."

And, sure enough, she did, and slept for hours, with the faintest, sweetest smile on her lips. And how she mended afterward! It was the most wonderful recovery. And only a few weeks had gone when Jack came home, pallid enough, but with his old brightness returning. They were married quite soon—before Ailsie's hair had grown to anything but down, with little gold shades in it. And a very interesting young couple they made, with the traces of recent illness still upon them.

Jack had a couple of months' leave, and he took his wife off to the Mediterranean, where she grew so rosy and glad that Mrs. Grace was half sorry, because the patient look was gone that used to remind her so of Daisy. But Ailsie was the same meek little soul as of yore, and she was always dear as a daughter to the kind woman whom she loved like her own mother.

In Ailsie's pretty home there is an oratory, with a copy in marble of Cabuchet's beautiful statue of Our Lady of Lourdes. There a lamp is ever alight, and in the wintriest weather there are a few flowers. For Ailsie thanks her Mother in heaven for her earthly happiness. And her little brown-eyed daughter is called Mary. And the principal adornment of Jack's stateroom—he often takes his wife and little one on a voyage—is a beautiful engraving of the Star of the Sea.

# The Lily of Happiness.

THERE is a saying current in the far East which may be translated thus: "Neither at Bagdad nor at Bozrah is happiness to be found, but it dwells where the Lily of the Angel grows."

The Angel of Life, so the Orientals tell us, was sent to earth one day to find the abode of perfect happiness.

"Who is the happy man?" he asked of a passer-by. "And where does he dwell?"

"He is the great caliph, and he lives at Bagdad."

So the Angel went to the palace at Bagdad, and asked for the happy man.

"There is no such person here," said the doorkeeper. "Our master, if you mean him, is so worried with cares and anxieties that he is rather the most wretched man living."

The Angel exclaimed: "Then I must find the humblest subject in his realm, He surely will be as happy as the caliph is miserable."

The poorest man he found living in a wretched hut in Bozrah.

"Are you the happy man?" the Angel asked.

But the beggar began to groan and lament, telling of his hunger and his poverty. Evidently he was not happy.

"Somewhere between these two extremes the abode of happiness must be," said the Angel to himself. And measuring the distance between Bagdad and Bozrah, he planted a lily there.

His next step was to move the caliph to visit Bozrah, and to send the beggar on a pilgrimage to Bagdad. Midway, by the side of the lily, they met; and, seeing the joy shining in the face of the Angel, were moved to call each other brother. The caliph shared his goods with the beggar, and the beggar offered his pilgrimage for the caliph; so both were happy forever after.

Here would be a lesson for the labor reformers, if only it were given them to understand.

# A Duty of Catholics.

**CVERY** Catholic should feel obliged to know the Catechism thoroughly, so as to be able at least to state exactly the teaching of the Church. Points of history and the like are best explained by means of special books, which are now abundant; and there are few families so poor as not to be able to own a little collection of works especially suitable for interested Protestant friends and neighbors. The publications of the English Catholic Truth Society are a library in themselves, and they are as cheap as could be desired. Who can say that he never has opportunities to put into the hands of inquiring non-Catholics a book or pamphlet explanatory of our holy faith? Converts to Catholicity have often been heard to remark that, until they openly expressed a wish to join the Church, everything Catholic seemed hidden from their eves.

The obligation of being ready and willing to instruct others is one which, it is to be feared, many of the faithful do not realize. There is a vast difference between preserving the faith and professing it openly. No Catholic ought to feel complimented to hear even an acquaintance say, "Oh, I didn't suspect you were a Roman Catholic!" Only fervent Catholics ever set Protestants thinking, and it is remarkable that those who are prepared to explain their faith and eager to do so meet with earnest inquirers wherever they go. A consideration of the amount of prejudice that may be dissipated by chance conversations ought to quicken the zeal of every member of the Church. Innumerable conversions have resulted from the most casual meetings with Catholics who are instructed in their religion, live up to it, and love it.

In a recent pastoral, the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Newport and Menevia observed: "The friend who knows how to explain to a

friend some point of Catholic doctrine; the servant who can give a clear answer to an employer; the young man or young woman who shows careful teaching in the Catechism,--it can not be estimated how much good such Catholies as these may effect." An illustration of this is afforded by the circumstances of the conversion of Mr. Milne, a son of the Rev. Dr. Milne, of Edinburgh. Inflamed with a desire to convert his father's gardener from the error of his ways, the young man undertook the task with great zeal. But he had reckoned without his host. Patrick Murphy was proud of his faith, practised it faithfully, and knew the Catechism "like a book." Instead of converting him, Mr. Milne's own mind was disturbed, and he began to doubt seriously the tenableness of his position as an Anglican. His father, to whom he exposed his doubts, not being able to clear them up, recommended him to the Bishop of Edinburgh. But the difficulties raised by the interview with "Pat" Murphy were to be settled in quite another way.

His lordship held forth in his library for two hours on the points submitted to him, with all the eloquence and logic at his command. Mr. Milne having just finished his university course in Cambridge, had a sound knowledge of logical processes, and accordingly he yielded to the force of logic there and then. "Are your doubts removed?" queried the bishop; to which young Milne answered: "Yes, my lord: I have no longer a doubt that the Church of Rome is the Church of Christ," True to his convictions, he became a Catholic; and two of his friends were converted by means of the books which he had studied while preparing for his reception into the Church. They had become interested in his religious experiences.

Good books are abundant, but there is a dearth of Patrick Murphys everywhere; and the example of such as he is needed to render good books effective for the conversion of non-Catholics. This is the great apostolate of the laity.

# Notes and Remarks.

Catholics, of all people, should know that the Holy Father does not submit to being interviewed by newspaper correspondents, and that he is not in the habit of sending special messages through them to the countries from which they hail. But there was more than this that should have roused suspicion regarding a recent "special interview" granted by Benedict XV. to the Rome correspondent of a syndicate of great American dailies,-"the first special interview given by a Pope since the days of Leo XIII., and only the second audience of the kind granted-with permission to quote itin the modern history of the Church." Benedict XV. is reported to have said: "I place my entire hopes for an early peace upon the American people and upon the influence and power it has in this work. Just, impartial, and at all times neutral in its attitude and efforts to bring the war to an end, America, when the favorable moment comes for the initial step for a peace suggestion, may be certain of the utmost support of the Holy See. So I already have let your President know through one of his highest friends."

Any one who can "swallow" this will not choke over the further statement that the newspaper man's manuscript was translated to the Holy Father, and "edited" by him, with additions. Having advanced and cordially greeted the scribe when he entered the "magnificent library," led the way to a seat and taken a chair by his side under "an immense chandelier sparkling with diamonds," it is easy to believe that the Pope accompanied his visitor to the door when he took his departure. His Holiness did not forget, of course, to say that he held the American press in high regard, adding the observation-which has been made once or twice before-that the press is a tremendous power.

Seriously, we much regret to notice

that some of our confrères have been "taken in" by this "special interview"; and not less seriously do we hope that newspaper correspondents from this country admitted to audience with the Holy Father will in future restrain their imagination a little. If it were not a waste of words, one might be inclined to repeat the warning against "news from the Vatican."

Tributes from outsiders to the value of Catholic educational theory and practice are becoming a commonplace. This is, so far as it can go, a real advantage, as it marks the overcoming of prejudice and the forming of an enlightened public opinion, of which in time enlightened action may be expected. Dr. G. W. Pepper, of Philadelphia, who is giving the Lyman Beecher lectures at Yale this year, is reported to have said: "There is no doubt in my mind that the Catholics have the finest system of teaching possible; and I am positive that the time is coming when a move will be promoted to have each religion care for the education of the children of its creed, just as the Catholics are doing at the present time. I believe that these various religions will receive a small compensation from the State for the education of each pupil. In this way the children of each creed will be freed from the rival claims of other creeds: and the time is not far off when to know God will be considered the greatest of all the uses of the human mind. And when this move is started, you may be sure that it will have strong political backing."

We only hope that in bringing about the condition which we all recognize as so desirable, the sailing will be as plain as Dr. Pepper predicts.

Readers who are following the interesting papers now running in our columns under the title "After Ten Years" will be pleased to note how thoroughly their writer's conclusions agree with those of

M. Thureau-Dangin, as found in his work on the English Catholic revival, an English translation of which has just been published. On the question of unity, for instance, the French author says: "We have to deal with two currents of thought absolutely distinct. The first, along with Newman and the numerous converts who followed in his steps, has become merged into the Ancient Catholic Church inEngland, which was refreshed and encouraged by them. The other, though still remaining Anglican, has unceasingly tended toward Catholicism, both in ideas and practices; and the transformation which resulted supplies an interesting and curious part of what I have called the Catholic Revival in England. Will the day ever dawn when these two currents shall unite? Anyhow, it has not come yet, and the various attempts toward union which have been made from time to time within the last fifty years have ended in nothing but disappointment; so that these two currents remain as separate as they ever were."

The Abbé Thinot, who was struck down by five German bullets while rescuing the wounded at Poitiers, is the same young priest who was so distinguished for acts of bravery and self-sacrifice during the bombardment and burning of the Rheims cathedral. His death will be mourned by the foes of his country as well as by his fellow-countrymen. The incident at Rheims, when he risked his' life to help the wounded Germans, so graphically related by Mr. Richard Harding Davis in an article contributed to Scribner's Magazine, will bear repeating, indeed, many times:

The Abbé Thinot, a young, athletic, manly priest, and the venerable Archbishop Landreux called for volunteers; and, aided by the Red Cross nurses and doctors, dragged the unhappy wounded out of the burning building and through the north door. There a new danger threatened them: they were confronted by a mob. Maddened by the sight of their beloved church in flames, by the bombardment of their homes, by the death from the shells of five hundred of their townsmen, the gray uniforms drove the people of Rheims to a frenzy. They called for the death of the "barbarians." What followed can not be too often told. The aged Archbishop and the young Abbé Thinot placed themselves between the mob and the wounded. With splendid indignation, with perfect courage, they faced the raised rifles. "If you kill them," they cried, "you must first kill us." And the mob, recognizing their bravery and selfsacrifice, permitted the wounded to be carried to a place of safety.

We are told that greater love hath no man than that for another he should lay down his life. If that other be his enemy, his sacrifice leads him very near to the company of the saints. 'The story of the young priest and the venerable Archbishop, with their cathedral burning behind them, with the Germans clinging to them for safety while they protected them, and from their own people invited death, will always live in the records of this war and of the Church.'

We ask the attention of our readers to the following details in the administration of a vicariate which extends from the boundaries of Saskatchewan, Manitoba and Ontario to the Arctic regions:

It took Bishop Charlebois four months to make the pastoral visit of his 14 missions; and during that period he travelled 300 miles by railway, 80 miles by wagon, 2000 miles in a canoe, and 50 miles on foot, and was obliged to sleep 60 times in the open air. Nor does this include all his vicariate. He has recently sent two Fathers to found a mission at Chesterfield Inlet, on the coast of Hudson Bay. This is to be the central mission for some 3000 Esquimaux. To judge of the cost of this mission, it is only necessary to state that everything for its maintenance has to be brought by water from Montreal. And, to make matters worse, since the war started, the price of goods has gone up considerably, with a corresponding decrease in the value of the furs which form the chief sources of revenue for the Indians of Keewatin.

From these facts it will surprise no one to hear that the cost of these missions runs into thousands of dollars every year. Where is this money to come from? Will it be possible to continue these missions, or will the Bishop be obliged to abandon them and the poor Indians, brought over to the true Faith at the price of such efforts? These are the questions which are occupying the attention of Bishop Charlebois at the present moment. The answer depends on the response which is made to this appeal by our Catholics. The missionaries, though they are few, obliged to live alone in miserable huts, and in many cases broken by age and hardship, are willing and anxious to continue at their posts. It remains for us who stay at home to see that these missionaries, who are fighting the battle of Christ in the icebound regions of the North, are supplied with the necessary munitions of their warfare.

It is the story of the pioneers lived over again in our own day. The bare facts constitute an eloquent appeal for the faithful to match their charity with the heroic generosity of the missionaries.

In the course of an editorial comment on illiteracy in Italy, Rome calls attention to the source of an erroneous impression very generally prevailing in this country, to the effect that only a very small proportion of the Italian people can read and write. The truth is that the overwhelming majority of Italian immigrants to the United States come from the southern and most illiterate part of the peninsula. The difference in the educational standing of Northern and Southern Italy is considerably greater than the ordinary reader is inclined to think. In Piedmont, for instance, only eleven per cent of the population are illiterate; whereas in Calabria, Sardinia, and Sicilywhence so many of our immigrants hail-the percentage of illiterates ranges from sixty to seventy. While the condition of the country in this respect is slowly improving, Rome notes that "nearly 47 per cent of the teachable population is still unable to distinguish b from a bull's foot." It may be well, however, to remind the general reader that illiteracy does not invariably mean ignorance. Book knowledge is not the only knowledge.

A timely subject for some Catholic writer would be Father John Ugarte, who drafted, modelled and launched the first ship built on the Pacific Coast. The timber for it had to be brought from the mountains two hundred miles away. The builders were Indians of the mission which the Father had founded. The first voyage of *The Triumph of the Cross*, as the vessel was called, was to Mexico, in order to secure needed supplies for the mission, which at that time was threatened with famine. Father Ugarte was also the pioneer of agricultural industry among the natives of the Coast, and the first cattle and sheep were introduced into California through his enterprise.

It is an inspiriting tale, the story told under the caption "San Francisco-Nine Years After," by the Rev. Dr. Brennan, in the Monitor. The rebuilding of the Catholic churches of the city that had been devastated by earthquake and fire is a lasting record of a faith, an energy, and a perseverance worthy of all honor. It is a commonplace that the spectator of the ruins and ashes which constituted the city of April, 1906, could hardly conceive that in so relatively brief a period as has elapsed since then, so complete a transformation was possible. That it has been achieved so gloriously is not the least of the many enduring monuments to the memory of the late Archbishop Riordan.

Profound thought always finds adequate expression in the utterances, spoken or written, of the Rev. Prior Vincent Mc-Nabb, O. P. It may be held, however, that he never gave expression to more helpful truth in more unmistakable terms than in a recent sermon on "The Will of God," reported by the London Universe. His text was, "Not everyone that saith to Me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of My Father who is in heaven, he shall enter into the kingdom of heaven." Distinguishing between knowing and doing, Fr. McNabb said:

One of the most dangerous things, so far as I can see, in the whole of the efforts of the modern world toward religion is this:] they put the end of their religion in spiritual experience. They want to experience something. They want to enjoy something. Catholics are not exempt from that. You will find Catholics going about the city to look for great preachers and great churches. They hear those preachers and attend this or that special service for no higher reason than because they enjoy them.

The end of religious life is not experience. It is an effort. I would rather almost that you should stay away from church than that you should receive light and not walk in it. If you have any spiritual experience and joy and do not instantly translate it into deed, it will be a curse; it may end in spiritual damnation, stagnation, or apostasy. I believe that half the people who come into the Church and who go out again have gone out because they made an end of their spiritual experience. They have enjoyed something and have sought that just as an end. They were not more careful to do the thing than to experience it.

I have found some simple people who were well up in the spiritual life, though they knew only about three prayers. They knew the "Our Father" and the "Hail Mary"; they knew the "I Believe," the "Act of Faith," and probably the "I Confess." They were high up, near God, because they lived their prayers.

"Because they *lived* their prayers." If the preacher had finished just there he had said more than enough to give any one sufficient matter for serious meditation and the most searching examination of conscience.

Anglican polemics laboring under the Continuity delusion would do well to examine two historical documents now offered for sale by Messrs. Maggs, London. The first is a copy of Cromwell's "Proclamation against Roman Catholics," dated 1655 and "published by His Highness' special command." The introduction runs: "Whereas it hath been found by Experience that, notwithstanding the strict and severe Laws made and standing in force against Jesuits and Popish Priests, many of them have presumed to resort into, and remain within this Commonwealth, and the Dominions thereunto belonging, and do with great audacity exercise all Offices in their profession, both saying Masses, and reconciling the people

to the Church of Rome, and by consequence seducing them from the true perswasion," etc.

The second document is a broadside, dated June 8, 1647; it shows how persistent the efforts were to destroy every vestige of the Catholic religion in England. We quote the greater portion:

Forasmuch as the Feasts of the Nativity of Christ, Easter, and Whitsontide, and other Festivals commonly called Holy-dayes, have beene heretofore superstitiously used and observed, Bee it Ordained by the Lords and Commons in Parliament assembled, That the said Feasts of the Nativity of Christ, Easter, and Whitsontide, and all other Festival dayes, commonly called Holy-dayes, be no longer observed as Festivals or Holy-dayes within this Kingdome of England and Dominion of Wales. . . . That all Schollers, Apprentices, and other Servants shall with the leave and approbation of their Masters respectively first had and obtained, have such convenient reasonable Recreation and Relaxation from their constant and ordinary Labours on every second Tuesday in the Moneth thorowout the yeare, as formerly they have used to have on such aforesaid Festivals, commonly called Holy-dayes.

Our Pacific Coast exchanges print laudatory tributes to a noted religious recently passed away-Sister Anna Raphael, of the Sisters of Notre Dame. Born in 1842 of one of the best-known of California's Catholic pioneer families, Miss Anna A. Fitzgerald entered religion in 1865, and was professed three years later. During the decades that have intervened since then she filled many important positions in her Congregation, and acquired the reputation of being one of the most accomplished and brilliant teachers in her native State. She shone still more conspicuously by virtue of her warmth of heart and nobility of soul. The notably large attendance at her funeral, and the touching eulogy pronounced on that occasion by Bishop Hanna, emphasize the fact that the State of California and the city of San Francisco, as well as the Church and her Order, have experienced a distinct loss in the passing of Sister Anna Raphael.



## In May.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

HE streams are laughing, The May is here; The trees are budding, The skies are clear; The birds all sing: "'Tis spring! 'tis spring!" Come to the woodland And gaily dance, For joy is beaming In every glance; Laugh, sing and play,---'Tis May! 'tis May! We are so happy! In yon green shade A shrine for Mary This morn we made. Where mild winds say: "'Tis May! 'tis May!"

Here are wood violets We've brought our Queen, And lilies shining 'Mid sheathes of green. O happy day,— 'Tis May! 'tis May! -

## Tommy Travers.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XVIII.-IN THE CAVERN.

NUGGED up" in the coarse grey blankets that had formed the hammock of his capture, covered by the rough coat that his guardian had (in memory of that little kid of his own) placed over him as the night went on, Tommy slept as he had never slept before.

Perhaps the white-winged angels bent in more tender care above him; for the mountain air had a tonic that all dad's millions could not buy. There was no need to pump ozone into this new sleeping chamber: it poured in, through the wide fissure of the roof, in life-giving floods, that there was no jewelled glass, no silken curtains to stop. Tommy got it clear and fresh from a thousand-mile sweep over forest and rock. He slept softly, dreamlessly, like a little babe on old Mother Nature's rude breast. And when he woke it was not the nervous wide-awakening that usually ended his "powder" slumbers, but he woke to a pleasant doziness that he did not care to break by opening his eyes. He lay dreamily listening to sounds and voices near, and wondering vaguely where he was and what they meant.

"It's the dirtiest, meanest trick I ever knew!" the words came between hoarse passionate sobs "I didn't go in for nothing like this,—you know I never did, Nick Ware! If you wasn't my brother, I—I'd like to kill you.for it!"

"Oh, let up,—let up, you ninny!" came the scoffing answer. "Golly! if you ain't blubbering,—blubbering like a baby girl!"

"I ain't! I'm jest choking with rage agin you all for 'doing' Tommy like this. I'd have blowed it all if I had known it, blowed it even if you was my brother."

"Try it," came the fierce hard answer,— "try it, you fool, and the killing will be more than talk! Why, you're in with men that would slit your gullet quick as a spring chicken if they found you 'peaching.' It's no boy game we're playing, I can tell you that. We've got this kid, and we're going to keep him until his old dad sweats gold for him. And, being the kind he is, we don't want him to die on our hands; so I've brought you along to nuss him and feed him, and keep him alive if you can, till we're done with him. Are you a going to do it?"

There was a moment's pause. Bunty's wits were working, as they had never worked before. The swift, unlooked-for journey, the hold-up, the wild flight. through the darkness,-ah, Granny Pegs had been right! He had been "drawed into the devilment" of which she had warned him, — drawn in against his knowledge and will to share crime that might "jail or hang,"-drawn in among lawless, desperate men who knew neither pity nor mercy. And he was Nick's brother, who must stand by him and share his fate! All the hopes and dreams of a free, fair, honest life that had been filling his boyish mind during his Westward journey vanished utterly at Nick's words. He had been tricked, cheated, betrayed into crime that would ruin him forever. He was lost-lost-lost!

But Tommy lay before him, friendless, helpless. Tommy might be saved, spared yet. And what did it matter about a tough like him, anyhow, when Tommy was in a "fix" like this?

"I'll do it!" he burst forth passionately. "I'll take care of him, I'll watch him, I'll keep him alive if—if—I can. Don't let any of them dirty mutts of yours come near him. He mustn't be scared; he mustn't have any jolt or jar. He must be kept warm and quiet, or he'll die,—he'll die! But, O Lord! Lord! it will take all them angels of Saint Gabriel's to keep him alive here!"

"Saint Gabriel's, — Saint Gabriel's!" The hoarse murmur beside him had fallen half heard on Tommy's ear. He had been too sleepy with a new sleepiness to understand. But at this dear, familiar name he roused. The blue eyes opened questioningly. Who was it bending over him in the firelit shadows? Who—what—surely he must be dreaming still! Not—not Bunty! The name trembled faintly, eagerly on his lips.

"Yes," said Bunty, swallowing the choke in his throat, as his little chum stretched out a feeble, groping hand, "it's —it's me, Tommy." "Bunty?" came the low, bewildered whisper. "Is it Bunty, real and true?"

"Yes," and Bunty gripped the trembling little hand in a steadying hold. "It's me real and true, Tommy."

"My!" came the faint whisper; for, despite the ozone, the night adventure had left the little Major very weak. "This is luck for me, sure, Bunty!"

"Gone!" Nick blurted out a fierce oath, as, with a long, quivering sigh, the blue eyes closed. "Durned, if he ain't slipped the hooks! Here, pour something down his throat, quick, quick!"

"No," said Bunty savagely, knocking aside the flask Nick held out to him. "None of that there poison stuff for Tommy! Keep away from him, Nick Ware! Keep away, I say! Just all you devils keep away, and I'll take care of him right."

And so it was that, after another long, ozone-breathing sleep, Tommy awoke, to find the morning sunshine stealing through the open roof, and Bunty, apparently in sole charge. The camp fire was in cheery glow, kept up by a practised hand. There was a battered can of milk warming beside it, and half a dozen hard tack biscuits crisping before the leaping blaze. And the brown corduroy jacket was spread over Tommy's shoulders, lest the pink silk coverlets should be too keenly missed in the chilly dawn; while its usual wearer sat grimly before the fire, toasting another biscuit on the end of a pointed stick.

Tommy stared for a minute or two at the picture before he was wide awake enough to remember.

"Bunty!" he said slowly.

The toaster turned with a start. His eyes were very red. Perhaps it was only the scorch of the fire. Bunty had had his own fears of what this long, still sleep of Tommy's might mean.

"Awake?" he said, with a long-drawn breath of relief. "Golly, I'm glad you slept so long and so quiet. I was sort of scared. Wide-awake now, are you?" "Yes," said Tommy, "and wondering what you are doing here, Bunty. Did they get you, too?"

"Yes," answered Bunty, feeling this would be the pleasantest view of the situation, "they've got me too, the—the devils!" And Bunty concluded the reply with some rough words that almost took Tommy's breath away.

"O Bunty, don't say wicked things like that!" he pleaded. "You don't mean them, I know."

"I do," growled Bunty. "I mean every cuss word I can say; and I mean wuss things, too," he added; for it had been a hard night on Bunty, and Sister Leonie's black sheep was at his blackest. "I'd like to kill somebody for this,—I would for sure. And I ain't saying I won't do it yet."

"O Bunty, no, no! It's a dreadful sin to talk like that. But why—why did they take you, Bunty? You haven't any dad to pay up?"

"No, I haven't,—I haven't nobody," answered Bunty, casting off all brotherly ties in his wrath. "They tricked me, fooled me, got me in agin my will—to jail or hang with them, maybe. Still, I ain't caring for that: I ain't caring for myself at all," he went on huskily. "But to give it to you rough and tough like this!" And another bad word was blurted out, with something very much like a sob.

"O Bunty, don't!" pleaded Tommy again.

"I have to," replied Bunty,—"I have to cuss. To see you carried off to a black hole like this!"

"It isn't a hole," said Tommy, looking up at the arching walls: "it's a cavern, Bunty,—a real cavern. I never thought I would be in a real, true cavern. I—I wonder if they are bandits or outlaws that have got us, Bunt?"

"They're the worstest kind of devils," retorted Bunty, fiercely.

"Oh, no!" said Tommy. "It wasn't a very bad sort of man that brought me here last night. He talked right kind. I guess he was an outlaw. Robin Hood was an outlaw, and I've read stories about others. Outlaws are often very nice."

"There ain't nothing nice about the scoundrels that have got you—nothing at all," answered Bunty,—"to tumble you down on the hard ground like this, and jolt and jar you. It's hurting you yet,—it must be hurting you bad, I know."

"Not any worse than the plaster jacket or Dr. Dave's splints. They were hard, too," answered the little Major, bravely. "This blanket is right soft; and the fire kept me fine and warm,—sort of spicy and crispy warm. Who are you toasting those crackers for, Bunty?"

"You," said Bunty. "I told them you'd have to eat something soon as you woke, and one of the rascals brought me these crackers and a can of milk. Sister Leonie used to give us toasted crackers like this at Saint Gabriel's. And I've got the milk warm fur you, so it will taste sort of nice. Let me prop you up agin this here rock, and have something to eat."

And, propping Tommy up against a boulder that he cushioned with his jacket, Bunty proceeded to serve him with breakfast. It was a queer breakfast indeed for the heir of dad's millions, the battered tin can of milk, into which Tommy dipped with trembling hand the toasted crackers. But the milk was warm and rich, the crackers hot and crisp. Tommy found himself, after the first doubtful taste, eating them with a strange new relish.

"My, they're good,—they are real good, Bunt! I am going to have toasted crackers after this every day for my breakfast. How soon do you think dad will pay up and get us out?"

"He won't get *me* out ever," said Bunty, grimly. "I ain't looking for it."

"Oh, yes, he will! When he hears how good you have been to me, he will do anything I ask him."

"I ain't asking it,", persisted Bunty. "I ain't looking for nobody to pay up

for me. But I'm going to take care of you agin everything and everybody,you just count on that. I ain't going to see you hurt. I'm going to take care of you right. It won't be for long, 'cause that dad of yours is going to stir the round earth to get you. Maybe he isn't roaring and raging now!" added Bunty, grimly. "But don't you be afraid, Tommy. I'm going to take care of you right. And if there's any good in them angels of Saint Gabriel's, they'll help me. For I asked them last night,-I asked them plain and fair, like Sister Leonie did when she knelt every night before the altar. Ι kept saying it over and over agin while I sat here watching you, and piling up the fire to keep you warm. I never talked to angels before, but I had it out with them plain and fair last night. I says to them angels that Sister Leonie told us was watching over us, that it was time for them to get busy and look after you, and show me how to help you out of this here place. I laid it out to them that those sick kids at Saint Gabriel's didn't need them, with all the Sisters and nusses around; but you needed them bad just now. I told them I knew I was a tough and had no right to butt in; but, if they would just stand by you now, I'd never bother them agin."

"O Bunty, Bunty," said Tommy with a trembling little laugh, "what a funny sort of prayer!"

"Prayer!" echoed Bunty. "I didn't say no prayer. I never said no prayers in my life. I just talked to Sister Leonie's angels plain and straight, and asked them to take care of you."

"And they heard,—oh, I am sure they heard you!" said Tommy, who had lived closer to the angels, and knew something of their ways. "Give me another cracker, Bunty, please! They taste so good! I feel fine this morning. Golly, it's great to have an adventure like this, with you to take care of me, Bunty! It's just great!"

#### (To be continued.)

### A False Friend.

BOUT the middle of the eighteenth century a lawyer's clerk from Lyons came to Paris one day in order to buy a practice; and, pending the negotiations necessary, deposited with a friend (an oldtime college comrade) the ten thousand francs that were to pay for it. The business arrangements being concluded, and the time for the payment having arrived, he went to his friend to get the money. The dishonest friend, however, affected astonishment at the demand, and asserted that he had received no money from him at all.

The poor Lyonese was in despair. What should he do? To whom have recourse? At last he asked for an interview with the chief of police, at that time M. de Sartine, and recounted to him his unfortunate experience.

"And you didn't ask any receipt for so important an amount?" inquired the chief.

"Alas, no. You see, I had perfect confidence in him. Who would suspect an old college friend?"

"So that the transaction took place just between you two, without any witnesses?"

"None save the wife of my friendmy false friend, I should say."

"Ah!"

After a few minutes' reflection, M. de Sartine requested the clerk to step into another room and await him there. He then sent immediately for the dishonest trustee. When the latter arrived, the chief said:

"A police report informs me that you have received in trust a sum of money ten thousand francs—"

"A mistake, Mr. Chief: I've received no sum at all," interrupted the other with animation.

"What? Didn't an old college friend from Lyons entrust to you a few days ago ten thousand francs?"

"Tis an abominable lie. Some fool a lunatic is trying to blackmail me. "Be it so," replied M. de Sartine. "In any case, it will be a very simple matter to clear yourself entirely. All you have to do is to write to your wife—who, it appears, witnessed the deposit—the letter which I'm going to dictate to you. Here are pen and ink: sit down and write."

There was nothing for it but to obey. "My dear wife," dictated the chief, "let me beg you to deliver to the bearer of this letter the sum of ten thousand francs which I received, the other day in your presence, from my friend X----of Lyons."

The letter being finished, M. de Sartine gave it at once to a messenger, who soon returned with the ten thousand francs.

Convicted of dishonesty, the faithless trustee threw himself at the feet of the chief, who read him a very severe lecture. To complete his discomfiture, M. de Sartine called in the clerk, to whom he handed the money with this doubleheaded bit of advice:

"In future, young man, always exact receipts for any money that you leave on deposit, — and be more careful in your choice of friends."

# The Corinthian Column.

The origin of the beautiful Corinthian capital is said to be as follows: Some five hundred years before the Christian era a young maiden died in the city of Corinth, and her old nurse, according to the custom of the period, lovingly carried a basket of food and placed it upon her tomb. In order to preserve it from marauding animals, she placed upon the basket a heavy tile. By accident, the gift of the old friend was set upon the roots of an acanthus tree; and when the spring came the leaves and branches grew up around the basket, forming so artistic and graceful an object that the sculptor Callimachus, seeing it, immediately used it as a model for the exquisite column ever after known as the Corinthian.

# Flower of Mary.

"LOWER of Mary" (Fleur de Marie) old writers loved to call the lily; and the best among the many of those called the "Old Masters" always portrayed our Blessed Mother with a pot of flowering lilies among the furnishings of the humble house which was her home. Often, too, in their pictures the Angel of the Annunciation bore a lily in his hand, from which we have learned to speak of Annunciation lilies.

Thus it came about that the old French monarchs — France having Mary for its Patroness — chose the lily for their emblem or device: the flower symbolizing purity, and the sword-like leaves theweapon with which to defend the right. After the strange manner of heraldry, the lily was what is termed "conventionalized," and became the *fleur-de-lis* we know so well.

The city of Florence, queen of the arts and nursery of learning, also chose the lily to float upon her banners when they waved in triumph on the soft Italian air. But her lily was always a red one, the color typifying the freedom for which the Republic of Florence fought and clamored through long centuries. This beautiful city is the home of blossoms: arum lilies grow wild among the sprouting corn of the fertile valley of the Arno; tulips, crocuses, poppies, and hyacinths hide side by side in the clefts of the rocks upon the hillside; and the great cathedral is dedicated to St. Mary of the Flowers; while near by, in the Lily City, as she is sometimes called, the slender campanile which Giotto built reaches toward the sky, and Longfellow has called it,

Lily of Florence, blossoming in stone.

THE most wonderful and beautiful things are oftenest done by those who had no opportunities, while those whose hands were full of the means never accomplished anything.

# THE AVE MARIA

# WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

-It is gratifying to learn that the Westminster Version of the Sacred Scriptures will include in time the Old Testament as well as the New.

-Catholic as well as Anglican readers will welcome a new collection of poems by the Rev. R. L. Gales. It is called "David in Heaven," and published by Simpkin, Marshall & Co.

—The commentary on "The Little Office of the Blessed" presented with the nicely printed edition lately published by Messrs. Washbourne renders it a really valuable addition to the spiritual library.

—A recent death much regretted in England is that of Mr. Edward Peacock, F. S. A., who was famous as a historian, ecclesiologist, and archæologist. He was one of the pioneers in the science of folklore also, and the author of numerous scholarly books. He had been a convert to the Church for many years before his death.

-In "The Friar Preacher: Vesterday and To-Day," Father Hugh Pope, O. P., has made a splendid translation of the standard little work by Père Jacquin, O. P., on Dominican life. Though designed especially to promote and guide vocations to the Order, the volume has a historical value as well, setting forth as it does succinctly and authoritatively the Dominican ideal. Benziger Brothers.

-Many poems by the late Dr. John W. Taylor, author of "The Coming of the Saints," included in a collection entitled "The Doorkeeper and Other Poems" (Longmans, Green & Co.), show that he was of the soul of the Church; for instance, this stanza:

> Blessed Mary, full of grace, Gazing into Jesus' face, O that I His face may see! Mother Mary, pray for me.

-"Like Unto a Merchant," by Mary Agatha Gray (Benziger Brothers), is a very good Catholic novel. An English tale, with clergymen both Catholic and non-Catholic figuring prominently in its different incidents, it is nevertheless free from exaggerated other-worldliness, and is sufficiently human to satisfy the lover of healthy fiction. The story's plot is unhackneyed and is well developed, while its unravelling is effected with not a little artistic finish. Hypercritical readers may perhaps affirm that the conversions are rather more numerous than is usual in real life; but, even on this score, we

think the author has not overstepped the limits of probability. The only objection we have to urge is that Louise Parker's fate is left to the imagination of the reader.

-A new and cheaper edition (the seventh) of "The Imitation of Christ," edited by Dr. Biggs, has been issued by Messrs. Methuen & Co. It is one of the most popular volumes in their Library of Devotion.

—Unlike the "snippets" included in most collections of thoughts, the counsels of St. Vincent de Paul in a recently published book, bearing only his name on its cover, are quite complete, besides being admirably selected.

—"A Garland for St. Joseph," compiled by a member of the Ursuline Community, Sligo, is replete with material that will make good spiritual reading, especially for the month of March. The selections are in verse as well as in prose, and several of the best Catholic writers are represented. THE AVE MARIA is quoted at some length. The price of this book (75 cts.) seems somewhat excessive. For sale by Benziger Brothers.

—"Practical Mysticism," by Evelyn Underhill (E. P. Dutton & Co.), is an attempt to simplify the study of Mysticism for the ordinary man, and to suggest practical means by which he may educate his mystic faculty. Her fifth chapter ("Self-Adjustment") will furnish profitable reading for any one who is resolved upon self-renunciation; but the chapters which follow might lead astray one even better versed in the teaching of the mystics than Miss Underhill herself. Her new book, like its predecessors, is beautifully written. Catholic readers, however, are already provided with safer works that are also very readable.

—An unfamiliar portrait of Mgr. Benson and a preface by his brother, Mr. Arthur C. Benson, give an added distinction to "Spiritual Letters to One of his Converts," just issued by Longmans, Green & Co. The publication of these letters in the *Rosary Magazine*, while he lived, was authorized by Mgr. Benson, as is their reissue now by his literary executor. The anonymity of "one of his converts" is strictly maintained. The letters cover a period of some twelve years in time; and range, in subject-matter, from the interests and needs of one about to enter the Church to the claims of religious vocation within the Fold. One series, "To One Beginning a Literary Career." would hardly seem to be in place in a volume of "spiritual letters." The light which these latter throw upon the character of Mgr. Benson confirms one's view of the absolute sincerity of the man, of the genuine grasp which he had of Catholic truth, of the reality of his faith, and of his burning zeal. These letters are very personal indeed, but not too individual to impair their general objective value. All lovers of Mgr. Benson will be grateful to "one of his converts."

-From the viewpoint of morality, "The Keeper of the Door," by Ethel M. Dell (G. P. Putnam's Sons), is not a commendable book, although the story is well and interestingly told. The moral objection is that the story is a more or less speciously disguised plea for euthanasia,--in other words, for the killing of those who are hopelessly suffering and can not possibly recover. True, Dr. Max Wyndam, the "keeper" of the door of death, is opposed to the practice, though not apparently on any lofty moral grounds; but the average sympathetic reader (if a non-Catholic) will probably lay down the book with the insistent doubt whether, after all, in extreme cases, helping the dying to die more speedily may not be morally licit. The scenes of the tale are laid in England and India; the dialogue is bright, the action swift and vivid, the characterization excellent, and the plot well worked out to its inevitable denouement.

# • The Latest Books. A Guide to Good Reading.

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

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

- "Spiritual Letters of / Mgr. Benson." One of His Converts. \$1.
- "The Friar Preacher: Yesterday and To-Day." Père Jacquin, O. P. 75 cts.
- "Like Unto a Merchant." Mary Agatha Gray. \$1.35.
- "The World's Crisis and the Way to Peace." E. Ellsworth Shumaker, Ph. D. 75 cts.
- "Robin Hood and His Merry Men." Maud Radford Warren. 50 cts.
- "Loneliness?" Monsignor Benson. \$1.35.

- "Saints and Saintly Dominicans." Rev. Thomas Reilly, O. P. \$1.
- "Oremus." \$1.50.
- "The Wit and Wisdom of John Ayscough." Scannell O'Neill. 50 cts.
- "The Earthly Paradise." Rev. J. Henry, C. SS. R. 15 cts.
- "Popular Sermons on the Catechism." Rev. A. Hubert Bamberg, Rev. Herbert Thurston, S. J. \$1.50.
- "The Mirror." Mary F. Nixon-Roulet. 60 cts.
- "The Graves of Kilmorna." Canon Sheehan. \$1.35.
- "Out of Work: A Study of Unemployment." Frances A. Kellor. \$1.50.
- "From Fetters to Freedom." Rev. Robert Kane, S. J. \$1.50.
- "The King, the Kaiser, and Irish Freedom." James K. McGuire. \$1.50.
- "Les Cloches des Morts." Author of "By the Gray Sea." 75 cts.
- "Poems." Rt. Rev. R. H. Benson. 75 cts.
- "The Elder Miss Ainsborough." Marion Ames Taggart. \$1.25.
- "The Unfolding of the Little Flower." Very Rev. N. M. Cunningham, V. F. \$1.45.

## Obituary.

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

Rev. L. A. Ricklin, of the diocese of Green Bay; Rev. James O'Connor, diocese of Albany; and Rev. Peter Chapon, S. S.

Sister M. Basil, of the Sisters of St. Joseph; Sister Anna Raphael, Congregation of Notre Dame; and Sister M. Bernard, Sisters of the Holy Cross.

Mr. Charles Gradwell, Dr. W. H. Langdon, Dr. M. A. Hughes, Miss Nora Shanahan, Mrs. Anna Thornton, Mr. James J. Quinn, Mrs. Anastasia Purtell, Mr. John Finnell, Mr. John McCarthy, Mrs. Agnes Helstern, Mr. Francis McMahon, Miss Josephine Borie, Mr. William McCarrey, Miss Mary Croker, Mrs. Margaret O'Neill, Mr. Thomas Casey, Mrs. Margaret Harran, Mrs. Elizabeth Forster, Mr. Edward Peacock, Mrs. M. Carey, Mr. George Ulrich, Mrs. Catherine Kelly, Mr. Leo Roch, Mr. Samuel Stevens, Mrs. Ellen Malone, Mr. John Olthaus, Mrs. Angela Kennedy, Mr. Henry Brundage, Mr. William Carter, Mr. O. M. Monroe, and Mrs. Ellen O'Donnell.

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

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

VOL. I. (New Series.)

### NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MAY 8, 1915.

NO. 19

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## In Maytime.

BY DANIEL J. DONAHOE.

 N Maytime when the bird songs And humming of the bees
 Make music in the blossoms Among the orchard trees;
 When on the fresh young grasses The dews are shining clear,
 Within my heart, like music, Responds an answering cheer.
 The odors of the flower-buds

That burst the moldering sod, Arise, a holy incense,

As prayers ascend to God. There saw I newborn beauty

Awake from old decay, As out of death the spirit

Awakes to deathless day.

#### Religion and the War.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

N these days when I hear people talk of "the dreadful war" I always add, "and the glorious war." When I have said this, sometimes the captious critic has remarked: "Oh, then you like the war!" And I have answered that not only has the war turned common clay into heroes, but it has made confessors and martyrs of those who mourn at home. The image of God was once obscured in the great mass of men and women. You might meet many people, and hear much talk, and go hither and thither without

coming upon any indication of the immortal soul. A very large number of people were learning to do quite gaily without heaven and God. Those were the days before the great war.

More and more, educated men especially had ceased to believe in any world but this; and when the educated women found the same dreary negation, matters were worse still. With contemptuous indifference in the cultivated, and crass and ugly denial or ignorance in the uneducated, corruption was bound to People wickedly wrote corrupt follow. books that they might sell; pictures, newspapers, theatres, music halls were as wicked; even those who were supposed to work for and guard the young, and public morals, and to procure reforms, chose the methods of the pagan, and not of the nobler pagan. The most appalling doctrines I have ever seen promulgated in the cold light of print were put forward in support of a reform. Indeed, a great portion of the world seemed in agreement with the triumphant sentiment of the French statesman who had banished religion from the schools of France: "Nous avons chassé ce Jésus-Christ." Everywhere paganism and corruption were spreading like a horrid disease. Responsible people were taking fright at what was happening. The floodgates had been opened, and who was going to stem the torrent? People had been set free from religion and had delivered themselves to the terrible servitude of sin. The things which appear in times of great prosperity and luxury had

sprung up and flourished. The pursuit of riches and luxury and of new sensations was ending where it has always ended — in the road to the pit. Then to save the world came the war.

I have said over and over again to people who can see in the war only an unmixed evil: "But you *must* believe that God permits it. You must believe that He has His hand on the helm, else we are all spinning in the maelstrom at the will of something irresponsible and malignant." I can not believe that God forgets His world,—that He will not lead it out scourged and purged from the great war; because at last I see His image plain in the men and women I meet.

The very beginning of the war sent the poor people running like a frightened child to its mother - to the Fatherhood of God. Those early days and weeks were terrible with the helpless terror of a dream. We knew not what was going to happen to us. The horrors of invasion were upon us. What had happened to Belgium was going to happen to us. Those who had hitherto protected us would be powerless. By Christmas certainly there would be famine. Armageddon was upon us. We thought of the children - I speak out of personal experience - and the world-old cry was in our hearts: "O Lord, not them, but me!"

I remember those August days when one lay down in fear, and awoke to a sense of unheard-of calamity. The very sunlight was sickly. And our men who were going out, - the precious flesh-and-blood husbands and sons and brothers and lovers-to be flung against Armageddon. At the moment I happened to be interested in a group of four young soldiers who were aides-de-camp to Lord Aberdeen, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Three were Catholics. Those three went out immediately. There had been a great deal of gaiety going on in connection with the Civic Exhibition in Dublin, of which Lady Aberdeen was the centre and inspiration; and those young men were

the centre of the gaiety. Of those who went out two are dead. We had a prevision of it in those days when the gaiety fled all of a sudden and left us frightened. Now, when I pray for those at the war, and especially for my friends living and dead, the list of the golden boys who are dead is longer than that of the living. No wonder the frightened world began to seek God in the darkness.

My first personal touch with the awaking of the religious spirit came with a letter from the daughter of an oldfashioned Low Church father, a very wealthy and distinguished person. Her brothers were going out, and her request was for crucifixes and medals to sew in the uniform of the boys. "I can buy them, of course," she wrote; "but, not being a Catholic, I can not get them blessed. Will you ask a priest to bless them for me?" Well, of course I did what I was asked; and she wrote to me again, saying: "The poor boys sit by and see me sewing in the precious crucifixes and medals. They take it very seriously, and are very much pleased about it." To me there is something oddly pathetic, with a pathos that makes me smile a little, in the thought of those two young guardsmen, golden youths indeed, sitting there watching the crucifixes and medals being sewn into their uniforms.

I chanced to tell this strange happening soon afterward to the mother of two young soldiers, herself belonging to one of the most ultra-Protestant of Irish Protestant families .- and Irish Protestantism is the narrowest and most intolerant Protestantism in existence. One son had been sent home wounded, to be mended and sent back again, as is happening every day. So many have been sent home wounded and have gone back again only to be killed,-a harrowing thing for the relatives. I was standing holding her hands for comfort when I told her the story. Something shone out of her poor tear-stricken face. "Could you get me some for the boys?" she asked .-- "But,"

I stammered, "not really? Not you! And their father? Would he not object?"— "He would be delighted," she said. "Oh, please get them for me! I shall be so grateful. You see, I can't do it for myself." So she had the medals and crucifixes; and when the boys had their share, there was a crucifix for herself, which she wears about her neck.

Now, these are little things, and the cynical might say that the medals and crucifixes were but so many charms, a sort of harmless superstition which might or might not "have something in it" to the minds of these poor frightened women. But prayers followed the wearing of the medals and crucifixes. And, after all, God does not disdain the simplicities. "Unless ye become as little children..."

I had already noticed in the letters from the front in the English papersletters from non-Catholics often-references to the fact that the German shot and shell had spared this or that statue or shrine in the cathedrals, on the house fronts and street corners of the Belgian towns, or those of Northern France, which had been bombarded. Then came a picture postcard from the sister of one of the guardsmen, - Mass being said in the open, with a crowd of kneeling and reverent soldiers. "This is E---'s battalion attending an open-air Mass. Of course very few of the soldiers are Catholics, but they all like to go."

One of my correspondents has for grandmother the most wonderful old lady in the world, who is the mother of great daughters and the mother-in-law of great men. Two grandsons, sons of the most fascinating Irishman of his time—which is to say a great deal—(an able diplomat and administrator), have both been wounded in the war. Of Lord B—— there was this story. Somewhere in a halfruined French village, he with a companion strayed into the little church. Rather to their amazement, they found there an ecclesiastic of a very distinguished appearance, who wore on his

black cassock a very beautiful gold cross. He entered into conversation with them, showed them the little church and its relics, talked with them in a manner revealed the highly educated which man - and the man of the world, as we must say for want of a better phrase. They were so pleasantly entertained that they did not notice how the time passed; but the interview came to an end like all things earthly. As they parted the ecclesiastic suddenly took off his cross which was hung by a little chain. "My friend," he said to Lord B----, "we shall not in all probability meet again. Will you wear this in memory of our meeting?" He put the chain over the amazed young man's head, and, not waiting for thanks, hurried back into the church. Well, the German bullet that wounded Lord B---- just glanced off the cross, missing a vital part. This story was related by the great old grandmother, who remains a strong Protestant, although the narrow ugliness of Irish Protestantism is impossible with her fine character.

Such stories abound.. The poor soldiers' letters are often deeply edifying. There is a story of a couple of English Tommies in a Dublin shop. "Please may we see some necklaces?" The necklaces are shown. "Not that kind, please. We want the kind of necklaces the Irish chaps carry,—necklaces with a cross to them. The chaps who wear them in the trenches seem to do better than the rest of us."

One imagines that henceforth that degraded creature, the "escaped nun," will lose a great deal of her "drawing" power in the English country towns. I visited the wounded soldiers a while ago in a Dublin hospital conducted by Irish Sisters of Charity. The soldiers were all English, with the solitary exception of a Connaught Ranger, nineteen years of age, one of whose eyes had been shot out. It was pretty to see the little white nun, who was in charge of the ward, with the soldiers. They were her big babies, and there were jests between them into which the outsider could not enter. It seemed a delightful relationship. Seeing it, I remembered what a very wise man said to me when I asked him piteously if we were to believe the stories of German atrocities, which I thought, at least, must be the exception, not the rule. He answered: "Trust the soldiers. The soldiers are gentlemen and fight like gentlemen. They say nothing of atrocities."

But beyond all these outward signs and tokens there is the heroic acceptance of loss that one looks on every day with amazed eyes, saying to one's self: "I had not known such heroism was in the world." Nor could there be such heroism unless God was with the mourners.

Where I have been living, nearly every house has a son at the front. Almost every man and woman one meets has some beloved creature who, at this moment, at any moment of the day or night, may be lying out among the wounded on the field, may be dead, may be buried. "Do you know what it meant to me," writes the mother of a dead boy of nineteen, "to know that he lay out in this bitter weather a day and a night before they found him?" Yet this mother was able to write to me within a fortnight of that death, to thank me for a poem which has helped her and many others, thank God! "Your 'Flower of Youth' in the Spectator made me resolve that his memorial service at our old parish church should be altogether triumphal." And so it was.

Again, I have a letter from a young widow whose lover-husband—they were mere boy and girl—has been killed. He was one of those Catholics of whom I have spoken. She writes: "You know what we were to each other. My life is completely shattered. I can only say, God's will be done!"

Yet again, from the letters of a father who has lost his two sons and has given with sublime self-sacrifice his last son and child. (Both boys were Catholics, though the heroic father is not.) Of the first son killed he writes: "He was my dearest friend as well as my best and most loving son, and every hope and plan I had for the future centred round him. So the loss is terrible to me. But I am proud to have such a son. I feel that he did good to the world in every action of his simple, straightforward life, and crowned it by laying down his life for us."

The letters all breathe the same spirit of quiet patience and sublime resignation to the will of God. "I will love Him although He slay me," is in all this wonderful endurance. Here is an extract from the letter of another mother who has lost her dearest son:

"He was taken away when he was most ready. He had passed through those wonderful days of brave deeds, had helped his wounded friends, and had revelled in the glorious, buoyant will and strength to help his country; had served his general with unfailing love, and has now been spared the sorrows and sufferings that must still come. Thank God, all is very well with him! My Mary wrote: 'Can't you hear him say, "I'm all right, marme. Don't worry"?' He was killed on the 4th of November. He was at his post waiting for the general's messages. It was instantaneous. He was in the best of health and spirits, and a constant joy to all who knew him. He and I never had a word of difficulty or difference. It was just one long, happy, perfect friendship."

In all the letters I have—and they are many—from the bereaved, there is never anything but the most perfect resignation. So in this furnace of affliction souls are purged white, and we see them plain the living images of God.

The thing that I shall remember afterward, because it comes home to myself— I see it every day,—is the courage of the women. Apart from the fact that they are "up to the ears" in Red Cross work and the business of providing comforts for the troops, in looking after the Belgians, and all the rest of it, they are living very much as they lived in peace times—with a difference. We meet and talk, and we visit each other much as usual. Not once have I seen tears because of this war, though I have seen a drawn anxiety in the faces of women whose best-beloved were "going out" soon. It is so miraculous that I can discern nothing for my part except that the hand of God is holding them up. One remembers St. Augustine when he mourned for his mother: "Then did I let go my tears, and my heart rested on them as on a bed; . . . for they were for Thine ears and not for any man."

In Paris they are thronging the churches, thank God! The men at the frontirrespective of creed-are coming to all the services in the little village churches of that wasted part of France. It is a time of belief. And in a strange way it is a time of peace; for all the discordant clamor of another day is lost in the great solemnity of the war. More and more we are purging ourselves. The Russians gave up vodka at the beginning of the war, and have gone through the war on tea. Will they ever return to vodka? There are signs and tokens that as drastic a measure regarding the sale of intoxicants is about to be adopted in England. A sober England, Scotland and Ireland would be a great victory won through the war. When it is over, Europe will be so much the poorer by the fearful toll of her best and bravest. A statistician has told me that it will take sixty years to make up the wastage of the war as a mere matter of population. How many years will it take to make up the bravery, the self-sacrifice, the patient endurance, which we have lost in the war!

But God is surely at the helm. We are not whirling in the maelstrom without His guiding hand. He looks down upon a world on her knees, and "as a mother comforteth" He gives comfort. If the world comes out of the war a new, clean, austere world, with her eyes toward Heaven, the sacrifice of her dearest children will not have been in vain.

#### The Secret Bequest.

#### BY CHRISTIAN REID.

#### XIX.

T 🖏 was a delightful country through which the car was running so swiftly and smoothly on that radiant June morning of the Feast of Corpus Christi,a softly rolling country of lovely greenness, with spreading fields where the golden-headed wheat stood ready for the reaping, or blades of young corn were springing freshly out of the rich, brown earth. There was a great sense of wide space everywhere. The woods were wearing their luxuriant crowns of full summer foliage; and the air was filled with the songs of birds, which rose unceasingly toward the sky of stainless sapphire. It was a day to make the heart sing with the happiness of mere existence, - an ideal day for speeding along level roads, flecked by sunshine and shadow, through a land of smiling beauty. And the two in Honora's luxurious car, who had spent the night before in a near-by town, and were now, in the early morning freshness, on their way to the Abbey of Belmont, looked at each other with pleasure too deep for words.

"Isn't it heavenly?" Honora asked. "Have you ever before felt so grateful for being alive,—just simply alive?"

"And for all that being alive implies," Miss Rainesford assented. "And it implies a great deal to-day; for I'm thinking of what is going on, spiritually, all over the world, — of the many places where the Lord who created the earth, and the beauty thereof, is being borne out, with pomp and solemnity, to bless its fairness, as well as to receive the homage of men. You've never seen a Corpus Christi procession, have you?"

Honora shook her head.

"How should I?" she replied. .

Miss Rainesford drew in her breath.

"Then there's a wonderful experience before you to-day," she said.

"You mean that the ceremonies we are to witness are so impressive?"

"Impressive, yes, and beautiful, and moving in the deepest sense. I think you will find them all of that. And I believe you may find them even more."

Honora gave her a quick glance.

"What more could I find them?"

"Ah, there is much more that you could find them!" the other answered. "The beauty and the impressiveness are merely on the surface, for any one to perceive who has eyes to see and an imagination to kindle. But what lies beneath—what they are there to indicate—"

She paused abruptly, as if fearing to say too much. And to herself she was, in fact, saying, "Bernard would tell me that I am doing wrong in bringing her here on such an occasion, knowing that she is already attracted and interested by the Church more than she is aware. But I don't agree with him, - I don't! He believes that it would be impossible for her to make the sacrifice which conversion to the faith would entail, and so he wants to shield her from suffering and struggle and responsibility. But I don't think that one has the right to deprive a soul of the opportunity to make the supreme choice. She is entitled to her chance; for what is any suffering, any struggle, any sacrifice in comparison to what she would gain if she were strong enough to choose rightly? I suppose it is too much to expect that she would, that she could, pay the price demanded; but she shall have her chance,---she shall! And, after all, it wasn't I who proposed our coming here."

"It was you who proposed and arranged the coming to-day," an `inner voice reminded her.

"Well, yes, I did as much as that," she acknowledged to the monitor. "But there was no reason why I shouldn't. She wanted to witness a religious function, and I have long wanted to come here for Corpus Christi. Why should I have denied both of us so much pleasure on account of Bernard's scruples, which I don't share? — Look, Honora!" she suddenly exclaimed aloud. "There are the monastery buildings, and you can see the spires of the church!"

Honora looked eagerly in the direction indicated, and saw a great mass of stately buildings set on a wide, level plateau in the midst of verdure, of leafy avenues and great forest oaks; and, as the dominating note of the picture, a Gothic church of imposing design, lifting its crosscrowned spires toward the deep-blue Carolina sky, while at this moment its bells broke forth in summoning peal.

"We are just in time for Mass," said Miss Rainesford; and bade the chauffeur, instead of turning into the avenue which led to the entrance of the college, drive on to the end of a broad, stone-paved walk which extended from the highway to the door of the church.

A singular feeling came over Honora when they entered the church a few minutes later, — a feeling less of surprise for its stately proportions, its beautiful stained glass, and elaborately decorated altar, than of a strange familiarity,—as if, after long absence, she had returned to a place which was the native land of her soul, and which welcomed her with an atmosphere which she had not felt since she went out from the church of St. Paul the Apostle on the day she heard of her unexpected inheritance.

She followed Miss Rainesford, and sat down in a seat, her eyes fastened on the lamp — burning like the lamp she remembered in that other church—before the altar; and again there came over her the consciousness of a Presence, of something warm, welcoming, personal, which banished all sense of coldness and emptiness from the building. And then some words of Bernard Chisholm recurred to her: "The church simply wasn't empty: the Blessed Sacrament was there." Yes, it must be that, — *that* was what made the difference between Catholic churches and all others. But even if the Blessed Sacrament were there, why, in God's name, should she be so conscious of Its presence,—she who did not believe that It was more than a symbol and commemoration of an event which occurred nearly two thousand years ago?

It was a relief from any attempt to answer the question, that her attention was now diverted by a stir of movement around her. There was a flutter of white veils on childish heads, a glimpse of grave childish faces, of baskets of flowers carried in small hands, and filling the already flower-scented church with fresh fragrance; then came files of older girls; then black-robed Sisters from the convent near by, and following them the congregation streaming in. A moment later the organ pealed out; the clear, thrilling voices of boy sopranos rose; a procession in glittering robes entered the sanctuary, and the Mass of Corpus Christi began.

And then Honora forgot everything else in trying to follow and understand this strange rite, which proceeded in such ordered solemnity, with movements and gestures that seemed to carry the mind back to the beginning of the world,-to strange altars in strange, wild places in the early twilight of human history; to "oblations of whole burnt sacrifices, offerings," from which rose a smoke of propitiation toward Heaven, even as the white clouds of incense were curling up in the sanctuary now. And, thanks to Bernard's instructions, the music served as an interpretation of what she might else have failed entirely to comprehend. It was like a voice speaking in majestic harmonies, and explaining the great act of worship taking place before her. That she understood it fully is, of course, too much to say; but, whether through the music or by some inward illumination, she grasped at least the essential meaning, the significance of ceremonies which are ordinarily quite meaningless to the uninstructed Protestant. Uninstructed in any true sense, Honora surely was; but just now something seemed to supply the place of instruction: she was conscious of a need in herself, which unaccountably responded to what was offered here, of finding, for the first time in her life, a worship which expressed, at the same time that it satisfied, the yearning and aspiration of the soul.

But now the Mass was ended, and there was another movement about the altar. A great, golden ostensorium, with sunlike rays, was brought forward. The white-veiled children, with flowers to scatter before the Sacred Host; acolytes with lighted candles; the censer-bearer with his smoking censer; the choir; the long train of priests, ending with the stately form of the Abbot-Bishop, looking as if he had stepped out of a painting by one of the old masters,-all these grouped and fell into their appointed places about that 'swaying canopy, under which there walked a priest in shining cope, a richly embroidered scarf about his shoulders, bearing the gleaming ostensorium, in the small central disk of which shone Something strangely, almost transparently white, at which Honora gazed with wide, wondering eyes as It passed, with clouds of fragrant incense rising before It, with lights and bells and scattered blossoms, while the solemn and glorious hymn of the ages rose in swelling chorus:

> Pange, lingua, gloriosi Corporis mysterium.

As in a dream, Honora followed the procession which swept out of the church into the sunlight of the beautiful June day. It surely was a dream, this thrilling scene of religious worship and religious pageant,—a scene which might have been in place in Spain or Italy, but that seemed strange and alien beyond the power of words to express in this remote part of the most Protestant country left in the world. And yet she had a singular feeling that, strange as it was to every ideal of faith and worship which had existed here since white men first came to the shores of America, it was not alien: on the contrary, it was as if a king, long banished from his rightful kingdom, had come at last to take possession of it in triumph. For what could more strikingly convey the sense of triumph than this procession, as of a sovereign's entry into his own? Here were all the symbols of supreme honor,-the pealing bells flinging their joyous notes far and wide over the smiling land, the swelling music, the gleaming lights, the clouds of incense mounting Heavenward. And this not in any confined space-not under the roof of any building, however vast,-but out in the open air, under the broad sky, in the brilliant sunshine.

And they who were conducting this procession, these surpliced priests and black-robed monks, were well used to leading such triumphs; for had they not, in the persons of their spiritual fathers, led the vanguard of the conquering hosts of Christ into every land of Europe, planted the Cross, planted also law, order and civilization, and out of pagan tribes formed the mighty nations of Christendom? Like most of those who have been reared in the narrow culture of Protestantism, Honora knew little or nothing of the true history of the modern world, and absolutely nothing of the formative influence exerted upon this world by the Church through her monastic Orders, and particularly through the pioneer and leader of all, the great Order of St. Benedict. She did not, therefore, know how altogether fitting it was that the sons of those who had carried the faith into every corner of the Old World should now lead the same conquering march in this new land, settled by the descendants of those whom, in ages past, they had won from paganism, and whom it was now their harder task to win from the modern paganism which is the souldestroying result of heresy. And they were bearing with them-they were carrying out to-day, that He might take

possession of His own—One who had purchased His supreme right to men's souls by His death "beyond the city walls" on that spring day long ago!

Ignorant as she was, with the pathetic ignorance of those outside the Church those who have never looked at any question, either temporal or spiritual, from the true angle of vision,—some dim instinct of these things was borne to Honora, as she walked beside her companion, as she saw the swaying golden canopy far ahead, gleaming in the sunlight, and caught the deep-toned, swelling music.

And now the procession had passed far beyond the church, along the roseedged paths of the flower-set space between the college and the monastery, and was descending-a marvellous scene indeeda picturesque flight of stone steps into a deep green dell, where slender trees lifted their wealth of fresh foliage, where birds were singing an exquisite welcome, where a stream flowed in crystal clearness from a gushing spring, over which stood a shrine and statue of St. Walburga, and where on one side a hill rose steeply, and, in an ivy-draped niche among the rocks, a statue of Our Lady of Lourdes was enthroned, even as she is enthroned among the rocks of Massabielle. Beneath was an altar where (Miss Rainesford whispered) Mass was said every morning during the month of May; and on this altar, now blazing with lights, the Blessed Sacrament was deposited for adoration.

Once more white clouds of incense rose, the choir broke into fresh song, and over the level, tree-shaded space between the hillside and the stream, the people knelt, behind the long train of ecclesiastics and religious. Honora knelt with the rest; and Miss Rainesford, glancing at her, saw that her face wore an expression of rapt emotion. Her eyes, large and brilliant beyond their ordinary seeming, were fastened on the white Host in the ostensorium, as if in wonder tinged with awe and also

with questioning. Then came the moment of Benediction. The golden monstrance was lifted up, a great Sign of the Cross was made over the bent heads of the multitude, over the earth which God had made so fair, over the green trees, the flowing water, the singing birds, beloved of St. Francis; and then, as with a great burst, the Laudate Dominum rose, the procession rose also, and took its way across the rustic bridge which spanned the stream; and still singing, still bidding not only all people but all things to join in praising the Lord, mounted the hill beyond, and wound over a plateau set with tall pines.

Honora drew a deep breath when, at the end of the line of climbing figures, she reached the summit of the hill: and all her childhood seemed to meet her in the scented breath of the pines, in the straight brown stems, with the sunlight falling upon them, and the straw-colored needles covering the earth beneath. How many Carolina highlands like this had she not seen and known, but when ever before for the setting of such a picture as that before her now? A wonderful picture surely, as the procession wound over the level upland, the white-veiled children scattering flowers, the acolytes with their candles and bells, the golden-vested priest, the canopy covering the Presence; and all around the wide silence of the country, the solemn pines, and the far blue heaven above. And then in the midst of the woods they came upon an open space, and an altar stood decorated, lighted, ready for the Benediction to come. And here again the incensing, the singing, and the ostensorium flashing in the sunlight as the blessing was given once more. Then back along a woodland avenue under the sentinel pines, with the same-music, flowers, lights and bells; down the hillside to the green, leafy dell, where Mary looked smiling from her high niche among the rocks; across the stream, up the picturesque stone stairway which led to the wide level space where the great

cluster of buildings stood; along the rose-hedged paths, and so again into the church.

It was after the procession had once more swept into the waiting sanctuary, when the organ had again sent forth its deep music, the thrilling voices risen in the glorious Latin hymns, and amid the same accompaniment of flowers, lights and incense, the final Benediction had been given, that Honora felt suddenly the reaction from the intense emotion to which she had been keyed. Up to this moment she had been overwhelmed, absorbed by the experience through which she was passing; she had had no thought for anything but this marvellous "ceremony." so strange, so novel, so satisfying to the instincts of human nature, which clamor to know and worship God; this beauty so moving through its appeal to a11 the. senses; this pageantry that, with its deep significance, its divine poetry, touches the deepest founts of emotion, and lifts the soul upward in a passion of adoration.

All this she had felt: it had taken possession of her, and banished every other thought. Indescribably carried out of herself, touched, moved and melted, she had followed the crowd of worshippers, had knelt with them, and been conscious of an overwhelming influence which seemed to emanate from the white Host uplifted in benediction. But now suddenly all this exaltation of feeling died away, the emotions relaxed like the strings of an instrument that had been too highly keyed: she was conscious of a sense of flatness, of depression almost like despair; and, rising abruptly from her knees, she sat down.

For a moment she had a feeling of something curiously like resentment, as if she had been moved and impressed against her judgment. "Don't be deceived!" something seemed to be whispering to her. "It was a purely emotional effect. Oh, they know how to play upon the emo-

# THE AVE MARIA

tions, these Catholics! They enlist every means-music, color, poetry, the charm of ordered, splendid pageantry,-but that is all. It is merely an appeal to the emotions." That God Himself had been carried out in the procession to bless His world was, she said to herself, too stupendously unbelievable to be credited. That for one moment it had seemed compellingly credible, was due no doubt to the contagion of the great wave of faith around her,-the atmosphere created by a multitude of ardent, believing souls. It was a faith which carried people away from all their moorings, and inspired a wild fauatieism of sacrifice. But neither such faith nor such sacrifice was possible for her; so she had been mad to come here, and, vielding to a mysterious attraction, expose herself to a danger she now understood. Well, at least she did understand it at last; and, so understanding, would go as quickly as possible.

When Miss Rainesford presently finished her prayers and looked around at her companion, she was painfully struck by the whiteness of the girl's face.

"Are you feeling ill?" she whispered quickly. "No?" (as Honora shook her head.) "Then I'm afraid you are very tired."

"I am tired," Honora confessed. "If you don't mind, I should like to get away as soon as possible."

"But," Miss Rainesford objected when a minute later they stood outside the door of the church, "I thought we were to spend a little time here. I wanted you to meet some of the Fathers, who are Bernard's friends and mine; and perhaps the Bishop himself—"

But Honora put out her hand and drew her insistently away toward the car waiting for them at the end of the walk.

"No, no!" she almost gasped in her eagerness. "I beg you let us go at once, I can stand no more to-day." Memoirs of Monsignor Benson.\*

BY N. F. DEGIDON.



N the midst of war alarms and books on every possible phase of war, it is more than refreshing to take up a book, not only

on peace, but about a man who devoted his life to preaching and teaching the doctrine of peace on earth and glory to God in the highest. "Hugh: Memoirs of a Brother," by the distinguished scholar and stylist, Mr. Arthur Christopher Benson, is not only a touching and beautiful tribute of fraternal love, but a decided work of art in its delicate portrayal of Monsignor Benson's life and character. Through two hundred and thirty-nine pages of absorbing interest, he takes the reader, as it were, for a walk in company with Hugh,-the well-beloved, from his first memory of him in the nursery world, "a tiny creature, lying lost in contented dreams in a big, white-draped, white-hooded cradle," to the last sad morning when the dying priest, thoughtful and considerate of others even to the end, asked the nurse to stand between him and his brother, so that the latter should be spared the sight of his death-agony.

Born forty-three years ago, in a sunny room in the Master's lodge at Wellington College, near Lincoln, Monsignor Benson seems to have been a veritable child of promise. He was named Robert to perpetuate a family tradition, and Hugh for a saint, — St. Hugh of Lincoln, whose feast occurred on the day following his birth. Hugh, however, was the name he lived up to, as well as that enshrined in the hearts of his kin and intimates. He was a quaint child, full of nervous fancies, but strong in his affections, and very decided about his small wants and wishes. Some anecdotes of his early life are very

\* "Hugh: Memoirs of a Brother." By Arthur Christopher Benson. Smith, Elder & Co.

(To be continued.)

worthy to be quoted. "Hugh would under no circumstances, and for no considerations, ever consent to go into a room in the dark by himself, being extremely imaginative and nervous; and on one occasion when he was asked what he expected to befall, he answered with a shudder and a stammer: 'To fall over a mangled corpse—squish!—into a pool of gore!'...

"When he was between four and five years old, one of his godfathers came to stay at the Chancery, and brought Hugh a Bible. My mother was sitting with Mr. Penny in the drawing-room after luncheon, when Hugh, in a little black velvet suit, his flaxen hair brushed till it gleamed with radiance, his face the picture of innocence, bearing the Bible, a very image of early piety, entered the room, and, going up to Mr. Penny, said with his little stammer, 'Tha-a-ank you, godpapa, for this beautiful Bible! Will you read me some of it?' Mr. Penny beamed with delight; and my mother rose to leave the room, feeling almost unworthy of being present at so sacred an interview. But as she reached the door, she heard her guest say, 'And what shall I read about?' — 'The de-e-evil!' said Hugh without the least hesitation. My mother closed the door and came back."

His strongest devotion as a child, and even as a man-his mother excepted,-was. to be given to Beth, the old family nurse, who had entered the service of Mrs. Benson's mother as a young girl; while that which she returned was almost bordering on idolatry. She was devoted to all the Benson children, but Hugh was without doubt her white-haired boy. To quote: "For Hugh, as the last of her 'children,' she had the tenderest love, and lavished her care and indeed her money on him. When we were all dispersed for a time after my father's death, Beth went to her Yorkshire relations, and pined away in separation from her dear ones. Hugh returned alone and earlier than the rest; and Beth could bear it no

longer, but came up from Yorkshire just to get a glimpse of Hugh at a station in London as he passed through, had a few words with him and a kiss, and gave some little presents which she thought he might like, returning to Vorkshire, tired out but comforted. She was nearly eighty at the time.... In early days she watched over Hugh, did anything and everything for him. When he got older, she used to delight to wait on him, to pack and unpack for him; to call him in the mornings, and secretly to purchase clothes and toilet articles to replace anything worn out or lost. In latter days the thought that he was coming home used to make her radiant for days before.... He always went and sat with her for a little in the evenings, in her-room full of all the old nursery treasures, and imitated her smilingly. 'Nay, now, child! I've spoken, and that is enough!' he used to say, while she laughed with delight.... Even in her last long illness, as she faded out of life at over ninety years of age, she was made perfectly happy by the thought that he was in the house, and only sorry that she could not look after things."

At the age of six, the elevation of his father to a bishopric was the occasion of a flitting to Truro; and so great a difficulty was a train journey to the boy then, as in after life, that it is recorded when the train pulled up at the first small station a few miles from Lincoln, a little voice in the corner queried: "Is this Truro?" The incident testifies to the indomitable energy of the man, if we remember the long and toilsome journeys across continents and over seas he took to preach the Faith that was in him. A description of the future controversialist at this time is worthy of citation: "He was a delicately-made, light-haired, blueeved child, looking rather angelic in a velvet suit; and with small, neat feet, of which he was supposed to be unduly aware. He had at that time all sorts of odd' tricks, winkings and twitchings;

and one very aggravating habit, in walking, of putting his feet together suddenly, stopping and looking down at them, while he muttered to himself the mystic formula, 'Knucks, Nunks.' But one thing about him was very distinct indeed: he was entirely impervious to the public opinion of the nursery, and could neither be ridiculed nor cajoled out of continuing to do anything he chose to do. He did not care the least what was said, nor had he any morbid fears of being disliked or mocked at. He went his own way, knew what he wanted to do, and did it."

At the age of eight he broke into poetry, but the habit does not seem to have continued to any seriousness. At about the same age, a little memoir of his early childhood credits him with a desire to investigate the claims of the Catholic an enthusiastic Church, begotten of admiration for the heroes and heroines thereof, and with the following sage query to his father: "Father, if there be such a sacrament as Penance, can I go?" But writer negatives this statement, the because as a child, and always throughout his life, Hugh was absolutely free from any touch of priggishness or precocious piety; and Monsignor Benson himself, in his "Confessions of a Convert," states that the idea of confession was first put before him by his father when he was about to be ordained as an Anglican minister.

The family life at Truro is singularly touching, — the bishop and scholar sunk in the fond father, who taught the boy, all unknowing what the future would bring; the boy trotting about along with his father when there were no lessons to be done, and helping him sympathetically in his small way; doing whatever his hands found to do literally with all his might when the pair worked in the garden, even as he did with all his might the work his Divine Master entrusted to him in later years. To quote:

"It was a happy time at Truro for Hugh. Speaking generally, I should call him in those days a quick, inventive, active-minded child, entirely unsentimental; he was fond of trying his hand at various things, but he was impatient and volatile, would never take trouble, and as a consequence never did anything well. One would never have supposed, in those early days, that he was going to be so hard a worker as he afterward became, who perfected his gifts by such continuous, prolonged, and constantly renewed labor.... The most remarkable thing about him was a real independence of character, with an entire disregard of other people's opinion. What he liked, what he felt, what he decided, was the important thing to him; and so long as he could get his way, I do not think that he troubled his head about what other people might think or wish. He did not want to earn good opinions, nor did he care for disapproval or approval; people, in fact, were to him at that time just more or less favorable channels for him to follow his own designs,-more or less stubborn obstacles to his attaining his wishes. He was not at all a sensitive or shrinking child: he was quite capable of holding his own, full of spirit and fearless, though quiet enough, and not in the least interfering except when his rights were menaced."

In 1882 he went to a public school at Clevedon, but he does not seem to have settled down there with any degree of comfort, - the breaking into discipline probably not being very pleasing to a boy of his temperament. However, by winning a scholarship three years later, he was enabled to leave it for Eton, where his elder brother (the writer of his Memoirs) was a master and living with Edward Lyttleton, whose private pupil Hugh became. From motives connected with school etiquette, the brothers did not see much of each other; and Hugh, deciding to enter the Indian Civil Service, was allowed to come up to London to read for the examination; so that his stay at Eton did not extend over three or four years. Having failed to secure a place amongst the successful candidates, his next move was to Trinity College, Cambridge, to read for classical honors. To quote again:

"Up to this date, I do not think that anything very conscious or definite had been going on in Hugh's mind or heart. He himself always said that it astonished him on looking back to think how purely negative and undeveloped his early life had been, and how it had been lived on entirely superficial lines, without plans or ambitions, simply taking things as they came. I think it is quite true that it was so: his emotions were dormant, his powers were dormant. He liked companionship and amusement, he avoided what bored him; he had no inclinations to evil, but neither had he any marked inclinations to what was good. Neither had any of his many and varied gifts and accomplishments showed themselves. I used to think latterly that, in all artistic ways, he was one of the most gifted people I had ever seen. Whatever he took up he seemed able to do without any apprenticeship or drudgery. Music, painting, drawing, carving, designing, - he took them all up in turn; and I used to feel that if he had devoted himself to any one of them he could have reached a high excellence. Even his literary gifts, so various and admirable, showed but few signs of their presence in the early days; he was not in the least precocious. I think that, on the whole, it was beneficial to him that his energies all lay fallow....

"I feel certain that what was going on in Hugh's mind all the time was a keen exercise of observation. I have no doubt that his brain was receiving and gaining impressions of every kind, and that his mind was not really inactive—it was only unconsciously amassing material. He had a very quick and delighted perception of human temperaments,—of the looks, gestures, words, mannerisms, habits, and oddities of human nature.... The first sign of his artistic awakening was during

his time in London, when he conceived an intense admiration for the music and ceremony of St. Paul's. 'To me,' Hugh once wrote, 'music is the great reservoir of emotion, from which flow out streams of salvation.' I believe that he now conceived or perhaps developed a sense of the symbolical poetry of religious rites and ceremonies which remained with him to the end."

Later on Hugh seems to have opened his mind more fully on this subject to his brother, saying: "Liturgy, to my mind, is nothing more than a very fine and splendid art, conveying things, to people who possess the liturgical faculty, in an extraordinarily dramatic and vivid way. I further believe that this is an art which has been gradually brought nearer and nearer to perfection by being tested and developed through nineteen centuries, by every kind of mind and nationality.' The way in which it indisputably appeals to such very different kinds of people, and unites them, does, quite apart from other things, give it a place with music and painting.... I think it ought to be realized that Hugh's nature was an artistic one through and through. He had the most lively and passionate sensibility to the appeal of art.... He was essentially solitary within; he attracted friendship and love more than he gave them. His energy of output was so tremendous, his power of concentration so great, that he found a security here from the more ravaging emotions of the heart. Not often did he give his heart away. He admired greatly, he sympathized freely, but I never saw him desolated or stricken by any bereavement or loss. I used to think sometimes that he never needed any one. I never saw him exhibit the smallest trace of jealousy, nor did he ever desire to possess any one's entire affection. He recognized any sign of affection generously and eagerly, but he never claimed to keep it exclusively as his own."

His career at Cambridge was marked

by no special brilliance. He "just got through," and in due course took Orders in the Anglican Church, - a profession which he said he had drifted into as the line of least resistance. Of his work at the Eton Mission, Hackney Wick, the shock of his father's sudden death, his journey abroad, and the further shock at finding the "isolation" of the Anglican denomination in the great world, the curacy at Kemsing, the brotherhood at Mirfield and his profession there, Mr. Benson has little more to add than Monsignor Benson himself has already "Confessions of given us in his а Convert"; but he goes over this familiar ground with such sympathy and insight that one wonders if he was not one with the well-beloved wanderer even though he is still without the Fold. The parts referring to their mother are very worthy of citation, testifying as they do to the strong bond that existed between her and the priest, her youngest-born:

"By far the closest and dearest of all ties, which bound Hugh to another was his love for my mother. Though she still lives to bless us, I may say that never did a mother give to her children a larger and a wiser love than she gave to us. She was our playmate and companion, but we always gave her a perfectly trustful and unquestioning obedience. She never exacted silent submission, but gave us her reasons readily.... She never demanded confidence, but welcomed it with perfect understanding. The result of this with Hugh was that he came to consult her about everything, — his plans, his schemes, his books, his beliefs. . . . At the time when he was tending toward Rome, she accompanied him every step of the way, though never disguising from him her own differences of opinion and belief.... She wished Hugh to make up his own mind, believing that everyone must do that, and that the only chance of happiness lies there. . . .

"No one can really understand Hugh's life without a knowledge of what my mother was to him,-an equal friend, a trusted adviser, a candid critic, and a tender mother as well. . . . I have known few relations so perfect as those between Hugh and my mother, because they were absolutely tender and chivalrous, and at the same time wholly candid, natural, and open-eyed.... My mother went to see him off when he went out to Rome to prepare himself for Holy Orders. As the train went out of the station and Hugh was lost to view, my mother turned round and saw Bishop Wilkinson-one of our dearest friends-waiting for her. He had not intruded on the parting, but now he drew my mother's hand into his arm and said: 'If Hugh's father, when he was here on earth, would-and he wouldhave always wished him to follow his conscience, how much more in Paradise!' And then he went away without another word."

I might quote much more about this splendid mother of an equally splendid son, but space forbids; and it is of the story of the latter I am trying to give just a faint idea. To its beautiful fulness no pen can do any sort of justice. The picture can best be given only partially As a Catholic priest his days were days of unwearying toil. As preacher, teacher, writer, lecturer, consoler, adviser, he gave of himself unstintingly, though it is said that he feared the responsibility of the priesthood, and was wont to pray that God might let him pass away in his sleep if it were His will. Being ordained "on his patrimony," he had a certain degree of independence; and, thinking that he could do more and better work as a free lance, as it were, he bought a house far from the madding crowd, added a private chapel to it, and began his real life's work. But sparing himself was a thing Monsignor Benson never could be induced to do, and in comparative youth he succumbed to an attack of pneumonia which a higher vitality would have easily overcome. He resisted death as strenuously as he had resisted all obstacles which confronted him during life, but death was too strong for him. His last words were: "I commit my soul to God, to Mary, and to Joseph."

"It was wonderful! I have seen many people die, but no one ever so easily and quickly," ejaculated the priest who had stood, with his brother, by the bedside. To quote: "It was wonderful indeed. He had been himself to the very end,no diminution of vigor, no yielding, no humiliation; with all his old courtesy, thoughtfulness, and collectedness.... I recognized that we were only the spectators and that he was in command of the scene. He had made haste to die, and he had gone, as he always used to do, straight from one finished task to another that waited for him. It was not like an end: it was as though he had turned a corner and was passing on out of sight, but still unquestionably there. It seemed to me like the death of a soldier or a knight, in its calmness of courage, its splendid facing of the last extremity, its magnificent determination to experience open-eyed and vigilant the dark crossing."

He lies under the shelter of the trees in the garden of the haven his own hands had beautified and his own life had Cardinal Bourne, the Archhallowed. bishop of Westminster, came specially to consecrate the grave, and his Requiem was solemnly sung by an immense crowd of ecclesiastics; but the great heart that had comforted and consoled and cheered thousands gave no answering throb. He lies there in his own garden, very still, very quiet, but who shall say that his voice of golden melody is not to-day louder than a trumpet for men to hear and follow? In life, crowds thronged the churches to hear him speak; they waited in queues, like theatre-goers at a first night. Though gone before us into eternity, his spirit is still with us, working silently, devotedly, even as he worked in life,-the spirit of courage and force and love, - the example of a singularly noble, selfless, and fruitful life.

# The Month of Mary.

BY L. MUNRO TAINTER.

"WAS in the Month of Mary, When all the fields were fair With daffodils a-blooming,

And bird songs filled the air,-

'Twas in the Month of Mary, That I my guerdon won.

Through bitterest stress and travail That earth may look upon.

'Twas in the Month of Mary, Down in the realms of pain

I wandered weak and weary, But, ah! not all in vain.

'Twas in the Month of Mary, One sacred, happy day,

There opened on my bosom My precious flower of May.

'Twas in the Month of Mary,— Mother of God, I raise

To thee, each day and hour,

My prayers of thanks and praise.

## Like the Penitent Thief.

#### Ι.

BURNING day on the burning shore of Africa. A company of French soldiers, in a forced A march through the arid desert, were now obliged to climb a rocky hill, bare of all vegetation. Never once during the march had they met with a spring or well of water. Their canteens were empty, and they were worn with fatigue and heat. Some had fallen to die in the route, and were left to their fate. And now, as the soldiers reached the foot of the hill they had to climb, a young lieutenant dropped out of the line and sat down. The others passed on, and he was soon alone.

He thought a little rest would restore him, but he felt unable to rise. Thirst, a burning thirst, consumed him. One thought possessed his mind: Was it possible to procure a draught of water? If not, he must die. He felt he *was* dying. He thought of his native France and of his family. He saw in his mind's eye the mill-stream near his father's house. How he used to love to watch the water tumbling over the mill-wheel like a miniature waterfall, and to catch the spray! Oh, what would he not give for a drop of that water!

He lay on the hot ground, his eyes closed, when suddenly he heard a voice: "Why, Lieutenant, what is the matter?"

"I am dying of thirst," said Amedius de Mail.

"Well, I have a little water," replied the soldier; "I was saving it for myself, but in God's name drink it."

The officer took a long draught, and rose to his feet. "May God reward you!" he said. "You have saved my life."

"We must hasten on," said the soldier. "I see Arabs in the distance."

"Did you enter the army by your own wish?" asked Amedius of his companion.

"No, no! I drew a bad number in the conscription. But no matter now; I am content. I am a Parisian. My mother sells vegetables. While we are roasting here like chestnuts in the fire, she is calling out: 'Green peas and fresh asparagus!' She writes to me and tells me to take care of myself. Goodness! what would she say if she saw me now?"

"You will soon rise from the ranks," said Amedius. "You have been educated."

"Well, yes. I was six years at the Christian Brothers' school. But look here, Lieutenant. There are two things in my body which do me much injury—my shoulders and my tongue. I keep shrugging the first and wagging the second. Therefore I shall never be a sergeant. Never mind,—I'm all right."

Amedius looked at the merry-hearted fellow. He was a true Parisian, capable of much good as well as of much evil. Then his eyes wandered over the fine view that was visible as they ascended the hill.

"How beautiful it is!" said the officer,

"Why," replied the soldier, "I am sure I have seen much finer scenery at the opera. Our Breton soldiers are always saying, 'Oh!' and 'Ah!' A Parisian is never surprised. We have camels and serpents and palm-trees in the Zoölogical Gardens, and Arabs selling cigars in the streets; and at the theatres you can see mountains and the sea, and everything of that kind. There is nothing really new to a Parisian. But Paris—how I wish I could see it again!"

By this time they had reached the summit of the hill and found their comrades had halted; for water and shade had been found at last.

Before Amedius took leave of his companion, he thanked him warmly for his kindness and asked his name.

"Nothing to thank me for, Lieutenant. I only wish I could have given you champagne. My name is Henry Lacost, at your service."

That night Amedius had a strange dream. It seemed to him that, consumed with burning thirst, he saw before him a stream of running water, and that he eagerly approached and drank of it. And then, looking to see whence this fresh and sparkling water flowed, he beheld it gushing forth between the stones of an altar.

II.

"What! Is it really you, my dear Amedius,—you in a cassock, my old comrade in the Military College? I thought you were a colonel by this time, and behold you are a priest!"

Father Amedius pressed his friend's hand as he answered:

"God makes use of every means to bring us to Him. In my youth, I thought I was called to be a soldier; and, in spite of my mother's gentle opposition, I went to the Military College. I persevered, although my health was far from good, and I disliked the course of study. But I was happy when I left college and saw active service. I was sent to Africa. At first I liked the life exceedingly, but

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by degrees I grew weary and sighed after something higher. And a story I chanced to hear one day decided me."

"What story was it?"

"One both simple and sublime. Some soldiers were taken prisoners by the Arabs. They were given their choice, apostasy or death. These poor fellows, ignorant and simple peasants, never hesitated: they all died martyrs of the faith they had learned at their mother's knee. They died ignorant of the glory with which they were covering themselves before God and before men, gathering without their knowledge a glorious palm. This relation made a great impression on me. 'How beautiful!' I said to myself. 'Happy are the simple-hearted! Surely it is better worth my while to preach and spread a faith which can work such miracles in souls than to spend my life dreaming of promotion and decorations.' So, when peace was declared and I was named captain, I sent in my resignation, returned to France, and entered the seminary. In course of time I was ordained, andhere I am."

"But why were you sent to this wretched little town?"

"I am chaplain at the Military Hospital, so I still live among soldiers."

Here the conversation between the two old friends was interrupted. A soldier approached the chaplain.

"Please, Father, you are wanted at the prison. The Governor wishes to see you."

"What! Are you prison chaplain also?" asked his friend.

"Oh, yes! I fill both posts. Adieu, dear Philip, for the present."

Father Amedius went quickly to the prison. The Governor said to him:

"A prisoner has just been brought in, condemned to death by court-martial. He has made an appeal to the king, but it will surely be refused. When intoxicated he killed one of the sergeants, and he bore a bad character before that. I fear you will find him a hard case."

"I must hope in God's mercy," said the

priest. "What is the poor fellow's name?" "Henry Lacost."

"Why, I know him!"

"You knew him when you were in the army?"

"Yes, Governor; and I remember a good deed of his which I believe will not pass unrewarded."

# III.

Father Amedius found the unhappy man wearing a strait waistcoat and his feet chained together. He looked quite impassive when the chaplain entered.

"I have come to see you, my friend," said the priest, kindly; "and to offer you my help. Our holy religion, you know, has wonderful consolations for a terrible moment like this."

"Thank you, Father," said Henry, in a hard voice, "for your good intention; but I do not need such assistance. I know how to die without it. I struck an unfortunate blow when I had not my senses about me. I am punished for that. It is just: who breaks the glass must pay for it; only the suspense is horrible."

"You have appealed for pardon, I believe?"

"Yes: my lawyer advised me to do so. But I expect nothing—nothing; and I wish it was finished and done with."

"When that is finished, my friend, do you believe there will be an end of everything?"

"What! You think I believe in all that stuff about souls and eternity! No, no! When the body is dead all is over; and you will see that Henry Lacost will not be afraid when the moment comes."

The chaplain thought it best to change the subject.

"Can I be of use to you in any way?" he asked. "Have you any relations, any family?"

"Yes. I have an old mother. This will be a terrible blow to her. She fretted when, after my seven years were up, I remained in the army; and it was a stupid blunder on my part. It was drink that did it,—drinking has brought me here. I swear to you, Father, I am not a good-for-nothing. When I am sober I wouldn't harm a worm, but when I have taken too much I can't bear contradiction. And because my sergeant-major was always crossing and tormenting me, this misfortune came about. Well, well! If 'I am allowed to sell my watch and a few other trifles I have, I should like to send the money to my mother."

"That shall certainly be done," said the priest. "And you may be sure in future she shall find a friend in me."

"Thanks, Father! I wish I could do what you desire, if only to oblige you; but I can not. I really have no faith. I want to die as I have lived—gay and fearless."

His voice showed that he was greatly moved; and, to conceal this, he began to sing an idle song.

"Oh, don't sing!" said the chaplain. "Brave men are always serious at the hour of death."

"That's true," said Henry. "I'll be as grave as a mule."

Father Amedius now took leave. But if he had not been able to speak of God to the prisoner, he spoke much of the prisoner to God.

Next day he went back to the cell, and found Henry in a very nervous, excited state.

"Has a pardon come?" cried the culprit, eagerly.

"No answer has yet arrived," replied the chaplain.

"The reason I ask," said Henry, "is that, after all, life is sweet. I am only thirty-four and in good health. I am not so much afraid of a few years in prison. I should like to live on. The king will have mercy; don't you think so, Father?"

"Alas! my friend, I am not hopeful. Make your peace with God. He is the all-merciful King, who will not only accept your repentance, but give you a place in His kingdom."

"Don't talk to me about that!" cried

Henry, furiously. "Let me hope on. I want to be left alone. Don't bother me! What right have you to come here anyway? Am I condemned also to endure your presence?"

"No, you are not. But if you knew what a regard I have for you, I am sure you would not repulse me."

The prisoner was touched by these words, and his manner changed at once.

"I don't want to pain you," he said, you are so good to me; but please don't talk religion to me."

The next day the chaplain made no progress with Henry, but he made every effort to touch the Heart of his Divine Master. He passed the night in prayer, and gave large alms to the poor. The following day he learned that the pardon had been refused. He went to the prisoner, and found him looking very haggard.

"The appeal?" he cried eagerly.

The priest cast down his eyes and was silent.

"It's all over, then?" said Henry. "I am done for. I must die." And he began to shiver, and turned white. The terror of death had at last come upon him.

"My brother, my friend," said the chaplain, holding him by the hand, "offer God generously the sacrifice of your life. Put your confidence in Him who did not refuse the prayer of the penitent thief on the Cross."

"I," said Henry,—"I to hope! What have I ever done to give me a right to hope? I do not deceive myself. I know too well that if there is a God He will surely condemn me."

"That God will save you," said Father Amedius. "Look well at me. Do you not remember me?"

Henry, astonished, gazed at the priest, and shook his head.

"Do you not remember the young officer dying with thirst in Africa, to whom you gave the water?"

"That was you?" gasped Henry.

"It was I. You saved my life. Can I do nothing for you? I am your friend,---- your grateful friend. Will you refuse when I implore you in God's name to make good use of the brief time that remains, and save your soul?"

"My crimes are too great."

"Oh, the mercy of God is far greater! Our Lord has not thirsted on the Cross in vain for you. He pleads your cause before His Father."

"You really believe all this?" asked Henry.

"I do indeed, with all my heart."

"Very well. I give myself into your hands. The memory you have recalled touches me. I was worth more then than I am now; but as you take such an interest in me, a condemned criminal, and call me friend, I will not despair of myself."

Grace did its wondrous work. The load of sin was removed, and celestial light poured into the purified soul. Real contrition filled the culprit's heart. The wild, turbulent man became like a little child.

"How good God is!" said he. "What graces He has given me! Some years ago I heard His voice, but I would not listen. One of my comrades took me to a meeting of soldiers conducted by priests, who spoke to us of God and our souls. I grew weary, and would never go again. I lost that chance of amendment; and yet God was not weary of me: He sent you, my father, my brother, my saviour. The word of God is true, as you see. I remember how we learned the words at school with the Brothers: a cup of cold water given in His Name shall not lose its reward. Oh, if I could live over again, how many. cups of 'cold water would I give!"

He was shot that night, and went to his doom calmly, even joyfully. Just at the last moment he said to the chaplain:

"I die happy; for I shall never more offend the good God."

His companions pitied his fate, but the chaplain thought rather they should envy him.

OLD acquaintances are often better than new friends.—Anon.

# The Golden Days of California.

THE Golden Days—not those in which the mad rush for gold blinded men to the light of everything but that gleaming metal; not those of the present, when modern enterprise has dotted the land with pretentious homes and orchards of golden fruit; but the old days of Spanish occupation, when the gardens of the Franciscan missions smiled in the sun; when redmen lent willing ears to the teachings of the Padres; and when the simple gentlemen, whose immediate progenitors were from over-sea, maintained a hospitality as princely as it was sincere.

Writers in current numbers of the magazines are giving us further glimpses into that life, when the "simple faith of the ancient days" was held so staunchly by the dwellers in the old adobe houses, which are now, alas! fast disappearing before the march men misname progress. Progress in one sense it is, of course; but in the best sense it is the progress which the crab makes—"progressing backward."

Hospitality! They knew what the word meant, those dark-eyed proprietors of broad ranches and cattle upon a thousand hills. One of them, General Vallejo, a type of his class, owned ten thousand horses, one thousand of them broken to bit and saddle, and each at the service of any chance guest.

It was something to be a guest then, and more to be a host. From the region of the redwood trees down to the Southern border there was not an inn; but there was scant need of hostleries when each house was a home for any wayfarer. And when the guest was fed and housed and cheered, if he showed signs of being in need, he found in his bedchamber'a pile of uncounted silver-"guest money," they called it,-to which he was welcome to help himself. One can fancy the final outcome of this delicate friendliness. It was abused and discontinued when the days and advocates of "progress" arrived. At the missions, too, there was the

same unsuspecting, boundless kindness; and the tired traveller was made to feel welcome and quite at home, no matter how long his stay; and he was sent on his way with a guide and fresh horse, if they were needed.

And then came the secularization of the missions and the beginning of the end. One by one the churches yielded to the iconoclastic zeal of soldier and "Americano"; one by one the mission houses were peopled by the moles and bats; one by one the adobe walls of the Spanish dwellings are surrendering to the "tooth of time," and are replaced and forgotten. The change was inevitable, perhaps; for the economies of a fast-growing nation crowd the people together, and there is no longer any room for the old ranches and the wandering herds of a pastoral life. But one can not help thinking with a sigh of the simple habits and noble piety of the old régime in the Golden Days of California,

#### The Indefectible Church.

N the course of a thoughtful editorial article, our Los Angeles contemporary, the *Tidings*, combats the opinion that has found expression in both American and European journals-viz., that Christianity's failure is the cause of the present world-war, and the other converse opinion that the war is bound to result in the failure of Christianity. The former view, that the Christian religion's failure is at all responsible for the conflict now raging, has been effectively combated by authoritative writers for months past; as to the latter opinion, about the effect of the war on that religion, our contemporary's words are worth quoting:

No, there is absolutely no evidence to sustain the assertion that the Church will be injured by the war. Apart from the promise of her Divine Founder that she will not fail, the purely human evidence, strong and convincing, is overwhelmingly in her favor. She has had her days of triumph, she has had her days of seeming defeat. Forty years ago, when Pius IX...

shorn of his temporal power, beheld the revolutionary government of Italy confiscating religious establishments, the new French Republic manifesting hostility to religion, the new German Empire inaugurating the Kulturkampf, Russia tightening her strangle hold upon the Catholics of her vast dominions, and Spain, torn by internal dissension, a prey to radicalism, surely the outlook was dark enough. But matters began to brighten when the diplomatic skill of Leo XIII. dealt in turn with each vexed question; and they brightened still more when the Catholics of all countries were aroused to greater fervor by the wise spiritual provisions of the gentle and kindly Pius X. Only France seemed to reject peace with the Centre of Christendom; and France has now felt the awakening touch. Everything points to a day of triumph under our Holy Father, Pope Benedict XV., who will see his own work, so auspiciously begun, and that of his predecessors so well carried on, reach a period of fruition which will mean much for the hapless, war-torn nations of the earth.

This prediction, we think, bids fair to be realized. Pessimists who think the contrary should reread the history of the Church, or recall Macaulay's comment on that august body at the close of the vast upheaval known as the French Revolution, the only disaster in history worthy of comparison with present-day conditions: "But the end was not yet. Again doomed to death, the milk-white hind was still fated not to die.... The Arabs have a fable that the great pyramid was built by the antediluvian kings, and alone, of all the works of men, bore the weight of the flood. Such was the fate of the Papacy. It had been buried under the great inundation; but its deep foundations had remained unshaken; and, when the waters abated, it appeared alone amidst the ruins of a world which had passed away.... The distribution of property, the composition and spirit of society, had, through great part of Catholic Europe, undergone a complete change. But the unchangeable Church was still there."

And she will still be there, indefectible and flourishing, when the horrors of this greatest of all wars are superseded by the blessings of a lasting peace.

# Notes and Remarks.

In a recent letter to his clergy the Archbishop of Dublin points out that by issuing a decree for the introduction of the Cause of two hundred and fifty-seven men and women in Ireland, for whom it has long been claimed that they gave up their lives for the Faith and whose names are published, the Sacred Congregation of Rites by no means sanctions public veneration of them. "'It is, in fact, expressly forbidden by the Holy See to ascribe to the decree any such effect, or to give to those named in it the title of 'Blessed,' or to speak of them, without qualification, as martyrs. It is likewise most strictly forbidden by the Holy See to give to any servants of God in regard to whom a decree of beatification has not yet been issued, religious veneration of any public kind. One of the first steps to be taken in the proceedings now to be entered upon will be a rigorous investigation as to whether these orders of the Holy See have been strictly complied with, and whether, in case they have been transgressed, the process for the beatification of the servant of God in whose case they have been transgressed can be allowed to proceed." The Archbishop says further that "from the day of the introduction of the Cause of any servant of God, whose beatification or canonization is being considered, it is not lawful to publish, even with the *imprimatur* of a bishop, anything dealing 'in any way whatsoever' with any of the cases under consideration."

As every one knows, the proceedings in such cases are necessarily prolonged. It may therefore be some years before public veneration can lawfully be paid to those already unlawfully styled "Irish martyrs for the Faith."

The Congregationalist, we learn from the Sacred Heart Review, devotes a whole page to an editorial entitled "Four Things which Protestants Should Do." (Two of them are things which Protestants should "don't," to use the phrase of a cheerful philosopher.) Briefly, these four things are: "(1) Do not circulate rumors prejudicial to Roman Catholics; (2) Do not get into a panic over the likelihood of the Roman Catholic Church dominating this country; (3) Make friends with Catholics as widely as possible; and (4) Care as much for your religion as your Roman Catholic neighbor does for his." Words like these from Protestant leaders are calculated to go much further than any amount of denial, defence, or recrimination on our own part.

The Society for the Propagation of the Faith has published in a neat brochure a collection of extracts from letters of our foreign missionaries. These excerpts all go to confirm the views we expressed at the beginning of the war when such views were mere predictions. The reduction of the number of workers and the cutting off of the support from Europe upon which many of these missions have been dependent has had the effect of crippling foreign mission activity in all its branches. The conclusion is obvious. The missions reach starving hands toward America. Catholics here have offered to them a noble and unique opportunityto step into this breach in the frontiers of God's kingdom on earth and hold the line together.

The following "story" and its appropriate comment we take from the columns of the Boston *Republic*:

In the unexpected pages of *Everybody's Magazine* for April one finds a brief but highly suggestive article—"Mother O'Keeffe's Laundry Business," by Henry Magill. This "fact story" deals with the work of a young religious community in New York, the Order or Society of Reparation; and its foundress is known in religion as Mother Mary Zita. But when she came to New York from Limerick, more than fifty years ago, she was known as Ellen O'Keeffe. She intended to be a nurse. While, she was making the necessary preparations she saw

not only hospital wards but prison cells. The fate of a poor girl sent to the Island for "correction," and flung back by the city, which had no decent place for her, for more "correction," decided Ellen O'Keeffe's vocation. She could think of no easy and sensational ways of rescuing the lost sheep. She saved her own money; and when she had enough to stock up a little flat as a laundry, and put down fifty dollars at the old Fifth Avenue Hotel as a guarantee that its laundry work would come back safe, she took her girl, and then went to the Island for more girls. . . . She was a business woman from the start. She became a well known and respectable business woman. She became not alone a "first aid to the injured," a beacon-light to the discouraged, but an accomplished job-getter. . . .

Mr. Magill writes, sympathetically: "She now wears God's habit—dark brown,—the habit of a new organization in the Church to which she belongs. She began to see that the property which she had accumulated and which she had dedicated to a purpose beyond herself should be perpetuated for, that purpose after her death. She consulted her bishop; he consented. The Pope consented. The young Irish girl who came to America in poverty and powerlessness and who would be a nurse, has taken her place in the line of historic heroic women who have given new Orders with new purposes to the Catholic Church."

"This," says our alert contemporary, "is going on always for charity, for reform, for education,—for any and every human need imaginable. Perhaps even we Catholics would begin to take it as a matter of course if the stranger outside our gates did not sometimes pause to marvel at it."

Few legislative enactments in this country of late years have aroused deeper interest than the Federal Antinarcotic Law which was passed during the last session of Congress and went into effect on March I. Shortly after that date, it became evident in all our large cities that tens of thousands of people had been addicted to the drug habit, and that, with the supply of drugs cut off by the enforcement of the new law, multitudes of them were reduced to a state of awful wretchedness and despair. Suicides occurred in more than one city as a result,

and the municipal authorities in many places were obliged to adopt abnormal measures in order that the victims of the habit might be properly cared for. Despite the undoubted misery entailed by the law's operation, however, the commonsense of the country upholds the somewhat drastic legislation, as does the professional conscience as well. In "Public Health Reports" we read:

Those members of the medical and allied professions whose experience and observation best qualify them to speak are heartily in favor of the law. They admit that, prior to its enactment, the case of the dope-fiend was wellnigh hopeless, because any method of treatment was nullified by the fact that the "fiend" could get his "dope" without difficulty; whereas now there is fair prospect of effective control, both of the "dope" and of the "fiend."

One class of drug victims whom the provisions of the law will unfortunately not affect is the medical dope-fiend. The statistics of sanitariums, Keely Cure establishments, and the like institutions, disclose the sad fact that a goodly number of their patients are physicians who, imprudently taking the drug to tide them over some strenuous period, have gradually acquired the habit, which they have exceptional facilities of gratifying.

The opinion, rather current in many parts of this country, that all Protestants want the Bible in the public schools and only Catholics wish it excluded therefrom, is quite as erroneous as are a good many other views and impressions of Catholicism entertained by those outside the Fold. As a matter of ascertainable fact, the use of the Bible as a school-book is opposed by Jews, agnostics, and a goodly number of Protestants as well. Arthur Jackson Hall, who will scarcely be suspected of "Romanist" tendencies, has something to say of the matter in one of the publications of Chicago University. "There seems no escape," he writes, "from the conviction that the great majority of those who advocate the use of the Bible in the schools have in mind its religious value. They are contending for the Bible in the schools either as a symbol of religion, or as a manual of religious instruction, or as a book of religious worship. In this way they hope to create the spirit of reverence and impart the knowledge of religion."

Dr. Hall thinks that to expect such results from the mere reading of from ten to twenty verses a day, without note or comment, is to expect altogether too much. "And yet," he continues, "many of the advocates of the Bible in the schools seem to feel that their whole work is accomplished when once the Sacred Volume is introduced into these institutions. The suspicion is aroused that, perhaps unconsciously to themselves, they are looking upon the Bible as a kind of fetich, a book of magic power: that they expect its mere presence in the school to work the miracle of transformation. But surely they are leaning upon a broken reed. There is no justification for what they expect. The Bible is invaluable for religious education, but not such a use of it as they recommend. Religious education raises the voice of protest; it refuses to be satisfied with such a makeshift. It, therefore, has little to regret in the exclusion of the Bible from the schools."

That the late William R. Nelson, editor of the Kansas City Star, was a journalist of exceptional ability and a forceful personality in the civic life of his community, is abundantly clear from the tributes paid to his memory by the press of all parts of the country. The religious side of his character, uncommented upon in most of such eulogies as have come under our notice, is discussed by the Catholic Register, which, being published in the late editor's home city, is credible authority for the statements made,-among others, that, while to the best of its belief Mr. Nelson did not become a convert on his death-bed, he did make a sincere act of contrition in the presence of a

priest, his lifelong friend. Twenty years ago, when the A. P. A. movement was at its height in Missouri, a delegation of business men waited on the editor of the *Star* and demanded, on pain of his losing about one-half of his advertising patronage, that the paper should henceforth espouse the anti-Catholic side. Mr. Nelson indignantly refused, and his manly attitude did much, it is believed, to defeat the bigoted movement.

Quite possibly this Protestant journalist's sympathy for Catholics, as well as his frequent benefactions to our institutions, resulted from the impressions received in his youth as a student of the University of Notre Dame. The fuller the knowledge of Catholic doctrine and practice possessed by outsiders, the less danger of their ever affiliating with such organizations as the Guardians of Liberty, Knights of Luther, etc.

In his introduction to a statistical paper in the *Nineteenth Century*, "War Strength of Germany, Great Britain and France," W. H. Mallock effectively punctures a fallacy that is common enough to merit exposure. Apropos of the discrepancies of the estimates of fighting men by different writers, this well-known publicist says:

The evidence on which many of them rest is, as the authors assert, their own personal observation. Now, with regard to a great many matters personal observation is the best evidence possible; but it is, with regard to others, of no value at all. What could the acutest and most inveterate cockney learn from his own observations as to the number of the population of London? The only accurate evidence as to a matter like this is the census returns. Now it is obvious that, in order to estimate the fighting strength of a nation, the first thing to be done is, not to estimate (for there is here no room for estimates), but to ascertain precisely the number of men who could possibly be used as fighters; that is to say, of males between certain specified ages; for until we know precisely how much the sack holds, it is idle to compute the maximum which the exigencies of war could get out of it. This can be ascertained from the census returns with a practically mathematical accuracy; and in dealing (let us ... say) with Germany, a man possessing such documents, and capable of using them intelligently, would be no better off if he worked out his conclusions in Berlin, and saw German troops marching day by day under his window, than he would be if he worked them out in a hut at the South Pole, and had never seen a German town in his life

The "personal observation" of the average American tourist in foreign lands-notably in Catholic countries-is worth just about as much, or as little, as that of the writers of whom Mr. Mallock speaks. Particular incidents are magisterially cited as constituting the general rule, exceptional occurrences are dogmatically asserted to be ordinary modes of procedure, and questions that would require months of study before an intelligent discussion of them could be formulated are settled offhand by sciolists who ignore the elementary principles involved. The inferences drawn from what a globetrotter "has seen with his own eyes" are often absolutely worthless.

The much-mooted prohibition law of Arizona, which seemed to make an end of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in that State, has brought forth a word of enlightenment from the Rev. Peter I. O'Callaghan, C. S. P., in the columns of the Catholic Temperance Advocate, of which he is editor and manager. Fr. O'Callaghan is of opinion that bigotry did not dictate the terms of the law, and that bigotry will not seek to enforce it in the odious manner supposed. He prints a statement from the general superintendent of the Temperance Federation of Arizona to the effect that the law can not possibly be construed as meaning abolition of the Mass, under the terms of the Federal and State Constitution. And he says furthermore:

Those who framed the amendment are now seeking to amend it, so that the obtaining of wine for the Holy Sacrifice will be so guaranteed that the painful discussion as to any possible interpretation of the law in any contrary sense may end. Not only have the leaders of the Prohibition party and Anti-Saloon League in Arizona been willing to reconstruct the amendment so as to safeguard the rights of religion, but national officials of these organizations have been most anxious to remove every cause for misunderstanding. Under conditions such as these, it behooves Catholics to be patient and in all things just.

Catholics generally should be grateful to the editor of the *Catholic Temperance Advocate* for putting matters in this decidedly better light.

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It was a graceful act on the part of the Catholic University of America to acquaint the Holy Father with the obligations under which the institution has been put by the Knights of Columbus; and the members of that excellent order may well feel a pardonable pride in reading this extract from Benedict XV.'s letter on the occasion of the University's Silver Jubilee: "In this connection we will not withhold our praise from the Knights of Columbus, who, as you lately informed us, by their splendid contribution to the funds of the University have carried into effect their wisely conceived design of extending to young men less favored by fortune the advantages of a solid and at the same time a Christian education. This noble example of beneficence, which all good men approve, we hold up for imitation and generous emulation to all who are blessed with means."

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We think there must be many ' respectable ministers among our separated brethren who in their hearts echo the sentiments of the Rev. William Baker, an Episcopal minister, who, while "giving a mission" recently at Decatur, Ill., said of a certain notorious anti-Catholic journal: "It is a scurrilous, vile, indecent, lying sheet. The authors of these attacks on Catholicism are either lying or ignorant. Keep it out of your homes; and if it gets into them, burn it!" It is to the credit of the Rev. Mr. Baker that he did not keep his sentiments interned in his inner consciousness.



#### Blowing Bubbles.

#### BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

"U LOOK, mamma!" cried little Will, Blowing his bubbles with boyish skill. "Here is the moon and a star for you,— Here is the earth and the heavens, too!"

- "O look, mamma'!" cried laughing May, Blowing bubbles that bright spring day,----
- "Here is the rainbow for your hold, Here is the sun for crown of gold!"

Only baby, the sweetest miss, Reached for her lips and gave a kiss,— Tiny Mabel with tender art Gave to mother her loving heart.

"Bubbles! bubbles!" the children said, Watching them vanish overhead: Which was the gift in mother's eyes Held most the light of paradise?

The Little Flute-Player.

BY FATHER CHEERHEART.

HERE was a splendid festival going on in the palace of Dionysius, tyrant of Syracuse. And not in the palace only: all through the city jubilation was evident. The people were shouting triumphant cries, flower-decked barges were gliding over the moonlit sea, and the songs of their rowers mounted to the stars. The Athenians were conquered. They had laid siege to Syracuse and had sustained it for a year; but, finally crushed, they had seen their generals put to death, and now seven thousand of their number were prisoners of war.

"Victory!" shouted the courtiers. "Glory to Dionysius! Hail to the sovereign master! Long live the immortal conqueror!" Reclining on a couch covered with royal purple and cloth of gold, the tyrant smiled a cruel smile. He had invented, for the purpose of getting rid of his prisoners, a horrible punishment, the novelty of which attracted his unpitying soul. He had caused them to be thrown into the Latomies, a species of abandoned quarry, about a hundred and fifty feet deep, surrounded on all sides by perpendicular walls of rock; and once they were in, he had the entrances to the quarry walled up. And there the Athenians were slowly dying.

An additional pleasure offered itself to the tyrant's cruelty. From the bottom of this quarry to the very top there was a fissure, or crack, running in a serpentine, or zigzag, fashion along the face of the rocky wall; and whoever placed himself at the top of the long fissure could hear with marvellous distinctness the least sound from the bottom, could distinguish every word spoken below; and, if he answered even in a low tone, those below could also hear him. Every day Dionysius spent some time at the upper extremity of the crack, glutting his vengeance with the groans of his victims. And that is why, on that particular evening, Syracuse's tyrant was smiling.

Comedians, jugglers, and acrobats had been performing before him, and had retired.

"Call the flute-players," commanded the master.

They came in,—a troop of young girls; they played, danced, and sang. One of their number particularly attracted the attention of the tyrant. She might have been about thirteen or fourteen years old. She was playing on an ivory flute; and, while her technique was probably not quite perfect, she nevertheless threw so much soul into her execution that Dionysius, himself an impassioned musician, was charmed.

"What is your name?" he asked her.

"Melitta, sire."

"Who has taught you to play like that? From whom did you learn those airs?"

The child hesitated a moment, and then replied: "From the stars."

Dionysius smiled as he inquired: "But how?"

"Of evenings, sire, I walk in the fields when the stars are making their appearance in the sky, and I watch them. I look at them until my eyes fill with tears; then I play. The airs you have heard, sire, are those with which they have inspired me."

The tyrant mused for several minutes. Then, rousing himself, he said:

"You will be a great artist. You have made me experience, this evening, a new emotion. Who else around Syracuse can boast of having done as much? I'll not forget you, Melitta. If you ever desire anything very much, come to Dionysius and you will be sure to get it."

And once again the courtiers exclaimed, "Glory to the master!" while Melitta prostrated herself.

Two evenings later, just as the moon was rising, Melitta left her home near the River Anapos to take her usual walk. Her eyes fixed on the stars she loved, she continued strolling for some time without paying much attention to the direction in which she was going. Unconsciously she had drawn near the Latomies; and when she finally sat down at the foot of an olive tree to play, she was, without knowing it, quite near the fissure of which we have spoken,-the crack that had come to be known as "the ear of Dionysius." Soon the liquid notes of the ivory flute rang melodiously on the night air; but suddenly, after a rapid movement which resembled the song of the nightingale, Melitta heard clearly a feeble but distinct voice saying in an agonizing tone:

"Pity! Oh, have pity!"

Frightened, the flute-player stopped quickly and looked all around her. She saw nothing but the twinkling stars, the . quivering olive leaves, and the moonlight shimmering on the colonnade of a neighboring temple.

"Whoever you may be," continued the voice, "have mercy on me!"

Melitta was astounded. The voice seemed to come from the centre of the earth. Then, all at once, she remembered hearing the people speak of the crack in the rocky wall,—"the ear of Dionysius." Leaning down to the fissure, she asked: "Who are you that pleads so piteously?"

"Eutelos, an Athenian. I am eighteen years old and don't want to perish. For the past five days and nights I have been nourishing myself with roots and herbs. But I am growing very feeble. My end, no doubt, is near. Pity,—pity! The gods who have taught you the science of music must have given you a noble and compassionate soul. Can you not aid me? Who are you?"

"Little more than a child. How can I help you?"

"A rope!" murmured the voice.

"But is there anywhere a rope long enough? Where shall I find it? What shall I do?"

A despairing cry rang up from the depths of the quarry.

"Then I must die," wailed Eutelos. "And the music of your flute, which I thought a hymn of deliverance, will only have proved the dirge over my tomb."

Melitta felt her heart wrung with anguish. Then there came to her a ray of hope.

"Stranger," she cried, "don't despair! Perhaps I shall be able to save you, after all. I won't say anything more at present; but to-morrow at midday you will hear my voice again."

"May the gods protect you!" murmured the Athenian.

The next morning early Melitta appeared before Dionysius. The tyrant smiled upon her as he asked: "Well, little one, what is it you wish?"

"Just to play you an air, sire, that the stars taught me last night."

She took her flute and began. She thought of the unfortunate prisoners who were dying in the Latomies, and her instrument breathed out such despairing chords that Dionysius was touched.

"Once more I promise," he said, "to grant you any favor you may ask me."

Melitta dropped on her knees before him.

"I ask you, sire, the pardon of a prisoner who called to me last night from the bottom of the Latomies while I was playing up above. Can you refuse my request?"

"Is that all?" said the tyrant, as he shrugged his shoulders. "I didn't think that there were any of them still alive. However, since you wish it, I'll give orders for the liberation of all who survive. The Athenians will be able to tell their countrymen what a Syracusan flute-player can accomplish."

Accordingly, thanks to Melitta, more than a hundred of the prisoners were enabled to return to their own country. One of them, however, did not return, but took up his residence at Syracuse. It was Eutelos. Being an orphan, he found a second home with the parents of Melitta. And, six or seven years later. when he had become a noted sculptor, he was accepted as the husband of the little flute-player to whom he owed his life.

A LAZY little girl, who liked to live in comfort and do nothing, once asked her fairy godmother to give her a good genius to do everything for her. On the instant the fairy called ten dwarfs, who dressed the little girl, combed her hair, mended her clothes, and so on. All was done so nicely that she was happy, except for the thought that they would go away. "To prevent that," said the godmother, "I will place them permanently in your ten pretty little fingers." And they are there yet.

## Tommy Travers.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

# XIX.-PRISONERS.

T was a strange day that followed for little Tommy Travers. Nick kept off his "mutts," as Bunty had advised; and the boys were left very much to themselves, with only the friendly giant, who had guarded Tommy the night before, slouching in now and then to cast a watchful glance around. Bunty eyed him savagely; but Tommy, now propped up quite comfortably on the drift of pine needles that his care-taker had gathered from the wide reaches of the cavern, was disposed, as usual, to friendly conversation.

"How long are you going to keep me in here?" he asked, as the man threw an armful of wood on the fire and stood for a moment kicking the embers into a heap, while Bunty glowered fiercely at the intrusion.

"Dunno," was the brief answer. "I ain't a bossing this job, sonny."

"Who is?" asked Tommy, with interest. "That ain't for me to say," replied the other, grimly. "It's for your dad to find out."

"And he'll do it, you bet!" said Tommy, nodding. "It's a risky business to monkey with my dad, I can tell you that."

"We're taking the chances," was the gruff reply. "Leastways I ain't. I've hed enough of the job, and am off to-night."

"Then you're not—not a real outlaw," said Tommy. "I thought you were."

"No, I ain't nothing 'bout the law at all," said the giant, hastily. "I'm just out of work. But me — me and my pal, Jenks, is off to-night to a ranch where we can get work. We're a cutting loose from this here deal. And I reckon you'll be clear by to-morrow. If you was my kid, I'd fork out for you mighty quick." "Oh, dad will!" said Tommy, confidently. "He'll fork out anything to get me home safe. But then—then—whew! Everyone that has meddled with me had better look out. When dad boils over, I don't like to be around myself. He is a raging volcano, I tell you."

"Look here," said Bunty, breaking into the conversation with a sudden hope. "You get Tommy out of this yourself, and he'll send you the money. I'll bring it to you, honest and sure."

"No," growled the man, — "no: I ain't playing no double game like that."

"Oh, no, Bunt, — no! We mustn't ask him," said Tommy, hastily. "He'd be a traitor, you know. I wouldn't bribe any one to turn traitor," he added, with a due remembrance of the noble outlaws in his books.

"You're a queer one," laughed the big man, shortly, — "a queer kid, for sure, — plucky and peart, with never a squeal or a kick at this here fix you're in. Blamed, if I wouldn't like to see you out of it, sonny, — I would sure! But this here is too big a game for me to take a hand in. I dassent meddle. I'm cutting loose before it's played out. But I'll do what I can for you while I'm here, —you can count on that, sonny."

And the friendly jailer was as good as his word. He brought more milk in the battered can, half a dozen fresh eggs, a bag of biscuit, a jar of honey; later on, a bird picked and dressed for Bunty to broil on his pointed stick over the camp fire. He came in with great armfuls of cedar boughs, which, with woodman's skill, he wove and twisted into a low, wide couch, that, when cushioned with dry grass and pine needles, was as soft and springy as Tommy's bed in his room at Saint Gabriel's. He showed Bunty the far-off corner, where a tiny stream of water trickled out of the rock, clear and pure as that distilled in the crystal beakers of Dr. Dave's laboratory. And he piled the dark recesses behind Tommy with boughs and bark and pine cones, to keep the camp fire ablaze, and make the chill air that swept through the fissured roof above it warm and balmy as the breath of early spring.

"You'll be out of this to-morrow, I reckon," he said to Bunty; "but we might as well make it easy for a little kid like that while he is here."

But, despite all this friendliness, Bunty knew that they were held in this mountain fastness beyond escape. The game was being played by desperate men whom "Dan," as their guardian told them he was called, dared not defy or betray. So the day wore on, Bunty growing fiercer and more restless as the hours passed, but Tommy roused to full interest in all. around him,-in the wide reach of this mountain cavern, as its dim stretches were revealed by the noon sunlight, the stream of water trickling down its rocky wall, the wide opening above through which he could see the cloud-flecked sky. He felt that he must make the most of this wonderful experience; for dad would pay up at once, and take him back to the old ways, to Dr. Delvin and Miss Norton, the sleeping powders and the chart, to all the dulness and stillness and "mollycoddling" of the past. But meanwhile Tommy thought he would see this stirring. adventure out to its full.

"Where do you suppose we are, Bunt," he asked after he had picked the broiled bird to its bones, and disposed of nine crackers and milk with decided relish.

"Don't know," answered Bunty, grimly. "We were somewhere near New Mexico yesterday. The man that let me ride in the engine told me so; said it was the roughest part of the road; nothing round but Injuns and wild-cats."

"Indians?" repeated Tommy, eagerly. "Oh, I'd like to see a real Indian. Wouldn't you, Bunt?"

"No," answered Bunty, "I wouldn't! I don't want to see nothing worse than we've got here now."

For, unlike Tommy, Bunty could find no interest in the situation. It was all

bad, dangerous, desperate, and he was raging inwardly at his own helplessness. For the big man who was watching without had a shotgun, he knew. And Nick had told him enough to assure him that Tommy was guarded beyond escape. His captors were taking no chances. All he could do was to care for Tommy, in this dreadful place, as best he might. Once, when his charge had dozed off gently, and could not be scared, Bunty "shinned" up the rough wall of the cavern at the peril of life and limb, and, gaining the opening in the roof, swung himself up on its jagged edge and looked out. It was a hopeless survey, even for the daring hero of Duffys' Court. Above, beyond, around him rose frowning heights, and stretched yawning depths, pathless, impenetrable. A bird whirred by him with a harsh cry, that told he had disturbed its nest,-a great, fierce-eyed bird such as he had never seen. But there was no other sign of life, not even that which Bunty had faintly hoped for-some trail of smoke or distant sound of a passing train. He, strong-limbed and sure-footed as he was, would find it hard to make his way through trackless wilds like these; while for Tommy, crippled and helpless, there could be no hope of escape, unless, as Bunty grimly thought while he stared into the blue vault above him, "them angels of Sister Leonie gave him wings."

That Tommy's dad would pay up for him Bunty did not doubt; but how, when, where? Who would dare face his power and his wrath? Not Nick, surely; for this big, blustering brother was a coward at heart, as Bunty knew. These thoughts and many others troubled Tommy's care-taker as, perched upon his eyrie, he looked out on the pathless heights, filled with strange terrors for the boy who until now had known only the perils of the city streets. And a homesick longing came over Bunty. If he were only back in the dim shadows of Duffys' Court,back in the smoky kitchen with Granny Pegs, back with Jakey and his gang,-

back where he could find a big bluecoated cop at the corner to take care of Tommy! But there was no hope of returning to what seemed now a friendly past. He was thousands of miles away, with nothing but wild-cats and Indians Tommy, helpless, around him; and his hands,--friendless, homeless, on Tommy, who must not be jolted or jarred or scared even in these sore straits,-Tommy, who must be watched and cared for and kept safe through all difficulties.

And, though older and wiser people are sometimes slow to learn the truth that the surest way out of tangled paths is a steady hold on one clear, plain duty, Bunty caught onto it instinctively, and all his troubled thoughts converged into one-Tommy, his little friend; Tommy, who had been good to him; Tommy, whom he must get out of this desperate "fix," no matter what happened to a Strong like himself. in this tough resolve, he took his way back from the sunlit height, to find Tommy roused and watching him with wide-open eyes from the dark depths below.

"Bunty," he said tremulously,—"O Bunty, I thought you were gone for good! Golly, but you climbed high! What did you see up there, Bunty?"

"Nothing," answered Bunty, gloomily,—"nothing at all but mountains and rocks. It is worse than down here. Why, you're shaking,—shaking as if you were cold, Tommy!"

"No," said Tommy, vainly striving to steady his voice. "It's not cold, Bunty. I just got all a-tremble when I saw you away up there. I thought you were going to leave me."

"I leave you! No, I wouldn't do that, you know, Tommy."

"It seems sort of mean to keep you here, when you can climb out and off like that."

"Mean!" repeated Bunty, "mean! Why, I wouldn't skip and leave would Tommy, not for all the money your data has got. And if I did," he continued, reading the troubled look on the pale young face, "I couldn't find my way, and the bears and wild-cats would get me before night."

"Oh, I'm glad!" said Tommy, with a little sigh of relief. "I mean I'm glad you *have* to stay. I felt so queer and shaky when I thought you had left me, just as if I were going to die down here all alone."

"You ain't going to be alone," said Bunty, hastily. "You ain't going to die neither. You'll be out of this to-night, and back in that fine car of yours, all cushioned and curtained and snugged up safe and soft, with doctors and nurses to take care of you, and all the medicine you need."

"Oh, but I don't want doctors and nurses! I don't want medicine," said Tommy, rather recoiling from what Bunt had fancied a most cheering outlook. "I'm tired of being snugged up safe and soft. As long as you are with me, I don't mind how rough and tough things are, Bunty. But I—I couldn't stick it out alone." Tommy began to shiver again at the thought. "And when dad pays up for me, I'll get him to pay for you, too. I'll take you home with me, away from all those scamps that got you out here. I'll tell dad I want to keep you for my friend, my brother, forever."

"He can't, he wouldn't," said Bunty, blurting out the truth that, in his love and fear and loyalty to Nick, he had tried to hide even from Tommy. "I ain't going to fool you no more. I have a brother. It's him that has done you this mean, dirty trick. It is him that has got you here, Tommy. It's him that cheated me off here, too, telling me he was going to take me to a ranch, and got me mixed up in this here trouble."

"It was your brother that stole me off here,—your brother!" cried Tommy, breathless with horror and dismay at what for one dark moment seemed Bunty's treachery. "And you—you—you are helping him?" The reproachful tone broke into a sob that the little Major bravely choked down, and all the fiery spirit of dad flashed into Tommy's blue eye. "You've been a traitor to me, then, Bunty Ware,—a traitor!"

• But the word, barbed with fiery sting as Tommy thought, fell harmlessly on Bunty's ear.

"Don't know," he said,-""don't know what I am; don't know where I'm going or what's a coming; don't know nothing but that Nick fooled me out here with a story about living on a ranch, and then set me here to take care of you. And I'm doing that good as I can. I'm going to keep on doing it, no matter what happens. I'm going to stand up for you agin everything and everybody that tries to hurt you until your dad gets you safe agin. But I ain't asking nothing for it," added Bunty, grimly. "I ain't looking to be no brother or no friend. I couldn't be, for I've got Nick; and, bad lot as he is, I've given him my word to stick by him."

There was no mistaking the honest tone, so strong in its dull, despairing resolve. Tommy understood, and all his doubts vanished.

"O Bunty,—poor Bunty!" he said, outstretching a feeble little hand. "My, but it's been hard luck for you straight through, my brave, true, good Bunty!"

(To be continued.)

## Knowing and Not Knowing.

Pierre Duval, whom Francis I. of Germany had made his librarian, often replied to questions put to him, "I don't know anything about it." One day when he had given this answer to a rustic fellow, the latter said: "Well, you *ought* to know; that's what the Emperor pays you for."—"The Emperor," rejoined Duval, "pays me for what I know. If he were to pay me for what I *don't know*, all the riches of his empire would not suffice to furnish my salary."

## THE AVE MARIA

# WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

-A work of notable interest is "Memoirs of Thomas Addis and Robert Emmet," by Thomas Addis Emmet, just published in two folio volumes by the Emmet Press.

---"Memorials of Mgr. Benson"—by Blanche Warre Cornish, Shane Leslie, and others of his friends—is announced by Burns & Oates. The book will contain a number of illustrations.

-The Athenæum expresses our opinion of the additional volume of Lingard's "History of England," by Mr. Hilaire Belloc, in this wise: "We regret that the result is worthy neither of him nor of Lingard."

-Only some urging necessity, we judge, would move a Catholic priest to employ so realistic a method of preaching as is used by Father Power, S. J., in "The Lost Soul of a Glasgow Girl." It is a powerful sermon, though the manner of it is somewhat sensational. Sands & Co., publishers.

-Three interesting and important papers give value to the latest issue of the Catholic Mind series of publications. They are: "Catholic Sociology," by the Rev. Richard H. Tierney, S. J.; "Newman's Alleged 'Scurrility,"" by Mr. Paul Bakewell; and "Catholics and 'Billy' Sunday," by the Rev. Patrick H. Casey, S. J.

-Katharine Tynan's latest prose volume, "Men, not Angels" (P. J. Kenedy & Sons), has for sub-title, "And Other Tales Told to Girls." The limitation is made advisedly. The author can "tell a tale"—not only for girls but also for others, and earn their gratitude, but she does not write the short story. This is a distinct loss on the side of art. Some of the tales in the present collection we have seen before, and at least one of them we like very much. Certain illustrations in this volume confirm our belief that nuns are not proper prey for the artist's brush.

-Given a houseful of Catholic boys and girls ranging in years from thirteen to three, normally healthy and mischievous, with a sensible father and mother, besides two priest-uncles (one rather solemn and the other quite jolly), to say flothing of a splendid California aunt,—given all this, there is no good reason why the chronicler of the household's sayings and doings should not write a thoroughly readable and interesting story. And just that is what Henriette Eugenie Delamare has achieved in "Her Heart's Desire." (H. L. Kilner & Co.) We have read the book with pleasure, modified only by the occasional shock of locutions like "punished of going for the drive." Such un English phrases, we notice, are becoming unduly common in some parts of this country.

—"Miralda: A Story of Cuba," adapted from the German of William Herchenbach by Katherine Mary Johnston; and "The Mad Knight," from the German of Otto V. Schaching by K. Denvir, are new additions to Benzigers' 35-cent Juvenile Library.

-Mr. A. C. Benson's volume, "Hugh: Memoirs of a Brother," of which an extended notice is given in this number of THE AVE MARIA, has been issued in the United States by Longmans, Green and Co. Besides the remarkable merit of the text, the book has a number of illustrations that greatly enhance its interest.

—"A Pamphlet and what Came of It" is a brochure which presents the results of an interesting near-debate between a Protestant minister of Toledo, Ohio, and Mr. Theodore F. MacManus. This argumentative deposit is valuable from several points of view. One regrets, however, that Mr. MacManus had not an opponent worthy of his steel. Perry & Bartley, publishers, Toledo, Ohio.

-Two hundred and seventeen pages of verse represent the collected work of Gertrude Huntington McGiffert, in a volume entitled "A Florentine Cycle, and Other Poems." (G. P. Putnam's Sons.) Obviously, this is too much verse to publish, if not to write. Quality is bound to suffer, and it does suffer. The subjects are for the most part the conventional ones of the magazine poet, and the best feature of their art is an occasional happy phrase. Sometimes their sentiment is maudlin and their thought false, as in "The Sanctuary of Young Mothers" and "The Aged Christ."

—, Teachers of English literature who have felt the need of map equipment for their classes will welcome "The True Literary Wall Map of the British Isles," prepared by Blanche I,. True and published by the Rand McNally Co. It seems admirably well adapted to its purpose. A keyed index on the margin, which facilitates the location of every name, is a capital feature. Only a thoroughly competent and experienced teacher could have produced such a work. As for the publishers' part, we have only to say that the present map—which is skilfully colored and mounted on cloth, with moulding at top and bottom—is worthy in every respect of their reputation for excellence in cartography. Price, \$6.25.

-Under the general title of "Masterpieces of English Drama," the American Book Co. have issued: "Christopher Marlowe: Tamburlaine (both parts), Doctor Faustus, The Jew of Malta, Edward the Second," with an Introduction by William Lyon Phelps, Professor of English Literature, Yale University; "Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher: The Maid's Tragedy, Philaster, The Faithful Shepherdess, Bonduca," edited by Felix E. Schelling, Professor of English Literature, University of Pennsylvania; and "John Webster and Cyril Tourneur: The White Devil, The Duchess of Malfi, Appius and Virginia-The Revenger's Tragedy," with an Introduction by Ashley H. Thorndike, Professor of English, Columbia University. For exterior format and for scholarship in their preparation, these volumes argue well for the series. They keep a golden mean in the matter of notes and vocabulary, and their spelling is sufficiently modernized to render them accessible to the average reader whose interest or taste may take him back to this type of literature. Their chief appeal, however, is to the student, and him, we feel sure, they will greatly content.

## The Latest Books. A Guide to Good Reading.

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

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

- "Hugh: Memoirs of a Brother." A. C. Benson. \$1.75.
- "Men, not Angels." Katharine Tynan. \$1.10.
- "Her Heart's Desire." Henriette Eugenie Delamare. 75 cts.
- "A Pamphlet and What Came of It." 25 cts.
- "Spiritual Letters of Mgr. Benson." One of His Converts. \$1.
- "The Friar Preacher: Yesterday and To-Day." Père Jacquin, O. P. 75 cts.
- "Like Unto a Merchant." Mary Agatha Gray. \$1.35.

- "The World's Crisis and the Way to Peace. E. Ellsworth Shumaker, Ph. D. 75 cts.
- "Robin Hood and His Merry Men." Maud Radford Warren. 50 cts.
- "Loneliness?" Monsignor Benson. \$1.35.
- "Saints and Saintly Dominicans." Rev. Thomas
- Reilly, O. P. \$1.
- "Oremus." \$1.50.
- "The Wit and Wisdom of John Ayscough." Scannell O'Neill. 50 cts.
- "The Earthly Paradise." Rev. J. Henry. C. SS. R. 15 cts.
- "Popular Sermons on the Catechism." Rev. A. Hubert Bamberg, Rev. Herbert Thurston, S. J. \$1.50.
- "The Mirror." Mary F. Nixon-Roulet. 60 cts.
- "The Graves of Kilmorna." Canon Sheehan. \$1.35.
- "Out of Work: A Study of Unemployment." Frances A. Kellor. \$1.50.
- "From Fetters to Freedom." Rev. Robert Kane, S. J. \$1.50.
- "The King, the Kaiser, and Irish Freedom." James K. McGuire. \$1.50.
- "Les Cloches des Morts." Author of "By the Gray Sea." 75 cts.

### Obituary.

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

Rev. A. D. Dexter, of the archdiocese of Cincinnati; Rev. William Meenan, diocese of Providence; and Rev. John Schneider, diocese of Columbus.

Sister M. Angela, of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd; Sister M. Anna, Sisters of St. Francis; Sister M. Pia, Order of Mt. Carmel; Sister M. Etienne, Sisters of the Holy Cross; and Mother M. John, Order of St. Brigid.

Mrs. Mary McConnell, Miss Margaret Huckestein, Mr. R. W. McEinniss, Mr. John Cudahy, Mrs. Rebecca Richards, Mrs. Mary Schwaemmle, Mr. M. A. Morrissey, Mr. James Maher, Mr. William Dean, Mr. John Gillick, Miss Mary Fitzpatrick, Mr. James Kennedy, Mr. Frank Figgemeier, Mr. James Green, Mrs. Bridget Burns, Mr. Robert Kula, Mrs. Mary Daugherty, Mr. William McDonald, Miss Margaret Conway, Miss Helen Rick, Mr. John Malvy, Mrs. Susan Murray, Mr. Charles Finon, Mr. C. E. Robidoux, Mrs. Sarah O'Malley, Mr. Michael Manley, Miss Eleanor Roach, Mr. George Voelker, Mr. Peter Viviano, and Miss E. Bulfin.

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



VOL. I. (New Series.)

#### NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MAY 15, 1915.

NO. 20

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## Our Queen.

BY THE REV. HUGH F. BLUNT.

JHEARD a whisper in the grass-Awed whisper—as I saw Her pass; And every little shining blade Was lifted for a royal Maid

That Christ crowned Queen of May.

I saw the lilies dropping myrrh, To make a balmy path for Her; And clear I heard each lily bell Ringing the "Hail" of Gabriel, To greet the Queen of May.

I saw the sunbeams in the tree Weaving a gold-green canopy; And little courier sunbeams. Swift ran to tell the hills and streams To hail the Queen of May.

O Mother, eloquent are they— The voiceless—in their songs of May! But, ah! the sweeter song to Thee Is this poor sinner's Rosary

Who crowns Thee Queen of May.

## The Quality of Mercy.

#### BY MARIAN NESBITT.

E hear much nowadays of modern progress, of the world's marvellous advancement in every department of knowledge and all fields of human endeavor; but, in view of the happenings of to-day, we must admit that, in one sense at least, men would appear to have made no forward movement. Let us turn to the chronicles of Mediæval times—those misunderstood Middle Ages which, in the minds of many, are associated with lawlessness, violence, confusion, and unending war.

If we follow the steps of contending armies, what do we find? Certainly not, in the majority of cases, the semibarbarism and absence of pity we have been led to expect. Rather do the old annalists record numerous examples of commanders' being willing to forego very real advantages sooner than fail in mercy toward those opposed to them. In fact, history tells us of many instances where the most tender compassion was shown, even in the midst of fierce fighting, together with much nobility and generosity; for whilst a horror of strife and bloodshed was markedly characteristic of a large number of the most celebrated warriors in the Middle Ages, the same men proved to demonstration, by their deeds, that mercy in the highest degree may distinguish those who, though deprecating war, were compelled by circumstances to engage in it.

Witness a memorable incident that occurred when the Castle of Cormicy, defended by Henri de Noir, and a troop of archers from Rheims, was besieged by an English nobleman named Bartholomew de Brunes. Henri, ignorant of a mine which had been secretly laid by his opponents, and being plentifully supplied with food and everything necessary to withstand a prolonged siege, indignantly refused when asked to surrender. "You propose that we should deliver ourselves up," he cried in answer to the English messengers. "No, never shall it be so!" Then the English commander, admiring the valor of his enemies, and unwilling to destroy them, invited Henri to come out under a safeconduct, that he might judge of the peril with his own eyes. And "when," says the chronicler, "he beheld the tower undermined, and the walls supported only by beams of timber, which had been placed to prop them up, his resolution was changed. He surrendered, and was no sooner come out with his troops than fire was set to the props, and the tower shortly opened into two parts and fell to the ground." This act on the part of the English knight "was the more noble," we are told, "because his adversaries had shown great animosity toward him."

Some scruple would always seem to have remained in the conscience of truly gallant soldiers after they had "destroyed the creature of God, whom they could not resuscitate,"-a scruple well expressed by the Emperor Louis the Pious: "I do not wish," he says, "that any one on account of me should lose life or limb." Orderic Vitalis remarks that in the famous battle of Brenneville, in the twelfth century, there were only three men killed.\* And the monk of Monte Cassino, in his interesting description of a great victory won by the Normans over the Lombards, says the latter, believing themselves secure in the overwhelming superiority of their numbers, had threatened not to leave one of their foes alive. But their confidence was doomed to receive a startling shock, for their rout and confusion was complete. "Nevertheless," adds the annalist, "the Norman conquerors showed such mercy in this battle that, although the enemy's camp contained 2500 foot soldiers, they would not molest one of them."

Again, the Duke of Milan, having on one occasion taken prisoners the Kings of Arragon and Navarre, gave them their liberty without ransom or conditions. Indeed, mercy was considered, in the Ages of Faith, to be one of the distinctive

\* Hist. Norm. Lib. xii.

marks of a great leader. Over and over again we find it specially mentioned. "Le Comte avait en soi toute pitié et miséricorde," says the author of the chronicle of Robert Guiscard; and the old historian of Normandy tells us that "the mercy of Duke Richard was very great."

The same virtues in regard to the are specially praised in vanquished Louis XII.; though in the latter instance this singular compassion was ascribed to the influence of the King's confessor, a Dominican named Jean Clerée. It is related that when Louis entered Genoa in triumph, that city having surrendered at discretion, he held in his hand a drawn sword, but on his coat of arms was embroidered a swarm of bees with this motto, "Our King has no sting." It is undeniable that many other monarchs and conquerors, besides those mentioned, however good their own dispositions may have been, were very largely influenced by the friendship of holy monks and friars, whose counsels would be on the side of moderation and mercy. It has been truly said that often "the defeated were twice vanquished"; for the nobility of their conquerors forced them to yield even the palm of generosity.

On the capture of the city of Brescia, the famous Knight Bayard stayed in the house of a certain noble lady, who, far from regarding him as an enemy, felt the greatest regret when the time came for him to depart. She and her daughters "wept," says the old chronicle, "as though they were to be put to death"; and the lady cried: "Flower of chivalry, may the Blessed Saviour and Redeemer, Jesus Christ, who suffered death and passion for us sinners, reward you in this world and in the next!" Then she gave him a present of 500 ducats; but he received it only out of courtesy, lest by his refusing it she should be hurt; and he went straightway and distributed the money amongst the poor nuns whose convents had been injured during the sack of the town.

Again, few amongst us have not heard of the bell which used to be rung by the Florentines, in Mediæval times, for a whole month before entering upon a campaign, in order to give warning to their enemies, that they might be prepared for what was coming. Such acts are sufficient proof of the prevailing spirit of the age. Exceptions, and painful exceptions, undoubtedly there were; but it must never be forgotten that, even under the worst circumstances, wherever the Catholic Faith was known, the traditions of mercy were also known, and to a very large extent followed. It is significant that when Totila, King of the Lombards, moved by the fame of St. Benedict's sanctity, went to Monte Cassino to visit him, all we know of the interview is that the saint exhorted him to mercy.

The mention of Monte Cassino naturally turns our thoughts to those great religious houses of old, peaceful homes of piety and learning, in which the virtues of mercy and compassion were practised in a heroic degree, and where shelter and hospitality were offered to numberless guests in time of war. The site of some monasteries was in itself frequently a protection. For example, when the Danes invaded England in the year 1013, the Abbeys of Croyland, Thorney, and Ely owed their preservation to the heavy rains which had flooded the lands surrounding them.

During the terrible rising in the North, in the reign of Henry VI., we read an account by the monk chronicler of Croyland, which reminds us of what the good Benedictines of Maredsous must lately have suffered under similar circumstances. The annalist begins by describing the alarm of the Croyland monks on hearing of the devastations committed so near them, — an alarm not lessened by the fact that the country people from the surrounding districts had not only sought shelter themselves within the abbey boundaries, but had brought all their treasures with them, thus rendering the

monastery still more liable to attack. The sacred vessels, therefore, with all the precious gem-encrusted reliquaries, the charters, and other valuable documents, were carefully concealed. Processions went forth daily from the convent, and every night, after Matins and Lauds, "prayers and tears used to be poured out round the tomb of the most holy father Guthlac, the patron of Croyland." A watch also was set at every gate, and no one was allowed either to enter or depart without "The adjacent ways were permission. obstructed by large trees thrown across them in many places"; and, "Blessed be God!" concludes the narrator, "we were not given a prey to our enemies; for that savage army passed on, after having been within six miles of us."

Islands in lakes or rivers were also deemed safer from molestation; hence the foundation of monasteries in such spots as Loughrea, in Ireland, which, bv reason, of the number of abbeys established there in the early ages of the Church, was called "the holy lake." Indeed, nearly all the islands in Erin's lovely lakes, as well as those in the River Shannon, have been thus sanctified. So also the romantic and picturesque islet of Nonenwerth, in the midst of the fastflowing waters of the Rhine,-"paven," says an old poet, "like mosaics, by anemone and violet, and shaded over with flowers and leaves." L'Isle Barbe, in the Saone, was so beloved of Charlemagne that he had serious thoughts of abdicating his throne in order to retire to its abbey, and end his days in holy solitude. It will be remembered that he formed there a valuable library, which was destroyed in 1562 by Protestant fanatics.

Orderic Vitalis thus describes Thorney: "There is a convent of monks, separated from all other habitations, built in honor of St. Mary, which is celebrated for the purity of worship which God receives there. The venerable Adelwold, Bishop of Winchester, built this house... after the massacre by the Danes, in which the Blessed Edmund suffered martyrdom. He transferred to it the body of St. Botulf. In this obscure asylum the monks were in safety while combating faithfully for God."

Religious houses, however, were not immune from the terrors of war, being often pillaged and frequently burned. The Monastery of St. Catherine, near Dussenhofen on the Rhine, only narrowly escaped the latter fate in 1460, when, the army of Sigismund of Austria having been defeated in battle there, some of the soldiers began to set fire to the house. But one amongst their number, horrified at this sacrilegious act, threw himself on his knees before a crucifix, and, after a fervent prayer, turned to the incendiaries and entreated them so earnestly to desist that they could not resist his appeal. The flames were arrested, and the building saved. This brave warrior was none other than Blessed Nicholas Von der Flüe, whose fame as a hermit afterward spread throughout Christendom.

Tidings of battles, bloodshed, and destruction found their way into the peaceful seclusion of the cloister by means of those monks, whom necessary business had compelled to travel; and, though one of the laws of Mediæval warfare ordained that all religious men and women should "be in peace," and free from molestation, yet the perils of a journey at such times were very great, if, as was frequently the case, a monk was chosen to be the bearer of important dispatches. For example, we read that, about the year 1000, Rudolf, of the Benedictine Abbey of St. Tron, was selected by his brethren to carry a message from them to the Bishop of Metz.

"In order not to take the public road," he tells us, "I joined myself to the army of Godfrey, Duke of Lorraine, and Frederick, Bishop of Cologne, which was advancing, as I supposed, to Verdun. Good Jesus! what did I not endure on that journey, or who could relate it? And what was I to do, a monk, with only one attendant? If I directed my steps

to a town, either the town had been already destroyed by the army, or if it existed, I knew there was no security in it. If, on the other hand, I remained in the open fields, between the opposing forces, I had no means of contriving a roof or shelter for myself or my horses. I knew not where to procure food for myself or for them; nor did I dare to separate myself from my companion. At length, committing myself to God and to our blessed patron, leaving the army, I passed on to a small village, which was half burned down, and not one man left in it. But I found there some women who had fled through fear of the army; and, seeing me, a monk, coming toward them, they rushed to meet me, contending with one another as to which of them should give me hospitality for the night, that, by my presence, they might be defended from the rapine of armed men."

This last sentence is significant, proving as it does that the soldiery would have hesitated to enter the house and injure a religious or those who were seeking shelter with him. A striking contrast to scenes witnessed in our own day.

The monk Rudolf goes on to say that the women brought "oat bread and cheese and milk" for him and his companion, and also "hay and oats" for their horses. "After many hardships," he continues, "we reached Verdun on the tenth day; and the Bishop of Metz was in the neighborhood, so there I delivered my letters." The return journey would appear to have been equally hazardous; for he describes how he "passed by the Castle of Brie," and "took up his lodging for the night with the religious canons of the Monastery of St. Peter, who have a house in the forest." On the third day he came to the Monastery of St. Hubert, "through a long way, and a vast and most terrible solitude." On the fifth day he arrived at a cell in the woods, inhabited by the monks of Cluny, "and there he was received for the night with all humanity." On the sixth day he was "entertained and. consoled" by the "most pious Abbot of St. James, Dom Stephen." And when at last he entered the doors of his own convent, "the brethren were astonished," he says, "and sat themselves down round me with great joy, and gazed on me as if I had returned from the tomb; and they gave thanks to God for my wonderful escape."

That such nerve-racking experiences left a mark on those who took part in them, is evident from a letter \* to the Abbot Marcwad. "We command," it says, "to your paternity this novice, our runner, who fulfils in every particular the obligations of his rule and profession, excepting that, I believe, on account of nocturnal fears, he can not sleep alone." How vividly these words paint for us the picture of a young cowled figure hastening through dense forests, fording rivers, climbing rocky heights, braving dangers by night and by day, and, even when in shelter, pursued by the remembrance of them.

But whilst monasteries were, from time to time, subject to pillage and even total destruction at the hands of ruthless enemies, in ordinary warfare they usually proved a safe refuge. We read in the Chronicle of Croyland that fugitives frequently flocked thither, owing, as has been already stated, to its secure position; and, on one occasion, besides the sixty-two monks and four lay-brothers, there were one hundred and twenty-five monks from different abbeys throughout the kingdom. These religious sat in the choir and in the refectory with the brethren of the house, slept in the dormitory, and could stay as long as they pleased. "Sometimes not till half a year, or a whole year, would they return to their monasteries," says the annalist. Nor did this large number of strangers include daily visitors and others, who always lived there for the sake of security; the hospitality of Croyland being such that "no one was ever sent away."

The famous Abbey of Einsiedeln, many \* Lupi Epist. 1xx. centuries later, gave shelter to three abbots and more than thirty monks from other houses. Thus we see that, "when the tempest of war was raging," fugitives, from the highest to the lowest, sought safety within the quiet precincts of the monasteries, where in the day of adversity they found protection from their foes and consolation in misfortune.

Before leaving this subject, we can not but note that wherever the Catholic Faith ceased to influence men, as it did cease in the North of Europe during the sixteenth century, there straightway began a new military era totally unlike any which had preceded it. That pity shown to personal enemies, of which we have remarked so many and such heroic examples, was prompted by a purely religious principle. Distasteful the supernatural law of forgiveness might well be to one flushed with victory, and perchance secretly thirsting for revenge; nevertheless, the truly Christian conqueror had from earliest childhood learned from Holy Church that "mercy by mercy must be bought.". The institution of such brotherhoods as the Knights of St. Mary, sanctioned in the thirteenth century by Pope Urban IV. (of which the insignia showed a purple cross on a white field between two stars), could not fail to have a softening influence on the temper of the time, - a temper which at no period equalled in ferocity that which prevailed after the Great Apostasy, when war was carried on by the militant reformers with a ruthless cruelty, "to which," says a learned historian of our own day, "no parallel can be found in the annals of the world."

DEVOTION to the Blessed Virgin is the surest antidote to the poison of our evil inclinations; for he who is really devout to Mary will strive to imitate her exalted virtues, and thus close the door of his heart against the vices suggested by a nature corrupted by the sin of our first parents.—Anon.

### The Secret Bequest.

### BY CHRISTIAN REID

XX.

HAT a change of some kind had taken place in Honora, was perceptible to everyone who knew her, when she returned from her motor-trip with Miss Rainesford. It was a subtle but none the less decided change, as was evidenced by the fact that two such dissimilar persons as Mr. Maxwell and Alicia Page both remarked it.

"It's rather odd," Alicia said to her mother, "but during her absence Honora appears to have changed completely about their plan of going abroad. You know that up to this time she hasn't really wanted to go at all: it was Cecily who forced the idea on her; but since her return she seems positively anxious to get away, and has begun to make preparations for departure as if she were in feverish haste to leave Kingsford."

"It *is* odd," Mrs. Page agreed. "What do you think could have occurred to produce such a change? Could anything disagreeable have happened to her, do you suppose?"

"I don't see how anything could," Alicia replied. "Everybody likes herthat is, so far as people know her,—and she has really very little to do with any one except Miss Rainesford and Bernard Chisholm."

"And you don't think that Bernard might possibly have—er—?"

"Bernard!" Alicia's tone expressed scorn in a high key. "Why, he has from the first been perfectly *chivalrous* to her!"

"Oh, I don't doubt that!" Mrs. Page explained hastily. "Bernard couldn't be anything else to any one. But if he fell in love with her, and she knew it and didn't want to marry him, it might account for her desire to go away, mightn't it?" "Mother!" Alicia's tone was now fairly stern. "What an imagination you have! How *could* you think such a thing of Bernard?"

"I'm sure there's nothing dreadful in it," Mrs. Page deprecated. "There's no reason why he shouldn't fall in love with her: she is not so pretty as Cecily, but to my mind much more attractive. And if they married, it would settle about the fortune very nicely."

"Bernard would never dream of asking Honora to marry him while she has his uncle's fortune," Alicia declared almost fiercely. "I know him well enough to be certain of that."

"Well, I don't see why the fortune should be an obstacle, if they cared for each other," Mrs. Page stated calmly. "But, then, I don't pretend to understand Bernard, who has already acted in so peculiar a manner; and Honora must be almost as peculiar as he is. At least she is very reserved, and I always distrust reserved people."

"They are inclined to be secretive," Alicia admitted; "and Honora is very secretive at present about what has changed her so much with regard to going abroad. I've tried to find out what it is, but she says only that there is no duty to detain her here, and that she wants to gratify Cecily."

"That's the whole explanation, I fancy," Mrs. Page observed, with an air of dismissing the subject. "There's probably no mystery about it. She simply wants to gratify Cecily, who cares for nothing under heaven but gratifying herself."

Meanwhile Mr. Maxwell also commented upon a change in Honora which had struck *him*.

"Miss Trezevant has been long in rousing to a realization of her inheritance, but it has apparently come to her at last," he remarked to Bernard, when the latter dropped into his office on business one day soon after Honora's return. "Her attitude was for a time quite extraordinary: she hardly seemed to take hold of things with any sense of possession. It was as if she had difficulty in believing that the property really belonged to her. You may have noticed this?"

Bernard replied that he had noticed it.

"But I find a decided change in her now," the lawyer went on. "She appears to have wakened to a sense of ownership and responsibility, and she has a really remarkable business head — for a woman. I think I've mentioned that before; but I have been particularly impressed with it in my late interviews with her. I suppose you know that she is preparing for an indefinite stay abroad. And while all the arrangements she proposes to make about the business of the estate are very good, I can see no reason for her exiling herself in such a manner; can you?"

"Oh, yes!" Bernard answered. "I see very clearly that her sister desires it."

"But why should she feel bound to leave all her interests here because that very pretty and very selfish girl wants to go to Europe to live? For I understand that's the idea,—they are to *live* abroad, not merely to travel there."

"So I have understood also."

"Well, it's extremely foolish of Miss Trezevant; and I think you ought to tell her so, and try to influence her to a more sensible decision. She has a great respect for your opinion."

"I'm afraid that respect would hardly be strong enough to influence her against Cecily's desires," Bernard said, smiling. "At all events, I don't feel inclined to subject it to the strain of trial. And nobody can really judge what is best and wisest for another, you know,—although we are all prone to think that we can."

Mr. Maxwell snorted.

"I haven't the slightest doubt of my ability to decide what is best and wisest in this case," he said. "And I'm sorry that you are not willing to make an effort to prevent such an egregious act of folly." Bernard's dark eyes were very bright as he looked at the speaker.

"Only a moment ago," he said, "you spoke of Miss Trezevant's having a remarkable head for business. Now, I think it is remarkable for other things beside business; and I don't believe that she would decide as she has decided in this matter without a strong reason for that decision. This being so, I couldn't be presumptuous enough to call it 'an egregious act of folly' without knowing more about the motives which have influenced her."

"I thought you said just now that her motive was simply to please her sister." "But we don't know what that may include. She may think it better for Cecily to have her own way—and perhaps better for others, too. And if she *did* think so, her own wishes wouldn't weigh a feather in the balance, I can assure you."

"I can see that very plainly; but I regard it as only another proof that too much altruism is as bad as too much selfishness."

Bernard's smile flashed out again.

"Hardly 'as bad," he corrected; "but, I grant you, often more unwise, according to the wisdom of the world."

"The wisdom of the world is a very good standard by which to try things," Mr. Maxwell observed dryly; "although I'm aware that you don't think so."

"No, I don't think so," Bernard answered quietly; and added to himself, "Thank God!"

Nevertheless, although he had defended Honora against the strictures of the man of the world, he was himself surprised and vaguely disturbed by that change in her which others had noted, but which had hardly been so evident to any one as to him. For ever since her return he had been conscious of being, as it were, held at arm's length by her: he had a feeling that she was on guard against him—or was it against herself? and that when they were together she kept the conversation carefully on the surface, and evaded anything likely to lead to a discussion of those deeper issues of life concerning which she had up to this time been so eagerly inquisitive. He was particularly struck with this when he spoke of Belmont; and it did not occur to him until afterward that *she* had not spoken of her visit there at all.

"I was delighted to hear from Miss Helen that you were at the Abbey for Corpus Christi," he said. "I'm sure you must have enjoyed the celebration immensely."

"Oh, immensely!" she assented quickly, yet (he felt instinctively) with some constraint. "The place is very interesting, and the services were most beautiful, wonderfully beautiful indeed. I had no idea of seeing anything so striking, and er—extraordinary. I wouldn't have missed it on any account, and I was very glad Miss Rainesford suggested our stopping there on that/day."

"You gave her so much pleasure by stopping that it was only fair you should have found some pleasure, too," he said. "In all the liturgy of the Church there is nothing more beautiful than the ceremonies of Corpus Christi."

"I can well imagine that. They are so marvellously picturesque and poetical, are they not?"

"And so much else besides," he said. "I think you must have felt their deep, spiritual significance and impressiveness."

"I—yes, I felt that in some degree," she answered hesitatingly; "and Miss Rainesford kindly explained the meaning of it all. Otherwise of course I should not have understood. It would have been only a wonderful pageant to me,—something which, in its irresistible appeal to the emotions, I could never have imagined if I had not seen it."

She paused, and her eyes grew retrospective in their gaze, as if she saw again the procession, with its rich colors and flashing gold, its lights, flowers, incense, and music, and the mysterious Presence borne under the canopy, as it wound in the sunlight down the gray stone steps that led into the leafy greenness of the dell below, and the austere beauty of the pine-clad uplands beyond. "It was a picture to remember for a lifetime," she said, catching her breath. "I never expect to see anything half so impressive again."

"You can see just such a procession on any feast of Corpus Christi in any Catholic country," he told her. "The ceremonies may differ slightly in detail, but they are essentially the same everywhere."

"I shall never see them again," she said, with a decision which startled him. Then, observing the surprise on his face, she went on hastily, "I would not like to spoil a perfect impression, and no other Corpus Christi could ever be to me what the one at Belmont was. You see, it wasn't only the novelty of the ceremony, but it was also the fact of its being there, which made it so - arresting. The whole place was so wonderful in its atmosphere, its suggestion of ideals that one thinks of as belonging to another age and to distant countries. It made one realize that they are, perhaps, for all ages and all countries. And when the procession went out into the beautiful, silent woodsnot set and ordered grounds, but real woods, with pine needles covering the ground—as if to take possession of the land in the name of the Lord, there was such a note of conquering triumph in it that it fairly clutched the heart."

Involuntarily her hand went to her heart as she spoke, and there was a light in her eyes which made Bernard's heart for a moment leap up, though whether in hope or fear he did not know." But the next instant her eyes fell, as she seemed to grasp some steadying recollection that had nearly escaped her.

"It was, of course, purely an emotional effect," she said. "But it was quite wonderful as an experience, and I am glad I have known it once. Such an effect couldn't be renewed in another place, you know — one couldn't get the same note of striking contrast anywhere else, and therefore I shall make no effort to see another Corpus Christi celebration."

"You couldn't readily find another Belmont Abbey, for it is in many respects quite unique," Bernard agreed. "And that effect of contrast — of difference from the world around it — of which you've spoken, would necessarily strike you very much on your first visit. I remember well how it struck me the first time I was there."

"And has the impression worn off?" she asked. "Do you feel the sense of contrast no longer?"

"On the contrary, I feel it even more, but in a different way. I realize even more clearly—well, many things."

He broke off abruptly, conscious for the first time in his intercourse with her of an unsympathetic atmosphere. And she did not now talk of a door closed in her face, and urge him to go on. He had indeed a distinct impression that she was nervously aware of danger behind that door, and that she was relieved when, changing the subject, he began to speak of something else.

It was the next morning that, as Miss Rainesford came out from Mass, she found Bernard waiting for her on the steps of the church; and they walked away together in the early sunshine, under the leafy trees, where unnumbered birds were filling the golden air with their melodious notes and eager twittering.

"Aren't they delicious?" Miss Rainesford exclaimed, alluding to the birds. "What an exquisite accompaniment their singing made to the Mass! A glorious red bird came, flaunted his plumage in the window beside me, and poured out his heart in a *jubilate* just at the Elevation. It was almost a distraction, and yet how sweet!"

Bernard nodded a little absently.

"I heard him," he said. "He was in

fine voice, and meant everybody to know it. By the by, you haven't told me anything about the music at Belmont on Corpus Christi. Did you enjoy it?"

"Oh, extremely! The Mass was very finely rendered; and, to my surprise, Honora not only enjoyed but followed it intelligently. I suppose that was because of all the Masses you have played for her."

"Very likely." Again he spoke absently; and then, suddenly rousing to animation, "I wish you would tell me," he said abruptly, "what occurred at Belmont to make an impression upon Honora which has changed her very much."

Miss Rainesford turned and met his eyes. "So you've observed it!" she said. "I wondered if you would."

"Of course I've observed it," he answered. "I've felt a change in her ever since she returned; but I wasn't sure until yesterday of its connection with something which happened there. What was it? It's not possible that any of the Fathers said anything she didn't like?"

"My dear, haven't you understood that we didn't meet any of the Fathers, not even your particular friend, the organist and choir director? She insisted upon leaving the Abbey as soon as the services of the church were over; and of course I couldn't refuse to go, if for no other reason than that I was her guest, and the car was hers."

"Did you propose remaining?"

"I asked if she would not like to meet some of the Fathers and perhaps the Bishop, but she said 'No' very decidedly, and hurried away, as if in fear of being detained. I think I would have remonstrated—for I was extremely disappointed on my own account—if she hadn't looked so pale and tired, and er—apprehensive."

"Apprehensive of what, in Heaven's name?"

Miss Rainesford spread out her hands in an eloquent gesture. "Since you ask me," she replied, "I can only say that I think she was apprehensive of some influence on the part of Heaven itself."

"You mean-?"

"I mean that she had been intensely moved and affected by the ceremonies. Once, when I looked around at her, she was gazing at the Blessed Sacrament with such dilated eyes, with such a strange, rapt expression altogether, that I almost thought she saw something more than the white host in the ostensorium. Well, my opinion is that, having been so deeply affected, she was afraid to trust herself auy farther within the atmosphere, and under the influences of the place. She didn't want to meet anybody, especially any priest. She just simply wanted to run away."

"And so you ran away?"

"Exactly. We ran away as fast as her high-power car could take us."

"But she must have made some explanation to you."

"There you are mistaken. The change you have observed in her began at that moment, and she made no explanation,-I mean nothing which really explained. She spoke of being tired and overdone, 'although it had all been so beautiful and interesting,' and apologized for taking me away so hurriedly; and I said that it didn't matter, since we had accomplished what we came for-and that was Everything she said was purely all. conventional, and not in the least an expression of what she really felt. And from that hour to this she has told me no more."

"Did you try to obtain an explanation from her?"

"Not at all. I should have been very dull if I had not perceived that she had no intention of speaking frankly of any impression which had been made upon her. In fact, there were only two impressions that could have accounted for her conduct."

"And those were-?"

"First, that she had been shocked and perhaps revolted by what she had seen the crude Protestant view of the ceremonies as superstition, and all that kind of thing. Now I know that was not what she felt; for I could neither mistake nor forget the expression of her face of which I've already spoken. So there remained the other—the possibility that the Supernatural had manifested itself in a manner which startled and frightened her. This is what I believe to have occurred."

"You think-?"

"I think that the grace of faith was given to her in a very direct and sensible manner, as she knelt before the Blessed Sacrament; and that when she realized this, her overwhelming impulse was that of flight. And that impulse continues still."

Nothing more was said for several minutes: they walked silently, like people under the shadow of tragedy, through the fresh morning beauty, full of golden sunshine, green leaves, and singing birds; and it was not until they were within sight of Miss Rainesford's house that Bernard said:

"I have been afraid of this ever since she told me of the influence she once felt in a church in New York. And, being afraid of it, I was sorry when I heard that you had gone to Belmont."

"It wasn't my fault," Miss Rainesford said hastily. "She spoke of it herself: she said that she particularly wanted to go there, and it was quite clear that her interest had been roused by what you told her of the place."

"Yes: that was my fault," he confessed contritely. "It's astonishing what a besetting snare egotism is. And yet the subject came about naturally enough; for I was talking of the fine music to be heard there, and the music led to other things. But even if she wanted to go, why should you have taken her on such an occasion as the feast of Corpus Christi?" "Rather, why shouldn't I? It was a perfect occasion for her to hear something of the music you had praised, to see beautiful and picturesque ceremonies impressively carried out, and to enjoy an altogether unique experience. I was sure she would enjoy it—from an artistic standpoint, you know. She is so sensitively alive to all beautiful things."

"And, unhappily, just as sensitively alive to spiritual things, which is where the danger came in."

"I didn't realize the danger; or if I did, to be quite frank, I thought she ought to have her chance—the chance to make *il gran rifiuto*. One has no right to attempt to be wiser than God, and shield people from the struggle that will try them."

"That's the heroic doctrine you have preached from the first," Bernard said, as they paused at her gate; "and I see that you have not hesitated to practise as well as preach it. But you have forgotten that there is one overwhelming reason why Honora will never make the Great Refusal."

"I suppose you mean-?"

He answered in three words, as he turned away:

"I mean—Cecily."

(To be continued.)

#### The Promised Country.

BY SPEER STRAHAN.

FAIR must that promised country be Whose streams rise from eternity; And One doth lead upon that way Whose footfalls are the paths of day.

No lurking fear pursues them there, As forward in the morning air, With Him the blessed ransomed go, Their garments washen white as snow.

Alas! my days are very dim That look up to the Seraphim. Ah, Lord, some dawning may I be One of that shining company!

## After Ten Years.

BY J. F. SCHOLFIELD.

#### IV.—About Faith.

Y faith, in this connection, I mean  $\bigcirc$ that "supernatural gift of God which enables us to believe without doubting whatever God has revealed"; not the objective content of the Divine Revelation, in which we believe because it comes to us on the authority of God Himself. We are taught that the habit of faith is implanted in us at baptism; There exists, therefore, that "supernatural gift of God" beyond the confines of the kingdom of His Redemption; and no doubt by many Christians of good-will, even though they live separated from Catholic communion, there is real use made of the grace that has been bestowed on them. But I think every convert who seriously considers the question will agree that I am not putting the fact too strongly in saying that the exercise of faith without and within the Church is so widely distinct in character that it scarcely seems to be the same faculty that is at work.

For faith to be possible, there must of course be an authority which proposes the truth, and which is incapable either of error or of fraud. In divine faith, therefore, it is God alone whom we believe. He is our ultimate authority; and when He sends a messenger, or establishes an agency, and warrants its inerrancy, such messenger or agency is believed solely because we believe Him and His guarantee that we shall not be deceived. The Church has our assent because she possesses such warrant and guarantee; SO that to doubt her is, formally or materially, to give the lie to God Himself. Whether, then, we believe any given truth with divine faith depends on why we believe it.

When a convert looks back on his life before he submitted to the infallible Teacher, it becomes clear to him that,

whatever truths of the Catholic faith he may by the mercy of God have been able to grasp, his belief was essentially assent to tradition rather than submission to authority; or else it was the result, of his own cogitations or his own study. But those cogitations and that study might have led him in a diametrically opposite The conclusion, for instance, direction. Transubstantiation is the only that reasonable interpretation of Our Lord's words, "This is My body," which a certain number of Protestants undoubtedly reach, might equally well have been a conclusion in the opposite sense to a student who has no teacher to guide him.

In my own case, the old-fashioned Church of England orthodoxy in which I was brought up saved me, no doubt, from entire shipwreck of faith. So far as I can judge, I believed what I was taught, as every child believes, because my parents and teachers so believed, - that is, I assented to, and took for granted, what I heard. But it was many years before I in the least understood what an Act Even as a young man, of Faith was. assimilating gradually when Ι was "advanced" Anglican teaching, it seemed to me that this or that doctrine obviously hung together with the instructions of my childhood, and explained them. The idea of the priesthood, and Apostolic Succession, for example, was to my mind a natural consequence of the fact that Our Lord founded a Church; and the cultus of Our Lady and the saints, with prayers for the departed, an intelligible corollary of the Communion of Saints, which was so familiar an expression (if nothing more) to me in reciting the Apostles' Creed. But I do not think in either case I exercised the theological virtue of faith.

One of the dreariest memories of non-Catholic religion is, to many converts, that of their preparation for Confirmation, that supposed sacramental of Anglicanism. A well-read Oxford clergyman instructed me before I took part in the ceremony, and left me without any coherent idea whateyer as to its meaning. He was, I fancy, a man with no High or Low proclivities to speak of. I heard afterward that he asked a relative of mine what my "views" were with regard to the Communion. It is sadly typical of Anglicanism that such a question should be possible; but to ask it about an ignorant boy, whose mind was nearly\_a blank on the subject, was truly wonderful.

But I think about this time I woke up to the idea that there were various opinions in the Church of England which could be taken or left at choice. And, so far as I ever thought about the matter, I began to believe consciously what (as I have said in a previous paper) the Church Catechism had made me believe implicitly as to the Real Presence of Christ in the Eucharist. My mind was in a state of fog as to any definition of the truth; but I think I scarcely ever, if ever, received the Protestant Communion except as the body of Our Lord. This was years before I knew anything about "hearing Mass" or fasting before Communion.

It must be a puzzle to Catholics, who have grown up in the light of the fulness of truth, how Anglican clergymen can demand the assent of their people to their teaching, and in numerous cases actually receive it. Many clergymen themselves feel the terrible difficulty, when they are asked by some more thoughtful member of their flock on what grounds this or that doctrine or practice rests, to give an explanation that can really satisfy.

Lack of authority from God is (so obviously that we need not labor the point in this place) the essential reason of this theological *impasse*. Such lack, and the consequent contradictions of both the standard documents (Prayer Book and Articles) and practice of the Church of England, may be tolerated for a time, because not apprehended; but there comes a day when, to the pilgrim on his way to the City of God, they stand out with a terrible distinctness that can not be argued or explained away.

It is worth while to notice how extraordinarily, and no doubt with deliberate intention on the part of most of their framers, the Anglican formularies lend themselves to so chaotic a position. King James, the First and Sixth, is credited with the statement that the Church of England had a Popish liturgy, an Armenian clergy, and Calvinistic Articles of religion. There is a certain amount of truth in the royal epigram, though we fancy no Pope could tolerate the wreckage of the Book of Common Prayer (salvage, some may prefer to call it), and no good Calvinist could endure the phenomenal shuffling of the Articles. The Anglican clergy of the seventeenth century were certainly anti-Calvinistic (the Church of England, as a whole, has always loathed Geneva); but only the few learned men, we imagine, knew anything about Professor Jakob Hermanzoon, of Leyden, whose Latinized name gave the title to the Dutch revolt against Calvinism.

Thus, if the framers of the Prayer Book and Articles had deliberately set out to obscure the grounds of belief and so make faith difficult, they could hardly have succeeded better. There is no standard of belief or practice except the royal will, which showed startling variations as manifested in the successive editions of the Prayer Book. On Tudor principles, it is to be supposed that all these were equally binding on the consciences of loyal subjects,---if one can imagine the idea of conscience entering into any scheme engineered by Henry, Somerset, or Elizabeth. There is a good deal of entirely disingenuous parade of Antiquity, the Primitive Church, and even, here and there, of Patristic authority. But of a definite standard for practical purposes there is none.

An Anglican parson, in theory, is supposed to represent to his people the ideal of the first centuries of the Church's life, before "Roman accretions" and

"Mediæval superstitions" obscured the original Christianity of the "Undivided Church." But what number of centuries is included in this visionary period is left absolutely undecided. Some will tell you the first four hundred years are the limit of Primitive purity. Most Anglicans would say the first six or eight (i. e., to the Second Council of Nicæa or the Photian schism). Not a few would place the final rupture between the Holy See and Constantinople in the eleventh century, as marking the close of the time to which the Anglican appeal is made. But the living voice of Anglicanism is silent amid these divergent opinions; and the teaching of her divines is seen to be merely the personal preference of individuals. There is not much scope for divine faith here.

The fact is, that outside the Church, as we converts come to see after long groping in the twilight, the Christian Creed is approached from absolutely the wrong direction. An Anglican (and I suppose other Protestants too) looks at each doctrine as standing by itself, and judges of its truth according to the teaching of his particular "school of thought" (as the different beliefs in the Church of England are euphemistically styled), or the instructions of his own self-chosen spiritual guide, or his own personal prepossessions. He asks, Is the (so-called) evangelical doctrine of the Lord's Supper true? Can I take the Modernist view of Our Lord's Resurrection and still hold substantially the spirit of Christianity? How about the Anglo-Catholic teaching as to the Sacrament of Penance? But, before any question of this kind, there is another which must be asked and answered, and without a convincing reply to which all other inquiries as to isolated doctrines are essentially futile.

That question is: Where is the divine teacher, who can give me God's message with infallible certainty? In the words of the Catechism, "How am I to know what God has revealed?" When the teacher is found, we accept whatever we

are taught, not because this or that doctrine suits our ideas, or strikes us as attractive, or even because it seems to carry the impress of truth, but because it is part of God's revelation, the absolute accuracy of which is assured by His own promise. It is true, indeed, that the Catholic faith is the one belief that can satisfy all the needs of our spiritual nature: and that the more we enter into its doctrines, the more we understand their profound attraction. But we do not believe in the Church because we approve of her teaching, but we believe all that she proposes to our belief because we believe in her as God's one accredited agent in the world for the delivery of His Revelation. To go the other way to work is to put the cart before the horse. For one who has had the happiness to grasp this fact — which seems as obvious as the sunlight, when it is once grasped to go back to the chaotic uncertainties of Protestantism, and still to talk of faith, would be spiritual lunacy.

And there is no other way. No religious society in the world except the Catholic Church dares to claim infallibility as a teacher of truth. And a teacher of truth without infallibility is — though it often takes a non-Catholic years to see this—a contradiction in terms. It only remains, if I do not claim infallibility for myself (and hardly any man is stupid enough for this), to give up the idea of faith altogether, and leave Pilate's question unanswered, as he did himself.

All who believe (as practically every Protestant believed in my childhood) in Our Lord, His Incarnation, His redemption of the world by His passion and death and resurrection, acknowledge that the Christian Revelation comes to us from Him alone; and, further, that He placed the deposit of truth in the keeping of the Apostles, to whom He gave the commission, "Going, teach all nations." Faith to the first generation of Christians, therefore, had its object plain and defined. Those first converts,

in believing what the Apostles taught, were not believing men because they were worthy of credit, but believing God, who guaranteed their identity, in teaching, with Himself. To doubt any part of their message was to doubt that they were accredited by Him, and so to make shipwreck of the whole faith.

There could be no ultimate doubt as to what was Christian truth when appeal was possible to the Apostolic authority. When that had spoken, controversy was impossible; the choice lay between submission and separation from the Church. It was evident that to controvert God's one and only agency for conveying revealed truth to the world was to deny God's own witness to the infallibility of His own guaranteed messenger and so to deny *His* truthfulness and thus to sin against the divine gift of faith which had been bestowed upon them.

It seemed incredible, when one faced the question, that, if our religion was of divine institution, there should be no provision for the same guidance in succeeding generations, who certainly would not need it less than did the first converts. Then came the knowledge that confessedly the most ancient, and incomparably the greatest, Christian body in the world actually claimed to be the heir to this deposit of truth, and to the power of proclaiming and defining all that was needful for the salvation of souls. Faith was no longer a misty assent, or an eclectic preference, or the result of deep critical or patristic learning. It was seen to be obedience to a divine teacher. The claim of the Catholic Church was a living claim; the claims of all other teachers were at best traditional and, in a sense, historical.

Faith is, then, our response to a living Voice. "This shall be unto you a straight way, so that fools shall not err therein." Outside, there is a Babel of conflicting tongues, none of which gives the same message, none of which dares to claim infallibility. It is often not easy even to understand what they profess to teach. In the Church to which I belonged, there is now no pretence of any distinct utterance. So far as those in high places speak at all, they show a masterly grasp of the art of saying nothing. If they did speak with unmistakable distinctness on any point, the utterance would be nugatory, so far as any consent on the part of their clergy and people was concerned. As a convert looks back from his hardly-won spiritual Home, he realizes that, though there is much to respect and admire and love in those he has left, and whom he trusts he will some day welcome as fellow-converts, all systems outside the Church of God can command only a fortuitous agreement or a noncommittal assent. It is only at our mother's knee that we can learn to say our Credo.

(To be continued.)

### Tongs and Bellows.

BY PAUL BERTRAND.

WAY up at the very top of the steepest street in the hilly town of Joubert stood the neat little residence of Miss Monica Davinat, an amiable old lady whom rheumatism kept confined to her chair during the greater part of the year. Her last attack had been so acute that she thought her end was surely at hand. Despite the great heat, she sat enveloped in shawls, and reflected sadly on the days when her nephew Albert, an orphan whom she had brought up with all kindness, used to fill the house with his laughter and his joyous shouts.

Alas! as he grew up Albert had turned out badly and had proved an-ingrate. He had gone away twenty years before, and no word of him in all that time had reached his affectionate old aunt. It was all over, of course; she would never see him again. But on this 4th of May she recalled with a sore heart how the dear boy in the old days used to come to her on the morning of that anniversary, and, his bouquet in his hand, lovingly wish her a happy birthday.

"Nobody thinks of celebrating my birthday now!" she sighed. "My cousins call on me at New Year's, but only from interested motives—to get the presents they know I'll give them.— Come in, Marie! What is it, my girl?" she added in response to a timid tap at the door.

A young servant-maid entered, her eyes cast down, her cheeks blushing; and said in a low tone, as if half afraid of taking a liberty:

"If Mademoiselle will permit me, I should like to wish her a very happy birthday and to express my gratitude." And she proffered to the old lady a cluster of handsome roses.

"If I will permit you! So, my dear child, you have thought of the feastday of your poor old mistress! And yet we have been together only a few months."

"It seems to me that I have always known and loved you," cried the maiden, with an accent of real sincerity; "and I should like to remain with you always. Promise me, please, that you won't send me away."

"I promise with great pleasure," my dear; though I may not be able to be with you long. I feel that I am very feeble; and, although Père Jamais tells me I am good for many years yet, I'm afraid he does not really think so. Don't ery, but go put these pretty roses in my fine Sèvres vase and leave them on my table."

Marie set about obeying her mistress' orders, when she was interrupted by the arrival of Isidore Grinchard, a cousin of Miss Monica's, whom she led to her mistress' room. This cousin was a longlimbed, lantern-jawed individual with a hawk-like expression; but he assumed a pleasant air as, almost doubling htmself up in an exaggerated bow, he presented

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the old lady with a big pot of flowers, saying:

"My dear cousin, I am charmed to be the first to offer you cordial birthday greetings."

"Eh? Oh, 'tis you, Isidore, is it? This is the first St. Monica's Day you've ever been to see me, isn't it?"

"I was wrong not to have come before. I repent, you see; and as I heard you were ill, I thought to give you a little pleasure."

Marie prevented any reply to this remark by introducing another relative— Madame Poupinet. Red and perspiring, out of breath and puffing, this very stout little woman was carrying a large box of marguerites.

Miss Monica, more and more surprised, greeted her with:

"Why, Victorine! Were you not afraid of the heat, the fatigue, and the steep hill?"

"Can one fear anything. when there is question of being agreeable to you, my dear? To-day is your birthday, is it not? I trust I am the first to—"

"Well, you needn't trust, my dear Madame; I have just had the pleasure of presenting my greetings to our relative. That need not, however, prevent her from accepting your marguerites. But sit down and get your breath; you are puffing like a blacksmith's bellows. In your place, I'd be afraid of bursting."

Madame Poupinet recoiled a step. She had just recognized, in the dimly lit apartment, who the speaker was. Evidently he, like herself, was anxious to get into the good graces of the spinster cousin, whose heir each aspired to become.

"Learn, then, Mr. Grinchard," said she, quickly recovering herself, "that I am afraid of nothing when it comes to showing affection for my relative. You are pleased to see me perspiring and breathless; but you'll have to admit that I have more merit than you in climbing away up here; for, with such a pair of tongs as serves you for legs, one might ascend Mount Blanc in three strides." Grinchard received this thrust with a grimace instead of a smile, and rejoined:

"Fortunately for me, Madame, our dear cousin is more just than you. She knows that good legs are worthless without an affectionate heart to guide them; and, in the matter of heart, I will permit myself to say it would be difficult to find my equal."

"I suspect no one is very anxious to find it," said Madame Poupinet, with a sniff of disdain.

Both of them had forgotten the presence of Miss Monica, and consequently did not notice the twinkle of mischief dancing in her bright old eyes.

"Come, come," said she gaily, "Isidore and Victorine, don't spoil the day with a quarrel. I thank you both for your gifts; but neither of you has been the first to remember me. A third person was before you."

"Cousin Castanet has been here in his carriage," said both the disappointed visitors in a breath.

"Not at all. Castanet never comes to see me except at New Year's, just like yourselves, until now. It is my maid, Marie, a good child and a thoughtful one."

There was silence for a while; both visitors seemed somewhat disturbed by this bit of news. Finally, Grinchard asked with an air of suspicion:

"And where did you find this marvel, may I ask?"

"She came to me on trial a few months ago, when I had dismissed Jacqueline; she pleased me and I hired her without further ado. In fact, I really don't know the girl's family name. She presented herself as Marie, and Marie she is."

"So you took her without references? Not a prudent act for one of your years."

"Mr. Grinchard is quite right, my dear Monica," said Madame Poupinet, who, in her sudden jealousy of Marie, at once sided with her rival. "The more this girl showers attentions upon you, the more reason you have for distrusting her."

Miss Monica shrugged her shoulders and changed the subject. Her cousins did not dare to take it up again; but, as they were leaving the house, each cast an unfriendly eye on the unsuspecting Marie.

"What do you think of Monica's servant, Mr. Grinchard?" inquired the stout lady.

"I think she's an intriguer who is trying to win the affection of our cousin, with an eye to getting some of her fortune later on."

"That's just my opinion, too. This Marie has not the air or the manners of an ordinary servant. It looks bad,—very bad; and I'll make it a point to say so to our cousin. Good-bye!"

"I shall say it to her also," thought Grinchard to himself, as he walked down the hill. "I can't allow Victorine to settle the matter alone."

Two days later Miss Monica had another visit from the corpulent Madame Poupinet, puffing as heavily as ever.

"My dear Monica," said the visitor, "I am giving you a great proof of my affection; for it's no small job for me to climb up your hill, especially as I haven't for legs a pair of tongs like Isidore's. I have come to tell you that a neighbor of mine, Madame Bonnichaud, has just discharged her servant, a thief and a good-for-nothing. She was awfully sweet to her mistress, just like your Marie, who, to my mind, is altogether too polite to be honest, and who gives herself ladylike airs. If you take my advice, you will look out for her, else misfortune will befall you."

"Don't be alarmed, my good Victorine." Madame Poupinet suggested that the best thing to do was to discharge Marie forthwith; and as Miss Monica did not say "Yes" or "No," she concluded that her visit had been successful, and went off satisfied.

' The next day it was Grinchard's turn. He made fun of his fat cousin's bellowslike puffing, and insinuated a hundred mean things about Marie. Now, while Miss Davinat did not at all believe in the sincerity of her officious cousins, still their talk set her thinking; and one morning she said to Marie:

"Do you know, child, that my relatives consider me very imprudent for keeping you with me without knowing who you really are?"

"Yet Mademoiselle has promised not to send me away," faltered the girl, whose eyes seemed to denote fear.

"Of course I promised, for I believe you to be good and honest. Still, in order that I may be left tranquil by my cousins, tell me frankly about your family. What is your name?"

Then, much to Miss Monica's astonishment, Marie burst into a fit of sobbing.

"Is it possible," thought the old lady, "that Victorine and Isidore are right? Come," she said aloud. "I'm not asking anything very terrible. Tell me your family name."

"My father," replied Marie at length, "was Albert Davinat. When he was dying he told me to come here and find you, and to care for you as though I were your daughter, in order to make up for the wrong he has done you. I was afraid to tell you the truth, so I presented myself as a servant."

Old Miss Monica was overcome with emotion; but, controlling it, she put a hundred questions, and soon convinced herself that this was really her nephew's daughter. She could see for herself that the girl was educated and had been well brought up.

"We'll get another servant," said the great-aunt; "but I don't want Victorine or Isidore to know the truth yet awhile. Both of them think only of my little fortune, which they covet,—I knew it before; but their efforts to blacken your character make it doubly evident. They fear that you will win my affection. Very well: they will find out later on that I have a good memory." Much to the surprise of Miss Monica's cousins, Marie continued to reside with her. They tried several other means to oust her; and then, seeing that the health of the invalid was much improved, and that the inheritance was a long way off as yet, they made only very rare calls. Two years went quietly by, and when the old lady did pass away, her last blessing was for her beloved grandniece. Madame Poupinet and Grinchard learned of her death too late to attend the funeral; but the next day they were summoned to the notary's office, where they found Marie in heavy mourning.

"By what right, you young minx, do you present yourself here?" inquired the long-legged Isidore.

"By right," replied the notary, "of being the heiress of the deceased. But keep cool: you haven't been forgotten by Miss Davinat. Listen to her will."

And he read:

"I leave all my fortune to Marie Davinat, daughter of my nephew Albert, with the exception, however, of two souvenirs to Victorine Poupinet and Isidore Grinchard. I wish thus to thank them for the trouble they took to prejudice me against Marie Davinat. To Victorine I bequeath the finest pair of bellows in my kitchen; to Isidore, the finest pair of tongs."

Grinchard's long legs were at once set in motion; and Madame Poupinet, her face as red as a rooster's comb, puffed her way rapidly down the street. "It is to laugh," said the notary, as he watched them from the window. "Tongs and bellows."

## Enduring.

#### BY A. W. P.

**U**OVE must have been before the birth of grief, As comes the bud before the opened leaf;

And, since love heals our hearts from grieving sore,

Love shall live on when grief shall be no more,

### The Penny Hedge.

HE planting of the "horngarth," or "penny hedge," on the east bank of the River Esk, near the town of Whitby, in Yorkshire, England, is a quaint survival of feudal times. The ceremony takes place each year on the eve of the Ascension. In olden times three noble families were represented at the planting; but the service of planting is no longer a condition of "Herbert, Bruce, and Percy" holding their lands.

The traditional account of the reason that led to this curious practice is that in the reign of Henry II. three members of the above-mentioned famous families went out hunting one summer day. The boar they chased evaded them, and finally sought refuge in the cell of a holy hermit. The hermit shut his door and continued his devotions, which the entrance of the excited and terrified animal had for some minutes interrupted. Soon the hunters approached and attacked the door with their weapons of warfare. It yielded readily; and, angered by the brief delay, one of the barons struck the hermit with his hunting spear. At that period the murder of a priest meant forfeiture of the assailant's lands to the Church and the death of the murderer himself. The hermit lived long enough to beg that these punishments should not be enforced. His prayers prevailed, and the three nobles and their heirs were permitted to hold their lands of the Abbot of Whitby on condition of planting a hedge yearly, while one of the monks of the abbey proclaimed the reason for the work they did.

An entry in the register of Whitby records the manner in which the service was to be performed; and Scott tells in "Marmion":

Then Whitby's nuns exulting told

How to their house three barons bold Must menial service do;

While horns blow out a note of shame, And monks cry, "Fye upon your name! In wrath for loss of sylvan game St. Hilda's priest ye slew." This, on Ascension Day each year, Must Herbert, Bruce, and Percy hear.

It may be added that the Abbey of Whitby was founded by Oswy, King of Northumbria. It was a double foundation, sheltering both monks and nuns; and, under St. Hilda's wise rule, rose to first rank among the religious houses of that period. In it was held the famous synod which in 664 settled the rule for fixing the date of Easter.

### Of Perennial Interest.

T HE address read by Mr. W. S. Lilly at the latest meeting of the Catholic Union of Great Britain is so forceful a presentation of a subject of perennial interest to all Catholic parents that, despite the different conditions of the educational question obtaining in England and this country, we offer no apology for quoting some passages of it. He writes:

Now, what we demand is, briefly, a Catholic education for Catholic children. And what does a Catholic education mean? Does it mean merely the teaching to the children of the Penny Catechism? What is the object of education? Is it the acquisition of a certain amount of information about various subjects-religion perhaps among others? By no means. That is a very common way of thinking, and a very erroneous and mischievous one. The object of education is the formation of character. I do not know that this has been better stated by any one than by Milton,-no Catholic, but a bitter opponent of Catholicism, although there is a legend, indeed, that he found peace. at the last and died a Catholic. "I call," he says, "a complete and generous education that which fits a man to perform justly, skilfully and magnanimously all the offices, both public and private, of peace and war."

The true ideal of education for every child, whatever his position in life, is to fit him for the work appointed him in the world, whatever that work may be—which, indeed, is a matter of comparatively little importance. That, and not cramming the brain with knowledge, useful or useless, is the true end of education, whether for the son of a peer or the son of a peasant, to fit him to "do my duty in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call me," as the Anglican Church Catechism excellently puts it. We may, indeed, put it even more shortly and say: "The end of education is the formation of character." Now, the formation of character is not a matter of mere teaching: it is something much more subtle, more vital. The mind of a child is far more influenced by its surroundings than by its formal lessons. There is a moral as well as a material atmosphere. We demand Catholic schools for Catholic children,—schools permeated by the atmosphere not of secularism, but of the Catholic faith.

Another very interesting paragraph of Mr. Lilly's address deals with an aspect of the question that will appeal to Cisatlantic Catholic readers. "Now, why do we make "that demand?" he asks; and he answers: "For the simple reason that it is our inalienable right. Yes, we demand Catholic schools for Catholic children not as a favor but as a right. The right of the father to direct and control the education of his children is one of the most sacred of human rights, and is emphatically recognized as such by the law of our country. It is the sacred duty of a Catholic father to bring up his children as Catholics, or to see that they are so brought up. And so we demand Catholic schools for Catholic children. The answer to that demand may be, 'Well, if you want Catholic schools, provide them yourselves.' Half a century ago this would have been a good and sufficient answer. It is an altogether bad and insufficient answer now."

Bad and insufficient because the State has gone into the business of education on its own account, and actually pays rates to the Nonconformist schools. In this connection, there is significance in these remarks of a London *Times* reviewer on a recent book dealing with the question at issue,—"a trenchant book, which gives a just statement of the injustice done to Roman Catholics... The Roman Catholic attitude is unanswerable... The present lull in politics will do much to re-create the sense of fair play, and we shall see at last a fair solution of the religious question."

### Notes and Remarks.

The ravages of war seem to have opened the eyes of the whole world to the ravages of intemperance. Only now do all peoples realize how widespread and pernicious an evil it is,-that, besides being a prolific source of poverty, crime, and disease, it has wrecked and desolated more homes, filled more graves, made more widows and orphans than all the wars ever waged. The drink bills of the nations at present in bloody and disastrous conflict have not only brought home both to rulers and subjects the havoc of intemperance, but demonstrated the fact that national existence would be jeopardized by unchecked indulgence in intoxicating beverages. The reformation of existing liquor laws and their administration is demanded by public sentiment the world over. The question of temperance is engaging attention as never before, --- has become, indeed, an New legislation international question. in Russia, France, Italy, Germany, and other countries foreshadows more stringent measures everywhere in the sale of intoxicants. England and some of her colonies are following the example set them. In our own country so many States have "gone dry" that some general restriction of the liquor traffic seems inevitable. A sober world may prove to be the most notable triumph and the greatest blessing of the war of nations.

That Benedict XV. is as thoroughly convinced as were his predecessors, Pius IX:, Leo XIII., and Pius X., of the necessity of offsetting the ruinous work of the agnostic, materialistic, and rationalistic press by the establishment and wide circulation of good Catholic papers and magazines, is evident from his recent action looking toward the promotion of Catholic journalism in Italy. The Opera Nazionale per la Buona Stampa has for object "the progressive and energetic diffusion of Catholic thought and sentiment, so that by regular unity of strength and purpose a barrier may be set up against the extension of the anti-religious press." It is superfluous to remark that, while this specific organization is concerned with Italian periodicals only, the principles underlying its establishment are not restricted by geographical limitations; and that the following excerpt from a letter written by his Eminence the Cardinal Secretary of State is equivalent to a proclamation *urbi et orbi*:

It is the desire of the august Pontiff that all Catholics—especially individual priests and individual religious, as well as convents, colleges, sodalities, parishes, and all pious institutes should deem it their duty to help to develop the work and add to its solidity, whether by availing themselves of every opportunity of recommending it, or by securing for it, together with the esteem due to it by persons of sound understanding, an ever-increasing popularity.

Catholics the world over, and not least those of America, should in our day look upon the support of the Catholic press as a duty binding in conscience.

The Social Service Commission of the American Federation of Catholic Societies was well advised in addressing to the papers that use their press service the talk on "Proper and Improper Recreations," given by Dr. S. C. Kingsley, at the last annual meeting of the American Academy of Medicine. The whole paper is worth while, and the following extract in particular is deserving of the serious attention of individual parents and teachers, as well as of municipal authorities, city councils, settlement workers, etc.:

What we want in this country is to create an appetite for the open air, for wholesome recreations; a love for trees and grass and flowers—for God's great out-of-doors. It is becoming more difficult to get such things, but out-of-doors is a big place. There is an abundance of fresh air and of sunshine. These things can be made available for almost every man, woman and child, if only the community appreciated the necessity. We need them and must have them. We must stop instilling into the minds of our growing children that saloons, dance halls, passive recreations, are the right kind of thing. Vicarious exercise will save no one. It is not sufficient to sit around a prizering or on baseball bleachers, on benches in stuffy moving-picture shows, and watch somebody else in action. The individual must move his own muscles, must bathe his own lungs in fresh air, must let the sunshine do its work on his own face and arms. We want to give back the out-of-doors to the people. We want each individual to have the right kind of facilities to acquire right tastes and habits in recreation, and to hand down to his children the right kind of traditions in recreation. It is a great thing for a nation to have the right kind of songs. Is it not fully as important that our recreation and play should be upbuilding, helpful, satisfying, and ennobling?

One benefit of exercise in the open air to which attention is perhaps not often enough or strongly enough drawn is that fresh air is an excellent stimulant. A medical authority the other day advocated an outdoor walk as a substitute for one's morning cup of coffee; and there is no question that the more of "God's great out-of-doors" that can be enjoyed by the habitual user of stimulants, drugs or liquor, the easier will it be to overcome the appetite for artificial tonics.

In the controversy, or quarrel, between their Anglican Lordships of Hereford and Zanzibar-over the alleged disbelief of Canon Streeter in the Virgin Birth and the bodily Resurrection of Our Lord-the Catholic Times sees something more than a matter of theological misapprehension or personal friction. It is a matter rather which concerns the claim of the Church of England to be a teaching Church. The incriminated Canon, says our London confrère, may come forth with a defence, or he may not. "But," whatever he may do, it surely is incumbent either on the bishop who gives faculties to him, or the bishop who recognizes such faculties, to act so that the public may know whether it is a matter of moment in the Church of England for a minister to believe or not to believe in two such fundamental dogmas of the Christian faith as the Virgin Birth and the bodily Resurrection of Him whom that Church regards as the Lord and. Saviour of mankind. The answer to that question may be delayed, but it must be given some time or other; it can not be left to be forgotten. And that because people will not forget it. These are days when the minds of men are deeply stirred about religion."

After the war, especially, when serious changes in the social and industrial life of Europe are confidently looked forward to on all sides, definiteness in religious matters will become imperative. "In this country," says the Times, "the Church of England will be compelled, from its very position as the national Church protected by the State, to defend Christian principles of morality or ownership against any attempt to weaken their force or to restrict their extent. But what can the Church of England say, if it appeals to a decalogue unsupported by a Creed? It will tell men that such and such a line of conduct is immoral. It will be asked why. And if it turns to the authority of Christ, it will be met by questions which, in the light of the Hereford-Zanzibar incident, will be extremely awkward for it to answer. If two basic dogmas of Christology can be undermined with impunity, what foundation is there for others? If Christ was born as other men are, and lay in the grave as other men do, was He other than a man? What becomes of the doctrine of Christ's divinity, if a Protestant may deny or disbelieve two evidences, and those not the weakest, in proof of it?"

The world is indebted to Dr. Wilfrid Ward for an admirable portrait of Newman, one which competent critics have pronounced a *vera effigies*; but, after comparing it with other representations of the great father of souls, the "warts" seem somewhat too prominent. A portrait by Francis Turner Palgrave would have been different, and, in some respects, more pleasing, too, and perhaps not less lifelike. That persons who knew Newman intimately received quite different impressions of certain phases of his character is shown by this brief extract from Mr. Palgrave's Journal:

November, 1887.... I was allowed an interview with Cardinal Newman at the Oratory. There sat that aged man with his snow-white hair; he rose and thanked me for coming and for caring for him, with a sort of young child's gracious simplicity. He was much changed, of course, since I had last seen him many years ago: the look of almost anxious searching had passed into the look of perfect peace. His mind was not only bright as ever, but with the cheerfulness and humor of youth....

Slight as this reference is, it shows, nevertheless, a keen sensitiveness to the rare beauty and simplicity of Newman's soul.

"There is nothing that does so much damage to a church as to have a minister who thunders continually against wrong in the abstract, or against the wrong committed by the Pharisees a couple of thousand years ago, but who can not be persuaded to stand up against presentday wrong in the concrete." These words of Col. Roosevelt, addressed to a lady who had consulted him about joining an organization of pacificists, recall the cynic's definition of a clergyman: "a man who makes his living by saying something when he has nothing to say, and doing nothing when he has something to do." But Col. Roosevelt is no cynic, whatever else he may be. It must be admitted also that he generally hits the nail on the head. How he manages never to hit his fingers, no matter how fast or furious the strokes (it would not be like him to wince if he did), is another thing to be wondered at.

The English Catholic hierarchy was true to type in passing at a recent meeting this resolution:

The bishops of England and Wales appeal to their flocks to help, by their example of temperance and self-restraint, the efforts which are being made in so many directions to promote sobriety in all classes of society. They heartily welcome any legislation that the Government may deem necessary to meet the difficulties arising from indulgence in alcoholic drink.

As usual, the Church supports the lawfully constituted authorities in their efforts to insure the moral and industrial welfare of the people. Referring to the resolution at the annual meeting of the Catholic Truth Society, Cardinal Bourne said that some of those who had considered the matter more carefully than most, thought that, however necessary restriction of the sale of liquor was during the war, it would be more necessary than ever when the moment came-which he trusted might not be long delayed-for a victorious peace. It was quite possible that when the moment did come, the temptations to excess might be much stronger than they are at the present time. He ventured to hope that any restrictive legislation would not be limited to the time of active hostilities.

Of all dry reading, the driest and dreariest is the published utterances of deceased Protestant divines, especially those of the Presbyterian persuasion. We hope our purgatory has been shortened somewhat by the perusal-while searching for something else-of extracts from a sermon delivered many years ago by the Rev. Dr. John Hall, of New York. He was a vigorous opponent of the Church, whose progress in this country filled his soul with direst alarm. But he was not blind to the fact that what he was pleased to call "Romanism" was not easy to overcome. At some time or other he must have crossed swords with a Catholic champion and learned a thing or two; for he says: "I have known people who supposed themselves perfectly competent to deal with Romanism, thinking it a bundle of disjointed mistakes and errors, thrown together in the course of ages. And yet when they fell into the hands of a trained and competent Romanist, they found themselves worsted. My brethren, Romanism would never have stood through

these centuries if it had been but a loose bundle of errors."

The indestructibility of the Church has been a puzzle to all her enemies.

An English correspondent has sent us the following transcript of a letter, dated "1736. Mch. 16," in one of the Rawl. I. MSS. (Bodleian), as a sample of the kind of mind that really loves privacy. It should make a sympathetic appeal The writer was the to some persons. learned Hebraist whose signature the letter bears, and his object evidently was to avoid being advertised in some way. What a hard subject he would have been for an interviewer or the compiler of a Who's Who! Such persons are doubtless still in existence, but, alas! they are few and far apart:

GOOD SIR:-Your kind, earnest concern to continue my memory justly claims my very humble and hearty thanks for so great a friend-But if you knew what inexpressible ship. aversion I have to consent to it, you would, I am sure, gratify your poor old friend so far as to let him enjoy that retired privacy and obscurity which hath hitherto given him the most agreeable content he can wish in this world. I conjure you to comply with my request, since it will be no detriment to your designed work, which, in so great a multitude of men afforded us by the past and present ages, needeth not the addition of one who has not made, and has never desired to make, any figure in his stage 'of life.

I am, worthy sir,

Your most affectionate, humble servant, M. MATTHAIRE.

P. S.—I'l take it as the greatest obligation you can lay upon me if you grant what I most earnestly desire; and what, if denied, will be to me a very great affliction. I begg it for God's sake.

A significant change in the tactics of Socialist leaders as regards Catholic lectures against Socialism is noted by the Southern Guardian. It seems that when the Knights of Columbus first secured Messrs. Goldstein and Collins as anti-Socialist lecturers, the leaders encouraged the rank and file of their members to attend the lectures in order to heckle the speakers, put all sorts of captious questions, and generally embarrass their Catholic opponents. Nowadays they have changed all that.; The "comrades" are at present advised to stay away from such meetings altogether. The advice is thus far significant that it is, constructively, an admission that the case of the Catholic lecturers is far too strong, and the lecturers too well equipped, to be put down by the heckling method. In the overwhelming majority of cases, Messrs. Goldstein and Collins proved much more than a match for their interrupters, over whom, it must in all fairness be admitted, they had the very decided advantage of knowing thoroughly well just what they were talking about.

Those who do not feel altogether attracted to, or moved by, the elaborate phrasing and ornate diction of modern prayer-books would do well to try the Missal as an aid to piety. We venture to say that any one who becomes accustomed to such prayers as the following (for a recent Sunday) will not readily return to the devotional exercises that have become so popular everywhere:

O God, who makest Thy faithful servants to be of one mind and of one heart, teach us, Thy people, that only to love which Thou willest, that only to hope for which Thou promisest; so that, amidst the manifold changes of this life, there only may our hearts abide where alone true joys are found.

O God, who in this mysterious sacrifice callest us to have part in that one and most high Godhead which is Thyself, grant us, we beseech Thee, by worthiness of life, more and more to bear witness to the truth which it has pleased Thee to make known to us.

Abide with us always, O Lord our God; so that, in virtue of the sacrament we have received, we may be cleansed from all sin and delivered from all dangers.

The spirit of simple and solid piety which characterized the pre-Reformation Church in every country would be far more general than it is if the faithful could only be induced to make use of liturgical prayers.

#### Notable New Books.

The Interior Life, Simplified and Reduced to Its Fundamental Principle. Edited by the Very Rev. Father Joseph Tissot, Superior-General of the Missionaries of St. Francis de Sales. Translated by W. H. Mitchell, M. A. R. & T. Washbourne; Benziger Brothers.

Although the phrase "epoch-making" has been bandied about so indiscriminately of late years as to be practically robbed of much of its original significance, it is yet the most appropriate epithet with which this volume can be tersely qualified. Epoch-making it will assuredly prove, if not in the general treatment of asceticism and mysticism, at least in the spiritual life of him who attentively reads it. And, be it observed at once, the work requires attentive perusal. As is said in the preface: "This is not a book in which one can take a bit here and a bit there at will, and cut it out: all is interdependent and linked together and reciprocal. If you break the chain, you lose the best of the work and will no longer understand it." Roughly characterized, the volume is a protest against sentimentalism in piety; it is a spiritual treatise primarily arresting the intelligence, persuading it by means of reason and faith, and constraining it to set the will toward duty and perfection. "The piety of to-day," says the author, "is wanting in substance and depth, and is deficient in solidity. In some souls everything is superficial-and it is the same with some books.... We here address reason in the first place, and very little will be found herein for the feelings. To-day so many books exaggerate in the matter of sentiment that we may be excused for giving it here a very small place."

The division of the work is in accordance with the three great ideas it embodies: the end, the way, and the means. What is the end of every supernatural life? What is the way it has to go? What are the means it should use? It is significant of the author's viewpoint that he finds most people's interest concentrated to-day upon questions of means. "Our ears are incessantly dinned with a multitude of considerations, recommendations, and exhortations, which would lead us to suppose that external practices were the fundamental part of religion. Devotions, confraternities, and sacraments,-soon we shall hear nothing else spoken of, so far as religion is concerned.... All these things are means; and means are of use only in the way, and the way is useful only toward the end." It is pertinent to add that the work furnishes only the framework of piety: it deals with fundamental principles,

not going into detail or into their application; and its author distinctly warns the reader against finding in what he has written anything in the nature of a new devotional method. What the reader *will* find, and in abundance, is a set of principles of inestimable value in determining his future spiritual activities.

The Summa Theologica of St. Thomas Aquinas. Literally Translated by Fathers of the English Dominican Province. Part II. (First Part.) First Number (QQ. I.—XLVIII.) Part III. Third Number (QQ. LX.—LXXXIII.) R. & T. Washbourne; Benziger Brothers.

The first of these volumes contains the treatises on the last end and human acts; the second, the treatise on the sacraments,-that portion of it dealing with the sacraments in general and those of Baptism, Confirmation, and the Holy Eucharist in particular. It would be quite superfluous to dwell upon either the importance of these subjects or the admirable treatment of them by the greatest of the Schoolmen. Our praise of the previous volumes of this edition is equally merited by the present ones. Though literal, the translation is eminently readable, the technicalities of the original being entirely removed. The Fathers of the English Dominican Province are rendering an immense service by this translation of the "Summa Theologica," and it is being performed in a manner that leaves nothing to be desired. The publishers also are to be congratulated on the "get-up" of the work: the paper, type, printing, and size of the volumes are just what they should be. We may take leave for the present of these precious books, with the expression of a fervent wish that an adequate index may be provided at the completion of the work, which deserves a wide circulation wherever our language is read.

The Parables of the Gospel. By Leopold Fonck,

S. J. Translated from the third German edition by E. Leahy. Edited by George O'Neill, S. J., M. A. Frederick Pustet & Co.

A portly octavo of 829 pages, well printed and stoutly bound, this English version of Father Fonck's exegetical and practical explanation of the Parables of Our. Lord commends itself at first glance to the eye as thoroughly as a detailed examination of its contents commends it to the understanding. Prior to any such examination, one naturally entertains a quasi-conviction that the volume will prove to be exceptionally worth while, since its author's position as President of the Biblical Institute and Consultor of the Biblical Commission in Rome is an indisputable guarantee of competency, and an assurance of an authoritativeness somewhat more than ordinary. The editor of this English edition, himself an author whose opinion deservedly carries weight, says of the book: "It is a monumental result of unwavering zeal, unresting energy, and admirable gifts. It presents us with a complete and masterly explanation of all the parabolic discourses of Christ under all their aspects—historic, literary, mystic, moral, controversial." The more one examines the work, the more evident it becomes that this high praise is thoroughly merited.

As for the contents of the book, there is an Introduction of seventy pages, comprising five chapters, which deal respectively with the definition of a parable, the object of the Parables of Our Lord, the fundamental principles for their interpretation, the Kingdom of God in the Parables, and the doctrine of the Kingdom of Heaven in the Parables. Part I., captioned "Parables of the Kingdom of Heaven," is taken up with twenty-eight of the Scriptural allegories, from "The Sower" to "The Body and the Eagles," and occupies about three hundred and fifty pages. Part II., beginning with "The Barren Fig Tree" and ending with "The House Built on a Rock and the House Built on Sand" (29-63), discusses those parables which concern the members of the Kingdom of God individually and their responsibilities, and occupies three hundred more pages. Part III. treats, in some ninety pages, of the nine "Parables of the Head of the Kingdom of Heaven and His Relation to its Members," from "The Light of the World" to "The Prodigal Son."

The volume is supplied with a copious bibliography; and if it is lacking in anything that makes for the perfection of such a book, it is perhaps an index considerably fuller than that with which it is furnished.

## Archbishop Smith and the Mosaic Authorship of the Pentateuch. Compiled by S. T. B.

With a Memoir of the Archbishop. B. Herder. Some two-score and a quarter years ago, a Scottish priest, the Rev. William Smith, future Archbishop of St. Andrews and Edinburgh, published "The Book of Moses; or, The Pentateuch in its Authorship, Credibility, and Civilization." The book was "very learned and very expensive, and never attained the popularity it deserved." Now that the reports of the Pontifical Biblical Commission have confirmed the views upheld by the Scottish author, the compiler of the present volume thinks the time opportune for presenting the Archbishop's arguments in a simple and popular form.

Apart from the preface and the interesting memoir, the book contains four treatises and two appendices. Treatise I., an analysis of Dr. Smith's book, discusses, in Part I., positive criticism, or the external and internal evidence of Mosaic authorship; and, in Part II., negative criticism, or difficulties drawn from history, geography, archæology, legislation, linguistics, the incongruity of the Pentateuch with Moses' person and character, and also in Dr. Barry's book, "The Tradition of Scripture." Treatise II. deals with Father Von Hummelauer, S. J., and the Hexateuch; Treatise III., with the unity of the Pentateuch; and Treatise IV., with the spirit and method of the higher critics. The first appendix contains Pius X.'s Motu Proprio (in English) on the Pontifical Biblical Commission, and seven decisions of that Commission; the second gives a list, with dates, of articles on Holy Scripture which have appeared in the Dublin Review and in the Irish Theological Quarterly.

While the note of scholarship dominates the work, it is understandable by ordinary cultured readers, and can scarcely fail to interest and gratify such of those readers as prefer the traditional views on the Bible to the erudite divagations of modernistic higher critics.

Memoirs of Father Gallwey, S. J. By Father M. Gavin, of the same Order. Burns & Oates.

This work is partly biographical and partly spiritual. Few books so encouraging have appeared in recent years. Father Gallwey joined the Society of Jesus in 1836, when a boy of sixteen. From that date till the hour of his death in 1906-that is, during a span of seventy years-he spent a most strenuous life. He was in turn prefect of studies, novice master, rector, and provincial in England; and, besides, preached sermons, wrote letters, gave retreats, etc. The work is one that both the layman and the religious will read with equal interest; for Father Gallwey's apostolate was equally among those of the world and those of the cloister.

At page 66 will be found an able and exceedingly beautiful letter. The writer is a convert, whom Father Gallwey was trying to bring into The Church, Mr. Gladstone, to hold in the Church of England. The love of God, Father Gallwey's one great motor-thought all through life, is summed up in the points he gives a nun for meditation: "(1) He loved me—(2) and gave Himself up—(3) for me."

One letter draws a beautiful picture of Father Gallwey in his old age. "He was to say the 7.30 Mass for us, and borrowed our alarm clock. Next morning he appeared duly at 6.30. He spent from that time till 7.30 on his knees before the Blessed Sacrament. It was his custom thus to spend an hour, preparing for the celebration of Mass."



A Morning Song.

#### BY E. MERRYWEATHER.

JHE sun o'er the hills comes peeping, peeping, Shines in the children's eyes; Says to the little ones, sleeping, sleeping, "Arise, little folks,—arise!"

Through the trees the sun is shining, shining; Birdies, arise, cry: "Tweet, tweet, tweet!"

"How sweet you are, my darling birdies,---

How sweet," smiles the sun,—"how sweet!"

Flowers the sun is seeking, seeking,

To lay his soft kiss upon,---

"Open, my daylight fairies,—open: The night is past and gone."

#### Tommy Travers.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XX.—BIG DAN'S WATCH.

ERY soon, in answer to Tommy's questioning, Bunty had told all about Nick,—the early days when he was good to him, the lonely years after he left, his reappearance at Saint Gabriel's, the stay at Granny Pegs', the Westward journey taken in such high hopes, and ending here.

"I knew he was a hard lot. I knew he got drunk and loafed and gambled, and did worse things, maybe. I knew he was sneaking and hiding and dodging there in town," said Bunty, with a little choke in his voice. "But—but—I never thought he'd do anything as bad as this. He daren't let me know it. He fooled me out here, telling me about a job on a ranch,—fooled me out here because I knew how to take care of you, and keep you from hurt and harm; and he was afraid you'd die if they used you too rough, and then you wouldn't be worth no pay. That's what he brought me for," concluded Bunty, bitterly. "Itwasn't for no goodness to me at all. There ain't no good in Nick Ware."

"My, no!" said Tommy, dismayed at these fraternal revelations. "I'd cut loose from a brother like that mighty quick. He will get you into all sorts of trouble, Bunt. Why, he will get you into jail maybe."

"Guess he will," was the gloomy answer. "Guess I'm in for jail now, mixed up with all these here mutts."

"Oh, no, no, no, no!" exclaimed Tommy, eagerly. "I can bear witness for you, Bunty; and when you have some one to bear witness for you, you can't come to any harm. I'll bear witness that you were good and kind, and took care of me, and dad will look out for you then all right. I'll get him to take you home with me, and let you go to school and learn things; and you need never see or hear of this bad brother of yours again."

"No," said Bunty, shaking his head. "Can't do anything like that. Said I'd stick, and I'll have to *stick*. But you needn't scare about my leaving you. I won't do that neither. I'm sticking to you both, don't care how I get split up in the pull. But I can't go playing the lick-spittle to your dad when he'll be hot footing to jail or hang Nick for this here deal, I know. Just let me see you safe out of this," said Bunty, with a longdrawn breath, as if he were carrying a load,—"see you alive and safe out of this and I ain't asking any one to bother about me."

And all Tommy's friendly persuasion could not alter Bunty's grim resolve. He had given his word: he must share Nick's future fate and life, whatever they might be. But for the present Tommy was his only care. As the evening shadows began to darken their hiding-place, he built up the fire and kindled it into cheery glow, warmed some more milk in the battered can; and when Tommy had disposed of this, boiled two eggs in the same useful article.

But as the rocky walls around him grew dim in the deepening twilight, the little Major's spirits began to flag. "Adventure" was very well in its way, but another night in these gloomy depths seemed rather an unpleasant protraction of affairs.

"It's—it's getting dark," said Tommy, with a quaver in his voice that no soldier pluck could altogether steady. "I thought—I thought dad would have had me out before dark, Bunt."

Bunty, with his knowledge of dad's power and wealth, had thought so too, and fears and doubts were pressing on him now that must not scare 'Tommy. Who would dare make the deal with dad? Who could venture within reach of his just vengeance? Who would be rash and mad enough to claim payment for his stolen boy? Not coward Nick, Bunty well knew. But the little quaver in 'Tommy's voice told Bunty it was now his turn to cheer up his charge, and he answered assuredly:

"Pooh, no! Dad hasn't had time. "Tain't as if this was fair and square work that folks can hustle. They'll have to touch that dad of yours mighty careful; for he is thunder and lightning, and worse just now, you know."

Ah! yes, Tommy knew the fierce storm of rage and grief and anxious love that was rending dad's proud, strong heart, dad, who with all his power and wealth could not reach his boy. But (and again the sweet lessons of Saint Gabriel's came to comfort Tommy) there was a Father who could,—a Father in whose love he had been taught to trust when shadows of pain and peril had gathered around him in the past,—when Dr. Dave had stood mute and sorrowful, and big Dr. Daddy had held his fluttering pulse, and he had floated off into darkness akin to that of death, while the doctors had done things to him he must not feel or know. Was not the Father whose arms had been about him in those trying hours watching over him now?

"We'll have to stand it for another night, I guess," continued Bunty; "and then—then you'll get out of this sure. Let me take off your shoes and rub your legs like Granny Pegs used to rub Jakey's. It will feel good."

And Bunty proceeded to bare the frail little limbs, and, warming his own sturdy hands at the fire, rubbed Tommy with a strong, yet gentle, touch that had some magic which all Miss Norton's skilled massaging did not possess. For Bunty, like the wide, rough world stretching around him, was brimming with vigorous youth and life, — elixirs no druggist can prepare, or money can buy.

"Golly, but that feels good!" said Tommy, conscious of a pleasant stir in his flabby muscles that he had never felt before. "You rub fine, Bunt. It rests me all over. Let's say our prayers now, and go to sleep."

"Don't know nothing about prayers," replied Bunty, still rubbing. "But you if you could rouse up them angels of Sister Leonie's, Tommy! I couldn't expect them to listen to me. 'Protect and defend us,' she used to ask them every night; and there wasn't no protecting and defending wanted at Saint Gabriel's, but we want it bad here."

"Yes, we do," agreed Tommy. "Stop rubbing, Bunty, and kneel down here beside me. If you don't know how to say prayers, I'll show you to-night."

And Bunty knelt, as he had seen Sister Leonie kneel every night before the White Lady's altar; while Tommy, in his low, weak little voice, said aloud his wellknown evening prayers. "Our Father," "Hail Mary," and all the rest fell dully upon poor Bunty's untaught, uncomprehending ears. But as the last petition arose, a deeper tone mingled with the little Major's, and Bunty joined in Sister Leonie's prayer: "Angels of God, who are our guardians, watch over us, protect us, defend us from all harm and evil to-night."

"Snug up to me, Bunty," pleaded Tommy. "I want to feel you close to me. Put your arms around me tight and let us go to sleep."

And so Big Dan found them when, a little later, he stole in for a last look at his charges before he "cut loose." For a moment he stood gazing at the young sleepers, his rough face softening strangely; then, putting another can of milk and bag of biscuit down by the smoldering fire, he breathed a fierce curse at himself and his job, and, turning softly away, went out into the night.

"Darned if I kin do it!" he muttered. "Jenks will have to beat it off by himself to-night. Darned if I kin leave them two kids for some stray wild thing to gobble up maybe, and nobody with a shotgun around. I'm dead sick and skeered, too, of the hull consarned job. But I just can't cut loose to-night. I was to watch them until dark, that cuss of a Nick Ware said, and then he'd be back here for sure. But (Big Dan glanced he ain't come." anxiously around him.) "It don't look as if he was coming either. I ain't trusting him for nothing. Let's see if this here money is all right."

And, sitting down on the rocks that blocked the entrance to the cave concealing it from all but practised eyes, Big Dan took an old leathern pouch from his pocket and proceeded to count its contents, — "seventy, eighty, ninety, a hundred dollars; yes, it's here safe,—the hundred he gave me for nabbing the kid last night. He paid up quick and fair, I must say. But — but I wouldn't do it agin for no money, — not since I seen that little kid's face and heard him talk, so plucky and peart and friendly. Gosh! but it was a mean, dirty, cowardly job. If I hadn't been half drunk, Jenks wouldn't have got me into it, he wouldn't, — not for this hundred dollars and ten times more."

And, putting away his ill-earned gains, Dan took out his pipe and filled it for a soothing smoke, which soon had its effect; for poor Dan had travelled wild, rough ways in which Sin and Sorrow gave only a brief, passing sting. So, leaning back on the mossy ledge behind him, he was nodding off into a nap, when he was roused by a rough grip on his arm, a hoarse voice in his ear:

"Dan — Dan Nolan, you fool! Are you drunk or mad to be sleeping here like this?"

"Jenks! Is it Jenks?" Dan started up, dropping his pipe as he blinked half awake at the shadowy figure looming up beside him.

"Aye, aye!" was the hurried answer. "What's come over you, man? I've been watching and waiting for you this two hours. You were to be at the turn of the Pass, you said, at eight. Me heart is jumping out of me with the run I've took over these hills to you. Come on, man, come on, or we'll miss the midnight freight that will put us across the border before day."

"I—I can't," answered Dan, now quite roused to his responsibilities. "Beat it by yourself, Jenks. I can't go with you to-night."

"You can't—can't go with me! I tell you you can, you must. Wake up! You're drunk or dippy, man, to be fooling here like this! Come on, I say!"

"Can't," repeated Dan, grimly.

"You can't!" echoed the other, with a fierce oath. "What sort of a dirty 'backdown' is this, Dan Nolan? What sort of a trick is it you are playing me? Ain't you been biling with hate and spite agin Long Tom this three months? Ain't you been cussing him ever since that kid of yours died of hunger and cold? Warn't you ready to jump at this here job that would set you even with him?"

"Aye, I was-I was," answered Dan,

hoarsely. "You found me drunk and mad and desperate, Jenks, with my boy gone, and the old woman turned agin me, and not a glimmer of light for me in this hull black world. I was ready for any devil's work that I could get. But-but" (the rough voice shook) "I hadn't seen that little kid of Long Tom's then. hadn't seen that little pale face and yellow hair, and big blue eyes looking up at me like my own little Danny did at the last; and no squeal or kick or yell,so quiet we thought he was dead with the skeer. But no: it was just his pluck,-his downright sojer pluck. And he with little wisps of legs that won't hold him up, and eyes that have the death light in them that shone in my own Danny's! I can't leave that kid until Nick Ware comes, as he said."

"Nick Ware," cried out the other,— "Nick Ware? He will *never* come! Gosh, man, don't you know the whole game is bust up,—that a lot of chaps jumped that train, when they caught on to what we'd done last night, to hunt us down? And Mr. Rande, that thought everything was clear, was cornered and shot down in the fight,—shot down dead. And Nick Ware daren't stand alone for this job, and hez skipped, white-livered cuss that he is,—skipped fast and far. You and me can't play no sech game as this agin Long Tom Travers, and it's for us to skip, too."

"Aye, aye!" said Dan, who had stood breathless with dismay at these tidings. "We must,—we must! I'm with you, Jenks. They'll find the kids now, and we daren't stand for it, as you say. Let's be off, quick—quick!"

And in a moment both men were speeding in frightened haste over the dark heights, leaving only the white-winged angels to keep watch and ward over the sleeping boys.

(To be continued.)

THE happiest days in one's life are those in which one has made others happy.

### The Bells of Cologne.

The bells of the magnificent Cathedral of Cologne are in keeping with that wondrous edifice. The peal includes five mammoth bells composing the gamut F. G. A. B. C. The Emperor bell Kaiserglocke, C, cast 1875, weighs 27 tons; *Pretiosa*, G, cast 1448, weighs a little over 11 tons; *Speciosa*, A, cast 1449, weighs  $6\frac{1}{4}$  tons; "Bell of the Magi," B, recast 1880, weighs  $3\frac{3}{4}$  tons; "St. Ursula's Bell," F, cast 1862, weighs  $2\frac{1}{2}$  tons.

The Emperor bell is larger and heavier than any other bell in Europe. It was successfully cast by Andreas Hamm in Frankenthal, after three abortive attempts. The perpendicular height is  $\mathbf{14}\frac{1}{2}$  ft.; the diameter at bottom,  $\mathbf{11}\frac{1}{2}$  ft.; the circumference, 351/2 ft. The bell is suspended by means of a screw to which the hammer is also attached. This screw weighs  $\frac{1}{2}$  ton; the hammer, or tongue, is 10 ft. 10 in. long, and weighs 16 cwt. The metal is 105% in. thick at the mouth, and 4 in. thick above. The casting required the metal of 22 large cannon, captured in the Franco-Prussian war, together with about 5 more tons of tin.

The six arms which form the crown of the Emperor bell are ornamented with angels' heads, and where they are connected with the bell itself they take the shape of lions' claws. Immediately below the crown the following inscription, in three lines, appears:

William, the august Emperor of Germany and King of Prussia, in pious memory of divine help received in carrying on and most happily terminating the latest war with France, on the German Empire being restored, commanded the captured cannon, weighing 50,000 lb. to be cast into a bell, which should be hung in this wonderful building, at last near its completion as a House of God. Agreeably to this most pious desire of the victorious prince, the society founded for the completion of this temple had the bell made. Pius IX. being the Roman Pope, Paul Melchers being the Archbishop of Cologne, A. D. 1874.

Over the figure of St. Peter runs the following inscription;

- When as messenger my voice the people calls, Their souls ascend, their voices emulous do rise.
- Oh, patron! who at my appeal dost ope this temple's halls,
  - Fling wide, celestial janitor, the threshold of the skies!

On the side opposite to that bearing the figure of the "Prince of Apostles" is the German escutcheon, with the following verse:

> I'm called the Emp'ror bell; The Emp'ror's praise I tell. On holy guard I stand, And for German land, Beseech that God may please To grant it peace and ease!

In the first inscription the archiepiscopal arms may also be traced, and the mottoes are surrounded with garlands of Gothic arabesque. The form of the bell is rendered also less bare by projecting parallel rings of metal cast on to it.

#### The Persian's Lesson.

A Persian once came to a learned rabbi and told him that he desired to study Hebrew. "Very well," said the master. "Let us begin at once. This letter is called Aleph." --- "Aleph?" rejoined the man, incredulous. "How do you prove that it is Aleph?"-"This is the second letter, Beth," continued the rabbi. --"Beth?" repeated the Persian in the same skeptical tone. "Prove to me that it is Beth." Then the rabbi became so exasperated that he would not continue the lesson; whereupon the Persian went to the celebrated Samuel, and asked him for instruction. He displayed his doubting spirit as before, until Samuel caught him by the ear, and gave it a sharp twinge. "My ear! My ear!" shouted the man in his pain .- "Your ear?" repeated Samuel. "Prove to me that it is your ear." ---"What a strange question!" said the man. "Why, everybody calls it so."-"Very true, my friend," was the sage's answer; "and in the same way all call those letters Aleph and Beth."

## The "Hail Mary" in Verse.

In the early schools of England the *Ave Maria* was used in many versified forms. The following lines are valuable as a specimen of thirteenth-century English, as well as for the sacred words thus paraphrased:

Mary ful off grace, weel thou be, God of heven be with the; Over all wimmen bliscedd thou be, So be the Bairn that is boren of the.

One of the most beautiful of these poems (for some of them were true poetry in every sense) was written by St. Godric, who began life as a peddler, tramping about from one city to another. Fairer than all places to him were the shrines, and he never lost a chance to put down his pack and say a prayer in such holy places. Finally, he felt consumed with a wish to visit the most sacred spot of earth, and went as a pilgrim to Jerusalem. Afterward he journeyed to Rome. And then he found that he had no desire but to become an anchorite, and, in solitude and peace, spend the rest of his life in serving God. But he was an unlettered man, who had learned nothing but the simplest forms of devotion; and he wished to carry more knowledge than he possessed to his retreat in the wilderness. Therefore, by permission of the head-master of the cathedral school at Durham, he listened to the singing of the children until he had many hymns and psalms and prayers stowed away in his memory. That done, he went to his solitary abode, where, serving and praising God, he died.

The form of the *Ave Maria*, 'known as St. Godric's Hymn, which, it is said, Our Lady herself taught him, runs:

"Saint Mary, pure Virgin Mother of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, take, shield, help thine Godric; take, bring him safe with thee into the kingdom of God. Saint Mary, bower of Christ, purity of virgins, flower of mothers, take away my sins, reign in my mind, and bring me to dwell with the only God. Amen"

## THE AVE MARIA

# WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

-A new series of readers for Catholic schools, compiled by a Sister of St. Joseph and called the Ideal Catholic Series, is published by the Macmillan Co.

-Vol. 16 of "The Catholic Library" is "Fisher on the Penitential Psalms," Vol. II., whose editor is J. S. Phillimore, M. A. B. Herder, publisher.

-Dom Anscar Vonier describes his new book "The Personality of Christ," as "a very unconventional rendering" of the most important point of the third part of the Summa of St. Thomas Aquinas.

-The Philopolis Press of San Francisco has done well in bringing out, in dainty pamphlet form, the excellent oration delivered on last St. Patrick's Day by Mr. John J. Barrett at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. We gave our readers, at the time, a taste of Mr. Barrett's fine quality.

--Cardinal Mercier's famous pastoral on the Papacy (official translation), and a notice of his philosophic and pastoral work, by F. P., have been published in elegant pamphlet form by Messrs. Washbourne. "Popular Hymns," selected from the Westminster Hymnal, a tiny paper-covered booklet of 48 pages, comes from the same firm.

-It is not a tribute to the intelligence of our time or our country that Catholic newspapers should have reason to issue "Cock and Bull" editions. But the reason exists; and, under the circumstances, such editions are a tribute to the alertness and practical zeal of Catholic publishers. There is no doubt that much good will result, though many of those who most need such evidence as is presented will refuse to accept it.

---"What is the unexpressed substratum of Tertullian's expressed thought upon which he rears the stately edifice of his Apologetics? What are the relations of every part of the work to this underlying principle?" These questions are learnedly discussed in the latest publication of the University Press, Notre Dame, Ind.--"Tertullian and His Apologetics," by the Rev. John Delaunay, C. S. C., Ph. D., etc. The work, which is of one hundred and fifty 12mo pages, is divided into two parts,--the first dealing with the formation of Tertullian's leading idea, the second with its development. A glance at the bibliography shows that, in the preparation of his thesis, Dr. Delaunay sought the most reliable sources of information and consulted the most competent critics. The reader will share his hope that the great Christian apologist returned to the fold of unity, and ended in peace a life the best years of which were devoted to the defence of truth.

-A desirable book of devotional reading for Catholics generally, though primarily addressed to the "girl world," is "The Flower of the Field," by a Benedictine of Princethorpe Priory. It is a series of simple and short meditations on the life of the Blessed Virgin, done in a spirit of wise and tender piety. Published by Burns & Oates, and for sale in this country by Benziger Brothers.

—With the compliments of Henry Ford, Detroit, there comes to us an attractive brochure of fifty-six pages—"The Case Against the Little White Slaver." Mr. Ford having publicly quoted Thomas A. Edison in condemnation of the cigarette, Percival I. Hill, president of the American Tobacco Company, protested against the condemnation, and fathered the statement that "the scientific facts are all in favor of the cigarette." The present brochure constitutes Mr. Ford's rejoinder, and it is replete with interest for the great majority perhaps of parents, teachers, and employers.

-We find the following interesting literary item in a paper contributed, by J. B. Jacobi, M. A., to the current number of the American Catholic Quarterly Review:

It may not be generally known, but according to one who was intimate with Father Tabb as a co-worker at St. Charles' College, where he was a member of the faculty, the monumental work of the poet-priest's career was a hitherto unparalleled translation of Horace's "Ars Poetica." This scholarly work of metrical translation, which a few of his intimate friends had seen in manuscript form, promised fair to be classed with Pope's translation of the Iliad and Dryden's translation of the Æneid. Father Tabb had been urged to have the manuscript published, but death came to him with the crowning work of his genius still in manuscript form.

It is regrettable to add that the precious manuscript in question was later on destroyed in the fire which a few years ago burned down the old College.

-Lovers of genuine, old-fashioned romanceclean, wholesome, Mediæval, and consequently Catholic—will be delighted with "The Jester," by Leslie Moore (G. P. Putnam's Sons). Readers of the same author's "The Peacock Feather" will not need telling that the story is characterized by a freshness of spirit and a delicious humor that captivate the attention and enthrall one's interest till the very close,—a close which, however, may impress the realist as less definite and more mystifying than he could desire, although the sympathetic reader will understand it and approve. Highborn ladies, monks and nuns, magicians and Circes, children and solitaries, make up the character-cast of this charming tale; and there is just enough quaintness in their vocabulary to connote the bygone period of its happening without obscuring the meaning of the dialogue.

-Among the lovers of poetry who are deeply sensible of the debt of gratitude which they owe to the fine poetical genius of Katharine Tynan, there are not wanting those who would acknowledge a greater indebtedness to this delightful poet if she allowed herself to be guided a little more narrowly by the recognized rules of rhyme. Her latest book, "The Flower of Peace," a collection of her devotional poetry, is especially welcome, despite its technical lapses. No critic can harden his heart against such genuine inspiration, such winged verse, such authentic devotional raptures as are here to be found. We forbear quoting, as some of these poems have already appeared in our pages. The publishers, Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, deserve especial commendation for arraying this fair text in the daintiest of garbs. No price is given.

### The Latest Books. A Guide to Good Reading.

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

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

- "The Parables of the Gospel." Leopold Fonck, S. J. Translated by E. Leahy. Edited by George O'Neill, S. J., M. A. \$3.50.
- "Archbishop Smith and the Mosaic Authorship of the Pentateuch." · Compiled by S. T. B. With a Memoir of the Archbishop. \$2.25.
- "The Interior Life, Simplified and Reduced to Its Fundamental Principle." Edited by the Very Rev. Father Joseph Tissot, of the Missionaries of St. Francis de Sales. \$1.75.

- "The Summa Theologica of St. Thomas Aquinas." Literally Translated by Fathers of the English Dominican Province. Part II. (First Part.) First Number. Part III. Third Number. \$2 per vol.
- "Memoirs of Father Gallwey, S. J." Father M. Gavin, of the same Order. \$1.25.
- "The Flower of the Field." A Benedictine of Princethorpe Priory. 60 cts.
- "The Jester." Leslie Moore. \$1.35.
- "Hugh: Memoirs of a Brother." A. C. Benson. \$1.75.
- "Men, not Angels." Katharine Tynan. \$1.10.
- "Her Heart's Desire." Henriette Eugenie Delamare. 75 cts.
- "A Pamphlet and What Came of It." 25 cts.
- "Spiritual Letters of Mgr. Benson." One of His Converts. \$1.

"Oremus." \$1.50.

## Obituary.

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

Rev. Nicholas July, of the archdiocese of Milwaukee; Rev. James Troy, archdiocese of Boston; and Rev. John O'Meara, archdiocese of Chicago.

Sister M. Magdalen, of the Sisters of St. Dominic; and Sister M. Pia, Order of Poor Clares.

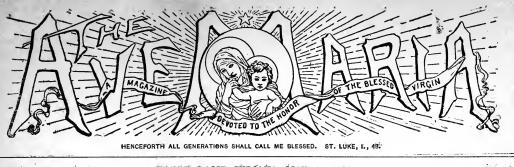
Mr. John Lauth, Lieut. Harold Marion Crawford, I. G., Mrs. Joanna McKay, Miss Catherine Manley, Mr. Henry Seguire, Mr. Herman Best, Mr. John Gallagher, Mr. Daniel Whelan, Mr. Timothy Browne, Mrs. Catherine Kane, Mr. M. E. Campbell, Mr. Raymond Lahmann, Mr. John Landzettel, Miss M. J. Leary, Mrs. Margaret O'Neill, Mr. William Hackett, Miss Gertrude Scanlon, Mr. J. W. Renehan, Mr. Joseph Newman, Mr. John Coyne, Miss Mary Coen, Mr. Harry Pullen, Mr. Jeremiah McCarthy, Mr. George Schaffter, Miss Emma Barrett, Mrs. Bridget Foley, Mr. Stephen Rodemann, Mrs. Mary Mulhearn, Mrs. Bridget Kerwin, Mr. David Hartnett, Mr. Patrick McCormick, Mrs. Susanna Lusson, Miss Julia Power, Mr. James Stanley, and Mr. Julius Simon.

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

### Our Contribution Box.

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

For the foreign missions: In honor of St. Anthony, \$8. For Bishop Charlebois: F. E. F., \$10; Thomas Relihan, \$1.



VOL. I. (New Series.)

#### NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MAY 22, 1915.

NO. 2F

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# To God the Holy Ghost.

(From Samuel Speed's "Prison Pietie," 1677. Transcribed for "The Ave Maria.")

OME in to us, Holy Ghost, From Thy bright Coelestiall coast! Send us a resplendent Beam: Come, Thou Father of the Poor; Come, Thou willing Gift-bestow'r; Come, Thou heart-reviving Gleam.

Thou of Comforters the best, Thou the soules delightfull Guest,

A refreshing sweet reliefe; Thou in toyl a resting seate, Temper in excessive heate,

Sollace to a soule in grief.

O Thou blessedest of Lights!

Those that love t'observe Thy rites With Thie selfe their bosomes fill.

While Thou'rt absent, nothing can Be regardable in man:

Nothing can he act but ill.

What is sordid, mundifie; Water what is over-drie;

What is wounded, render sound; Pliant make what's hard to yield; Cherish what with cold is chil'd; Governe what is vagabond.

In the faithfull that confide In Thy mercies, cause reside

All the traine of Sev'nfold Grace; Give what Vertues merit is, Give th' accomplishment of bliss,

Joyes of our eternall race.

Amen.

THE motto of the knights of old was, "God and Our Lady."

# The Price of Everlasting Glory.

T the first preaching of Christianity, the world saw, not only with unfeigned astonishment TANK but also with undisguised derision, a crucified Man held up by the teachers of the new religion as the object at once of adoration and imitation. "We preach Christ crucified," wrote St. Paul, "unto the Jews a stumbling-block, and unto the Gentiles foolishness."\* The Jews looked for a triumphant Messias, who should restore to them the ancient temporal glories of their kingdom, widened to embrace the ends of the earth. Hence they rejected Him who came to them "a Man of sorrows, and acquainted with infirmity"; † who ended His life with the apparent utter disgrace and failure of the Cross. The Greeks, representing the culture of the ancient world, which owed all it had of culture to them, laughed to scorn the idea of a God's suffering and dying in human form. Devoted especially, as they were, to philosophy, or "wisdom," the foolishness of the Cross roused only their contempt. So the Jewish Talmud speaks contemptuously of a Messias who died upon a gibbet, while the pagans called Christ a crucified sophist. Neither Jews nor Greeks could understand a God-Man, condemned and executed as a common criminal, holding up His cruel sufferings as an ideal; His life of humiliation, toil, and sorrow, as a life to be imitated. Pain and suffering were to the Is, liii,

\* I. Cor., i, 23.

majority things to be avoided as much as possible, and got rid of as soon as might be.

Yet it is the plain teaching of Christianity that suffering forms part of the Christian life; that a Christian ought to be like his Divine Master in this respect: that he ought to have pain and trial and sorrow,—his path be set with thorns and strewn with stones, so that often he must walk on the journey of life with bruised and bleeding feet.

And why must we suffer? Because Christ, our Head, suffered; because, like Him, we are called to suffering. " If, doing well, you suffer patiently," says St. Peter, "this is thankworthy before God.... For unto this you have been called; because Christ also suffered for us, leaving you an example that you should follow His steps."\* This is the teaching of Jesus Christ Himself. "He that taketh not up his cross and followeth Me is not worthy of Me"; † and, "If any man will follow Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow Me." ‡ St. Paul speaks of those who shall be saved as "predestinated to be made conformable to the image" of the Son of God; and tells us that "if we suffer with Christ, we shall also reign with Him; but if we deny Him, He also will deny us."§ In other words, those who shall be found at the last stamped with the image of the Crucified, who have willingly taken upon themselves Christ's own special mark and badge of suffering, will be acknowledged by Him as His very own, and shall share His glory; while those who have denied their Master by refusing His badge of suffering will have no part nor lot with Him in the life to come.

If we are asked why pain and sorrow must enter into the life of a Christian, we may answer, first, that in the nature of things, since sin entered into the world and destroyed the original rectitude of our-mature, we can never be purified,

\* I. St. Peter, li, 19-21. ‡ St. Mark, viii, 34.

† St. Matt., x, 38. § II. Tim., ii, 12. freed from the power of sin, detached from the world made victorious over the "concupiscence of the flesh, the concupiscence of the eyes, and the pride of life," \* except by suffering willingly accepted and patiently borne. This is the law of God's present providence; and even heathen philosophers recognized in suffering an educative value for the building up of character. They missed, however, the supernatural beauty and efficacy of suffering which come from the Cross. It was partly to teach us this law of salutary suffering, and to hearten us in bearing the sorrows of life, that Jesus came, setting us the example, that we might learn to suffer for His sake, seeing what He suffered for us. Since He came and suffered, we do not walk alone along the Way of the Cross, but with Jesus, supported by His sympathy and help,-the sympathy of One who knows what human suffering is; the help of One whose grace can do all for us.

Next we may reply that it is glorious to suffer, simply because Christ suffered; that it is glorious to be conformed to the image of the Crucified—to wear, like Him, a crown of thorns; to carry, like Him, a hard cross; to walk in His footprints, crimsoned with His blood, along the Way of Sorrows. This is why all the saints, from the great Queen of Martyrs onward, have been greedy of sufferings, have pressed down upon their brows the thorny crown, have clasped the cross with both hands.

Also to suffer patiently is a way of compassionating Jesus in His sufferings, a way of showing both love and gratitude to Him. The Christian says to himself, "Why shall I not suffer when my Master suffered so? How can I be at ease and take my pleasure always, when I see Jesus suffering so greatly for me?" It is not that God loves pain for its own sake, but He loves our patience under pain for His sake, and rejoices in the intensity of the love that we show when we serve \* I. St. John. ii. 16. Him faithfully, not only when things go well with us, but when we are subject to trial and suffering.

Again, by virtue of our membership of Christ in His mystical body, the Church, our sufferings are associated and made one with His, and His with ours. Into our sufferings flows the virtue of the Cross; so that our pains and sorrows and trials, joined to His by our willing purpose to suffer with Him and for His sake, for His own purposes and intentions, partake of the saving qualities of Christ's own sufferings. Thus they avail as satisfaction for sin, and have efficacy to cleanse and heal, to impetrate graces for ourselves and others, to obtain solace and release for Christ's suffering members in purgatory. So has the evil of suffering, originally caused by sin, been changed by the Cross of Jesus into an incalculable good. Add to this that we can gain heaven only by the imitation of Christ,-by leading Christlike lives; and there is no Christlike life without patient suffering.

We should notice that Christ demands two things of those who would claim the name of true disciples and followers "If any man will follow of Himself. Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross." There are two things here: voluntary self-denial or self-imposed penance, and the taking up of the cross that Jesus Himself lays upon us for our merit and glory; the difficulties and trials of our state of life; the sicknesses, the losses, the bereavements, the temptations that come upon us all; and finally - what, indeed, sometimes makes up for a life of carelessness, of ease, and even, by God's great mercy, of sin-death itself and the pains that accompany it. But we should not wait for death to practise patience in suffering. We should not ask that the pains of death may be our first experience of suffering. It is best to learn to suffer in life, and so make sure that our death, made beautiful and gracious by acceptance in union with the death of Jesus, may illustrate those words of the Psalmist

(cxv, 15) which we may apply here, "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints."

The modern world, including even many Catholics, is apt to take the same view as the Jews and Greeks of old; so that St. Paul might well have written to the men of to-day that to them Christ crucified is a stumbling-block, and the Cross foolishness. Penance and mortification are somewhat out of fashion, and every effort is made to escape pain and trouble. It is right, indeed, to relieve human misery: Christ Himself did so. But pain and suffering must be; they can not be entirely abolished. Let us strive to help those who have more than their share: this is one of the works of mercy. Let us help them, by precept, by sympathy, and by example, to bear what they must bear in a Christian spirit. For ourselves, let each embrace willinglynay, joyfully-the sufferings of life,each his own cross, his own trials, his own pains; laying them all at the feet of Jesus Christ on the Cross, offering them there to Him; and then, taking them up again, let us go on bravely and gladly to the end.

So doing we shall find, not that the pain and suffering are taken away, not that the flesh no longer shrinks nor is tempted to rebel, but that a strange sweetness will enter into our sufferings,---sweetness that comes from the the knowledge that we are suffering with Jesus; that our sufferings are made Christlike and efficacious for good by association with His: and that we ourselves are made Christlike by suffering with Him and for Him. "Christ crucified, unto the Jews, indeed, a stumbling-block, and unto the Gentiles foolishness; but unto them that are called . . . the power of God and the wisdom of God."

GOD, while blessing the earth with its beautiful and precious things, wants for Himself only the spirits of angels and the hearts of men.—*Faber*.

## The Secret Bequest.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

## XXI.

N the same morning, and at the same time that Miss Rainesford and Bernard Chisholm were talking of Honora as they walked back from Mass, the girl herself was standing at the window of her bedroom, looking out over the green tops of trees toward the town, with a deep longing in her heart. What this longing was for, she did not know exactly, or she refused to acknowledge; but she could not doubt that, if she yielded to her inclination, she would leave the house, follow the leafy road which led from the hill downward to the river glancing in the sunlight, and the streets beyond; that she would hurry along these streets with other early pedestrians, and end-where?

It was the final question which held her motionless; for well she knew where she would end, if she once permitted herself to set out along the way her fancy persistently followed. She was not quite sure that she knew precisely where the Catholic church was—it had been pointed out to her only once, as she drove past, and she had thought it a very ordinary and rather ugly edifice, — but she had not a doubt that her feet would take her to it as unerringly as her heart had gone already.

For that was where the trouble lay, in the extraordinary action of her heart, which seemed to be drawn out of her breast by an attraction too strong to be resisted. She told herself that it was like hypnotism, to which she had compared it on another occasion; but it was in reality more like the violent, overmastering passion which is called falling in love. There is nothing in human experience more familiar to knowledge and observation, nothing which has been more exhaustively described by the poets of

all ages, than this phenomenon, in which everything is for the time being subordinated to, and overwhelmed by, the attraction which one soul exercises over another; but the Catholic knows that, taken at its point of highest intensity, it is but a faint shadow and type of that supreme passion of the love of God for which the soul of man was created. The Catholic knows this; but it is, like many other truths of faith, believed rather than apprehended by actual experience; for, except in the case of those who are called to a religious vocation, the Divine Lover does not often make a sensible and imperious demand upon the hearts that do not of their own accord turn toward Him. But sometimes he condescends to make this demand; and when He does, it can not be mistaken. For it should never be forgotten that Christ our Lord is no ethical abstraction, but a living Personality, the most compelling and fascinating of which history holds a record; and that His influence is no less irresistible when He manifests it to-day than it was when Saul fell, stricken by His voice, on the road to Damascus.

Now, there can be no doubt that in a certain degree He had manifested this attraction to the girl who, weary and heavy-laden, had sought His Presence for rest and refreshment, in New York. But it was much more strongly manifested on the day when she walked in His triumphal procession at Belmont, and knelt on her native soil for His benediction." Then indeed "heart had spoken to heart"; then grace had touched her like a two-edged sword, and she had forgotten everything else in the marvel revealed to her. It was not strange that, as Helen Rainesford had perceived, she gazed like one in a trance at the Sacred Host enthroned amid Its lights; for, while she saw nothing beyond the white host in the lunette surrounded by golden rays, she felt much that was indescribable: she was conscious of an overpowering

influence which drew her spirit like a magnet; and not only did faith in the wonder before her become entirely possible — nay, rather impossible to withhold, — but her soul was, as it were, inundated by a tide of feeling which approached to ecstasy, and she seemed to be borne upward by mighty wings into a realm where neither doubt nor fear could enter.

But when the moment of reaction came, she told herself, and tried valiantly to believe, that all this had been but the effect of imagination, of emotion stimulated by every means of stimulation which could be devised by consummate art, and by the "suggestion" of the great wave of faith beating around her. And she had not only told herself this, but she had fled in absolute fear from the place where the Supernatural had touched her soul in such terrifying fashion. She had learned a lesson of her own susceptibility to spiritual influences, which she resolved should be a warning to her; and she registered a vow never again to expose herself to anything of the kind.

And as long as she had been travelling, seeing new sights and absorbing new impressions, she had been able to preserve this attitude of mind,---to put away the thought of what she had felt at Belmont, and to feel quite sure that it had revealed to her only an unsuspected emotional weakness in her own nature, against which she must be on guard. And on guard she remained, to a degree which was, (as we have seen) very evident to Miss Rainesford; and, by dint of carefully avoiding any discussion of dangerous subjects-that is, of religious beliefs and religious ceremonies, - she managed to maintain a fair degree of peace of mind until she returned home.

Then no sooner was she again in her own house than what she felt to be an overwhelming temptation assailed her. A desire which was like to, and yet greater than, desire for the society of a beloved human being came over her with a'most irresistible force to seek again the Presence in which her soul had once found such rest, and later so mysterious a sense of happiness. It was, though she was far indeed from being aware of it, in some degree at least the same attraction which many of God's chosen servants feel, and which draws them to the altar where He abides, as the moon draws the tides of the sea.

To Honora, however, knowing little and (she would have said) believing less of this miracle of love, her own feelings were at once a mystery and a torment. Why, she demanded of herself vainly, should she have this constant longing to go to the Catholic church? It was not as if she had ever been a Catholic, or ever, with one exception, frequented Catholic churches. She had, indeed, gone to Belmont Abbey, but it was merely as a sightseer and tourist; she had accompanied the procession of Corpus Christi, but it was only to witness something extraordinarily picturesque; she had knelt when the Blessed Sacrament was raised in benediction, but that was because it would have been the extreme of bad manners to remain standing when everyone around her was kneeling. Of course she had been conscious of a curious emotion as she knelt; and while she gazed, wideeyed, there had flashed into her memory some dimly remembered words: "And I, being lifted up, will draw all things to Myself." Was that why her heart felt so strangely drawn, and why it now longed so restlessly to find itself again in that Presence where yearning was satisfied, and desire sank down with folded wings?

Well, it was clearly impossible that such a longing should be gratified. It would be folly, and worse than folly, for her to think of visiting the Catholic church in Kingsford. Indeed, she was quite firmly resolved that never, in any place or country, would she again enter a church of that faith. A sense of honor which was almost stern told her that this was obligatory upon her as long as she enjoyed the fortune which had been given to her on the condition that she had nothing to do with Catholicity. To continue to enjoy this fortune and at the same time to expose herself to an attraction which she found almost irresistible would be to violate the trust imposed, and take a base advantage of the dead.

And as for that other trust committed to her - the charge to bring Bernard back from the alien faith to which he had wandered, - she wondered now that she had ever been foolish enough to think for one moment that such a thing was possible, and knew her effort to fulfil the charge to have been as futile as it was weak, and as absurd as it was presumptuous. For what had she, or any one else, to offer Bernard Chisholm in place of this religion, which was no mere formula of tabulated beliefs, but a living force, seizing the human soul by the power of its fascination, demanding the heart, and giving strange illumination to the mind? She asked the question with a sense of despair, which was not altogether for her failure in the task committed to her, but which was also inspired by her own position. For she realized with unmistakable clearness that the choice which had been placed before Bernard was now placed before herself, and that she could not answer it as Bernard had answered. That was impossible for her. If she stood alone in the world, it might be possible. She felt instinctively within herself the power to rise up, as he had risen, in answer to a divine call, and to fling aside a fortune as so much dross, even though she knew the dreadfulness of poverty as it can be known only by experience. But since she did not stand alone, this could never be.

To condemn Cecily again to the conditions of life from which they had wondrously escaped, was not to be thought of. Even the mere suggestion of such a thing was like a dream of madness; for, apart from the narrowness and bitterness of poverty, there were the terrible dangers and temptations which would await one so beautiful, and so wild with desire for the fulness of life. To what degree of recklessness indeed might Cecily not be driven if such a blow fell upon her? Honora knew this well; and, knowing it, resolved that, at whatever cost to herself, the blow should never fall. And, since it must never fall, she, on her part, must close her mind and steel her heart against the Presence which called her so ceaselessly, from a church she had never entered, but which she visualized as clearly in its essential details of the altar, the tabernacle, and the ever-burning lamp, as if her bodily eyes had rested on these things.

It was later on the same day that a little incident occurred which, in the present state of Honora's mind, assumed a significance that it would not have had at another time. She was in the librarylooking for a book with which to divert her attention from such thoughts as those which have been partially recorded, and feeling unaccountably averse to any the handsomely bound volumesof mostly works of standard authors - on the shelves before her, when, somewhat to her surprise, Mrs. Kemp entered the room, a book in her hand. They were very good friends by this time, these two, and Honora turned around with a smile.

"Why, Mrs. Kemp," she said, "did you have an instinct that I was looking for something to read and have you brought me something interesting?"

"I don't know whether or not it's interesting," Mrs. Kemp replied; "but I've brought this book to you, because it's one of Mr. Bernard's that he couldn't find when he took all his other books away. He was mightily worried about it, and asked me if it ever turned up to take care of it and let him have it."

"And it has turned up! That's good," Honora said. "Where did you find it?"

"In a very unlikely place, as one mostly

does find misplaced things," Mrs. Kemp answered. "I was clearing out the closet in his room—I mean the room that used to be his,—and at the back of a shelf, behind a lot of old things, I found it. So I thought I'd just bring it to you, and ask you to give it to him the next time he comes. I'm thinking it's one of his Catholic books" (she held it out with an air which would have suited the delivery of a bomb), "and it has surely got a strange title."

Honora received the slender volume, and, looking at it, agreed that it had indeed a strange title, although one not unknown to her. For what she found printed on the back was "The Hound of Heaven," and she remembered having heard or seen a great deal about this remarkable poem a few years before. But she had never read it, and she felt that this was an excellent opportunity to do so. She opened the book, glanced into it, and then looked up at Mrs. Kemp.

"I'm glad you've brought this to me," she said; "for I can read it before giving it to Bernard. And it arrives just when I'm in need of something to interest me. I'll take it into the garden—gardens and poems go well together—and if he should come presently, as I rather think he may about a matter of business, you can have him sent out there to me."

Mrs. Kemp nodded assent, while she looked at the girl with a not unkindly keenness in her sharp black eyes.

"It seems a pity that you should be going away just when you've begun to take hold of the business so well, and when you and Mr. Bernard have got to be such friends," she remarked. "I can't see why you can't be satisfied to stay here instead of rampagin' off to Europe."

Honora sighed and smiled at the same moment.

"I should be perfectly satisfied to stay," she said frankly. "But, you see, it is Cecily who wants to go, and I can't be selfish enough to refuse to go with her." Mrs. Kemp sniffed. "The selfishness is on *her* side, in my opinion," she said. "I've heard how she's kept at you to go, without earing whether you wanted to go or not; and, if you'll excuse my saying so, I think you yield to her a great deal too much."

"Perhaps I do," Honora acknowledged. "But, you see, I've longed for nothing so much as to be able to give her what she wanted, when there seemed no hope that I ever would have that power; and, now that it has come to me, I can't refuse to gratify her wishes."

"There's reason in all things, or there ought to be," Mrs. Kemp stated; "and I don't hold with gratifying people's wishes unless it's for their good."

Honora laughed a little.

"I've heard that before from some one else," she said; "and no doubt it is\_ perfectly true. But we can't always tell what is for another's good; and it is safe to do what we are able, to make life happy for those we love."

"I'd like," observed Mrs. Kemp, "to see some effort on the part of others to make life happy for you."

"But no effort is needed," Honora assured her. "I am one of the most fortunate people in the world—you know that,—and I should be one of the most ungrateful if I were not also happy."

The shrewdness as well as the kindness deepened in the eyes regarding her.

"People can't be happy out of gratitude," said Mrs. Kemp; "and, although you are fortunate enough, thanks to the foolishness of one man and the obstinacy of another, it's easy to see that there's something lacking to make you happy, and I don't believe you'll find it by going to Europe, either."

She left the room rather abruptly after this; and as Honora went her way, carrying "The Hound of Heaven" with her into the garden, she wondered what there was about her which betrayed to the eyes of others the "something lacking" of which she was herself so intensely conscious.

Still pondering upon this, she sat down in the midst of the bewildering world of greenness and bloom, filled with the fragrance of flowers and songs of birds, and opened the book which had been by a strange accident placed in her hands. At first her thoughts were so persistently turned inward, so fixed upon her own struggle, that she failed to grasp the meaning of the somewhat difficult rhythm. Then she suddenly found her attention caught, grasped, held breathlessly, as she saw all that she had been thinking and feeling spread before her on the printed page. Was ever before the pursuit of the soul by the divine Hunter expressed in such poignant and majestic words?

I fled Him, down the nights and down the days; I fled Him, down the arches of the years;

I fled Him, down the labyrinthine ways Of my own mind; and in the mist of tears

I hid from Him, and under running laughter.

Up vistaed hopes I sped;

And shot, precipitated

Adown Titanic glooms of chasmèd fears,

From those strong Feet that followed, followed after.

But with unhurrying chase,

And unperturbèd pace,

Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,

They beat-and a Voice beat

More instant than the Feet-

"All things betray thee, who betrayest Me."

It was some time after this that Bernard Chisholm, coming by direction to seek her, found her on a seat which commanded a wide, distant view, at which she was gazing with such absent mind that she did not hear his approach. The book she had been reading lay open in her lap; and its pages, as well as her hair and dress, were powdered with the white starry flowers that had dropped from a jasmine vine clambering overhead, the delicate, penetrating fragrance of which was all about her. She was pale as one of the Madonna lilies blooming in stately beauty near by, and her whole attitude and expression breathed a wistfulness that struck him as intensely pathetic. He paused without speaking for an instant, and then very gently"I hope I don't disturb you," he said. She started slightly, as she turned her eyes upon him with a welcoming smile.

"Oh, no," she said, "you don't disturb me in the least! I was expecting you, and would have seen you coming only that just then I had wandered rather far away. Excuse my inattention, and sit down." (She moved to make room for him on the seat beside her.) "I've several things I want to ask you."

"I hope they are things I can answer," he said, smiling in turn, as he sat down.

"You can answer them if you care to do so," she replied quietly. "But, in the first place, let me tell you that I have a book of yours here which Mrs. Kemp found and gave me, to be returned to you, a little while ago. I brought it out with me to read, and—and it has impressed me more than anything I ever read before in all my life. Perhaps you won't be surprised at this when you see what it is."

She held the volume to him; and he was indeed not surprised, but very much startled, when he saw what it was.

"My long-lost copy of 'The Hound of Heaven'!" he exclaimed. "Where on earth did it come from? And how strange that it should have fallen into your hands!"

"I am sure you have no idea how strange the last is," she said. "I could almost think it had been planned by some outside agency, it has seemed to bring such a direct message to me. It—it is wonderful, is it not?"

"The poem, do you mean, or the message?"

"Both. The beauty of the poem has fascinated me, but the message is—overwhelming. One feels that breathless chase; one hears the sound of those pursuing Feet as if—as if one were oneself pursued by them." She paused, and looked away again into the purple distance, with the wide-eyed gaze of one who listens for a pursuit which can not be escaped. Then she turned abruptly toward him. "Was it so with you?" she queried. "That is the question I wanted to ask you. Oh, you have evaded answering many questions of mine; but you won't evade or refuse to answer this, will you? For I must know whether or not certain things are merely the influence of my imagination— I have rather a strong imagination,—or whether it is common with others to be conscious of—of a sense of being pursued. I would not use that expression if I could avoid it, but there is no other which expresses the feeling to which I allude."

He nodded comprehendingly.

"There is no other," he agreed. "It is a thing not often spoken of or described except in mystical religious literature, but I' fancy there is no experience more common to human nature. Everyone, of any spiritual perception at all, must have felt at some time and in some degree that pursuit of the soul by God, which supreme genius has put into marvellous words there." (He pointed to the book still in her hand.) "It just amounts to this, you know," he went on hesitatingly, after a moment: "that God-happily for us--will not leave us alone. We may want to be left alone, but He follows, pursues, makes us feel that-"

"'All things betray thee, who betrayest Me,'" she murmured, as if to herself. "Do you believe that they do?"

"I must believe it," he answered. "We are told that the heart of man, being made for God, can not find rest or satisfaction as long as it is endeavoring to escape from Him; and it is that effort to escape which is described in 'The Hound of Heaven.""

"But why" (there was a note of acute pain in her voice now),—"why should it amount to a persecution, the chase of the Hound of Heaven? If one isn't spiritual, and one doesn't want to have anything to do with mystical beliefs and practices, why should one be attracted against one's will—be drawn—pursued—" "Ah!" (as her voice had expressed pain, so his now expressed keenest sympathy) "one can find no answer for that question except in the love of God for the soul He is pursuing."

She looked at him, and he saw a passion of revolt in her eyes.

"I shall shock you," she said, "but the truth is that I don't want to be loved in that way. I can't make heroic sacrifices; there is no good in asking them of me; and so I just want to be let alone, to be left in peace to my—mediocrity."

It was so pitiful that he smiled. But there was no amusement in the smile.

"I know," he said gently. "But you are not so mediocre as you think: there are heroic possibilities in you, and so God does not intend to let you alone. He means you to choose between Him and other things. Oh, you are in a hard strait! I know that well. And I have been weak enough to hope, and almost to pray, that you might be spared the necessity of choice. But I see clearly that you are not to be spared—"

"Where you are mistaken," she interrupted, "is in thinking that there is any choice open to me. There is none. I must, I will, suffer anything rather than make another suffer for my possible good. There is nothing I am more resolved upon than that."

"I understand," he said, with the pity in his voice deepening; "but if the grace of God pursues you—"

"It will not pursue me," she declared in a voice hard as steel; "for I believe that it has been altogether the work of my own imagination. And as for this poem" (she closed the book decisively and held it out to him), "please take it away with you. Beautiful as it is, I am quite sure that it is exaggerated and morbid, and I never wish to see it again."

(To be continued.)

O SWEET confidence! O perfect security! The Mother of God is my Mother! What an assured hope we ought to have of our salvation since it is in the hands of Jesus, our Brother, and Mary, our tender Mother.—St. Anselm. A May Song.

# BY A. F. D.

MARY, for every throe you had Earth sets some beauty free,—

Some lovely note attuned, sad,

For your dear memory.

In swift, sweet rains that bruise and bless, A mother's tears are wet;

A little, brooding loneliness Hallows the violet.

The lark to dawn surrendered Has still his note of pain;

The lily lifts a heavy head,

That soon shall droop again.

For that you bled and were bereft The willow draws apart;

And many a woodland flower is cleft In its young freshening heart.

But sweeter on the Maytime air There lifts a humbler crew--

Earth's dumb, unthought-of things that share Your silences with you.

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# St. Teresa and Literature.

BY FLORENCE GILMORE.

HAT St. Teresa's works have a , place among the masterpieces of literature admits of no discussion. High honor, truly; but honors so much higher are hers that her literary fame sinks into insignificance and is oftentimes overlooked. Celebrated as is no other saint except St. Francis of Assisi-beloved not only by Spaniards of every rank, not only by Catholics the world over, but by those not of our Faith, who forgive her even the mistake of having been a contemplative,-the reformer of the Carmelites, mistress of the sweetest of secrets, the highest of sciences, saint of God's Church: such are her glories. Literary fame is dwarfed in such circumstances.

Still, her writings are of very real. importance, both for their transcendent beauty of style and the immense good they ever accomplish. The works of every author are an echo of his life, a record of the thoughts of his mind and the loves of his heart. The writings of a saint are, therefore, invaluable. The matter can not fail to be superb; and where there are truth, sweetness, holiness, the form can be trusted to take care of itself. So it did with St. Teresa, with St. Francis de Sales, St. Francis of Assisi, and a host of others whose writings are literature unrivalled, because there is no music like heavenly music, no love like the love of God.

In literature, St. Teresa's place, though deservedly high, is not prominent. All who have read her works extol them; but hundreds, even among those familiar with much of the best, know nothing about them. These never open a book written by a saint, either because of bigotry or of the conviction that it would probably be crude and certainly uninteresting." There are many Catholics who devoutly revere St. Teresa's sanctity but know not her writings; and many non-Catholics who admire the cleverness, the charm, and the great, loving heart of which tradition boasts, and yet are ignorant of the treasures her pen bequeathed to the world, and suspicious of the transcendent virtues mirrored therein, which made of her no mere brilliant, tender woman, but a very saint.

Her chief works—"Her Life, written by Herself," "Relations," and "Interior Castle,"—tell the story of her spiritual life, and have but one rival—the "Confessions" of St. Augustine. We have her "Letters," humorous, fresh, full of charm; few such were ever written. She left also "Maxims" and "Meditations," profound, and full of joyous sweetness. No principle stands out more boldly throughout these than that "one must serve God with a light heart and a smiling face." Could the world—our sad, weary twentieth-century world — but learn that lesson from her!

Like her countryman, St. John of the Cross, St. Teresa wrote poems whose theme is not earthly love, beautiful as that may be; but a love higher and infinitely sweeter. In style and method, hers differ greatly from his. They are simpler, more natural; in form, very like a popular song. She sings from a heart too full for prose, too ardent for excessive care in word selection. "Oh, 'tis not Spanish but 'tis Heaven she speaks!" sang the ardent Crashaw; and each reader echoes his words. The poems have no hidden meaning: he who runs may read the secret of her "flaming heart." Poets, ordinarily, sigh much: Teresa's songs are full of joyousness; and joyous are her little lyric dramas, written mostly for the Christmastide, in which are introduced dialogues of shepherds who bear, invariably, the strange names of Bras, Gil, and Llorente. Nothing could be sweeter than this, a taste of her verse:

If, Lord, Thy love for me is strong As this which binds me unto Thee,

What holds me from Thee, Lord, so long,— What holds Thee, Lord, so long from me?

Love's whole possession I entreat,— Lord, make my soul Thine own abode, And I will build a nest so sweet

It may not be too poor for God.

Beautiful, too, is the following, translated by Arthur Symonds:

> Let mine eyes see Thee, .Sweet Jesus of Nazareth,— Let mine eyes see Thee, And then see death.

In another way St. Teresa has a place an important one—in literature. She has been the theme of many a loving client and of many a dazzled admirer. Crashaw was the singer least unworthy of his subject. Twice did he write of her in poems as great as any he produced, the "Hymn to St. Teresa" and "The Flaming Heart." Referring to the attempt she and her little brother made to run away from home to the country of the Moors, there to be martyred, he sang:

She never undertook to know

What Death with Love should have to do;

Nor has she e'er yet understood Why to show love, she should shed blood, Yet though she can not tell you why, She can love, and she can die.

In "The Flaming Heart" he rose, step by step, to a close whose ardor makes our slow pulses beat fast:

O thou undaunted daughter of desires!
By all thy dower of lights and fires;
By all the eagle in thee, all the dove;
By all thy lives and deaths of love;
By thy large draughts of intellectual day,
And by thy thirsts of love more large than they;...
By all the heavens thou hast in Him (Fair sister of the Seraphim!),
By all of Him we have in thee,
Leave nothing of myself in me.
Let me so read thy life, that I
Unto all life of mine may die.

In a different way, less happy but not less sincere, did George Eliot pay tribute to her. In what she considered her greatest work she gave us Dorothea Casaubon, a woman whose character is the counterpart of St. Teresa's, as she had understood it. She thought that Teresa reformed the Carmelite Order, wrote magnificently, became famous-and a saint-because, dowered by nature with a great heart, intense energy, and deep religious feeling, she was fortunate enough to be born in a time and amid surroundings which favored the development of her gifts. Dorothea, so dowered, is placed where her rich nature causes discomfort to others and pain to herself, and, despite her efforts, makes her life neither noble, beautiful nor successful.

Certainly this is a false view. A woman of George Eliot's religious belief—or, rather, lack of it—could not comprehend a saint or sanctity. Instinctively she attempted to naturalize what is purely supernatural. God's grace it was that made Teresa of Avila what she was. Her natural endowments, perhaps also her environment, were helps, but would have produced no fruit unnourished by grace. He was the Vine, she but a branch. Dorothea was a branch, but George Eliot knew nothing of the True Vine, and could find no sustenance for the child of her brain. She was right in thinking that, alone, Dorothea could not do great things, but she strayed far in accounting for the fact.

She implies that had St. Teresa been born into the workaday nineteenth-century . England instead of romantic sixteenthcentury Spain, her life had been at least a partial failure, even as Dorothea's. But why? Because there is nothing to reform? Because love and holiness are no longer needed? Truly, a new view of the nineteenth century, - a new viewpoint for George Eliot, not the most sunny-hearted of women. Had the brilliant Englishwoman never heard of contemporaries of hers who, in the spirit of Teresa, found work to do, not greatly dissimilar to hers,found it in poor Ireland, in the prosaic United States, in miserable France? Had she never heard of Eugenie Smet, Marie Jaricot, Elizabeth Seton, Catherine Mac-Auley, Venerable Mother Duchesne? If she had known the story of their lives, she could not have moaned that there is now no room in the world for loving, passionate, idealistic natures,-no longer any work fitted for their hands.

George Eliot did not grasp even all the natural greatness of the saint. Dorothea Casaubon lacks her breadth, depth, much of her charm, all of her joyous humor. With all her genius, the English novelist could not create a Teresa. God alone could do that.

THE Church is the poet of her children: full of music to soothe the sad and control the wayward; wonderful in story for the imagination of the romantic; rich in symbol and imagery, so that gentle and delicate feelings, which will not bear words, may in silence intimate their presence or commune with themselves. Her very being is poetry. Every psalm, every petition, every collect, every versicle, the cross, the mitre, the thurible, is a fulfilment of some dream of childhood or aspiration of youth.—Newman.

# His Change of Heart.

#### BY VICTOR RAKOSI.\*

ERTRAND LENOIR left his atelier in no happy mood that morning. There was not trade enough to keep busy so many fingers, it was declared; and Bertrand had been among those just reduced to half-day employment for the remainder of the season. 'Twas indeed cruel that when honest men asked only work it should be withheld from them. The unholy fires of discontent smouldered in his dark eyes; and at each deep-drawn breath a cloud of smoke enveloped him from the clay pipe between his set lips.

As he crossed the Rue Jean-Goujon a score of sweepers were sprinkling and sanding it.

"Aha!" he muttered to himself. "They are making ready for some new feast of the rich—the great Bazaar yonder, where aristocrats will come to amuse themselves to-day in the name of Charity. I hate such people! It is they, the fashionable, the capricious, who make or mar trade. The artisan is thus dependent on those who care not a straw whether he lives or dies. It is not right or just."

The vision of his peaceful-browed wife, watching for him from the door of his little dwelling, did not in the least hush the tumult or soften the scarlet coloring of his anarchistic thoughts.

"You are prompt to-day!" she said, joyfully. "Come in, dear; dinner is on the table, and the children are as hungry as though they had been fasting like little beggars."

The last word jarred upon his ear.

"They may be before they die," he responded, sullenly, "the way the world is managed. That is, if they are not brave enough to strike for their rights."

He laid his pipe on the mantel and took his place at table, noting as he did so that beneath the napkins pinned

\* Translated by Dawn Graye.

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about their necks the children wore their best attire.

"It is because you are going somewhere that you are in such haste to dispatch dinner, is it not?" he demanded, quickly

"Yes, papa!" cried little Paul, eagerly "We are going with mamma to see the procession."

"What procession?"

He looked toward his wife, who smiled.

"Do not be angry," she pleaded. "I am going to see the people come to the Charity Bazaar. The Turkish Ambassador is to be there, and the Papal Nuncio, and the President's wife, and all the other fine ladies. 'Twill be a pretty sight—like the theatre—for the children, and without cost to look upon."

"But I forbid you to take them!" he retorted, furiously. "Such shows are not prepared for the edification of the honest poor. The aristocrats need not imagine that they are the stars which we find pleasure in gazing at. No, no! We have nothing in common with the rich, except the common destiny of death. There is *one* shaft that will find its way to their hearts, despite armor of gold or breastplate of gems."

And Bertrand struck the table with his clenched hand.

His wife laid hers gently on his arm.

"Bertrand, be reasonable," she said. "It is not a question of life or death. I thought it would be an amusement for the little ones to see."

"But they shall not go!" he repeated. "I am a member of the Radical Committee of the Quartier. It shall not be said that I, Bertrand Lenoir, permitted my family to stand upon the corner watching the rich drive by. I forbid it. You understand, Pauline? I forbid it."

"Well, well, let us eat now," said his wife; but at heart she was sore, and the children were ready to weep.

Their meal was finished in silence; and, rising, Bertrand took his hat to go out as usual.

"No," said he, suddenly turning back.

"I shall stay at home this afternoon. If I were away, you might take advantage of my absence to disobey me."

The mother did not reply. She was bending over the children, an arm around each, whispering to them those sweet, maternal words which rob all childhood's disappointments of their bitterness.

Bertrand paced the floor several times uneasily.

"*Eh, bien!*" he said at length. "After all, I, too, am going to see this parade."

She looked up quickly, with a clearing countenance.

"You see you can be reasonable when you wish," she said, laughing.

"But I will tell you why I go," he explained. "It is to keep you from filling the little growing heads with nonsense. I will show them the vanity, the inequality of it all. I will point out to them those do-nothings, who sleep while we toil, who laugh and sing while we watch and weep, who ride while we walk, who sip the white foam of life and leave us the black and bitter dregs. You share none of this feeling. You are a credulous woman, who teach my children to pray when I am not here!"

The tears rushed to Pauline's eyes; she turned quickly and passed into the kitchen. God help her! Once, once in their mountain-girdled native village, Bertrand had believed as she did—knelt beside her at Holy Mass. But since their coming to Paris, the great city, he had absorbed like a sponge the evil tenets of his fellow-workmen. Faith had been the first jewel lost, and after that, alas! he was never the same in anything.

"Pauline!"

When she quietly re-entered the room in answer to his call, he was standing in the doorway, a child by either hand.

"Leave the dishes unwashed," he commanded, "and come with us at once."

Far as eye could see the street was glittering with magnificent equipages. Victoria followed victoria, filled with fair women, smiling on one another and on all about them, from beneath their broad, plume-waving hats, and the brilliant-hued parasols that, like huge butterflies, hung poised above their bright faces.

"Do you see that one yonder, Paul?" asked Bertrand, designating a gentleman who was just alighting with his lady. "He is a duke. He lives not in one house, as we do, but in five, large as churches; he owns a hundred thousand acres of land; his servants can not be counted on the fingers of a regiment; but he is only a man like your father. And his wife, my Marie! See how her diamonds blaze in the sun! The smallest of them would buy you all you could ask for in a lifetime. But you are a poor man's daughter; you will never see diamonds closer than you see them now—worn by another."

"Oh, hush, Bertrand,—hush, I entreat you!" whispered his wife.

But little Marie was too absorbed in pleasure to heed her father's fiercely uttered words. He often talked of things she could not understand any more than she could reach up to his shoulder—her great, big papa. So she slipped her hand closer into her mother's, and laughed for very glee.

Bertrand had soon seen quite enough.

"You can stay if you like," he said, turning from his wife's side. "I am going to have a word with a friend who lives around the corner yonder. If I should not find you still here when I return, I will look for you at home."

And he disappeared just as the Papal Nuncio, rising in his carriage, blessed the multitude with a wave of his hand.

After a while Pauline, too, began to grow weary. Borne forward by the undulating throng, she crossed the street and wandered slowly on, revelling in the soft sunshine and blossom-fragrant air of the beautiful spring afternoon. Suddenly a long, dark serpent-coil of smoke was seen upwinding against the azure background of that cloudless sky. A confused murmur ran through the crowd; then, after an instant's awful silence, the cry from a thousand throats—"Fire! fire! The Bazaar is on fire! Au secours! Au secours!"

. . . . . . .

Faint, quivering, with Marie clasped to her breast and Paul clinging to her dress, Bertrand's wife at last crossed the threshold of her dwelling—safe—home! There were no holy pictures on the walls to lift her eyes to; but, sinking on her knees by her husband's chair at the head of the table, she covered her face to shut out the memory of those flame-enveloped forms, whose silk-robed grace she had admired but a moment before—rushing forth one after another from the burning building, to fall, writhing in death throes, upon the pavement. And, weeping, she prayed for them and for Bertrand.

'Twas near nine o'clock when he came. Wild with anxiety, she flew to him.

"O Bertrand, my husband! Your beard is burned, your sleeves are scorched. You have been in the fire. Ah, Bertrand! are you hurt?"

He shook his head. "No, by a miracle I am not. 'Tis only water and smoke you see. But, wife, those poor people *ah, mon Dieu,* how they suffered! It was horrible, Pauline. My heart is all sore,— I am not a brute."

He wiped his forehead on his tattered sleeve. From the distance came the dull murmur that had been heard for hours, rising at intervals into a wail scarce human in its agony—mighty mother Paris weeping, comfortless, for her children.

"There was not much chance to help," he continued; "but I rescued a duchess and restored her to her husband."

Pauline threw both arms about him, softly weeping. He held her close.

"And that is a noble, a good religion, wife, which enables people to bear such things as I have seen to-day. Thank God, I saved the duchess! You may rear the little ones as you have wished."

Awakened by their mother's sobbing, the children sat up in their beds and called: "Papa! papa!"

"Say your prayers, my little ones," he

answered, turning toward them, — "the prayers mamma has taught you."

"Yes, papa."

And, springing from their cribs, Paul and Marie knelt down side by side; and, joining their little hands, repeated, slowly and distinctly, first the "Our Father," then the "Hail Mary."

"Amen!" whispered their father. Then after a moment's silence, "My dear children," he added, in the gentlest voice they had ever heard from his lips, "the rich are *not* happier than the poor. There are days of mourning and days of rejoicing for us all alike in this world. Little Paul, little Marie, pray—pray this time with me; pray that we may never again *envy any one.*"

# "Good Monsieur Vincent."

BY FRANÇOIS COPPÉE.

OR a change of subject—for we are, in truth, at the present moment crammed with violent and hateful things till we are nauseated,—let us, as one purifies the atmosphere of a room by burning sugar in it, speak a little of a good man. Are you willing? The volume, entitled "St. Vincent de Paul," that M. Emmanuel de Broglie has published furnishes us with precisely the occasion that we need.

There already exist, as you well know, so many and such important works on that admirable servant of God and of the poor that one could fill several shelves of a bookcase with them. Still, M. de Broglie has thought that it was not entirely useless to write on that beautiful subject a short and simple, yet touching and substantial, story; and he has done so most satisfactorily. His little volume offers this originality: under a very pure and elegant form he addresses himself to everybody—to the public in general. It is directly to the people that this history of their great friend is dedicated.

We note with pleasure that, in spite

of all that has been done to inspire the crowd with disdain for religion and hatred for her ministers, St. Vincent de Paul has ever remained popular. The workman in his blouse is still faithful to that good man in his cassock; the insolent street Arab, who has but just imitated the croaking of a crow in passing near a priest, will be touched to the heart if he sees in the window of a bric-a-brac merchant the picture where St. Vincent is represented in the streets of Paris, in a snowstorm, having already gathered an abandoned child into the fold of his cloak, and leaning over to take a second from the corner of a wall.

It is too easy, alas! to lead the mind of the people astray; but, luckily, it is less easy to corrupt their heart. Why would it not be possible to put this new Life of the Saint under the eyes of all the people? I know they would learn in that little book to compare the promises never realized with which their ambitious flatterers soothe them, with the solid and lasting benefits which they owe to that great Christian. Those benefits are as numerous as they are varied; and one can affirm with security that, so far as charitable institutions are concerned, nothing new has been created since the time of St. Vincent de Paul. I shall prove it.

We are proud, not without reason, of our work of night refuges recently instituted; but it is an insufficiently developed work, as the unfortunates who know not where to spend the night have at their disposition in this great Paris but a very limited number of refuges, and all are situated in queer quarters. Now, the Saint had already opened, not only in the capital but in several provincial cities as well, refuges for the passers-by, where they found a supper and a sleeping-place, and on the following morning received "two sous to continue the journey."

Nor should we imagine that our works of assistance by labor date from yesterday. Whenever he establishes one of those houses that he calls "charities," not only does St. Vincent carefully separate the robust poor who can work from the infirm who are incapacitated, but he also desires that ateliers should be opened where children, convalescents, and persons in delicate health can find an easy occupation. Contemporaneous philanthropists, learn that St. Vincent lighted economical stoves long before you did. And you, "Petit-Manteau-Bleu," remember that you were not the first to distribute soup.

We hesitate which to admire the more in the works established or projected by St. Vincent de Paul: the ardent charity that inspires their conception or the practical genius that presides over their rules. Would you have an example? If there be a scandalous abuse, it is the exploitation of childhood; and it is a fact that in certain industries and commerces the apprentices and young employees, who had already rendered great services, received for many years but ridiculous salaries. The State, to fight that abuse, founded professional schools; but, apart from a few favored ones, children had to pay a tuition fee. In the ateliers of our Saint the question was fraternally solved. Apprentices were always maintained and instructed gratuitously, on the sole condition that they would promise, in turn, to instruct gratuitously the poor children who should replace them.

These charitable works did not survive their founder; and philanthropy has waited some two hundred years before starting them again, timidly and with moderate success. And, after all, they were but a small part of the prodigious enterprise of that venerable man in the patched cassock and faded hat, who received the respect and benediction of everybody.

The "good Monsieur Vincent," of the not fascinating aspect and the rustic ways, was, in fact, during the half of his very long life—he died at the age of eighty-four years — the all-powerful minister of charity throughout France. He spent millions; he built imposing edifices, among them the Salpêtrière and the Incurables; he commanded legions of priests and nuns. He was present, in person or in thought, wherever the poor were succored; where orphans and castaway babies were picked up; where children were instructed, and prisoners comforted; where the insane were looked after,—in a word, where good was to be done.

He had enrolled in his charitable army not only the queen and the high personages of the court, but also the inhabitants of suburb and country. Of the one he demanded gold, of the other good-will. One day, to help his Ladies of Charity in their visits to the poor, he engaged some girls out of the fields—servants with Christian hearts,—and with them was instituted the holy and admirable family of the Grey Sisters, who are to-day twenty thousand in number and scattered over the entire world.

His field of action extended over the whole kingdom. At the first summons he would seize his old travelling cloak and go to a distant province to preach a mission before peasants or convicts. If war broke out, spreading sorrow and misery, he it was who found and distributed help. And that prodigious work of charity did not satisfy his zeal. He was at the head of the religious renaissance which characterized the seventcenth century. With M. Olier he founded the work of the seminaries, and alone that of the Missions; sending his Lazarists all over France and as far as Barbary, to the heathens-as was then said,-to carry them the word of God. And all this with delightful good-humor, modesty and simplicity.

That director of so many good works and of so many souls, that chief weighed down with so much worry and work, that truly great personage consulted by kings and their prime-ministers, never forgot that the most noble duty of the

priest is to serve the poor, to touch with his own hands those "suffering members" of Jesus Christ; he also kept in mind that one of the most essential virtues of a Christian is humility. On leaving some aristocratic society to which he had just recommended his foundlings, St. Vincent would go to one of the horrible prisons of the time, to visit the galleyslaves already chained; not only to exhort them to resignation, but to soothe their physical sufferings, carrying his charity to the point of picking off the vermin that covered them. And in his home of Saint-Lazare, where he housed the priests in retreat, he could be seen, perhaps on the morning of the day on which he was to go to the Louvre to take his seat in the queen regent's council, blackening the shoes of his guests, the number of servants being limited.

I know well we have "secularized" all that, and that such actions worthy of a saint will provoke more astonishment than admiration even among the best of us, whose piety is tepid and fanciful and whose modesty is rarely sincere. No matter: one can not repeat too often that there is nothing more solid and more durable than Christian charity. And, moreover, I wish to thank M. de Broglie for having enabled me to pass such pleasant hours in the company of St. Vincent de Paul; for, after all, that man is far more interesting than the celebrity of a certain age who, when she has founded a few beds in the hospitals, expects a decoration as though she were some old warrior: or the multi-millionaire banker who has but to give an order on 'change, to pocket a monstrous benefice; and when, through prudence, he has made some charitable gifts to the poor, announces it with a trumpet blast in the papers.

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You never know what child in rags and squalor that meets you in the street may have in him the germ of gifts that might add new treasures to the storehouse of beautiful things or noble acts.—Anon.

#### How Vernet Made his Easter Duty.

THOSE who have visited the galleries of Versailles are not likely soon to forget the wonderful pictures of Horace Vernet. Like many another man filled with worldly ambition, this famous artist was for a time indifferent to his religious duties; but the following incident shows that in later life his heart was as true as his pictures are beautiful:

In 1853, just ten years before his death, he went to revisit the battlefields and the rich scenery of Algeria, which he has immortalized on canvas: and it was then that "a chance meeting" made him acquainted with Dom François Regis, the illustrious founder of La Trappe in Africa. Dom François had come to Algiers on an errand of business; and, pausing in the street to greet an old friend, was introduced to the distinguished painter. Vernet was most gracious, and said to the holy man: "I left Paris with the full intention of visiting your monastery, and I hope to do so." A cordial invitation was extended, and the monk returned home.

A few days after this meeting Dom Regis was informed by a lay-brother that a gentleman had called and was waiting to see him. The Abbot happened to be in the fields; and, returning at once, he saw approaching him a huntsman in full attire.

"Do you recognize me, Father?" he asked the visitor.—"I do, sir," replied the Abbot; "and I am glad you have not forgotten the promise you were good enough to make the other day." And after some conversation he conducted his guest through the abbey and its surroundings. Vernet admired all that he witnessed—the pious atmosphere of the place, the perfect cleanliness, order and simplicity of the cells, refectory, and chapter-room.

Dom Regis and his new acquaintance grew more intimate as they continued their walk through the grounds. Soon the painter slipped his arm into that of the monk, and gradually, the conversation taking a confidential turn, he unfolded the secrets of his inmost soul and uncovered all that troubled his conscience. Father Regis was struck with admiration at the frankness of his new friend, and lost no time in turning it to his spiritual good. Pausing abruptly, as if struck by a sudden thought, he said: "You have already done the hardest part of what Christians are accustomed to do at this time of the year; it is Holy Week, you know—you have now only to fall upon your knees and say: "Confitcor.""

The unexpectedness of the issue did not displease Vernet. "Very well, Father," he answered simply; "I am quite willing."—"But let us not go quite so fast," said Dom Regis, in his amiable way. "I will now leave you to the action of grace, and return to my work for a while."

During a whole week Horace Vernet was so absorbed in religious exercises that he quite forgot his friends at Algiers, who wondered at his prolonged absence. The whole colony was anxious about the brilliant talker whom Algerian society When the news loved to entertain. came that he was at La Trappe, living the life of a monk, it was greeted with incredulity first, and then with astonishment; but the artist, utterly unconscious of the sensation he was creating, was making a serious retreat in preparation for his Easter duty, and edifying the members of the austere community by his sincere and simple piety.

On Holy Saturday, his heart overflowing with happiness, Vernet said to Dom Regis: "Father, I wish to consecrate to God all the decorations that I have ever received, and thus sanctify, so far as may be, this poor human glory."

Dispatching a messenger to Algiers, he received the case containing the medals and decorations by which the sovereigns of Europe had honored him. With the simplicity of a child he arranged them on

his breast on Easter morning, as a homage to the God of the Eucharist; and when he rose to approach the Holy Table tears of joy and gratitude stood in his eyes. The same day he was allowed, at his own request, to sit at the common table, beside the Abbot, and share in the meagre repast of the community.

On taking leave of Dom Regis and the hospitable monastery where his heart had recovered its peace, Vernet exclaimed: "This has been the happiest time of my life."

# Books as School Premiums.

T was an evil day for Catholic literature when the heads of many of our largest schools decided to do away with book premiums and award class medals instead. This was not, however, an unwarrantable The kind of books usually decision. furnished for the purpose had ceased to be appreciated, and no wonder. New editions, though gorgeously bound, of such specimens of literature as "The Disobedient Orphans" and O'Higgins' "History of Ireland," printed on the cheapest kind of paper, from plates that were worth only their weight as type-metal, failed to excite gratification in youthful minds. The junk merchants of Barclay Street had gone too far, and their patrons refused to be imposed upon any longer. The longsuffering students must have concluded that Catholic literature was under a ban of some sort, and perhaps no tears were shed by them.

But the fact is that at this very time certain of our publishers were beginning to produce books of which Catholics might well be proud; and it was hoped that the directors of schools would be zealous supporters of the new movement. Unfortunately, it came too late. The faith of the reading public in Catholic publishers had all but perished. Still there were men like the lamented Lawrence Kehoe who were ready to supply good literature in great variety at the smallest sign of general demand. Meantime, too, the regular importation of excellent English Catholic publications had begun.

For this reason we say that it was no red-letter day when cheap medals were substituted for books as premiums in Catholic schools. No well-informed person can deny that a great many creditable Catholic publications have been issued within the last two decades. Our writers on both sides of the Atlantic have been busy, and they have done very good work; and our publishers have tried to second them. It would be a surprise to most persons to examine the lists of Catholic books in every department of literature now offered for sale. Many of them are of the highest value and interest. Both authors and publishers deserve encouragement; and it ought to come from all sources, especially from educational institutions. If a knowledge of the best Catholic literature is not imparted by Catholic educators, they can justly be accused of neglecting a highly important duty.

A taste for good reading is one of the most inestimable benefits in the power of educators to confer; but as no one can impart to another what he has not acquired himself, it is too much to expect that the graduates of schools that are not possessed of good libraries and whose teachers are not lovers of books will be readers, or ever become patrons or producers of good literature. The young man who feels disposed to take leave of books on commencement day, though he may bear away high honors in the shape of a class medal, will be apt to neglect things of the mind afterward.

Let us hope that during the vacation season the heads of all our educational institutions will take steps to improve their libraries by supplying them with the latest and best books in all departments of literature, giving preference to works of recognized merit from Catholic pens. To say that there are not a great many of these would betray ignorance of which any one with the slightest pretension to scholarship ought to be ashamed. Knowledge of such books will lead to practical efforts for their dissemination. It is the greatest pity that some of the most useful and creditable works of Catholic authors should be unknown, even by name, to the vast majority of those for whose benefit they were produced.

A good book should be preferred to the glittering medal, and it is to be hoped that the heads of our schools will return to the old fashion of giving books. A carefully chosen volume is a precious possession; and now, thank God! there are any number of such books, reasonably cheap and handsomely published, from which to choose. A medal shines for a day, and before many suns have set, as they say in valedictories, finds its way to the receptacle for discarded jewelry; but a book is for all time, and will not be put aside or forgotten. Good books have a way of asserting themselves that is not to be resisted. We have known persons to declare that their whole after-life was influenced by the books they received as rewards of merit on leaving school.

Such a declaration is easy to believe, if the books were carefully chosen. What young person could fail to be influenced by a volume like "Life, Science and Art," by Ernest Hello, for instance? And how easy it would be for the heads of our schools to arrange with the publishers of that and many another precious book for a special edition, with the imprint of the institution, or religious Order using it as a gift! What more appropriate or enduring souvenir of school-days could be chosen? And what better advertisement could an educational institution desire?

We have said all this before, more than once; we repeat our suggestions, because the reasons for them seem stronger than ever, and because some difficulties in the way of their adoption have been showy removed.

# Notes and Remarks.

We consider it a great privilege to publish such an article as our leader of this week, which is from the pen of a well-known English Catholic writer, who is also a parish priest. The faithful under his charge are blessed in having pastor whose instructions are so solid and practical, one who can speak as well as he writes. The great truth so admirably expounded in "The Price of Eternal Glory" is, or ought to be, familiar to every Christian, but it is one which we are too apt to forget. No reader of this article can fail to profit by it, while to those who are under a heavy cross of any kind it will afford supreme consolation. Several passages call to mind the counsels of St. Vincent de Paul, who so often reminded his spiritual children that all crosses are sent by God,---that temporal suffering is the price of eternal joy. "In whatever form they come," he writes, "crosses are always to help us and for our good. Nevertheless, there are some who are very impatient of suffering, and this is a grave sin. . . . To run away from the condition in which God places us is to run away from blessing."

The latest horror of the great warthe sinking of the Lusitania, with the loss of 1150 lives-which spread consternation throughout the whole world, and filled many hearts with grief or rage, was naturally the theme of discussion in Protestant pulpits of this country on the Sunday following. Unrestrained denunciation of the German government was the keynote of most of the sermons that we have seen reported; and in some cases the preachers demanded that this nation should retaliate for what one of them characterized as "stupendous and premeditated slaughter"; another, as "the most brutal and inhuman savagery on record in modern times." Less guarded in the expression of their opinion than most of our leading statesmen, and utterly

oblivious of the wise recommendations of the President, certain of these pious men seemed bent on fanning the flame of indignation and hate which had burst forth, and rousing the country to armed resentment. It is only fair to state that other Protestant clergymen—perhaps a large number, whose sermons were not reported—urged their hearers to refrain from words calculated to intensify animosity and to embarrass the national administration.

From Catholic pulpits only words of calmness were heard. The appalling disaster was fittingly deplored; the hearers were exhorted to pray for the restoration of peace, for the dead so suddenly called before the Judgment Seat, and for those bereaved; and exhorted ever to be in readiness for their own last hour and the dread accounting. Anything more than this — anything different — would have shocked the listeners, anything less would have disappointed them.

We note with pleasure that our Catholic exchanges in different parts of the country are insisting with increasing frequency on the urgent necessity of discovering and developing vocations to the priesthood and the religious life. We ourselves have touched upon the matter so often that any reference to it in these columns may impress our readers as being a thricetold tale; but the question is one of such importance that it can scarcely be over-written. Commenting recently on the dearth of priests, Brothers, and Sisters in this country at present, the Cleveland *Catholic Universe* said:

Face to face with this undeniable condition of affairs, the four classes of Catholics specifically mentioned in the opening sentence—prelates, priests, teachers, and parents—should assuredly give some earnest thought to the causes underlying the condition, and to the provision of effective means for bringing about a somewhat radical change therein. All 'due allowance being made for the deterrent influences exerted on our young men and maidens by the social and economic forces by which they are sur<sup>2</sup>rounded—the prevalent quasi-idolatry of wealth, and the frankly pagan worship of comfort and ease and luxury, and amusement and "good times,"—there would still seem to be, at the bottom of this lamentable dearth of vocations, some dereliction of duty on the part of those charged with the formation of these young people's characters and with the direction of their spiritual life.

A dereliction, be it added, which will assuredly have to be accounted for.

California's typical Catholic layman and foremost Knight of Columbus, Mr. Joseph Scott, recently visited his brother Knights of El Paso, Texas; and, in the course of his reply to a eulogistic address of welcome, gave his hearers some sterling advice. A local journal states that he "plunged right into the subject of present difficulties of the Catholics in this country, and urged his hearers not to be niggardly in the exercise of Christian charity toward those who might differ from them or oppose them on religious grounds; declaring that fortitude was a fundamental virtue of the Catholic layman, and that the test came to all of them in more or less positive form to give proof of the faith that was in them. He urged the local council to stimulate among its members interest in Catholic literature, particularly that kind which answers the questions that were being asked by sincere though misguided men, some of whom were being used by utterly unscrupulous leaders. He said it had to be admitted that bigotry was rampant in certain sections of the South, and it behooved the Knights of Columbus to be vigilant in the discharge of their duty to expound the doctrines of the Catholic faith, - to prove to any fair-minded man that there was nothing inconsistent in the patriotic citizen's being at the same time a devout Catholic."

It is to Mr. Scott's credit that he himself is an example of the blend he advocates,—an excellent American and a thoroughly practical Catholic.

The unblushing admission on the part of certain Protestant political divines that they had taken, as such, an active part in a recent campaign in Chicago called forth the following memorable words from William J. Onahan, Esq., a leading Catholic and a leading citizen of Chicago. He writes in the *Catholic Citizen*:

It was known that religious prejudices had a share in the result, but it certainly was not generally known or suspected that there was a formal and official effort on the part of a religious organization to make its power felt and effective by an appeal to anti-Catholic prejudice. I do not know the nature or contents of the letter "distributed at the door of every Protestant church in the city, April 4." But the character of the appeal may be inferred, and I think I am satisfied in assuming that it was not creditable to the manhood and fairness of its originators or to those who distributed it....

Let me say—and I make this declaration, challenging contradiction—that in an experience of sixty years, during which I have attended church services pretty regularly, I never once heard a political sermon from a Catholic pulpit, no, nor even a political allusion in a sermon to local or national issues, or to candidates for any political office. I can say more: none would be more quick to resent the interference of bishop or priest, were it attempted, in seeking to influence the vote of Catholics as such.

This testimony may, we think, be safely multiplied by as many figures as there are Catholics in the United States.

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The latest benefaction of Mother Katherine Drexel to the Negroes of this country is the purchase of the Crescent City University of New Orleans for the purpose of making it a scientific and domestic training college for colored girls. That her generosity is fully appreciated by the Negro race is clear from an open letter addressed to her by a representative colored writer and published in the *Morning Star.* Among other things, the writer says:

If there is such a thing as the Negro Problem, I am more and more convinced that it can not be solved except through the instrumentality of the Holy Catholic Church. You, dear Mother Katherine, are a most powerful factor in solving this most perplexing problem. It is with tears of profound gratitude and respect that I thank you for bringing the light of faith to so many of my race. You have, dear Mother, reached down from your lofty height to lift up the poor unfortunate children, and prepare them for battle in the tempestuous sea of life, fortified with the oars of religion and education, which will make them true men and women, and an honor to the Church and the communities in which they live.

Of cognate interest is the following extract from an editorial in *The Age*, a leading Negro periodical of New York. The editor is discussing the growth of Catholicism as disclosed in the statistics of the Official Catholic Directory:

These figures will alarm a great many good people, who will see in them the ultimate downfall of the republic and a lot of other dire disasters. For our part, we should like to see more of the Catholic spirit instilled into our great Protestant and other denominations. The Catholic Church in this country is that religious body in which wealth, social distinction, class and race count for the least. The humblest, poorest and most ignorant immigrant entering New York can go into the great cathedral on Fifth Avenue and feel that he is welcome.... It is almost impossible to think of a Catholic priest preaching race discrimination, or urging his congregation to lynch somebody.

If all the great Christian organizations in this country had the religious and moral courage openly to disapprove the injustice, lawlessness and cruelty which the Negro has to suffer, those sins and crimes would soon be stopped. But they haven't got it.

The death within a week of Bishops Scanlan of Salt Lake, Colton of Buffalo, and Maes of Covington, though a great loss to the Church in this country, was to themselves the prelude of exceeding great reward for prolonged and unwearied labor in the cause of religion. The first Bishop of Salt Lake was a pioneer missionary of the West, and has left many memorials of his zeal and devotedness where, in the early years of his priesthood, he endured great hardships and manifold privations. In the same spirit he bore the infirmities and sufferings of old age. Bishop Colton was singularly like the other noble bishops with whom the diocese of Buffalo has been blessed. A model parish priest, respected and beloved by all classes of citizens, his elevation to the episcopate was the widening of beneficent influence and the extension of fruitful labor. His memory will be in benediction by clergy and laity.

The Bishop of Covington was distinguished for culture as well as zeal and piety, and rendered many important services to Catholic literature and the cause of education. Of noble character and charming personality, he had a host of friends, by whom he will be held in most affectionate remembrance. His last days were saddened by the afflictions which have fallen upon his native country, but neither these nor personal bereavements and long sufferings could daunt a spirit so brave, yet so gentle.

Peace to their souls, and may the diocesses over which they ruled be blessed with future bishops no less devoted, selfsacrificing and single-hearted!

It is improbable that any considerable number of such Massachusetts bigots as advocated recently the anti-Catholic measure introduced into the legislature of that State heard or even read Cardinal O'Connell's latest and wholly admirable address to the laymen of his archdiocese. And it is a pity they missed the experience. His Eminence did not mince his words, and some of those words were exactly what all such bigots most need to hear. Congratulating the members of the Catholic Federation on their work during the past year, the Cardinal said: "If nothing else were accomplished, you have prevented the enactment of an amendment which would be as much of a disgrace to Massachusetts as her Blue Laws are. I am not going to speak about the men and measures who are behind such things.... We are going to stand just where we are for all that belongs to us. Not a hairbreadth less will we take, and we want not a shade more. And all the threats and insults and abuse will serve only to show that, as usual, we are welcome to fight and work for this country,

but are not supposed to ask for our legitimate rights. Those who feel that way about us, condemn themselves without a word from us. They can talk forever, but they know less about democracy than the last Oriental emigrant. All this talk about our religion and the Pope and the Vatican is merely a cloak. What do they know about religion? Not one in 10,000 of even their best educated men knows what he is talking about when he discusses Catholicism."

The address clamors for further quotation, but we have space for only this characteristic utterance of Boston's energetic prelate: "I stand on this platform to-day simply as an American citizen; ... and, as an American citizen, I call upon you all to stand firm against this false Americanism, — to stand firm for your faith and your civil rights; and all true Americans will stand with you."

At a recent trial in St. Louis a Catholic witness was being examined by a miscalled gentleman who disgraces the legal profession of that city, or at least disgraced it on the occasion in question. With all the insolence of a bigot, this lawver asked the witness if it was not a fact that the Catholic Church would grant permission to its members to commit any crime, provided it would result in benefit to the Church. The witness indignantly refused to answer the insulting query, and the presiding judge upheld him in his contemptuous silence. The one redeeming feature of the case is that it has elicited a stinging rebuke from Mr. William Reedy, editor of Reedy's Mirror, a portion of which rebuke we quote:

We have had the "religious issue," as it is called, in politics for some years  $now_7$  to the great disgust of all Americans; and here in St. Louis we find a lawyer taking his cue from the anti-Catholic writers and platform nuisances. This is something that would, if often done, bring disgrace on the profession of law; and which, if not rebuked and stopped by judges, would call for a general protest from Catholics

Judge Kinsey, of St. Louis, has set an example

that must serve to guide other occupants of the bench; and the witness referred to has shown how Catholics feel toward ignoramuses and scoundrels who wish to insult honest and honorable citizens. To most of us, such exhibitions of ignorance and bigotry would have seemed more grotesque than offensive some years ago, but to-day we are not surprised at anything of the kind. We have much reason to know that hatred of Catholicity is rampant these days, and we are ashamed more than insulted to have so much strong evidence of what is un-American among people....

We commend the concluding sentences of the foregoing to the consideration of the Guardians of Liberty.

We have often insisted in these columns that, while organized charity is good and necessary, it should not entirely supersede individual almsgiving; and we are glad to notice that Archbishop Glennon is strongly of the same opinion. "We are in favor," he says, "of properly organized charity; and we are, furthermore, in favor of its furnishing, in so far as it is possible, the fullest statistics pertaining to its methods and operation. At the same time we realize that there is, and always will be, a field for the charity that works from individual to individual.the charity that consists of the numberless kindly deeds of which there is no record save what is written in the Book of Life,---the charity described in the phrase that the left hand is not to know what the right hand does."

An abuse which we have had occasion to notice more than once—the excessively large proportion of funds, subscribed for charitable purposes, spent for salaries, expenses, etc.—elicits this stern rebuke from the same distinguished prelate: "Some of your organized charities are all organization and no charity; and these are even worse in that they use the name of charity in their collection and then divert it to other purposes, Such methods and such organizations discredit the cause of charity and of the poor, and perpetrate a crime which is as mean as it is infamous."



I Never Knew.

# BY CHARLES V. STONE.

T night when all the world was hushed in sleep.

I've looked out through my window at the sky, And asked the little stars that smiled at me

Why God had placed His heaven up so high.

I used to think the blue sky miles away,

Where angels flew to God on wings of gold, Until God called my mamma home one night

To live forever in His happy fold.

So now at eve I look across the field,

And heaven almost seems to touch the earth; And as I pray my mamma comes to me,

Her face aglow with kindness and with mirth.

I never knew that God and all His saints So near His little children did abide,

I never felt earth was so close to heaven Until my dearest friend, my mamma, died.

The Tree of the Victor.

BY UNCLE AUSTIN.



HERE was great excitement that day among all the pupils of the Convent of Ecouen. Gathered in their recreation yard, they were busily talking, and turning

their eyes continually toward the windows of the study-hall, where Mother Louise and the Sisters were deciding an unusually important question.

The fact is, the directress of the convent school and her assistants were deliberating as to the pupil to whom should be awarded the annual recompense,—the one that was considered the best, and most honorable of all the prizes; although it was a very simple one, after all, since it merely con-

ferred on its winner the privilege of planting a tree in the convent garden.

What tended to enhance the importance of the event was that, as often as it was to take place, the presence of the Emperor, Napoleon I., was expected. He had received a service from Mother Louise some years before, had himself suggested the tree-planting, and had promised to attend it whenever it was possible for him to do so. For three years he had written, "I'll come"; but he was so preoccupied with his conquests and administrative business that it had been impossible for him to keep his engagement. Still, he was annually expected; and, as he was in Paris this year, it looked probable that he would really be present.

That was why the girls of the Ecouen Academy were so busy asking themselves, that bright day in the spring of 1810? "Who will be chosen to plant the tree?" Opinions differed as to the choice that Some declared that would be made. Bertha d'Ailaume would be selected; others were sure that Solange de Valsegur would be the lucky one. In more than one respect the two candidates were about equal. They had the same aptitude for studies, the same talent in music and painting, and the same skill in matters of domestic economy. In character, however, they were rather unlike. Bertha, the daughter of a brave major who had fallen in battle, was modest and serviceable; she sought to make herself loved, and, despite her youth - she was only thirteen,-she wore the serious mien of a child that has suffered. Solange, whose father was a wealthy and famous general, sometimes let her vanity get the better of her. She put on airs occasionally, spoke disdainfully, and liked to display a mocking wit at the expense of others.

"Really," said she, as the girls were

awaiting the results of the Sisters' conference,—"really, I think that the reward should come to me. You have your merits, my good Bertha; but mine are at least equal to them."

"I think so, too," put in Bertha.

"And I can't for the life of me imagine why you should be preferred to me."

"It is mainly on mother's account that I should like to win," remarked Bertha. "Poor mother! Since her widowhood she has had no other pleasure than to see my brother Roger and me do our best at our studies. Roger is twenty, and if I may say it — is one of the best scholars at the Military School: he's going to become an officer in three or four months."

"Hush!" said several voices. "Here comes Mother Louise!"

The directress, followed by a number of Sisters, approached the expectant crowd of girls,—three hundred of them.

"Well, young ladies, we have reached a decision."

A thrill of excitement ran through the ranks.

"The tree will be planted this year by—" (she paused for a few seconds, which seemed to be an hour),—" by Mademoiselle Bertha d'Ailaume."

There was an outburst of applause; and then followed congratulations, felicitations, embraces. Bertha was surrounded and complimented even by the friends of Solange.

That young lady herself, however, did not show that she was what the boys would call "a good sport." Puckering up her lips, she declared:

"It's an evident injustice, and I shall complain of it to my father. Anyway, I am very glad that I was not chosen. That style of reward is ridiculous, and I willingly leave to peasants the work of planting trees."

While Mademoiselle de Valsegur was thus ventilating her ill humor, the girls began wending their way to the garden; and Bertha was preparing to follow them when word was brought to her that she was wanted in the parlor.

"But I haven't time," she said, though she immediately made her way to the solemn-looking reception room, and cried out gaily when she saw who was awaiting her:

"Hello, big brother! What a fine surprise it is to see you!"

The young man looked so sombre, however, that she fell back.

"Why, what is the matter?" she asked anxiously.

"A misfortune."

"Tell me quickly."

"I've been expelled from the Military School."

"Expelled! You, Roger? Oh, what did you do?"

"Nothing," he repeated,—"or next to nothing. One evening when our soup was burned, there was some stamping on the floor of the dining-room. Somebody eried out, 'Down with the cook!' and a few plates were broken. Only a bit of boyish mischief, as you see; but the matter reached the ears of the Emperor, and he was furious. You know he does not tolerate the least breach of discipline. He ordered that the most guilty one should be expelled. As all were equally guilty we drew lots. I was the unlucky one and here I am."

Bertha grew pale; she was in utter consternation. Roger made a despairing gesture, and then, in a lower tone, he added:

"And mamma—how am I ever going to tell her? So far, I have not dared. She thinks I am having a holiday. But I'll have to let her know to-morrow."

"O Roger, if I could only help you!" "You have helped me, my dear little sister! The sight of you has done me good. Now I must be off. Good-bye!"

He went away; and Bertha hurried to the garden, her heart fuller of sorrow for her brother's misfortune than of joy for her own good luck. The girls were arranged in a circle around a velvety plot in which the gardener had just finished digging a hole. The Sisters were watching him at his work, and Mother Louise was glancing every other moment at the gateway, still hoping for the arrival of the Emperor. After waiting some time, she gave a signal. The choir started a song composed for the occasion, and the gardener handed the tree to Bertha, whispering: "It's a laurel."

It would have been truer to say, "It *will be* a laurel"; for it looked very much like a walking-cane not yet varnished; and when Bertha stuck it in the ground and packed a little earth round it, it stood not more than a foot and a half above the soil.

"May you grow well, little tree," said Mother Louise, "and remind those who admire you later on of the virtues of the excellent girl who has planted you!"

After these words the directress left the garden; the Sisters and pupils followed, and in a few moments all had departed save Bertha, who was seated by the side of the little shoot she had placed in the ground. The last girl to pass before Bertha on her way out was Solange. She stopped, made a profound bow to the slender shoot, and in mocking tones exclaimed:

"The splendid tree! What a magnificent shade it affords! How numerous the birds that are singing in its branches! No doubt it will bear fruit before morning."

With another mock salute, the envious girl retired. Left alone, Bertha burst into tears. Roger's story had pierced her to the heart, and she found a sort of bitter pleasure in giving free rein to her grief. She sat there for a long time, and twilight was beginning to darken the skies when she arose to go into the convent. Just then, however, she heard the sound of footsteps approaching, and saw coming toward her, in the company of Mother Louise and several officers, the man in the grey riding-coat, *him*, the Emperor.

"Sire," said the directress, "here is the young lady who planted the tree." "I regret I was not in time to attend the ceremony," replied Napoleon; and, going up to Bertha, he continued: "Accept my congratulations, Mademoiselle. To-day will leave you agreeable memories, and you must be very happy."

He looked at the child more closely, and added:

"And yet your eyes are red."

Bertha covered her face with her hands and sighed, "My brother!" Then, in a few rapid words, she told the cause of her grief.

Napoleon brusquely replied:

"I can not have my future officers acting like a lot of rebellious college boys."

He took his snuff-box from his pocket, inhaled a good pinch, and went on: "We must have order everywhere. I don't like mutiny; and, when it occurs, examples must be made of the mutineers."

He turned to leave the garden, but, remarking the little shoot, he inquired:

"Is this the tree you planted, child?" "Yes, sire."

"I suppose it's a weeping-willow?"

"No, sire: it's your tree,—your own." "My tree!"

"The tree of the victor-a laurel."

The Emperor burst out laughing, as he exclaimed:

"My faith! but that is the most agreeable and most delicate bit of praise I've ever received; and I'm going to pay for it, too. Here, Adolphe!" (He called an aide-de-camp.) "Set out for Paris at once, hunt up young Roger d'Ailaume, and tell him that I authorize his return to the Military School."

And thus was realized the mocking prediction of Solange de Valsegur; for the good little tree planted by Bertha, although it had neither branches \_nor leaves, and was no more graceful than a broomstick, had nevertheless borne excellent fruit.

A way to be happy—the best way, in fact,— Is to make others happy by word and by act.

# Tommy Travers.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

# XXI.—A STRANGE VISIT.

T was Bunty who awoke first—awoke as he had been accustomed to do all his rough young life, - in the pale light of the early dawn, when the struggling world around him was roused to its battle for bread and life. In Duffys' Court, boys had to make a quick grab for breakfast, or there would be no breakfast to grab. For 'a moment Tommy's guardian blinked about in bewilderment at the high rocky walls around him, the growing glory of the sky above the open roof, the sleeping boy at his side. Then he remembered,--remembered in a flash; and, with a new gentleness for Bunty Ware, whose "rising" was usually a hasty tumble out of bed, he got up softly, stirred the dying embers of the camp fire into a glow, laid in some more wood, and put the can of milk to warm for Tommy's wakening.

"They ought to have got him out by this," thought Bunty anxiously, as the light of the new day brightened the shadows around the little sleeper. "If it took every blamed cent that there dad of his has got, he ought to have paid up for Tommy before this. And Nick ain't showing up neither, — Nick or nobody. Looks as if this here devilment of theirs . must be going wrong."

And so troubling was this conclusion that Bunty proceeded to investigate, with a due regard for the man and the shotgun that he believed were on guard and ready for action without. Very cautiously, he crept forward down the low, slanting passageway that formed the entrance to the cave, and, sheltered by one of the projecting rocks, peeped out. There was no one in sight. He waited a while and then ventured farther and farther, until at last he dared to step out boldly into the open and look around. All about him stretched a world strange, indeed, to a native of Duffys' Court,—a world of rock and wildwood, sweeping breeze and rushing stream; a world flooded with the glory of such a sunrise as had never before gladdened the city boy's eyes.

But though Bunty's keen gaze swept the dazzling horizon eagerly, anxiously, neither Big Dan nor any other living creature was in sight. For a moment he stood breathless with amazement, bewilderment, a wild mingling of joy and fear. They were free - free - free! He and Tommy were free, with no eyes to watch, no hands to hold them, no jailer to prison them in dark earthy depths. They were free, but — but where, how? In this wild, strange, pathless world, without guide or friend or food, what did freedom mean to Tommy or to his sturdy-guardian now?

A low, tremulous cry from within roused Bunty from his troubled thoughts, and he hurried back to find Tommy wide awake, and a little frightened at his absence.

"I knew you wouldn't leave me if you could help it, but I thought maybe Nick had come and taken you away."

"You needn't scare about that, Tommy. I wouldn't go," answered Bunty. "I was just looking out of them rocks to see where we are. My, it's a fine place," he continued, trying to put a cheering light on the matter, — "about the finest place for a picnic I ever saw! You could turn almost a thousand Sunday-schools loose in these here hills and there wouldn't be any need for a fight."

"Oh, but surely Sunday-schools don't fight!" said Tommy, laughing.

"Yes, they do," replied Bunty, "when you 'scrooge' them up too close in a park, and the teachers ain't looking. Jakey had his eye blacked once, I know, pushing for the ice-cream. If you 'scrooge' boys anywhere there's going to be a fight sure. You have to give them plenty of elbow-room." "Oh, I suppose you do!" said Tommy, who was busy now with the warm milk and crackers that Bunty had made ready for him as they talked. "There ought not to be any 'scrooge' in a big, wide world like this. If I am ever a rich man like dad, I'll buy hills and mountains and woods enough to give everybody around me elbow-room," continued Tommy, cheerily. "And there'll be no 'scrooging' or fighting about me."

Bunty did not answer. The mention of dad recalled all the doubts and fears that Tommy must not guess. On the pretext of getting more firewood, he made another exploration to the cavern's entrance, and gazed out again cautiously. The golden glory of the full-risen sun illumined height and depth, rock and chasm; but there was no sight or sound of life. The truth was forcing itself upon Bunty that he and Tommy held this vast pienic ground for their own. Dan had cut loose from them; and Nick-Nick? Ah, Bunty had learned there was no trusting cowardly, erafty Nick, either in word or deed! If Nick had cut loose, too-"skeered off," as Bunty knew he might well be, from his desperate game,-why, then Tommy and he were left to themselves in this wild, strange world, where even he, the young tough of the city streets, would be helpless. And Tommy-frail, crippled Tommy, who must not feel jolt or jar, who must have food and warmth and shelter, and who was lost beyond dad's reach or pay,-what would happen to Tommy? Bunty dared not think; and, dazed with the perplexities pressing upon him, he was turning back to his charge when there came a sudden whirring rush through the open roof of the cavern, and Tommy started up on his pillow with a cry of terror as a huge grey-winged bird fell fluttering at his feet.

"Golly!" cried Bunty in alarm, as he sprang forward to Tommy's side. But with a last wild beat the great wings grew still. "Don't be frightened, Tommy! He can't hurt you. He's—gone." "Dead?" asked Tommy, tremulously.

"Dead, yes," said Bunty cautiously, touching the bird with his foot. "My, but it looks big and fierce! It's the same thing I scared from its nest when I climbed up there yesterday. And" (Bunty bent down more boldly now) "jing! if here isn't an arrow sticking it through and through! I wonder who—"

"Bunty!" gasped Tommy. "Looklook up there!"

And, lifting his eyes from the dead bird, Bunty saw another figure darkening the open space above them, — a lithe young figure clearly outlined against the morning sky. It was a boy a little older than Bunty himself, scantily clad in a deerskin shirt, and leggings that left most of his dark wiry limbs bare,—a boy who, swinging out on one arm over the cavern, was peering curiously into the depths below him.

Tommy only stared in spellbound silence; but Bunty, with the fear of loss and loneliness still heavy upon him, hailed the sight of any human being in these pathless wilds with a glad relief.

"Hi-yi!" he shouted, as, noting the bow strung across the young hunter's shoulders, he caught up the dead bird and held it in full view of the intruder. "It's down here,—down here!"

"Hi!" came the answer from above in a well-pleased tone, and immediately the bare-limbed young stranger began a quick and practised descent, taking the last ten feet in a leap that landed him at Tommy's side, waving his hands in friendly gesture, while he burst into eager speech that neither of his new companions could understand. But the yielding of the bird to him without hesitation had evidently gained the young hunter's good will, and he was striving to express it as best he could. A few words of broken English mixing now and then with his native speech, "Mucha glad, - mucha thanks," and then a long rhapsody about the "aguila" which he had shot, and as he feared lost forever. In his delight at its

recovery, Diaz, for so he called himself, could think of nothing else, and seemed to regard the strange appearance of two young Americans in these wild depths as of only secondary interest. It was Tommy, who in his very early childhood at Capulco, had had a Mission Indian nurse, managed at last to recall some half forgotten words and establish fragmentary communication with their visitor. Diaz, he gleaned, lived beyond these mountains in a valley. It was not often he came so far, but—but—here explanation became unintelligible again.

"Ask him if we are very far from the railroad," suggested Bunty, eagerly.

"I don't know how," replied Tommy, whose stock of Spanish Indian had given out.

"Railroad!" shouted Bunty, hoping that his louder voice would overcome the difficulties of language. "Cars, train, engine—engine!"

"En-g-i-ne! Si, si, si!" repeated Diaz, showing a set of shiny white teeth in a friendly smile. "Indian, — all righter Diaz,—Indian!"

"Oh, but you're a dumbhead!" said Bunty. "I don't mean you: I mean a train engine,—an engine that goes puff, whizz, whoop!" And the speaker made a fair attempt at the whistle and shriek of a coming train.

"No, no, no!" cried Diaz, hastily. "No whoop, no, no! Diaz bueno, Diaz amigo."

"Jing! he thinks you mean a war whoop!" said Tommy, with a laugh that dispelled all doubts. "I don't suppose he knows what a railroad is. Let me try him on something else."

And Tommy began again in his seant Spanish vocabulary; Bunty breaking in with suggestions that fell uncomprehended on this young Indian's ear, but which urged Tommy into new efforts to establish friendly relations with their visitor.

"Ask him if there are any houses or people anywhere around? Tell him we want to get out of this blamed hole; for the big chap that was watching is gone, Tommy, and it's our chance to skip off. Show him that money you've got in your pocket, and let him know you can pay him to help us out. Gosh! I never heard such monkey jabber!" declared Bunty, in deep disgust. "He can't talk any sence at all."

"Yes, yes, he can," said Tommy, excitedly,—"at least I think he can, Bunty. I told him I couldn't walk, and he is sorry for me, as you see." For Diaz had dropped down on his knees beside Tommy and was rubbing and smoothing the puny arms and legs, while he jabbered indeed, but with kindling eyes and in friendly tones. "He thinks," continued Tommy, "that I have come out here to get well. He says I'm in the wrong place."

"He struck it there, sure!" answered Bunty, grimly.

"And, O Bunty, Bunty," said Tommy (his eyes were shining now, and his voice trembling with eager excitement), "he says, as well as I can understand, that he will take me to another place where the water will cure me, make my legs strong and well so that I can run, jump, climb, hunt as he does."

"I don't believe him," muttered Bunty, his distrust of the "monkey jabber" still unchanged.

"He says," continued Tommy, "that the people come from far away, even from the shore of the sunset, to Los Banos. He says a lot of things I can not understand about the waters that make them well and strong. Oh, it is some sort of springs or water cure, Bunt. Dad took me to a water cure when I was a very little boy, and there were hotels and gardens and music and everything fine. If we can get out of here to a water cure I'll be all right."

"How far is it!" asked Bunty, roused into keen interest, but still regarding the bare-legged Diaz dubiously.

"How far?" This seemed too much for Diaz's vocabulary, which did not reach to numbers or distance; but, after a great deal of gesturing and head-shaking, he held up five fingers outspread.

"Five miles," said Tommy, interpreting with a returning wave of his own small hand. "He says it's five miles, Bunty. Oh, do you think you and Diaz could take me five miles? If we can get to that water cure, we'll be all right."

"Sure of that?" asked Bunty, who knew nothing of the fashionable "cures" that the rich and great patronize.

"Oh, yes!" said Tommy, confidently. "There are doctors and nurses to take care of the sick people, and great porches where they can sit in the sun, and gardens to push out rolling chairs, and everything fine, almost as good as Saint Gabriel's."

"Jing!" exclaimed Bunty, heartily. "Then we'll get there, you bet! Hustle, Spider Legs! We're off to that water cure right away. Hustle all you can."

(To be continued.)

#### Crowned with Honor.

In a village in the fair country of France there once lived a young girl named Joan. She spent her days in sewing, spinning, and minding her father's sheep. At that time there was a sad war in France, and the English had won many battles. Joan was grieved to hear of the distress of her country. She thought of it constantly, and one night an angel appeared to her, and told her to go and help the French prince.

When Joan told her friends of this strange event, they laughed at her. "How can a poor girl like you help the prince?" asked they.

"I do not know," replied Joan; "but I must go, for I am certain the good God has sent me."

So she went to the prince, and said:

"Sir, my name is Joan. God has sent me to help you to win the crown of France."

They gave Joan a suit of white armor, and a white horse, and set her at the head of the army. She led the soldiers to fight, and the rough men thought she was an angel, and fought so bravely that they won many battles. Finally the prince was crowned King of France. When this was done, Joan felt that her work for her beloved country was over.

"I would that I might go and keep sheep once more with my sisters and my brothers; they would be so glad to see me," she pleaded.

But the King would not consent to let her go. So Joan stayed; but her time of earthly triumph was past. Soon she was taken prisoner, and cruelly burned to death. She died as bravely as she had lived. She is called Blessed Joan of Arc, and her name is honored throughout the whole world, and she is crowned with glory in heaven.

## A Horse's Gratitude.

On the plain between Montrouge and Vaugirard, not far from Paris, stand at intervals a few farm-houses; and one of these belonged a few years ago to a famous horse-breeder, who had a colt only three years old, that was very strong, and unmanageable, too, except by the owner's little son, five years of age, who petted it, and shared any cakes or sugar-plums that he had with the animal. A servant was left alone in the house with the little boy one day, and was busy with household work while the child played in the courtyard. In one corner of this court a tank was sunk in the ground, and served to hold the rain-water. All at once a cry was heard. The servant ran to the window, and saw the child struggling in the tank. She hurried down, calling for help; but when she reached the courtyard she found him held by his clothes in the colt's mouth. Hearing his little master's cries, and understanding the danger, the grateful animal seized him by his frock and took him out of the tank. The boy's father declared he would never part with that colt for any amount of money.

# THE AVE MARIA

# WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

---"The Irish Abroad," by Elliot O'Donnell (Pitman's Sons), is an account of the achievements of notable Irishmen outside their own country.

----"Great Men and How they are Produced," a pamphlet by Casper I. Redfield, is an addition to the literature of that subject which, as Mr. Chesterton aptly says, is not a science but a stench—namely, eugenics.

—A copy of a rare edition of the Book of Common Prayer, published by W. Pickering in 1852, and afterward withdrawn from sale, is offered by Messrs. William George's Sons, London. This edition was "for General Use in Other Protestant Countries."

—"The Church and Anti-Clericalism," by the Rev. Peter Finlay, S. J., is No. 16 of the *Irish Messenger's* Social Action penny pamphlets. The prestige attaching to the name of the author prepares one for a thorough, if brief, discussion of an especially timely topic; and the perusal of the pamphlet fully realizes one's expectations.

—"Fits and Starts," by the Rev. T. A. Fitzgerald (B. Herder), is a varied collection of eighteen short stories and two poems, the latter forming a rather supererogatory portion of the table of contents. The stories are racy of the soil—Australia and Ireland, and abound with appropriate local color. There is much of interest and humor in the book, which is likely to appeal to a large circle of readers.

--A helpful "literary note" accompanies "K'Ung Fu Tze," a dramatic poem by Paul Carus. (The Open Court Publishing Co.) We find in this prepared statement of the play's import the information that the drama shows how the love and faith of the disciples of Confucius "elevated their master to the high plane of a divine prophet and to the rank of such men as Zarathustra, Buddha, Christ, - and Mohammed." We call this note "helpful": it spared us examination of the text..

-Seldom perhaps in the history of literature has the whirligig of time brought in its revenges so promptly as in the case of a book first published in 1912,—"The Anglo-German Problem," by Charles Sarolea, D. Litt., an American edition of which is now brought out by the Putnams. Denounced on its first appearance as militarist, mischievous, sensational, etc., it is now recognized as both moderate and fair, while the events of the past nine or ten months emphasize the political insight of the author and the quasi-prophetic character of his work. A book to be read by serious students of the Great War, no matter whether they be partisans or neutrals.

-Messrs. Smith & Elder will soon publish "The Irish Nuns of Ypres," in which the story of the Benedictine convent, founded by James II. two centuries ago, and shelled by the Germans, is told by one of the inmates. The story has been edited by Mr. Barry O'Brien, and will appear with an Introduction by Mr. John Redmond.

—"Indian Legends," by Marion Foster Washburne, is another of the Rand, McNally & Co.'s supplementary reading-books for boys and girls of the sixth and seventh grades. The volume's 144 pages contain seven different legends, with illustrations (eight of them color plates); by Frederick Harrison. The stories are drawn from different tribes, and will probably be found intensely interesting by the normal young American.

-"New Medieval and Modern History," by Samuel Bannister Harding, Ph. D., is an octavo of 800 pages, with sixty maps and about two hundred illustrations. Although based on the author's previous work, "Essentials in Medieval and Modern History," the present volume is practically a new book. While it is, of course, useless to expect from a non-Catholic author such a treatment of Medieval matters in Church and State as will thoroughly satisfy the Catholic reader, it must be said for Mr. Harding that he seems to have aimed at being impartial, and that in many respects his work is less objectionable than are a good many of its competitors in the same field. It is published by the American Book Co.

—The Rev. Basil William Maturin, who perished in the *Lusitania* catastrophe, was almost as well known in this country as in England, having been in charge for some years of an Episcopalian parish in Philadelphia. At that time he was a member of the Cowley Fathers, a number of whom have become converts to the Church. His own submission was made in 1897. Besides being a popular and forceful preacher, Father Maturin was the author of several excellent and widely-read books, the most important of which, perhaps, are "Laws of the Spiritual Life" and "The Price of Unity." Those especially who have been benefited by his sermons and writings and encouraged by his example will not fail to pray for the repose of his soul.

-The author of "The God of Battles and Other Verses," Mr. Ambrose Leo McGreevy, alludes, over-modestly, to himself in one of his lyries as "a quivering chunk of human flesh endowed with soul immortal." Other biographical data are scant, though it would seem the poet hails from Iowa or Minnesota. He is not an ancient bard, we judge. The four lines following will afford an index of his quality; they are from a poem called "The Sequence." "He" has spoken, asking a rhyme for hope; "she," instead of suggesting some word like "rope," rejoins thus:

> Give me a word to rhyme with "faith," And of myself I'll make A temple firm, with love's bright wreath Entwined thereon for thine own sake.

The mechanical work of this dainty volume was done by Sherman, French & Co. of Boston, Mass.,—a city famed for excellence in bookmaking.

# The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

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

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

"Fits and Starts." Rev. T. A. Fitzgerald. \$1.

- "The Anglo-German Problem." Charles Sarclea. D. Litt. \$1.
- "Indian Legends." Marion Foster Washburne. 45 cts.
- "The Parables of the Gospel." Leopold Fonck, S. J. Translated by E. Leahy. Edited by George O'Neill, S. J., M. A. \$3.50.
- "Archbishop Smith and the Mosaic Authorship of the Pentateuch." Compiled by S. T. B. With a Memoir of the Archbishop. \$2.25.
- "The Summa Theologica of St. Thomas Aquinas." Literally Translated by Fathers of the English Dominican Province. Part II. (First Part.) First Number. Part III. Third Number. \$2 per vol.

- "Memoirs of Father Gallwey, S. J." Father M. Gavin, of the same Order. \$1.25.
- "The Interior Life, Simplified and Reduced to Its Fundamental Principle." Edited by the Very Rev. Father Joseph Tissot, of the
  - Missionaries of St. Francis de Sales. \$1.75.
- "The Flower of the Field." A Benedictine of Princethorpe Priory. 60 cts.

"The Jester." Leslie Moore. \$1.35.

- "Hugh: Memoirs of a Brother." A. C. Benson. \$1.75.
- "Men, not Angels." Katharine Tynan. \$1.10.
- "Her Heart's Desire." Henriette Eugenie Delamare. 75 cts.

"A Pamphlet and What Came of It." 25 cts. "Oremus." \$1.50.

#### Obituary.

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

Rt. Rev. Bishop Maes, of the diocese of Covington; Rt. Rev. Bishop Scanlan, Salt Lake; Rt. Rev. Bishop Colton, Buffalo; and the Rev. Basil Maturin.

Sisters M. Gudula and M. Denyse, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross; and Sister Hortulana, Sisters of the Poor of St. Francis.

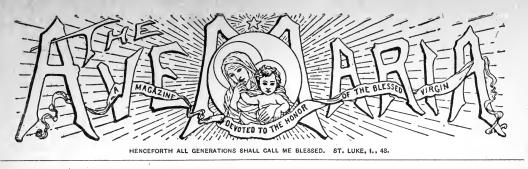
Mr. James Gordau, Mr. John Boland, Miss Helen Joyce, Mr. Anthony Mohr, Mr. John Collins, Mr. J. E. Butler, Mrs. Margaret Mc-Cann, Mrs. M. M. Hayden, Mr. John Koch, Mr. Michael Casey, Mr. William Dwyer, Mr. John Roth, Sr., Mrs. Mary Cunningham, Mrs. Daniel McDonald, Mr. Richard Ryan, Mrs. Julia Mitten, Miss Margaret Welch, Mr. Harry Haydel, Miss Josie Purcell, Dr. W. L. Mc-Candlass, Miss Jane Faucett, Mr. Joseph Dailey, Mr. J. Owens, Lieut. Wilfrid Davis, Mr. Edward Cooper, Mr. John Fitzgerald, Mrs. M. McGarry, Mr. Francis Nardi, Mr. Thomas Dinham, Mr. James O'Neill, Miss Mary McMahon, Mr. Theodore Fehlig, Mr. F. S. Laird, Mr. Frederick Merz, Mr. Michael Maloney, Mrs. John Toole, Mr. John Muenz, Mrs. Catherine McCarthy, Dr. James Garvey, Mrs. Hannah Callahan, Mr. John L. Mahoney, and Miss Alice Ruhl.

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

#### Our Contribution Box.

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

For needy foreign missions: Thomas Moore, \$5; Rev. E. L., \$2; B. J. M., \$7. For Bishop Charlebois, \$3.



VOL. I. (New Series.)

#### NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MAY 29, 1915.

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# Comforts.

#### BY L. E. TANNER.

"According to the multitude of my sorrows in my heart, Thy comforts have given joy to my soul."

ESU! Thou hast a little cage-We call it Poverty,-

And there the happy birds are caught Who else might losers be;

For there Thou holdest beating wings, Lest they should fly from Thee.

Jesu! we shun Thy testing fires, Sorrow and agony;

Yet therein finest gold is wrought, No lesser use to be

Than to shine ever in Thy crown, Most glorious to see.

Jesu! Thy flood hath open gates: Lord, of Thy sweet mercy

May we be drawn those waves to seek, Since for this end are we!

O world, well lost, if so we come, Dear Christ, at last to Thee!

# Jacopone da Todi.

BY FATHER CUTHBERT, O. S. F. C.



O more pathetic figure graces the annals of the Middle Ages than that of the Umbrian poet who sang of the sorrows of the

Blessed Virgin in the well-known hymn Stabat Mater Dolorosa. No one who had not drunk of the sorrow of life could have entered into Our Lady's sorrow with such exquisite feeling as ring's through every stanza of that hymn. No one who had not felt the agony of love in the presence of the suffering beloved could have understood so truly the agony of Mary as she stood by the Cross of her Divine Son.

The tragedy of Jacopone's life was that nature had made him for passionate joy and love and delight; yet were the things his heart clung to taken from him, and the world he delighted in was turned to sorrow. At first it was the happiness of earth. To few men has the world held out its joy with greater promise of fulfilment than it did to the young lawyer of Todi. A successful career was before him, assured by his own natural talent and a genial disposition which won him the applause of his fellowmen. He had won a bride whose beauty and wit and goodness were the joy of his soul. All was sunshine in the heart of Jacopo da Benedetti on the morning of that fatal day when the citizens of Todi were gathered together to witness the public games, and his bride was crushed to death in the collapse of the gay stand where she had taken her place amongst the foremost ladies of the city.

As a man demented, Jacopo buried his bride, and with her all his worldly ambition. For a time his very soul was numbed. When he again could think and feel, the world seemed a hollow mockery. One thing only remained to him of joy the memory of his wife's piety; and that turned his thoughts toward religion. Mortal life was false, but the eternal life was true; and in the same passionate way that he had courted the joy of the earth

he now sought to realize in himself the Cross of Christ by which he hoped to attain to eternal joy. The gay citizen now became a wandering beggar. He had straightway given his property to the poor and taken to himself the beggar's rags. No wonder the townsfolk thought him mad and spoke of him, half in pity, half in contempt, as Jacopone-"the poor, mad Jacopo"! But, in his strange way, Jacopo was learning a new wisdom of life. Gradually out of his bitterness there came to him the new joy he was seeking. His heart again opened to love and delight, but in a new world lit with 'the light of heaven and with the love of God for the creatures of His hand.

It was then when he had passed through the night of his soul's trial that Jacopone burst into song, and he became the passionate, popular singer, whose songs roused the people of Umbria to penitence for sin and the love of Christ the Crucified. It is said that when he sought to become a Friar Minor, he was at first refused because of the reputation for madness he had acquired; but he was at length admitted into the Order on account of a song he composed, in which he uttered his desire to set at nought the wisdom of the world and to follow Christ in "the folly of the Cross." The friars, listening to his song, recognized a spirit akin to that of St. Francis himself, and no longer hesitated to give him the holy habit.

Yet within a few years the good friars—at least many of them—wished that they had not listened to that song; and Jacopone himself was to drink again of bitterness and sorrow. What his young bride had been to him in his early manhood, such now was that "folly of the Cross" which St. Francis had translated into a life of poverty and simplicity, the object of Jacopone's most passionate attachment. In his 'mbounded enthusiasm, the singer would tolerate no compromise with the world's wisdom which to him was a betrayal of the ideal life he desired. He attached himself to that party in the Order which clung to the primitive observance against those who favored modifications of the rule; he soon found himself in opposition not only to the more influential of his own brethren, but to Pope Boniface VIII. himself. For a period he was imprisoned as a dangerous agitator.

To Jacopone, neither hardship nor imprisonment mattered much: his soul had risen above such things, and lived freely in its own world of high enthusiasms. But what did give him acute pain was the betrayal (as it seemed to him) of that which he held most dear. For that he suffered and sorrowed through long years, until death released him from his pain. And at the moment of his release, the shadows seem to have passed from his soul and only the joy remained.

He died on a Christmas night as the Gloria in Excelsis was being sung at the Midnight Mass. It was a fitting end for one whose life had been a passionate quest for joy and peace, yet to whom the world had given more than the ordinary meed of sorrow. After his death men forgave him his turbulent inroad into ecclesiastical politics, and the brethren of his Order forgot the biting satire with which at times he upbraided their less than heroic adherence to the primitive ways of their founder. Jacopone's memory was cherished for the songs he sang of the love of God and of "the folly of the Cross"; of the joy which comes to the penitent soul, and of the glory of the saints. The themes which the preaching friars preached, this friar-singer sang; and his songs reached the heart of the people, and were caught up and re-sung until all Umbria echoed with the singing.

One asks: "What was the secret of Jacopone's popularity?" It lay at once in the deep sincerity of his piety and in the true human note which rings through all his songs. He sang as he felt,—passion-

ately, yet never with a mawkish sentimentality. His most impassioned utterance was held fast to the realities of the Faith, and to the heart's experience of joy and sorrow as he himself had probed it. The remarkable' thing about this popular singer was that his songs embodied the deepest theology of the mystics and the keenest analysis of the human soul. His poetic imagery and emotion clothed the deepest theological thought; as, for instance, in his dramatic poem on the Redemption, where the poet represents the Virtues appealing to the Heavenly Father to take away the shame of their widowhood into which they have been cast by the fall of man. "Espouse us, Lord," they cry, "to one who will look upon us lovingly and take away our shame and restore us to respect and honor." The Heavenly Father replies: "My daughters, seek out my Beloved Son; for to Him will I espouse you; in His hands I place you; with Him you may find rest; and all peoples shall be admire vour compelled to peerless worth and honor."

It was thus poetically that the poet expresses the theological truth that the moral purpose of the world called for the Incarnation to restore God's design in creating man. Or, again, take his songs in which he set forth the Gospel story. They are masterpieces of psychological insight uttered in the accents of the truest emotion. Was ever human sorrow more exquisitely depicted than in the Stabat' Mater Dolorosa, the hymn of the Virgin-Mother's sorrow as she stood by the Cross of her Divine Son? The same insight and true emotion are found in his songs of the Nativity, when he sings of Our Lady's joy as she watches over her Babe, and of the simple worship of the Shepherds.

Yet weighted as his songs were with the subtlest and deepest thought, they reached the heart of the people and stirred their inmost soul, because of the simple directness and passionate emotion with which he expounded his themes. But the secret of Jacopone's influence and popularity lay not merely in his poetic fervor and deep sincerity. He knew the heart of that Umbrian people of whom he was born: with a sure touch he struck the chords to which their latent spiritual yearnings would respond. He was one of themselves, only gifted with a deeper insight and a rarer power of utterance; and he had passed through that purgatory of pain in which the heart is revealed to itself, in its weakness and strength, in its delusions and assured hope. Out of his own ordeal of suffering he had come forth the interpreter of the soul of his people. And so as they listened to his verses and sang his songs, their souls awoke as at the call of a voice they knew.

The heart of Jacopone was, indeed, the heart of the Umbrian folk, with its yearning for joy and its limitless capacity for suffering; and he himself had drunk deeply both of joy and sorrow, and out of his experience sang the wisdom of life he set before them. One need not pity Jacopone overmuch because of the pain that fell to his lot: he had his compensation in the ultimate joy that was, his abundantly even amidst the troubles of his later years.

THERE are three modes of bearing the ills of life: by indifference, which is the most common; by philosophy, which is the most ostentations; and by religion, which is the most effectual. It has been acutely said that "philosophy readily triumphs over past and future evils, but that present evils triumph over philosophy." Philosophy is a goddess whose head indeed is in heaven, but whose feet are upon earth. She attempts more than she accomplishes, and promises more than she performs. She can teach us to hear, of the calamities of others with magnanimity, but it is religion alone that can teach us to bear our own with resignation.-Colton.

## The Secret Bequest.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

#### XXII.



THINK," said Cecily, calmly, "that men are the most unreasonable creatures on earth."

Julian Page frowned slightly, dashed a little color on his impressionistic sketch of Lake Toxaway, which lay in smiling beauty before him, and remarked a trifle bitterly that lack of reason was on the whole preferable to lack of heart.

"I don't agree with you," Cecily replied as calmly as before. "I should much prefer to be lacking in heart than in reason."

"Then you ought to be satisfied," Mr. Page observed; "for there's not the least room to doubt that you have much more reason than heart."

"I should be very sorry if I didn't have," Cecily returned. "You don't mean to be flattering, but you really are. I've never had the faintest intention of allowing any sentimental impulses to rule my life; and I've told you so from our first acquaintance."

"Oh, you have been thoroughly explicit!" he admitted. "It isn't your fault that I have yielded to my 'sentimental impulses,' and thereby incurred your scorn."

"Not my scorn," she assured him: "only my surprise."

"Why surprise? You must be accustomed to men's losing their heads about 'you."

"Not at all," she answered coolly. "The men I have known up to this time didn't lose their heads in the smallest degree. Very far from it. Indeed, it was seeing how admirably they kept their heads, in the days when I was a penniless girl, however attractive and clever, which first showed me how necessary it was to keep my own. I might very easily have allowed it to be turned. I might have taken the admiration and compliments offered me at a value which wasn't real, if I had been as foolish as some girls are. I've seen several very pitiful tragedies from such mistakes, and they taught me a great deal. I resolved that I would be as self-contained and wholly self-interested as men are, and that I would not allow my heart to have any control of my life. It's a resolution I have never been tempted to break."

She looked at him with brilliant eyes, in which there was a shade of defiance; and as Julian gazed at her he was conscious of receiving a sudden vivid light upon her attitude toward life, which he had lacked before. Why had he not divined the true meaning of this attitude earlier? Why had not his own knowledge of the world told him that she had probably had some experiences during her impressionable youth which had bitten deep? He saw it clearly enough now. What she had then learned of men had left her with a lasting distrust of their disinterestedness, had strengthened her own natural impulse toward selfishness, and had made her, as she declared, resolve that not love but enlightened self-interest should be the dominating impulse of her life. And it was not strange that the coming of the fortune which had made such a change in her prospects, which opened to her doors that had appeared hopelessly closed, should not have altered in the least this controlling determination and belief. In the days of her poverty and obscurity, she had seen men thoroughly tested in their attitude toward herself; and if that attitude was different now it could only be because the great factor of money had intervened. It was with a sense of positive shock that Julian realized this, and drew the inevitable conclusion that. he was judged with the rest.

"I suppose," he said at length, "that you make no exception in your opinion of the self-interestedness of men?"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Why should I?" she queried.

He felt the blood mount to his face, and was angry with himself for betraying how deeply he was hurt.

"There is of course no reason why

you should," he replied, "if you have no faith in the sincerity of any protestations made to you."

She met his eyes again for a moment before answering; and, as she gazed, something of the defiance melted out of her own eyes, and a rather new softness came into them.

"Why do you make me say rude and unpleasant things?" she asked. "It is a very poor return for your—er—kind sentiments toward me."

"Don't talk nonsense!" he said almost roughly. "You know perfectly well that there's no kindness in my sentiments toward you."

"Isn't there?" She laughed irresistibly. "Then there must be unkindness, and I can hardly believe that."

"How about your own unkindness?" he inquired. "I found no claim upon the fact that I have given you, from the hour of our first meeting, a devotion quite different from any I've ever given any other woman,—that I am passionately in love with you, and ready to offer you my whole life and all that I have. I found no claim, as I've said, upon these things; for you've made it quite clear always that you care nothing about them. But I have at least a right to demand that my sincerity shall be believed."

"Oh, dear!" Cecily sighed. "This conversation is becoming *very* disagreeable. If you don't mind, I should prefer to talk about something else."

"I mind very much," he replied decidedly. "I must refuse to talk about anything else until you have told me in serious earnest whether or not you put me in the same class with the men of whom you've been speaking, and consider that my devotion means no more than their admiration meant."

Again she looked at him and saw a man she had never seen before. His debonair *insouciance* of manner and expression was gone; and all that was deepest and strongest in his nature—all the passion which had been so lightly and so gaily cloaked—came to the surface, and transformed even the familiar face which now regarded her with an expression altogether unfamiliar.

"Julian," she said, "if you persist in bullying me in this manner, I'll go back to the Inn. I am not accustomed to being bullied, and I don't like it."

"You are not accustomed to anything but having your own way," he returned; "but you are not going to have it just now. You are going to answer my question; for I insist upon it, and you have no right to refuse. Do you believe in the sincerity of my love for you or do you not?"

Now, bullying is generally unwise, especially in the case of a high-spirited and spoiled woman, and no one was ordinarily better aware of this than Julian Page. But at the present moment he was extremely angry; and, being angry, he forgot the wisdom which his observation of life had taught him. The result was that Cecily also grew angry, which was an unusual phenomenon with her.

"I think you have lost your senses as well as your manners," she told him with crisp distinctness. "You haven't the faintest right to insist on my answering a question which I dislike to answer. For how can I possibly decide upon the sincerity of our love? No doubt it is sincere enough under existing circumstances; but whether it would have been under those other circumstances of which I've spoken—well, that neither you nor I can tell."

"I beg your pardon!" (Julian was growing still more angry.) "I can certainly tell; and I wish with all my heart that you were back in those other circumstances, so that I might convince you."

"You are very kind" (her voice had an edge of keenest mockery), "but I can't possibly wish myself back in very unpleasant circumstances in order that I might be convinced of something which really doesn't interest me in the least." Until the last words escaped her lips, she did not realize how cutting they were. But a glance at Julian's face told her. He grew very pale, gave her a look of almost incredulous reproach, and, saying stiffly, "In that case, I'm sorry for having forced the discussion of an uninteresting subject upon you," turned again to his painting. After that, silence fell like a wall between them.

It was an exquisite hour and scene; for the golden spell of late afternoon was upon all things, and the view spread before them had the dreamlike beauty which is the peculiar note of the Southern Appalachians. They were at the extreme end of the lake, which stretched away in mirror-like expanse, its crystal water reflecting the sapphire sky above and the wooded heights rising from its shores, richly green near by, and wearing in the distance ethereal robes of blue and purple softness. Julian had selected for his sketch the wildest and most remote spot on the lovely sheet of water, so that there was at present not a single object in sight to remind them that they were not alone in the world. Now, solitude à deux, as the French call it, is very charming as long as the two who share it are companioned by perfect sympathy; but when this has been broken-when anything so unfortunate as a decided rupture of sympathy has occurred - then the solitude à deux becomes far more oppressive than a solitude of one.

So Cecily speedily found it. There was nothing she so strenuously objected to as a disagreeable atmosphere. And it was very disagreeable to be reduced to silence, and to watching a scene with the details of which she felt herself more than sufficiently familiar, while Julian painted away as if possessed by a demon of energy, dashing color on his canvas in a manner which she felt sure he would later regret. She regarded him with exasperation for a time, and then suddenly burst into laughter.

"This," she announced, "is quite too

absurd,—that two such examples of modernity as you and I should be quarrelling like a pair of old-fashioned lovers!"

He turned toward her with a flash in his eves.

"O Cecily," he exclaimed, "don't you see what a confession there is in that? 'A pair of old-fashioned lovers'! What else are we,—for there is no new fashion in love? O my dear, if you would only believe it,—only be satisfied that love, eternally old and eternally new, is enough! And if, with love, you would have faith in me—"

"My dear boy," she interrupted not unkindly but also patronizingly, "I really have the utmost faith in you—in your disinterestedness and your capabilities of folly. For the world is right in regarding it as folly to hold money as unimportantly as we Southern people—I mean we of the old régime—are incurably inclined to do. I take back my nasty remarks of a minute ago. I haven't a doubt but that if you had met me before Mr. Chisholm made Honora rich, you would have been as ready to offer me all that you have as you are now—"

"You may indeed believe it!" he said in a tone of intense feeling.

"But I would have refused it as positively then as I do now," she assured him. "It would have been a pleasant balm to my wounded vanity, but I shouldn't have allowed you to ruin your life then; and now—"

"Yes, now?"

"Now the virus of worldliness has entered too deeply into me, and I could never be satisfied if I did not make an effort to grasp all that I have longed for, and promised myself that I would grasp if ever given a chance. Well, the chance has been given me; and I can't, Julian,— I can't turn away from it. It would be asking too much of me. 'All for love, and the world well lost,' could never commend itself to me,—never!"

He nodded assent gravely.

"I recognize that," he said.

"I've

recognized it all along. It would be asking too much of you, even if you were willing to grant it. You like me well enough; but you don't really love me, for the love which shrinks from sacrifice is no love at all. I'm a very worldly chap myself, but I realize that."

"I detest the very name of sacrifice," Cecily declared with biting inciseness. "And yet, Heaven knows, I oughtn't to do so, since all that I'm rejoicing in—my freedom and my possibilities—I owe to an absurd act of sacrifice."

"Putting gratitude aside, I don't think you should characterize Bernard's act in that manner," Julian remarked. "It's one of those things that give one—er rather a thrill, you know."

"Perhaps so. But, all the same, it was absurd."

He shook his head.

"Not from his point of view. You see, he realizes, so much more clearly than the rest of us, that things do not end here."

"But, even if they don't, how can it make so much difference what form of belief one professes?" She paused, and, taking up a stone, threw it, with unusual skill for a woman, out into the water. "I'll tell you something which I've hardly put into words, even to myself, before," she then said. "I am afraid about Honora."

He stared.

"Afraid in what way?" he asked.

"Afraid of a growing fascination which Bernard and Bernard's beliefs seem to be exercising over her," Cecily replied. "I don't mean that she is falling in love with him — though it's something like that, only on a higher plane, as it were, but that she is dangerously under his influence, and—and—well, there are queer possibilities in Honora. If it wasn't for me—I'm her balance wheel—I believe she would be capable of throwing up the Chisholm fortune herself, to enter the Catholic Church."

"Good Lord!" (Unnecessary to state that this ejaculation was not intended religiously on Mr. Page's part.) "I've. never dreamed of such a thing. And I'm sure Bernard hasn't either."

"I'm not so sure of that," Cecily said darkly. "Bernard is too reticent for my taste. And what else is he doing but drawing her toward the Catholic Church when he spends hours in that music-room of his—I mean hers—playing Masses for her?"

"My dear girl, that is only for the sake of the music. Bernard would never think of trying to proselytize Honora, especially since he knows all that is at stake for her."

Cecily threw another stone with great precision into the lake before she remarked, in the same cryptic manner as before:

"I'm not at all sure of *that*, either. But, however it may be, I'm glad we are going away soon; and it is one reason why I've been so insistent in urging our departure. I want to get her away from his influence, whether it is consciously or unconsciously exerted."

"I'm certain that you are mistaken," Julian asserted energetically. "I've known Bernard all my life, and he is the very soul of honor."

"But he wouldn't regard anything of this kind as dishonorable," Cecily said, with the extraordinary confidence in her ability to read the inner motives of Catholics which Protestants often exhibit. "They are all more or less jesuitical, you know."

"I really don't know; and I'm not certain that I even know what being 'jesuitical' means."

"It means suiting the ways to the end,—just what Bernard has been doing with the music."

"But why on earth should he want to turn Honora into a Catholic? It wouldn't do him any good for her to lose her fortune."

Again Cecily shrugged her shoulders.

"I can't tell how it would do him good," she answered. "But I have an instinct of danger in her association with him, and my instincts are never wrong. I've a remarkable faculty of being right."

Julian laughed, not altogether mirthfully.

"You've a remarkable belief in yourself," he observed. "I wish to Heaven you weren't quite so sure of your own wisdom in some ways."

"One can't accomplish things without believing in oneself," she told him serenely. "Now I mean to accomplish everything that I have planned."

"Hadn't you better touch wood,—or, following a classic example, throw one of your rings into the lake?"

She glanced at the sparkling jewels on her hands, and laughed quite mirthfully.

"Excuse me!" she said. "I haven't a grain of superstition about me, and I don't intend to sacrifice one of the rings which I've had so short a time, and which I like so much, to propitiate fate. It doesn't require any propitiation, I'm sure. Everything is going to be carried out exactly as I desire. Meanwhile" (she looked at her bracelet watch) "you must take me back to the Inn, if you please; for I have an engagement at six o'clock to go motoring with Mr. Dorrance. He wants to show me his new car, and incidentally some fine views also."

Julian frowned in evident disapproval, as he rose and began to unfasten the small boat waiting for them.

you weren't going " I wish with Dorrance," he said. "Oh, you needn't smile! It's not because I'm jealous of him, though he's so desperately in love with you; or because I envy him the money he doesn't know how to spend, or, the car he doesn't know how to drive. It's because I consider it dangerous for you to go out with him. He is absolutely reckless when he once gets into that car, and turns on speed. He has had several bad accidents in the low country, where roads are like boulevards compared with these here, and where there are no precipices to fall over. You shouldn't trust yourself with him. Ask Selwyn, and he'll tell you the same thing."

"Mr. Selwyn has already volunteered much the same advice," she acknowledged; "but I told him I really couldn't break my engagement with Mr. Dorrance on the ground that I'm afraid to go in his car, considering that I am not in the least afraid. I've never been afraid of anything in my life,—physically afraid, I mean."

"It's a pity to be endowed with so many virtues," Julian commented. "Perfect courage and perfect wisdom constitute really too much of an equipment for one individual."

"You are developing quite too much of a gift of sarcasm," Cecily returned. "I'll see that Mr. Dorrance doesn't exercise his speed mania to any dangerous degree; for I have no desire to be either killed or injured. He'll do what I tell him,—I can assure you of that."

"He's your abject slave at present," Julian admitted. "But the trouble is that you won't yourself recognize a dangerous degree of speed until it may be too late. I beg—I earnestly beg you not to go. Let us stay where we are. You can tell him later that you forgot the engagement."

"Truth does not appear to be one of your virtues."

"I'd cheerfully tell a dozen lies to keep you out of Jack Dorrance's car," he informed her. "It is not safe for you to go with him. You might believe Selwyn on that point, if you won't believe me; for Selwyn is inclined to reckless driving himself, and when he says that another man takes too many chances he knows what he is talking about."

"I think Mr. Selwyn was talking on your behalf," Cecily said, smilingly. "Oh, I wasn't deceived the least little bit! I knew you had asked him to warn me, and I'm sorry I can't heed the warning. But it would be quite too absurd to tell poor Mr. Dorrance that I'm afraid to go motoring with him, since I'm not afraid at all. So please get me back to the Inn as quickly as possible."

(To be continued )

# After Ten Years.

BY J. F. SCHOLFIELD.

V.-THE SACRED LITURGY.

AITH and worship are connected by the closest possible bond. According as a man, even in human affairs, believes with regard to another's dignity or office, or claim upon his love and esteem, so will he give corresponding worship (i. e., the honor that is due), unless he is a rogue or a hypocrite. And when we apply this to divine things, the connection is still more obviously close. If a man professes entire unbelief, he most certainly will not use any religious worship. If he professes a pagan or heretical cult, his worship will be a pagan or heretical one, quite apart from any question of his sincerity or inevitable ignorance. If he is a Catholic, and not untrue to the demands of his Creed, he will offer to God that supreme adoration, that latria, which is due to Him alone, and in the way that He has ordained.

All this is very commonplace. But I think it needs stating, from the point of view of these papers; because there is a prevailing idea outside the Church that, whatever differences there may be in faith, when there is question of worship, people of all beliefs (or unbeliefs) may suitably join in a common ceremony, and that, in some strange and obscure way, will be uniting in an action of an identical nature, interiorly as well as exteriorly. The daily press not long ago reported an extraordinary meeting for prayer in connection with the European war, which was held somewhere in India, a Presbyterian minister presiding over a company of (nominal) Christians, Mohametans, Jews, and pagans (Buddhists). It was stated that the clergyman offered prayer from which was carefully excluded all mention of our Divine Lord, and all that could offend the susceptibilities of the non-Christian members of the congregation.

What Cardinal Newman calls a "pattern

specimen of shallow philosophy" (putting this judgment into the mouth of a pious old-fashioned Anglican parson) exactly expresses the view just referred to:

Father of all, in every age, In every clime adored, By saint, by savage, and by sage,— Jehovah, Jove, or Lord.

Alexander Pope should have been ashamed to utter such pseudo-religious sentimentality, quite unworthy of a Catholic. But it undoubtedly represents the vague ideas, not only of the average eighteenth-century Englishman, but of innumerable minds in every part of the world to-day.

A convert has often to learn the very alphabet of divine worship. This is, happily, not so much (perhaps often not at all) the case with those who have come to the Church by the well-trodden path of advanced Anglicanism. I think it was during my university days that the truth dawned on me that the highest and most essential expression of worship was the offering of sacrifice. It was certainly then that I began to assist, apart from receiving Communion, at the Church of England Communion service. A number of my college friends spoke familiarly of "hearing Mass," and long before I was "ordained" I had made their phraseology my own. When I received what I believed was "the sacred Order of the priesthood," I did not doubt for a moment that this was bestowed on me for the express purpose of offering up Our Lord's Body and Blood under the appearances of bread and wine. My theology, of course, was very inchoate, and I should certainly, especially in my early years as a parson, have committed myself to some strange statements if I had been pressed for definitions. Still, the central truth of the Adorable Sacrifice was so plain to me that, if I had lost my belief in it, I am quite sure not a shred of Christian doctrine would have been left to me. I argued, if this were not the teaching of the Church of England, why was I expressly bidden to "receive the

Holy Ghost for the office and work of a priest in the Church of God," as the Anglican Ordinal expresses it? My ignorance failed to see that words, however orthodox in their sound, might, by reason of their context, history, and the living interpretation of them by the imposing authority, lose all their force and meaning.

Still, believing as I did, I naturally gave much thought to the rite by which my highest ministerial act was to be performed. And here I found myself "up against" a stone wall so compact and solid that nothing but a very marvel of special pleading, in which I think we were all adepts (and really honest adepts), could have ever surmounted. I went abroad somewhat frequently at this time, and thus gained practical familiarity with the Missal, which of course I had studied with some care, at least as to its history and principal contents, before my ordination. And the painful truth became only too evident, that the "Reformers" (so called) of the sixteenth century had not merely "Englished the Mass," with some liturgical variations of little moment. but that they had, in their unutterable arrogance, totally transformed the service of the altar. From a merely liturgical and historical standpoint, they had made a shapeless ruin of the most venerable and glorious rite by which our English forefathers had worshipped God for nearly a thousand years.

What were we to do to make the "reformed" service tolerable? Here and there the difficulty was boldly solved (I know of two instances for a fact) by simply discarding the Protestant rite and using the Roman Missal in its entirety. I could never (and for this I am devoutly thankful) reconcile my sense of loyalty to the obligations I had undertaken with this strange course. But, like a good many other parsons, I evolved the theory that so long as the Protestant prayers were said *clara voce*, I was at liberty to use any form I liked *secreto*. So — Catholics will, of course, smile and wonder, and

perhaps pity-I embedded the Anglican "Prayer of Consecration" in the Canon of the Mass, and for the rest of the service. observed as exactly as I knew how all the rubrics of the Missal. Such details as the Psalm and Confiteor at the foot of the altar, reciting or omitting the Gloria and Creed on the days appointed, the Offertory prayers, the genuflections whenever ordered in the Missal, the prayers before Communion, and the ablutions. and last Gospel, I followed as strictly as any Catholic priest. But through it all there was a terrible sense, not in the least of dishonesty, but of dissatisfaction. So far as I could, I acted as if the "Reformation" had never deprived us of our liturgical inheritance, and, alas! the fact stared me in the face that it had so deprived us, and that the great majority of my fellow-Anglicans not only acquiesced but gloried in the robbery.

As to the ceremonial used at the altar, it is notorious that, among Anglican clergymen, not only are there variations that range from a strict following, so far as is practicable, of the directions of the Catholic Church to the most dismal imitation,-again, so far 'as is practicable, of the Calvinistic or Presbyterian supper; but also that High Churchmen differ among themselves, and often as if it were a matter of life or death, as to details of practice. One would imagine that when there is general agreement as to the doctrine of the Blessed Sacrament (which they believe they possess), and as to such main points of ceremonial as the use of the Mass vestments, altar lights, wafer bread, and the elevation of the consecrated host, there would be no keen dispute as to other and lesser matters. Unhappily, the reverse is the case, at least in my experience.

One friend of mine, who was very cautiously accustoming his flock to unwonted ceremonies at the altar, and whose parish was quite peaceable under the innovations, "upset the whole apple cart" by suddenly, without a word of warning, clothing a troop of men and boys in surplices, and peremptorily abolishing the blameless choir of youths and maidens, whose costumes were certainly not ecclesiastical, but who were really doing good work. Another good man I knew was intensely keen on having "High Mass" as often as he could, with much incense and gorgeous vestments; but he made up his own ceremonial, and was quite hurt if any one ventured to suggest that a rehearsal would make the function run more smoothly. His school-children were provided with a "Children's Mass," at which excellent Catholic devotions were used—once a month.

I think I may honestly say that the men with whom I really sympathized, and with whom I was reckoned, set certain principles before themselves and tried, however illogically, to follow them out. We had no interest in ceremonial for its own sake, because it was pretty or attractive. We hated fads, and wanted authority for what we did. Ceremonial was precious only as the expression of belief, and as part of our obedience to what we fondly called "the whole Church." In practice, our authority was the ordinary use of Rome; and yet, with what now seems incredible blindness, we failed to see that the claim of the Apostolic See does not stop short at the manner of conducting divine worship.

At the best, the result was an appalling patchwork. If you want to remain even tolerably satisfied with the use of Messrs.. Cranmer and Company, you must be careful not to study the liturgical history of Christian worship. If you do, you will find yourself face to face with a phenomenal sham. The "Reformers" in England pretended to have gone back to primitive models, and only to have purged the worship of the Church from late accretions. Never was a lie more profound, or more boldly uttered. When a student reads the great Liturgies of the East and West, he certainly finds plenty of unimportant variations in the wording and

the order of the sacrificial prayers. The East is more exuberant, the West more concise. But he finds, too, that there is absolute unity in the intention of the rite.

The "Liturgy of our Father among the Saints, John Chrysostom," is the same in sublime and tremendous purpose as the Liturgy of Rome. Not a single form of offering the supreme Christian worship fails to find in the Sacrifice and Communion of the true Body and Blood of Our Lord under the sacramental forms its whole meaning. Then the student turns to the Book of Common Prayer in its various editions; and he finds that in 1549 a form of Communion service, with the sub-title "commonly called the Mass," was put forth, and ordered to be used on and after the following Whit-Sunday, throughout England, - a form which is distinguished from the Missal by the careful abolition of every unqualified mention of the Divine Sacrifice. There is certainly some preservation of the mere framework of the Catholic service, but the informing spirit is gone, and gone most utterly.

In three years, however, the Act of Uniformity of 1549 was displaced by another, imposing yet a fresh form of service. If the Communion service of the earlier year is a deplorable, if somewhat ingenious, imitation of the Catholic rite, that of 1552 is, from the point of view of liturgical scholarship, an absurd travesty. Its one merit, in some Anglicans' eyes, is that you can interpolate the prayers of the Missal into its use, which can not be done with the earlier "reformed" service; also that the elevation of the host and chalice, which was expressly forbidden in 1549, is, by some, freak of chance (or as a sop to the "men of the old learning"?), not prohibited by the later form. But, though learned men have written many books in its defence, and commentaries on its text, the fact. remains that the Communion service of what is called the "Second Prayer Book of Edward VI." is a liturgical monstrosity.

And yet, with a few comparatively trifling changes, it remains the rite followed by the Church of England, at home, and in the British colonies, to this day.

The Protestant Episcopal Church in America, and in a partial degree the Episcopal Church of Scotland, by their efforts to make some improvements (not with much liturgical success) have borne witness to the dissatisfaction with which even Protestants who have any knowledge of the subject regard this extraordinary form of worship — if worship it can be called. Many of the changes for the worse, as compared with the form of 1549, can not even be explained, unless on the supposition that the framers set themselves, without rhyme or reason, to produce a service as unlike as possible to anything that had ever been known in Christendom. The real rejection of the Mass was involved in the first "reformed" rite; the second seems to be the crazy production of men whose hatred of the Eucharistic mystery had grown so deep that they struck wildly at the bare skeleton of what was once a living reality, instinct with the fulness of divine life, and reduced it to a shapeless heap of bones.

These may seem strong words. I do not think they are over-strong, in the light of Christian faith, of liturgical science, and of historical truth. I know that when I came to the Church, one of the joys of the home-coming (no doubt a subordinate one) was the sense that I was free forever from a rite that was so glaring in its unreality that scarcely a clergyman who believed, even mistily, in the Real Presence and the Sacrifice could ever reconcile it with his conscience to use it exactly as it stood, without serious interpolation that, in fact. changed its whole character. I think if "advanced" parsons would really thrash this question out, many would see how appalling is the "line of cleavage" between the Missal of the true Ecclesia Anglicana and the Protestant wreckage of the Edwardine and Elizabethan establishment; and then would be led to ask, "And on which side of that line do I stand?"

A high cathedral dignitary in the Province of Canterbury was once asked by a friend of my own why he thought such frantic havoc was wrought by the compilers of the Second Prayer Book. "I am afraid to think," was the Dean's As examples of the liturgical · reply. recklessness of this "reform" we may refer to the following: (1) abolition of the Introit, and the absurdly bald beginning of the service with the Pater Noster; (2) the recitation, daily in theory, of the Decalogue, and discarding of the ancient Kyries; (3) the senseless removal of the Gloria from its right place to the end of the service; (4) the hopelessly absurd position of the "confession" and "absolution," which no longer appear as the immediate preparation for Communion; (5) the complete dislocation of the fragments of the Canon still more or less preserved; (6) the unmeaning change of the Pater Noster from before to after Communion. I do not make any reference to doctrinal changes. A sense of literary decency might have preserved even the compilers of a heretical rite from such sottises as these.

From all this miserable distortion and denial-from the poor, torn fragments of the old Eucharistic Liturgy still lying, almost haphazard, in the Anglican Communion service-from the hatred and the blasphemy of the Great Apostasy-the convert, who has learned to love every word of the Ordinary and the Canon of the Mass even before they were his own by right of incorporation into the City of God, turns with a sense of untold thankfulness and relief. For him there is no more a hopeless effort to make the Faith of Christ square with the heresies of Cranmer. The divine miracle of the ever-renewed drama of the sacred Passion, presented not merely in ceremony but perpetuated in very truth, belongs to

him as it belonged to his Catholic forefathers. It was for this—not only, but chiefly—that they suffered and died.

For long generations, it was death to say Mass in England, it was fine and imprisonment to hear Mass. And an English convert enters peacefully, through the heroism of those bygone times, into the inheritance kept secure for him by the English martyrs. Every detail of the Eucharistic rite is always unfolding new glories. Introit and Gradual, Offertory and Communion, the changing prayers and Scriptures, the glory of the Prefaces, combine to form, with a magnificence beyond words, a setting for the almost unchanging Canon,-the very heart and centre of the Church's adoration, the vehicle by which the eternal, undying Victim is perpetually evoked upon the altar and lifted up in sacrifice.

Could any soul, however weak and imperfect, that has once caught a glimpse of this miracle of splendor, ever, even in thought, turn back to the poor rags of worship with which he once was forced to clothe, as he believed, the Most Holy? The sixteenth-century apostates and persecutors knew well what they were doing when they displaced the Missal by the "Order for the Administration of the Lord's Supper." Leave the Mass in its divine glory, and a country will keep its faith. Even schismatic Russia, possessing a true priesthood and therefore the Holy Sacrifice, has held to the Christian religion. But take away the Mass, and in a little while the whole fabric will begin to crumble visibly and inevitably. The 'Anglican deniers of Our Lord's Virgin Birth and Resurrection are the legitimate and logical descendants of the men who robbed England of the Mass.

It is a trenchant proof, if proof were needed, that the new rite was in no sense believed to be the continuance of the Divine Sacrifice with some changed ceremonies,—that until near the middle of the nineteenth century Anglicans never even attempted to make it the great act of public worship. Morning and evening prayers, which were binding only on the clergy, came to be considered as this, though they were never popular, and the State had to take forcible measures to make parishioners attend church at all. A trifling percentage of them, when uncoerced by penal laws and Test Acts, received the bread and wine at the halfyearly or quarterly Communion. A general stampede of nineteen-twentieths, or more, of the congregation was one of the features of "Sacrament Sundays." No one saw the least use in being present without actually communicating at the altar rail. In this Anglicanism fell even below the level of Presbyterianism.

These are but a few stray thoughts, which could be indefinitely developed, that point to one of the great strands by which the mercy of God keeps us bound to His Holy Church. When a convert hears of the unspeakable horror of a fellow-convert's falling back to heresy, he thinks surely such a one could never have realized even the shadow of the Eucharistic Presence across his life. To the question, why we can never contemplate disloyalty to our Mother the Church, why she holds us in an embrace of charity that is the full repose and satisfaction of our being, one chief part of the answer is, Because we are partakers of the divine Liturgy,-because, thank God a thousand thousand times, we are the children of the Holy Mass!

(To be continued.

#### Guerdon.

#### BY CATHAL MALLOY.

**J**F I could think, when I am dead Some simple word that I have said Would be to hearts that bleed and break A balm of healing, for their sake I would not shun the grief, the sting, The suffering of those that sing. For death itself would lose its smart, To lay my life down, in their heart. The Troubles of Borger Joris.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

I.

RORGER JORIS was out early at his fishing, -- so early that the morning sky was all pearl and opal, with a radiance in the sunshine and a freshness in the air that told how Manhattan was thrilling with the youth of the day and the year. It was to the oyster fishing that Borger Joris went, with his long-handled rake and his net; and the wind was blowing freshly about him as he threw his crates into the boat and launched it from the shore. Above his head the sea-gulls were soaring high in the air, - a sign of fine weather, - and the Bay lay untroubled and still. But the young man was unwontedly depressed, and his steel-gray eyes stared wistfully out toward the horizon, heedless of the other craft upon the river, and with but half a heart even for the bivalves which he usually sought with so keen a zest down there in their brinv beds.

He was thinking of many things, but mostly of his sweetheart, with her hazelbrown eyes, so full of good humor and intelligence; her hair, reddish in some lights, golden in others; and her face, full of character and of firmness, too. She was happy, nevertheless, and lighthearted by nature; and, in her innocence and simplicity, as much of a child as when he had steered her sled down the hill at Exchange Place, or fastened on her feet beef-bone skates for a run, swift and exhilarating, over the ice on the Creek. The two had been betrothed this month past; and, despite some reluctance on the part of the girl's mother, Margarita de Kay was already beginning to prepare, as was the way of prospective brides, her treasure of household linen and her personal clothing. She had ready webs of linen, spun by herself from flax that had come to maturity under the genial

sun of Manhattan; and cloth woven and dyed by herself with the juice of the elder berry and other plants, as the Indian women had taught her.

Boris knew that his Gretje, as he called her, was a wonderful housewife, and that, while she possessed little of the world's goods, he was most fortunate to have won her promise. His parents, too, were pleased with the match, only counselling a prudent delay until the prospective bridegroom should improve his fortune and add to the modest allowance that his father could afford to make him. The good Vrow de Kay alone was reluctant, believing that her handsome and winsome daughter might do better from a worldly point of view. But such opposition, which the lover believed would presently be withdrawn, would have mattered nothing, with the sun of youth shining like this other upon the Bay; and the two might have been very happy, as the young man bitterly reflected, had not some sour and fanatical folly stirred up all the disturbance that, from the year 1689 to 1691, was embroiling the peaceful town of Manhattan, and going so far as to forbid people to worship God as they saw fit.

Misfortune had come upon the dwelling where Borger Joris' father, and his father before him, had lived in peace with all men. The elder Joris, because of some chance remark which he had been imprudent enough to make, was accused of being a "King James' man" and a Papist, who denied the sovereignty of William; and he was denounced, as a private enemy, to Leisler and the others who had seized upon the public funds and government of New York, as they declared, "for the preservation of the Protestant religion."

Now, though father and son were alike ill pleased to hear that the rightful King had been deposed in England for the sake of a usurper, both were aware that, under the circumstance, there was nothing for them to do but to pursue their ordinary avocations, and steer clear of politics. They took no part in the troubles that had followed the accession of William of Orange, or that had caused the Lieutenant-Governor Nicholson, then in command of the colony, to be driven away and forced to take passage secretly for England. Nevertheless, Borger, on returning home the previous evening, found that his father had been dragged off to prison; while his mother, in tears, was only thankful that her son had not been there to embroil himself with the miscreants who had made him prisoner.

Borger, in his indignation, would have gone forthwith to demand the release of his father, so unjustly accused; but his mother had implored him for all their sakes to keep quiet, and by no word or act to put himself in the power of the Leislerites. A woman of remarkable prudence, she likewise counselled him to hold no communication whatever with Margarita de Kay, lest she and her widowed mother should become involved in their misfortunes. For they, too, like the Joris family, were of the small number of Dutch settlers who professed the Catholic Faith. They had done so unobtrusively; for the mother was a cautious woman, whose religious zeal had been somewhat weakened by her marriage with a Protestant husband. Margarita herself, on the other hand, was even more ardent than Borger Joris in her attachment to the old religion; and the young man knew that, on that very account, she might the more easily incur the vengeance of the factionists by defying them to their face.

So there was Borger Joris, disconsolate in his boat, for all that the bracing air was exhilarating to his buoyant health; and the waters of the Bay, reflecting exquisite tints from the sky above, were playing in wavelets about his craft, and promising an abundant yield of oysters. He was full of resentment, too, against those who, in the name of liberty, were endangering the peace and prosperity of the colony, and, as a first step toward such liberty, imperilling the freedom, perhaps the lives, of a mere handful of inoffensive citizens who differed from them in their way of worshipping God.

Borger thought wistfully of those days, when the good Governor Dongan ruled wisely and well, his only desire being to establish religious tolerance for all men. Then it was that the bell of the old Dutch church at the Fort used to call Borger Joris and the other lads, some of whom were of the Protestant religion, to the Latin school which the Jesuits had founded there. Borger was then a little boy, bounding along the pleasant, thickly shaded streets of the city that was so happy and peaceful for everyone. It was at that time he first knew Margarita, and they played together as children will, without thought of that future in which their lives should be bound up with each other.

He wondered if Margarita would understand when his absence from her house should become prolonged; for he knew the high, proud nature of the girl, and how little she would be disposed to tolerate neglect from any man, were he her betrothed ten times over. Though his longing to see her became all the more intense, he was resolved, in this case, to take his mother's advice, and avoid even so much as a message by which she might be compromised. For he felt sure that his father's enemies and his own would be on the alert, and keep careful watch as to his actions.

His fishing done, the young man drew in his boat to shore. By this time the pearl-like tints had passed from the sky—as another phase of life might pass, and it had settled into an azure, flecked here and there with white; and the sun was not only bright but warm. As he busied himself in mooring his boat, he heard his name called softly. He thought at first it must be fancy; though, raising his head, he looked around. The sound was repeated. His heart began to beat high, for he had recognized the voice. And presently, from behind a clump of trees which stood on the shore in that marshy spot, came the figure of a girl, picking her way daintily over the soft ground. With a thrill of joy, he saw that it was Margarita, and in that instant he knew as never before how much and how fondly he loved her. He ran toward her with light, springing steps, calling such tones of deepest tenderness:

"Gretje,-ah, Gretje!"

Yes, it was she, in her fresh youth and beauty, her brown eyes shining, and her hair showing golden in the morning light. The young lover cried out in admiration; but Gretje was all on fire about what had occurred,-full of indignation and of solicitude both for his father and himself. She seemed older and more womanly, as, no longer laughing and merry, she earnestly planned what might be done to help the father, while keeping the son safe. The whir of the sea-gulls above their heads alone disturbed the conference of those two young things, seemingly made for love and happiness, who thus talked of such solemn matters.

The other oyster fishers were still out on the Bay, toward which from time to time Borger cast a glance of anxiety. For, as their betrothal had not been made public, Margarita's presence there at such a time would give rise to talk, even if the troubles of the hour did not make it otherwise dangerous. He knew there were plenty who would be jealous of his good fortune in having won Margarita, and there was one in particular whose jealousy he feared. He mentioned his misgivings on that score to Margarita, with the name of the less fortunate suitor, Arent Gerritsen. But Margarita quickly waived the suggestion, with a flash of her eyes, usually so good-humored, and a flush of indignation on her cheeks.

"Do not let us waste our time," she said, "in talking of that hateful man."

"But we must have a care of him," urged Boris, "until this storm blows over; and then we shall wait no more for any cause whatever, but begin our lives together."

"And trust in God and the Blessed Maria, our Mother," agreed Margarita, solemnly.

"You are beautiful, Gretje, and so good!" cried Borger, looking at her where she stood, her hair blown about her face in soft ringlets by the morning breeze, her cheeks glowing, though her eyes were sad and wistful.

The girl smiled radiantly; and together they stood, forgetful of everything in their youth and happiness. But all at once Borger gave a cry of alarm. His watchful eye had noted that one of the oyster boats had detached itself from the others and was making rapidly for shore.

"It is Arent!" he said. "Run, — oh, run Gretje, I implore you!"

With a last admonition to be careful and to involve himself in no quarrel with Gerritsen, Margarita vanished amongst the trees; and Borger, bounding swiftly back to the shore, was bending over his boat as Arent landed. The lover was full of misgivings lest that malignant wretch, who aspired to be his rival, should have caught a glimpse of the girl. But he could not be sure, since Gerritsen said no word, only gave him a fierce and venomous glance, while his lips curled in an evil sneer. Borger knew that his only course was to hurry away, lest words might pass between them and provoke a quarrel, which might be fatal in its results.

II.

When Borger returned to that comfortable dwelling which stood at one end of what was once the "Borger Joris Path" and had of late been changed to William Street, his mother had no further news for him, save that his father had been confined in a dungeon and would be brought to trial later. Margarita had been there with a message of hope and comfort, repeating what she had said to Borger upon the shore—that, if he would only be prudent and keep out of harm's way, she would secure, in the prisoner's behalf, the good offices of so influential a citizen as Mynheer de Peyster, an honorable and excellent man, though he had chosen to espouse the cause of the usurper. Being connected through her father with the De Peyster family, and being personally a favorite with them, she had great hopes of success. Nor did she fear any harm for Borger, if he would only be quiet and prudent. She, in turn, would keep away from the house, and take every precaution to avoid arousing suspicion of the relation in which she stood to Borger. But she promised, if he were on the alert that evening in the Borger Joris Path, to bring him, if possible, news of what progress had been made.

Though Borger said no word to his mother which might increase her uneasiness, he was full of misgivings, occasioned by the jealousy and ill-will of Arent Gerritsen, whose father was an active adherent of Leisler. Moreover, he felt dissatisfied with the passive part which had been assigned to him, and which was so totally at variance with his character. When night had come, he went forth into the street, thick shaded with elm and oak and linden, waiting and hoping that Margarita would find means to fulfil her promise. He heard the gun at the Fort sound the hour of nine, and almost despaired of her coming. It was dark, save for the stars above and the lanterns which every seventh householder hung out upon a pole. He managed to keep at a middle distance between each light, so as to be out of sight of all chance comers. He heard afar off the voices of the watch crying out that the weather was fair and that all was well,-a false statement, as might have been testified by any one who knew how the warring of factions and the bitterness of a newlyawakened religious intolerance had disturbed the peace and harmony of the town. He heard, too, the clank of arms,probably some company of the train bands, and he wondered upon what

errand of aggression it might be going.

With a longing more intense than ever for sight or speech of Margarita, he wandered up and down that street which until recently had borne his grandfather's name. There was a delicate scent from the flowers upspringing by the roadside, and the fragrance of a sweetbrier bush growing close to one of the fences. The clank of arms and the voices of the watch died away in the distance; the air was intensely still, save for a breeze that, stealing up from the Bay, rustled in the treetops, whence the note of a night bird sounded sharp and clear. As the young man waited thus, his senses on the alert, it seemed to him that he heard his name called:

"Borger Joris,-Borger Joris!"

It was so faint a whisper that at first he thought it might be the wind in the trees; and again, when it was repeated, he had an odd fancy that it might be voices from the far-off times of those long dead, who had passed by that road and called his grandfather's name. Then, as on that morning at the oyster fishing, he became suddenly and intensely conscious that the voice was Margarita's. Peering about him eagerly, he caught a glimpse of her on the far side of the street, partly hidden by a tree and wrapped in a dark cloak. Her finger was on her lips in token of caution. Presently she spoke in the same breathless whisper, but with great distinctness:

"Do not move nor speak. You may be watched. This night a search party will go to your house. I have heard from Mynheer de Peyster. It is on the complaint of Arent Gerritsen. Go as soon as you can to the Ferry. Egbert Van Borsum is there, and can be trusted. Cross to Elizabethtown, on the Jersey shore. Catholics keep the Inn, and will help you. Go from there to Maryland without delay."

Borger strove to ask a question, and would have rushed toward her, but again she placed her finger upon her lips and waved him back. "God and His Blessed Mother be with you, my dearest Borger, till we meet .again!"

And, so speaking, she glided away like a wraith.

Borger, fearing that he might, indeed, be watched, made no effort to follow her. though his heart was bursting with sorrow at having to leave her thus. He remained where he was, leaning against the fence as though he were merely enjoying the beauty of the night, until Margarita should have had time to get home. As he waited thus, he became aware of a cautious footstep drawing near. With beating heart, he slipped behind a tree; for he knew that the step was approaching from some distance, and that the newcomer could not as yet have observed him. Though the man was closely muffled, Borger was presently able to perceive that, judging by the height and gait, it was Gerritsen himself, who was carrying a small lantern and peering from side to side. The watcher felt a sense of profound thankfulness that Margarita was by that time safe at home, and that he himself was unperceived. He waited until he heard his enemy go on to the end of the street, and then turn into that other which once was known as The Piewoman's, and is now Nassau. Then, vaulting lightly over the fence, Borger ran with all speed to his mother's house, informed her of what impended, and, taking with him a small bundle of necessary clothes, departed. In less than half an hour he was standing . on the shore waiting for Egbert Van Borsum, and praying Heaven that, for the sake of those dear ones, he might escape, and that they might be preserved from all harm in his absence.

# III.

Many and grievous were the troubles that had crowded thus suddenly upon Borger Joris, whose existence had hitherto run in such pleasant paths. In the course of a single twenty-four hours, he had seen his father imprisoned, himself proscribed and banished (for he knew not how long) from the colony, his mother left unprotected, and his sweetheart exposed to the machinations of such miscreants as Arent Gerritsen, who had little thought, indeed, for political or religious considerations, but desired only to rid himself of one whom he looked upon as a dangerous rival.

Borger, his heart overflowing with grief, was now more convinced than ever that Arent had seen Margarita that morning on the shore, and had hastened to secure, in consequence, the warrant for his own arrest. Yet, as he recalled that interview, it seemed to his lover's heart that it was a sweetness none too dearly purchased; and the remembrance thereof, and of the words that his betrothed had spoken, followed him as he crossed the river, which lay solemn and still under the stars, and reached, before midnight had sounded, the Inn at Elizabethtown. There he was cordially received by the good couplezealous Catholics-who were its keepers.

But even to that peaceful spot trouble followed him; for a patrol of King William's men came thither, scouring the country for possible malcontents, and his hosts were compelled to hide him in the bedste.\* It was that worthy couple, too, who advised Borger to change the plans which he had so confidently made. For he had intended to go to Maryland and take refuge with the Jesuits, to some of whom he was known. So it was with much vexation of spirit that he learned how unsafe was that former sanctuary of the oppressed for men of the Catholic faith. A band of fanatics had succeeded in gaining the upperhand there, had ousted all Catholics from office, and rendered all adherents of that faith liable to persecution. Borger, therefore, directed his steps toward Pennsylvania, where milder counsels prevailed.

It was long before he was enabled to inform his mother and Margarita of his change of plans, and to receive from the latter, by means of the weekly post, a

\* A cupboard-like bedstead in the wall.

message of love and encouragement. She informed him that his mother remained unmolested in her dwelling; and that, though his father was still in prison, he was treated with leniency, and there were good hopes of his speedy release. But the storm-clouds still hung dark over Manhattan, and something like a civil war was raging. For the appointment of Leisler as governor had not been confirmed in England. A certain Colonel Sloughter had been chosen for the office, and it was hoped he would prove favorable to the anti-Leislerites. His lieutenant, Major Ingoldsby, as the girl declared, had actually arrived, with warships in the Bay, and demanded the surrender of the Fort. But Leisler had obstinately refused to give up the reins of government until the arrival of Sloughter himself, and had offered, with his train bands and following of townsmen, determined resistance. So that the guns of the ships had been turned upon the Fort, and there had been fighting in the streets of the city, and other disturbances.

Such tidings made the active and resolute spirit of Borger chafe against the evil destiny which kept him thus far from the scenes wherein, had he only himself to consider, he would have borne so sturdy a part. Moreover, Margarita had informed him that, as regarded their personal affairs, Arent Gerritsen, unaware of her betrothal to Borger, had renewed his addresses and made every effort to secure her as his wife. Nor did she dare to repulse his advances openly, lest his malignant hatred might be rekindled and he might take new steps against them all. But while this portion of the letter aroused Borger to a fury of indignation, and seemed to add tenfold to his troubles, Margarita, in a sweet love passage, assured him of her faithful attachment, and besought him to wait patiently for that hour of deliverance, which the coming of the new governor seemed to promise, when all his troubles should be over and they should begin their lives together.

Borger Joris, during those weary weeks of waiting, strove to take comfort by reading his sweetheart's letters over and over, and thinking of the moment when he should see her and his other dear ones again. But neither he nor any other could then have foreseen how near was the time, nor how tragically that stirring drama was to end for some of those Before many months had concerned. passed both Jacob Leisler and his sonin-law, Milborne, were executed for high treason,-a matter upon which men's minds were for long divided. But, in any case, the Catholics, who had had nothing to do with the sentence, nor with the death of the usurpers, profited by that circumstance, and were enabled to enjoy at least a breathing space in that colony where they were so few in numbers and so absolutely inoffensive.

Hence it was that upon a lovely spring morning Borger Joris, his troubles at an end, his father released from custody, and the dwelling in Borger Joris Path (which they never would call William Street) restored to tranquillity, went out once more to his oyster fishing. Again there was a cloudless sky; the waters leaped in wavelets about the boat; the salt air of the Bay was fresh and exhilarating; and the young man's heart beating high with love and happiness. For opposite him in the boat was Margarita de Kay, his betrothal to whom had been made public, and their wedding day set for the month of June. Together they recalled that other morning when the girl had stood upon the shore with her message of warning, and Arent Gerritsen (who, with his father, had now been banished from the colony) had cast his malignant shadow over them. Margarita, as it seemed to her young lover, was more beautiful than ever, her hair shining in the sun, and her lips laughing, though in her eyes was still the shadow of past suffering.

As Borger recalled all that she had done. for his mother during his absence, and had even contrived to visit and console his father in prison, he laid his hand upon the girl's and cried out with fervor:

"Ah, Gretje, Gretje, if it had not been for my troubles, I should never have known how to prize you a quarter enough!"

"And to love me—" laughed Margarita. "A thousand times more!" exclaimed Borger.

#### An Ursuline Festival.

MONG the saints' days to be found in the ecclesiastical calendar for the present month is one of special interest to Ursuline nuns and their pupils the world over,-the festival of the holy foundress of that great teaching "But," interjects some reader Order. versed in hagiological calendars, "the feast of St. Ursula occurs, not in May, but on October 21." Quite so; and the implied notion that, since the Brigittines were founded by St. Brigit, the Benedictines by St. Benedict, and the Dominicans by St. Dominic, therefore the Ursulines were of course founded by St. Ursula is natural enough, but a mistake nevertheless. St. Ursula suffered martyrdom in the third century, and the Ursulines were not founded until the sixteenth,--to be exact, in 1535.

The Order owes its origin to St. Angela Merici, who was born in 1474, at Desenzano, a small town on the shore of Lake Garda, Italy. Left an orphan at the age of ten, she took up her residence, in company with her elder sister, at the home of her uncle in the neighboring town of Salo. There the modesty, piety, and uniform charitableness of the two girls evoked the admiration of all the townspeople, and it was a byword that the younger sister especially had been most appositely named,—she was, in truth, a veritable angel.

While yet in her teens, Angela met with a great sorrow. Her sister died suddenly, and, a much graver misfortune in the estimation of the surviving mourner, passed away without receiving the last Sacraments. Angela at once became a Tertiary of St. Francis, and considerably increased, for the benefit of her sister's soul, her customary mortifications and prayers. Simple as a loving child, she begged God to reveal to her the condition of that deceased sister; and, as loving simplicity is especially pleasing to our Heavenly Father, we can readily credit the statement that she learned in a vision that her departed dear one was safe in heaven.

Her uncle dying when she was twenty years old, she returned to Desenzano. Anxious to serve God to the best of her ability, and convinced that one of the most pressing needs of her times was the fuller instruction of young girls in the elements of the Christian religion, she turned her home into a schoolhouse, where she daily taught the catechism to all the little girls of the town whom she could gather about her. Her biographers relate that, while engaged in this work, she one day fell into an ecstasy and had a vision, in which she learned that she was to found an association of women who were to devote their lives to this same workthe religious training of young girls.

So great were the benefits of her teaching in Desenzano that she was invited to go to the neighboring city, Brescia, to establish there a similar school,-an invitation which she joyfully accepted, as enabling her to do greater good. In 1524, when she was fifty years of age, Angela started on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land; but while at the island of Crete on her way thither, she became suddenly blind. She, nevertheless, continued her journey; and, blind as she was, visited all the Holy Then, on her return journey, Places. while praying before a crucifix on the same island, she was cured as suddenly as she had been stricken.

It was natural enough that the remarkable holiness of her life and the splendid success which she achieved as a teacher made her name known all over Italy; and so when she went to Rome in the Jubilee year, 1525, to gain the indulgences, Pope Clement VII., who had heard much about her, invited her to remain in the Eternal City. Angela, however, liked to shun rather than court publicity, and obtained the Pope's permission to go back to her chosen work in Brescia.

Ten years afterward, when she was sixty-one, Angela chose twelve companions, and in a small dwelling near St. Afra's Church, Brescia, laid the foundation of the Order of Ursulines. She lived five years as superioress of the new religious institute,—long enough to guide its activities, and to see it become wondrously prosperous. She died in 1740, was beatified in 1768 by Pope Clement XIII., and finally was canonized in 1807 by Pope Pius VII. The Church celebrates her feast on May 31.

# Devotion to the Blessed Virgin among the Mohammedans.

OUCHING the dignity of the Blessed Virgin, the doctrine of the Koran is in some points singularly like our own. According to the Mohammedan Bible, Mary is immaculate. In the thirty-seventh verse of the third chapter we read these remarkable words: "The Angels said to Mary: 'God has chosen thee; He has rendered thee free from all stain; He has selected thee out of all the women of the universe."" As a natural result of this appreciation of Our Lady, those places in Palestine and Egypt which were hallowed by the passage of Jesus and His Mother are dear to the Mussulmans. They frequently make pilgrimages to Bethlehem, which is styled by the Mussulman traveller, Ibn-Batoutah, "the third place for its sanctity."

During the Crusades two Syrian sanctuaries of the Blessed Virgin were especially honored by the Mohammedans: Our Lady of Tortose, a church whose foundation was attributed to St. Peter; and Our Lady of Sardenay, near Damas. It is related that a sultan of Damas, afflicted with blindness, went as a pilgrim to this latter shrine, strong in the faith that he should there recover his sight. Confiding in the goodness of God, he prostrated himself and prayed. On arising, says M. Rey in his work on the French colonies in Syria, he saw the lamp burning before the statue of Our Lady, and glorified God. Moreover, he promised an annual gift of fifty measures of oil with which to keep the light burning in this church,-a promise faithfully fulfilled until the time of Nour-ed-Din. Other miracles, according to the same author, were wrought at Sardenay in favor of Mussulmans; they are preserved in local traditions.

In our own day we have seen a sanctuary of Our Lady of Lourdes established in Constantinople, where it is the centre of most fervent prayers of Mussulmans, as well as of wondrous cures in favor of these infidels, so devoted to the Immaculate Virgin, — admirable prelude to graces still more admirable, that in God's good time will doubtless touch the hearts and illumine the intelligences of these simple unbelievers. Yes, Mary, whom Mohammed proclaimed immaculate and ever-virgin, may yet be the subjugator of these peoples, bowed under a religious law so tolerant of licentiousness.

For this reason it is gratifying to remember that at Matariyeh, in Egypt, there has been established a sanctuary of Notre Dame de Lourdes. The place for the shrine was most happily chosen: it was for some time the scene of the Holy Family's exile. It was there that, in response to the prayer of Mary, a fountain gushed forth from a source long dried up. Near this fountain the new grotto was constructed by Father Julien, S. J., President of the Holy Family College at Cairo. Let us hope that a scene which witnessed a miracle wrought in favor of our Blessed Mother while she was on earth, may yet become renowned for favors granted from her throne in heaven.

# The Golden Jubilee of "The Ave Maria."

THE present month of May and of Mary, as our readers are aware, marks the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of THE AVE MARIA, by the late Very Rev. Edward Sorin, Superior-General of the Congregation of the Holv Cross. His object was to promote devotion to the Blessed Virgin. He held that, in a land discovered by a great servant of Mary, the national feast of which is her Immaculate Conception, there should exist a periodical to make her better known and better loved. A pious thought, though then regarded by many as a pious dream. But the hope expressed by Cardinal Manning that THE AVE MARIA would meet with success, and be instrumental in spreading the love of our Blessed Mother wherever our tongue is spoken, has been realized.

That, in spite of numerous obstacles, this humble messenger of Mary has steadily increased in circulation and influence; that many of the most distinguished Catholic writers, from Dr. Brownson to Monsignor Benson, have been numbered among its contributors; that a great variety of books have been produced from its pages,—all this is matter for rejoicing; but much more do we rejoice that, with God's blessing, THE AVE MARIA has been enabled to fulfil its mission for half a century, without missing a single issue. In doing this something has been done toward making the world brighter and better.

Obstacles too numerous to mention the great war among them—have interfered with our plans for the observance of THE AVE MARIA'S Golden Jubilee. Its seventy-fifth anniversary, however, will be fittingly celebrated. Meantime may Our Lady's Magazine become year by year a more efficient propagator of devotion to her; and when, in worthier if not more willing hands, it celebrates its Diamond Jubilee, may the number of its readers have increased a hundredfold!

# Notes and Remarks.

"It must be admitted that, with all his greatness, Newman · was very thinskinned." Doubtless he was, if by being . "thin-skinned" is meant being supersensitive. Newman's atmosphere was too rarefied for many who came in contact with him, and he felt keenly what affects most other people very little, or not at The majority of persons live on all. incident, Newman lived on thought. His natural reserve raised barriers round his. inner and real life. Once he found that he was misunderstood, he withdrew into himself. It was for the closer cherishment of his ideals, and the preservation of his peace of heart, that he avoided active relations with uncongenial spirits. "And the great man could be sulky at times." His "sulkiness" consisted in refusing to engage in work for which he had no taste, and realized that he had no special aptitude. He would have been less wise than he was had he not conserved hisforces as he did. It was always with gracious kindness that he declined to co-operate actively in good works.

The trials and disappointments and disillusionments of one period of Newman's life caused him to be misunderstood, but he was never misjudged by those who knew him best and could appreciate his greatness.

That the observance of Mothers' Day should suggest to a client of the Blessed Virgin, the Mother of fair love and holy hope, a tribute of praise is nothing more than natural; but that such a client should appear in the person of a Protestant clergyman is surely worth noting. The following tribute, gracious and eloquent, is taken from the *Globe-Democrat* of St. Louis, and is credited to the Rev. W. H. Clagett of that city:

'Mother, for whom words never have been, never can be coined with which to weave the wreath of glory that we would place upon thy brow, — Mother, by, whom God became man,

by whom the human race has thus been linked forever to the throne of God,--Mother, the light of whose eyes was the first light that shone upon the Babe of Bethlehem,-Mother, whose face was the first face into which the Infant Jesus ever looked,-Mother, who, alone of all God's servants, cradled Deity in thine arms, and laid Him on thy bosom, and held Him to thy breast,--Mother, who taught the feet of the infant Son of God to walk,-Mother, the first word that the lips of the Babe, that was God and man, learned to lisp,-Mother, who followed the Son of God, thy Son, bone of thy bone and flesh of thy flesh, to the Cross, to ignominious death,-Mother, the first of all the earth to give to the Saviour loving ministry as He nestled on thy bosom, the last of all the earth in the thought of the Son of God as He hung upon the Cross and died,-Mother, through whom heaven itself was forever changed when thy Son ascended from the Cross and took His seat forever upon the throne of God,--Mother, who to this sin-darkened world gave the Infant Jesus, now the Light of heaven,-Mother, standing beneath the glory of the throne of God and of the Lamb,-one and all, we rise up and call thee blessed and place upon thy brow our richest diadem. We crown thee Queen of our hearts. We give thee the first place in all of God's creation.'

Readers not a few will cherish the hope that the author of the foregoing may in time come to see that his only logical abiding place, while he entertains such sentiments, is in the Church which alone gives to the Mother of God the honor that is her due.

The report, so widely spread, that eight priests of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer were cruelly put to death by German soldiers at Mulhausen, Belgium, is contradicted by an Irish Redemptorist, who writes: "Not one of them was shot; and our house in Louvain, where reprisals seem to have been severest, was left untouched. In fact, none of our Belgian Fathers have suffered through the war."

Everyone ought to rejoice over contradictions of this sort, and there is no end of them. Many published reports of inhuman conduct especially on the part of German and Russian soldiers will not bear the test of close examination. The war is frightful enough without exaggerating its horrors or fabricating stories of barbarous savagery. The use of asphyxiating gases, by which the wounded are tortured, and robbed of all chance of escape, should fully satisfy the popular eraving for horrors.

The opinion recently expressed by the Attorney General of one of our States may introduce a new element in the. treatment of so-called ex-priests and "escaped nuns." Writing to a legal friend about a concrete case, this jurist declared: "I believe that a person who represents that she is a former nun and pretends to relate the cruelty practised upon her while a nun, her story being absolutely false, is guilty of false pretences. If you are able to show that persons attended her meeting and paid 25 cents' admission, relying on the representation of Miss -----, all elements of the crime of securing money under false pretences will be established."

Whether or not this contention be sound in law, there can be no question of its being consonant with common-sense; and we hope that some of our Catholic laymen will, when the occasion offers itself, test the matter by arraigning the fraudulent and mendacious lecturers for obtaining money under false pretences, — a much better method than making quasi-martyrs of them by personal ill-treatment, no matter how fully such ill-treatment may be deserved.

"A Texan," in a communication to America recently, has been the instrument of preserving some words that ought not to be forgotten. They were spoken by the present Governor of Texas during a campaign in which that fearless non-Catholic statesman was charged with friendliness for Catholics as with a public misdemeanor. The candidate's nowrecorded answer was: "They say I am a Catholic. Suppose I were one; would I not have the right, according to the Constitution of the United States, to run for Governor? But I am not a Catholic. Then they say I am friendly to the priest in Temple, and have helped him in his great work. To this I say unhesitatingly: Yes, and I am proud of it; for I would sooner have the friendship of Father Heckman than be President of the United States."

A few more men in public life with this spirit and there will be no need of setting apart funds for investigating the causes of bigotry: it will have died a violent death of itself.

A pretty war story which we hope will not be contradicted-unless it turns out to be untrue-is related by the English newspapers. A good Welshman and his wife, desirous of adopting a child from among the Belgian refugees, and finding it difficult to choose between a little boy and girl-brother and sister,-decided to adopt both. As the children were being undressed to be put to bed after reaching their new home, a locket was discovered hanging around the little girl's Inside was a tiny photograph, neck. which the astonished woman recognized as that of her own sister, who had gone to Belgium as a governess many years before, married and settled down there,the mother of the little refugees. Truly a romance of charity,-as, in fact, one of the papers entitled it.

We are glad to see an idea that we have often expressed take shape in a definite form by the International Truth Society, which has just issued the following statement:

We are in receipt of many letters from devoted priests in the South and West of the United States, in Canada, Alaska, and Panama, who are crying loudly for Catholic literature. There are thousands of Catholic families scattered far and wide in Texas and California, the Dakotas and the Carolinas, in all the sparsely settled States and Provinces from Alaska to Florida, to whom Catholic periodical literature will be welcome and beneficial. The zealous

missionary, labor as he may, and willing though he be to spend and be spent for Christ, can see these scattered members of his flock but two or three times a year. A moment's reflection is sufficient to convince us of the truth of the statement of zealous priests that "some word of doctrine, some consolation of religion, some explanation of the puzzling news items and disquicting anti-Catholic comments of the local press,-some idea, in a word, of God and His Church should be brought into their lives" during the long intervals when there is no Mass, no sermon, no sacraments. We carnestly appeal to our readers to co-operate with us in supplying this want. Send to the office of the International Catholic Truth Society, 407 Bergen Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., for the address of an isolated Catholic to whom to remail your Catholic weekly or monthly.

No doubt many of our readers will avail themselves of this opportunity of rendering a great service at the cost of little trouble or sacrifice.

It is no less than amazing to find what credence is given to all sorts of stories regarding the great war. No tale of horror is too gross to win ready belief from persons normally of a judicious mind. A strikingly lamentable instance of this is the newest absurdity—the atrocious revelations about what are called "warbabies." It now transpires that such accounts are a work of almost complete fabrication. Says the London (Catholic) Universe, editorially:

It was publicly stated that in a certain village there was not one girl of a suitable age who was not an expectant. We do not know how far that sweeping statement is true; but we do know that in places where the wildest whispers have been afloat as to the terrible state of immorality that time would reveal, and where accurate investigation has been possible, the number of illegitimates expected was little, if any, above the normal; and that in one place where it was positively stated that there would be 900, a systematic investigation by those best qualified to make it proved the utter falsity of the statement, and that half a dozen or so at the outside was nearer the truth. So, bearing these examples in mind, we take heart of grace.

The Universe further says that in every ( case where it was possible to investigate

figures, they invariably broke down. A - denunciation was the answer he received; gullible public which was so recently "taken in" by the canard of the Papal interview should be on its guard with respect to a great many things, and particularly, we should say, with regard to stories like these that ride high in a ribald and slanderous press.

An age like our own, that has gone mad on "reform" legislation, needs to ponder these weighty words of the editor of the Providence Visitor:

It is in the nature of a delusion to imagine that civil laws, penalties, and human sanctions are in themselves sufficient to deter men from the commission of illegal deeds. Take away the foundation on which all laws repose-the unchangeable divine will,-allow the belief to prevail that expediency is right, put conscience in the background so far that its voice is seldom heard, and a deplorable relaxation of principle comes along as a matter of course.

Crime increases proportionately as faith in the supernatural decreases. Homicide will continue to be done in the United States, despite all human regulation and threatened punishments to prevent it; and the one surest means for reducing the percentage is to be found in the teaching of respect for the sacredness of human life because it is taught by God in His divine revelation, as well as in the natural law, which is the participation by His creatures in His divine will.

The trouble is that such truths, if heard at all by the people generally, are heard too late to have their full effectiveness. And what is this but another way of saying that religion must be a recognized part of education?

An attempt to organize, some time ago, a branch of the self-styled Guardians of Liberty among the colored citizens of Columbus, Ohio, resulted in a -grim fiasco, owing to the good sense of the particular congregation where the attempt was made, but especially to the innocent fearlessness of one colored brother, who ventured to ask the white organizer why, if the society were a patriotic defender of American institutions, it had to work under cover of darkness. A storm of he was denounced as a "tool of Rome." Nothing daunted, however, the venerable deacon replied:

I admit that I am out of place here, and I will leave at once. But I want to say that I was not sent here by anybody, and came only because I was invited by one of those present here now. I want to say further that I am a Methodist and in good standing as a member of my own church. I want to say further that I have no enmity toward my Catholic neighbors, and that I think colored men, who have themselves suffered so much from oppression, should not conspire to injure and persecute their Catholic fellow-citizens. Let those who think otherwise stay here and join the Guardians of Liberty, if they will. Let those who think as I do, do as I am going to do right now-get their hats and walk out.

The Catholic Columbian adds: "Some eighty-six men got up and left, while only about half a dozen remained. There was no branch of the Guardians of Liberty organized in that Negro church that day." The moral would seem to be that you can't tell from a man's color whether he belongs to the children of light or the children of darkness.

Our people believe and know that if their children learn to fear and love God, they will necessarily grow up model citizens of the Republic; that this end can not be reached without constant effort to instruct and train them in that fear of the Lord which is the beginning of wisdom; and, as the public schools do not even aim at any such teaching and training, our people prefer to be twice taxed to provide it rather than risk the shipwreck of the faith and the higher life of their youth through the utter lack of such teaching and training in the years when impressions are most easily and deeply made on the mind.

-The same old stereotyped story, some will say, that we have been hearing for decades past from Catholic bishops and priests. But in the present case the speaker happens to be neither a priest nor a bishop, but Dr. Dau, of the Lutheran Concordia Seminary (St. Louis). He maintains that it is really worth while taking some pains to give a religious training to American youth.

The Story of Themistocles.

BY GERTRUDE E. HEATH.

- ON the heights of Lycian Myra, rising steeply stone by stone,
- Bent on prayer and meditation, dwelt Themistocles alone.
- Here the sheep were in his keeping; he was faithful to their need,
- And to follow close his Master was the shepherd's simple creed.
- Day by day passed slowly by him: life seemed made of endless peace;
- Yet below lay all the clamor and the turbulence of Greece.
- Sometimes when the dusk was falling, upward borne upon the breeze,
- He could hear the city's turmoil like a hive of humming bees.
- Far he seemed from life's temptations. Peacefully in prayer and praise,
- Living close to God his Master, here he hoped to end his days.
- Listen well, my little children; hear the story: you shall see
- How the peace, so long unbroken, rudely shattered came to be.
- All the sheep one night were sleeping; knelt Themistocles in prayer,
- When he heard the sound of footsteps leaping up his rocky stair;
- Then he saw a lad approaching, torn and bleeding, wan and wild.
- 'Twas Dioseuros, a Christian, sobbing like a little child.
- Tenderly the shepherd met him, gently bathed his bleeding feet,
- Soothed his fears, and from his wallet gave him of his bread to eat.
- When the persecutors tracked him, 'twas Themistocles they found;
- For the lad was hidden safely in a cavern under ground.
- "Give him up to us!" they bade him. "Here are jewels, here is gold!"

- But Themistocles made answer: "He is safe within the fold.
- Never shall your evil touch him. God is Shepherd of His sheep:
- Over all His faithful children He will tender guidance keep.
- Take my life. I scorn your torture, so the Christian lad go free;
- God the Saviour of His people will be merciful to me!"
- Ah, they tortured him, my children! Yet he uttered not a groan,
- Though they dragged his wounded body over many a thorn and stone.
- At the last, all torn and bleeding, when his suffering eyes grew dim,
- Heav'n received his loyal spirit,-God was merciful to him!
- Teach us all, O blessed Master, willing sacrifice to make,
- That no cup may go untasted we can drink for Thy dear sake!

Tommy Travers.

#### BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XXII.—A JOURNEY AND ITS ENDING.

IAZ "hustled" at Bunty's bidding,-hustled as if he understood the word,-hustled, indeed, in a way that put to shame all the methods of Duffys' Court, where even Granny Pegs' moving required the use of Dago Joe's barrow and the loan of Dutchy's cart. But in less time than it takes to tell. Diaz had all his arrangements made for a start. He had fastened Tommy's blanket securely to a pair of strong, slender cedar boughs, fitted them to his own and Bunty's shoulders, caught up his bird and Tommy's biscuit bag, and, with the heir of dad's millions swinging in this hastily improvised palanquin, the party was off, out of the gloomy

entrance of the cavern, and into a sunlit world that gladdened Tommy's heart. To one who had never in all his life run or jumped or climbed, this swift, easy flight over the mountains was almost as good as finding wings; and Tommy fairly shouted with boyish glee as he was borne over rocky heights that no longer frowned prisoning shadows around him, but rose glittering ladders of light to the noonday sky; while the breeze that swept pure and clear from distant snow-capped peaks was like a draught of rare wine.

Wilder and wilder grew the way over which the sure-footed Indian led; and Bunty, urged by the fear of pursuit, followed without hesitation, circling the sharp edge of the mountain chasm, fearlessly climbing the rugged height, boldly wading the foaming stream; but, however rough the road, the blanket palanquin swung lightly on its bearers' shoulders; Bunty slowing his step and steadying his hand to guard Tommy from jolt or jar, his heart warm again with the hope of safety for his helpless charge.

Soon they would be out of this wild, strange world in which they had been so nearly lost; soon they would be in the pleasant place, of which Diaz had told them—the water cure,—where, as Tommy had said, there were hotels and gardens and cheerful crowds of people; where Long Tom's lost boy would be welcomed with wonder and delight, and the news of his return flashed to dad by telephone or telegraph. Very soon now Tommy would be "all right"; and, in the satisfaction of this thought, Bunty kept cheerily on his way without considering time or distance.

It was Tommy who first began to wonder at the length of their journey.

"Haven't we gone five miles yet, Bunty?" he asked as, after rather a steep climb, his bearers paused to take second breath, on a level stretch sheltered by a high, butting rock.

"I don't know," answered Bunty, brush-

ing the sweat drops from his face; for the last lap had been something of a strain. "Looks as if we might for sure. But I don't see no sign of houses or people yet.—Hi-yi, there!" with a fierce change in his tone, as Diaz, having put down 'Tommy's palanquin, vanished suddenly behind the projecting rock. "You blamed jumping-jack of an Injin, where are you going?"

The sharp whiz of an arrow was the only answer; and while Bunty stood in speechless dismay at what he believed ' some natural Indian treachery, Diaz reappeared, smiling in triumph, holding in his hand the furry little wild thing he had killed.

"*Liebrel*" he said, nodding pleasantly to Tommy; and, sitting down on the rock, he proceeded to skin and clean his prize, while he jabbered to Bunty, who stood fiercely indignant at the delay.

"He says — says something about making a fire," explained Tommy. "Jing, I believe he means to stop and cook dinner!"

"Golly, no!" said Bunty, impatiently. "Tell him we don't want no such fooling, Tommy. We've got to keep on our way."

But again 'Tommy's stock of Spanish failed. It was quite impossible for him to convince Diaz that, with the hotels of a water cure so near at hand, his companions considered a picnic dinner was altogether unnecessary.

"But I suppose he is hungry," said Tommy, as, all English arguments failing, they were obliged to submit to the inevitable, and allow Diaz to build up a fire with a practised hand, and cook his hare in a way that even Tommy found quite appetizing.

Then they went on again, over mountain ways, seemingly so interminable that Bunty, never altogether confident of his jabbering guide, began to grow fiercely suspicious.

"Talk up to this here monkey face, Tommy. Tell him if he don't get us somewhere pretty quick, I'll mash his Injin head to a jelly."

"O Bunty, no, I—I couldn't tell him that!" was the tremulous answer. "He is taking us all right, I am sure; but we have come very far,—very far, Bunty."

Very far indeed; and, what with the pauses for rest, when the light-footed young bearers had to get their breath after a steep climb, the long wait for the broiled hare dinner, the day was drawing to a close. Already the distant snowcapped peaks were flushed with sunset radiance; the shadows were gathering in the valleys and hollows. Soon it would be night.

"Where? How? When?" — Tommy had questioned Diaz a score of times as to the end of their journey, only to be answered with a cheery nod and smile, and burst of uncomprehended but evidently encouraging speech: "Allee right! Allee good! Los Banos very near!"

It had been a beautiful day,—one of those days when the late Winter seems to have caught the whisper, to wear the smile of the coming Spring: days of golden sunshine, that too often charm the trees into bud, the birds into song, before they learn that Jack Frost, who is given to such naughty pranks, is only hiding up in the mist-veiled peaks, ready to jump down in a white flurry of storm again.

Perhaps Diaz, child of the forest that he was, felt the growing chill in the air before his companions, and knew what it foretold; for he quickened his steps, and jabbered more excitedly as they turned the bend of a rocky ledge, and, for the first time in their journey, struck a trail that, winding down the mountain-side, crossed a brawling little stream on carefully placed stones, and followed the narrow pass beyond until it opened into a wide, rock-walled glen, musical with the voice of falling water.

The fading light showed some half dozen cabins, or *tepees*, jutting out like ragged birds'-nests from the encircling rocks. A pack of dogs leaped forward, barking joyous welcome, as Diaz paused, nodding and smiling triumphantly.

"Los Banos!" he said cheerfully, pointing around him. "We are here allee right! Los Banos!"

"This?" gasped Tommy, nearly speechless with dismay. "Is this the water cure?"

"Si, si, si," answered Diaz, with a gesture that took in the gushing streams, widening into pools and shallows about him. "The waters—sweet waters—good waters — medicine waters, — waters that makes well and strong. Si, si, si!"

"O Bunty, Bunty!" cried Tommy, a sob of despair in his voice as he realizes the situation. "Where has he brought us, Bunty?"

Where indeed? Bunty, in growing wrath, looked around at the beetling rock, the shadowed glen, and the huddled cabins.

"You red-legged devil of an Injin, what sort of a trick is this? I'll break your head for fooling us!"

"O Bunty, no, no, don't fight!" pleaded Tommy.

"Didn't he say he was going to bring us where there were houses and hotels and people?" blazed out Bunty, savagely. "Didn't he fool us about a place as good as Saint Gabriel's?"

"Oh, no, no Bunty! We fooled ourselves. We didn't understand," said Tommy. "This is a water cure where people come to get well, as Diaz said. But they are *his* people who come here. Oh, where we are I don't know, but it is an *Indian* water cure, Bunty! They will do us no harm, I am sure. We will have to stay to-night. Put me down somewhere; for—for I am very tired, very, very tired, Bunty."

The weak little voice trembled into silence, and the blue eyes closed. The long journey, the shock of disappointment at the end, all the fatigues and discomforts of the past days had been too much for the plucky little Major of Saint Gabriel's. Tommy had given out at last. Bunty laid him down on the ground, as he had asked, an icy terror gripping his own heart at sight of the closed eyes, the still, white face.

"Tommy!" he exclaimed desperately,— "Tommy, Tommy!" There was no answer. "Tommy, Tommy!" he called again. But the pale lips were silent, the blue eyes did not unclose.

"Muerte,—muerte!" cried Diaz in loud lament; and from the huts and cabins around wild, rude figures came hurrying at his call.

"Dead, — dead!" Bunty caught the word that fell brokenly from half a dozen jabbering speakers. Tommy was dead, dead in these wild, strange heights, far from father, friend, and home; dead in spite of all his care, his watching, his struggle to save; dead, and he could do nothing more!

Dumb with the fierce pang rending his heart, wild in his love and despair, he tore himself away from the wondering, questioning group that had gathered around the newcomers, and flung himself face down in the shelter of the rocks, like some wild creature that would hide its mortal hurt, feeling that he must die, too. What use was there in living, now that Tommy was dead? Tommy, his little friend, his little chum; Tommy, who had always been so good to him; Tommy, whom he had tried to save from all hurt and harm, jolt and jar,-Tommy was dead, and all was over. Tommy would never speak or smile or look at him again. And so fierce was his pain at the thought that Bunty clenched his hands and ground his teeth as he lay there in the darkness, in a very madness of despair. "Oh, where were those angels," he wondered savagely,-""those angels of Sister Leonie's, that they had let Tommy die like this?"

Angels! The word, the hame, brought other thoughts to Bunty,--memories of the sweet music that blended with the tolling bell at Saint Gabriel's, when, as Sister Leonie told the hushed Free Ward, the angels had taken some little sufferer from his bed of pain to heaven. Had the angels taken Tommy now, - Tommy, whom all dad's millions could not cure,taken him, as Sister Leonie had said of those other little ones, to be glad and well and happy with the good God forever? For it would be tough times at best for Tommy with his back and legs down here, as perhaps the angels knew; and they could "protect and defend him" from all harm by taking him to heaven. No fear of jolt and jar with those white-winged angels in charge! No fear of cruel Nick or Foxy Rande now! No fear of chill or hunger or pain for little Tommy. And then a hoarse sob shook Bunty's sturdy young frame.

"I'll miss him. I don't care where I go or what I do now,—I don't care for nothing but to follow after Tommy wherever he's gone, and get took in too, maybe,—like they took me in at Saint Gabriel's. They didn't ask no pay there; they didn't shake me 'cause I was a tough. Maybe heaven is like that, and I can get in with Tommy."

But even this thought brought little comfort to poor Bunty now; and he lay there in the darkness, shaking with the fierce sobs that no one must hear—when suddenly a light touch was laid on his arm, and Diaz bent over him, jabbering softly. Bunty started up, roused into fierce, new pain. Tommy, he must see what they had done with poor little dead Tommy.

He followed where Diaz led, past the singing waters, the shallow pools, to a cabin under the shadow of the rocks,—a long, low cabin that was built of roughhewn logs and roofed with bark. Diaz pushed aside a heavy deerskin curtain that served as door; and Bunty stood for a moment breathless, bewildered at the entrance. For the dusky walls, hung with pelts and skins, glowed with warmth and light; a great fire snapped and blazed in the wide, rocky hearth; the iron

pot that swung above it filled the air with spicy odors; and in the cheery glow, wrapped in a gay Navajo blanket and pillowed on another, lay Tommy,a living, breathing, bright-eyed Tommy, sipping hot broth from the gourd that a kindly old Indian woman was holding to his lips,-a Tommy who was undoubtedly and most comfortably alive again.

(To be continued.)

### Our Lady and the Flowers.

#### BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.



HE name of the Blessed Virgin is so associated with the floral kingdom that one can hardly name a flower that is not in some way a reminder of her in whose honor a chaplet of roses was transfigured into prayers. All white flowers are, to begin with, in a special sense her own, and thought worthy to adorn her shrines; and lovely buds of every hue have been consecrated to her festivals and bear her name. The lily is, however, her flower beyond compare; and we find it by her side in the old Italian pictures, or in the hand of the Angel of the Annunciation when he brings the blessed news. The white petals have been thought to typify her spotless body; the golden anthers, her soul glowing with divine light.

One of the finest of our orchids bears the name Our Lady's slipper. There is a wild pink Lady's slipper, too, known sometimes as the moccasin flower. It is growing more rare each year; for it is so beautiful that no one can resist a desire to pick it. A plant called Our Lady's bedstraw is thought to have filled the manger in which her Divine Son was laid, while the thyme and groundsel are supposed to have made her own bed.

Of flowers associated with her dress, we have Our Lady's slipper and Our Lady's gown. Then there is Our Lady's comb and Our Lady's bunch of keys;

while a species of primula has been named Our Lady's candlestick. The pure little snowdrop is called "the fair maid of February," for the reason that it opens about Candlemas Day, in memory, tradition has it, of the Presentation in the There was an old custom of Temple. strewing the altar with snowdrops on that day, doubtless as a type of her Purification.

In France the spearmint is called Our Lady's mint; while it is well known that the historic iris, or fleur-de-lis, is peculiarly her own flower, borne on the ancient banners, everywhere her emblem and her signet. Lilies of the valley are thought to be her tears. The rose of Jericho has always received special honor; for a legend tells us that it first blossomed at the Nativity of Our Lord, closed at His Crucifixion, and opened again at the Resurrection; while it also sprang up before the Holy Family as they fled into Egypt. There is, too, the story often told that where Our Lady spread the swaddling clothes of the Divine Infant beautiful bushes sprang up and grew forever after.

The exquisite maiden-hair fern has long been termed Our Lady's tresses; while certain orchids have, from their peculiar shape, been called .Our Lady's hands. Then we have the rosemary and the marigold, both reminders of the Mother of Our Lord; while in the hawthorn, or the English "May," is folded a wealth of holy lore connected with the days when the month of May, the Month of Mary, was ushered in by the "bringing in of the May," as the lads and lassies of "Merrie England" called the sweet and pious custom.

# The Key of Christendom.

Buda, the capital of ancient Hungary, was, from its location on the Danube river and its nearness to Turkey, called the Key of Christendom.

# THE AVE MARIA

# WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

-New fiction issued by Smith, Elder & Co. includes "The House of the Foxes," by Katharine Tynan.

—"Carillons of Belgium and Holland: Tower Music in the Low Countries," by William George Rice, is among new publications by Mr. John Lane.

—"The Catholic Church" is the title of an artistic brochure by Gabriel Gordon, which presents its theme in a metrical form. Cardinal Gibbons commends it as "a pious enterprise in poetry." It is published anonymously.

-The death is announced from Copenhagen of Franz Neruda, the distinguished 'cellist. He was the youngest brother of the late Lady Hallé, and was born at Brünn, in Bavaria, where his father, Joseph Neruda, was organist of the cathedral.

—"Webster's Secondary-School Dictionary," issued by the American Book Co., is a buckrambound octavo of 864 pages, containing more than 70,000 words, with 1000 illustrations. It is probably one of the most complete works for purely school purposes on the market; and the fact that it is based on Webster's New International Dictionary is a sufficient guarantee that it conforms to the best present-day usage in both spelling and pronunciation.

—Among the pamphlets and brochures to reach our table of late are: "The Virtue of Purity," by Father H. R. Buckler, O. P., from the press of the Catholic Truth Agency, Portof-Spain; "A Few Suggestions for the Practical Nurse," from the press of the St. Joseph's Boys' Home, Manchester, N. H.; "Catechism of the Third Order of St. Francis," by Father Ferdinand, O. F. M.; and "The Communion of God." Of this last-mentioned brochure, its anonymous author says that it "is under the eyes of the censor and the bishop. They have been unable to bring anything consistent up against it"—and we feel no call to usurp the function of such dignitaries.

---"America and the New World-State," by Norman Angell (G. P. Putnam's Sons), is a plea for American leadership in international organization. Its avowed object is to show that the present situation furnishes to America an opportunity to take a real world-leadership by placing herself at the head of the union of civilized States, by organizing a real world-State, and especially by initiating the definite organization of the economic, social, and moral forces which might act as sanctions. While American statesmen and economists may possibly find much in the book to set them thinking, it occurs to us that Europeans who may read it will probably suggest that America might well give some antecedent proof of her competency for the proposed position by showing what she can do on this side of the Atlantic down in Mexico, for instance.

—"Fairy Plays for Children," by Mabel R. Goodlander (Rand, McNally Co.), is a stoutly bound duodecimo of 135 pages, containing nine little plays for children from six to ten years of age,—plays the stories of which are all familiar to those conversant with fairy lore, and likely to prove vastly entertaining to the young folk for whom they have been prepared. The thirty-two half-tones from photographs with which the book is illustrated enhance the charm of the text, and will aid teachers in the matter of providing suitable costumes for their small actors.

—While the vogue of the historical novel is no longer so great as it was a decade or two ago, fiction-writers, and more especially Catholic novelists, still cultivate the records of the past as an available field for their best efforts. The latest work of this kind to reach us is "Under which Flag?" by Edith Staniforth. It is a story of the Bourbon Restoration; and, apart from the historic characters necessitated by the plot, there are others of general interest,— Chateaubriand, for instance. We have found the book well worth reading, and can commend it to such lovers of romance as do not object to an occasional reversion to historical reality. B. Herder, publisher.

-Readers of Catholic fiction-may their tribe increase!-know that from Isabel C. Clarke they may expect a full and compelling narrative; and in her splendid offering, "Fine Clay," they will not be disappointed. In spite of almost insuperable time difficulties, the author succeeds in holding the reader's attention The nature of those difficulties throughout. will be understood when it is stated that the fortunes of three generations of one family are followed in the present story. It is almost too much, and well over four hundred pages are required for the task. The achievement of the book is the character of "Tibby," though the Major also is well conceived and his character sustained. "Fine Clay" is decidedly a romance, and as such to be recommended to maturity

instead of to youth. The author rather lets the love element get the upperhand of her. The narrative is, in general, too "soft." Psychologically, of course, this aspect is not without interest, but the young are not intellectual. It is to be regretted that the splendid illustration in color which graces the paper cover of the book should find no place within. Otherwise the volume is unusually satisfactory. Benziger Brothers, publishers.

-A truly apostolic idea lies back of the founding and editing of the Little Missionary, a new magazine whose object is to promote interest in, and zeal for, the Catholic missions on the part of our children. The object itself, we say, is admirable. The effectiveness of this appeal will depend, however, on just how far that idea is brought home to the child mind. Pictures and anecdotes, stories and more pictures, are sure to be the best medium of conveying it. Statistics and diagrams are of little worth, as is also lengthy exposition of mission needs. We are glad to note an approximation to the proper mode-at least our notion of the proper mode-of presenting this matter in the first number of the Little Missionary. We wish it great success. It is published at Techny, Ill.

# The Latest Books.

### A Guide to Good Reading.

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

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

"America and the New World-State." Norman Angell. \$1.25.

"Fine Clay." Isabel C. Clarke. \$1.35.

"Fairy Plays for Children." Mabel R. Goodlander. 40 cts.

"Under which Flag?" Edith Staniforth. \$1.

- "Fits and Starts." Rev. T. A. Fitzgerald. \$1.
- "The Anglo-German Problem." Charles Sarolea. D. Litt. \$1.
- "Indian Legends." Marion Foster Washburne. 45 cts.
- "The Parables of the Gospel." Leopold Fonck, S. J. Translated by E. Leahy. Edited by George O'Neill, S. J., M. A. \$3.50.

- "Archbishop Smith and the Mosaic Authorship of the Pentateuch." Compiled by S. T. B. With a Memoir of the Archbishop. \$2.25.
- "The Summa Theologica of St. Thomas Aquinas." Literally Translated by Fathers of the English Dominican Province. Part II. (First Part.) First Number. Part III. Third Number. \$2 per vol.
- "Memoirs of Father Gallwey, S. J." Father M. Gavin, of the same Order. \$1.25.
- "The Interior Life, Simplified and Reduced to Its Fundamental Principle." Edited by the Very Rev. Father Joseph Tissot, of the Missionaries of St. Francis de Sales. \$1.75.
- "The Flower of the Field." A Benedictine of Princethorpe Priory. 60 cts.
- "The Jester." Leslie Moore. \$1.35.
- "Hugh: Memoirs of a Brother." A. C. Benson. \$1.75.
- "Men, not Angels." Katharine Tynan. \$1.10.
- "A Pamphlet and What Came of It." 25 cts.

### Obituary.

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

Rev. John Holtgreve, of the archdiocese of New Orleans; Rev. Peter Welbes, archdiocese of Milwaukee; Very Rev. F. M. Dumont, S. S.; Rev. Charles Lerroux, C. S. Sp.; and Rev. Patrick McArdle, O. M. I.

Mother M. Aquinata and Sister M. Martha, of the Sisters of St. Dominic; Mother Liguori, Sisters of Mercy; Sister M. Blandina, Sisters of St. Joseph; Mother M. Obbilia, O. S. B.; Sister M. Artur, B. V. M.; and Mother Paul, Order of St. Ursula.

Mr. Thomas Masterson, Miss Loretto Cloutier, Mr. P. F. Doherty, Mr. Dudley Solon, Mrs. Mary McCann, Mr. Edward Clifford, Mr. Thomas Scanlon, Mr. John Moffitt, Mr. P. F. Moffitt, Mr. Marshall Burke, Mr. John Wuenneberg, Mr. William Ampleman, Mr. Patrick Quinn, Mr. James Kerwin, Mr. Frank Buggle, Mr. John Cox, Mr. Jacob Claus, Mrs. Thomas Powers, Miss Margaret McCabe, Mr. A. C. Deppe, Mr. Frank Meyer, Jr., Mr. William Power, Mr. Martin Kelly, Mr. L. F. Mitchell, Mr. Charles Nickerl, Mrs. Mary Curran, Mrs. Katherine McGillen, Mr. John Overkamp, Mr. M. C. Richter, Mrs. Mary Duggan, Mr. Frank Roeper, Mrs. Nora Fadden, Mr. Edward Rotchford, Mr. John Thornton, and Mrs. Winefred Ray.

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



VOL. I. (New Series.)

#### NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JUNE 5, 1915.

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# A Requiem in White.

BY CHARLES L. O'DONNELL, C. S. C.

SE called the setting sun his Sacred Heart, A little boy whose summers numbered nine,-So deeply wise, there was in every part

Of him, I think, some breath of the divine.

He went away one day, no more returning,-The heavens like a flaming heart were red;

And now whenever evening skies are burning, I see him there, a glow about his head.

His mother, leaving me the sunset skies,

Has other comfort for her bosom's smart; Past sky and sun she looks with truer eyes,

And finds him nestled on the Sacred Heart.

God's Condescending Love.

BY THE REV. H. G. HUGHES.

My delights are to be with the children of men. (Prov., viii, 31.)



HE whole history of God's dealings with men, from the Creation onward, is a history of the most

marvellous condescension, - of a continual stooping down of God to the creatures of His hands; a sort of bringing down of Himself by God, as it were, to our level, which, to say the least of it, is most unexpected and most amazing; while to say the most of it that could be said would require the tongues not of men but of angels. Such is the loving and tender condescension of God to men, so wonderful the yearning affection of our Lord and Maker shown in His so great condescension toward us, that we find it difficult to believe; and the history of Divine Revelation seems to be, if we may reverently say so, a record of continual attempts on the part of Almighty God to prove what is His love for us, what His desire to win our hearts, what His longing that we should respond to His love, and live on terms of loving and familiar intimacy with Him.

I said that the history of God's loving condescension to us goes back to Creation; for was not Creation itself an act of condescension beyond words to describe? What need had the Almighty God, the Blessed Trinity, living from eternity His blissful, perfect life of mutual love, what need had the Adorable Trinity of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Three Persons in one God, of any other? No need. Out of pure love and condescension, that others might share His goodness and His happiness, God put forth His omnipotence, and created the universe of angels and men. Ancient Fathers of the Church, great Christian saints who lived close to God and were illuminated by the Holy Ghost, tell us that Creation would have died in its very birth, shrivelled and sunk again into nothingness at the moment of its making under the awful touch of God's Almighty hand, had He not condescended further to support and conserve in being the things He has made; so that not only is Creation a vast condescension of God, but that the universe and we with it are preserved in existence from moment to moment is also a marvellous condescension.

But, having made man, God has pursued him through all the ages with His condescending, tender love. He walked at the beginning with Adam and Eve in familiar intercourse in the Garden of Eden. When they sinned, He but took occasion of their fall to design a restoration, a salvation, that should outdo everything He had done before in its inexhaustible outpourings of love, its extremes of condescension, its excesses of mercy, of compassion, of tender, loving familiarity with His fallen creatures; its endeavors to win men's hearts. - to persuade them that their God is not simply an awful Sovereign, to be worshipped afar off with fear and trembling; but a most loving Father, a tender, compassionate God, who desires to be not only Sovereign and Lord, but dearest Friend and Companion of His poor creatures.

So God chose out one people-the people of the Jews,-that He might dwell among them; that, by their history, and by His dealings with them, the world at large might be familiarized with the idea of a God of love,--a God dwelling with His people. Search the Old Testament, and read there the loving expressions, the tender expressions, the expressions, I was going to say, of passionately tender love, that God uses toward His chosen people. Read there the oft-repeated exhortations of prophet and psalmist and preacher to trust in God; read the extolling, from the first page of the Old Testament to the last, of the mercy and loving-kindness, the patience and longsuffering of God with a people so often stiff-necked and rebellious, so often forsaking the worship of Jehovah and going after strange gods. God's very punishments, those terrible temporal punishments which He inflicted upon them, were but to bring them back to Him and to His love.

Think how He brought them out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage; how He led them through the

desert with a strong hand and outstretched arm; think how He made a way for them through the Red Sea, and destroyed Pharaoh and his hosts beneath its waves: how He led them through the wilderness with a pillar of fire by night, and a pillar of cloud by day; how He defeated all their enemies, and brought them at last to the haven where they would be, the lovely land of promise. Look at His familiar intercourse with them through all their history; His constant interventions on their behalf; His dwelling amongst them so long in visible Presence on the mercy seat between the Cherubim over the sacred Ark. To that people, before the Gospel days, He said, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore have I drawn thee, taking pity on thee."\* And to them the Divine Wisdom declared. "My delights are to be with the children of men."

Well might Moses say, "Neither is there any other nation so great, that hath its gods so nigh them as our God is present to all our petitions." † And the Psalmist cries out in wonder: "Lord, what is man, that Thou art mindful of him; or the son of man, that Thou visitest him? Thou hast made him a little less than the angels; Thou hast crowned him with glory and honor...O Lord, our Lord, how admirable is. Thy Name in all the earth!" ‡

But there came a time when all God's condescension in Creation was put into the shade, in the upholding of the creatures of His hand, all His familiar intercourse with man before the fall, all His lovingkindness and mercy to that chosen people in whom He would prepare a Redeemer. There came a time when, in the quiet night, simple Shepherds heard the Angels' song, and said to one another: "Let us go over to Bethlehem, and let us see this word that is come to pass, which the Lord hath showed us. And they came with haste; and they found Mary and Joseph,

\* Jeremias, xxxi, 3. † Deut., iv, 7. ‡ Ps., viii, 5, 6, 10.

and the Infant lying in the manger."\* And that Infant was the God of gods and Lord of lords, the Creator of the universe, the Word and Son of God. And the acts of condescension by which through all the ages God had been besieging the hearts of men had surely reached their climax; for there was God Himself visible, an Infant born of a woman,one of our race, Man like to us, God in the flesh, Emmanuel. He who thought it no robbery to be equal to God had emptied Himself, and taken upon Himself the form of a servant; for "the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us." "For us men and for our salvation He came down from heaven, and was Incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary, and was made Man."

Surely then, divine condescension, the stooping of God to men, could go no further! That is, indeed, what many say, that is what many believe. They believe this much, they can believe no more: they stop at that. But why? Surely, when God has bridged over the chasm that separates the Infinite from the finite; when the God of heaven has become Man, has taken upon Himself human nature, with its weaknesses,become like to us in all things, sin only apart,-surely we have no right to say, "Thus far and no further. God has done enough: the depths of the divine mercy and condescension have been reached."

No: the little Babe of Bethlehem, God in His dear Blessed Mother's arms, was not the last expression of God's condescending love for us; His familiar intercourse in the flesh with His people for three and thirty years was not the last expression of that condescending love; His death upon the Cross, even, was not the last word of that unspeakable love. There is something more; for before He died He said: "He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood hath everlasting life... He that eateth Me, the same also shall live by Me." And

\* St. Luke, ii, 15, 16.

the night that He was betrayed He took bread and blessed and broke, and gave it to them, saying, "Take ye and eat: this is My body"; and likewise the cup, saying, "Drink ye all of this; for this is My blood of the New Testament, which shall be shed for many for the remission of sins." "Do this for a commemoration of Me."

So there is something more; and we Catholics, with all Christian antiquity, with the Apostles, the Fathers, the Christians of all times and places, believe what is believed now by Christians all over the world except where the so-called Reformation has banished the belief of ages-that the condescension of God, the stooping of God to His creatures, has not ceased, but goes on; that still His "delights are to be with the children of men"; that He is truly present in the Adorable Sacrament of the Altar in the reality of His Godhead and His Manhood; still our Emmanuel, - still God with us in His Holy Catholic Church in this great Sacrament of condescension.

Men will not believe this: they will believe in the Incarnation-some of thembut they will not believe in the Real Presence. Yet the Incarnation is really the harder to believe; it is the more impossible, looked at from the merely human point of view. If God is Man, if God can be a little Infant in His Mother's arms, that same God can be present in the Blessed Sacrament. That He should hide His Manhood as well as His Godhead under the outward forms of bread and wine is, indeed, a further condescension of His loving affection for us. But, after all, the first great wonder is that He should be Man at all.

There are some outsiders now who see this, and who wish to bring back belief in the Real Presence. They are the socalled "Catholic" party in the Protestant Episcopal Church. They may wish this, but they have nothing to believe in, they have no Real Presence, Their ancestors in religion, the Protestants of England and Germany, emptied the churches of that at the great religious rebellion miscalled the Reformation. They can not get it back; they are too late in the day; for the "Reformers" so altered the Ordination service, and so changed their meaning and intention in the use of that service, that it became incapable of conveying the Apostolic succession of that priesthood which alone has power to consecrate the body and blood of Christ. If they want to find the Real Presence now, they must come to Catholic churches and Catholic altars to find It.

A word in conclusion about Catholic devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. Protestants say that our devotion is puerile and childish, or too materialistic. These are favorite criticisms about Catholic belief and devotion in regard to the Real Presence, especially when our Divine Lord in the Blessed Sacrament is exposed for the veneration of the faithful, or carried in procession, with flowers and lights and incense and music and gorgeous vestments. Too materialistic? I wonder, if they had stood in the stable at Bethlehem, and seen the Shepherds bowing down, and the Wise Men offering their gifts-material gifts-of gold and frankincense and myrrh, would they have said that worship was too materialistic? Had they seen God in the flesh, God lying in the straw, God touched and handled would they have said it was all too materialistic? Had they seen that happy Blessed Mother straining her Infant God to her bosom, and kissing Him with the kisses of her mouth, would they have said that her worship and her love were too materialistic?

Materialistic? Had they seen Thomas, at the Risen Lord's own invitation, putting his hand into the wounded side, and his fingers into the prints of the nails; had they seen Jesus eating and drinking before His disciples to show them that He was truly risen in the body from the dead, would they have said that that was too materialistic? Had they heard Jesus say, "He that eateth Me, the same shall live by Me," "My flesh is meat indeed; My blood is drink indeed," would they have said the same? If so, if they would have charged all this with materialism, let them say, then, that our worship of Jesus in the Sacrament of His Condescension is too materialistic. Materialistic it *is*, if they wish to use the word; but not *too* materialistic. It is materialistic because Christ is here *in the flesh*, and we worship in the Adorable Sacrament not God only, but God made Man.

But it is childish! All these flowers and lights; these vestments, this incense and music; this lifting up and carrying about,—it is so puerile, so childish! Very well: let them call it childish. It is not really "childish," but "childlike"; and there was One who said, "Suffer the little children to come to Me, ... for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven"; and "Unless you become as little children, you shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven." Extremes here meet; and in presence of the majesty of God, the attitude of children is the only fitting one.

Further, a true appreciation of the marvellous condescension of God of which I have been writing—His condescension in the Incarnation, His condescension in the Blessed Sacrament; the realization that in the Sacrament of the Altar Jesus Christ, God and Man, dwells and moves amongst His faithful people still as in the days of His suffering life,—all this naturally and inevitably produces just this affectionate, simple, childlike and happy, yet most deeply reverent, kind of worship that we give to Him at Benediction and in processions of the Sacred Host.

God stoops to us; we run lovingly to greet Him with our little gifts. Poor, indeed, are they in comparison with Him. We can not build a temple magnificent enough for Him whom heaven and earth can not contain; we can not offer Him anything that is good enough, since all heaven and all earth can not furnish any treasure truly worthy of Him. But we must do something; and in our Catholic devotion to the Blessed Sacrament we do what we can,—we do what the unerring instinct of the Catholic Church, the Spouse of Jesus, teaches us to do, and has consecrated as apt and fitting to express our living faith, our gratitude too deep for words, our undying love for Jesus Christ, whose delights are to be with us in this great Sacrament of His condescending love.

The Secret Bequest.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

### XXIII.

T was on the same afternoon as that on which Cecily and Julian were seated together on the shores of Lake Toxaway — but very much later, for the sun was sinking in the west—that Honora, returning from an entertainment (one of the "hen parties" despised by Cecily) which she had attended with Alicia Page, sent the latter home in the limousine, and herself, crossing the terrace, went into the house alone.

It seemed to her that she had never been more aware of the charm of the spacious dwelling than as it lay, open and flower-scented, around her when she entered the hall and paused for a moment, as if undecided where to go. The complete stillness of the large, shaded rooms on each side, and the light and color of sunset flowing into the stately hall, carried a sense of quiet and repose which was at once soothing and delightful after the scene she had just left-the chatter of many voices, all talking at once, the clatter of teaspoons against glass and china, and the brightly lighted rooms full of animated figures. It had all been pleasant enough, but rather fatiguing to one unaccustomed to social diversions; and this cool, dim, silent house was the most refreshing contrast imaginable. A

soft sigh was the expression of her intense pleasure in the consciousness that such an ideal home of peace was her own; and then, turning, by a sudden impulse she passed into the music-room.

Here, too, the sunset glow entered freely from the western windows, and flooded the beautiful room, which had a chapellike air from the tall, gilded pipes of the organ at its farther end. Honora looked at the magnificent instrument a little wistfully. It had never been opened since the day, which seemed so long ago, when Bernard had closed it down, after the knowledge of what his uncle's letter contained had come to him by intuitive deduction; but now she felt that she would give much if she could see Bernard enter, open it again, sit down and flood the room with melody, as it was already flooded with light. Well, there was no good in wishing for what was at present beyond all possibility of realization. But the longing grew and seized upon her like a passion; though whether it was for Bernard himself-for the personality which had come to mean so much to her,-for the music on which the soul mounted upward as if on wings, or for That which lay, august and mysterious, behind the attraction of both, she could not tell.

But she felt suddenly that music in some form she must have; and, opening the grand piano, which in its gleaming mahogany case stood at one side of the room, she sat down and began to play some of the half-forgotten music of her early youth. Fragments of Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words" came to her fingers, for her musical education had stopped before she knew much of the work of modern composers; and the simple, tender, spring-like strains as they floated out on the stillness-she had a really charming touch-seemed to blend perfectly with the fragrance of flowers, the sunset, and the vesper notes of birds. She was modulating softly the chords of "Consolation" when suddenly

the thought of Cecily came to her strongly, — so strongly that with an involuntary movement she turned her head, almost expecting to see the girl enter the room, until she remembered how far away she was.

It was, of course, the subtle association of the music which produced this extraordinary impression of her personality, and even of her presence, Honora told herself as she continued to play. But while she played her attention wandered more and more from the music, and more and more she was conscious of something which can be described only as the touch of Cecily's spirit upon her own,-as if from a remote distance a message were being conveyed to her which she was unable to grasp. She felt almost impelled to turn to the shadowy presence which seemed to stand beside her and say, "What is it? What do you want?" She changed to another theme, less filled with recollections of the past; but still the strange sensation of Cecily's presence persisted; and then, putting out her hand, she took up a music-book from the stand beside her. It was one of Bernard's, a collection of liturgical anthems and hymns; and as she turned the pages her eye fell on the Vesper hymn, Lucis Creator Optime, which, with the hymn for Compline, the beautiful Te lucis ante terminum, he had several times sung for her at twilight, and which she had liked particularly. Now she began to try it herself, and for the first time read the translation of the words into English. Very lovely she found them; and when she reached the appeal which the close of each swiftly passing day seems to render more poignantly moving-

Thick flows the flood of darkness down;

Oh, hear us as we weep and pray! Keep Thou our souls from schemes of crime,

Nor guilt remorseful let us know;

Nor, thinking but on things of time, Into eternal darkness go,---

she paused with a sense of fear which startled herself. For how simply, how concisely, yet with what force, these lines conveyed a terrible idea, a terrible possibility! And suddenly the idea connected itself with Cecily,—Cecily, whose presence seemed so strongly with her! Why it should do so, she did not know. Why at this moment for the first time she should realize overwhelmingly that Cecily did not give, had never given, one serious thought to anything but "things of time," she was unable to tell. But the fact was there, rousing a sense of positive terror at the possibility of an anguish beyond the power of words to express.

For, as her hands dropped from the keys of the piano and she sat motionless, while the fragrant summer twilight deepened around her, everything was made luminously clear to her mental vision. She had closed her ears to the call of God's grace, to the sound of those strong Feet that "followed, followed after" her flying soul; she had clung with passionate determination to the wealth which was the price of that soul-and all for what? Not for herself in even the least degree: had she had only herself to consider, she knew that she would willingly --- nay, gladly --- have cast the Chisholm fortune aside, and gone back to poverty and labor, if so she might follow the strong attraction which drewher toward the Catholic Church. It was for Cecily that the costly sacrifice had been made; for Cecily, that she might plunge deeper and deeper into worldliness, and drink her fill of the pleasure, admiration and luxury for which her nature And when all the senses had thirsted. been satisfied and the end came-as come it must, either soon or late-would not Cecily then,

... thinking but on things of time, Into eternal darkness go?

She knew well that Cecily would smile at such a suggestion, would call it an exploded superstition of the past, and that she herself not long before would have smiled also. But of late she had learned many things, though how she learned them she could not tell; and at this present moment the darkness flowing down upon the material world brought a message which she could not disregard, the message of a deeper darkness awaiting the soul that deliberately ignored and turned away from God.

And in Cecily's fate how much responsibility would be hers? This was what was chiefly made clear to her with an appalling clearness. She had not thought of herself: she had, on the contrary, made her choice in a spirit of absolute unselfishness, with ardent desire to pour happiness upon Cecily. And now it was shown to her that she would do Cecily a great wrong in feeding the spirit of worldliness, and leading her along a path of spiritual darkness. And meanwhile the consciousness of Cecily herself-of Cecily strangely mingled with the descending twilight-deepened and pressed upon her.

How long a time elapsed while she remained motionless considering these things which some power outside herself seemed presenting to her, and undergoing an experience of mental emotion she was destined never to forget, she did not know. But she was presently aware of Mrs. Kemp's voice speaking in the lighted hall beyond the room where she sat in the obscurity of the fallen dusk:

"I'm quite sure Miss Honora's at home, Mr. Bernard. I haven't seen her since she came in, but I heard her playing the piano; and I've been waiting for her to say that she's ready for her tea she hasn't been taking dinner since Miss Cecily's been away."

And then Bernard Chisholm's voice, with the deep baritone note she knew so well:

"If you heard her playing, perhaps she is still in the music-room—"

Honora rose and came forward to the door of the room.

"Yes, Bernard: here I am," she said. He turned quickly, and as the brilliant light from the electroliers fell on his face, she saw that he was looking singularly pale, and that there was in his eyes an expression quite new to her, which roused a vague sense of apprehension.

"I am glad to find you," he said, advancing toward her. "Alicia told me that you were at home. May I speak to you for a few minutes?"

"How formal!" she smiled. "You may certainly speak to me for as many minutes as you like. I've just been wishing that you would come and play for me. Perhaps my wishing brought you."

He did not answer her smile by another, as he would ordinarily have done.

"No," he replied gravely, as he followed her into the music-room, to which she turned back, and switched on the lights as he entered. "No," he repeated, as he paused and stood looking at her with the same unfamiliar expression in his eyes. "I have come to bring you a message."

"A message!" Fear clutched at her heart suffocatingly, and then she knew why he was regarding her so compassionately. "What has happened to Cecily?" she asked.

"She has been injured in an automobile accident," he answered. "No, she is not dead" (her lips had gasped one word), "but her condition is—very serious. It is necessary that you should go to her at once."

"How have you heard?" It seemed to her that she hardly spoke audibly, but he answered at once:

"Selwyn telegraphed to me. He did not know how else to reach you, without giving you too much of a shock. It is a very short time since I received the message. I replied that you would leave by the night train, as of course you will."

"Of course. When does it go?"

"At ten o'clock,—there is nothing earlier."

"It is hard to wait even so long. I should like to start this moment. Is there the least hope that I may find her—alive?" Then, as he hesitated, uncertain with to answer, she held out her hand. me the message," she said. He handed it to her silently; and, opening it, she read:

"Let Miss Trezevant know that her sister has been dangerously injured in an automobile accident. Condition desperate, but still living. Necessary Miss Trezevant should come without delay.

### "ROBERT SELWYN."

There was a moment's pause, and then Honora lifted her eyes, and Bernard thought that he had never seen deeper anguish in a human glance.

"It is for my fault that Cecily is dying," she said in a strange, toneless voice. "You must know that."

"Your fault!" Bernard was so deeply startled that he could only echo her words. "How is that possible?"

"Surely you know," she repeated. "When we talked of the 'Hound of Heaven' you understood: you knew that God demanded a great sacrifice of me, and that I refused—for Cecily's sake. You can't tell me that you didn't understand?"

"Yes, I understood," he answered. "I knew—I've known for some time—how it was with you; and my sympathy has been beyond anything that I can express."

"I don't deserve your sympathy," she said; and her voice was now as full of anguish as her eyes. "I have been a coward—I could not face all that the renunciation of your uncle's fortune would mean—I could not condemn Cecily again to poverty. I turned my back on God— I chose the world for her—and now He is taking her, out of it—and it is for my fault—my fault!"

Then Bernard made a step forward and took her hands, while the paper which bore the message fell unheeded to the floor.

"Honora," he said—and in his tone tenderness and command were mingled,— "these thoughts are worse than morbid: they are madness. If I have understood your struggle, if I have seen how hardly you were placed, how your very unselfishnest was turned against you, and how impossible, humanly speaking, it was for you to have acted other than you have done, do you think God has understood less and pitied less? You must not doubt His sympathy or His goodness, and you must not try to interpret the meaning of His acts by your own limited ideas. If He wills to call Cecily out of the world, it may be for some reason that you do not guess: it may be because the passionate love of the world, already so strong in her, would grow with unlimited indulgence until it would absorb all that was good in her nature."

"I see!" Honora murmured, — "the unlimited indulgence which I have been so eager to give her at any cost!"

"Yes, which you have been ready to risk your soul to give her"—he felt that it was no time for weighing or measuring words,—"and which might easily have proved the eternal ruin of *her* soul. Try to feel that it may be to save her, rather than to punish you, that God will take her, if she is to go."

"Oh, you are good, very good, to speak like this!" she cried. "You see things with wonderful clearness; and, strangely enough, I have seen them-a little-in the same way." She paused and cast a glance around the now brightly lighted room, as if seeking something which was not there; and when she went on speaking, her voice sank involuntarily to a whisper. "Not long ago," she said, "as I sat here in the dusk, I was suddenly, overwhelmingly conscious of Cecily. It was as if she were standing beside me-when I turned my head, I almost felt that I would see her, and thoughts somewhat like these you have suggested, came to me.... For the first time the idea occurred to me that I might do her harm instead of good by the sacrifice I was ready to make in order that she might have everything she wanted in life; andand some terrible lines from one of your Catholic hymns struck me,-lines about

... thinking but on things of time, Into eternal darkness go.

Perhaps you remember them?"

"I remember them very well."

"Well, they seemed to link so strangely with the thought of Cecily, to obtrude so persistently into my mind, that a fear I can not describe seized me. Ι seemed to realize indescribably what would be Cecily's fate if she died now,-how entirely she had always been without thought of anything save things of time; and how, instead of helping her to think of anything else, I was ready to risk my soul, as you have said, to feed her love of the world and worldly things." She shuddered strongly. "It was very awful," she went on. "It was as if I looked down the long vista of eternity, and saw-I can not express what I saw. But I feel that I would do anything, that I would strip myself of everything, if I might only gain for Cecily time to think of eternal things! Oh, do you think that I can? Do you think that God will be merciful enough to let me do it,-I who have been ready to betray Him for love of a creature?"

"I believe that He will," Bernard answered gently. "I believe that He has interfered to show you that you were making a terrible mistake, not only for yourself but for Cecily; that He will accept your sacrifice if you are willing to make it, and grant to her the time which is the most precious gift you can now win for her."

"Do you think that was, what she came to ask,—for I had the feeling that she asked—that she wanted—something of me?"

Bernard had the consciousness of being in deeper waters spiritually than he had ever been in before; but he could not turn from the appeal of the anguished eyes fastened on him. And so he answered steadily:

"I have no right to speak in such matters; but, since you ask me, I do think that what she wanted was that you should help her in this supreme crisis, when her eternal fate may be trembling in the balance. She has always

come to you when she needed help, has she not?"

"Oh, always,—since she was a little child and our mother died!"

"Then it is plain that in mortal fear, with the dread of death upon her, her thoughts have turned to you with the old instinct of demanding help, whether slie knew what form the help might take or not. But *wc* know what God has already demanded of you, and you have refused to give—for her sake. Now it is for her sake, to save her from going into the eternal darkness of which you have spoken, that you are again asked to give it."

He could not add, "Will you again refuse?" But his eyes asked the question, and she answered it immediately:

"There can be no question of refusal," she said. "It has all been made too plain to me. I have seen clearly that what I was so anxious to do for her would have been for the eternal ruin of her soul; and so, even if she recovers and reproaches me for casting her again into poverty, I shall know that I acted for the best."

"I do not think that she will reproach you," he said. "If she has looked death in the face, and realized it as it can be realized only when we stand face to face with it, she will be glad to come back to life, even at the price of resigning your fortune and her own ambitions." He was silent for a moment, and then, as if weighing every word, "I believe," he said, "that *that* was the appeal her spirit was making to yours."

"But she does not even know-"

".Perhaps she knows more than you imagine, and, at all events, God knows, and could reveal to her what was necessary."

Again there was silence in the beautiful, illuminated room; while the two figures standing in the centre of the floor gazed into each other's eyes, oblivious of everything beside the struggle for a human soul which had reached its culminating point. Honora was absolutely unconscious that she was clinging to Bernard's hands as one might cling to a life-line, and Bernard himself, held by the stress of her emotion, and by his perception of the issues that were at stake, had thought only for her,-not even at this moment for his own deepening love, which was also hanging on her decision.

And the decision came swiftly.

"Do you think," she asked, "that I would find your church open at this hour? I should like to go there for a few minutes."

"It is probably still open, for it is not late," he replied. "But if not, it can be opened for you. Do you wish to go at once?"

"At once," she answered. "Touch the bell that I may order the car; and you will go with me, will you not? You understand that I am going to make in the most solemn manner a promise and an offering to God."

"I understand." His face was vivid with emotion as he spoke. "And, understanding, I thank God; and I will go with you to the end of the world, if you will allow me."

(To be continued.)

### June.

#### BY MARY ISABEL CRAMSIE.

THERE'S a smile in the sun, And a flush in the sky, And freighted with incense The breezes float by; There's a riot of color The gardens along, While the minstrels of air Flood the world with their song. O Queen of the Summer, O exquisite shrine

For the Heart tender, human, And yet all divine!-

One blossom is wanting

Thy gifts to complete:

'Tis the rose of our love, Which we lay at His feet.

## After Ten Years.

### BY J. F. SCHOLFIELD.

#### VI.-SACRAMENTS.

T must have been about forty vears ago that vague religious ideas, I first heard the expression "the Sacramental System." It was merely used in conversation, and with very little notion on the part of the speaker of what it really meant; but I still remember that it struck my youthful mind as helpful, and as an explanation of a good many things I did not understand. It was years afterward, however, (chiefly, I think, through reading Archdeacon Wilberforce's great treatise on "The Doctrine of the Incarnation"), that I first gained a clear sense of what a sacrament is, and how all the sacraments are an "extension of the Incarnation." The definition in the Protestant Catechism—"An outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace given unto us, ordained by Christ Himself, as a means whereby we receive the same" (i. e., the outward part a means whereby the inward part is conveyed to the soul)should have taught me better if I had tried to enter into its meaning; but the dignified, scholastic language is as hard as a Greek play to the average schoolboy, and I do not remember its ever being really explained to me.

It will be noticed that the definition is practically the same as that contained in the answer to the first question on the sacraments in our own Catechism. It is significant that the section (in the Anglican Catechism) on the Sacraments, which contains so much Catholic teaching, was added to the Protestant formulary in 1604, when men of a more respectable type of theology (not to mention other things) had succeeded to the Elizabethan prelates of the preceding period. That is, the teaching of the Anglican Catechism on this particular point is the teaching of a particular school. It never has been,

and is not to-day, the teaching of a very large proportion of the clergy of the Church of England, who have to explain it away as best they can; just as High-Churchmen have to explain away (if they think it worth while) the egregious Protestantism of other Anglican statements.

Perhaps the divisions of Anglicanism never appear so hopeless a welter of impossible contradictions as when we consider them in the light of the Christian revelation as to the sacraments. For every kind of belief and unbelief-from the barren denials of sacramentarianism (as the heresy that sees in a sacrament only a mere external symbol was formerly called), through theories that endeavor in various irrational modes to acknowledge some spiritual efficacy in sacraments without making too serious a demand on faith, up to the entire acceptance of Catholic doctrine, at least implicitlythere is room, in practice at least, within those very elastic frontiers. Only this is worthy of remark: that while a clergyman who teaches the Zwinglian doctrine, thus reducing the sacraments to mere exterior ceremonies, is, at any rate, not branded by episcopal disfavor, his neighbor who founds a course of instruction on St. Thomas' chapters on the sacraments will most unquestionably find himself, except in a very few dioceses, the mark of his bishop's displeasure and of the suspicion of most of his fellow-parsons.

It will be the weavers of impossible theories, with no historical or theological foundation, who will bask in the sunshine of Anglican high places. You may, nowadays, use plenty of rhetorical language, just as you may indulge in plenty of ceremonial, so long as the language is only rhetorical and the ceremonial only æsthetic. Happily, there is a large body of both clergy and laity who rise far above all this unreality, whose faith is far stronger than their logic, and who, if they only knew it, are hungering for the satisfaction of their needs in their as yet. unattained spiritual home.

I can not remember any sermons or instructions, of whatsoever kind, on the sacraments in my younger days. I must have been taught about the subject, in some way or other, before Confirmation, but the teaching made no impression on me. Until I consciously accepted the Catholic doctrine, I think the general idea conveyed to my mind was that the two chief sacraments (I had never heard of any others) were great and mysterious acts, that they brought some wonderful blessing, and that one ought to be very good and reverent in one's treatment of them. This, I think, was the old-fashioned Church of England spirit in which I was brought up. Is it not a survival, diluted indefinitely, of the faith and love of our Catholic forefathers? Then, when I came to think consciously of what the Prayer Book said as to Baptism and Holy Communion, I took the words as they stood, never thinking explaining them into the precise of opposite, more Anglicano; and so, without knowing it, I believed implicitly what I believe to-day explicitly on this particular point.

Later on I was told of the five other sacraments, and that the Article which denies their right to the name (in some of the most strange and futile words that are to be found in any doctrinal formulary) must be accepted only in a "Catholic sense." There were certainly two greater sacraments, necessary for all; the other five were on a different level, because Penance was necessary only after mortal sin, Matrimony and Holy Orders for certain vocations, while Confirmation and Extreme Unction were confessedly not needful to salvation. This was broadly true, but failed to purge the article of unblushing heresy. This much of historical justification for the position is, however, beyond question: that the design of the State authorities, at the time of the imposition of the Articles in 1571, was to embrace in one national Establishment all who would abjure the supremacy of the Apostolic See, and outwardly conform to the rites prescribed under the Act of Uniformity. Those who would perform this double act of submission to the civil power might, for the rest, hold very much what they pleased.

But our contention, as advanced "Anglo-Catholics," was in direct contradiction to any such unprincipled comprehension. We asked for no mere toleration, as one school of theology among many; other schools might be, in virtue of necessity, tolerated for a while; but our mission was to bring back the separated English Provinces to the faith and unity which they had lost three and a half centuries ago. And all the while it was obvious to the rest of the world that we were a mere school, and one which during most of those three hundred and fifty years had barely existed, and which had never been dominant, in the "reformed" Church of England.

It may not be without interest to note briefly the actual position of matters in the Anglican body with regard to the sacraments, not entering into the question, at this moment, of its actual possession of any or all of them. We will take them in the order to which the Catechism has accustomed us.

Ί. Holy Baptism. Whatever errors have been accepted and enforced by Anglicanism, the service for the administration of this first and most necessary of all the sacraments is unquestionably Catholic in its doctrine; while the rubrical directions, if carefully carried out, would make an invalid baptism impossible. Many ancient ceremonies are unhappily omitted, with an extraordinary inconsistency in face of the reformers' continual appeal to Primitive Christianity. But the essentials are there, and nothing can be clearer than the assertions as to the necessity and the effects of the sacrament. The definitions, too, of the Protestant catechism are absolutely Catholic; and no doubt is left that the duly baptized child or person has been cleansed from original sin, made a Christian, a child of God, and member of the Church. To add greater solemnity to the service, the child is signed with the cross (though without oil or chrism), and the water in the font must be solemnly blessed.

So far, so good. Yet, until the revival of the last century, the carelessness of the administration of Holy Baptism was one of the great scandals of the Church of England. Small basins were usually substituted for the fonts, which were turned into receptacles for hats, dusters, brushes, etc. Aspersion (which is not even lawful according to the Common Prayer Book) was almost universal, and performed with such negligence that invalid baptisms must have been at least terribly frequent. No care was taken that the water flowed onto and off the child. A clergyman, whose recollections went back to the first half of the nineteenth century, told me of an old parson who remarked with a chuckle: "I know how to keep all the babies from cyring when they're christened. I take care the water never touches them!" It was notorious that many clergymen of the "Evangelical" party entirely declined to use parts of the baptismal service, because of its uncompromising orthodoxy.

These are scandals of past days, it may be urged; not altogether, it is to be feared. But, whether or not, the fact remains that a large proportion of Anglican clergy look on Baptism-and are free to do so, so far as any interference by authority is concerned-as a mere ceremony by which a child or person is visibly admitted to the number of Christian people. The notorious Gorham Judgment of 1850, which drove many Anglicans (among them Cardinal Manning) to consider their position and seek refuge in the Church-has never been formally condemned by the Church of England. Any parson who, like Mr. Gorham, denied the Catholic doctrine of Holy Baptism might be, as he was, refused institution to a parish by a High Church bishop; but the civil law courts would see he got there all the same, as Mr.

Gorham did. The fact is, then, that on paper the Anglican Church has maintained the truth on this particular point; while in practice none of her accredited teachers are bound to believe or teach it. Happily for what is left of non-Catholic English Christianity, things are so much better now among many of the clergy that a great proportion of Anglican baptisms are unquestionably valid,—indeed, are performed with the most scrupulous care and reverence.

II. Confirmation. Long before I made my submission, the ceremony that goes by this name in the Anglican Church had been a source of untold trouble to me, as I fancy it is to many clergymen. A paper read by a fellow-parson at a clerical meeting on the very serious and perhaps even perilous action of the Anglican "reformers" in abolishing all sacramental use of the holy oils did not tend to make me any more comfortable. I asked myself, By what possible right could a couple of provinces alter the matter of one of the sacraments? Even on the Anglican theory, the "whole Church" taught that Confirmation was administered by the invocation of the Holy Ghost, the imposition in some form of the bishop's hands, and the signing with the sacred chrism. Deliberately to omit any one of these points was, at the best, to risk the validity of the whole rite. In addition to this wanton playing with divine things, the Church of England had come to look on Confirmation as a mere renewal of the baptismal promises. A form of such renewal had been prefixed to the service; and—such are the strange revenges of a break with Catholic tradition-this preface (even the liturgical iconoclasts of 1552 did not mean it for anything more) is considered, probably by all Anglicans except definite High Churchmen, as the very kernel of the ceremony.

I heard a bishop of strong Protestant sympathies tell a number of children and others who had come to receive Confirmation at his hands, that if they asked him what benefit they would receive, he could not tell them. He knew only it was a good thing to do as you are told! On the other hand, there is a school of eccentric High Churchmen whose theology regards Baptism as something quite incomplete until the grace of Confirmation has been also received; only in the second sacrament, they teach, is the indwelling of God the Holy Ghost vouchsafed to the soul. The "extreme" men are wise enough to keep simply to the Catholic doctrine; but if the Anglican Church really meant to retain the sacrament, would her rulers have deliberately altered both the matter and the form which had come down from the beginning of English Christianity? If they did so mean, their recklessness amounts almost to insanity; if they did not, their retention of the old title was a gigantic cheat.

When I was confirmed as an Anglican, I had not a glimmering of what I was to receive, if anything. I think I looked on the ceremony as a necessary preliminary to becoming a communicant. All through my clerical life no times were so dreary as those connected with this service. The instruction of children, and of many older people too, was in itself a delight. But every time I felt that my teaching was difficult to square with the rite itself, and I nearly always doubted whether the bishop might not, in his address, explicitly contradict what I had tried, as well as I knew how, to impress upon those I presented to him. A clergyman of great devotion and considerable learning, who afterward became a priest in the Westminster archdiocese, and for whom I had a very special reverence and affection, remarked, almost immediately after his reception into the Church: "What a blessing to be at last of the same religion as one's bishop!"

(To be continued.)

No one knows what he can do till he is fully resolved to do what he can.

## The Black Sheep Returns.

BY JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

I.

R. RUSSELL ignored the invitations of the cabmen at the station, walked up the steps to the bridge which crossed the track, sauntered

across it pleasantly, and surveyed the beautiful scene with mixed feelings. Although he would have denied it positively-and Mr. Russell was a most positive man,-the chief emotion of his bosom at the moment was complacency. How often he had gazed on the farreaching river in his childhood, and wondered if one day it might be his good fortune to sail to its sources! And here he had already spanned a continent many times. How often he had wondered at the mystery that lay beyond the solemn cliffs to the south, and had resolved one day to overcome their terrors and to solve that mystery! And here he had solved all the mysteries. His temperament was of a kind which provided him with a satisfactory explanation for everything. Of course he knew that many learned people still discussed what they called grave problems of life and death, of science and theology, and so forth, and suffered from their inability to explain them. Mr. Russell waved his hand at the problems and they vanished. Death a problem? Pooh! Every man died and that was the end of it. Why discuss and argue and rage and weep? Life a problem? Tut, tut, tut! Get three meals a day, enough money, and live your life. Oh, he was very well satisfied with the world, with himself, and with his whole career!

It had begun in full view of this lordly river, rippling in the sun, dotted with boats, stretching far away into the golden distance; shadowed on either bank by the green, lofty, forbidding shores. For twenty years he had bathed in this touching beauty, whose exquisite colors and forms had never really pierced his

soul until this moment; and their beauty reached him now only because he had seen the wonders of scenery everywhere About this peaceful scene on the else. Tappan Zee, as the ancient Dutch called this section of the Hudson, there hung a fairy charm which even Mr. Russell's thick skin acknowledged. He looked at it long, while pleasing thoughts tickled his feelings and even brought moisture into his eyes. He had left this loveliness a poor, unknown boy, but was now returning worth considerable money and with a high reputation in the business world.

True, his exit from Silver Ferry had been somewhat unusual; and he smiled at the picture of his midnight flight from his native town, and at the scandal which must have followed. Of after events he had heard nothing, and he dismissed the subject now with a sigh and the remark, "Boys will be boys." Of course he had to consider mildly his relations with his family. Although he had heard little of them in twenty years, he was sharp enough to feel that they were peculiar. They did not accept the philosophy expressed so neatly in the common phrase, "Boys will be boys." They had resented his elopement with a girl of no character; had returned his letters unopened; had not even notified him of his mother's death the same month, and of his father's death a few years later. All his news from the Ferry reached him through the town newspaper and a few letters from his chums, now long forgotten.

It was a problem how his brother and sisters would receive him; but he had seen too many stubborn doors open before the magic words Success and Money to waste any time on it. If his relatives were wise, they would forget the past as he had forgotten it, and accept his benefactions. He was willing to make up for his transgressions by helping them on to fortune. They could take it or leave it. It was their concern, not his. The past was dead,—very dead. Surely they would not make a foolish attempt to revive it. So he wandered up the pleasant road to the village, smiling at thoughts of his childhood, of the pranks of his boyhood; almost laughing to see the same old houses with the same familiar expression; to meet villagers doing the same old things in the same old, foolish, unprofitable way, when a different place and a different thought would have turned them into swift, enterprising, lively workers. It did not seem possible that twenty years could have made so little impression on the main street of the town. He alone had changed in those years. He recognized even the people standing in the stores. Like books on a shelf, they had only grown old where they stood, having the same titles, color, and binding. He could have called them by name, but he deferred this familiarity until he had found his bearings.

At the office of the *Star*, the weekly newspaper of the Ferry, Mr. Russell found the editor sunning himself at the door and carrying on business from his easychair. Jimmy Thompson had grown no older in two decades,—a plump, cordial man, smooth in business affairs, keen in experience, witty and genial at all times. In the sluggish environment of Silver Ferry, his talents went mostly to seed. "Out our way," thought Mr. Russell, "Jimmy would be an important man." The editor measured his visitor accurately, and returned his greeting with cordial briskness.

"Business is slow," he admitted. "Looking for something to live in, villa with a garden or with a park? We have 'em in styles to suit any taste."

"Perhaps. At present I am just loafing around, enjoying things."

"Come up from the city this morning?"

"Just arrived ten minutes ago. I lived here once,—so long ago I've forgotten; have some distant relatives here, or had; I suppose they're removed or dead. Imagine people do not long continue in a village of this size." "Oh, yes, they do!" Mr. Thompson averred, with fire in his eye. "All the grafters stay here while the graft continues,—and some others. I stay here myself as a kind of board of trade, booming the place in real estate, and keeping it from burning down by proper insurance. Also I provide the local news, so's not to lose sight o' last week too quick, and make up the weather forecasts. We look behind and before just like other people."

"No doubt," said Mr. Russell, suavely-"so much behind and so little before that you all squint more or less."

"Maybe I could show you some property around the place," answered Jimmy, ignoring the criticism. He had smelled money off the stranger, and had caught a spark of sentiment in his eye. The man might buy something before he left town.

They rode off together in the Thompson automobile; and in a few minutes Mr. Russell saw more of his native town, particularly through the special comments of Jimmy, than he had thought possible. At one point a lump actually formed in Mr. Russell's throat, which obstruction he found it hard to swallow. The auto was standing on a side street; Mr. Thompson was discoursing smoothly on the merits of a villa to the right, while his companion appeared to be viewing the hills in the distance.

What he really saw was an old-fashioned brick house, embowered in a little garden, and a young woman fussing among the rosebushes at the door. He fell into a kind of dream while his guide was discoursing; the present hour vanished from sight and hearing, and he saw and heard a' woman and a voice, - a delicate little woman, with a sad, sweet voice, who called him to come in to dinner. My God, how real! In twenty years he had hardly thought of her. Was she not dead? And what use to think of the dead? He shook himself and came back to the present hour and the speech of Thompson, and the sight of the woman in the garden; but he remembered how his will had wept over a song whose refrain was, "I hear you calling me," and how he had laughed at her emotion, which he termed gush. And now he had heard his little mother calling him across the waste spaces of twenty years, from the very door where she used to stand looking for him when he was a boy. He waved away the illusion with his hand.

"I seem to recognize that old brick house," he said.

"I remember you said that you lived here once, had relatives here now perhaps. A Jackson woman lives there, she and her husband, — nice people, old-timers. You thought people didn't continue long here, hey? Well, Mrs. Jackson was Kitty Russell once; her father and mother built that house, and died in it. Any relation to the Russells?" -

"They're my people. I hardly thought to find any of them here."

"Want to stop and call?"

"No: later. I recall a good-sized family of them."

"There's a married brother in Hastings and a married sister in Tarrytown. Strange how a healthy family breaks up, scatters and dies off in no time,—that is if the right accident hits them."

"Was there an accident in this case?"

"You haven't kept in touch with them, then?"

"Not in years; supposed they were all dead."

"I think there were six of them twenty years ago, besides the old man and woman. They had a boy, the youngest—Jack I think they called him,—the baby and the pride of the flock. You know how it is with the youngest? He was the eye of the old man's head and the pulse of the mother's heart. Good people, too!"

Mr. Thompson paused and shook his head, probably feeling troubles of his own in sympathy.

"Pshaw!" he continued. "Parents oughtn't to get so 'stuck' on their children. They're bound to go away and leave them for the husband and the wife,

and they can do worse. This Jack was a bright boy,—high school, head altar boy, something of a swell in dress, and old man Russell prophesied great things of him. He had good stuff in him, too: went to work, became sporty in a quiet way, so that no one knew except his friends how he was preparing to surprise 'cm. It was some surprise.''

Mr. Thompson turned his face on Mr. Russell, grimly smiling, yet half disgusted at what he had to reveal.

"It seems he picked up with a girl of no particular character, and they ran off together. No one ever saw 'em since. That's twenty years ago, maybe twentyone. If you know a small town like the Ferry, you can guess how the thing took. It was like the smallpox,-health board out, disinfection, protests, all sorts of noise. I didn't print a word of it in the Star, for the old folks' sake. But the neighbors made up for the absence of publicity. It went very hard with the Russells. They were a proud, fine people, and Jack was their future. Funny how they went down after that, as if their future died with that chunk o' cheese."

Mr. Russell smiled patronizingly. He was listening to the voice of public opinion, and no one can escape that strident, penetrating organ.

"They went down after the boy left?" said he blandly.

"Well, the mother died in a month of the shock, not being strong. The father ought to have died, for his life died with the boy and the mother. I saw him often about town and at church, but he never spoke again and he never lifted his eyes in the street. He was too ashamed, and he died two or three years after. The brothers and sisters drifted away and died, except the three. They're doing very well," he closed cheerfully, suddenly remembering that his client must be kept in good humor.

"People must die of something sometime," the other replied cheerily. "A part of that story was made up by the old women at the wakes, and another part of it is 'rot.' I can tell you what became of Jack, friend Jimmy.''

They were stepping out of the automobile at the editor's office, and the two men faced each other for a moment, while spectators near and far gazed solemnly at the distinguished visitor.

"I am Jack," said he, with a hearty laugh for the other's rueful surprise.

"Well, I have my unlucky days," observed Jimmy, as he wrung the hand of the elegant Mr. John Russell, delighted to feel that his story of woe had not ruffled the surface of the other's temper. "If you were going to buy a park here" to-day, I couldn't have selected a better tale to turn that sale into a box of candy. I'm glad you take it so cordially."

"Don't I know the Ferry?" replied Mr. Russell.

"Not a doubt of it," Jimmy cooed, with a fear that his unlucky day might play other pranks upon him. Then his eye fell on old Pat Carroll leaning on his cane not far away, and studying the stranger with bleary eyes.

"Here's a character that you may not have forgotten," said he to Mr. John Russell, pointing to the old man.

"Paddy Carroll of course," answered the other. "Bring him over and tell him who I am. Many's the trick I played on him."

"Hey, Paddy!" called Mr. Thompson. "Here's a friend of yours would like to talk to you. Take a good look at him and see if you know him. You're always blowin' about the people you've known seventy years."

"Well, the people that I knew were worth knowin'," growled the ancient man, as he limped forward on his-cane. "The people that weren't worth knowin' I forgot, an' so did everywan else. It's only God Himself that keeps the fools in mind."

He peered into the smiling face of John Russell, and studied his elegant clothes and distinguished manner with a scrutiny that faded into utter indifference. "I don't know him," he said to Thompson. "But I know his kind. Hard as sthone an' proud as dandelions, wid nothin' to be proud of."

"He's Jack Russell," rejoined Jimmy quickly, not liking this style of greeting. "Don't you remember the youngest boy of old Tim Russell? He's come home with a fortune,—big success out West,—we're all proud of him."

The old gentleman turned his expressionless face on the son of his old neighbor, and repeated the names in a dull way, as if he did not quite remember; but his consequent words belied his expression fiercely.

"I've often wondered where people like him-like you, Jack Russell, if ye're the man,-get the brazen impidence that carries ye into the places where shame takes ye be the hand. I knew ver father, an' a prouder, finer man never sthepped; but I saw him walk this town, afther his son turned out a blackleg, wid his honest eyes on the dirt o' the sthreets, where ye put his dacint name. An' there they were sthuck till he died, an' his neighbors covered his eyes wid the dacint, consecrated clay o' the berrin'-ground. I was wan o' the bearers at yer mother's funeral; an' I can tell ye this, ye blackleg, that her poor heart weighed more in the coffin than her whole body. Ye bruk her heart wid the weight o' sorrow. An' now, bekase ye made a little money, an' can hide yer dirty nature wid iligant clothes an' diamonds, ye've come back to throw yer shame into our faces,-into the faces o' ver dacint brother an' sisters. Ye can't do it, I tell ye!"

He began to emphasize his remarks with strokes of the cane on the pavement; and as he continued, fire began to play in his muddy features, a kind of inspiration lit up his language, a little group of villagers gathered, and smiling John Russell was about to receive the "tanning" of his life, when a glance from the horrified Mr. Thompson changed the scene. This glance reached the reposeful, fat face of Elihu Bangs, who at once broke genially into the scene, seized the hand of his old school chum, Jack Russell, and began a speech of congratulation which drove the raging Paddy into remoteness and silence, although he still continued to hammer the pavement with his cane.

"And you're Jack Russell!" stormed Elihu, butting Paddy as he stepped back to get a better view of his old friend. "Say, Jack, it's a surprise to see as big a man as you in this little old burg again. But, in behalf o' the real live men o' the town, I want to express their sentiments an' mine on all that you have been an' done in twenty years. Say, the elegant way in which you left this sleepy village woke up all the old snorers in the dormitory, and for as much as twelve long months your act was an example to the entire town. If only more had followed it! And now you've come back into our midst, as Jimmy Thompson says in his paper only four hundred times a You're so welcome that your vear. fellow-citizens must arrange a glorious welcomefest in the town-hall before you leave our midst for good. Glad to see you, Jack,-right glad to see you!"

introductions a number of Quite followed, — among them a smooth, most respectable gentleman named Grasset, a member of the local aristocracy, which in Silver Ferry dates back to the fishermen, ferrymen, peddlers, and other honest folk of the seventeenth century. Mr. Grasset sauntered into the office of the Star, and the editor followed him. Mr. John Russell remained on the street, chatting with Elihu and the admiring group of citizens, and trying not to see Paddy Carroll in the distance, hammering the ground with his cane and still expostulating to the few idlers. The voice of Mr. Grasset floated softly out of the office and pounded on Russell's ears. He was talking to Thompson.

"Oh, that's the chap I heard so much about my last college vacation! He raised everybody's expectations and then dumped them, didn't he? Bright boy, good style, fine prospects, and then flew away with a soul-mate, or something like that, hey? 'Truly he was a bird! I just remember how you Catholics were all cut up about it, and how we used to rub it in on the comparative morality question, and so forth. Didn't it kind o' kill off the Russell family? Well, these sporty boys are the uncertain ones. Too light for my taste."

Mr. John Russell sighed and waved his hand at the ghosts which this incident had suddenly raised. Public opinion was public opinion of course, and had to be accepted as a fact, an influence, sometimes an overpowering force. Nevertheless, one could wish that its action took rather the whispered form of Mr. Grasset's remarks than the forensic storm of Paddy Carroll's He really felt grateful to . eloquence. Elihu for his timely interruption, although Elihu's dress, shirt, shoes and trousers, and his face streaked with tobacco juice, left much to be desired in a representative of the people.

Jimmy Thompson came out after a while to close the morning scene decorously, and with some distinction. At a sign from him, the group outside the door vanished.

"The hotel may be somewhat lonely for you at times," said Jimmy; "so come over often to my house for a chat or a lunch. I want you to meet my family to-night at dinner, if you can spare the time."

Mr. Russell thanked him and took his leave. He did not look back as he went on his way to the Livingstone Inn at the foot of the main street; but he knew well that Elihu Bangs and Paddy Carroll had charged upon each other, and that the dust of twenty years was rising again in the battle over the indiscretion of his youth. Public opinion must have its say, and sometimes its way. As he sat down to a hearty lunch, Mr. Russell waved his hand at public opinion and smiled as it faded away.

(To be continued.)

# A Statue with a History.

N the sunset side of the city of Paris sits a dusky old church dear to archæologists, yet more dear to the pious folk that love to come and kneel round its altars. For St.-Germain-des-Prés holds a real treasure-a statue of the Madonna with centuries of history and pious association wreathed round it. Even the casual visitor, strolling through that ancient pile and knowing nothing of its wonderful story, must be struck by the sweet old image---the reposefulness and mother-love of Our Lady, and the divine mysteriousness of the Child, with His right arm thrown about her neck and holding a little bird tenderly in His left hand.

No age but the Middle Age could have wrought so devotional a statue, and to the thirteenth century we must go for the origin of this one. At that time the Abbey of St. Denis, near Paris, being in need of a statue for the new altar of its Lady-Chapel, the Princess Blanche de France, daughter of St. Louis, resolved to supply the want. So she sought out a skilful artist-whose name, alas! is not so immortal as his work-to-chisel in stone a statue of Our Lady and the Divine Child. But she longed also to express the fealty which the House of France ever held toward the Queen of Heaven. In a moment of inspiration she commanded that the features of the saintly Queen Blanche should stand for the semblance of Our Lady, and that the Divine Child should wear the features of the son of Blanche, St. Louis, whose picture as an infant was happily preserved. Thus, while rearing a shrine to Our Lord and His Mother, she perpetuated in the tenderest and holiest way the memory of another son and mother whose names will ever be as a benediction upon France.

During the five centuries that followed the statue was in great veneration, and amid all the vicissitudes of war it alone escaped hurt. But when the fury of the French. Revolution burst forth, it was wrenched from its pedestal and carried as so much stone to the Musée Français. There it remained for ten years, entirely forgotten amidst the descerated spoils of many churches.

In 1803 the altars of St.-Germain-des-Prés were again prepared for the worship of God; but the sacred vessels and vestments had been stolen, and the whole church was deplorably naked of ornament. However, the venerable Abbé Lèvi, who had once been preacher to the royal court and Vicar-General of Aix, knew where the treasures of the Church had gone, and demanded leave to choose from the ruins in the Musée Français a suitable statue of Christ's Mother. His eye was at once caught by the beauty of the statue stolen from the Abbey of St. Denis; and, though he knew nothing of its history, he lost no time in securing it.

Once restored to honor in a Parisian church, the story of the statue could not long be hidden, and accounts of the many vicissitudes it had undergone were published in the various journals. The canons of St. Denis sent a deputation to reclaim it; but no eloquence or persuasion could be equal to such an occasion. The parishioners of St.-Germain-des-Prés were already so much attached to the beautiful Madonna that they protested strongly against its removal; however, the canons were allowed to make a plaster cast of the Madonna of St. Blanche; and this may still be seen, where the original stood so long, in the Lady-Chapel of the Abbey St. Denis.

Thus in a church which few travellers ever visit stands a statue rendered dear by centuries of devotion, and doubly interesting to French Catholics because it perpetuates the features as well as the remembrance of two great saints of their country.

THERE are pious persons whose celestial intimacies seem not to improve their domestic manners.—*George Eliot*.

# Some Considerations on the Real Presence.

THE festival of Corpus Christi, or the feast of the Body of Our Lord, naturally suggests reflections on the special doctrine which, more graphically perhaps than any other, differentiates Catholicism from all other religions claiming to be Christian, — the Real Presence of Jesus Christ in the consecrated Host.

And, first, what is this Real Presence, this Blessed Sacrament, in which we unquestionably repose our belief? Let the infallible Church make answer in this decree of the Council of Trent: "If any one denies that in the Sacrament of the Blessed Eucharist are contained truly, really, and substantially, the body and blood, together with the soul and divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ, and consequently the whole Christ, but says He is therein as a sign, or in figure, or by His virtue, let him be anathema." This declaration of the Church is both a definition of the Blessed Eucharist and the all-sufficient reason for our belief therein. For even as St. Peter said to Our Lord in connection with this very subject, "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life," so do we address the Church: "Mother, whom else shall we believe? Thou hast Christ's promise of infallible preservation from error."

Supposing, however, that the Church had never given a dogmatic decision on this subject, does not the Evangelical history of the Last Supper clearly establish the truth of the Real Presence? "And whilst they were at supper," says St. Matthew, "Jesus took bread, and blessed and broke, and gave it to His disciples, and said: Take ye and eat. This is My body. And, taking the chalice, He gave thanks and gave to them, saying: Drink ye all of this. For this is My blood of the New Testament which shall be shed for many for the remission of sins." He did not say, it will be observed, "This represents My body. This bread and

wine are symbols, figures, signs of My body and blood." No: He declared simply, positively, and absolutely: "This *is* My body; this *is* My blood."

Moreover, when, a year before the actual institution of the Blessed Eucharist. Christ had on a number of occasions spoken of it and promised it to His disciples and followers, some of these latter thought within themselves, and even said openly: "This saying is hard, and who can hear it?" Now, what did Christ do on these occasions? Did He inform the doubters that of course He was not speaking in a literal sense? Never. Although "many of His disciples," says the Gospel, "went back and walked no more with Him" on this very account, He never once said a single word which could justify the belief that His declaration was to be taken figuratively. On . the contrary, He reiterated, time and time again: "Unless you eat the flesh, of the Son of Man and drink His blood, you shall not have life in you." Acting on the principle that on so tremendously important a matter Christ would not leave them in doubt when He could so easily make His meaning clear, the Apostles, accepting His words in their plain, obvious sense, concluded that the Saviour meant what He said, and believed, as we do, in the Real Presence.

As for the considerations that presumably occur to non-Catholic inquirers about the doctrine, one has to do with what they term its inherent incredibility. "The idea," say heretics, "that Jesus Christ Himself is really there, contained in that little circular tablet which Catholics call the Host! Why, it passes all belief, 'tis preposterous!" Now, that attitude, is intelligible on the part of those who reject the Incarnation, who deny the divinity of Our Lord, who see in the historic Christ only a great and good philosopher, imbued no doubt with the spirit of God, but still simply and merely a man. The attitude is less understandable, however, in the case of

Christians who believe that Jesus was really the Second Person of the Holy Trinity,—was truly, as St. Peter called Him, the Christ, the Son of the living God. Whoever accepts the Incarnation logically forfeits all right to reject the Real Presence on the score of the strangeness of the doctrine.

Once we admit that the Infinite became finite, that the Eternal Word bridged the chasm between Creator and creature to identify Himself with the latter, that the Divine became human, that God really took up His abode in the womb of the Blessed Virgin,-once we admit this, we have entered a region wherein we can not consistently be astounded or even surprised at any fresh development of heavenly love toward earthly men. The Blessed Sacrament is, after all, only the Incarnation perpetually present. It is no greater strain on our finite intellects to believe that the Word is made flesh and dwells among us than to hold with St. John, as do so many non-Catholics as well as we, that "the Word was made flesh and dwelt amongst us."

Another consideration. If there is anything clear from Holy Writ, it is that Jesus Christ established a Church. He Himself instructed the Apostles who organized it, and afterward sent the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of Truth, still further to enlighten them. He commissioned them to teach all things whatsoever He commanded them. He promised that He would be with His Church all days, even to the consummation of the world, thereby evidently preserving it from error. He solemnly averred that the gates of hell should not prevail against that Church. Now, if Jesus Christ is not really and substantially present with His Divinity and humanity in the consecrated Host, this Church of His taught for long centuries, and without a word of protest from any one, a stupendous falsehood.

If Christ is not really present in the Eucharist, then all Christendom for hundreds and hundreds of years was clearly idolatrous, giving supreme worship to mere material bread and wine. If the dogma of the Real Presence is untrue, then the Holy Ghost did *not* enlighten the Apostles, but confirmed them in error; then Christ was *not* with His Church, the gates of hell *did* prevail against her throughout three-fourths of the Christian era—from Pentecost to the Reformation; and it was not till fifteen or sixteen hundred years after Christ founded His Church that the world was set right on an essentially cardinal point of her doctrine! Could absurdity go further?

# The Armament Industry.

**T**HAT the present is not a time for **I** the pacificists of this country to hope for many converts to their doctrines may readily be conceded, even by the stanchest friends of peace. Given the actual state of both our army and our navy, and the by no means impossible call that may be made on both for the protection of the country or the vindication of its rights, the great majority of Americans will probably affirm the necessity of increasing our preparedness for war, defensive or offensive as the future may determine. After all, however, war is not the normal condition of even European peoples; and the world at large is not so preoccupied with the present widespread and increasingly disastrous conflict as to forego speculation about conditions which are to prevail "after the war."

Once peace reigns again throughout the world, sundry changes in the social and industrial life of the nations are safe to be advocated, and very probably to be effected. There is one industry in particular which is likely to be assailed with considerable energy by many a publicist and parliamentarian,—an industry about which an English clergyman, the Rev. Herbert B. Bayliss, has just published an exceedingly interesting pamphlet. The gist of his thesis is to be found in this passage:

There is one contributory cause of war which ought never to be allowed to exist any more. I mean the private trade in armaments. I can never understand why people used so often to say that in these days of "higher thought." intricate commercial dealings, and close royal family ties, taken into consideration with the spread of the peace movement and the development of the arbitration idea,-that with all these a European war was really an impossibility. Is it conceivable, on a common-sense view of human nature, that all the materials of war turned out year by year by the great armament firms should not some day have to be used? The armament manufacturers depend on the demand for armaments (it is an axiomnay, an elementary postulate - of economics that demand chiefly depends on consumption), and storage can not go on indefinitely: it must either come to a stop or issue in consumption. Every bullet that pierces the heart of a soldier, every shell that shatters and maims human beings by the score, every torpedo that sends hundreds of sailors to their deaths, is profit in the pockets of the people who made these things. It is to their personal advantage that war should drench a continent in blood. These are facts which can not for a moment be disputed. We must make up our minds that such a thing is absolutely impossible in the future for all time. This is no matter on which to be put off with objections against interfering with private enterprise. The enterprise that calls for bloodshed for its profits is an enterprise bred in hell, and for the sake of those engaged in it we must snatch them from the horrible position in which it places them.

It seems to us that "after the war" this clergyman's viewpoint will be shared by many who just at present have no sympathy whatever with the movement to keep either our army or our navy in its actual inferior condition as compared with the armies and fleets of other powers. As for the objection mentioned in the foregoing extract - government interference with private enterprise,that can hardly be urged with any consistency; since the governments of many, not to say all, of the nations now at war have very unceremoniously interfered with not a few private enterprises during the past ten months; and what is justifiable in order the more speedily to terminate war can surely be justified in the effort to prevent it.

### Notes and Remarks.

Another warning against giving credence to all the war stories that are published is furnished by the official statement of the Cunard Co., denying that an attempt was made to torpedo the "Transylvania." Yet passengers had asserted that they descried the periscope of a German submarine and saw a torpedo coming through the water to destroy the ship. They even wrote graphic descriptions of their hairbreadth escape from the fate that overtook the "Lusitania." Not once in a hundred times are such reports contradicted. Many of them should need no contradiction for sensible people, - for instance, somebody's report of seeing a Belgian infant impaled against the door of a house somewhere with the sword of some "brutal German officer." Granting that the German army is composed of "brutes," and that the officers and men hailing from Catholic Bavaria are as inhuman as all the rest, at least it must be admitted that the army of Germany has some semblance of discipline. An officer is never provided with a new sword until he has satisfactorily accounted for the loss of the one he had. It is no less of a reproach to a man in command to be without a sword than for a man in the ranks to be without a musket. Is it not altogether unlikely, therefore, that a German officer, however savage, would use his sword to kill an infant and leave it fastened in the body of his victim?

It is stated on the best authority that a raw recruit of the allied armies who had deprived a dying foe of his sword, was ordered by his own captain to replace it, though in danger of being killed himself; and sternly reminded that robbing an officer of his sword was equivalent to robbing him of his honor.

Speaking of atrocities, it will be remembered that only a few years ago the Belgian soldiers in the Congo were accused

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of practising the most inhuman cruelty on the defenceless natives. Doubtless there were individual cases of cruel treatment; but to have asserted that the savagery was general and officially countenanced would have been wholesale slander. The same sin and the same injustice is to be avoided now. And, furthermore, it should always be borne in mind that the disposition to welcome calumnious reports is on a par with the disposition to invent them.

With characteristic sanity the *Casket* proffers a few not uncalled-for considerations to such able editors and others as see in the great World War an argument against the goodness of Divine Providence. Of the tremendous loss of life reported from the battlefields, it says:

The death of so many thousands in a battle is not necessarily more "hellish" than the death of an equal number of thousands of cancer, tuberculosis, drowning or railway accidents. . . . The hospitals of Europe have seen more human sufferings and more deaths in every six months in the last century than have been seen in the present war in the last seven months.... The absence of fundamental Christian knowledge amongst many of the ablest journalists of the day is a much more serious matter for them than a German bullet or a British bayonet. Death is not the great moral evil. The great moral evil is sin. Let us clear away some of the fog from before our eyes. Thousands of the Russians, Austrians, Germans, Englishmen, Scotchmen, Irishmen, Frenchmen, and Belgians who have died in the war will meet in the presence of the only King who can do no wrong, and with Him will live forever in the Kingdom where there will be no war.

We presume that few theologians of any creed will deny that, be the responsibility of rulers what it may, the ordinary soldier in the present strife is simply doing his duty, and therefore accomplishing God's will.

A dramatic little story that will bear frequent repetition was told by Mr. Irving Grinnell, treasurer of the Church Temperance Society of New York, at a recent meeting. A sad-faced, poverty-stricken woman entered a bar-room where her worthless husband sat drinking with other men, placed a covered dish beside him, and said: "I thought you'd not be home for supper to-night, John, so I have brought this to you here." When the door closed after her he uncovered the dish and found nothing but a slip of paper on which was written: "Your wife and children have the same kind of supper at home." Whatever John's feelings may have been, such a rebuke must have had a sobering effect.

To a correspondent of the London *Tablet* who is scandalized at the Holy Father's "silence from strong words" in not condemning alleged German atrocities, as though such silence made against Papal Infallibility, a canonist replies: "Is not the radical answer simply this — that infallibility is essentially a negative pre-rogative, never compelling the Pope to speak, but only insuring that when he does speak, under certain conditions, his utterance shall contain no error in faith or morals?"

Further enlightenment for the same scandalized correspondent has been afforded by the Rev. Stephen Eyre Jarvis, rector of St. Mary's, Rugby, England, who in a recent privileged communication to the London *Spectator* has this to say:

It [Papal Infallibility] simply means that when the Bishop of Rome, who is the Visible Head on earth of the Church of Christ, teaches ex cathedra-that is, when in his official capacity as supreme pastor and doctor of the Church he teaches the whole Church that certain doctrines concerning faith or morals are contained in the deposit of faith received from Christ by the Church-he is infallibly guided by the Holy Ghost, and therefore his teaching must be accepted by the whole Church as infallible. Now, from this it will appear that the function of infallibility limits itself to teaching what are the doctrines concerning faith and morals contained in Revelation. It has nothing to do with the question de facto whether any one in his conduct has violated the moral law of Christianity. In order that the Holy Father may pass even a fallible judgment on the morality of the conduct of

those responsible for the war, he must be in possession of a full knowledge of the facts. And he must acquire this knowledge in the usual way; for it has nothing to do with his infallibility. And, therefore, as he may not be in possession of all the facts, the Holy Father wisely contents himself with a general denunciation of all acts of injustice on the part of the belligerents on whichever side committed, but taking no sides in the war.

There is no doubt that certain methods of Prohibition workers have brought not a little odium upon the cause of temperance; but Dr. Austin O'Malley, of Philadelphia, makes a sure point when he writes in a recent issue of *America*:

Here in the United States just now there is not a little fanaticism mixed with the attack on alcoholism, but the attack itself is good. It is to be regretted that Catholics are inclined to hold aloof in this fight, not through love for alcohol, but because bigots and canting preachers have made a new religion, that consists in twisting the tail of the "Demon Rum." If we will vote for the gang, we should at least spread the devotion instituted by Pius X., of holy memory, who in 1904 granted an indulgence to any one who abstains from alcoholie drink for the present day and says the prayer:

God, my Father, to show my love for Thee, to repair Thine injured honor, to obtain the salvation of souls, I firmly determine not to drink to-day wine, beer, or any inebriating drink. I offer Thee this mortification in union with the sacrifice of Thy Son Jesus Christ, who daily, to Thy glory, immolates Himself on the altar. Amen.

To those of us who have passed beyond the half-century mark of life there still attaches something of interest to the name of Gladstone, the statesman who loomed so large in contemporary history when the world was a good deal younger than it is to-day. And hence, we doubt not, many of our readers will peruse with as much pleasure as we have felt an extract from a tribute paid in the Nineteenth Century, by the Rt. Hon. Charles Masterman, to the grandson of "the grand old man," W. G. C. Gladstone, a victim of the present war. Speaking of his friend's enthusiasms, the writer says that they were curiously limited. "Home Rule of course came first: that was part of the family tradition and upbringing;

and to bring Home Rule to Ireland I believe he would gladly have given his life." All the more on that account will many of us sympathize with this concluding paragraph of the tribute:

There are some who appreciate the glory of the linking of such a name in sacrifice for a righteous cause; who can almost rejoice that a Gladstone has died on the borders of a little nation which had appealed to this country for help, and had not appealed in vain. There are others, however, to whom the thought of the tragic loss is still too dominant to enable them to feel any such disinterested consolations. For the vision of Gladstone's heir and grandson, the only son of his mother, and she a widow-a life on which had been concentrated so many hopes and prayers and longings, prepared so assiduously for political effort, and having earned, not through hereditary fame but from his own personal characteristics, a reputation in Parliament,-suddenly destroyed by a chance bullet, when still under thirty, is a vision which exhibits, in its most concentrated form, the clumsy brutality of war.

That there are few countries where Catholics are so narrow about their charities as here in the United States is an assertion that would assuredly provoke resentment did it appear in a foreign journal, and will probably elicit no very general commendation even though it is made by our Kansas contemporary, the Catholic Advance. Whether or not the statement be exaggerated, there can be no question that, taken as a whole, the Catholic body in this country is not lavishly generous in its benefactions to other than local religious enterprises. We say "as a whole" advisedly; for not only has THE AVE MARIA no ground for complaining of any lack of generosity on the part of its readers toward good works for which it has solicited their aid, but, as the records of the Propagation, of the Faith annually show, certain dioceses of this country rank well up with the most charitable districts of other lands. The narrowness of the faithful is not their fault. Local needs are sometimes urged with undue insistence, and with a subconscious, if not an expressed,

belief that assistance given to non-local works is only another form of "robbing Peter to pay Paul." The belief is entirely erroneous. As the *Advance* well says:

It is a mistake to try to limit the people in matters of charity. The more they give, the more they want to give. Home needs are not going to be neglected because substantial assistance is sent elsewhere. Generosity, like the human muscles, becomes strong by systematic exercise, and nothing atrophies it more surely than lack of action.

The average parish priest in this wellto-do land of ours might do worse, even from a purely selfish viewpoint, than preach an occasional sermon on the advisability of proffering generous assistance to national and international works of charity and faith.

A letter addressed to his father, before going to the front, by Lieut. A. M. Teeling, who was killed at the battle of the Aisne, shows him to have been a fine specimen of a Catholic soldier. He wrote:

I wonder if I'll ever return, should I go out. I wonder still more if I'll ever go out. I daily pray that I may, but God knows what is good for us; so I always add, "Thy will, not mine, be done." If He sees fit for me to go and return safe, He'll grant my prayer; whereas if He sees it would be for my greater good that I never return, I'll be shot. And again, if it is best for me not to go out at all, He'll keep me here. Nevertheless, I can't help praying that I may be allowed to go.

Lieut. Teeling was the youngest son of Capt. Bartle Teeling. His mother, who died a few years ago, was a well-known writer, whose contributions to THE AVE MARIA our older readers will remember with pleasure.

In an address to the members of the Guild of St. Mary's Church, Commercial Road, London, where, in retaliation for the wrecking of the "Lusitania," "scores of German houses were looted so completely that only the bare walls remained," Fr. Bernard Vaughan exclaimed: 'God is scourging us for our sins; and I am afraid that in my country they have not begun to realize the iniquity and obliquity of sin,-the sin of bringing up a so-called Christian people without Christian doctrine; educating the people of this country as though there were no life beyond the grave, as though we were sent upon this earth with no other mission than to have a good time! Instead of drawing God's blessing, some of us are drawing God's curse upon our arms. We have been told again and again that the unmarried mother must not be blamed; that the country should be thankful that the khaki man leaves behind him an unwedded mother with children to be in the future the supporters and builders of our Empire. A Christian people to talk like this! We shall have to be scourged yet more before we are brought to our knees to beg Almighty God's pardon.'

The speaker exhorted his hearers not to countenance the outrages that had been committed in their neighborhood, and reminded them of the honorable part their Guild had borne in defence of England. Ten of its members have been killed, fifty wounded, and others are still braving death at the front.

It is to be hoped that such misguided educationists as still advocate the teaching of eugenics in the public schools may have their attention called to a paper contributed by Dr. Sanger Brown to the *American Journal of Insanity*, and in particular to this eminently sensible paragraph thereof:

As a general proposition, it will be conceded that the school is by far the most practical agency which may be depended on to insure a widespread diffusion of knowledge. However, since pupils naturally and properly discuss among themselves the topics taught them, it follows logically that a topic which should not be so discussed should not be given a place in the authorized list of subjects to be presented. Most people will agree that it is clearly undesirable to encourage discussion of sexual subjects among the young; hence if this is conceded, these subjects should not be presented as class exercises in the public schools.



In Heaven.

BY CAROLINE RUSSELL BISPHAM.

**J** KNOW that God will let me tend The garden of the sky, And pluck the hyacinthine stars, When my time comes to die;

To lay one perfect, blood-red rose At our dear Lady's feet,

Where joyful souls, like deathless flowers, Their lost and loved ones meet;

To wear upon my happy head A crown of asphodel,

And ever and for evermore 'Midst trees and flowers dwell;

Because on earth I've had to live Within the eity's din,

In dusty streets, and endlessly To struggle against sin.

And so I know, when I am dead, In heavenly pastures green.

I'll find the streams and flowers that here My eyes have never seen.

### Tommy Travers.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XXIII.-Los Banos.-Waiting.

O dark and hopeless had been the last hour that for a moment Bunty could not believe his eyes or his ears; for it was Tommy's own little voice that was greeting him most cheerfully.

"Bunt, Bunt! Where have you been? Diaz has been looking for you everywhere. This is his grandmother and his aunt and his uncle, and, oh, all his people! And they have rubbed me, and given me some hot tea that has made me feel fine. And they are old Mission Indians, Pepita says, and know all about Our Lord and our Blessed Mother; and are good and kind. I tell you we were lucky to get in a safe, warm place like this for the night."

And when Bunty, roused from his bewilderment of glad surprise, began fully to realize the situation, he was of the same mind. They had been lucky, indeed, to reach this friendly shelter for the night. There were not only food and warmth here for the little "pale face," but kindly care,-rude and simple, to be sure, after Miss Norton and her three diplomas, but wise in ways that no books or school could teach. Juana and Pepita, dark-skinned mothers that they were, had taken the fainting boy to their arms and heart. Old Abuela, the grandmother, withered and wrinkled, had brought out the unguento, whose secret she alone knew, and rubbed the frail, chilled form into warmth and life again. They had fed him with broth full of a sustenance that Miss Norton's diet rules had never reached; and now he was resting in soft, glowing comfort that equalled, if it did not surpass, all the pink silk coverlets he had And when Pepita, who ever known. could speak a little broken English, filled another gourd of broth and told Bunty he must sit down by his brother and eat too, things began to brighten up indeed.

"But where have you been all this time, Bunty?" questioned Tommy again. "I thought you were lost."

"And I—I thought you were dead," blurted out Bunty huskily; "and I just threw myself down out there in the dark and didn't care for nothing or nobody. I thought all those angels of Sister Leonie's had gone back on us for sure. But they haven't," he added cheerily: "they are taking care of us yet."

And when, after a long, pleasant, warm

sleep, rolled up in a blanket at Tommy's side, Bunty awoke at his usual early hour, he was more than ever convinced that the good angels had guided their way.

For the storm, whose gathering chill Diaz had felt the previous evening, had burst upon the mountain in the night. Old Winter had flared back in a sudden fury at the coming of Spring. The world, that had been all smiles and sunshine the day before, was masked, veiled, shrouded in heavy snow. Bunty and Tommy would certainly have been lost if they had not found friendly shelter. For it was such a snow as the miry depths of Duffys' Court had never known,a snow that would have kept Jakey and all his gang of young shovellers in jobs and pocket money for a couple of weeks,---a swirling, blinding, drifting snow, in which heights and depths alike vanished. For two days all beyond the four walls of the cabin that sheltered the young wanderers was only a white wind-swept blur, through which came the low and bleat and whine of the frightened creatures that had been gathered into narrow corral without at the breaking of the storm.

Ponce, Andres, Lomez, the gaunt, lithe, tawny-skinned men of the camp; came and went stoically through the cloudy whiteness, in which all things seemed lost. They brought wood and water and food into the cabin, piled up the fire, staked the deerskin curtains of doors and windows down against the snow and wind; for Pepita had two dusky papooses cradled in the corner, and Abuela was bent with the weight of her fourscore years.

But is was to the little pale-faced guest that everyone gave the most watchful care. Things might have grown lax in the storm-swept cabin, for the childrenof the forest are inured to cold and discomfort; but for the frail little stranger the fire must be kept ablaze, the iron pot a-boil, and the shivering cow without must give her milk. For the friendly, bright-eyed young questioner, Pepita struggled with broken English and Spanish explanations, that Tommy retailed to Bunty as, snugged up comfortably to the fire, they discussed the situation.

"She says we are far away from the towns of the 'pale face,' and the iron roads that cross the mountains she has never even seen."

"Golly!" exclaimed Bunty, "where have we got to, Tommy?"

"It's Indian land, Pepita says," continued Tommy. "When the white men came over the mountains and drove the Indians from their villages and houses, some of them fled into this valley to hide. It was too far from the roads and the passes for the white men to reach, and so they have kept it for their own. Only the Indians know of the healing waters; and they come here for life and strength in the long days when the sun is hot and the earth is dry. Only the Indians know the trail that the white men must not find, or they would take the waters for their own. And I guess they would," added Tommy; "for they've taken everything else, I must say."

"How your dad is ever going to track us up here, I don't know," said Bunty, gloomily.

"Oh, I'll write to him!" replied Tommy, with cheerful confidence.

"You ain't got no pen nor paper," said Bunty; "and there ain't no mail boxes nor postmen, nor telegraphs nor telephones. There ain't nothing at all up here."

"Oh, but dad will find us somehow!" persisted Tommy, with unabated trust in powers that he had never known to fail in the strength that until now had bent all things to its sway.

But that same Mother Nature who had taken Tommy so tenderly to her arms and heart was now rising against dad in fierce defiance.

The men came in from the white fury of the storm without to tell the women of cattle lost among the drifts, of trails blocked and impassable, of snow-slides that imperilled all living things in their thundering fall.

"It is well that you are here, safe and warm," Pepita told Tommy; "for Abuela says there has been no storm like this in all the winters she has konwn." And old Abuela, stirring the broth, nodded and jabbered in affirmation. "When the storm passes," continued Pepita, "Abuela says the waters will rise as her mother told her she had once seen them,—rise roaring like lions."

And, with the passing of the storm, Abuela's grim prophecy was fairly fulfilled. The sun burst out upon the mountain; Jack Frost, big blusterer that he is, vanished into his own white-capped peaks; but in snow-blocked gorge and pass and cavern, the little streams that Diaz and Bunt had crossed so lightly on their journey to Los Banos, swelled into torrents, roaring like lions indeed, as Abuela had said.

Even the healing waters of Los Banos leaped foaming from their hidden sources; and the shallow pool below widened into a lakelet, dimpling and dancing in the morning sun. As Diaz made Tommy understand, it would be impossible, without boats or wings, to pass over the way they had come. Clearly, to reach dad by letter or message as yet was out of the question. But that dad would reach him soon Tommy did not doubt,-dad, who held a golden wand more powerful than that of the fabled genii of old; dad, who' could build boats and bridges at need; dad, who could command steam engines and telegraph wires; dad, who once before, when Tommy was very 'ill, had swept over a continent by special train in unbroken flight to his boy's side. Dad would find him, Tommy was sure; so he watched and waited trustfully, while the skies cleared, and warm winds swept through the valley, and the widening waters sparkled under the brightening sun. But the hours lengthened into days and still dad did not come.

"He hasn't tracked us yet," Tommy

explained to Bunty when they discussed matters a little anxiously. "You see, even dogs and Indians would lose our trail in that last snow. But he'll find us pretty soon now."

"Don't know whether he will or not," replied Bunty, who had been straying out beyond the cabins and the corral to take a wider look at things. "The mountains stand around us miles high, like walls. I don't know how we got in or how we'll get out. And who's going to tell your dad where you are or show him the way?"

"Oh, he'll find it!" said Tommy, cheerfully. "You don't know dad like I do, Bunt. Nobody can side-track him. He will be up here before long, you'll see."

But Bunty did not see. The morrow passed, and another and another, and still dad did not come. Brighter and brighter grew the skies, warmer and the wind. Sheltered sweeter by its mountain walls, save where it sloped in gentle ridges to the south, the valley was feeling the magic touch of Spring,light indeed as yet, but stirring, waking, life-giving. The sap was rising in the trees, the grass greening, the roar of the raging waves sinking into murmurous music.

"If you would help me up like Dr. Dave used to do, Bunt," said Tommy, "I'd like to look out."

"Si, si,—good, fine!" replied Pepita, as, leaning on his brother (for so the camp had named Bunty, the little guest of Los Banos), Tommy made his slow way into the open. "Already the waters begin to give life and strength. Si, sil"

And, hurrying forward, she swung the bright Indian blanket, hammock-like, from two strong boughs, and helped Tommy into it, saying laughingly:

"So as the papoose; for not yet must the little 'pale face' try to walk. Not yet has the *unguento* cured, the waters healed; not yet, but soon,—soon the sunshine must fall warm and bright uponhim; the winds must blow; all night he must sleep in the arms of his strong brother until his blood grows red, so Abuela says,—Abuela, whose father and whose father's father were great medicine men, and taught her things that no other woman knows."

"Jing! but they are all dummies," declared Bunty, with growing discontent at dad's delay. "If I could find my way across these mountains, I'd strike for a town or railroad, or some place where folks had white sense. I've a mind to try it, anyhow," he concluded, desperately.

"Oh, no, no, no!" exclaimed Tommy. "You would get lost; you could never find your way. Diaz says the passes are flooded so no one can cross. Andrea, who is the boldest hunter in the mountains, would not dare to swim or ford the streams. Never has lie seen them so deep and so wide. But soon the sun will drink them up and the trails will be dry. Then dad will track us for sure, Bunty,-for sure! Golly! the breeze blows nice and warm, doesn't it? It's just fine to swing under the trees like this. And the tortillas Pepita makes are great. The way I 'piled them in' to-day would make Miss Norton faint. After all," reflected Tommy, as he recalled the régime of Miss Norton and her three diplomas, "this water cure isn't a bad place at all."

Not a bad place indeed; for, as the brightening days went, this mountaingirdled valley proved a sanitarium such as dad, with all his millions, had never found. Here Mother Nature was head nurse: and, with the flooding waters barring her gates against all scientific meddlers, she and old Abuela, her longtrained assistant, went to work. They proceeded to treat Tommy by methods that no diplomas recognize, no books teach. He was bathed and rubbed as the daughter and granddaughter of medicine men had bathed and rubbed many a puny papoose into the wiry strength of a forest brave; he was dosed with strange teas made of herbs and roots in which the sap was rising, of tender buds and leaves red with the new life of spring. He was fed on broths made from the flesh of. wild things that had never known tether or pen, on the bird just brought down by the Indian arrow, and the fish that had leaped only an hour before in the stream. Abuela brought him gourds of frothing milk warm from the cow pastured on the green slope of the valley. Pepita ground the grain each morning for the tortillas, which she baked crisp and sweet.

All day long the little patient basked in the sunshine, inhaling ozone such as no science could concoct. All night long he slept snugged up to Bunty under the Navajo blanket, breathing balsamic odors from the cedars and pine that formed their couch. From sun and earth and air and water, from all the wild, free growing things around, from bird and beast and fish and herb and flower, from the sturdy young "brother" at his side, Tommy was drawing life and strength while the lengthening days went by, and still—still dad did not come to find his boy.

(To be continued)

### Bonnie and Brave.

Bonnie Prince Charlie, as the Scotch people love to call him, was the grandson of King James II., of England, who was deprived of his throne by his own people. They accused him of being one of the worst of men, and would not submit to his rule. The young Prince tried to win the crown back again. He went over to Scotland from France, with only seven followers. But he was soon joined by a great many of the Scots; for he was so gay and handsome and friendly that all who saw him loved him, and declared themselves willing to die in his cause. But though the Prince and his followers were very brave, they had no chance against the numerous welltrained soldiers of King George. They won a few victories at first; then they

were crushed in the famous battle of Culloden. So many brave Scots were slain or taken prisoners that the Prince had to fly for his life. It was useless to hold out any longer.

For many weeks, Prince Charlie hid among the moors and mountains from the English soldiers who were trying to find him. Death or imprisonment for life was the fate awaiting him. He lived in huts or in caves, and many times had nothing to eat but the wild berries from the woods. Once he stayed for three weeks with a band of robbers, who were very kind to him; and, though the King offered a large sum of money to any one who would give him up, or tell where he was hidden, not one of his poor friends proved false to him.

At last a young Scottish lady, named Flora MacDonald, planned for the Prince an escape which succeeded perfectly. She gave him woman's clothes, pretended that he was her servant, and called him Betty Burke. Then she took him with her away from the place where the soldiers were searching; and, after many strange adventures and narrow escapes, he finally reached the sea, and got safely away to France.

## Ancient Flags of France.

The half of the blue cloak of St. Martin which remained after he had divided that garment with a beggar was preserved in France for hundreds of years; and the little oratory in which it was kept was called the *chapelle*, from the word *chape*, meaning cape, or mantle. In time of war the mantle of St. Martin was carried at the head of the army, to inspire the soldiers.

In course of time the place of this sacred standard was taken by the Oriflamme of St. Denis. This was of bright red — the color suited to a martyr, — and fringed with green — the beautiful hue of hope. At first there were bits of flame color dotting the red, and put there in memory of the fiery tongues of Pentecost; but these faded with the years. The edge of the banner had five points, in honor of the wounds of our Blessed Lord. Whoever bore this standard in battle had first to partake of the Holy Eucharist and then swear to defend the banner with his life. When there was a war, the King himself repaired to the Cathedral of St. Denis, where the flag was kept, and reverently carried it away. After the declaration of peace it was his duty to restore it to its place with his own hands. Authorities differ as to the fate of this precious relic.

The next flag of France was the white banner, which in its spotlessness was a symbol of Our Lady. Many victories were won by the enthusiasm it inspired. In time it was decorated with golden fleursde-lis, emblems of the Blessed Trinity.

## A Famous Hoax.

Antiquarians have ever been the victims of practical jokers. In 1756 a man, wishing to enjoy a laugh and discomfit searchers after the antique, sent forth into the world the picture of a tombstone on which were these mysterious letters:

BENE ATH TH. ISST ONERE. POS ET H. CLAUD COS TERTRIP E. SELLERO F. IMP IN. GT. ONAS. DO TH. HI. S. C. ON. SOR T. J. A. N. E.

After many persons had puzzled their heads to decipher this inscription, some declaring it was Latin, others, English and Latin mixed together, the author came forward and explained that it read as follows:

"Beneath this stone reposeth Claud Coster, tripe-seller of Impington, as doth his consort\_Jane."

# THE AVE MARIA

# WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Among the latest war publications we note an historical sketch of the first five months of the great conflict, illustrated, with maps and diagrams, by Mr. A. H. Atteridge. The title is "The World-Wide War; First Stage."

—A touching story, charmingly told, is "In Hoc  $\bigstar$  Vince," by Florence L. Barclay, author of "The Rosary," etc. It was first printed as a contribution to "King Albert's Book." The publishers, Messrs. Putnam's Sons, have given the story a setting which will be admired by all its readers.

-A cursory examination of the Rev. Dr. John Driscoll's new book, "Pragmatism and the Problem of the Idea" (Longmans, Green & Co.), convinces us that it is a work of exceptional value. Its appearance, too, is most timely, and should serve to make the author's other books more widely known to students and serious readers—"Christian Philosophy: The Soul," "Christian Philosophy: God," etc. It will be a pleasure to review "Pragmatism and the Problem of the Idea."

-"" Representative Essays in Modern Thought," edited by H. R. Steeves, A. M., and F. H. Ristine, Ph. D. (American Book Co.), is offered to teachers of English as "a basis of composition." While we are not prepared to deny that the work may prove of some utility to teachers of English in State universities and sectarian colleges, we have no hesitation in characterizing it as an altogether superfluous volume in a Catholic school or college of any grade. For that matter, its editors probably had no thought of its being used by Catholic teachers, else they would have found place for one or two essavists of our faith. Newman and Brownson, not to mention others, will

furnish our students with essays which, both in excellence of style and in genuinely valuable contents, yield nothing to the nineteen selections in the present compilation.

—An opportunity was missed in "St. Juliana Falconieri, a Saint of the Holy Eucharist," by Marie Conrayville, in not developing precisely the point of the saint's devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. Burns & Oates, and Benziger Brothers.

—The latest numbers of the *Catholic Mind* series of pamphlets are: "Was Shakespere a Catholic?" "A Grim Fairy Tale," "Euphemia"; and "The Church and the Mexican Revolution," "Mr. Bryan's Letter to Dr. Kelley," "Dr. Kelley's Answer." Published by the *America* Press, New York, and sold for five cents a copy.

-Many sermons and even many learned and lengthy works on prayer are not likely to do more good than a slender volume just to hand—"A Book of Answered Prayers," by Olive Katharine Parr. But it will not only do good but also give pleasure. It is an intimate revelation of what prayer has meant and means in the life of this convert author. It is a detailed narrative, helped out by photographs of scenes and persons. Altogether a delightful book. For sale by Benziger Brothers.

-The author of "Jesus and Politics," Mr. Harold B. Shepheard, M. A., evidently intends the title to be something of a shock, or at least a challenge; and it can not be denied that this "essay toward an ideal" is thoughtprovoking. But we find that all that is helpful in Mr. Shepheard's suggestions is far from novel; the best of his "modern" Christianity is but a remnant of that of the Ages of Faith, which he might even consider "dark." One thing we can unreservedly commend—the author's delightful style. "Jesus and Politics" is published by E. P. Dutton & Co.

-A glowing Introduction by Archbishop Ireland prepares the reader for the remarkable narrative which constitutes "Memoirs, Historical and Edifying, of a Missionary Apostolic of the Order of St. Dominic among Various Indian Tribes and among the Catholics and Protestants in the United States of America." The volume is a stoutly-bound, full-size octavo of nearly four hundred pages, now for the first time accessible in English, having been translated from the Italian original by Sister Mary Benedicta, O. S. D. These modest "Memoirs" of the saintly Dominican pioneer missionary will prove no less interesting from an historical than edifying from a spiritual point of view. The work should find a place in every library which aims at completeness along the lines of Church history in America. The translator is to be complimented on having undertaken so laudable an enterprise, and acquitted herself of it so creditably. We note with regret that there is no index, though a table of contents in conclusion has that title. No publisher's name is given, but the printing was done by the W. F. Hall Co., Chicago.

-The current number of the Dublin Review, with articles on Belgium, Russia, international law, etc., will be read with deep interest on both sides of the Atlantic. Under the able editorship of Dr. Wilfrid Ward, "the historic Dublin Review," as Cardinal Newman designated it, has been raised to a high position of dignity and influence among non-Catholics as well as Catholics; and there are good grounds for hoping that when the war is over its circulation at home and abroad will be notably increased. As a result of Dr. Ward's visits to the United States, the special value of this able review has become more generally recognized here; and we feel sure that later on it will receive a much larger measure of the support to which it is so well entitled.

# The Latest Books. A Guide to Good Reading.

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

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

- "A Book of Answered Prayers." Olive Katharine Parr. 45 cts.
- "In Hoc & Vince." Florence L. Barclay. 75 cts.
- "A Treasury of Catholic Song." Sidney S. Hurlbut. \$1.25.
- "St. Juliana Falconieri." Marie Conrayville. 30 cts.
- "Jesus and Politics." Harold B. Shepheard, , M. A. \$1.
- "Memoirs of the Very Reverend Samuel Mazzuchelli, O. P. \$1.50.

- "America and the New World-State." Norman Angell. \$1.25.
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## Obituary.

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

Rev. Hercule Marsolais, of the archdiocese of Montreal; Rev. George Corrigan, diocese of Newark; Rev. John Kelly, S. J.; and Rev. Salvator Anastasi, O. P.

Sister M. Vincent, of the Order of the Visitation; and Mother M. Snow, Sisters of Mercy.

Mr. Daniel C. Powell, Mr. John Genshenner, Mrs. James Larkin, Mrs. Cecilia Conrard, Mr. John McCawley, Mrs. Mary Campbell, Mr. Denis Finnegan, Mrs. Henry Kammerer, Mr. Thomas Hill, Mr. Owen Hanry, Mrs. Anna Browne, Mr. Michael Heery, Mr. Andrew Beile, Mr. Thomas Broaders, Mrs. Pricilla Flahaven, Mrs. J. Walsh, Mr. William Beitmeister, Mrs. M. J. Leahy, Mr. W. J. Crane, Mr. Michael McDermott, Mr. George Creason, Miss Agnes Sullivan, Mr. Richard Davis, Mr. E. J. O'Brien, Mr. Thomas Grecco, Mrs. Catherine McEvoy, Mr. Thomas Kisling, Mr. Charles Moe, Miss Margaret McMahon, Miss Katherine Keenan, Mr. John Stoffel, and Mr. Thomas Hunter.

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

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### Always.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

**N** springtide when the thrushes Sing all the live day long, When every streamlet rushes Seaward with bursts of song; In youth when hearts are singing Along life's flowery way, And every day is bringing Glad hours for work or play,-On Mary's joys we'll ponder, And ever humbly pray That we may never wander

From virtue's path away.

In winter, when the shadows Lie thick on hill and vale,

When flowerless are the meadows,---And silent is the dale;

When many a hope is blighted,

And many a care is known,

When many a claim is slighted,

And youth and hope are flown,-We'll think of Mary weeping On Calvary's cross-crowned hill, A tireless vigil keeping, And bend us to God's will.

In seasons bright or dreary,

In sunshine or in shade,

When sad of heart and weary,

When gay and unafraid;

With youth's high hopes before us, And spirits light as air,

With old age creeping o'er us,

We breathe one fervent prayer,-That when earth's joy and sorrow Of small account shall be. We may some glad to-morrow Our Lady's glory see.

### Catholic Charity in War Time,

BY WILLIAM P. H. KITCHIN, PH. D.



N these days of fratricidal strife, when almost all the Old World is in arms, and when horrible stories of atrocities and reprisals no less fiendish are current,

it is a relief, and a source of edification as well, to note the progress of Christian charity; for this war, so savage in its manifestations, so demoralizing in its effects, has, nevertheless, produced on battlefield and in hospital, in concentration camp and neutral nation, the most heroic examples of brotherly love, the most beautiful fruits of self-abnegation. Just as in the clash of arms some obtain from a grateful country badges of recognition, so among those who struggle against misery, heartbreak, sickness, and distress, there are many who deserve superabundantly the title of Christian heroes and heroines.

For instance, eight months ago Sister Julie, of Gerbéviller, in the Vosges, was utterly unknown outside her convent, but now her name is a household word throughout Europe. Amidst a tornado of shot and shell she clung to her hospital and her wounded; when marauding soldiers strove to fire the building, alone she faced them and shamed them into desistence; when others tried to loot the food intended for the sick she her them at bay; and when the tide invasion ebbed, Sister Julie and

protégés were found in excellent health and spirits. The President of France, accompanied by the presidents of the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies, travelled expressly to devastated Gerbéviller to pin on her motherly breast the Cross of the Legion of Honor; and it must be admitted that rarely was decoration better deserved. But to chronicle each individual case of Christian prowess is possible only to the Recording Angel. I prefer to treat briefly of the organized charity as practised, since the war began, by the Catholic ladies of Fribourg.

Switzerland, by its geographical position, is the one perfectly neutral country able practically to help at once all the belligerents. The little republic has proved herself worthy of her exceptional opportunities, and she truly merits the honorable title given her recently by Père Mandonnet, "the Good Samaritan of Nations." From the very early days of the war Geneva took a prominent part in transmitting letters from soldiers to their families. Within the last few months the people of Schaffhausen received liberated prisoners with the utmost kindness. sheltered and fed them, and at their departure supplied them with clothes. But the people of Fribourg, both as regards the number and variety of their charitable schemes, seem to have outstripped their compatriots in well-doing.

The town is charmingly situated on wooded heights almost encircled by the River Sarine, and is the residence of the Bishop of Lausanne and Geneva. The present Ordinary, Mgr. Bovet, determined that all his own and his flock's strength should be devoted to the sacred cause of charity, and in the ladies of his episcopal city he found his most zealous and devoted co-workers. These ladies were already experienced in philanthropic work, since they were the head centre of the International Society for the Protection of Girls. The war rendered impossible their ordinary occupations; but they resolved to adapt their energies to the

new conditions obtaining, and to the new needs daily clamoring for assistance.

Their first step was to insert advertisements in the newspapers of the countries at war, stating that "the Catholic Society for the Protection of Girls [Fribourg] undertook to search for and send to their homes young girls of any nation who happened to be domiciled for the time being among the belligerents." This offer was instantly availed of. Scores of inquiries began to pour in, and before the month was out the Society was receiving hundreds of letters daily. These letters and appeals came indifferently from all the countries at strife; and the members of the Society, animated with genuine Catholic charity, helped all who applied for aid, without regard in any way to their nationality, class or creed. Thus in the very early days of the war a request came from Karlsruhe, asking to send to her home a young German girl employed as governess in a French family. The Society immediately set all its machinery in motion, and after three months of persistent efforts it won the day.

A still more interesting case was that of an Alsatian peasant-mother, who had been brought prisoner to Germany while her two sons were fighting in the armies of France. One of the boys was severely wounded, and anxiety concerning his mother was retarding materially his cure. A lady, compassionating his physical and mental pain, brought the matter under, the notice of the Fribourg workers. They took the case in hand with enthusiasm. and were soon able to transmit letters from mother to son. The knowledge that his mother was safe acted like a tonic on the soldier; but it grieved him to think she was a prisoner in a foreign land. He and his brother mustered all their scanty resources, but they fell far short of what was necessary to procure their parent's return. The ladies of Fribourg, however, were not satisfied to leave half undone what they had begun. They actually sent one of their own number into Germany to

procure this woman's release, to accompany her on the journey, and to remain with her until she had been safely placed with relatives at Rouen.

These examples, which run into the hundreds, if not into the thousands, show as in a mirror the beautiful traits of the Protection Society. Nothing is too small for it to attempt, nothing too troublesome to undertake provided it can thereby heal a wound or wipe away a tear. This transmission of letters between soldiers in the fighting line or prisoners of war and their respective families has proved one of the most important activities of the Society. Among the trials which the soldiers' relatives have to endure there are few so painful as the absolute want of news of their dear ones. Even to know for certain that they were dead would be sometimes almost a relief; but day after day to be imagining all sorts of horrors concerning them is almost unbearable. By transmitting letters from one to another, the Society has succeeded in bringing happiness and peace to many sorely-stricken hearts. Verv frequently these letters have to be translated and considerably abridged; all appreciations of public events likely to excite the censorious susceptibilities of the military authorities are remorselessly suppressed, and the private and personal portion alone is preserved. In Belgium where intercommunication was practically non-existent for a time, the Society has obtained reassuring information concerning more than twenty-five religious communities, marooned, so to speak, by the waves of invasion, and concerning whose fate the gravest fears were entertained; thirty young girls and several private families have also been located, and they are reported to be as well off as is possible under such crushing trials.

Not content with sending letters to and from soldiers, the Society strove to lighten the rigors of their captivity by furnishing them with good reading. It appealed to the charitably disposed to

send to Fribourg all the books and periodicals they could secure. Immense cases crammed with all kinds of literature were not long in arriving; these were sent to the diocesan seminary and carefully Not only were the books assorted. examined separately, but every single page of each underwent a rigid scrutiny, to make sure that there were no compromising leaflets or inscriptions which might cast suspicion upon the work and bring it to a premature and inglorious end. Religious books to the number of 63,000 were sent to the German Caritas-Verband, and distributed by it to the prisoners; the secular books were consigned to the Borromeus-Verein at Bonn.

In addition to the foregoing works of benevolence the Protection Society also inaugurated a military section, in order the better to cope with the abnormal conditions produced by the war. In the circular announcing this new activity of the Society we read: "Our association, in its desire to discharge fully its philanthropic aims, ... considers itself bound to help the mothers, wives, sisters, and children of prisoners of all nationalities. With this object, we are applying to our associate members in France, asking them to procure for us a list of German wounded and prisoners in their respective localities, so that we may be able to give information to the families in anguish over the fate of their relatives. . . . We are making a similar request of our associate members in Germany."

In this connection the charity of the Fribourg ladies has been crowned with the most magnificent success; truly God has blessed and prospered their efforts for the consoling of their brethren. They have been able to ascertain the whereabouts and bring into communication with their families, no fewer than 1960 soldiers, whose existence had been completely swallowed up in the whirlwind of war. These soldiers belong to all ranks of society and of the army; for misfortune is no respecter of persons, and knows no partiality. On one and the same day, for instance, the postman brought a letter of thanks from a Paris work-woman whose husband had been found, and from the wife of a French general to whom consoling news of her son had been conveyed. The general's wife wrote: "1 have spent eight weeks of terrible anxiety, and your message was a ray of sunshine through the thick gloom. I sent the news immediately to my husband on the firing line, who was nearly frantic at knowing nothing of our poor boy. Words can not express our gratitude."

To have brought comfort to nearly 2000 homes was surely no contemptible achievement; but greater things still were in store for the Protection Society. It succeeded in obtaining the names of 15,000 French held prisoners in the camp of Zossen, near Berlin, together with the addresses of their parents; and it did not rest satisfied until it had sent news to all the families of these unfortunates. These magnificent results were not accomplished without much hard work, - deciphering and answering innumerable letters and dispatches, undertaking at times difficult and expensive journeys, etc. But the Fribourg philanthropists, similar to the Phœbes and Dorcases of Apostolic times, find in their labors a more than earthly sweetness and a superabundant reward. Referring to this point, a report of their activities says: "When prisoners' letters reach us, the difficulties of our work seem to disappear, especially when those writing to us do so spontaneously. We have received letters signed by whole groups of prisoners. We have not the slightest idea how they ever obtained our address.... That, however, makes no difference: the main point is that our work is spreading, and that in such times of trial and suffering it produces a little happiness and peace."

These noble words breathe the very essence of Christian charity,—that spirit which sees in every child of Adam the brother of Jesus Christ, and does its best for each of these "little ones," who, being in want and pain and distress, represent Him. Nor can a reverent mind abstain from admiring and adoring the marvellous workings of Divine Providence, which out of evil draws such rare and unexpected good. The savagery of war has already made many martyrs. The self-sacrifice of soldier-priests especially has produced a great religious awakening in the ranks of all the armies; and if many crimes have been committed—many deeds of terrorism and hate and vengeance, — far more numerous and no less striking are the manifestations of true Christian charity.

## The Secret Bequest.

### BY CHRISTIAN REID.

## XXIV.



HE accident in which Cecily had been so desperately injured proved a tragedy in the fullest degree for her unfortunate com-

panion, who was killed outright, being crushed under the car, from which she was hurled, as it went over a steep declivity, when, coming around a sharp curve at a high rate of speed, its driver endeavored to pass a country wagon encountered there. From among the rocks and trees of the hillside where she was thrown, the girl was picked up insensible and scarcely breathing, and it was several hours before she gave any sign of consciousness. Then, opening her eyes, she murmured her sister's name, seemed to understand the assurance that she had been summoned, and with a sigh lapsed into insensibility again.

So Honora found her when she arrived the next day, and it was at the sound of her voice that Cecily again opened her eyes and showed signs of consciousness. "Nora!" she whispered faintly, in the tone of her childhood, and seemed to ask nothing more than the knowledge that the familiar and beloved presence was beside her. But although Honora had the happiness of finding her alive, the doctors in attendance, and the famous surgeon who was summoned for consultation, shook their heads gravely over the case. That she might survive her injuries, grave as these were, they admitted; but it was probable that she would be crippled for life, and she would almost certainly be badly disfigured.

"One is tempted to think that it would have been better if she had been killed, like poor Jack Dorrance," Edith Selwyn said, when she heard this. "I can not imagine how Cecily will live—crippled, and with her beauty gone! It is a tragedy worse than death."

Her husband, to whom she spoke, assented mournfully.

"It's one of the saddest things I ever heard of," he said. "I don't wonder that poor Julian is completely broken up over it."

"Nor I," Edith agreed; "for he was desperately in love with her, though she has treated him abominably."

"Isn't 'abominably' rather a harsh expression?" Mr. Selwyn deprecated.

"It may be harsh, but it's quite accurate," Edith replied; "though of course one feels as if the old rule about not saying unkind things of the dead were applicable to her. But she isn't dead; and how she is going to live, I don't know. When I say that to Julian, he just shakes his head hopelessly and answers nothing."

And indeed there seemed nothing for any one to say in the face of Cecily's tragedy. Even those who loved her best could only look at each other dumbly, and wonder how it would be with her when she learned what was before her in life. How would the passionate, undisciplined, world-loving and self-loving spirit endure helplessness, pain, and the utter wreck of all its hopes? Honora's lieart sank in something nearly akin to despair as she asked herself the question, which she dared not utter aloud. And

then, as she knew well, the situation was further complicated by her firm resolve, and solemn promise made to God, to resign the Chisholm fortune and enter the Catholic Church. No one as yet knew of this except Bernard Chisholm; and it was by his advice that she postponed any announcement of her intention until Cecily was sufficiently recovered to be able to bear it. When this would be, and how she would bear such an additional blow, Honora was unable even to imagine. But she determined to leave the future in the hands of Him who demanded the great sacrifice of her, and for the present live only in the duty of the day.

When it was at last decided that immediate danger of death was over, Cecily was, by her own request, conveyed to Kingsford; and there, in the beautiful, spacious house which she had learned to call home, was settled with trained nurses, and all that wealth could give of skill and comfort to ease her suffering. And again it was by Bernard's advice that Honora acted.

"You owe that much to her," he said. "The blow will be hard enough, come when and how it may; and she must be strong—as strong as she is ever likely to be—before she is called upon to endure it."

"You are sure of this?" she asked wistfully. "Of course it is what I wish to do; but I distrust my own judgment and fear my own weakness where she is concerned."

"I am perfectly sure," he answered. "And I don't advise you on my own responsibility alone. I have, by your permission, taken advice; and I am assured on ecclesiastical authority that, under the circumstances, you are not only excusable but right in deferring action until your sister has recovered from her injuries."

"But God only knows when that will be," she said sadly.

"God does know, however," Bernard replied; "so leave the matter to Him, who is Himself dealing with her," "Do you think that He is?" she asked. "It seems to me rather as if He were dealing with me, and that all she is suffering, and must yet suffer, is my fault. I put her before Him: I was determined not to give up the fortune which meant so much for her, and He struck her down to punish me. I told you that at first, and I have never been able to feel anything else."

"I know," he said gently. "And in a sense it is true. I, too, believe that God struck her down because there was no other way to release you — to make you understand what He demanded of you. But I also believe that He thought of her, and desired to save her from herself. And, clearly, there was no other way than this. Half measures would not do for Cecily."

"I doubt if anything will ever reconcileher to what is before her," Honora said. "I confess that I am frightened, terribly frightened, when I think of the future."

"Do not think of it," Bernard urged again. And now he laid his hand down upon hers; for they were sitting as of old in the garden, now in all the maturity of its later summer glory. "Trust God and also trust me. You know that I love you: let me help you to take care of Ceeily."

She looked at him with eyes that were at once very soft and very brilliant.

"Oh, you are good—you are more than good," she breathed, "to be able to care for one as weak and wicked as I have been—"

"Honora," he interrupted, "I will not let you say such things of yourself!"

"Ah, but they are true! And you know they are true," she told him. "I had made my choice; and it was a choice that you must despise,—you who chose so differently."

"My dear, my dear, don't you know better than that?" he asked. "I had no such choice as yours to make. I had to think only of myself, and that was very easy; no one else suffered by my decision. But you—have I not told you that I realized as clearly as if I had been yourself all that you were called upon to give up, and how all the unselfishness of your nature was arrayed against you? It was a sterrible situation, a terrible struggle. And I, who knew and felt it so intensely, could not help you in any way except by my prayers. That was terrible, too."

"Very far from terrible," she said; "for you could not have helped me in any other way so effectively. I am sure it was your prayers that won the final grace for me; just as it was you who sustained my soul when the blow fellthat almost drove me to despair,—that would have driven me to despair, I think, if you had not been there to tell me what to believe and what to do."

"You make me very grateful—to God and to you," he said. "It was what I desired of all things,—to be able to help you when the final crisis came, whatever it might be. And now you will promise to let me help you always and in all things, will you not?"

But, looking at him with the same softly brilliant eyes, she shook her head.

"No," she said gently but firmly, "I can not promise that; for it would mean to give you my life, and my life is not my own to give away."

"Why is it not your own?" he asked.

"Ah, you must know!" she answered. "It belongs to Cecily. It is not only that it has always belonged to her, since my mother gave her to me in solemn charge when she was dying, but I feel that I have an added duty of reparation to her now. She has been struck down and her whole life ruined-my poor Cecily!-through my fault. We are both sure of that, you and I; for, though it may be true, as you have said, that God has also saved her from herself, the fact remains that she is suffering through me, that she will need me as she has never needed me yet, and that I must not divide the duty I owe to her."

"But why," he urged, "will you not let me share the duty with you, as I should be so happy to do? I am better able to undertake the burden than you are, and between us we could make her life all that it can be made now. Honora, dear heart, you must yield to me in this!"

But again Honora shook her head.

"Don't make it harder for me than you can help," she said; "for I can not yield. I have thought it all over, and I have asked God to show me what it is right for me to do, and I see very plainly that my duty is to take care of Cecily. And I could not do this as it should be done if—if I married you."

"But, again, why not?" he demanded. "Can you not trust me? Do you think I would ever interfere with, or try to lessen, the care you would give to her?"

"I am certain that you would not," she answered; "but I am also certain that one can not divide oneself between two duties and do them equally well. One or the other will suffer from neglect. Now, I could not bear to neglect either you or her; and so I must not try the experiment. I must give my life to Cecily: I see that clearly. It is duty and reparation in one."

"I can not accept this as a final decision," he said. "You must not think that I will."

She smiled a little sadly as she rose.

"You will accept it after a while," she said; "for there is no hope of any other decision from me. And here is an example of what I mean; for yonder is the nurse coming for me. Cecily wants me, and so I must leave you."

It was a day or two after this that Bernard met Julian Page on the street, and was promptly seized upon by the latter, and haled up to his studio, despite remonstrances.

"'Too busy' indeed!" the young man snorted scornfully. "I am sick of that excuse, and I don't mean to accept it any longer. Do you know that you are in danger of becoming an apostle of hustle and a slave of filthy lucre? 'No time," when you've all the time there is! And what better use can you make of it than to give it to your friends, when they pay you the compliment of calling upon you in their troubles?"

"Of course there's no better use to be made of time than to help a friend in his trouble," Bernard admitted; "but if there's really nothing one can do, you know—"

"And how the deuce can you tell whether or not there's anything you can do, unless you listen to what a fellow has to say?" Julian inquired.

"I thought I knew pretty well what you wanted to say," Bernard replied; "and, although I feel for you as much as possible, I can't see that there's a single thing, in the line of practical help, that it's in my power to render you."

"Are you quite sure of that?"

"I fancied I was; but if you can show me otherwise, I'll be glad to do anything possible."

"That's only what I expected of you," the other said.

They were in the studio by this time; and as Bernard glanced around the big, airy room, with its windows looking out over the fair, wide country lying beyond the foliage-embowered town, he was struck by the absence of any signs of work. Palettes, brushes and tubes of paint were reposing in a condition of unnatural order and cleanliness on a table which was usually a picture of artistic disorder; a few sketches of mountain scenes were standing about,-notably one of Lake Toxaway; but the tall easel in the middle of the room bore only one canvas, and that was Cecily's portrait, which had never been taken away. Bernard had started at sight of this when he entered; for it was as if Cecily herself were standing there in all her youthful grace and beauty, with the faint, mocking smile he knew so well on her lips and in her eyes.

"It's a wonderful likeness, isn't it?" Julian, who had seen the start, said. "I didn't know until I came back what a vivid piece of work it is. It's so far beyond anything else I've ever done that I think I was inspired to do it, in order that there might be at least a shadow of her loveliness left in the world if—if—''

His voice choked; he flung himself down on the divan where Cecily had so often sat, and, dropping his head into his hands, groaned aloud.

"It's more than a man can bear!" he said after a while, — "to look at that picture—to see what she was and to think of what she has been made! Bernard, do you know—have you heard—any details of the extent of her injuries?"

Bernard shook his head.

"I have heard nothing. I don't think that even the surgeons know yet what the final result will be—I mean how much she will be disfigured—"

Julian threw up his hands.

"Don't use that word!" he cried sharply. "It—it is damnable! It makes a man feel murderous!"

"Look here!" said Bernard. "Are you an absolute pagan? Have you never given a thought to anything but that girl's beautiful body? Have you never remembered that she has an immortal soul, and, instead of raging against the loss of her beauty, been grateful to God that she was—possibly—saved from the loss of her soul?"

Julian lifted his head and stared at the speaker resentfully.

"I didn't bring you here to preach," he observed.

"No, you didn't," Bernard acknowledged; "but, nevertheless, you brought me. And, now that I am here, I will 'preach,' whether you like it or not. For I tell you frankly that I'm tired of your ingratitude and your pagan view of things. I was patient with it at first, because I knew it was natural, since you are an artist as well as a man of the modern world; and that means a man who has practically lost all faith in the divine government. But I can't pretend to sympathize with you when you are making an idol of that beauty" (he pointed to the portrait); "and when you are absolutely blind to the fact that *she* had also made an idol of it, and that it was leading her to destruction."

"And so I suppose you think—confound you!—that her beauty was destroyed in order to save what you call her immortal soul!" Julian commented savagely.

"I'm not presumptuous enough to attempt to interpret the acts of God in any positive manner," Bernard replied; "I'm only pointing out certain plain facts to you. Be as indignant as you please with me, but you must admit that Cecily Trezevant worshipped her own beauty before and above everything else; and that she was resolutely determined to take it into the open market of the world, and buy with it and with her sister's money all that her passionate vanity and love of life craved. You can't deny this" (Julian was glaring at him speechlessly). "You know that she had swept everything aside in order to fulfil her ambition and gratify her craving for admiration; that she would not listen to your love, although I believe that she really cared for you; and that she was forcing her sister to do what her conscience and judgment opposed; and yet you can see no hidden mercy in the blow that spared even while it struck her!"

"I can see nothing but puritanical brutality in such a view of her tragedy as that!" Julian growled furiously.

"Poor old man!" Bernard walked over and laid his hand on the other's shoulder. "Call it what you like; but I'm sure you see it as plainly as I do, in spite of the rage and the pity that are consuming you. Nothing short of what has happened could have stopped Cecily. You know that."

"There was no reason why she should have been stopped. There was no crime in what she wanted to do. Other women are doing it every day, and your God doesn't interfere to stop them."

"My dear fellow, we don't know in the least what God's intentions or dealings are with other wonien; we are concerned only with what we can 'perceive about Cecily. She was set upon doing herself a great injury; for all that was good in her would soon have perished in the atmosphere into which she was about to plunge. And she has been rescued from that, even at the cost of the loss of the beauty—"

"Don't say 'that was a snare to her soul,' or I think I shall knock you down!"

"If it would relieve your feelings, I shouldn't very much mind," Bernard observed cheerfully. "But I was really about to say, 'the beauty that both you and she adored.""

"I did adore it," Julian confessed, after a moment of silence; "and so would any artist, for it was an altogether adorable thing. But in the days I've spent here alone with that" (he indicated the portrait by a motion of his head) "I have learned that Cecily was more than her beauty; and that what I loved was the charming, brilliant, capricious, provoking creature, who was the most inspiring and delightful of comrades, as well as the most beautiful of women."

"In short, you've found that what you loved was her soul rather than her beautiful body."

"I loved herself. But the beauty was so much a part of herself that it seemed to blind me to everything else; yet I've found that it can be taken away, and the Cecily I have loved remains. I own that it has been a terrible struggle to discover this. I have walked the floor night after night before that picture, and raged at the thought of what has been destroyed; but at last—out of it all—I am conscious that something has emerged which is higher and purer, and I believe stronger, than what went before. Do you think you understand what I am trying to say very obscurely?"

"You are saying it very clearly," Bernard told him; "and I understand perfectly. I thought that it would be so. And, Julian—" "Yes?"

"I believe you'll find that the same kind of change has been wrought in her. I have no reason on earth to think this, except from an instinct which tells me that there must be something in her beside frivolity, selfishness, and worldliness, for God to have spared her, and, as it were, taken so much trouble with her. And if that core of soundness exists, suffering may bring it out."

"I have feared that, on the contrary, it may render her desperate. When I think of the things I have heard her say—"

"Never mind those things. The Cecily who said them was a spoiled, flippant girl, who had never been touched by the realities of life. Since then she has looked at death, and suffering has tried her as only suffering can. She is neither a fool nor a coward, and I think she will learn her lesson."

"I can't imagine Cecily different from what she has been," Julian muttered.

He rose as he spoke, and began to pace the floor, as in the long night vigils of which he had spoken, pausing now and again to look with passionate wistfulness at the beautiful girl who smiled at him from her canvas. Bernard watched him silently, saying nothing; for he felt sure that what had been said already was only a preparation for what was to come, and that Julian's next words would tell him why he had been so insistent upon bringing him up to the studio. Nothing as yet had been said to explain this. Presently, still walking, the young man began to speak:

"No doubt you are wondering whether I brought you up here simply to talk things over in this way. Well, I didn't, I had no thought of anything of the kind, I asked you to come for a very definite purpose, and that was to learn if you thought there was any hope at all of my being allowed to see her—Cecily I mean?"

"My dear man, how can I tell?" Bernard's tone was full of sympathy, "I don't think any one has been allowed to see her yet; but I will ask her sister, if you wish me to do so."

"I shall be grateful if you will," Julian answered; "for I don't like to intrude. But I am very anxious to see her as soon as it can be permitted." He took another turn across the room before he added: "There's something I should like to say to her. It isn't a matter of much importance to her, perhaps; but I want to say it for my own satisfaction."

"I understand." Bernard had indeed a very distinct illumination with regard to the other's meaning. "You want to assure her of your unchanged devotion."

Julian nodded assent. "That's it," he said. "She must be feeling terribly about her condition, and there's a bare chance that such an assurance might be—er—a little comfort to her."

Bernard felt quite certain that, unless Cecily had changed very radically, the assurance spoken of would prove a decided comfort to her. So he repeated that he would convey the request to Honora as soon as possible — and then suddenly an inspiration came to him, concerning which he did not stop to reflect.

"If you are going to say anything of that kind to Cecily," he remarked, "there is something that I think you ought to know first:"

Julian stopped short in his walk, and turned a white face upon him.

"What is it?" he asked sharply. "What is there possibly for me to know about her that I don't know already?"

"One very important thing—at least it would be important to most people," Bernard answered. "Cecily will soon be as poor as she was before my uncle left his fortune to her sister."

Julian's eyes opened wide in startled amazement.

"How in Heaven's name can that come about?" he demanded.

"Very simply," Bernard answered. "Honora is about to become a Catholic, and she will forfeit the fortune when she does so. Remember that I am telling you this in strict confidence. No one except myself knows of her intention as yet; and she will defer any action until Cecily has recovered. But nothing is more certain than that she will then enter the Church."

"Good Lord!"

Julian stood as if rooted in his tracks, and stared with expanded, incredulous eyes at the speaker for at least a minute after uttering the above ejaculation. Then comprehension seemed to penetrate his brain like a flash, and he burst into an exultant laugh as he turned toward the portrait.

"You didn't think it possible, Cecily," he cried; "but, after all, my chance to prove that all men are not alike *has* come."

(To be continued.)

### The Reason Why.

BY FRANCIS CLEMENT KELLEY.

WHY do you always sing of God? His greatness needs you not.

Has He not struck you with His rod? Can sorrows be forgot?

I sing of Him because His blow, In love and mercy sweet,

Has laid my pride and hatred low, And led me to His feet.

His greatness needs me not at all; He left me fair and free;

But when in freedom I did fall, He stooped to chasten me.

What needs the sun of stagnant pool That poisons all the air?

What need has God of any fool, That He should make him heir?

Yet doth the sun draw to the sky, To scatter down in rain,

The dark and noisome pools that lie. Upon the marshy plain.

And, purified by sunlight's touch, The clear, sweet waters fall,

Like Magdalen, who "loveth much," Before the Lord of all,

# After Ten Years.

BY J. F. SCHOLFIELD

## III.—THE HOLY EUCHARIST.

T would be impossible to treat of this supreme subject in our present connection without almost writing a treatise. Catholics know how, in the Church of England, the differences with regard to it are, perhaps, the most profound of any that divide her members. From the barest commemoration of a past event, and a kind of pious love feast, up to the Catholic doctrine of our Blessed Lord's Real Presence, the perpetuation of His sacrifice, and His sacramental union with the faithful, every kind and degree of belief is permitted in practice, if not avowedly. The late Archbishop Temple asserted, in an episcopal charge, that there were only two forms of teaching that were incompatible with Anglicanism-the Zwinglian denial of all special Eucharistic grace, and Transubstantiation. But everyone knows that both are freely taught in the Church of England; the bishops are quite content to tolerate the one, and they have failed to suppress the other.

The formularies are not much help. They contain some statements that are quite open to a Catholic interpretation (certain of them can scarcely be understood in other than a' Catholic sense), and others that to all appearance explicitly deny the doctrine of the Church. The living voice does not exist. Anglicanism has no doctrine of her own on the supreme Christian rite. Low, Broad, and High Churchmen, with their endless subdivision, have theirs, and often proclaim them very loudly and insistently. But not one of them is the voice of the Church of England. When this terrible silence - along with the pretence to be the teacher of the nationis realized, there is no more peace for the searcher after truth until he sets his face toward the Divine Teacher. For is it conceivable that God our Lord would have left His Church without a clear knowledge of the truth as to the central act of His religion?

The practical results of this condition of perpetual controversy are, of course, deplorable. The High Churchman somewhat unkindly charges his Puritan brother with abominable profanity because of his treatment of bread and wine as such and nothing else. The Puritan retorts with a charge of superstition and idolatry, --- quite without justification, as, even from his own point of view, the worship is given to Christ Himself; if His body and blood are not there, the worshipper is mistaken, but his mistake does not make him an idolater. The Broad Churchman looks on, with tolerant amusement at times, and from the depths of his Modernism thinks that both are arguing on a wrong premise. Both assume a dogmatic foundation that he regards as, at best, dubious. And yet all three are equally authorized representatives of the Church whose wide borders include them all.

IV. Penance. To the majority of Anglicans, neither the word nor the thing has any meaning. Here again the formularies are contradictory and indecisive. High Churchmen have a good deal the best of the argument, if the Prayer Book is to be the standard; but their opponents undoubtedly are the winners if judgment is to go according to the 25th Article of Religion, and the common practice of their church. Among those who teach and practise confession there are many variations. Some reduce the confession of sins to little better than a talk with your clergymen. Others, better instructed, believe in sacramental absolution, but regard it as a matter entirely for the choice of the individual whether he seeks it or not,-a strange state of matters, if we are really dealing with a divine gift. These good people have no idea of the Sacrament of Penance as either the appointed remedy for mortal sin after baptism, or as increasing the grace of

God in the soul. They know nothing of the *theology* of sin or its forgiveness, though their intentions are praiseworthy.

Then there is a class of High Churchmen which clearly asserts the need of Penance after serious sin, but describes its regular use as a Roman corruption, a weakening of the soul and contrary to the manly independence of the English character. Nearly all present-day Anglican bishops commend its occasional, and with more heartiness condemn its habitual. use. Vet there are hundreds of Anglican churches where the clergy receive confessions at stated hours, and where most of the flock regularly seek what the Prayer Book calls "the ministry of absolution."

My own experience began during my undergraduate life at Cambridge, when I made my general confession before the clergyman of whom I have already spoken. He was a man deeply read in moral theology, and his teaching led me to go, though at somewhat unfrequent intervals, to confession from that time forward. In spite of their utter lack of training, it is wonderful to me how many Anglican clergymen have succeeded in grasping a good deal of the technique, so to speak, of the confessional. Now and then you meet a parson who evidently knows nothing; or who, in sheer pious ignorance, imposes a penance of immense proportions. An "extreme" man is usually very matterof-fact, and avoids unnecessary talk. Α moderate High Churchman will often give advice so lavishly as almost to make this appear the chief end of his ministration.

In my home and my schooldays I never heard of confession. In my first curacy, it was theoretically approved but never practised; in my last, it was practised with a good deal of freedom, but there was a tendency to speak of it with bated breath. The congregation to which I ministered during the last twelve years of my Anglican life, with very few exceptions, went to confession as an ordinary duty, and regular hours were announced at the church door and from the altar and pulpit. In fact, there was no controversy on the subject, which was treated in a healthy way, as a matter of course. But when any of the congregation had to leave the neighborhood and perforce attend another church, then came bewilderment (they were mostly poor people), distress, often a general lapse from religious observance. What wonder if the situation caused great and bitter searching of heart?

Extreme Unction. A well-known V. Anglican writer who, wonderful to relate, became a bishop, calls this sacrament the lost pleiad of the Anglican firmament. Yet I know of two bishops in recent years who have consecrated oil for Extreme Unction, and there are probably more; and of several clergymen who would readily administer it if desired. To any one who takes the Bible as a guide, the words of St. James would seem more than enough to settle the question. Yet whenever the sick are anointed among Protestants, the rite is always administered sub rosâ. Of course the overwhelming majority never dream of the existence or benefit of such unction. It is strange that, while it was retained in the first English Protestant Prayer Book, the revisers of 1552, who prated so much about the sole authority of Scripture, dropped it. A favorite Anglican argument against its use is that "Roman corruption" has turned it into a sacrament for those at the point of death, and ignored St. James' words as to its being also, under God's blessing, a means of restoration to health. The charge is made in ignorant good faith; but it is a pity that those who make it do not inquire as to the fact, which is exactly the opposite of what they state.

The rejection of this sacrament by the Anglican Church was another proof that she was not true to her boast as to following Scriptural authority and primitive practice. Two provinces (on the Anglican theory) had abolished a sacrament practised by the Apostles, and by the whole Church at the time of the separation of England from Catholic communion. Either these two provinces possessed the gift of infallibility, or they were possessed by a spirit of unutterable insolence and profanity. I could see no *tertium quid*.

VI. Holy Orders. For many years I believed that the "Reformers," however heretical in their personal belief, had intended to continue the succession of bishops, and therefore of rightly ordained priests, in the Church of England. Ι therefore looked on our prelates as, though perhaps in schism, occupying such a position as the bishops who submitted to the changes under Henry VIII. The most learned and elaborate arguments were produced to show that even on the worst estimate of the Reformers' intention, at any rate by a miracle of Providence, there had been no break in the sacred line of St. Augustine. I had to acknowledge that for more than three hundred years not one Anglican bishop out of a hundred had intended to make those whom he ordained anything more than Protestant ministers; but I imagined that a general intention of doing what the Church intended would cover this difficulty, in the same way as baptism is valid when rightly performed even by a heretic.

It seems to me now that much of the defensive line taken by Protestant writers is utterly, though of course quite unconsciously, dishonest. The question is really not whether Barlow was a bishop, or whether the porrectio instrumentorum is not a comparatively late addition to the Ordinal, or whether Matthew Parker underwent a form of consecration, and under what conditions; but whether, in the light of the reckless changes made by Cranmer and his abettors, in-the light of the transformation of the Pontificale into the Protestant ordination services .-in the light of the careful abolition of every word and ceremony that affirmed the essential gift of the sacerdotium-it could reasonably be affirmed that the

intention of the "reformed" church was to continue Catholic Orders in the Catholic sense.

The phrase, "the validity of Anglican Orders," is a somewhat misleading one. The point is, for what are they valid? For the creation of Protestant clergymen, unquestionably; for "the ministry of the word and sacraments," as this is understood by Protestants, certainly. But unless they convey the awful priesthood, with Christ's delegated powers to offer sacrifice for the living and the dead, and to absolve from sin, the whole High Church position crumbles to utter ruin. And that is not the position taken by any but a minority of Anglicans,-not even by all who have the name of High Churchmen.

It is a strange phenomenon that a handful of men (of whom I was one), whose claims to the Catholic priesthood are denied by the whole of Christendom, Catholic and non-Catholic, except themselves, should thus have the courage to pose as *Athanasius contra mundum*. As Cardinal Newman asked the Tractarians of his day, are they sure they are qualified to take the part of Athanasius?

And if, for argument's sake, we could admit the claim, how terrible beyond words would be the history of Anglicanism for the last three hundred and fifty years! My own experience taught me that there are clergy who think amply good enough for the Table of the Lord what they would indignantly banish from their own dining rooms. I have had to supply as best I could, when taking another parson's duty, the most elementary requirements of decency for the Communion service. The treatment of what is left of the bread and wine was commonly in former days, and I fear is in some places still, left to the tender mercies of the verger, the church cleaner, or the birds! A clergyman I knew was dismissed from a cathedral staff because he insisted on reverently cleansing the chalice. And if it was indeed the Most Holy, the Sacred Body and Precious Blood that was thus

treated! Well may a convert say "Thank God!" because the Church of God disallows his "Orders."

Until 1857, VII. Matrimony. when the Divorce Act was passed, with the active concurrence of some, and the silent sanction of most, of the bishops of the Church of England, that body could say with truth that she had held fast to the old Catholic discipline as to holy marriage, in obedience to Our Lord's express words. In theory she still follows it, her canon law recognizing no possible severance of the marriage bond but death. And to the best of her clergy and laity, as to ourselves, the pretended remarriage of "divorced" persons is-simple adultery. And yet bishops wink at, even sometimes definitely approve, the benediction of this immorality by permitting the marriage service to be read in the case of the "innocent party" in a divorce suit who takes another partner.

If there was no question even of religious disability, one would imagine that an ordinary man would have sufficient logic to see that the breaking of a bond (supposing it to take place) can not affect one party alone. One can not go free and the other be left under the original contract. Yet this is what the Lambeth Conference has tried to think possible. It is unquestionable that the present state of affairs is abhorrent to many (we hope a majority) of Anglicans, who still instinctively believe in the sacramental bond of Christian marriage; but they get no support from their spiritual superiors. Any clergyman refusing the sacraments to a divorced person runs the risk of civil proceedings against him.

Another, though lesser, instance of the utter collapse of Anglicanism as the guardian of her children's morals is to be seen in the action (or inaction) of her bishops as to the relation of their ecclesiastical law to the civil law in the matter of marriage with a deceased wife's sister. The Anglican Church states emphatically (though mistakenly) that such marriages are forbidden by the divine law. Yet a clergyman who officiates at them is not usually discouraged, much less taken to task, by his bishop. What is the reason for this utter failure? First, no doubt, because the Church of England dare not put herself in opposition to an Act of Parliament; secondly, because she dare not face the Broad Church outcry that would be swelled by Nonconformists of every kind. To avoid definite issues, either in faith or morals, seems indeed to be the supreme function of the Anglican Church.

These are but a very few of the outstanding difficulties that press more and more heavily on those who are beginning to turn their faces toward the Church that is, as the Catechism teaches us, our infallible guide in both faith and morals. Even before we submit to her loving mastery, it is borne in upon us that a church which has no definite voice as to either can not be the teacher God has sent to instruct the world in His truth.

To many of us God's mercy has given the belief in His Seven Sacraments while we were still outside the temple gates. We saw, as from afar, something of the glorious vision. Who that has entered in, and been made free of the divine home of grace, could for one moment dream of a return to exile? "Better is one day in Thy courts above thousands." The Bride of Christ knows neither controversy nor uncertainty as to the sacramental gifts which her Divine Spouse has committed to her keeping.

(To be continued.)

THINK of a little child trying to get at the handle of a door to open it when it is too small to reach it. Any one near it would, of course, help it by opening the door for the little thing. One could not avoid doing so. No more can God help opening the door for us when we pray for high graces. God is more touched at our trying to reach that handle than words can say.—Faber.

## The Black Sheep Returns.

BY JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

**OHN RUSSELL** sent a note to his sister announcing his arrival in Silver Ferry, and asking the honor and privilege of paying her a visit whenever it suited her convenience to receive him. Evidently a family council had passed upon this note, because the reply, slow in coming, rather coldly stated that his two sisters and brother would be present at an interview fixed for four o'clock that afternoon. " A family council rather than a brotherly visit!" he commented. He was in goodhumor with his visit and the town. Old acquaintances had received him warmly, in spite of the reports concerning Paddy Carroll's ferocity. He knew it would be so, because money and success invariably command respect. Oh, these old hardshell 'conservatives, with long memories, could cultivate bitterness on ancient acres, and store it by the ton in rickety barns! But the great human mass rejected it, laughed at it, and bowed deep before the healthy dealer in presents and futures.

He became Jack Russell again on the main street; cheerfully took the chaffing on his curious exit from the town twenty years back; spent his money liberally and discreetly, and rubbed out utterly any traces of feeling due to Paddy Carroll. At the same time he neatly avoided meeting the ancient, who could be seen in the distance watching him, while he whacked the pavement with his cane. Mr. Russell admitted to himself that almost any other man might have suffered from the biting remarks of Paddy. He also admitted that another philippic like the first would spoil his visit. Therefore he took care to keep out of the old man's way, and waved his hand at the strange phantoms evoked by his terrible phrasing. It was the brilliant, rich, successful, elegant Mr. John Russell who opened the gate of the little brick house, walked pleasantly to the front door, knocked carelessly, and was admitted by his sister Kitty, the lady of the cottage.

"Mrs. Jackson, I presume," said he politely.

"Mr. John Russell, I imagine," she returned, and he bowed. "Please step into the parlor. I took the liberty of inviting my sister, Mrs. Lennon, and my brother, Mr. William Russell."

He stepped into the parlor with his best stride, and bowed genteelly to a commonplace man with no style about him, and to a sweet-faced, quiet woman, who had difficulty in concealing her emotion. In Mary Lennon the rich brother felt that he had an ally in the struggle about to begin. He had no intention to make it a struggle. His soul floated in benevolence, desiring only to greet these relatives properly, to help them, to resume an interrupted relationship, to atone for his early sins, to make up to them for a long absence and a painful neglect. Yes, that was the word,--painful. He accepted it with bowed head as a true description of his conduct. Was it not an attested mark of his character - in the West - that he promptly admitted his faults and sins, and never refused penance and reparation? He could not quarrel with the people whom in the thoughtlessness of youth he had injured; and, moreover, he would not. He would make his offer of peace wholeheartedly. If they accepted it, then he would enjoy his visit. If they declined, then would he depart in silence, and take indirect means to help them. What could be more simple and manly and brotherly? At various objections which gibbered at him in the semblance of old Paddy Carroll, and even threw mud at him, he waved his hand and they vanished.

He looked at his three relatives calmly, and recognized at once that as the intruder he would have to open proceedings with an explanation.

"I gather from your manner," he began, in the precise business speech which had helped him so much in his career, "that you have no welcome for me. Naturally I do not expect any. After acting the way I did, and neglecting you so long, I deserve your coldness and indifference. I don't know what came over me to act the way I did when I left here. That woman died shortly after in the hospital. I went to work and have been respectable ever since. I have been lucky, too. I have a wife and four children. I suppose these children brought me to myself, and I began to think of the old home. Now I would like to share my good luck with you, and I came home with that intention. A man, a sinner can do no more than repent and make good, can he?"

"Oh, yes, he can do a good deal more!" Mrs. Kitty Jackson answered, quite unconsciously mimicking his precise speech. "He could avoid adding to the general misery which he caused, for one thing; and, for another, he could let sleeping dogs lie."

"I do not understand you," he returned. "That seems to be your chief trouble," brother William said. "You understand nothing but the grist pouring into your own mill."

"Will you kindly explain yourself?"

"Why have you come back to stir up the old scandal of your going?" Kitty said, with a rasp in her voice. "We had succeeded in living your scandal down. The children that grew up since your circus performance knew nothing of you and of our shame. Now you come back to flaunt your money in every face, and to let every man, woman, and child in the place learn what you are and what relation we are to you. Couldn't you have kept right on being what you are out West, and left us to some kind of peace?"

"Why, Kitty, people don't look at these things so harshly!" said he, a little startled at this view of his behavior. "I have been made welcome by everybody, dined at Thompson's and going to dine at Grasset's, and the boys have even joked at my early escapade. I guess you have made a good share of your own suffering."

"Do you hear that, Mary?" said Mrs. Jackson to her sister, who shook her head sadly. "You have always stood up for him when there was a foot of ground to stand on, and now you hear his fling at what we endured for ten years."

"I had no intention of uttering a fling," he interjected.

"It shows the way you have been thinking about it anyway," brother William answered. "For ten years we were the laughing-stock of one set of neighbors, also objects of pity for another set, and very often your dirt served to illustrate a speech against the Catholics of the town. Weren't you the head altar boy once? Didn't you talk about becoming a priest one time? Wasn't the priest proud of you? And all you did was to make. a mud-puddle which the mean-minded splashed us with as we went by."

"The very people that laugh with you now," said the icy Kitty, "laughed at us till they got tired."

"What you mean to say, then, is that my return will revive all this past trouble, and that it would have been better had I stayed away?"

"You've hit it," said brother William; "and the sooner you leave the town, the better for us all. If you had been content just to pass through and look at it and say nothing about who you were, the general satisfaction would have been higher."

Mr. Russell had to laugh outright at this, but the grim faces before him only darkened at the uncanny sound.

"The mischief being done," said he, "I may as well stay till I feel like going. Ah! what's the use of keeping up a bitter feeling so long? Why not let bygones be bygones and live in the shining present?"

"Where you are sitting," Kitty an-

swered savagely, "your mother died; and in the same spot her coffin stood. You were gone a week before she knew what you had done, and for another week she would not believe it. Some dear neighbor-probably one of those who laugh with you now about your little escapade-told her what we kept from her: that she had a scamp for a son. Then she lay down and died, and she would not let one of us say a word against you; and when her mind left her, her lips kept moving till the last minute, saying, 'My son, my son, my son!' with such love and such pain that we could not stand it."

Kitty suddenly burst into violent sobbing, and Mary the silent joined her. The two brothers sat staring at the floor. John Russell was not at all moved, except that the scene irritated him. Women always told of a death in this fashion, and tears were naturally close to their eyes. He was bent on getting to the object of his visit, even if this agony were to be further prolonged. He understood that this story was necessary to clear the air, and that he could not deal with these simple people until nature's preliminaries had exhausted themselves. So he waited.

"She has long been at rest," said the gentle Mary; "and I would have been so glad if father had gone in the same quick way. He lingered so long and took it so hard."

"You see, he was proud of you," Kitty said, with emphasis on the pronoun. "He felt that his clan was going to flower in his son John. Shall I ever forget his face and his words when Willie here told him what you had done? 'John a villain! Never!' After that he said no more. For three years he did his work, went about as usual, but kept at home. When he had to go into the streets, he kept his eyes on the ground, so as not to see the pity or the scorn in the faces of his neighbors. He died without a word,—he died ashamed of having lived." Even John Russell was stung by this accusation and started to his feet with something like an oath.

"I came here for peace, not for war," he snapped. "Now what is it to be?"

"Neither," Kitty snapped back. "What have we to do with you? Settle your account with God, but leave us alone and keep far away from this town."

"All right! It shall be done. But let us leave all sentiment aside for a few minutes, anyway. I am rich and you are not, and I want to share my riches with you three. If I am to make reparation for the foolishness and sin of the past, I know no other way to do it. Will you let me?"

"Your money!" Kitty exclaimed. "It would poison us."

"How about the family lot in the cemetery?" he went on smoothly. "Have you a good monument? Shall I fit it up in the best style?"

They stared at him, as if unable to comprehend him. He was standing in a paternal attitude near the door. He had made up his mind about his brother and sisters,-mere children that required the strong hand, to whom words and tears were dearer than money. He would have to be patient, persistent, like a father with a stubborn child, in order to do them any good. He could read their very thoughts as they glared at him: that he, the scamp, who had killed his parents with grief and shame, should be so rich and successful; and they, the faithful and devoted children, should be so poor! The contrast was vivid as he stood there framed in the door so beautifully dressed and groomed; while William looked rude and rough beside him, and the faded room told the story of Kitty's struggle for mere comfort. In answer to his questions, William uttered the final word.

"We can see now," he said judicially, as if passing sentence, "what is the matter with this man. He has no heart,—never had, perhaps never will have the has brains enough to get rich, bat per banks

enough to understand what having a father and a mother means, nor yet enough to understand why we despise him and his money. Mr. John Russell, we three would beg our bread or go to the poorhouse before we would receive one cent of your money. You killed your mother the same as if you struck her with a knife; and as for your father, you killed his happiness and shortened his life. You have no rights even on their ashes. It would be a disgrace to have you own a blade of grass on their graves. You have no part in your parents or in us. Go your way, and keep going until the hour when God sentences you or wakes you up to what you are and what we are. Can you understand that talk?"

"Perfectly. In business we call it obstinacy. I suppose you speak for your sisters?"

He looked at the women, getting a glare from Kitty and no answer from the weeping Mary. He turned to the door and opened it, bowed politely and walked out. He heard a little struggle behind him, and then came a cry.

"Oh, not that way, not that way! He must not go that way! Jack, Jack!"

The piercing quality of the cry reminded him of that vision yesterday when he heard his little mother calling him across the years. Hastily he returned, disturbed at some fluttering within him, something that shook his poise, and made him afraid. Kitty and William were trying to soothe Mary into quiet, but she kept calling out: "He must not go that way!" And when she saw him at the door, she went on to say brokenly:

"There were other things that father and mother said, which I never told, because I was bitter then. They loved Jack in spite of all. Mother said to me many times: 'Remember that I loved Jack, my baby; and when he comes back be good to him for my sake.' Father said the same when he was dying, and he said more. He said: 'I have tried to forget

not to think of meeting him again; but what's the use? I never stop thinking of him, and praying for him, and hoping to meet him in heaven. Be good to him, Mary, when he comes back. God is above us all.' Father and mother loved him, and what right have we, then, to hate him and reject him? Jack, Jack!" (and she threw her arms about him), "they loved you, and their last words commanded us to be good to you when you came back. I love you; I welcome you to your father's and mother's house, as they would have been glad-so glad!to do; and I know they see your welcome here, and will forgive us for treating you cold at first."

The stern William walked swiftly out of the room. Kitty had listened first in dismay, and then in horror, to Mary's speech; then she broke down and wept, neither welcoming John Russell nor rejecting him. He did not know precisely what was happening to him. He simply stood there, with his arms about his sister and the unbidden tears streaming down his face. Some inward convulsion, which he had never before felt, was shaking him like an earthquake. It was his heart, responding for the first time to simple and natural affection, with a corresponding action on the unaccustomed nerves that suggested the upset of the world. Just how he got away he did not know, except that there lingered in his mind promises of a long stay in the Ferry and many visits to his weeping sisters. Paddy Carroll saw him leaving the brick cottage, and beat the pavement with his cane. That cane had raised many ghosts to trouble the conscience of the successful John Russell.

(To be continued)

I ONCE said to an old Indian chief: "Your language is very poor; it has so few words." He mused for a while, then answered: "We have enough. It does not take many words to tell the truth." -Joaquin Miller.

# A Singer's Triumph.

**P**ERHAPS as genuine a triumph as was ever achieved by the famous French songstress, Madame Calvé, was won, not on the operatic stage, but on a transatlantic liner. More remarkable even than the power of her splendid voice was the superb presence of mind and the genuine courage which she displayed on the occasion in question.

She was a passenger, a few years ago, on the steamship "La Savoie," sailing from Havre to New York. In the course of the voyage, the boat was one day assailed by a terrible storm. The great majority of the passengers, panic-stricken, were running hither and thither, lamenting their threatened fate; it was scarcely possible to keep one's feet on deck; there was not a little disorder, which the officers were unable to control, though they strenuously endeavored to calm the frightened hundreds,-when suddenly from the salon there was heard a delicious voice, accompanied by the piano. The beautiful airs of "Carmen" rang pure and fresh above the tempest: moved by a gracious inspiration, Madame Calvé was singing.

A few passengers went to the door of the salon to listen, and then entered; others followed them, until finally, as the song went on, the spacious apartment was crowded, and the most terror-stricken forgot their fears in their admiration of the music. The singer favored them with song after song, and the enthusiasm of her audience left them neither time nor inclination to reflect on the danger which had terrified them, and which, indeed, was still threatening.

The storm died away toward evening; and when the captain posted a bulletin that all danger was over, his passengers were so taken up with the ovation they were giving Madame Calvé that the majority of them scarcely remembered how thoroughly afraid they had been a few hours-before.

# When Receiving Holy Communion.

THAT the Blessed Sacrament was instituted to be received—not instituted to be reverenced and adored-has been made very plain by the teaching of Pius X., of holy memory. It may be necessary, however, for another Pope to insist that the Blessed Sacrament is not to be received without reverence. Is it reverent to receive It without remote or immediate preparation? If possible, the communicant should at least be present at the beginning of Mass and remain till it is over. Coming late, and even leaving before the end, are becoming deplorably common. When receiving outside of Mass, something more than taking holv water, genuflecting, and reciting the Confiteor, would seem to be demanded. Not without waiting and other formalities do people approach or withdraw from the presence of earthly kings.

An 'account of the preparation of the altar breads in Evesham Abbey shows how exquisitely careful and reverent our forefathers were in all that related to Holy Communion. "The wheat must, if possible, be selected with great care, grain by grain. When selected, let it be placed in a clean bag, made of good cloth, and kept for that purpose only, and carried to the mill by a servant of good character. . . . The servant who holds the baking irons will have his hands covered with gloves. While the hosts are being made and baked all will keep silence, except that he who holds the irons may briefly say what is needful to the servant who makes the fire and carries the wood."

Whatever may be said for or against the practice of receiving Holy Communion out of Mass, there is more than remote danger of its leading to abuses which would be hard to correct. We are told that in some dioceses of Belgium where this practice had become established, the bishops are now endeavoring to restrict it.

## Notes and Remarks.

In these troubled times, when the signs of desolation are so many and so marked that not a few timid souls are fearful that the end of all is near, there is much strength of spirit to be gathered from such apostolic pastorals as that issued by the Bishop of Limerick. What message, for example, could be more timely or more consoling than this?—

We must not forget, amidst all the din and confusion of the hour, that we have not been thrown off by God, but that His Providence rules this world; and if He punishes us for our sins, He may spare us in His mercy. He tells us Himself in His Sacred Word that His care extends to the minutest and most trifling things. A sparrow does not fall to the ground without the knowledge of our Father in heaven, and the hairs of our head are numbered. Much more does that Providence, which reaches from end to end in power, and disposes all things sweetly, include within its reach a worldwide calamity such as this war.

And the Bishop is hopeful of better things to come. "Aiready," he writes, "we can see the profound change that has come over the minds of the people of Europe. The greatness of the calamity that is upon us has, as if by its solemnity, sobered and chastened men's thoughts and words; and there is over all of them something akin to the feeling of awe and reverence with which we enter into the presence of the dead. The heart of the world is moved, and the higher instincts of humanity are beginning to' assert themselves."

Few baccalaureate sermons preached during the next week or two to Catholic students will contain, it is permissible to think, more timely or more sane advice than is to be found in this brief extract from "Looking, Forward," an article by Nelson Hume in *America*:

Amid the hurly-burly of the life they are about to enter, their great temptation will be to lay aside as being unpractical the Catholic ideals now glowing in their hearts and minds, and to adopt the standards of the world. They

may be urged sometimes by the words, and more often by the example, even of some men who are themselves graduates of Catholic colleges, to believe that "no man can look at things consistently from the Catholic viewpoint and hope to get anywhere in this great land of ours." Such words have been spoken by Catholic lips, and enforced by eloquence learned in a Catholic college; but they are a libel both upon Catholic ideals, Catholic standards, Catholic viewpoints, and upon American liberty, American opportunity, and the soundness and goodness of American life. Upon the pages of the Menace they are the words of calumny and hate; upon Catholic lips they are the words of surrender to false, worldly ambition. They are the voice of the tempter in the desert place saying: "All these will I give thee if, falling down, thou wilt adore me." Into the ear of each of this gallant company of Catholic youth one day such words in some attractive form may be whispered. May their hearts and lips not falter upon the word, "Begone!"

It may be said by some that it is surely the business of the Catholic college so to build up the character of its students that, given the temptation, heart and lips will *not* falter; but it is worth while remarking that the college's preliminary work must be supplemented by the zeal and interest of those charged with the spiritual care of these students, once they enter the world's arena. Wise counsel is needed by the young professional men of our day.

Considering that in the disagreement between our Government and that of Germany the principles involved are still under official discussion, and that certain statements in the Notes already exchanged have yet to be verified, it would be well if newspapers and individuals in both countries refrained from aggravating a trying situation by rash assertions and snap judgments. Germany has not declared herself regarding the contention of the United States that neutrals and noncombatants should be immune from attack on the high seas. Customs Collector Malone officially reported that the "Lusitania" had no guns, "mounted, unmounted, or masked"; the German

Ambassador, on the contrary, maintains that she carried two guns concealed below her decks, and has submitted to the State Department in Washington evidence in support of this claim. In the view of our Government, the submarine attack was unjustified even if such was the case; the State Department having ruled, early in the war, that carrying guns for defence would be permissible. Another point at issue is whether the ill-fated cruiser was commanded by a naval officer under orders of the British Admiralty.

Evidently the heart of the case has not yet been reached. We hold that, until it is reached, no good can result either from denunciation of the German Government or inflammatory demands for the support of our own. Many patriotic citizens who are now engaged in beating up a jingo sentiment would most probably turn skulkers in the event of a war with Germany or a "scrap" with the Mexican bandits.

The good word for Catholic workmen and workwomen lately spoken by Arclibishop Glennon and Fr. Tierney, S. J., will be endorsed by bishops and priests all over the country. The former said: "The Catholic girls working down-town to-day represent the most intelligent Catholic womanhood of St. Louis, and they are the ones who will survive in the struggle." The same high praise was given to our men by Fr. Tierney, who made this statement: "In one of our big cities only 13 per cent of the Catholic men who are working in the Vincent de Paul Society had a high-school education. The brunt of the work is borne by poor, hard-working clerks who never had a chance for higher education."

Much discussion of the recent changes in the theological front of the Union Theological Seminary of New York is "boiled down" into a single sentence by the *Catholic Bulletin*, which refers, editorially, to that institution as "a seminary without a dogma," and likewise comments: "The attitude of the Union Theological Seminary toward dogma shows the trend of the sects in general, which is away from all dogma, and, logically, away from all moral principles that derive their sanction from the unchanging truths taught by the Incarnate God."

There you have it. Not the Presbyterian body alone, whose bulwark in this country is thus dissolved, but the sects generally, should at least begin to wake up to the ruin that awaits them, and prepare for it—if they can not forestall it—in what measure they may.

Whatever be the definitive outcome of the Great War, and on whatever side will ultimately wave the banner of victory, there are certain results which, in the estimation of publicists and political economists, must inevitably follow. In all the warring countries the exigencies of the time have practically swept aside a number of industrial and economic principles, or at least practices. The State has peremptorily intervened between Capital and Labor, forcing the former to yield a share of its occasionally undue profits to the country's cause, and enabling the latter to secure a better wage and a more comfortable existence. It is looked upon as improbable that the methods which the war has made imperative will be abandoned when the conditions of normal civilization prevail. The regulation, for instance, of the liquor traffic, precipitated by the mighty struggle, will in all likelihood survive the termination of that struggle in more than one of the opposing nations.

In so far as England is concerned, the editor of the London *Catholic Times* draws this moral: "We see changes of incalculable moment and indescribable effect taking place all around us in nearly all departments of commercial and industrial and civic activity. There is a new birth, of which the travail, if it be with pangs, is without tears. What will grow to

greatness with the process of time, what will die and cease to be, none can tell. But it must be the interest of every Catholic economist and moralist to watch the present, to forecast the future, and, where he can, to seize upon all opportunities of benefiting the masses of our Catholic working people. Our Church is the Church of the poor. The workman is her chief hope and her mainstay. She will prosper in his prosperity. In war and in peace his well-being is her principal strength. He is more to her than all Nothing could titles and all honors. compensate her for his loss."

The concluding sentences, be it incidentally noted, constitute pretty good democratic doctrine,—but, after all, the Church is the ally of democracy.

The fact that the Serbs are fighting for the preservation of their homes accounts both for their great courage and their ardent patriotism. It is impossible for military discipline and organization to produce such soldiers as the Servian peasants. They know what they are fighting for. If the desperate men composing the hordes that have brought ruin upon Mexico had owned a patch of land in it, no revolutionary leader could long have seduced them. Land reform is what is needed more than anything else in Mexico; and we venture to say lasting peace will never be established there until what is equivalent to slavery is abolished and the land is distributed among the people.

A fine sense of integrity not too common on the part of men classed as politicians was displayed recently by ex-Representative Reilly, of Connecticut, who served two terms in Congress, earning while there the sobriquet "Honest Tom." It seems he paid special attention to the rights and interests of the postal employees; and his activities in their cause so impressed the National Association of Letter Carriers that, on his retirement (on March 4), the members of the organization throughout the country contributed to a testimonial dinner to be given to him, with the understanding that such money as might remain after the expenses were paid should be presented to the retiring Congressman. It happened that the tidy sum of \$35,000 remained; but the proposed beneficiary refused to accept it, on the ground that he had merely done his duty, and that the Government had recompensed him for his services by paying his salary.

The contiguity of Canada to our own country and the cordial friendliness existing between the Canadians and ourselves give something of local interest to portions of a paper contributed, under the caption "A Family Council," to the Nineteenth Century by J. A. R. Marriott. The family in question is of course that made up of the various units of the British Empire. Commenting on the fact that Canada, Australia, and the other self-governing colonies, take, to use a colonial phrasing, "the finer and truer view that the Dominions are not so much helping England as sharing in a fight for their own existence," Mr. Marriott declares that this is the naked fact. "Unless and until England is at peace, the whole Empire must be at war; and if that war be with a first-class Power, it must needs be a war for the very existence of the Empire." From these premises the writer deduces this conclusion:

The more clearly this truth is apprehended, the more imperative will it appear not merely that no tactlessness should impair the solidarity of sentiment between the scattered members of the British family, but that no effort should be spared to avoid even the appearance of burcaucratic exclusiveness or aloofness. The sacrifices made during these last months by the Dominions, the sacrifices which will indubitably be demanded of them in the months to come, give them a clear right, apart from all considerations of policy, to three things: (i) to *continuous* information in regard to the course of British diplomacy; (ii) to a definite voice in the negotiation and conclusion of treaties in general; and (iii) to a substantial share in the conduct of negotiations preparatory to the. "Peace" treaties in particular.

From this forecast it would appear that, after the war, some form of what for years has been spoken of in Canada as Imperial Federation will take on at least a semblance of actuality; and it is gratifying to reflect that our neighbor's entrance into the councils of Great Britain will be an additional guarantee that arbitration-rather than an appeal to force—will settle all future disputes between the two great English-speaking peoples of the world.

The Abbé Klein is authority for the statement that one-third of the French clergy are now under arms. He also asserts-and certainly he is in a position to know whereof he speaks, being connected with an army hospital-that only a few French soldiers show any anxiety to return to the front. They have seen more than enough of war to satisfy them. It is different, however, with their officers and the professional fighting-men from Africa. Furthermore, we note the Abbé's admission of the absurdity of many war tales still doing duty in English-speaking How utterly ridiculous the countries. greater number of these stories will seem when the war is over! All that the amiable Abbé considers of permanent interest he is recording with his accustomed skill, and in a way that carries conviction. Catholic readers especially will hope that he and John Ayscough may be spared to produce many graphic pictures of the great World War.

Unless public sentiment in Mexico has greatly changed within a month or two, there is very slight ground for hoping that President Wilson's note to the revolutionary leaders down there will have the effect so much desired by himself and all Americans. It plainly threatens intervention by our Government:

I therefore publicly and very solemnly call upon the leaders of factions in Mexico to act, to act together, and to act promptly, for the relief and redemption of their prostrate country. I feel it to be my duty to tell them that if they can not accommodate their differences and unite for this great purpose, within a very short time this Government will be constrained to decide what means should be employed by the United States in order to help Mexico to save herself and serve her people.

It is to be hoped that sentiment toward the United States has undergone a change in Mexico; for Huerta must have been informed as to what it was when he fled the country, and he emphatically declared then that any attempt on the part of our Government to interfere in the domestic affairs of its neighbor would have the immediate effect of uniting all factions for opposition. The revolutionists will continue to wage war among themselves, and will fight any outsiders attempting to prevent them, until their supply of ammunition is exhausted. The surest way of 'helping Mexico to help herself' was to put an embargo on war material of every description. By failing to do this, our Government unquestionably prolonged the reign of terror, to end which is now its undertaking.

In the original prospectus of the *Fort-nightly Review*, which is this year celebrating its Golden Jubilee, appeared this statement: "We shall ask each writer to express his own views and sentiments with all the force of sincerity. He will never be required to express the views of an editor or of a party. He will not be asked to repress opinions or sentiments because they are distasteful to an editor, or inconsistent with what may have formerly appeared in the *Review*."

This is so far illuminating that it helps to explain why the Jubilee number of the *Fortnightly* contains so utterly silly a contribution to present-day polemics as Mr. Richard. Bagot's "The Vatican and the War." Rarely has a reputable periodical on either side of the Atlantic published such a farrago of false statements, bad logic, preposterous assumptions, and ridiculous conclusions.



### The Sailor.

BY MICHAEL EARLS, S. J.

Am I in my hillside home.

Where are the seas I fear to brave, Or the lands I may not roam?

At the attic window I take my stand, And tighten the curtain sail,

Then, aboy! I ride the leagues of land, Whether in calm or gale.

Trees at anchor along the road . Bow as I speed along;

At sunny brooks in the fields, I load Cargoes of blossom and song;

Stories I take on the passing wind From the plains and forest seas,

And the Golden Fleece I yet will find, And the fruit of Hesperides.

Steady I keep my watchful eyes, As I range the thousand miles,

Till evening tides in western skies Turn gold the cloudland isles;

Then fast is the hatch and dark the screen, And I bring my cabin light;

With a wink I change to a submarine And drop in the sea of Night.

Sethos and His Lion.

BY CHARLES MAKEJOY.

HE father of Sethos conducted a barge which daily carried up the Nile coast heavy blocks of granite, loads of corn, cords of wood, and great jars of palm oil. A yoke of large oxen did the hauling on the river-bank. Sethos spent the whole day playing between the blue sky and the bluer water. He plucked the lotus leaves that the barge ran through, and cast stones at the sluggish crocodiles that looked like the trunks of trees as they slept in the shallow water. Sometimes he was dull because he found it monotonous to see always the same shores and hear the same noise of the lapping wavelets.

One day, however, while he was sleeping, his father effectually dispelled the monotony by placing in his arms a small velvety body. Some hunters had killed a lioness and had made a present of its cub to the boatman. Sethos named the cub Aken, fed it with milk, and took such good care of it that the two soon became fast friends. While the boy slept, Aken gravely stood watch by his side, and often licked the little crossed hands with his rough tongue.

Unfortunately, Aken grew up. Notwithstanding his size, he continued to love Sethos, who did not fear either his powerful claws or his terrible jaw. Yet Aken was violent. When he got off the barge onto the bank of the river, he occasionally made havoc among the dogs of a village, and at last he one day strangled a donkey that he had surprised in a corner of a field. So it was decided that he would have to be killed. Sethos cried very much as he put his arms around the great shaggy head of his big pet. Aken remained quiet, and seemed pensive as he looked at the yellow line of the vast desert that his eyes were never more to see. The barge had stopped in a cove beneath the shade of some tall papyrus rushes. Sethos, too, looked at the desert.

"Aken," said he,—"Aken, save yourself! Do you understand? You are now too big and too savage. My father likes you very much, but he will be punished because of your misdeeds. Forget your friend Sethos. Save yourself. Be off to the desert, where you will have nothing to fear from men."

Aken stood up, shook himself, yawned, looked at Sethos, who was talking to him so gently; and then, with two or three bounds, he was off among the hills. That night the boy heard the air re-echo with far-away roars: the lion was celebrating his freedom.

Days and weeks and months went by. Sethos, very sad at first, finally forgot his lion friend. He himself had grown bigger now, and he helped his father in arranging the cargo of the barge or in driving the oxen on the river-path. Life went on monotonously under the same blue sky, on the same tranquil waters. Then came the time when the father had to pay taxes to King Mykerinos. Now, the Egyptians did not use money. They gave to the King's tax-gatherers grain or oil, or else the work of their hands.

Mykerinos was building at this time the immense pyramid which bears his name. A whole army of laborers quarried granite blocks in the mountains, hauled them to the banks of the Nile, put them aboard the barges, took them to their destination, and then placed them, one course after another, higher and higher. The men gasped under the burning sun, but the will of their masters and the strokes of their whips forced them to keep at the arduous work.

As his individual tax, the father of Sethos had to haul these granite blocks for a whole month in his barge. Unfortunately, one of his oxen died. The whole day long, harnessed alongside of the other one, the boatman stretched his muscles in towing the barge. Yet the progress was slow; the work was behindhand.

"Man," said the King's overseer with a stern air, "buy another ox: the pyramid must be finished."

"I have neither grain nor oil nor merchandise to pay for one. I have not been able to work."

"Then harness your wife and son. If those blocks of granite are not delivered on the fixed date, you will be put in prison."

The boatman sadly resumed his hauling. Prison for himself meant misery and starvation for his wife and son. They would have to sell the barge and become beggars. Instead of going to bed, he continued to work at the towing the whole night through. Under the clear starlight, amid the universal silence could be heard the rattling of the tow-line, the slow footfall of the ox, and the deep breathing of the boatman. But, never mind. The pile of blocks was growing. The overseer would be satisfied; and then for months and months he could resume his happy life of leisurely trips up and down the Nile.

But one day, under the scorching rays of the sun, the second ox gave out. It dropped to the ground, and no efforts could make it rise again. Overwork had killed it as it had done its mate. The boatman sat down on the bank in despair. The night following was cold and clear, but he still sat there. Alone, while his wife and Sethos slept, the man gazed on his barge with hopeless eyes. It was motionless now for good; and in a few days the overseer would carry out his threat. Prison awaited him. No more luminous nights and sparkling days. No more a life free and joyous, but the damp walls of a dungeon, and misery when he got outside. The boatman wept for long hours.

The next morning Sethos looked with astonishment at the dead ox, his father sitting near with a most mournful air, and the barge lying by the shore. Then he, too, understood, and, like his father, he burst into tears. He tried to help his father in towing the barge, but it scarcely advanced at all; and at that rate it would require whole weeks to complete the task that had to be finished in three or four days. The neighboring villagers pitied the poor boatman, but they all had their own taxes to pay, and it was as much as they could do to satisfy the demands of Mykerinos' collectors.

The day passed, and another night arrived. The boatman, resigned to his fate, was sitting motionless on the riverbank. He was looking at the distant shadow of the great pyramid, and it seemed to him that all the weight of its enormous stones was pressing on his shoulders. Sethos was sleeping at his feet, broken with fatigue and sorrow; and as usual the round moon was rising above the hilltops.

Suddenly the silence was shattered by a mighty roar, so near and so loud that the poor man and his wife and son, starting to their feet, imagined that they were already in the jaws of a lion. They sank to the ground again, and huddled elosely to one another in mortal dread. A second roar was heard, and a great body was seen bounding toward them. Sethos shut his eyes—and felt a damp muzzle on hisbreast, and a warm rough tongue licking his hands.

"Aken, Aken!" he shouted with joy, and the next moment he was crying into the lion's mane, telling him of his misfortunes, the death of the oxen, and the threat of the overseer.

"If you would, Aken," he said,—"if you only would, you could save us. You are strong, Aken,—stronger than five yoke of oxen. You could tow our barge for a while, and then go back to the desert after saving your friend Sethos."

Aken must have understood, for he looked at Sethos very mildly with his big eyes. He followed the boy docilely to the shore, and let himself be harnessed without an impatient movement.

The next morning, filled with astonishment and fear, the overseer saw approaching the wharf an enormous lion gravely towing a barge; and, sitting on one of the granite blocks, Sethos joyously singing the praises of his pet.

That was the beginning of the good fortune of Sethos, who afterward took the name of Touthemes Salen, or "friend of the lion," and became prime minister of King Mykerinos.

NEVER go to bed without feeling sure you have performed at least one act of kindness during the day.

-Spanish Proverb.

### Tommy Travers.

### BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XXIV.---I.EARNING THINGS.---A VENTURE.

OO EANTIME Bunty, fiercely impa-T tient as he was of the long delay among the "dummies," was fast learning things that all his varied experience in the environment of Duffys' Court had never taught. Diaz and he spent many a long hour climbing rocky ridges and snow-capped peaks, hunting and trapping, bringing home rich, soft pelts to be cured and dried with Indian skill. Andrea showed him how to send an arrow through a bird on the wing, to fling a lasso with unerring aim, to ride the unbroken colts that galloped, fiery-eyed, over the mountain. These waiting days when Tommy swung in his Indian hammock, dozing, and drawing in life and health with every gentle breath, would have been very slow indeed to his sturdy "brother" if valley and mountain ridge had not offered excitement more thrilling than Bunty had ever known.

The women might nurse and coddle and care for Tommy; but Andrea and Ponce and Leon, the tall, silent forest braves, recognized in restless Bunty a bold, untamed spirit akin to their own. Very soon their brief, simple speech became intelligible to him, and he began to eatch on to "wigwam" wisdom that was not to be despised. Then there came a day that gave Bunty renown indeed in Los Banos,-a day when, guided by signs the Indian reads, Andrea had gone far up the heights to find a hollow tree filled with wild honey, from which the bees had swarmed. It was a long, rough climb; and Ponce, Leon, even light-footed Diaz, had no mind for a venture after sweets they did not crave. But Pepita's honey jars were empty after the winter's drain, and old Abuela's teas needed something to temper their bitter "tang." So Bunty, for whom the lengthening days stretched

rather wearily, had gone off with Andrea; thinking, as he clambered over the rocks, how easy things had been in the old days of Duffys' Court, when a nickel at Dutchy's shop filled Granny Pegs' sugarbowl to its broken brim.

Still Tommy's "Injun tea" must be sweetened at any cost; so Bunty climbed on, hoping he might bring down a bird or two with Ponce's old rifle; for, despite all his recently acquired skill with bow and arrow, he had a 'pale-face' preference for powder and shot; and he had learned to hit the mark at many a stolen shooting match that his gang had held in the stables and cellars of the reckless long ago. More than once in these latter days Bunty's shot had brought down the bird that the young Indian's arrow missed; so he hunted in his own white way whenever possible.

He had turned aside from Andrea's lead this morning to aim at a furry little thing darting up a neighboring bough, thinking it would make a specially nice stew for Tommy's supper, when a sudden shout from the usually silent Indian was followed by a fierce growl that shook the rocks just beyond. For a moment the young hunter stood doubtful. It was a growl he did not like; but when the stoic Andrea's cry rang out again, he hesitated no longer. Rifle in hand, he sprang up the rocks, where the goal of their journey stood, --- the honey tree indeed, cleft to the roots, its storm-riven trunk brimming with golden sweets, but emptied already by a great black bear, that evidently resented any intrusion on its rights. Already it had downed Andrea with a honeyed paw. The Indian had drawn his knife and the fight was on, -an unequal fight; for, between its long winter fast and its new-found feast, the big "musquaw" was at its wildest and worst.

For one breathless moment Bunty stood appalled at the sight of the fierce, fireeyed creature, the helpless Andrea vainly slashing at its hide; then he lifted his rifle, and the crack of the white man's

weapon echoed over the rocks. With a last growl the big bear rolled over, shot through the head. Blinded with blood and pain, Andrea staggered to his feet to give a last blow to his late antagonist; but it was needless: the musquaw was dead; and Bunty-or Bueno, as the camp had caught his name-was a hero with his Indian friends forever. And, with bear meat and honey unlimited, Los Banos feasted sumptuously on the spoils of his victory. Other and more peaceful lessons Bunty learned during these days of waiting for dad and for the fall of the flooding waters.

Though Abuela knew nothing of plaster jackets, she had woven of young reeds a light support for Tommy's back, that upheld him so that he could walk,--only a few steps at first, but more and more each day. So he did not sleep always in the breeze and the sun. There were many long, wide-awake hours, during which he was led by Bunty over the green slopes, when they rested on mossy rock or by full-fed stream; and Tommy, glad to have free use of his native tongue, talked as our "little Major" liked to talk of the many things that filled his bright young mind,-of all that he had read and heard and fancied during his years of prisoned pain. And Bunty, whose thoughts had never strayed beyond the dull, low limits of his rough, wild past, listened wonderingly to Tommy's stories of "adventures" in earth and sea,-sieges, battles, shipwrecks. But it was when the young narrator, encouraged by such breathless interest, launched forth into real facts that Bunty roused indeed. For the first time he learned that the Fourth of July meant more than skyrockets and fire-Christopher Columbus crackers; that had been a real man, and why George Washington had so much flag flying on his birthday. And Tommy, who was well up in his country's history, spread himself in these true stories as an American boy should, and impressed them on his listener forever,

And there were sweeter lessons that answered the vague questionings strung in Bunty's mind since the weeks at Saint Gabriel's. Tommy, who had lingered so long at heaven's gate that its light lay full and clear upon his young soul, taught these lessons with a surety that his hearer could not doubt. Bunty, who had never been to church or Sunday-school, learned about the good God who was his Father and Friend: of the White Lady whom Sister Leonie had called his Mother; of Bethlehem and Nazareth and Calvary; of the white-winged angels to whom, in his ignorance, he had prayed, and who had "protected and defended" in ways of which Sister Leonie never dreamed.

"She has been praying for us through it all, I know," said Tommy; "and the red light has been burning on Sister Gertrude's altar. And maybe Dr. Dave won't open his eyes when I go galloping up to Saint Gabriel's on my gray pony and tell him all about this!"

But, pleasant as these spring days were, both the young guests at Los Banos began to grow a little anxious at dad's delay. For the waters had fallen now, as Bunty, who had learned the trails around the valley, knew. The swollen torrents had narrowed into silvery little streams, that were dwindling each day. Bunty, who had been obliged to shoulder and elbow his way through his fourteen years of life, felt it was time for some shoulder and elbow work now, and he was the one to do it. He learned from Diaz, who was more communicative than his elders, that less than half a day's journey to the sunset there was а new mining camp of white men.

"Kicking Creek," as it was called, was a very bad place, of which the good Padre, who made a yearly visitation to Los Banos, had told his forest flock to beware; warning them that if the evil men who lived there should find their way to the soft slopes of Los Banos, their Indian peace and happiness would be at an end, and it was likely they would be driven forever from the Valley of Healing Waters. So the way to Kicking Creek, which led through the wild depths of the Pass del Norte, had been carefully avoided.

Only old Andrea, trusting to his greater age and wisdom, had ventured there a year ago, thinking to get good prices for his pelts. And he had found it even worse than the Padre had told; for the "white devils" had robbed him and mocked him, and given him "fire water" that had turned his brain and left him to wander, lost and half mad, upon the mountains.

Bunty listened undismayed. He knew something of the ways of "white devils." He recalled Jeffreys and the "pickings" that followed a venture there. But if he could get to this camp, a message might be sent to Tommy's dad; he knew there would be mail, telephone - some sort of communication with that outer world from which they had been so long cut off. And he could leave Tommy without fear among these good, kind friends, in whose simple care he was growing stronger and better every day. He could now walk quite a stretch along the level of the valley; he could ride on the gentle little burro, led by Diaz or Bunty, up and down the slopes; he could sleep and eat almost as well as Bunty himself. But when the subject of Kicking Creek was broached, Tommy pleaded against a venture there.

"I am not afraid to stay here without you; but I am afraid for you, Bunt. I am afraid for you to go there, it's such an awfully tough place."

"Been in tough places before," answered Bunty, briefly.

"Pepita says they are devils. They drink and fight and shoot."

"Pooh! I've seen folks drink and fight before, and shoot too," replied the hero of Duffys' Court. "Drinking and fighting folks don't scare me. Your dad can't ever track you up here,—that's sure; so somebody has got to tell him where you are."

"Pepita says every year when the trees flower Padre Antonio comes to Los Banos to say Mass," continued Tommy; "and then we can send word to dad where we are, Bunty."

"Ain't sure of that," replied Bunty,— "ain't sure of any Injun talk,—ain't sure of nothing or nobody but myself. So I'm going to Kicking Creek. Andrea says he will show me the way, though he won't go near the place himself. Jing! Tommy, there's no telling what that dad of yours will do if he don't hear from you pretty soon. He must be boiling over with rage and spite now.".

"Oh, I suppose he is!" said Tommy, anxiously.

"Thinks you are dead maybe, like I did; and that's — that's just terrible," continued Bunty. "We'd better get some word to him before he busts up in earnest; for he ain't the kind to take a knock out like this. Might put a bullet through his head if he thought you was gone for sure and forever."

"Oh, he might, — he might indeed!" said Tommy, startled at this new and not altogether unlikely view of the situation. "O Bunty — dear, good Bunty, yes, maybe you *had* better go and send a message to him as quick as you can! I'll write to him and you can take the letter."

So the letter was written. As stationery was unknown at Los Banos, it was a matter of some difficulty. But a thin sheet of birch bark served as paper, and a small pointed stick was charred for pencil. Envelopes being quite out of the question, another piece of birch bark was made to serve that purpose, and the whole was secured with a string of twisted grass.

Then, as it was still early in the day, Bunty set forth on his mission, Andrea serving most reluctantly as guide. Nothing but the remembrance of the bear hug from which Bunty had saved him could have induced him to venture in the neighborhood of the "white devils" again. But "Bueno" had a claim upon him which he could not forget; besides, he had asked only guidance over the mountains. Once the camp was in sight, Andrea could leave him and return without daring any of the perils of the past.

It was a long, rough way, barred by rugged heights, seamed with gorge and chasm, threaded with dancing streams still full-fed from the melting snows. Only an Indian could have kept the trail: no white man however keen-eyed could have found his way through the Pass, dark with shadows even at noonday, and blocked by towering rocks, through which the travellers had to double and turn a dozen times. But both Bunty and his guide were swift and light-footed, and they had no encumbering burden to-day.

It was still early in the afternoon when, after a steep climb, Andrea led out on a rocky ridge, below which a noisy little creek brawled its way down slopes scarred with diggings, dotted with cabins and shacks. There was a broad, low frame building, from which floated the Stars and Stripes; there was a shed for horses and wagons; there were sluices and dams and pumps; a graphophone was hoarsely shrieking in the distance. Andrea pointed forward, grunting and shaking his head disapprovingly; but Bunty's heart gave a wild leap of delight. White devils they might be, as Pepita said; but he was with his own race and color and kind again,-this was Kicking Creek.

Waving good-bye to his guide, he scrambled down the rocks and made for the flag, which he felt must mark some point of public interest. As he neared the place, he saw it was a combination of store, post-office, eating house, and saloon. The frame exterior was placarded with notices,—advertisements, offers of sale and exchange. And the sound of loud, rude voices within told that this composite 'of frontier activities was fairly patronized,

As Bunty reached the platform that served as porch, a man burst out of the open door, flinging back an ugly oath at those within, and in his angry haste stumbled over the waiting boy.

"What ye doing here?" he growled,

glaring at the young intruder. "What's a half-baked kid like you pushing in—" He paused, and his fierce glance flamed into keen, eager light. "Gosh!" he gasped, taking in Bunty from head to toe. "Hair, figure, brown corduroys! By Jing!" and he caught Bunty roughly by the shoulder. "It's the boy we're looking fur! Hooray, Shorty, Jack, Bill,—all of you come out and bear witness! I've tuk the boy. He's mine,—mine!"

"Let go,—let go, you big crack brain!" cried Bunty, struggling vainly in the iron grip that held him, while a score or more of rough men came hurrying from all sides at his captor's call. "This fellow is drunk or crazy," continued Bunty, appealing to these witnesses. "My name is Bunty Ware, and I ain't nothing to him at all."

A very din of shouts and catcalls went up at the word.

"Ain't nothing to me!" repeated his captor, jubilantly. "Boys, the kid says he ain't nothing to me. Look at that thar poster, sonny, and see what you are to Jeb Jones."

'And, lifting his eyes to a placard beside the door, Bunty read in big black letters that he could not mistake:

\$3000 reward for the arrest, or information that will lead to the arrest, of Nicholas Ware, alias Nobby, alias Flapper.

Then followed a photographic description of Bunty's "teacher," which none could fail to recognize. But all these details were lost sight of as Bunty's bewildered eye caught the added notice below:

And \$500 reward for his brother, James Bernard, usually known as Bunty Ware. Is about fourteen years old, weighs close to 120 pounds, square and sturdy in build, with dark, crisp, curling hair, fine teeth, and clear, ruddy. complexion. When last seen wore a good brown corduroy suit, heavy calfskin shoes, and blue worsted muffler. For arrest or information that will lead to his discovery, the above reward will be paid by

> J. LEON VINCENT, Attorney at Law, Capulco, Colorado,

Arrest, reward, discovery! Bunty felt his bold heart sink indeed at these dreadful words. It had come,—the fate which Granny Pegs had foreseen Nick would bring upon him! He looked at the rough crowd about him, and saw not a friendly face. Were they going to jail him or hang him—which?

(To be continued.)

### A Favorite Picture.

In many cities of the Old World the names of streets remain unchanged for centuries, often after the reason for their title is but a memory. Blackfriars in London, for instance, is spoken of daily, although the convent from which it took its name vanished long ago. In Siena every parish of the city is named after some natural object. St. Catherine, the beloved Saint of Siena (it has many others, however), lived in the quarter of the Oca, or goose, and the name is unaltered to this day. In the city of Florence there is a quarter called the Borgo Allegri, and there is a pretty story of how it got its name.

Back in the artistic mists of the thirteenth century there arose a painter in Italy who was to be the forerunner of a new school, — the first to rise above Byzantine tradition, and to paint a picture of Our Lady which appealed to the people's heart. His Madonna, although it may seem strange enough to us who are accustomed to the realistic methods of to-day, was very different from the stiff and expressionless faces and figures which had been thus far attempted. The artist had endeavored to paint a lifelike image, and had succeeded. It was greeted by the Florentines with great joy; and because of the rejoicing of the citizens, who bore it in triumph to the church which was henceforth to be its home, the way of its progress has ever since been called the Borgo Allegri, or Joyful Quarter. The painter was Cimabue,

# THE AVE MARIA

# WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

-Messrs. Burns & Oates have just published "A Book of English Martyrs of the Sixteenth Century," by E. M. Wilmot-Buxton.

---"Prayers of the Gael," a translation from the Irish of Miss Charlotte Dean's collection, by R. MacCrócagh, is included in Messrs. Sands & Co.'s list of new books.

-The edition of the Raccolta, just issued by Burns & Oates, contains the decisions and grants down to July, 1914. It is said to be the only book in our language conforming with the present list of Indulgences.

-The death is announced from England of Miss Felicia Curtis, for many years known to Catholic readers as a writer of charming fiction. Her latest work appeared in the London Universe, in which she was responsible for the children's department. Miss Curtis was a convert to the Church.

—As the title-page suggests, Fr. Forbes Leith's new work, "Pre-Reformation Scholars in Scotland in the Sixteenth Century," is based upon a suggestion of the great Scottish philosopher, Sir William Hamilton, who once wrote that "a list of the Scottish scholars driven from the land at the Reformation for their attachment to the Roman Catholic faith would form an exceedingly interesting chapter of Scottish literary history."

—We have grown so accustomed to welcoming new books by Bishop MacDonald, of Victoria, dealing with knotty problems of theological science or historical truth, that there is something of relief intermingled with the pleasure of opening the latest volume of this tireless prelate. It is called "Stray Leaves; or, Traces of Travel," and is issued by the Christian Press Association. A 12mo of 171" pages, it discusses, in direct and lucid fashion, trips taken beyond the Atlantic,—to cities and shrines familiar to tourists and pilgrims the world over. A readable book and one of devotional value also. No price is given.

-Yet another book to help the preacher in his preparation for the pulpit is "Sermon Matter," by the Rev. Fr. Girardey, C. SS. R. The matter in question has to do with the chief virtues and duties of the Christian life. To be more specific, material is furnished for a series of nine sermons on the love of God, thirteen on the love of our neighbor, twelve on the Blessed Sacrament, five on the Sacrament of Penance, and twenty-two on the Capital Sins, besides one sermon on the Blessed Virgin. To preachers who will use the volume understandingly, it is capable of rendering them a very useful service; but young preachers will do well to remember that the book contains sermon *matler*, not complete sermons. Published by B. Herder.

--Recent penny pamphlets--all of them excellent--issued by the English Catholic Truth Society include: "A Simple Mass and Communion Book"; "How to Follow the Mass" (for non-Catholics), by the Rev. F. E. Pritchard; "Antonio Rosmini, Founder of the Institute of Charity," by the Rev. Daniel Hickey; "Some Children of St. Dominic," by Marie St. S. Ellerker; "Lacordaire and Montalembert," by M. M. C. Calthrop; "Fasting and Abstinence," by the Rev. Allan Ross, of the Oratory; and "The University of Louvain," by the Rev. J. G. Vance, M. A., Ph. D.

-In an age when novel-reading is perhaps the most prevalent form of intellectual recreation, it is something to be thankful for that Catholic novels are becoming more and more numerous. Since people will read fiction, it is well that there should be an abundance of fiction different from the more or less antireligious narratives, the ultra-sensational upto-date romances, and the frankly unmoral (not to say immoral) tales that enjoy an ephemeral vogue as "best sellers." We accordingly welcome "Golden Lights," by E. Gallienne Robin. It is an excellent Catholic story, with an English setting, with abundant action, good character-drawing, sustained interest, and a thoroughly symmetrical finale. B. Herder, publisher.

-The "Holton-Curry Readers" (eight in number), published by the Rand, McNally Co., are well printed, substantially bound, and fittingly illustrated. From the public, or nonsectarian, school viewpoint, they are excellent in other respects as well. From the Catholic point of view, however-and that is what chiefly interests our readers,-these text-books sin by defect. The selections are, with exceptions so rare as to be negligible, from non-Catholic sources. Now, there is no good reason whatever why Catholic boys and girls should not from their earliest years be introduced to the treasures of distinctively Catholic literature: and there are already on the market series of Catholic readers which are far more

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suitable for our parochial schools than are these non-Catholic books, quite admirable though they be in many respects.

-If would-be contributors to Catholic periodicals still write stories that are rejected, the fault lies entirely with themselves. The demand for good fiction is insistent, and the supply altogether inadequate. The one thing a Catholic editor can not count on receiving with anything like regularity is a good short story. Poems, essays, articles of all sorts, the day's adventitious mail may supply, but the short story of his liking is a rara avis. We would advise prospective contributors to secure a manual treating of the art of short-story construction-there are several such,-to study it carefully, and to read a number of short-story masterpieces, using them as models. Of course the actual "invention" of the short story can not be taught, but it is our observation that much good material is ruined by writers who have never given a thought to the craft. And while it is essential that stories for the Catholic press should proceed from a basis on which religion is taken for granted, it is not at all necessary that the theme be overtly religious. Once "conversions," "novenas," "vocations," and the like, are put in their proper place, we shall begin to get short stories that really reflect Catholic life.

# The Latest Books. A Guide to Good Reading.

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

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

- "Sermon Matter." Rev. Fr. Girardey, C. SS. R. \$1.50.
- "Golden Lights." E. Gallienne Robin. 75 cts.
- "A Book of Answered Prayers." Olive Katharine Parr. 45 cts.
- "In Hoc & Vince." Florence L. Barclay. 75 cts.
- "A Treasury of Catholic Song." Sidney S. Hurlbut. \$1.25.
- "St. Juliana Falconieri." Marie Conrayville. 30 cts.
- "Jesus and Politics." Harold B. Shepheard, M. A. \$1.

- "Memoirs of the Very Reverend Samuel Mazzuchelli, O. P." \$1.50.
- "America and the New World-State." Norman Angell. \$1.25.
- "Fine Clay." Isabel C. Clarke. \$1.35.
- "Fairy Plays for Children." Mabel R. Goodlander. 40 cts.
- "Under which Flag?" Edith Staniforth. \$1.
- "Fits and Starts." Rev. T. A. Fitzgerald. \$1.
- "The Anglo-German Problem." Charles Sarolea, D. Litt. \$1.
- "Indian Legends." Marion Foster Washburne. 45 cts.
- "The Parables of the Gospel." Leopold Fonck, S. J. Translated by E. Leahy. Edited by George O'Neill, S. J., M. A. \$3.50.
- "Archbishop Smith and the Mosaic Authorship of the Pentateuch." Compiled by S. T. B. With a Memoir of the Archbishop. \$2.25.
- "The Summa Theologica of St. Thomas Aquinas." Literally Translated by Fathers of the English Dominican Province. Part II. (First Part.) First Number. Part III. Third Number. \$2 per vol..
- "Hugh: Memoirs of a Brother." A. C. Benson. \$1.75.

"The Jester." Leslie Moore. \$1.35.

# Obituary.

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

Very Rev. Gabriel Coulston, of the archdiocese of Westminster.

Sister M. Conception, of the Order of the Presentation.

Mr. George Stoddart, Mr. Frank Moffitt, Miss Felicia Curtis, Mr. Thomas Manion, Mrs. Anna Mahar, Mr. M. W. Crofton, Mrs. Edward Short, Mr. Thomas Gaughan, Mr. John Horigan, Mr. William Enright, Mr. Timothy Cryan, Mrs. Mary Healey, Miss Catherine Hercy, Charles and Ellen McManus, Mr. John Rohlf, Mr. L. F. Stewart, Mrs. Ellen McGowan, Mrs. Andrew Quigley, Mr. Frank Blackwell, Mr. Joseph Wasmer, Mrs. Mary McGrath, Mr. Charles Langford, and Mr. Paul Hasterak.

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

### Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee." For the war sufferers: M. C., \$3. For the Indian missions: M. E. R., \$2.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, 1., 48.

VOL. I. (New Series.)

#### NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JUNE 19, 1915.

NO. 25

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### Dona Nobis Pacem.

BY MARGARET H. LAWLESS.

() GOD, who sitt'st beyond the stars, And seest men go down,

Rank upon rank, in myriads,

In forests, fields and town,-

Who seest Thy faithful ones despoiled By hate's fierce, bloody lust;

Thy smiling earth in ruin laid,

Thy temples turned to dust,-

Stretch forth Thy hand, O God of Might, In some vast miracle,

Like that which blotted out the sun And raised the dead from hell!

Once Thou didst pour heaven's waters down To wash away earth's shame,

And once didst deluge it afresh With Thy destroying flame;

Once Thou didst say, "Let there be light!" And darkness fled away;

Say now, O God, "Let there be peace!" And peace shall come to stay.

It is certain that if we love God as, we ought; if we bear to our Divine Redeemer tender and grateful hearts; if we realize the communion of saints, and the loving and living relations which bind them to us, and us to them; then it is certain that, next after Jesus Christ, our veneration and our love will be given to her whom He loves with all the filial reverence and all the tender love of His Sacred Heart. -Cardinal Manning.

After Ten Years.

BY J. F. SCHOLFIELD.

VII.—THE IMMACULATE MOTHER AND THE SAINTS.



NE of the most practical differences between the life of a Catholic and a non-Catholic lies in this: that outside the Church there seems to be no sense of union with the unseen world, no holy familiarity with our brothers and sisters who are our protectors and intercessors in the Church Triumphant, or who in the Church Suffering have the most insistent claim on our charity. The saints are indeed spoken of with honor (in the average Anglican church at least); but,

as pious historical characters, they are relegated in effect to the niches or windows occupied by their images.

And, of all strange perversities, the Queen of Saints, the Mother of God and of God's children, is even more completely ignored than even the Apostles and martyrs. The religion in which I was brought up knew nothing (beyond the recitation of her name in the creeds) of Mary the Immaculate. I think I was well on in my "teens" before a High Church prayer-book that I came across brought before me an absurdly "doctored" form of the Angelic Salutation, which, so far as I remember, ran as follows: "The Angel of the Lord said to Mary, Hail . . . among women." Instead of leading the Christian at his prayers to unite with St. Gabriel, the mere fact

was stated. Still, it brought the Blessed Mother to one's thoughts at prayer, and even that was something.

Like many Protestants, I was soon greatly drawn to the invocation of Our Lady and the saints, and at the same time was for long very shy of adopting the devotion. Inherited prejudice and very deep ignorance kept me wondering if I were really justified in doing what all my early associations implicitly condemned. Like Charles Reading in "Loss and Gain," I felt that "something whispered, 'It is wrong'"; and it took me a long time to find out that that something was solely misapprehension of the real meaning of the practice. By the time of my ordination, however, the Rosary and Our Lady's Litany had become familiar to me. As I look back, I see how slow and stupid I was, even when I had accepted the Catholic belief and custom in this respect, in entering into its marvellous consolations. Yet I have no manner of doubt that she who is the Help of Christians and Refuge of Sinners accepted even this wretched homage, and that it was one of the strands that drew meand how slowly!--to the Church of her Divine Son.

Almost instinctively, too, I developed a kind of devotion to St. John the Evangelist as my patron and name saint, and to St. Hilary of Poitiers, whose feast happened to fall close to my birthday. Doubtless I shall never know, unless in the eternal light, how much I owe of the grace of conversion to the tender charity of the mighty apostle-theologian, Mary's special son among the faithful; and to the great Doctor who so gloriously defended and suffered for the Faith in days when heresy seemed almost about to triumph.

It is probably a very frequent experience with a convert, as he analyzes the growth of conscious belief in his mind, to see how entirely devotion to our Blessed Lady and the saints is the outcome—the inevitable outcome—of fuller realization of the tremendous central fact of God's Incarnation. That foundation truth of the Christian religion is of course held as a dogma by all "orthodox" Protestants. In my youth no Anglican and no ordinary Protestant Nonconformist would have dreamed of disputing the statements of the Nicene Creed on this point. But they were dogmatic statements, no doubt as true as the law of gravitation or the results of the battle of Waterloo, and with as little conscious effect on present-day existence.

The Godhead of Our Lord was assumed in any instructions I received, but I have no recollection of the truth's being made the least vivid to my youthful mind. Perhaps the fault was all my own. But of this I am convinced: that the complementary truth of the Incarnationthe literal and entire reality of the Sacred Humanity-was a closed book even to my imagination. The Gospel of the Crib, of the carpenter's bench and the Holy House, of Gethsemani and Calvary, seemed to me (of course with no deliberate comparison) something like one of the splendid stories of early Latin or Greek history. It was all true, but it did not seem part of the real human life to which I belonged. The truth came on me almost with a start that the Eternal had literally become man; and that He had known, and still knew, and would forever know, that closest and most wonderful of all relationshipsthe love of a true human Mother.

The advanced section of the Anglican Church grasp all this, and much that flows from it, with a clear apprehension of the unutterable wonder of it all. Such books as R. I. Wilberforce's "Doctrine of the Incarnation," Canon Liddon's and Bishop Gore's Bampton Lectures, or Dr. Mortimer's "Catholic Faith," could scarcely have been written by Anglicans a century ago. People do not always realize that, except for a very thin, scarcely visible line of better tradition, the Oxford revival called back the Church of England to *conscious* belief in the first essentials of Christianity. And, whatever else was lacking, I was thoroughly grounded in these before I became an Anglican clergyman.

When the meaning of the opening verses of St. John's Gospel and their echo in the Creed of Nicæa is at length grasped intellectually (so far as our intellect can grasp it), other truths that directly follow from it emerge into sight, and are no longer isolated fragments, but are seen to be part of a single divine revelation. The whole doctrine of the sacraments can present no difficulty to one who believes in the Incarnation, by which God has taken a created nature into personal union with Himself. A visible Catholic Church, through which all humanity is to be brought into sacramental relation with Himself, is almost a logical necessity. And the fact that the God-Man became our Redeemer through the instrumentality and co-operation of His Immaculate Mother involves her elevation to untold dignity and privilege, and the whole theology of her relation to the redeemed.

No one who has thought seriously of these truths, and considered the present state of non-Catholic Christianity, can fail to see how, as the Incarnation is the central divine fact from which all else flows, so, too, a right faith in all its divine consequences-in the holy sacraments, in the constitution of the Church and the prerogatives of Christ's Vicar, and a true apprehension of the place of our Blessed Lady and the saints in the economy of grace, - is the essential bulwark of belief in that supreme mystery. It is true that, outside the Church, the truth that God was made man of the substance of an Immaculate Virgin may be retained on paper, as in the Creeds, and in the Anglican Articles of Religion; it may even be for long the implicit, if not very consciously expressed, belief of a Protestant body. But sooner or later there is disaster. Whatever is left of belief in the sacraments tends to become more and more shadowy. The very idea of a church with authority to teach and legislate (which, in their own way, was held dogmatically enough by the thoroughgoing "Reformers," especially the Calvinistic school) vanishes imperceptibly into thin air. Any coherent sense of the Communion of Saints, any practical faith in our union with the Blessed in heaven and the Holy Souls, is non-existent. The fortifications of the Christian religion are in ruins, and then the very citadel yields to the assaults of materialism on the one hand, and the criticism of so-called science on the other.

This has been the story of German Lutheranism, of great portions of American and English Protestantism, and in ever-growing measure of Scottish Calvinism. Not very long ago, a minister in Scotland, when leaving an endowment for certain lectures, found it necessary to stipulate that no minister (of his own church, of course) should be appointed to deliver them unless he had first satisfied the trustees of his belief in the Godhead of Our Lord. Among Protestant professors and divinity students, Modernism in its most extreme form is avowedly rampant. And now, in the high places of Anglicanism, there is the same phenomenon. The Bishop of Hereford (Lord Rosebery's only Episcopal nominee) represents the Modernist party among the prelates of the Church of England.

And the Established Church goes on its way, apparently content to tolerate, and by implication approve, teaching that two generations ago would have been repudiated with horror by every section of her clergy and people. The civil courts would no doubt have upheld these teachers in the possession of their benefices and endowments, but the Christian consciousness of the Church would have dealt with them as it did with Dr. Colenso in the far-away "Sixties" of the last century. I have been assured by one who knew the period that Colenso's real condemnation, by the public opinion of English Protestantism, was not chiefly

the result of his critical speculations on the Pentateuch, but of a profound conviction that he was unsound—as it seems he unquestionably was — with regard to the Person and the Incarnation of Our Lord.

I have dwelt on all this because it seems to me that past and contemporary history alike bear witness to the fact that when the Mother is dethroned from her rightful sovereignty it is only a question of time before the Son is rejected and In Cardinal Newman's words: denied. "Catholics who honored the mother still worship the Son; while Protestants, who have ceased to confess the Son, began by scoffing at the Mother." Of course the great Cardinal did not mean that all Protestants have acted thus, but that the utter apostasy of immense numbers of those who still bear the name has followed on the insults offered to her who is full of grace and blessed among women.

It became inevitable, then, with us "advanced" Anglicans, that the conscious grasp of the truth of the Incarnation and what it involved led to the realization of the privilege and the glories of the Mother of God. I have occasionally met a Protestant, who, at any rate, believed he was a sound Christian as to Our Lord's Divine Person, who yet disputed the right of Our Lady to that most glorious of her titles. When such refusal is not sheer unbelief, it is sheer muddleheadedness. Our Lady was acclaimed "Theotokos" by the Fathers of Ephesus, thus giving expression to the faith handed down from the beginning, not in order to magnify her (though the title proclaimed her unique and unapproachable splendor), but to safeguard the Unity of Our Lord's Person as against the insidious heresy of Nestorius. The Church of England expressly acknowledges the œcumenical authority of the Third General Council, but has almost wholly failed to recognize in practice the honor due to that Mother of Christ whom He appointed, as she stood beneath His

Cross, to be also the Mother of all His redeemed.

There has been, no doubt, in this, as in other ways, so slender a thread of. orthodox tradition running through the wilderness of English Protestantism as that to which I have already alluded. Various Anglican writers have spoken of our Blessed Lady in words that almost, or quite, satisfy a Catholic heart. In the seventeenth century Anthony Stafford, an Anglican layman, published a Life of the Blessed Virgin which he called "The Femall [sic] Glory," and in it he writes as a true son of Mary. This interesting and little-known volume was reprinted in the last century by the Rev. Orby Shipley, a Protestant clergyman who afterward submitted to the Church; he adds a sort of catena of Anglican writers who have understood something at least of the cultus of Mary. It is difficult to conceive of anything stronger than the Protestant Bishop Hall's exclamation: "O Mary! he can not praise, he can not honor thee too much, who deifies thee not." John Keble echoed such homage when he wrote (in 1827):

> Ave Marial thou whose name All but adoring love can claim.

Wordsworth grasped not only the glory but the immaculate sinlessness of Mary when he gave us in his Ecclesiastical Sonnets (which elsewhere in places jar terribly on a Catholic's ear) the wellknown lines:

Mother! whose virgin bosom was uncrossed With the least shade of thought to sin allied; Woman! above all women glorified,— Our tainted nature's solitary boast.

And many another quotation might be added.

But, in spite of all this, it is .clear beyond doubt that part of the evil work of the "Reformers" was utterly to destroy in the minds and hearts of English Protestants, including almost all within the Established Church, the love and the "worship" (in the old English sense of the word) of God's Mother and ours, Nothing could be more uncompromising than the assertion of the 22d Article, that the Invocation of Saints (among other Catholic beliefs and practices) was "a fond thing, vainly invented." At least, so it appeared; though Father Sancta Clara in the seventeenth century, and Newman (in Tract XC.) and Forbes in the nineteenth, strove to prove that the statement was not wholly irreconcilable with the "teaching of the Church.

The fact remained that devotion to Our Lady and the saints was one of the great objects of attack on the part of Anglican authorities. Whole battalions of bishops charged against it; and one of the Lambeth meetings (a "Pan-Anglican" conference, or synod, or whatever it was called) put out a condemnation. as ignorant as it was unmistakable in tone. The Church was charged, almost in so many words, with putting the Blessed Mother on the mediatorial throne of her Divine Son. If the Fathers of Lambeth had taken the trouble to study the theology of the question — if they had realized the sense in which the most exuberant words of homage used in popular devotions are to be understood, and are actually understood by those who use such forms; nay, if they had asked an ordinary boy or girl in one of our Catholic schools how he or she regarded Our Lady, - such absurd misrepresentation could have been avoided. It always seemed a strange contradiction that the very men-some of them at least-who were forever seeking recognition on the part of the "Eastern Church" (usually the Russian Orthodox Church), which unquestionably far excels the West in what Protestants would call Mariolatry, should take this line. On the High Church theory of "the whole Church," the homage paid by Catholics to the Blessed Virgin and to the saints, and their invocation to join their prevailing prayers to our poor petitions, were matters entirely beyond controversy. And yet in the last year or two we have seen a new attack

made by episcopal authority on those who follow Catholic tradition on this point.

But in this, as in other questions of belief and practice, episcopal authority is to its supposed subjects vox et præterea nihil. I have attended an evening service in a London Anglican church where the recitation of five decades of the Rosary preceded the sermon. In a suburban parish I know of, the Rosary and the devotion of the Bona Mors were the evening devotions on alternate Sundays. Anglican religious communities, like one with which I was for a time officially connected, have often adopted the Litany of Our Lady as a regular community devotion. In many churches lay people tell their beads as openly and devoutly as in any Catholic congregation. And all this in the very teeth of express official condemnation! Of course we had our answer ready: that we appealed from the local to the Universal Church. And the appeal would have been reasonable enough if we could have made it. But, like so much besides, our position rested on a theory that, apart from any historical authority, was utterly repudiated-first, by what we should have called the rest of the Church; and, secondly, by all our own coreligionists except a handful.

Many years ago Keble wrote, in a poem published after his death, that---

Unforbidden we may speak An Ave to Christ's Mother meek.

It is true of the Catholic Church; it is true of the Eastern schismatic bodies; it is absolutely untrue of the Anglican Establishment and the rest of the Anglican communion. Perhaps I may be allowed to close this paper with a personal reminiscence.

During my years as a beneficed clergyman, my bishop made a violent attack (urged on by Puritans in the diocese) on my teaching and practice on this very point. He devoted almost the whole of his address at one diocesan synod to my enormities, and threatened immediate prosecution to any parson who dared to follow my example! And, so far as the history and spirit of Anglicanism are concerned, I can not say he was wrong. Where he made a mistake was, I think, in not realizing that almost all barriers are broken down in Anglicanism, and that it is intrinsically absurd to quarrel with a man who says the "Hail Mary" while you allow his neighbor to teach that our Lord God was not born of a Virgin Mother. It is the old story—there is no clear voice on any point. Only anti-Catholic prejudice is indefinitely more powerful than fear of utter shipwreck of faith.

In the old days we tried to keep as high holidays some of the feasts of Our Lady, in particular of course her Assumption. This was another count against me by my bishop. And, in view of the fact that the compilers of the Common Prayer Book had deliberately expunged thisone of the four really ancient feasts of the Blessed Mother-from their Kalendar, he was quite justified in his attack. But here again a number of High Churchmen, who love to exchange polite flatteries with Russian and other Orthodox (or even heretical) prelates, show their extraordinary inconsistency. If there is a festival that comes to us from the Orient, and which is observed by the East with the utmost solemnity, it is that of the 15th of August. There is, of course, a deep cleavage between "advanced" men on the question of its observance. I know of an Anglican religious house where a novice was woefully scandalized by a sermon directed against the common (but not as yet defined) teaching of the Church as to Our Lady's Assumption. He was reassured by his superior, who told him, that "nobody attends to what Father ----says on that subject." I give the story as it was told me by a clergyman who knew all the parties concerned.

A 'certain school of High Churchmen, also, is never weary of accusing the Catholic Church of having "added to the Faith" by the definition of the Immaculate Conception. Here, however, the Prayer Book is altogether on the side of the "extreme" men, as the feast of December 8, after being expunged, was restored a few years later to the Anglican Kalendar. The word "Immaculate" is not used, of course; but who in his senses would dream of keeping a day in honor of a conception in original sin?

A wonderfully large-minded Presbyterian minister said to me many years ago that his church (the Scottish Establishment) would never be right until it returned to the honor due to the Mother of God. He had looked at the matter with the eyes of an unprejudiced and intelligent Christian man. Can it be wondered at that men turn from this chaos of denial and misrepresentation and dispute, to the Church where, in the peace that flows from knowledge of the truth, the Communion of Saints is no mere phrase, but a glorious reality?

Can we Catholics be thankful enough that our homage to Mary and the saints need not be confined to private devotion, or practised in complete opposition to our authorities and the whole spirit of the Church to which we belong? Perhaps only a convert can quite enter into the contrast between the cold neglect and the frequent insults outside, and the glowing reality of the Communion of Saints within the Divine Kingdom. It is only there we learn to understand the King's words upon His throne of agony: "Behold thy Mother!" It is only there we find that the friends of God who reign with Him in heaven are the strong, living, sympathizing friends of His children here on earth.

MEN may be charitable, yet not kind; merciful, yet not kind; self-denying, yet not kind. If they would add a little common kindness to their uncommon graces, they would convert ten where they now only abate the prejudices of a single one.—Faber.

## The Secret Bequest.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

## XXV.

T was owing no doubt to her youth and perfect health that Cecily astonished the doctors by the manner in which she rallied from the effects of her really terrible injuries. The injuries themselves remained (for even under the most favorable conditions broken bones take long to heal), but the nervous shock which was their first result, and which produced a physical exhaustion so complete as to cause the gravest apprehension, passed away sooner than the most sanguine of her attendants had ventured to hope; and the mysterious fountain of life, which is the source of energy, welled up again within her.

The first sign of this was a willingness to talk; for up to that time she had been wrapped in silence as in a garment. But now she not only answered with something beside a monosyllable when addressed, but she even ventured a few remarks to Honora. After a while her mind went back to the accident, and she began to speak of what she remembered of itwhich was, however, yery little.

"It was all so quick!" she said. "It happened in a moment. But one can feel a great deal in a moment. One instant we were talking and laughing-just nonsense, of course (and no doubt Mr. Dorrance was driving too fast; for we spun around one of those sharp mountain curves, and found ourselves facing a great, heavy wagon), - and then I screamed, and the man before us pulled up his mules and shouted something; and Mr. Dorrance tried to stop, but the brake, or whatever it was, wouldn't work, and the car shot on; and he tried to pass the wagon, but the road was too narrow, and I knew we were going over, and-andwe went-and that's all I know."

She paused and her eyes grew large

and wild, as if she were feeling again the agony of that moment when, clutching vainly for some support, she was flung from the heavy car as it crashed down the mountain-side. Presently she went on:

"When I felt the car turning, I knew we were going to be killed, and I remember crying to God-it seems one does that instinctively - and to you. I don't know why I should have thought of you in such a moment of awful terror, except that it was as I used to call to you when I was a little child, and you would come running to help me. Well, of course that was a matter of instinct, too. If I had been able to think, I should have known that, you couldn't help me; but I didn't think: I just felt. And my last recollection, as the car went over, is of calling on you - and on God. I had no right to call on God, for I had never thought of Him before; but-I did."

"And He heard you," Honora said. She was kneeling by the side of the couch on which the other lay, stroking softly the white hand that rested in her own like a bit of ivory carving. "He saved you from death, my dearest! And I'm sure you are grateful to Him."

"Yes, I'm grateful," Cecily said slowly. "I couldn't have believed that I would be, but I am. If I had been asked beforehand, I should have said that I would rather die than live crippled and disfigured, as I know that I shall be. But one doesn't feel that way after one has looked death in the face. One feels that it is good to be alive on any terms."

"I am glad of that," Honora said,-"I mean I am glad that you feel in this way. I have feared that you would find your helplessness very hard to bear."

"Of course I shall find it hard to bear," Cecily answered. "I've always found everything hard to bear that wasn't according to my desires, and I'm not likely to change now. But I've had a glimpse of something so terrible that I can't think of anything save thanksgiving

for being spared it. I feel like a frightened child who just wants to hold fast to the hand that has rescued her from deadly peril."

Involuntarily her fingers closed tightly upon the hand which was holding hers. But Honora cried hastily:

"Oh, my dear, it was the hand of God, not mine, that rescued you!"

"I think that you had something to do with it," Cecily said calmly. "My first thought when I came to myself and knew that I was alive was, 'Honora helped me.' I was perfectly sure of it; and I don't think I was mistaken. You prayed, didn't you?"

"O my dear, my dear, of course I prayed with all my heart!"

"Well, that was it." Cecily's voice was absolutely childlike now. "You have always been so good that God listened to you, and here I am, and—and we won't talk any more about it now."

"No, we mustn't talk any more now," Honora agreed. "But I feel bound to tell you that I haven't been good at all—you are making a great mistake about that,—and if God listened to my prayers it was more than I deserved, though I can never thank Him enough for doing so."

"I thank Him myself, though I don't know much about Him," Cecily murmured.

Several days elapsed after this before Honora felt it safe to introduce the subject of a visit from Julian Page. But Cecily was steadily gaining strength, and she had seen one or two visitors—Edith Selwyn and Alicia Page—for a short time on different occasions; so it seemed as if the young man's earnest desire to say a few words to her might be gratified. But while Honora still doubted, Cecily herself opened the way for the request.

"I saw you from my window talking to Bernard on the terrace this morning," she said one day. "Why don't you bring him to see me? Doesn't he want to come?" "I'm sure he would like very much to come," Honora answered; "but he hasn't asked to do so, because no doubt he thinks that it wouldn't be allowed." Then she paused, hesitated, and finally went on: "But there is some one else who hasn't been so considerate," she said,—"some one who has been insistently urgent to be permitted to see you, if only for a few minutes. I suppose you can guess who that is?"

There was a short silence before Cecily said:

"Oh, yes, it is easily guessed! There is only one person who would be foolish enough to care so much about seeing me, and that is Julian Page."

"And do you call him foolish for caring?" Honora asked.

Cecily looked up at her with eyes dark with pain.

"I call him very foolish," she said; "for he is an artist who worships beauty. He loved me for my beauty—there wasn't anything else he could love me for,—and he will find that the beauty is gone. So why should he wish to see me? It would be better if he *never* saw me again. Then he could remember me as I—was."

"But, Cecily my darling, why suppose that he cared only for your beauty? Why not believe that he loved you for yourself, for your whole personality, of which the beauty was only a part?"

"Because I should have to be a vainer fool than I am, or ever have been, to believe anything of the kind," Cecily replied incisively. "In the first place, I know men (and among men I know artists) very well; and, in the second place, I know that I never showed Julian Page a single trait of character that could attract anybody. You see, it was this way: he was desperately in love with me, and I liked him well enough to be afraid of liking him more. Now, don't be so silly as to ask why I was afraid of that, for you can't have forgotten all the plan of life I had laid out for myself. I was determined to carry out that plandetermined that he should not interfere with it,—and so I never showed him anything but selfishness and worldliness and greed of the worst kind; and he would have had to be an absolute idiot' if he had found anything in me except my beauty to care for."

"O Cecily, Cecily!" Honora did not know whether to laugh or to cry, and what she did was a mixture of both. "How unsparingly you judge yourself, and how much too severe you are in your judgment! I always thought you cared for Julian more than you would admit, and I am sure that you do him injustice in thinking that he cared only for your beauty. Give him at least a chance to tell you how he feels toward you!"

But Cecily shook her head inflexibly.

"There is nothing to be gained by it," she said. "He would be moved by compassion to try to maintain the old admiring pose, and I should read the truth in his eyes, and—and, frankly, I couldn't bear it. No, no! All that is over, and I don't wish ever to see him again."

"Cecily, don't you know that this is most unkind as well as most unjust? You have no right to decide upon his feelings."

"Oh, yes, I have!" Cecily returned. "Or, at any rate, I have a right to decide upon my own, and to say whom I wish to see. I don't wish to see Julian Page, and I don't mean to see him; so please let this be clearly understood."

"I don't know how he will bear such a decision," Honora said in last appeal.

"He will bear it better than what would follow on seeing me," Cecily answered in a hard voice. "Don't argue any more, Honora; for I shall not change my mind."

Honora knew the speaker well enough to be convinced of this; so she argued no more, but carried to Bernard the decision thus delivered.

"It is hard on Julian," she said, "but Cecily refuses to see him because she is certain that he cared only for her beauty, and she believes that her beauty is gone."

"She might give him a chance to speak for himself on that point," Bernard suggested.

"Of course she might," Honora agreed. "But she is afraid that pity would make him pretend to a feeling he did not have."

"She has an exaggerated opinion of his altruism," Bernard smiled. "He's a good fellow, Julian, but I'm quite sure it would never occur to him to sacrifice himself in such a fashion."

"But how are we to convince Cecily of that?"

"We can't convince her: that is for Julian to do."

"And how is he to convince her, if she continues to refuse to see him?"

"She can't continue to refuse, unless she shuts herself up for the rest of her life. You may trust him to find or make an opportunity to see her as soon as she becomes accessible."

"I wouldn't allow him to force himself into her presence against her wishes," Honora protested quickly.

Bernard smiled again.

"If I know Julian," he said, "he will not ask you to allow anything."

And this was indeed what came to pass. Julian accepted Cecily's decision without remonstrance, and with a quiet? ness which perhaps surprised that young lady, although she made no comment upon it. Meanwhile nature continued her wonderful work of restoration in the vigorous young physique. But presently doctors, nurses, and above all Honora, noted a change in the patient. The mysterious spring of life and energy already alluded to, which for a time had risen so high, sank down again without apparent cause; and there followed a condition of listlessness, of physical and mental depression, from which nothing was powerful enough to rouse the girl. Prescriptions and tonics of all kinds were tried without effect, and at last"The depression is more mental than physical; or, rather, the physical condition is the result of mental depression," the doctor in charge of the case said to Honora. "Is there no way of rousing her? Has she no interests in life?"

Honora looked at him with startled eyes. It had not occurred to her before that Cecily had no interests in life which were not wiped out of existence by the present tragical situation.

"I—I hardly think that she has any strong enough to rouse her," she answered. "You see, she is very young, and she thought only of pleasure and—and of amusing herself—"

The doctor nodded.

"I see," he commented dryly, for the case was common enough. "It's a pity that she hasn't some resources—something that she—er—cares for, outside of pleasure and amusement. But of course we must take things as we find them. If there's no mental stimulant which can be applied, then we must simply go on with the tonics, try keeping her outdoors as much as possible, and after a while perhaps change of air—"

What more he said Honora did not hear, but she did not probably betray her inattention; for she presently found herself alone, staring at a prescription in her hand, and wondering where she was to find the mental stimulant of which Cecily stood in so much need,—Cecily whose life lay before her in ruins, the extent of which she did not yet know. And while she was still asking herself this question, and still staring with unseeing eyes at the hieroglyphics scribbled on the paper in her hand, a familiar voice 'suddenly spoke at her side.

"Forgive me for intruding!" it said. And then, as she started violently: "Oh, I am sorry to have startled you so much!"

She turned to look into Julian Page's eager, apologetic face.

"I am so sorry!" he repeated; and she smiled tremulously as she held out her hand to him. "Never mind!" she said. "I am, as I heard Mrs. Kemp say the other day, 'as nervous as a cat'; and if one's nerves are all on edge, one is naturally startled by even so simple a thing as an unexpected voice. I—I didn't hear you come in."

"Of course you didn't." He was still cagerly self-reproachful. "It was very inconsiderate of me, but I came in without announcement of any kind. The fact is, I met Dr. Brent just as he was getting into his car, and I made him stop and tell me about Cecily. And what he told me sent me in such hot haste to you that I rushed in without any formalities of door bells or servants, being only afraid of not finding you."

"Ah, he told you about Cecily! And what exactly did he tell you?"

"I understood him to say that it was what he had just been telling you: that her injuries are getting on satisfactorily, but that her general condition is not satisfactory at all. He says that her vitality is at a very low ebb,—that it is impossible to rouse her to interest in anything."

"Yes, that is what he said," Honora assented. "And I didn't need for him to say it: I see it every day with my own eyes. She is going down, rather than coming up, in physical strength; and it's because she is realizing now, as she didn't realize at first, what has happened to her. At first she was too glad and grateful to be alive to think of the future; but she is thinking of it now, and she sees it-my poor Cecily!empty of everything on earth for which she ever cared. She doesn't know yet" (Honora's eyes were full of passionate pain as she gazed at him) "all that she has lost; but she knows enough to take away the will to live, and without that she can't get well." , r

"No, she can't get well without that," Julian agreed. "The doctor says that what she stands most in need of is a mental stimulant."

"So he told me. But where" (Honora

flung out her hands despairingly)—"where, in the name of Heaven, am I to find a mental stimulant for her?"

"Suppose," the young man said quietly, "that you try me?"

"You!" She stared at him blankly for a moment; and then, as his meaning flashed upon her, she cried: "Oh, do you think it possible that you could prove the stimulant she needs?"

"At least I should be better than none," he replied modestly. "And it would do no harm to make the experiment."

"I am not sure of that. You know she has refused to see you."

He nodded. "I know. And reallyif you'll pardon me for saying so-that fact ought to have told you that I was the stimulant she needed. If Cecily were indifferent to me, do you think she would care whether or not she saw me, whether or not I found her beauty gone? It's because she is not indifferent, because she does care, that she is afraid to take the risk. I've felt so sure of that, that I thought I could afford to wait. But I see now it was a mistake, and that's what I rushed in to tell you as soon as the doctor left. Give me a chance to see her and stimulate her interest in life again."

A little later, two guilty conspirators stole softly upstairs; and one paused with a fast-beating heart outside Cecily's room, while the other entered, and called the nurse, who was elaborately engaged in doing nothing, into a dressing-room which adjoined the large, airy chamber. The sound of the closing door between the two apartments was the signal agreed upon; and the next moment Julian stepped boldly within the room, and saw Cecily for the first time since he had helped to bring her, shattered and unconscious, from the wreck of the automobile.

With that ghastly picture in his memory, he could hardly credit the evidence of his eyes when they fell upon her now. She was lying on a low, broad couch

beside the open window, beyond which were a balcony, the whispering boughs of trees, their greenness shot through with golden sunshine, and glimpses of a sky as blue as sapphire. Against this background the slender figure lay with the grace that was inalienable to it, despite the immobility of the plaster-encased limbs, over which a silken coverlet was thrown. A boudoir cap covered the head, from which he knew that the glorious hair had been ruthlessly shorn to ascertain the extent of the injuries which had barely escaped fracture of the skull. It was the absence of the hair perhaps, together with the close-drawn cap about the thin, white, chiselled face, across one side of which there were still long strips of surgeon's plaster, which made him feel as if he were looking at a new Cecily,-a Cecily whom he had never seen before, with something strangely virginal, remote, and almost nun-like in her aspect, as she lay in her soft white draperies, gazing with wide eyes out of the window at the depths of green foliage and the jewellike sky beyond.

He crossed the floor with a light, quick step, and knelt down beside her before she was aware of his presence. Then she turned her eyes upon him, and he felt her quiver a little as she uttered a low cry.

"Julian!" she exclaimed; and, while he lifted her hand and kissed it, she added with a catch in her breath: "Don't you know—haven't you heard—that I said I would not see you?"

"Oh, yes, I heard it!" he replied. "But you didn't think I would accept that decision, did you?"

"You had no right to disregard it," she said; but he felt that there was no anger in her tone, and this emboldened him further.

"I had the best right in the world," he answered,—"the right of love; and you know it, Cecily,—you know it."

She shook her head, while her eyes so large and brilliant in the wasted face—met his own steadily. "I don't know it," she said. "Even if it were true, your love alone wouldn't give you such a right—"

"What do you mean by saying 'if it were true'?" he interrupted. "You dare not doubt my love for you. I don't think any man could ever have expressed his love more forcibly and more frequently than I have done."

"You expressed it forcibly and frequently enough," she assented; "but that was to another person—a very different person from the poor wreck who is lying here—"

"Cecily!"

"Oh, hush, hush!" she cried. "Don't make protestations which can't be true. You are an artist: you were in love with my beauty, and the beauty is gone. Therefore, of course, the love is gone too. No doubt some pity remains, but I don't want that. I told Honora so, and she should not have let you come. It was a great mistake; and, if you are kind, you will go away now at once."

"I am not kind at all, if my kindness is to be measured by my obeying such a request as that," he replied. "If I went away, I should seem to be assenting to the preposterous statement that because I am an artist and because you are beautiful—"

"Were beautiful," she corrected.

"Very well, in order to avoid argument, we'll say because you were beautiful,-I could have loved you only for your beauty. Now, you know, talking of rights, you haven't the faintest right to make such an assumption as that: and I beg to tell you, on my honor as a man, that it is as far as possible from the truth. I may have had some such fancy myself, while I was painting your portrait and adoring it; though even then, if I had stopped to analyze my feelings, I should have known better; for I have learned long since how devoid of any lasting power to attract, soulless and mindless beauty is. But when the shock of tragedy came, when I went down into the depths, and

in spirit faced death with you, I found that I loved with my whole heart *yourself*, the woman who appealed to me irresistibly, whether a shred of your beauty remained or not."

The lovely eyes opened wider still as she gazed at him.

"But how could that be," she asked with struggling incredulity, "when I had never showed you anything, any quality that was worthy of love? I have been thinking about that as I lay here—I've had a great deal of time in which to think, you know,—and it seems to me that I have never known or heard of a more repulsive character than the one I showed to you; and I took pains to show no other."

"You certainly did your best or worst to make me think that loving you was hopeless," he agreed; "but perhaps it was because you painted yourself too darkly that I didn't believe it all. I was sure you were not so selfish and worldly as you professed to be—"

"There's where you are mistaken," she interrupted sharply. "All that I professed to be I was. If you don't believe that, you will never understand me. Everything I said I intended to do I would have done. I would have put you aside, and used Honora ruthlessly, and gone my way into the world to gratify my vanity and ambition, if—if God had not thrown me down and broken me to pieces. You must never doubt that, Julian,—never!"

"If you insist upon it, I will not doubt it," he responded, "any more than I doubt that you were all the time fighting your better self."

"I did not know," she cried, "that I had a better self!"

He kissed again the frail hand he had been holding.

"You know it now," he said. "You found it out in the dark depths where you have been, and where, as I told you a moment ago, I have been with you. We've both learned things there that we can never forget, Cecily; and one of them is that we have need of each other."

"You have no need of me," she still protested; "for what can I do, or be to you, except a burden?"

"Even as a burden, you would be more desirable than anybody or anything else on earth," he answered with a sincerity she could not doubt. "But you will not be a burden. You are going to get well, and be your own vigorous, beautiful self again."

"You are dreaming," she told him. "I shall be a cripple and disfigured—"

"You will be neither," he asserted positively. "But it would make no difference if you were; for it is love alone that matters, and you can't deny that we have that."

It was Cecily's own smile that for the first time came over her face like a gleam of sunshine, as she answered:

"You take a great deal for granted; but I'm afraid I can't—deny it."

(Conclusion next week.)

### Dream Song.

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

 $\mathfrak{A}$  MELLOW sun within the heart when days Are wet and dark;

- Still fields to wander where the footsteps raise The sleeping lark;
- Stars flung with lavish hand across the sky; And memories strong

Of happy hours, that back in life's dawn lie,

- When every hedge was sweet with flower and song.
- A million suns lie just beyond the hill Where the dream child looks;
- A million songs in river deeps are still Unsung in books.
- The heart will pant for heather field and sun And houseless plain:
- We sing because we must, like streams that run

Down the waste hills to join the misty main.

The Black Sheep Returns.

BY JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

III.

OHN'S home-coming began to look to him like a blunder. It had certainly stirred up the bottom of the Russell pond; and now everybody with a tongue wagged it as he fished in the unlucky pool. The gossips were out with their fish poles. Paddy Carroll was halted in his daily progress through the streets to recount what he knew of the intruder, to retail what he remembered of the elopement, to color once more the sad deaths of the Russells, and to denounce the returned criminal.

"Aisier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man (like him) to enter the Kingdom of Heaven. Jack Russell's the camel all right," said Paddy, with the air of a Jeremiah.

"And you're the eye of the needle all right," rejoined a scoffer.

"What's that?" cried the old man; but the scoffer had fled.

Old Paddy led one faction, which dilated on the shortcomings of Jack Russell and upon the virtues of his parents. Elihu Bangs led the other; and in the saloons of the unrighteous, in the shops and firehouses, wherever the common folk assembled, could be heard the roar of the combat. Jimmy Thompson set Elihu to extinguish Paddy, but found that the method had only increased the din. He was forced to annihilate both parties himself, which he did by starting the rumor that Mr. Russell hoped to settle in his native town, to purchase the noble Renfrew property, and to become a factor in town affairs.

A sudden lull followed this announcement. Storekeepers forbade in their stores discussion of the Russell incident. In fact, the whole business community "sat down" on it. Elihu fell into a background provided by Mr. Thompson, and Paddy

was rudely shouldered into another. He was even treated with contumely, except by the inveterate gossips. The old man understood perfectly what had happened, and rapped the pavement with his cane in front of the Star office, defying Jimmy Thompson to come out and get his due. The editor refrained. Paddy's power lay in the possession of a long memory, and an ability to recite past history before a crowd, in phrases born in a furnace. The ancient did not enter the office, because a lawyer had informed him that to belie a man in his own house was a misdemeanor with legal penalties. So Paddy looked in at the impregnable editor with a leer, and beat the pavement with his cane.

On Sunday he beheld a curious sight: Mr. John Russell seated between his sister and her husband at the late Mass. They sat in the family pew, and looked subdued but happy.

"The youngsthers nowadays," said Paddy to a crony, "have no spherrit at all, at all."

He was beaten and withdrew into other byways.

In a week Jack Russell had become an ordinary feature of life in Silver Ferry, with a consequent peace which did not give him great satisfaction. The turmoil had been transferred to his own soul. For the first time in his life he was feeling what he thought, and trying to shut out thoughts which sprang from his feelings. The condition worried him. Certain utterances of Paddy Carroll and Kitty, which had passed him by lightly, now came back to him and refused to be waved away. He had a habit of saying to indecisive people: "The door is either open or shut. Now settle whether you want it open or shut; but don't discuss whether it is open or shut, when you see for yourself it is either one or the other." Yet now he was suffering from a state which could not even decide if there was a door to be open or shut. The utterances of his critics were becoming frightfully annoying, in a confused way. That his mother's heart, which he had weighted with sorrow and shame, weighed more than her frail body in the coffin; that his father died ashamed of having lived to beget a scamp like him; that it would be a disgrace to let him own a blade of grass on the grave of his parents; that he never had a heart; and that his family would beg bread before receiving his help,—these sayings now became terrible, personal, real, not the excited utterances of bitter-hearted relatives.

Had he done something which merited these reproaches? How many a foolish boy had run away with a foolish girl in his wild youth and yet escaped such bitter censure! How could his father and mother have taken to heart his escapade, used as parents are to losing their children by marriage, change, or death? His little mother, his upright father, --- why, he had never thought much about them, considering that they had thought little of him: that they had very properly consigned him to the "lumber room," as he would do to any child of his that chose to act foolishly. He had never written to them, had heard only by accident of their death, and had never prayed for their souls. Now these stories of their death-agony, of a love that nothing could extinguish,-a love which awoke at the end of twenty years and bade his brethren receive him with tenderness, not with justice, which looked for him still in heaven, and hoped in the midst of intolerable pain and threatening despair, - what did these stories mean, and why did they rend his heart with an anguish which he could not understand or explain? He waved his hand at them and they would not down. He almost cursed the ancient Paddy Carroll for that terrible phrase: "Her poor heart weighed more in the coffin than her body."

He kept a steady and cheerful face to the Ferry, but the strain began to tell on him. If he could only have soothed it, or waved it away, or explained it! He

remained in dreadful confusion, with a dread that he had slain his own happiness as Macbeth had murdered sleep,the innocent sleep! His sisters had accepted him out of sheer weariness of pain, and his brother remained awayin discreet disgust. The storm had passed over their heads, but the storm in his soul increased in fury as the days went by. He was obsessed by it, so he went to visit the priest. They had been good friends twenty years ago, when he had thought of entering the seminary; but from the day of his escapade the priest had passed out of his life as completely as his mother and father and family.

Oh, he belonged to a certain parish in the West! He paid his share of the church expenses. He was acquainted with his pastor and other priests, but they had no more to do with his life and thought than the municipal officers. They were there when he came, they would be still there when he left,-perhaps forever; and he accepted them just as he accepted the doctor and the sheriff and the schoolteacher. He never thought of their credentials as representatives of Christ, of their necessary place in human life and need, of their tremendous responsibility and labor, and of his share in their support, protection, and responsibility. And he went now to see Father Cressy only in the hope that the priest, as a cool, experienced witness of the family history, could settle the tumult in his own mind. He hated to admit the existence of this tumult. There was no reason for it. Hysterical women and a cracked ancient had not the power to disturb a levelheaded business man like himself. He hoped that the facts in possession of the priest might settle his feelings, and thus enable him to enjoy his visit.

Father Cressy received him affably, without any allusion in speech or action to their past acquaintance. They sat down in the study, which in twenty years had changed little more than the priest himself: the same gold paper on the wall, the same pictures and mementos of his college life; the old, enduring mission furniture; the iron safe, the revolving bookcase, the shelves with the green curtains, and the dominant picture of the reigning Pope over the desk. Hardly an item seemed changed; and, in the electric light, youth still lingered on the priest's placid face.

"I would have called before," Mr. Russell explained, "but for unexpected difficulties in greeting my family."

"Ah, to be sure!" observed Father Cressy, in the tone which meant that his reverence gave not a rap for explanations and apologies.

("Now, here's a man," said Mr. Russell to Jack, otherwise himself, "who has the right point of view. When I left here I dropped out of his ken, and I have stayed out to the crack of doom. No sentiment here.")

"Naturally, there was a good deal of talk between myself and the other members of the family before we could come to an understanding. My brother still holds out against me, but he will come around in time. I am rich and I want to help them. On account of their bitterness over my departure some years ago, they were at first determined to reject all help. However, all is well at present with them and me. What I called on your reverence for was to get some light on the things we discussed. If you do not mind my asking certain questions, I shall be glad."

The priest made an expansive gesture. "Did my mother really die of a broken heart because I ran away as I did?"

"Undoubtedly," said Father Cressy.

"Did my father take the matter so seriously that he never looked up while on the street, and finally died, as my sister said, ashamed of having lived?"

"Very accurate description of the facts," answered the priest.

"I am at a loss to understand them," said Russell, lamely.

Father Cressy studied the distance

quietly, as if inability to understand were not his concern, and he did not speak. At another time Mr. John Russell would have taken the hint and gone away, like a good business man; but something forced him to insist on Father Cressy's speaking, in the hope of securing relief from the intolerable pain tormenting him now more than ever.

"I mean," continued Russell, "that I can not see in my escapade at the age of twenty any good reason for my mother to die, and my father to act queerly, and my brother and sisters to get so bitter. I soon got straight in the West and have made a fortune. But since I came back I have been made to feel that I committed a detestable crime."

"The air of the West probably agrees with you," said Father Cressy, suavely, "and this air doesn't. You have done so well out there and so ill here that one is at liberty to suppose it, I think. Quite likely, too, you are lucky in possessing no qualities of the heart, which generally are absent from successful business men."

"Good shot!" replied the other. "My brother told me the same thing,—that I have no heart. If it would not be too much trouble, Father, would you kindly tell me just how and why my father and mother died, and what effect my elopement had upon the family fortunes?"

"Would it be of any use?" said the priest, indifferently. "Why this interest after twenty years of callous neglect? What is your motive? Frankly, I feel this way: we wasted too much time on your sort twenty years ago, and do not feel like wasting any more. You say that you do not understand the grief, the deaths, the sadness wrought by your escapade? Well, is it worth while prying into a nature so dull? Is it not better to wait until the judgment which wakes up men like you? I do not think any other power can give you that understanding which springs from brain and heart together."

His level voice had no passion in it,

although the words burned into John Russell like fire, and roused his irritation.

"Please, Father," he said with affected humility, "don't take advantage of me to get even for the disappointment of twenty years."

"Do not flatter yourself with that thought," the priest replied. "My one effort is to punish myself for being so easily victimized by the fakers. If they can get away now with their game, they are welcome to the triumph. No: I am just saying that it is not worth the trouble to make explanations of the sort you ask to men like you. Your very asking shows the vacant spots in your make-up. Let these spots be your excuse at judgment. They are a very good reason for me not to do what you ask. You can not understand."

"Probably that is my trouble now,—that I am coming to understand," said Russell, as a light broke in on him. "Let me tell you just what has happened and how it happened, and then you will understand, perhaps better than I do, what I am suffering from."

When he had done, and his voice broke frequently during the tale, Father Cressy began talking in direct fashion about his mother's death.

"I suppose that few of us know what real love is, and none of us know what a mother's love is,-I mean the love of nature supplemented by the love of grace, both cemented by the habit of years. A mother sees a child day and night for so many years, lives so much in the child, that his voice, his step, his ways, his clothes, his books, become woven with her very texture, as it were; and she loves until death, through all kinds of torture; and beyond death, too, because love is of the soul and does not perish. Parents have a special love for the first-born and the last-born; I need not tell you why. Your mother loved you in that way. I saw more of her dying, heard more of her grief, than your brother and sisters, because she concealed

so much from them. I consoled her, helped her to suffer with resignation, tried to save that precious life, scattered by the hand she loved. I, the stranger, tried to undo your awful work, but I could not. She was glad to die, because she felt that you would not be found right away, and she was ashamed. Yet she would willingly have lived for your father's sake and for the other children: but the blow was too sure and deep for any earthly power to save her. She died of a broken heart; and I thanked God, with all my sins before my mind, that this particular sin could never be laid to my charge. And every word was love and grief for you, from the moment she lay down till her breath went from her."

John Russell gritted his teeth and looked steadily at the priest, his arms folded across his breast to keep down that something within which seemed threatening to leap forth and devour him.

"What a broken family stood about her grave! The double grief lay on themdeath and shame. I saw people weep that day at the funeral who would not weep over their own dead. There was something so heartrending in the combination of death and shame. You, I may well say, you were buried in your mother's grave that day. Then came your father's turn,-the proud man, who loved you and boasted that you would be his honor in life and his stay in death. He never forgot his pride any more than his shame. How often I rallied him on his grief, on that shamed walk of his to the church and to work! I pointed out to him that youth was thoughtless, that you would repent and come back with honor, and a thousand other things,all powerless to save him. That precious life you scattered recklessly, and I, the stranger, tried in vain to save it. He tried to curse you, and his lips failed him, or turned curses into blessings; he tried to forget you, but memory remained stubborn. Oh, you held him, sir, worthless

as you were, to the last! He, too, died of a broken heart, in a kind of despair, which God would not permit to be despair in a father who loved so truly and so tenderly. Then a blight fell on the family; death knocked twice at the door, the members separated, they did not thrive.

"It was due in part to the shadow of disgrace which hung over them, and to the ridicule of the cruel gossips,-women with the tongues of devils, who stung their victims to death as with poison. O Mr. John Russell, you were for many years the grief of all the good Catholics here, the joy of the dissipated, the hero of the reckless, and the scorn of our enemies! You have returned rich and comfortable and prosperous; and again you have become an argument against us, against your own people, against God Himself; for the atheists naturally point to you in comparison with your family,you, the sinner, in prosperity; they, the virtuous, poor and afflicted. And, most. wonderful of all these strange and sad events, you do not understand why your mother so loved you that she had to die, and your father the same. You have been silent twenty years, not for lack of brains, but for lack of heart. You wonder at your brother and sisters,-at their bitterness, after you yourself scarred their lives with your terrible heartlessness, as if the torturer should complain that the victims screamed under the hot irons. Really, such instances as you provide prove my pet thesis-the stupidity of mankind."

Father Cressy stopped at this point and made a comment on his long monologue, which he had partly chanted in a monotone.

"I am always surprised when I get talking in this fashion, which I sometimes do half an hour on the stretch, quite unconscious of my own fluency. It is easy to gabble in old age. But what I have told you is the truth, as I and many others saw it. God keep us from a death like that which befell your father and mother at your hands! If you are suffering now on their account, thank God that He did not desert you until you came to judgment. You must weep from now till death for your horrid crimes against those who loved you as we can be loved only once in this world. But you will go home, I suppose, to your family and your business, and just wonder at the queer people it takes to make up a world."

The other man did not answer. He was sitting upright in the chair, with his arms folded, resolute and calm, his head resting lightly against the wall. With an exclamation, Father Cressy jumped to his feet and rushed to his side. Then he hastened to the kitchen for restoratives. His visitor had fainted.

(Conclusion next week.)

#### The Forgotten Shrine.

A TRUE STORY OF AN ENGLISH VILLAGE CHURCH.

#### BY RICHARD CECIL WILTON.

HERE seemed nothing to suggest a shrine in the surroundings of the side chapel now generally used as a vestry. From the north wall stared down the almost featureless face of a seventeenth-century baby of noble blood, with its quaintly pathetic legend, Hen. vixit horas 6. A huge, table-like tomb, with bulging marble legs, spoke of the glories of a departed countess of the same date; the windows were darkened by the immense beech trees of the churchyard; two rusty iron rings in the floor indicated the vault where many proud earls lay buried; and the whole atmosphere was of that peculiarly mouldy character which distinguishes ancient ecclesiastical buildings used only once a week.

But all these Protestant externals did not affect the worship of a little boy kneeling there in the twilight. Out of

a cavity made by the destruction of the ancient credence table he cautiously drew a plaster cast of the head of Our Lady. This he hung upon the wall where once an altar stood, and then, lighting two candles, he proceeded to read Vespers,all the while listening in his subconscious brain for the sound of alien footsteps which might bring rebuke or derision. In spite of his Evangelical home, his heart had been inspired by the records of the past, telling of the glories of the Mediæval Church, and his devotion had been aroused as he read of the honor paid in days gone by to the Mother of God. And here, in what seemed to him might have been the Lady chapel, he loved to worship the Incarnate Lord. He was half ashamed and half afraid, and yet an eager loyalty to the spirit of the past made these moments very precious to him. This was the time to which he looked forward all the day; for, when lessons were over, he could come here and find that peace which the world can not give, and see that sweet face looking down upon him in the flickering candlelight.

How little the lonely worshipper realized that here had once stood the image of "Our Lady of Pitie in Londesborough church," at the feet of which the brother of the martyred Robert Aske had, in his will, directed he should be laid! Once wax tapers had blazed in abundance where now two poor little composition candles gave a feeble flame. Once the revered statue of the Blessed Virgin had stood where now only the remnants of its battered pedestal could remind the antiquarian eye of the glories of a longpast day.

Perhaps some now forgotten vision granted by the Maiden Mother to a faithful soul had made this little corner sacred. The world does not esteem it, even the Catholic Church has now no record of it, but Mary herself remembers. So her humble votary knows in these latter days. As time passed on, his own devotion had faded almost away. The full tide of life in the universities, the varied interests of the mighty metropolis, drew his heart to less heavenly things. But those hours he had spent as a boy in the forgotten shrine were not forgotten by Our Lady of Pitie. She claimed him as her child when grey hairs were upon him, and led him once more to that sacred nook so dear to his childhood.

A new generation had found its history, and adorned the chapel with a window in which the Mother of the Lord offered her Divine Child in the Temple; and Raphael's picture now hung where once her image stood. While round the chapel beautiful screen work, to which even far-off America had sent its offerings, made the place seem holy ground. It was the usual pathetic Anglican attempt to revive those Catholic externals, the reality beneath which only the faithful know. As our Blessed Lord said, so these Pusevite restorations make us feel, "their fathers killed the prophets, and they build their sepulchres."

But "the child is father of the man," and once more the days of his boyhood came back to the grey-haired figure kneeling there. "Now he was no longer a stranger and foreigner, but a fellowcitizen with the saints and of the household of God." Our Lady of Pitie, Help of Christians, had remembered him and brought him back a Catholic to her forgotten shrine.

# A Word of the Times.

The Arabic ta'rifa or ta'rif (from 'arafa, know) means notification, information, inventory. In old Italian tariffa; and in old French tariffe, meant arithmetic, or the casting of accounts. In Spanish tariffa means a list of prices, book of rates. And from some or all of these words comes our own "tariff," a list or table of goods with the duties or customs to be paid on them, either on importation or exportation.

## The Need of a Catholic Daily.

 $\mathbf{X}$  E do not share the doubts that have been expressed by some of our contemporaries in regard to the feasibility of founding a daily Catholic newspaper. If this work is postponed until its success is assured and all risks are removed, it will never be taken up. The most promising business enterprises sometimes fail, and the best-laid plans often miscarry. It argues much-very much, in our opinion,-for the success of such a venture that the need of a daily journal to uphold Catholic principles, to defend truth and combat error, is now generally recognized by the most intelligent and influential class of our people. It is by no means necessary that we should have, all at once, a newspaper as great as the greatest of the "great dailies," as they are called, which have grown and prospered for decades. Some of these papers had small beginnings, and not a few were better-more influential and more readable-when they were smaller than they are at present.

The ambition to be many-paged has lessened considerably the value and interest of one daily newspaper that we have in mind. There was a time when it was so reliable that every reader "swore by it"; but now, when extra pages have to be filled—though, as often happens, there is nothing of any consequence to put in them,—it has sunk to the level of its esteemed contemporaries. It is not half so objectionable, of course, as the worst of them, but it is not very much better than the best.

There will be a reaction sooner or later from the large newspaper filled with everything—and nothing. The people are beginning to tire of padding, it has been so overdone. The man who "writes against space" and the "filler up" will not be in so great demand when the war is over. The need is beginning to be felt of an old-time, eight-page newspaper, well edited and "jam-full" of what the people want to know about, and that busy folk can spare time for,—a paper that will not manufacture news, nor allow itself to be bought up: that will not run to advertisements, nor be other things that render the average daily newspaper a delusion and a snare. The reaction is sure to come, and the Catholic daily might as well anticipate it.

Many persons now see the need of a Catholic daily newspaper to counteract the evil wrought by yellow journalism, at least among Catholics; to combat the half-truths and whole-lies of the "superior" secular press; to correct false impressions as soon as they are given; to expose errors before they have had time to spread, and to keep Catholic principles ever before the minds of the public. The evil is everywhere recognized, and the need of a remedy is everywhere felt-even at the antipodes. The Archbishop of Hobart, Tasmania, in an able pastoral letter remarks: "The veiled sneer, the muffled scoff, the half-truth, are more dangerous than the open attack. The small, drip, drip of half calumny is not to be neutralized by sermons, refutations or lectures. It must be opposed with a corrective as constant as itself." The only corrective for the constant evil of the demoralizing daily newspaper is a newspaper upholding moral principles, and doing this every day in the year.

It seems to us that the time has come to start an English Catholic daily newspaper in the United States. It is almost a necessity. The least observant now see the need of it. That there is a wide field for such an undertaking can not be questioned. The Catholic population of this country is estimated at sixteen millions. Are we not numerous enough or zealous enough to support one daily newspaper?

Let not the enterprise be jeopardized at the start. A wrong start and incompetent management will ruin anything. The place in which to found a Catholic daily is the metropolis or one of our largest cities. It will require considerable capital to establish it, an experienced manager to conduct it, a capable editor to edit it, and a corps of competent assistants for every department. Approbations will be helpful, of course, but practical support will be necessary all the time. A Catholic daily newspaper is sure to meet with success, if it gets even half a chance at the outset.

# Make Them Learn to Swim.

W/ITH the advent of summer come the usual daily lists, rapidly growing in length from May to October, of deaths by drowning. People read them year after year, deplore the fatalities, sympathize with such of the grieving survivors as they may happen to knowand remain apparently blind to the one truth which each successive accident of this nature should engrave on their minds and be externalized in their conduct: that to be unable to swim is nowadays little short of criminal imprudence in young people especially, and in the parents who control such young people. It is elementary that a large-a very large-proportion of these watery deaths would have been averted had the unfortunate victims known even how to keep themselves afloat for a quarter or a half hour. As for the fallacy one still sometimes hears, "Oh, it's just those who are good swimmers that most frequently drown!" it is scarcely necessary to expose it. When a good swimmer drowns, the case is so exceptional that it naturally invites comment; when those who are ignorant of the art go down, it is accepted as a matter of course. The parents who allow their children to play about creeks, streams, rivers, and lakes without seeing to it that the young people are instructed in this most useful branch of athletics, are clearly injudicious, and are not improbably storing up for themselves future sorrow.

### Notes and Remarks.

Whatever merits may be possessed by the system of government by parties, it is generally recognized that there are periods and conjunctures when partisanship must give way to patriotism. In republics, kingdoms, and empires, the common interests of the country at large must, in critical times, take undoubted precedence over the political capital to be made by this side or that. Even before the recent formation of the Coalition Cabinet in England, party-lines were so far obliterated that the Liberal government sought the advice of leading members of the opposition, and their doing so was looked upon as eminently sane and proper. As for our own country, it would be idle to declare that existing conditions and probable occurrences do not constitute a critical situation. War, it is true, is not inevitable, either with Mexico or with Germany; but it is so far from being a purely academic question that it must be envisaged as a possible, not to say a probable, outcome of the present imbroglio, cisatlantic and transatlantic. It is, therefore, gratifying to learn that American interests are being looked after, not merely by able Democratic politicians with an eye to reaping party advantages over their Republican opponents, but by statesmen of both parties. An authoritative Washington correspondent imparts this reassuring bit of information:

Very few are aware that—notwithstanding the eminence and ability of certain attachés of the State Department—ever since the European War broke out last August, the Government has had at its service an unofficial council, composed of the greatest authorities on international law and procedure now living in this country. Some of these men may be Republicans, some Democrats. Their political leaning has had nothing to do with the fact that they have been on duty constantly for nearly ten months, studying every move made by foreign Powers, interpreting relations of this or that to the United States, forecasting as far as possible every emergency which

might arise; and, through such information conveyed by the State Department to the White House, enabling President Wilson to possess the combined opinion of the most experienced advisers; so that when the time came to act he could act promptly and surely, as he is doing.

This is quite as it should be. For the time being our statesmen should be, so far as our foreign interests are concerned, neither Democrats nor Republicans, but simply and wholly Americans.

The initiative taken by the Philadelphia Centre of the Catholic Theatre Movement, in the matter of exercising some censorship control over the Moving Pictures industry, is worthy of all commendation. For every frequenter of the oldtime theatre, there are nowadays in all probability a hundred spectators of the "films." To prepare a White List of these multitudinous films would, of course. be impracticable; but a similar list of motion-picture establishments supplying only unobjectionable films will do much to accomplish excellent results. Meantime, those who have the responsibility of safeguarding the morals of the young need to bear in mind that these moving pictures easily lend themselves to the excitation of passions which need no fostering, and should see to it that their youthful charges are kept away from such halls as have acquired a reputation for questionable representations. White Lists are good, but personal supervision on the part of parents is better and far more effective.

According to Judge Harry Dolan, of the Boys' Court, Chicago, one out of every ten boys between seventeen and twenty-one years old in that city has been arrested and brought before the Court during the past year. The Judge does not state how many of these delinquents were condemned, acquitted or paroled; but it is to be hoped that the greater number escaped imprisonment, for it is unquestionable that in most

cases confinement in jail has the effect of confirming young persons in an evil career. The very environment of a prison is contaminating. In making the statement above quoted, Judge Dolan compared the Thirty-Fifth Street police station (where, at the time he was speaking, four boy bandits were locked up in dingy, unsanitary cells) with the lightsome, comfortable quarters maintained for wild animals in Lincoln Park. The most ferocious of them are amenable to kind treatment. Even tigers may be tamed. Treating boys as criminals can hardly fail to make them such in reality.

Addressing the largest audience yet assembled in the new cathedral of St. Louis—Children of Mary met to make "an act of reparation to the Blessed Virgin for her descerated, and this year deserted, shrines in the countries at war,"—Archbishop Gleinnon declared there were forces gathering and forming now in silence and sadness that will soon be recognized, and by means of which peace will be restored to the world. The cries of bereaved and suffering women would rise in such mighty protest as to compel the antagonists to refrain from further slaughter.

It was a hopeful utterance. More than half of the human race engaged in a war of unprecedented barbarity, its victims already numbering a million on each side, is a spectacle too horrifying for the world to contemplate much longer, much less to endure.

While smiling over some of the advice which the editor of the *Congregationalist* gives to his readers, Catholics can not help hoping that it will be taken very seriously by all to whom it is addressed. "The large majority of the members of the Roman Catholic Church in this country," declares this Protestant editor, "are honest, pure, patriotic men and women. The priests, bishops, and nuns, as

a rule, are intelligent and sincere." This is lovely, of course; though no doubt many readers of the Congregationalist considered it ultra-liberal and suspected editor-man of being temporarily the "under the mighty spell of Rome." as the ministers say. These impressions must have been strengthened by the further advice: "Do not circulate rumors prejudicial to Roman Catholics. Some of these rumors are base lies and will not stand the test either of investigation or of common-sense. . . . Make friends with Roman Catholics as widely as possible. Get their point of view concerning parochial schools, for example,"

If all Protestants would only try to get the Catholic point of view! As for the editor of the *Congregationalist*, we do not despair of convincing him that, though detesting Congregationalism, we love all Congregationalists.

We note in our Irish exchanges that the course of lectures on Catholic theology which Father Finlay, S. J., has been delivering in University College, Dublin, is concluded for the present term. The latest of these lectures contains much material with which all unbelievers, most Protestants, and too many Catholics would do well to become thoroughly familiar. On the subject, "Divine Faith: the Condition of Honest Unbelievers," the learned lecturer said, among other admirable things:

There is, of course, no such thing as wholly pagan character amongst us: no man escapes the influences of the Christian Faith: we are all brought up and live in an atmosphere created by the Christian religion. But we meet with men and women sometimes who disclaim all belief in it, and who deny the need of it for lives of the highest moral excellence. We meet with Catholics-though it may be rarelywho point to such lives as exemplary, and contrast them with the lives of men and women who profess the Catholic Faith and are members of the Church. But moral excellence does not lie in the mere externals of life: it is a thing of the heart and will. And there is something far higher and more necessary than an

"exemplary" life: there is the life of grace, and death in grace, which no man can achieve unless through Faith in Divine Revelation. Civilization, temperament, educational influences, family and social surroundings, may combine to produce a type of character which, in appearance, and in exceptional instances, is scarcely to be distinguished from the best amongst believers. But such a life does not rise of itself, and even at its best, above the mere level of nature: its aims, motives, energies, will be purely natural; and, while it may win men's admiration, and be held up to them to copy, it is of no supernatural value,-helps nothing toward the real purpose for which life is given to us.

The foregoing statement enunciates a doctrine too readily forgotten or lost sight of in a world where the environment is principally non-Catholic.

Pithy and pointed is the latest epigram of Bishop Schrembs, of Toledo, anent the desideratum in our laity. We need, he says, Catholic leaders, not leading Catholics. This latter phrase, it must be confessed, is not always judiciously applied. All too often it connotes merely the idea of material wealth or social standing in the general world, with no necessary connection whatever with distinctive Catholic life and action. As a matter of verifiable fact in any Catholic community, the "leading" (in the sense of "foremost") members of the Church are commonly enough neither exceptionally well-to-do nor members of their town's "four hundred." The Catholic leaders whom Bishop Schrembs calls for need, far more than wealth or social prestige, living faith translated into virile action, and initiative, energy, and perseverance,-the faith-fed perseverance which, "even in the teeth of clinched antagonisms," follows up the worthiest till death.

In the sermon preached by Abbot Vonier at the Requiem Mass for the late Father Maturin at Oxford, he was quoted as having said in a conversation with the speaker: "For years I felt that my spiritual life lacked completion. I used to see the beginning of great public buildings, and when, years after, I happened to see those buildings completed and roofed in, it was always with a pang I said to myself, 'There is another building completed, and I am still unfinished.'"

In the Church, Father Maturin found fulness of life. And who can doubt that in death he received its crown, for he was faithful to the end? Just before the torpedo struck the "Lusitania," he was noticed by somebody reciting the Divine Office; and later he was seen giving absolution to the passengers, so many of whom, like himself, were about to die. What happier death could he have chosen for himself? Singularly appropriate was the text of Abbot Vonier's sermon: "And Peter, making answer, said: Lord, if it be Thou, bid me come to Thee upon the waters."

Mr. G. K. Chesterton-whose words furnish sufficient justification for their frequent quotation—is not a lover, much less a defender, of society as organized on its present basis; but very much less is he a supporter of the programme by which Socialism would overthrow the existing order. He sees two possible results to the present crisis,-one a popular, the other a Socialistic revolution. "If you make the revolution," he says to the Socialists, "it will be marked by all the things that democracy detests and I detest: the talk about the inevitable, the love of statistics, the materialist theory of history, the trivialities of sociology, and the uproarious folly of eugenics. I'know the risk I run. Perhaps democracy will never move. Perhaps the English people, if you gave it beer enough, would accept even eugenics. It is enough for me for the moment to say that I can not believe it. The poor are so obviously right, I can not fancy that they will never enforce their rightness against all the prigs of your party and mine. At any rate, that is my answer. I am

not a Socialist, just as I am not a Tory, because I have not lost faith in democracy."

In this instance, Mr. Chesterton's argument is valuable as pointing out a rather common fallacy—namely, that Socialism is a democratic movement.

Discussing at some length Vatican news and Vatican rumors, Rome draws the moral that has been drawn by most other observant and intelligent readers of the world-press during the past nine or ten months. Three things, it says, are of outstanding prominence in all this mass of information and misinformation concerning Benedict XV. The first is that the Pope, whether he stays in Rome or leaves it, is by far the most interesting personality in the world. The second is that the extraordinary prudence of Benedict XV. is already justified before the world. And the third is the absolute necessity that the Holy See be independent, not only really but visibly, of every civil power, and first of all independent of Italy.

Instead of being the most aristocratic of American universities. Harvard is one of the most democratic. We learn from the late Prof. Gardiner's recently published history of this institution ("American College and University Series") that among the 2200 students, more than half partly or wholly earn their keep by being Jacks-of-all-trades, -- carpenters, chauffeurs, waiters, etc. Emerson himself was a waiter at Harvard a hundred years ago, and suffered as little social detriment on that account as a potential sage suffers now. The purpose of the founders of Harvard College was that "everyone shall consider the main end of his life and studies to know God and Jesus Christ, which is eternal life."

It is a gratifying experience to find that the better class of non-Catholic editors are coming to recognize truths which the really scholarly non-Catholic historians have long since insisted upon, regarding the much-mooted and badly misnamed Reformation in Germany. Professor Wedder's authoritative work upon that subject is commended by the *Holy Cross Magazine* (Anglican) as a work "of the new Protestant school of history," which is characterized by "a candor and honesty in searching out and accepting historical data that was not possible to the average non-Catholic historian of half a century ago." On one point the reviewer lays special emphasis:

Professor Wedder is following the example of many fair-minded Protestant scholars of the present generation, in exposing the error of believing that the Mediæval age cared nothing for the Scriptures in a language spoken by the people. As far back as the middle-Saxon days in England, large portions of the Bible were translated into the tongue of the people for their edification. When printing was invented, almost immediately the Bible began to be set forth in the vernacular. Luther's German Bible is still supposed by many to have been the first popular translation. It was brought out in 1530; but before this date it is said that more than seventy editions of the Bible, in different languages spoken by the people of Europe, had issued from the printing press. "The Cambridge Modern History" is responsible for the statement that fourteen translations of the Vulgate into German, and five into Low Dutch, were known to exist before Luther undertook his task.

Historians of English literature particularly should take note of these facts, and have done with their mistaken glorification of Wycliffe as the "father of the English Bible."

It turns out that the three "Irish officers" who, according to the French papers, "laid a wreath of lilies and roses at the feet of Jeanne d'Arc" when passing through Rouen on their way to the front, were sons of three British generals—Sir Desmond O'Callaghan, General Gregorie, and the late General Sir William Butler. It was a graceful act of homage, and one that would have been especially gratifying to the gallant Butler.



## A Child's Good-Night.

BY ARTHUR C. WARE.

DEAR Lord, my eyes are full of sleep, So long has been the day, And I have given up my books, And I am tired of play.

But ere I seek my trundle-bed,

I come in haste to Thee,-

Good-night, dear Sacred Heart,-good-night,-And watch Thou over me!

I know I need Thee always near, So keep me in Thy sight

Until I come to Thee again,-

Dear Sacred Heart, good-night! ......

The Trevor Treasure.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

Τ.



AM at my wit's end, children," said the mother, sinking into the comfortable old easychair near the fire. "I don't

see how we are going to manage,-what with the withdrawal of our dividends and the payment on the mortgage falling due in the spring. It will be sad indeed if we have to give up this place."

"Give up this place?" cried Edward and Catherine with one voice, while Mary and little Arthur left the block house they were building on the carpet and came slowly to their mother's side.

"Yes, dear children, we may have to do it. Our railroad has gone into bankruptcy; at present the shares are practically worthless."

"But the interest on the bonds, mother! We still have that, haven't we?" inquired -Catherine.

"Yes, but it amounts to only six hun-

dred a year. And there are five of us,six with Anna. Still, with the garden and the chickens we could make it do very nicely, were it not for that frightful mortgage."

"O mother, we *must* do something!" said Edward. "We can not give up our house."

"The mortgage does not include all the property, you know," answered Mrs. Trevor. "There are five acres exempt. The old stone smokehouse stands on the edge of the reserved part. The house and three acres go together."

"If Edward and I were-two or three years older we might do something. But as it is—" Catherine paused with a sigh.

"Our Lady will help us,-I know she will!" exclaimed Mary. "Let us go on with our novenas, people."

"Certainly we shall," said the mother, drawing the child closer to her side. "We must not give up hope."

Edward laid another log on the fire: it burned into a lively blaze.

Mrs. Trevor leaned back in her chair and closed her tired eyes. But her face still bore the cheerful expression which was never absent from it, though she had passed through many fires of sorrow and reverses. Suddenly she roused herself and put her hand in her pocket, from which she drew a dingy envelope.

"Here is something I found to-day in the attic, and where do you think?"

"Where, mother?" asked Edward.

"In great-grandfather Trevor's little trunk, which has not been opened before, perhaps, since grandfather died. Your papa's father was not at all curious about old papers, neither was papa, but I am."

"So am I," replied Edward. "How did you happen to find it, mother?"

"I was just rummaging, with a view to clearing out all useless stuff. I found nothing else but some packets of letters which your papa and I had once read together. This was in a slit at the side of the trunk. I never saw it before, and I am curious to see what is in it."

"Take my pocketknife and cut around it, so as not to break the seal," said Edward, opening the knife and handing it to her.

Mrs. Trevor carefully manipulated the edges of the seal: it came off intact. Handing it to Edward, who had a passion for old things, she said:

"This you may keep, dear, for your collection."

Then she opened the deeply-creased yellow paper and read as follows:

"'To all whom it may concern. This I have had from my father, who had it from his, concerning the Trevor Treasure, which may or may not exist; the tale of which may be a jest, a fiction, or a truth. Whatever—it is one not easily to be come at. Three generations have not been able to solve the mystery which hear, ye who read, to wit:

He who will the Trevor Treasure find Must be of a clear and patient mind. From the third block in front of the great door, Step three blocks east, and no more; Then north five, then three west,

Four south, and there rest.

Turn the pivot in the middle round,

And there the Trevor Treasure will be found.""

"How interesting!" cried Edward.

"But how puzzling!" rejoined Mrs. Trevor; while Catherine asked:

"Is there really a Trevor Treasure, mother?"

"There is a tradition in the family that at the time of the Catholic persecutions in England, the first Trevors who came to America brought with them considerable plate, which was hidden, awaiting the time when they might return. I do not know much about it."

"How long ago was that?" asked Catherine.

Mrs. Trevor reflected.

"Perhaps three hundred years," she replied.

"Is this house as old as that, mother?" inquired Mary.

"Oh, no! The original dwelling was burned to the ground. This was built about a hundred and fifty years ago."

Edward took the document from his mother's hand and read it over slowly to himself.

"A curious thing," he said. "I wish it were true just now, or that we couldunderstand it. We haven't any block pavements hereabouts, have we?"

"None whatever," replied Mrs. Trevor. "I had not thought it referred to America at all. Father and I believed the treasure, if there were any, was hidden in England."

They continued to discuss the subject until supper was announced, without coming to any further conclusion or throwing any new light upon it. With his mother's permission, Edward retained possession of the paper, which he put into his pocket. The others gave it no further thought; but Edward often read over the quaint rhyme, especially at night before going to bed. It had a strange fascination for him.

Weeks passed and there seemed to be no solution to their pecuniary difficulties. Gradually the little household were endeavoring to face the fact that their home was about to be taken from them. Still they prayed, and, in spite of darkening clouds, were not only resigned but hopeful for the future.

. . . . . . .

There was no Catholic church in Beverly, the nearest being five miles distant, in a manufacturing town. The Trevors went over to Mass every Sunday, in their little barouche, with Edward driving. They were somewhat crowded, though the two younger children enjoyed their cushioned bench facing the back seat of the carriage.

Father O'Brien, the pastor, often came to visit the family, for whom he had a high esteem. One Sunday afternoon he had ridden over to see them; they were all seated in the arbor where they sometimes had tea on pleasant evenings.

"I have an assistant now," said the

priest, "and two new missions, because of the quarries that are being worked all around us. About two hundred men and their families are to be sent to this neighborhood, to the Winston quarries which are about to be reopened. If there were any suitable place for Mass, there would be a congregation large enough to have service every Sunday. They are nearly all Catholics, but I fear many of them can not attend Mass if they are obliged to go five miles."

"And there is no place, Father," said Mrs. Trevor after a pause.

"No dilapidated barns or tenantless houses?" inquired the priest.

"No, Father," was the reply.

"I suppose they will put up tents or portable houses for the quarrymen," said Catherine. "We might induce the Company to give us an extra one for a chapel."

Father O'Brien shook his head.

"They would never do it," he said. "We could erect a tent for the summer," he continued, "and by winter possibly some sort of shed could be built."

While the priest was speaking Edward had left the group, tea being nearly over. Father O'Brien was lighting his eigar when the boy returned.

"Let us walk a little down the road," he said. "It is such a pleasant evening and the moon is rising."

All agreed to the proposition, and they set forth, commenting on the beauty of the night as they walked along. As they approached the end of the long stone wall which encircled their property, Edward said:

"Here, Father, is the boundary of our land; and yonder, almost on the dividing line, is the old smokehouse. Do you think that would do for a chapel?"

"Do?" exclaimed the priest. "It would be ideal. It is solidly built, and I presume not in bad condition within."

"Shall we see?" asked Mrs. Trevor. "The door is not locked."

In a few moments they were standing inside. There were four high windows. "Just the thing for a church," remarked Catherine.

"They could be enlarged with very little expense," said the priest.

The coiling was heavily beamed, many great rusty hooks depending from the huge rafters. There were also a number of straight thick wooden pegs on the wall. For the rest, all was bare.

"If we may have the use of it, Mrs. Trevor—" remarked the priest.

"Certainly, Father," she replied.

"Thank you from my heart!" said the priest. "God will bless you for this. Now, Master Edward," he continued, "there is one great work to be accomplished here, and it is the first thing we must do. The floor ought to be thoroughly scraped and cleaned. I know a couple of men who will be glad to do it. After that is done, the rest will be easy. The quarrymen can easily put up an altar and throw a few wooden benches together. Before the colony is fairly settled our chapel will be ready, *Deo gratias*!"

(Conclusion next week.)

Tommy Travers.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XXV.--CAPULCO.-GOOD NEWS.

IRDLED by its groves and gardens Ò and fountains, Capulco rose on the mountain ridge of whose rock it was built, strong and lofty as the enchanted castle of some fairy tale. Around, below, beyond, the rugged heights were riven with shaft and pit and chasm, honeycombed with choking "leads" hollowed into black caverns. But of all this there came no sign or sound to the enchanted castle towering to the sunlit sky. The landscape gardener that planned year in and year out for "Long Tom" had seen to that. No shadow from the gloomy depths that he ruled must darken the beauty of his home. And there were those who said it was a just judgment that his mansion now lay in black, unlifting shadows. For the first time in his five and forty years of life, all dad's wealth and power and strength had been set at naught. His works were silent, his men on a strike; but that meant nothing in face of the greater blow that fell upon him three months ago, when his boy, the idol of his proud, strong heart, had been stolen from him.

When the news was flashed to him, dad, wild-eyed and haggard, had met the train, and found Miss Norton fainting and hysterical, and Dr. Devlin still hopelessly confused about facts to which conductors and brakemen and passengers gave most contradicting testimony. Α danger light had been shown, and the train boarded by the kidnappers as it stopped in the blackest depths of the mountain pass. It had all been so swift, so unlooked for, that resistance had been impossible. As soon as the crime was discovered, a crowd of young men had dashed off to the rescue. Foxy Rande, who was recognized by the pursuing party, had made fight and was shot.

And while dad listened, dizzy and desperate, to the confusion of voices around him, some new power of vision in his mind seemed to pierce all these useless details and concentrate on the facts. Foxy Rande had sworn vengeance on him, he knew; there were scores of others that only waited a leader to defy, if possible to attack, him and force him to terms.

"Pay," he said hoarsely to the trusted friend and lawyer, who had hurried to his side,—"pay anything, everything they ask, Vincent. It is no time to bargain, to battle. The boy will die if there is delay. My God, he may be dead even now! Pay anything that—that will bring him back to me alive."

And, though the wires flashed the offer far and near, and it stared from the headlines of a hundred newspapers, there was no response.

"The poor child is dead!" sobbed Miss Norton, who was still weak and nervous

from an experience for which no diploma had prepared her. "In his condition his heart would fail."

"And the shock prove fatal at once," confirmed Dr. Devlin.

"It is your opinion, then, that there is no hope?" questioned Lawyer Vincent.

"Not the least hope," was the assured reply. "I was instructed by Dr. Grand that the slightest excitement would bring on instantaneous paralysis."

"Dead or alive, I'll find him!" swore dad, with whitening lips, when this professional verdict was brought to him.

And then began the search,-the search to which Long Tom bent every power his will and wealth could command. The dragnet of the law had been cast out far and near. Keen-eyed and sharp-eared searchers learned many things from ratfaced Bart, who had been dismissed from Woodley Square, and was babbling in drunken boast of the deal that had made him even with Long Tom; from Granny Pegs, who, still scolding over her "tea" about Nick and Bunt, was beguiled into telling all she had heard through the hole in the stovepipe; from Jakey, who was ready to inform all inquirers that Bunty hated Mr. Travers like "pison" ever since he had threatened to thrash him for taking Tommy to the show; from various cronies of Nick who had been " "done" by that slippery gentleman with. promises of big money that he was soon to make that would settle all scores.

The brothers were traced to the station, and their connection with the late Foxy Rande established beyond all doubt. But, though dad's private wires buzzed with news blackening to Nick and Bunty, the mountain and the valley and the forest were dumb. Buried in the white silence of the snows, they defied all questioning. The searching parties that dad sent out, with promises of golden reward, came back to report of drifts and blocks and snowfalls, of choked passes and vanished trails. Pathless as these mountain fastnesses were at the best, the late blizzard had made them impassable. Then the waters burst into flood; streamlet and creek rose into raging torrents that barred all search.

There had, indeed, been one slight clue, which, followed up eagerly, had led to nothing. An old half-breed, driven in by the floods from the cabin where he drove a small trade with sheep-herders and hunters, reported that, just before the great storm, a rough-looking stranger had come to his place to buy milk, eggs, and crackers for, as he said, a "sick kid" up on the hill. He had come twice, and then Alvarez had seen him no more.

It was a sadly changed and broken dad that sat in the great library of Capulco on this bright April afternoon. Through the wide-open window there came the breath of the waking flowers, the song of birds, the plash of silvery fountains, all the glad witchery of early spring. But the gaunt, hollow-cheeked, stern-lipped man seated at the mahogany desk littered with papers, had no eyes or ears for Nature's charms. He was in consultation with his lawyer, business manager, confidential friend, Mr. Vincent, an elderly gentleman with iron-grey hair and keen, kindly eyes, that were just now fixed with friendly anxiety upon his employer. For, master himself as sternly as he might, there was a look in dad's eyes, a twitch in the strong lines of the mouth, that the watchful lawyer did not like to see. Dad was breaking down; the strength and pride that had upheld him through this dreadful strain were giving way, and, unlike his little Major, he did not know where to look for the help that no human power could give.

"We will go over the whole case from the beginning," he said, putting out a map. "Here is the point where the train stopped,—just about here." (The pointing pencil trembled in dad's hold.) "They shot down the villain Rande not thirty minutes later. They could not have gone very far with the boy. Now, if, as the half-breed says, they came that night to his place for milk and food — my God!" (Dad dropped the pencil and buried his' face in his hands.) "I can't go over it all again. Think it out for me, Vincent, think it out! I—I can't."

"Don't try." The answering tone was deep with sympathy. "Travers, you must listen to me. It is your friend, not your lawyer, who speaks now. You are at the end of your line; you have stood more than mortal man can endure. Drop all this for a while at least, or leave it all to me. Take the first steamer you can get for Europe, the Orient, anywhere."

"And leave my boy, my dead boy, to the carrion crows!" burst forth the wretched man in fierce rage, — "leave his murderers unpunished, this devilish crime against his innocent life unavenged! Never, Vincent,—never! You don't know me or you would not ask such a thing."

"Listen, Travers!" said his friend. "At all risks, I must place the case clearly before you. We have put forth every effort within mental power to trace the boy. He was lost in wilds inaccessible at best, made hopelessly so by storm and Evidently the death of Rande flood. left his less daring followers too cowardly and weak to prosecute their crime further. This Ware and his brother have had time to fly,---to hide themselves in the pathless wilderness, to reach the seacoast, to ship for China or Japan. For you to stay here straining heart, brain, body, in hopeless quest is useless,-nay, more, it is perilous for you, Travers." And the speaker's tone grew low and grave.

"You mean I am going mad," said dad, with a short, harsh laugh. "Not yet, Vincent, — not yet; though sometimes I feel near it when I think how I, who have ruled, bent, swayed all things to my word and will,—I who have held all the power that money gives over time and space and earth and sea, — I who believed my will could control all things, am weak, helpless, impotent in my sorest, darkest need."

"My poor friend," Vincent began-but

the ring of the telephone on the desk beside him interrupted him. He lifted the receiver, and as he listened his grave face quickened into interest. He turned to his employer.

"A man—Jones he calls himself, from Kicking Creek—is at the station inquiring for me. He says he comes in answer to our advertisement posted there."

"Call him here,—call him here!" was the excited reply. "Likely it is another fake of some kind. But we must see him, Vincent,—see him at once."

And again his friend, catching the sharp strain in the speaker's voice, roused into pity.

"I will go meet him," he said. "There is no need for you to be annoyed. If he is a fake, as you say, I will turn him off."

"But if not—if he has news, real news, Vincent!"

"Then I will bring him to you at once," said Vincent; and he turned from the room, leaving his client to sink back in his big chair.

When he found himself alone, dad gave way to the dulness of despair that for long nights and days had pressed so heavily. Why should he struggle against it? Why bear this fierce, unending pang of loss, this rage against his weakness, his impotence that was maddening him? And suddenly, as if in answer, there came a memory of a wizened little form stretched helplessly upon a bed of pain; of little hands folded patiently upon a "plaster jacket"; of blue eyes looking up at him brightly from a pale, wasted little face. "It is a little tough, dad; but, as Father Sauvé says, we all have to be soldiered sometimes. Don't worry. I can 'stick it out.'"

Ah, his brave, spirited boy, his little soldier Tommy! Where had he found the strange, sweet strength that had sustained him during those long years of suffering, or the wings that had upborne him from his bed of pain? Where had Tommy learned so cheerily to "stick it out"? And the first tears that had dimmed dad's eyes for many a year blurred his vision now as Mr. Vincent re-entered the room in strange excitement.

"News at last, my friend,—news that I scarcely know whether to believe or doubt! I don't wish to raise your hopes too high, but the boy insists upon talking to you and to no one else."

"I ain't going to wait," came a voice from without,—"I ain't going to wait another minute. I don't trust none of you galoots. I ain't trusting nobody. He may jail me or hang me, as you say, but I'm going to give this letter to Tommy's dad and no one else."

Dad started to his feet and saw-saw through the new softening mists in his eyes - standing before him, white-faced and wild-eyed, footsore and ragged, the young tough of Saint Gabriel's, the pusher of Woodley Square, the boy whom he had driven from Tommy's side with harsh words and cruel threats, - the lost, hunted, desperate young evil-doer, Bunty Ware,-Bunty Ware, who, reckless of all consequences, was facing him fearlessly, and holding out a queer packet he had taken from the pocket of his brown corduroys, much the worse for wear and tear. And, quite dumb with bewilderment, dad broke open the birch bark envelope and read:

DEAR DAD:—This is to tell you I am safe and almost well. I have had the grandest adventures you ever heard. Bunty has taken care of me fine. I would have been dead two or three times if he had not been with me. I can walk real good now and ride a burro, and won't want nurses or doctors any more. All I want is Bunty to be my brother, as the Indians here call him, and to stay with me forever. Come find me as soon as you can, for I want to see you very much.

Your loving son,

(Conclusion next week.)

Томму.

TRUE merit, like a river, the deeper it is, the less noise it makes.—*Halifax*.

# THE AVE MARIA

# WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"The Soul of the War" is the title of a new book by Mr. Philip Gibbs, the aim of which is to reveal the human side of the great international conflict.

-The current Bulletin of the John Ryland's Library, Manchester (England), contains a description, by Prof. Van der Essen, of the treasures of the Louvain Library.

—A new edition (the fourth) of "The History of St. Catherine of Siena and Her Companions," by Augusta Theodosia Drane, author of "Christian Schools and Scholars," etc., is announced by Longmans, Green & Co.

—"Poems," by G. K. Chesterton, just published by Burns & Oates, is divided into six sections, as follows: War Poems, including "Lepanto"; Love Poems, Religious Poems, Rhymes for the Times, Miscellaneous Poems, and Ballades. There is a portrait of the author in photogravure.

-D. Appleton & Co. announce for publication in the fall a new novel ("The Hope of the Family") by Agnes and Edgerton Castle. At present they are both engaged in the work of the War Committee in London. Mr. Castle is connected with the defence division, and Mrs. Castle is at the head of one of the Red Cross and refugee divisions.

-"'The Parish Hymnal," compiled and arranged by Joseph Otten, goes far to render superfluous all similar publications. It is not overcrowded; vet, outside of Vespers, it provides everything that choirs of boys, schoolchildren, and congregations may be expected to sing at church services throughout the ecclesiastical year. Of all the hymnals recently published, this is the neatest, the most convenient, and withal the cheapest. A book of 252 pages, bound in cloth and well printed, and to be sold for 25 cents, marks a new departure in book-making for which the publisher, Mr. B. Herder, deserves praise as well as practical encouragement.

-"The Modern Reader's Chaucer," by John S. P. Tatlock and Percy MacKaye (The Macmillan Co.), is a successful effort to provide the average reader with a Chaucer which he can understand without a knowledge of early English. The editors have rendered the poetry into modern prose, have left out all the grossness, and omitted doubtful things, with the remarkable result of still keeping Chaucer the original, the acute, humorous, even the devout artist, in all his Mediæval glory, before the reader. For most persons, perhaps, the book will be a revelation of the great man of England in the days of faith, and will astonish them by the fervor and beauty of his poems and praises in honor of Our Lord and His Blessed Mother. The editors are to be heartily congratulated on thus presenting the noble old poet to the modern world.

-Benziger Brothers issue a wire-stitched pamphlet of thirty-five pages which many of our readers will find worth while securing. It is "The Message of Moses and Modern Higher Criticism," a lecture given at the University of Pennsylvania by the Rev. Francis E. Gigot, D. D., the scholarly author of several works introductory to the study of the Holy Scriptures. The fact that the lecture was prepared for a general audience, and its consequent freedom from all avoidable linguistic details and technical niceties, will appeal to the general reader as an additional reason for procuring it.

-The ever-increasing output of purely devotional literature-prayer-books and the likemust argue a steady demand for such publications. These works are not always what we should have thought desirable, particularly in form, and often enough, too, in matter. But if they do good, their "reason to be" is vindicated. Among such books and manuals we welcome the "Blessed Sacrament Book," by the Rev. F. X. Lasance, a manual of some 1200 pages, durably bound in leather (Benzigers, price, \$1.50); and, from the same firm, "Sweet Sacrament Divine," by the Very Rev. Charles Cox, O. M. I. (35 cts.); "The Vigil Hour," by the Rev. S. A. Ryan, S. J.; and "Thanksgiving after Holy Communion," from the French of the Rev. G. Villefranche, S. J., by Irene Hernaman. A rarely beautiful little manual is "Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament," illuminated after the style of fourteenthcentury MSS., in leather covers. The text ' is in Latin and English (B. Herder, 60 cts.). Of children's prayer-books, there are: "My Prayer-Book," by the Rev. Lawrence Hoyt, O. S. B. (Mission Press, Techny, Ill.); "Child's Prayer-Book," by the Rev. Roderick A. Mc-Eachen (Catholic Book Co., Wheeling, W. Va.); "The Child's Communion Prayer-Book," by a Sister of St. Joseph (D. B. Hansen & Sons); and "Visits for Children to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament," by the author of "May Devotions for Children" (J. F. Tapley Co.). Of general

devotions, there are: "Ever Faithful" (Mission Press, Techny, Ill.); and "A Manual of Church Prayers," a good collection of liturgical prayers (R. & T. Washbourne, 50 cts.). Special devotions are represented by: "The Child of Mary's Own Manual," compiled by Canon Coelenbier (Benziger Brothers); "The Augustinian Manual of St. Rita of Cascia, O. S. A., with a Short Life of the Saint" (The Augustinian Community, Chicago), "St. Rita's Treasury," by the Rev. Andrew Klarman, M. A. (Fr. Pustet & Co.; cloth, 75 cts.); "Devotion to St. Rita," by the Rev. W. T. Conklin (Christian Press Association); "The Requiem Mass Book," Latin and English text (Columbus Press, 10 cts.); "Novena for the Poor Souls in Purgatory," by J. F. Durin (Columbia Publishing Co.); "The Rosary of the Blessed Virgin Mary" (R. & T. Washbourne); "A Christmas Novena," from the Roman Missal and Breviary (Le Couteulx Leader Press, Buffalo); and "Twelve Communion Devotions in Honor of the Twelve Apostles" (Mission Press, Techny, Ill.). To this long list must be added the new, revised edition of Fr. Lasance's "Prayer-Book for Religious," a manual of 1200 pages, with a complete alphabetical index. It may be had in various styles of binding.

#### The Latest Books.

#### A Guide to Good Reading.

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

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

- "The Message of Moses and Modern Higher Criticism." Rev. Francis Gigot, D.D. 15 cts.
- "The Modern Reader's Chaucer." John S. P. -Tatlock, Percy MacKaye. \$5.
- "Sermon Matter." Rev. Fr. Girardey, C. SS. R. \$1.50.
- "Golden Lights." E. Gallienne Robin. 75 cts.
- "A Book of Answered Prayers." Olive Katharine Parr. 45 cts.
- "In Hoc & Vince." Florence L. Barclay. 75 cts.
- "A Treasury of Catholic Song." Sidney S. Hurlbut. \$1.25.
- "St. Juliana Falconieri." Marie Conrayville. 30 cts.

- "Jesus and Politics." Harold B. Shepheard, M. A. \$1.
- "Memoirs of the Very Reverend Samuel Mazzuchelli, O. P." \$1.50.
- "America and the New World-State." Norman Angell. \$1.25.
- "Fine Clay." Isabel C. Clarke. \$1.35.
- "Fairy Plays for Children." Mabel R. Goodlander. 40 cts.
- "Under which Flag?" Edith Staniforth. \$1.
- "Fits and Starts." Rev. T. A. Fitzgerald. \$1.
- "The Anglo-German Problem." Charles Sarolea, D. Litt. \$1.
- "Indian Legends." Marion Foster Washburne. 45 ets.
- "The Parables of the Gospel." Leopold Fonck, S. J. Translated by E. Leahy. Edited by George O'Neill, S. J., M. A. \$3.50.
- "Archbishop Smith and the Mosaic Authorship of the Pentateuch." Compiled by S.
  - T. B. With a Memoir of the Archbishop. \$2.25.
- "Hugh: Memoirs of a Brother." A. C. Benson. \$1.75.
- "The Jester." Leslie Moore. \$1.35.

### Obituary.

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

Rev. William Blake, of the diocese of Brooklyn; Rev. James McGeveran, archdiocese of Philadelphia; Rev. Timothy Brosnahan, S. J.; and Rev. Edward News, C. M.

Sister M. Columba, of the Sisters of Mercy; and Mother M. St. John, Order of the Presentation.

Mr. Oscar Whitton, Mrs. Catherine Erskine, Mr. David O'Rourke, Mrs. Georgiana Young, Mr. P. Stone, Mrs. Mary Enright, Mrs. Flora Coyle, Mr. Irvin Smith, Mr. Francis Bach, Miss Elizabeth Lyons, Mr. Wesley Noble, Mr. Thomas O'Neill, Mr. Ignatius Woeppel, Mrs. Bridget Cunningham, Mr. Henry Vogeli, Mr. Edward Doyle, Mr. William Healy, Mr. William Gunn, Miss Ellen Dalton, Mr. John McDonald, Miss Mary Murray, Miss Annie Cameron, Mrs. J. M. Driscoll, Mr. Hugh Gillis, Mrs. Ellen Martin, Mr. William Sullivan, Mr. Thomas Canning, Miss Anna Daly, Mrs. Mary Jackson, Mr. James Bennett, Mrs. Catherine O'Mahony, Mr. Stephen Blubaugh, Mr. J. A. Landers, Mr. Thomas Flood, Mrs. Sarah Carrico, and Mrs. Nellie Reilly.

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



VOL. I. (New Series.)

### NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JUNE 26, 1915.

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### Our Lady of Light.

BY MARION MUIR.

VER the wide, wild storm at sea, Above the sordid strife on land, She comes, immortal, pure and free,

The saving light within her hand.

Who made her woman bade her show That in her heart His mercy lives; By land or sea thou canst not go So far, O man, but she forgives!

Burn out the dross, burn out the sin,

She has not passed without her pain; But in the better life within,

Has counted loss, and found it gain.

### Trent-the City of the Council.

BY A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE.



HE storm of war which is raging over Europe is involving in destruction many of its historic cities. Apart from terrible loss

of life and the widespread suffering it involves, this war of many nations is robbing the world of many of the most splendid monuments of the past. In both the East and the West of Europe, hundreds of churches and cathedrals have been utterly destroyed, or have suffered almost irreparable damage. This is not the result of any outburst of sectarian fury, like that which, in the sixteenth century, reduced to ruin the abbeys of England and all but one of the cathedrals of Scotland. It is an unfortunate result of the evolution of long-range artillery in modern war. Long-range fire requires careful observation, if it is to have any effect, and the towers of great cathedrals in the cities and humbler churches in the villages afford obvious places at which to suspect observation posts.

One hopes the time will come when, by general agreement, it will be settled that churches are neither to be used for warlike purposes nor made the targets of artillery. Such an agreement might be arrived at, because the airship and the aeroplane now supply a ready means of looking out over a wider range of view that even the highest spire in the world can command. But whatever the future may produce, there is unfortunately no such agreement at present.

These remarks are suggested by the danger that now threatens the glorious churches of Northern Italy, each with its centuries of sacred memories, and nearly every one of them a treasure-house of art. And on the other side of the disputed frontier, the same perils menace the churches of the Tyrol, of the mountain valleys of the Carnic Alps, and of the coastlands about Trieste.

No one can yet forecast the course of events, but at the moment that this is being written the Italian armies are advancing upon a mountain city famous in the history of the Church, and possessing sanctuaries not without their claims to be monuments of art, and, besides this, famous as the scene of great events. Of these, the best known is the Council held at Trent in the latter half of the sixteenth century, whose legislation was the real Reformation.

The city was chosen as the meetingplace of the Council because it was desired by the Emperor, Charles V., that it should assemble in his dominions, and Trent was the most convenient place for a gathering from the lands north of the Alps and from the cities of Italy. One of the oldest highways across the Alps is the road from the Lake of Garda to the valley of Trent, and then by the Brenner Pass to Innsbruck and South Germany. Trent owes its importance in the past, and its somewhat unfortunate position in the present (as the point for which two nations are fighting), to the fact that in the valley a number of other roads converge from various places in the plains of North Italy. There is the road over the hills from the Garda Lake; another which follows the valley of the Adige from Verona; and a third from Padua, which follows the valley of the Brenta, and then curves round along the course of the river to the point on its watershed where it crosses a low depression on the hills and enters Trent from the eastward. There are other passes from the west, more difficult routes, in places overhung by snow-capped precipices. Placed as it is at a meeting point of all these minor roads converging on the great highway over the Alps, Trent is, in a military sense, the key of the Southern Tyrol; and in recent years it has been converted into a great fortress, protected by armored forts commanding every possible line of approach.

It has been a fortress for perhaps two thousand years—since the Roman station of Tridentium was founded to close the Brenner Pass and prevent the mountaineers from raiding the rich plain around Verona. In the Middle Ages it was surrounded by embattled walls, and further protected by castles on the neighboring heights. Its Medieval citadel, known as the Castello del Buon Consiglio, still remains a curious medley of old and new buildings. There is the huge central tower, not unlike those that Italian princes erected to guard their cities; the lower towers and ramparts of more recent date, with emplacements where cannon were mounted in the Napoleonic wars; and, encumbering and somewhat disfiguring the whole structure, there is a great range of modern barracks. The Castello is no longer an effective part of the defences. The strength of Trent as a fortress depends upon the forts that crown the limestone ridges around the valley, and sweep with their giant guns the roads that converge upon the city.

For some hundreds of years Trent was ruled by its bishops, who were also princes of the Empire. It was a kind of ecclesiastical republic. The bishop was elected by the Chapter of Canons, and, as even the son of the poorest man in Trent might enter the priesthood, be promoted to a canonry, and be elected to the bishopric, there was a certain democratic element in its constitution. In civil matters the Prince-Bishop acted with the advice and assistance of a council of citizens, who always met him in his fortress palace. Hence the familiar name of the old citadel, the "Castle of Good Council." The rule of the prince-bishops lasted until Trent became a part of the remodelled Austrian Empire in 1803.

The cathedral, a fine Romanesque building, with a vaulted roof, a dome and belltower, and outside ranges of little arcades decorating its walls, dates from the year 1212. Though Trent has often been the scene of war, the fact that its chief church is more than seven hundred years old is a proof that in one respect the wars of the past were less destructive than those The cathedral, however, is of to-day. not the largest church of the city. A more spacious edifice is the fifteenth-century church of Santa Maria Maggiore, which on this account was chosen as the meetingplace of the famous Council. The city has many churches, some of them of the old Romanesque type, others among the most southern of Gothic edifices, and others again in the various composite styles of the Renaissance. Their spires and domes and towers give a picturesque aspect to the mountain city.

It is a small place judged by the standard of population. Leaving out of account its military garrison, it has about 20,000 inhabitants. But the little city is a prosperous, industrial centre, and the hollow of the Alps in which it stands is singularly fertile. There are vineyards on the hill slopes, gardens of mulberry trees that supply food for armies of silkworms, fields of beetroot on the lower ground along the Adige. Trent has its silk factories, its wine-presses, its sugar mills, and its potteries; and the Brenner railway makes it a distributing centre for the neighboring valleys. Its people are prosperous; and all around the town, country houses and villas extend in straggling suburbs far into the interior.

Though it belongs to Austria, the current language of the place is Italian. The Trentino, as the neighboring district is called, is nominally a part of the Tyrol. But the German-speaking Tyrol, the old land of Hofer, begins some miles farther north. In fact, all along the Alps the German and Italian-speaking regions shade into each other; the former being usually on the northern side of the main range, and the latter on the south. But it is often not easy to draw a sharp line between them,-just as in Switzerland, Andermatt is half Italian, and as one goes southward into the Ticinio Canton, though one is still in Switzerland, the aspect of the country and the type of the population becomes more and more Italian. It is the same in the Tyrol. There is no hardand-fast boundary line, but in the Trentino the Italian type is predominant; and this it is that has made the beautiful borderland the scene of war, and at the moment of writing menaces historic Trent with destruction.

WHEN reverence begins to fail, love can not long survive.

### The Secret Bequest.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

### XXVI.

ND now," Honora said to Bernard, "the time has come for the final steps to be taken. I must tell Cecily first (I think she is able to bear it now), and then I must tell Mr. Maxwell that I have no longer any right to hold Mr. Chisholm's fortune. And then-then I can enter the Church, with empty hands, but, oh, such a grateful heart! For I am grateful not only for the gift of faith-which is above everything else,-but for the wonderful manner in which the way has been opened and made easy to me. I could never have dreamed that it would have been made so easy at last."

"What you lacked was trust in God," Bernard replied, smiling at her. "I grant that it would have required an heroic degree of trust and faith to fling everything aside and answer His call when you heard it first. And so it was made easier for you. But it is hard enough yet. Do you think I don't know that? Do you think I don't realize what is before you in telling Cecily?"

"It will be hard," Honora admitted; "but it can not be deferred; for, as she grows stronger, she is beginning to make plans, all of which depend for their fulfilment on the possession of money. She will not understand, poor Cecily! But she will not suffer as she would have suffered a little while ago; and for that I can never be grateful enough to Julian Page."

"While, odd as it may seem, Julian on his part is intensely grateful to you," Bernard told her; "for he feels that you have given him a chance to restore Cecily's faith in the possibility of disinterestedness in a man's love, such as he could never have found or made for himself. She must have said something in the past which proved her deep scepticism on this point; for his first exclamation, when he heard what you intended to do, was of pleasure approaching to exultation."

"He expressed something of the same kind to me when I told him that I was sorry I had forgotten to warn him of the impending change in Cecily's circumstances. 'You paid me the compliment of realizing that it is of no importance to me in one point of view,' he said, 'and of such great importance in another that I am very glad it is to occur.'"

"And did that sentiment surprise you?" She shook her head.

"No," she answered; "for I know the people he comes of; and I also know how vehemently Cecily declared her own worldliness, and her cynical disbelief in anything but self-interest ruling anybody, which she learned in an atmosphere where money is supreme."

"No wonder he was glad of a chance to shatter that belief once for all, and that he goes about in these days with the air of a conqueror." Bernard paused for a moment, and then, "I'm quite sure," he went on, "that Julian has been entirely reticent on the subject of your resolution to enter the Church; but it seems that an inkling of the matter has in some manner got abroad. Miss Rainesford tells me that people are talking, are wondering what you mean to do,how you can reconcile your relations with me, and your visits to the church here, with the condition on which my uncle left his fortune to you. I think it well that you should know this."

"It is well that I should," she replied quickly; "for it proves what I said a moment ago—that the time has come for me to act; that I am now in a false position, which, for your sake as well as for my own, must be ended. People must learn that we are not trying to evade your uncle's condition."

"Never mind about me," he said, smiling again. "I am well inured to being an object of reprobation, mingled with pitying contempt; and I shall of course be held accountable for your conversion. We must expect that."

"But I shall tell everyone to the contrary!" she cried. "I shall make people understand that, instead of trying to make me a Catholic, you really—"

"Don't say that I tried to prevent your becoming one," he interrupted, with a laugh. "It wasn't quite as bad as that, you know."

"It was quite as bad as that," she said decidedly. "You were so afraid of putting me in a difficult position, you were so sure that I would not have strength for the sacrifice demanded, that you avoided the subject; you would tell me nothing. Oh, I am not saying that you were not quite right in your opinion! But there is the fact that you made not the least effort to convert me, except—"

"Yes?"

"Except by what you did *not* say, if you can understand me. I felt all the time that you possessed something which you did not think I was worthy of being shown—"

"Oh, no, no, not that!"

"Just that—or, at least, so I felt. And it angered me 'that you would not tell me things which, unconsciously to myself, I longed so much to know. Oh, don't look so sorry! There is nothing to be sorry about. You were quite right in your attitude. The more I had known, the worse it would have been for me, since I do not think anything could have made me yield except what happened. And then—well, then you were everything to me."

"Thank God for that!" he said, as he kissed the hand she held out to him.

The task from which Honora shrank of informing Cecily of what lay before her—proved, however, less difficult than she feared; for she had not reckoned upon Cecily's keenness of perception.

"You have something to tell me?"

the latter remarked, when, gathering the necessary courage, Honora sat down beside her couch in the summer dusk, and hesitatingly began to open the way for explanation. "But perhaps I can spare you the telling; for I have not been altogether blind and deaf, in spite of my condition. You and Bernard are in love with each other, and you are going to marry him."

"Some day perhaps—when you are quite well again, and able to make a home for yourself," Honora answered. "But, Cecily, that is not all. I—I am going to take another step which can not be longer delayed."

"Ah!" It was a sharp exclamation, but not altogether of surprise. "You intend to become a Catholic?"

"'My dear, yes! But how have you guessed it?"

"By instinct, I suppose," Cecily answered,---"just as one has sometimes an intuition of a danger before it comes. I haven't had much to go upon, but I felt-oh, for some time before I went away-that you were attracted, not only by Bernard but by Bernard's religion. I did not like to acknowledge it even to myself, but I was afraid of this attraction. And that was one reason why I determined that we must go abroad. I felt that I couldn't trust you to resist-that I must take things in hand and save you from yourself. But I haven't made a very brilliant success of it, after all; have I?"

The penetrating bitterness of the last words made Honora suddenly fall upon her knees and put her arms about the slender, immobile figure.

"My dearest," she said, "we were both fighting against God for the same end, and we couldn't succeed! He was merciful enough not to allow us to order things as we wanted, for it would have meant—O Cecily, I see so clearly now that it would have meant the ruin of us both! And I think that you must see it, too." "No" (Cecily had no intention of admitting so much as this), "I don't see why it should necessarily have meant our ruin. That seems to me a very—er extravagant way of putting the matter. Of course I grant that I should have become dreadfully worldly, having a pronounced inclination that way; and that you probably wouldn't have been happy—"

"I should have been absolutely miserable."

"Well, in that case I'm prepared to admit that things are better as they are, though it has certainly been at a terrible cost."

"Terrible to you, my poor darling, who have had to suffer for my weakness and cowardice!"

"That," Cecily stated, "I regard as nonsense. I understand, however, that you were preparing to sacrifice yourself for me in a more complete sense than I had any idea of; and, therefore, it is much more likely that I am suffering for my selfishness than for your weakness, if you insist upon reading some such meaning into the suffering."

"I am quite certain that the meaning is there."

"It may be," Cecily sighed,—and the sigh may be forgiven her, since it is hard for human nature to recognize the good hidden under suffering. "But if you are going to become a Catholic, what will you do about your fortune?"

"It will not be my fortune any longer," Honora answered quietly. "I must give it up."

"But how can you do that? We shall have—nothing."

"O Cecily, do you think I have not thought of that, and gone down into the depths of agony over it? But I gave up the struggle when I heard that you were dying. I went into the presence of God and solemnly promised that, if you were spared, I would even accept poverty for you. I promised to make the sacrifice I had thought I could never make, and He spared you. And now what kind of a traitor should I be if I did not keep my promise?"

"So that was it!" Cecily murmured, as if to herself. She turned her eyes to the blue sky beyond the window by which she lay, with the introspective gaze of one who has a sudden illumination upon some mystery of the past. There was silence for a moment, and then, "I had an instinct of something of that kind, too," she went on slowly. "It was very strange. I didn't know how much was imagination, and I've fancied since that perhaps it was all so; but you remember I told you how I was conscious of calling on you for help?"

"I remember," Honora said in a low tone; "and I felt the call,—God let me feel it in a way not to be mistaken."

"Well, *I* felt that you knew and that you were helping me. I didn't know, or even ask, how you possibly could help me—I was too far gone even to wonder over that,—but I just had an assurance of it, as if you had put your hand in mine, and there came a great sense of relief and safety, and—and that was all till I waked up and saw you."

"O Cecily!" Honora's head went down on the pillow beside the pale face which lay there, and for a little while only her tears could speak for her further.

At length it was Cecily who said, with another long sigh:

"It seems very strange that the fortune should have come to you just in order that you might give it up. And—and it would be very hard, if it were not that I know you and Bernard will be happy; and I don't believe that Julian will mind very much when he hears that I am poor, as well as helpless and disfigured—"

Honora raised her head quickly.

"My darling, Julian knows!" she said. "He knew before he came and insisted on seeing you. Bernard had told him; and he was very glad, because he said that then you would believe—"

"Oh, hush, hush!" Cecily cried. "Don't

make me feel too utterly contemptible. But I am glad, too,—glad that he knew, and that I didn't know, what you are going to do, before I answered him as I did."

It is almost unnecessary to state that Kingsford was shaken from centre to circumference by a shock such as it had never known before when vague gossip and faint surmise gave place to the authoritative information that Honora Trezevant was about to lay down her rich inheritance, and return to the poverty from which it had lifted her, in order to enter the Catholic Church. Even Bernard Chisholm's conversion had made no such sensation: for the circumstances in his case had not been half so dramatic, nor the sacrifice nearly so great. It had been wonderful enough to see a young man renounce a fortune in order to embrace an unpopular religion; but it was well known that he was not reduced to poverty by his choice, and also that he had abilities which would enable him to make a career for himself without such assistance. But with Honora the situation was altogether different. Here was a girl who knew the full bitterness which poverty carries for the well-born and gently bred; who had tasted the ineffable relief which comes from ease of circumstances, from wealth and the power wealth brings; and who had not only herself to consider in laying down this wealth, but a sister filled with worldly ambitions, and who was now tragically crippled and helpless. Reflecting upon these things, people could only gaze at each other in speechless amazement. Comment was manifestly inadequate; for no one felt able to account for an action to which none of the ordinary rules governing human conduct could be applied.

"Is she insane?" a few tentatively inquired; only to be met by the positive assurance from those who knew her best, "No more insane than you or I."

Explanation of some kind had to be

forthcoming, however, - since no one was, of course, so utterly foolish as to admit the compelling nature of the claims of the Church. And, as was to be expected, this explanation was found in the influence which Bernard Chisholm was supposed to have exerted to convert Honora. Opinion with regard to his motives was much divided; but there was almost unanimous consensus on the point that his conduct was quite indefensible, and that it was an altogether shameful thing to have taken advantage of the poor girl's infatuation for him to make her renounce her fortune by embracing the Catholic Faith.

"There's no good in telling them that Bernard has done nothing of the kind," Julian Page said indignantly to Edith Selwyn; "so I've ceased to discuss the subject. It only makes me lose my temper. How people can be such infernal idiots passes my comprehension."

"Oh, I don't think there's much difficulty in comprehending that!" Edith laughed. "They are obliged to explain the matter on the only ground they can understand. And there's the undeniable fact that Honora and Bernard are in love with each other."

"But they will both tell you that *that* was not what made her a Catholie."

"No doubt they will tell you so, and no doubt they both believe it," Edith conceded. "But do you really think that Honora would have made the tremendous sacrifice and become a Catholic but for Bernard's example and influence. I can't think so. I won't talk about 'infatuation,' as people are foolishly talking; but I am sure that she is very impressionable, and that, whether he meant to do so or not, he influenced her tremendously. Why, what else *could* make her do such a thing as this?"

And in the face of that question Julian was dumb; for he felt that Edith had unconsciously spoken of herself, as well as of others, when she said that it was necessary for people to explain such an action on the only ground they could understand. And the claims of human love, the influence of human example, were comprehensible; while the claims of divine truth upon the conscience, and the compelling influence of divine love upon the heart, are things which have passed out of the range even of the imagination of those who have been taught that religion is a matter purely of personal choice and fancy. It spoke well for Julian's own imagination that he was able to grasp another point of view; but an instinct told him that to press it would be useless.

Meanwhile Honora had seen Mr. Maxwell, and astounded that worthy man by the announcement of her purpose. He was, indeed, amazed to the point of incredulity.

"Good Heavens!" he ejaculated, as he leaned back in his chair and stared at her. "Do you mean to tell me that you are really going to become a Roman Catholic, when you know what the step in your case entails?"

She smiled charmingly as she returned his gaze.

"Yes, dear Mr. Maxwell," she said, "that is what I really mean to tell you. I know you are surprised—"

"Surprised is no word for it," he interrupted. "I am simply confounded. And I can't believe you appreciate what you are proposing to do. It—it is incredible!"

"It should not be incredible to you,", she reminded him, "since you have seen it done before."

"That's the worst of it!" he cried 'sharply. "One such act of folly was bad enough; but when it has led to another for I can't think that you would have dreamed of such a step as this but for Bernard Chisholm, who seems to have become a perfect fanatic with regard to his religion!"

"So far from that," Honora assured him earnestly, "Bernard has never, from first to last, made an effort for my conversion. If I must tell you the truth, it was I who tried to convert *him* back to Protestantism, and who for this reason forced the discussion of the subject on him. Do you remember the letter which Mr. Chisholm left for me? Yes, I see that you do. Well, the injunction laid on me in that letter was to employ every means in my power to induce Bernard to give up his religion. And, in return for the fortune left me, I felt bound to obey that injunction."

"One moment, please!" The lawyer was staring at her as if a light were breaking on him. "Was that why you were so anxious to keep Bernard here, and why you did not seem to regard the property as your own?"

"I have never felt as if it were my own," she answered simply. "It was left to me for a specific purpose, which I soon realized that it was impossible for me to fulfil; and which, after a little while, I had not even any desire to fulfil. And, this being so, I would have given it up some time ago but for the thought of my sister. I could not face the necessity of casting her back into poverty. But it has been made clear to me that I had no right to hesitate on that account,that I would be doing her more harm than good. And, therefore, I am here to tell you that I have no longer any right to hold Mr. Chisholm's fortune, since I can not fulfil the conditions on which he gave it to me."

"You know," he reminded her, "that, so far as the letter of which you have spoken and the injunctions in it are concerned, they are not binding upon you in any legal sense whatever."

"But that I should not become a Catholic *is* binding in a legal sense, is it not?"

"Mr. Chisholm certainly meant to make it so," the lawyer admitted. "He was very much of a bigot—my poor old friend!—and extremely anxious that his money should not come into Catholic hands." Honora opened her own hands, as if to show that they were empty.

"That being so," she said, "neither Bernard nor I would keep it, if the law gave it to us; and we shall certainly make no effort to evade the condition of inheritance. I am about to become a Catholic; and, therefore, you, as executor of the will, must take the estate and do with it whatever Mr. Chisholm has directed to be done in such an event."

"Have you no idea what that is?" he asked, looking at her keenly.

She shook her head.

"Not the least. I know that the will speaks of a letter of instruction for the executor, in case of certain contingencies arising; but I have felt no curiosity about it, since it did not concern me."

Mr. Maxwell cleared his throat as if he found a little difficulty in answering for a moment. Then—

"It does concern you, indirectly at least, very much," he said. "Mr. Chisholm has left a list of the heirs to whom, in due order of inheritance, he desires that, in such a contingency as a conversion to the Catholic Church, his estate shall pass. The name which follows your own is that of Julian Page. Mr. Chisholm had always a great liking for that young man."

"Julian Page!" Honora gasped, while her wide eyes grew brilliant with incredulous joy. "Oh, surely God is good! And to think that I did not trust Him!"

"Yes, God was indeed good when He ordered all that has come to pass," Bernard agreed with her a little later. "You were given the opportunity to make a great sacrifice; and, having made it—"

"I am not only spared all the result of it for Cecily that I dreaded, but I am rewarded far beyond anything that I deserve," she interrupted. "For this is what I would have desired above all things — that Julian should have the fortune. And yet I never once thought of it as possible."

"Nor I," Bernard smiled; "but I see

now that he was always a possibility in my uncle's mind. I think that, failing me, he would have made him his heir at once, if the remembrance of *you* had not occurred to him, and if he had not discerned a hope of influencing me through you. Strange, isn't it, how that hope of his has worked out, and how he has been the instrument to bring our lives together in a way he could never have foreseen? And this reminds mé,—isn't it time that you should tell me all that he wrote in that letter of his to you?"

For answer she rose, went to her desk, and after a moment came back with the letter in her hand,—the letter with whose contents she was so familiar.

"Here it is," she said; "and I am sure you will find it as pathetic as I do, and will feel more than ever how much we owe to him, though not exactly in the manner he intended."

But, although she said this, she was not prepared for the deep emotion which Bernard's face showed when he looked up presently from the last lines of the letter.

"Poor, dear Uncle Alexander!" he said. "May God pardon his ignorance, and give him the satisfaction of knowing the happiness we have found in each other, and in the Faith he now surely understands!"

(The End.)

I SUPPOSE the chief bar to the action of imagination, and stop to all greatness in this present age of ours, is its mean and shallow love of jest; so that if there be in any good and lofty work a flaw, failing, or undipped vulnerable part, where sarcasm may stick or stay, it is caught at, and pointed at, and buzzed about, and stung into, as a recent wound is by flies; and nothing is ever taken seriously or as it was meant; but always, if it may be, turned the wrong way and misunderstood. And while this is so, there is not, nor can not be, any hope of achievement of high things,—*Ruskin*, The Black Sheep Returns.

BY JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

IV.

OHN RUSSELL recovered instantly, J and needed no stimulants. It was but a passing weakness,-angering him somewhat, because so unusual; and he stiffly refused Father Cressy's aid. The strong light in which the priest had set forth the results of his sin had impressed him. had even convinced him that Paddy Carroll's epithets were not misplaced. But neither the priest nor the ancient had so moved him as other things which accompanied them, rising from the deeps within him, so clear and keen that he seemed to be looking at richly-colored pictures, almost like life, evolved from his own consciousness. He had seen his little mother again-his dear little mother,and had heard her, not with the indifferent ears of childhood or memory, but as if he had known her and loved her as she deserved. He had seen her lying on her deathbed, with anguish and love on her pallid face, and longing in her eves for him, for him, for him! Only with the severest effort could he keep the tears from streaming down his cheeks, or refrain from cursing his own callous heart, that could bring such sorrow to a sorrowful hour-her last on earth!

While the priest was speaking, and he was listening with closed eyes, he saw his proud father—proud of a mean thing like his son John—walking to church with his eyes on the ground; lying down to die ashamed of having lived, after three years of humiliation, disappointment and grief, when one decent letter would have saved him from despair and lightened the dark hours of death. And in all that time he was wasting hours on a hundred people who would not miss a meal over his death,—writing them foolish letters, spending his substance on them. He could hear, as if an angel spoke across the years, the sad voices of these two, his father and mother, uttering their last words of love and hope and forgiveness.

Step by step his mind walked over the road which his brothers and sisters had travelled the while,-a road shadowed by death four times, and sibilant with the laughter and gibes of the hateful and the malicious, who found their inspiration in his sinful acts. He was the lash which the mob used upon the hearts that loved him. What a long and hopeless martyrdom he had inflicted upon them! Had any one so afflicted him, he would have paid him in kind, lashed him with rods of fire; and these poor souls had suffered in silence, had weakly tried to pray for him, out of love for their parents. This priest who sat before him had once loved him a little less than his own, but with juster and firmer hand had plucked out of mind and heart all fibres of affectionate esteem and remembrance. And then he sat appalled at the evidence in him of a stupidity too vast for denunciation, quite indescribable, even admitting that a wild youth of twenty has little brains and less heart. The tumultuous feelings of that half hour crushed him into a torpor like a faint. He opened his eyes and came back from self-judgment when Father Cressy held a glass to his lips.

"No, no, I do not need it!" said he. "Thank you! It is not weakness: it is hopelessness. I have suddenly discovered that I am an awful fool. The conviction has been growing on me the past week. I have come to see the frightful wrong which I did my parents, relatives, and friends; but I give you my word I never suspected it. I thought I had done a perfectly natural, if foolish, thing in leaving home. 'Everybody leaves home,' I said a hundred times. I never could see why my father and mother should grieve over me, because I myself never had a heart. I did not know that. I thought I was normal. Now I see it and feel it. Now I see what a shame I have

been to my own people in the town, what an argument in the hands of their enemies,—a grief to my own, a stain on my blood, an argument to the enemy, a joy to the mean and the wicked. And what am I to do? Is my case hopeless?"

Father Cressy listened sharply to the distress of his tone, and studied his anguished face, which had aged in a few minutes. He was not quite sure of a contrition so sudden and so marked. He proceeded to test it.

"No man's case is hopeless and no man is lost while he has time to repent and do penance," he replied. "What you are bound to do is to find a way to undo in part the diabolical work of the past twenty years?"

"Can it ever be undone?"

"Not wholly, but its dark influence on some lives can be neutralized. Speaking in a general way, you might put love in the place of your present indifference, noble example in the place of your sin, and a holy and helpful life in place of your smug self-satisfaction. If you want to be thorough, come back to Silver Ferry and with your own hands root up the evil weeds of your past example."

"I dreamed of coming back to live here," said Russell, dejectedly; "but now it seems impossible. Like my father, I am now ashamed to walk these streets. If a mere visit has stirred up the mud, what would a long residence stir up? I am in despair. I feel that I am horrible. I know that I shall never be happy again, after what you all have told me, after what my own conscience has shown me. But what use to talk about it? I have found out what I came to learn from you, Father; and I thank you for your kindness, which I hope to repay somehow better than your kindness of long ago. Good-night!"

The priest sat down to his books again, when the door had closed upon the agitated man, and began to think over the details of his behavior. Was there any real repentance in such men, hardened by business into heartlessness, always sure of their own course, quite certain that everything is just as it should be because they find no fault with it? And he wondered that people so fine and true and devout as the Russells should ever have generated a root so worthless as their youngest child. With a grim satisfaction at having forced the truth upon his hardened mind, Father Cressy straightway forgot Mr. John Russell and his supposed conscience. The dear dead were with God, who had made up to them for the failures and disappointments of life. They need no duty, and their son deserved none. He had his trials yet to undergo, and also his judgment. God speed all travellers!

Nevertheless, while the priest forgot, events happened; and Jimmy Thompson retailed them with satisfaction in his daily conferences and in his shining *Star*.

"Yep, bought the old Renfrew place," said Jimmy casually, but with a smile for his profit on the sale. "Goin' to settle in his native town, and thinkin', I suspect, of lendin' a helpin' hand to his neighbors. Havin' made his pile by hard work and good luck, he is not goin' to sit idle all the day long in the little old Ferry. So get on your sweetest smiles, boys, and be ready to pick up the loose dollars which'll soon be circulatin' in our town."

These shrewd remarks accompanied everywhere the news of the Russell purchase of the ancient manorial property, and produced the effect intended, which was the suppression of further discussion on the first public sin of Mr. John Russell,-also his last; for if he had indulged in even more conspicuous excesses, Silver Ferry made up its social mind to be ignorant of them. A Russell and a Catholic in the noblest residence of the town! People looked with awe and respect on the members of the Russell family, who bore their change of fortune with an air of hostility, and refused to receive flattering compliments or to give

out any information. In fact, their conduct might have led to grave consequences but for the comments of Jimmy Thompson. Since the wealthy Russell had designs for the comfort and advancement of Ferry people, it would never do to quarrel with his relatives.

As everybody in the Ferry repeated every word picked up in conversation and retailed it with precision to those whom it most affected, everybody was afraid of everybody else in matters touching his own interest. Therefore, the air became actually perfumed with the praises of Mr. John Russell and the Russell family; and even the gossips reminded one another and everybody else how on such and such occasions they had expressed not merely the highest respect for the Russells, but had prophesied the glory of the present hour.

The full force of this perfume struck Paddy Carroll with violence the day after the Renfrew property became Russell's, when his daughter took away his cane, shoved him back into his chair, and said, shaking her finger at him:

"Not to-day, pa, nor to-morrow, as long as Jerry is biddin' for the job o' gardener to the Russells. You talk too much, pa; an' your tongue is somethin' fierce when it gets a-goin'. If ever Jack Russell hears that Jerry Rowan is your son-in-law, we'll get no chance to live in that beautiful gatehouse on the Renfrew property."

"Is Jerry lookin' for that job?"

"He is," said the daughter; "an' if he gets it you'll have to be disguised or live in the woodshed while Mr. Russell is home. You talked too much, pa, as you always do when you get a-goin'. So you stay right around the house an' keep your mouth shut till Jerry knows where he is at."

Paddy just blinked at his emphatic child and composed himself to reread the newspaper. In the open on the main street he might be the censor and the prophet, but in the chair of the sittingroom he was only the victim of a censorship never to be despised or overlooked. Elihu Bangs could now pass him anywhere without a clash of words. Silence became Elihu, according to Jimmy Thompson; and Elihu was now cultivating it on all topics.

"There's a chance for you now to get the job you like," Jimmy had said, "because Jack Russell has a likin' for you. But for the next three months keep your mouth shut, cut out the swearin,' and wipe off the tobacco juice, and wear a few clean shirts out. Jack is particular."

The road was thus cleaned and perfumed for the coming great man, and he slipped into the new groove as easily as if born to it. That he was not quite himself everyone sensed at the first, but soon forgot in the steady current of favors which flowed from his open hands. The great man proved to be perfectly discreet in his new environment. The townspeople soon discovered in him a tenderness which his business method did not entirely conceal. It found no expression in words: his penetrating glance rarely showed it, his firm manner quite suppressed it. Nevertheless, the common crowd sensed it, and appealed to it candidly. Small villages as a rule have no extremes of poverty, and their leading citizens are not inclined to displays of extreme benevolence. There is no advertising worth while for grand benefactions, and therefore no inducement for the philanthropy which depends upon excellent notoriety. But at the same time such villages are always hard up for the cash which nourishes little enterprises, and in this condition John Russell found his field of action.

Paddy Carroll became in due time a dweller in the lodge of the Renfrew estate, and did not need to hide himself in the woodshed from the great man, who greeted him kindly and argued with him on such profound questions as Home Rule for Ireland and the gradual decline of Protestantism. Elihu Bangs got his job. The various baseball clubs found it easy to fit out their members with handsome uniforms and the usual supplies. Struggling societies revelled in helpful struggling students had subscriptions; their last bills paid; the needy of the better sort wiped out grocery bills unexpectedly, and those of the baser sort were able to indulge secretly in canned peaches and cream chocolates. The heroic church committees-ladies accustomed to go about seeking help and having doors slammed in their patient faces-breathed deeply at sight of modest checks sent in on a bare suggestion. A fresh, clear, stimulating air blew steadily from the Russell home into the foggy atmosphere of the town, and so gently that only the beneficiaries knew its source. But in due time the whole town realized that a wise, sympathetic, tender-hearted leader had come to them.

It was like the magic of Spring, whose delicate green veil settles upon the brown landscape without clamor and gladdens the weary eyes. The Russell homestead imperceptibly changed. into a place of beauty, and the grandchildren of the dear old parents played hide-and-seek in its rosy bowers. The brother and sisters passed decently from a pinched simplicity into comfort and ease. Opportunity proved that they were worthy of better The gossips spread the word things. that the plot in the cemetery where the dead Russells lay had become a lovely spot, under the personal care of the wild son who had so sadly helped to fill it. Often was he seen there praying; and even the gossips blessed his devotion, and withheld the unholy words that trembled on their foolish lips -- "Well may he kneel there, that bruised and broke their hearts!" John Russell said these words to himself a thousand times, and found relief from his pain only in spreading his benefactions.

Two persons refused to be softened by his beneficent penance: Father Cressy and Paddy Carroll. The ancient could no longer express his doubts in public; for none would listen, and his daughter was emphatic. So he talked with the priest:

"Do you think, Father Cressy, that there's anny rale good in the man? Is it likely the Almighty God will ever permit him to come to a sthate o' grace, afther the way he thrated his father an' mother?"

"Didn't the thief on the cross come to a state of grace?"

"Isn't this a worse wan, that sthole the life an' happiness of father an' mother?" said the ancient, stubbornly.

"Well, isn't he doing his best? And what more can a man do?"

"He could pay the debt off the church wanst an' for all, an' save yer reverence a lot o' worry."

"Maybe he will yet. Are you suspicious of him still, Paddy?"

"Am I to be as aisily fooled as all these?"—with a gesture for the town, for he had the philosopher's contempt for the crowd. "I've seen his kind afore."

"Not in the Ferry, Paddy,—never in the Ferry," the priest said with emphasis. "In a year he has done more real good than the trumpeters in ten."

"Well, I musht say that he has employed no horns in his givin'," Paddy admitted. "But I'm goin' to wait to the end afore I say wan single word in his favor. Wan thing about him I like—the way he's brought up his childher. They're the dacintest, lovingest kids I ever did see, an' he's makin' sure they won't play on him the thrick he played on his own."

With this shrewd remark, the ancient went on his way. He had relented somewhat in his attitude toward John Russell, and Father Cressy had not, hardly from any feeling with regard to the past, but from a sense of justice. How it did wound him to think of the lowly Russell graves and then of the scapegrace's prosperity! Although he had known and loved the boy Jack, he could not abide the prosperous penitent. He could not say why: it was merely a feeling, which the now restored Russells did not share. Brother and sisters fairly revelled in the possession of Jack and his children, and at the same time felt the more keenly the priest's indifference, which was like a perpetual accusation. And as time passed, it seemed likely to endure. All other traces of his sin the man wiped out with boundless charity and hidden tears. This alone remained. The women began to protest and to plan against it, but their brother silenced them with a word.

"Let it remain," said Jack, humbly. "Father Cressy's resentment is the bitter in the sweet, and will keep me in my place till I die."

Nevertheless, Kitty made her protest to the priest, and repeated the humble, regretful words of her repentant brother. Father Cressy answered that he harbored no resentment: he simply could not forget what Jack had been as a boy, what disappointment he had caused them, and what shame he had brought upon them all. However, he thought the matter out generously. While the boy had failed shamefully, and while his failure had included crass offence and wanton cruelty, still his repentance had filled his heart with a generosity, charity, grief, and thoughtfulness for others, which were shedding a glory upon the town, the faith, and the wretched, so strong as to blot out even the mention of his sin among the most flippant.

"Paddy," said Father Cressy to the ancient at their next casual meeting, "I am beginning to think that we'll have to forgive Jack Russell, and also to forget his early delinquencies."

Paddy lifted his ears at the last noble word, and fixed it firmly in his mind for future use.

"I have rached the same conclusion," he replied grandly. "An' I'll tell yer reverence what brought me to it, much agin me will,—the story o' the woman in the Gospel. 'Hath no man condemned thee?' says Our Lord, an' the woman says, 'No man, Lord.' 'Then naither will I condemn thee,' says Our Lord; 'go thy way, an' sin no more.' Now, I maintain, yer reverence, that no wan livin' can improve on that sthatement. Therefore, I move that it is the sinse o' the meetin' that the airly delinquencies o' Jack Russell be laid on the table for all time."

And, with the hearty laughter of these representatives of public opinion, the pastor and the ancient, the noble repentance of John Russell nobly triumphed.

(The End.)

#### Homeward Bound.

BY CHARLES PHILLIPS.

- SWEET scents of summer evening breathe from the dewy fields,
- And all the earth a tender sigh of soft contentment yields;
- Long lie the shadows down the slope; the wind, half warm, half cool,
- Blows odors of a star-soft night across the trembling pool.
- Down by the pond the willows stir, and in the fading light
- The blue flags bend their banners to wave the world good-night.

Good-night, good-night, dear world! Come, moon, and light your lamp, And be my beacon in the dark Through dew and evening damp.

- The wind dies in the clover where the meadow bends and waves;
- There's hush of music in the grove, a sigh o'er grassy graves;
- There's peace down all the roadway, and the woods are dark and still;
- And how the wind-bent cedar seems to beckon from the hill!
- There's peace in all the quiet world that seems of heaven a part,
- So closely weave the shadows; and there's peace in my poor heart!

For I'm going home, dear world, The hour has grown so late!

O guide me sure, soft candle-stars, To where my loved ones wait! The Unveiling of a Monument to Samuel de Champlain.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

N the 27th of May the Capital of the Canadian Dominion witnessed a very solemn and impressive ceremony, twofold in its character. There was, first, the unveiling of a bronze tablet to Colonel John By, one of the founders of Ottawa, in Major Hill Park, a lovely wooded spot skirting the Houses of Parliament, and one where in the early years of the last century the Colonel had his residence. Since then the city has grown up about that charming site on the cliff side, overlooking the Ottawa River and the Chaudière Falls, with the Chelsea Hills in the background. Colonel By was an officer of Engineers, commissioned by the British Government to construct the celebrated military waterway of the Rideau Canal, This has since been conspicuous rather in the ways of peace, offering to the tourist a delightful excursion through a country which has all the characteristic features of Canadian scenery.

Colonel By is described by contemporaries as a fine type of man and of soldier, and his memory was fittingly honored by the distinguished assemblage, which included representatives of the Historic Landmarks Association, the Canadian Women's Historical Society, the Champlain Monument Committee, and the Royal Society of Canada, then in session in the Capital; besides, the Premier, Sir Robert Borden, and other members of the Cabinet, and many prominent in the social, political or intellectual life of the Dominion. His Royal Highness the Governor General of Canada pulled aside the encircling flags and declared the tablet unveiled, paying fitting tribute to the efficient officer to whom the present Capital owes its origin.

The second part of the ceremony (with the touching interlude of the uncovering

of an ancient iron post which once marked the boundary between Maine and Canada) was the unveiling of a noble monument, in the Capital of the Dominion, to Samuel de Champlain, founder and first Governor of Quebec. He was also a mariner of distinction, holding important offices in his native country; an explorer, a cartographer, a geographer of note; a forcible, accurate and witty writer; above all the torch-bearer of Catholic civilization into the wilds of primeval Canada. A brief review of the chief events in the career of that illustrious man, to whom Catholicity on this continent owes so much, may not be out of place here.

Born at Brouage, in Saintonge, in 1567, he came of a race of seafarers, and early showed an inclination to follow that calling. "The art of seafaring," he writes, "is that which since my earliest years has most strongly attracted me, and impelled me to expose myself during many years of my life to the fury of the waves." He also devoted himself to study, acquiring that accurate and comprehensive knowledge for which he was remarkable. He held the appointment of Maréchal des Logis, and became an experienced seaman and successful pilot, presently entering the service of the King of Spain as chief pilot. In that capacity, and on board of his uncle's vessel, the "St. Julien," he took a chart of every place at which he touched. But his darling dream was to visit the West Indies,-a wish which was finally realized, he himself (as his uncle was too old) being placed in command of the "St. Julien." In his "Voyage aux Indes" he has left a delightful account of those countries, of his wanderings amidst their fertile lands, and of the richness of their tropical scenery.

Shortly afterward he was chosen by one of the celebrated commanders of the day, De Chaste, to head an expedition to the New World, with the intention of making a settlement there. At Tadousac they were met upon the shore by savages

of the Montagnais tribe, who offered them the "pipe of peace" and welcomed them to the New World. Thence they sailed up as far as the Falls of St. Louis, hoping to reach the source of the great river. They were, however, compelled to retrace their steps, owing to the inclemency of the weather, for which they were unprepared. Returning to France, Champlain, who had by no means given up the project of a colony in the New World, attracted the attention of Henry of Navarre, who entered warmly into the project, and was also solicitous for the evangelization of the natives. That was, in fact, a motive of action very dear to the heart of the future Governor, and in all his explorations he kept it steadily in mind, declaring that "the salvation of one soul is of more value than the conquest of an empire."

An attempt at colonization was next made at Port Royal, in the Acadian district, on account of the greater mildness of the climate. In the "Voyages de Champlain," the explorer refers thus to his winter at Port Royal: "We passed that winter very joyously, and made good cheer by means of the Ordre de Bontemps. which I established, and which everyone found very beneficial to his health, and more profitable than all the medicines that could be used. It consisted of a chain which, with divers little ceremonies, we put round the neck of one of our people, appointing him thus for the day our caterer. The next day another took his place, which produced a sort of rivalry as to who should furnish us with the best game."

The stay at Port Royal was short, by reason of jealousies and intrigues which had beset the path of Champlain's patron, M. de Monts, who was, however, determined to send the former, in whom he had every confidence, on a second expedition to the banks of the St. Lawrence. Pont Gravé commanded one of the boats, and Champlain the other. And he it was who had already decided upon the site

of the future colony, that rocky headland at the confluence of the St. Lawrence and St. Charles Rivers which was to make his name immortal. There the colony was founded, and there for well-nigh twenty years - through privation and discomfort, through the severity of Canadian winters as yet untempered by civilization, in continual peril from the ferocious Iroquois whose power Champlain was finally to subdue, threatened by famine, harassed by jealousy and intrigues in the old country and by the fanaticism of the Huguenots-the first Governor continued to rule wisely and well. He befriended the Hurons, the Algonquins, and other of the weaker Indian tribes, by means of which he was drawn into conflicts with the Iroquois. His military achievements in that direction place him in the front rank of colonial commanders.

He made twenty voyages to France in the interests of New France, obtaining therefrom numerous temporal advantages, and the protection of powerful patrons who were to be found amongst the French nobility of the seventeenth century, many of whom were ready to enter with generous ardor into Champlain's plans for the evangelization of the natives. In the early days of the settlement, he brought with him the Récollets, Fathers Jamay, Dolbeau, and Le Caron, and one lay-brother; and these apostolic men, the anniversary of whose arrival at Quebec is presently to be celebrated, entered at once upon their sublime task of preaching the Gospel to the tribes. Later, the Governor, on more than one of his visits to France, brought to Quebec the Jesuit missionaries, who illustrated early colonial annals by their lives and often by their deaths; for, as a secular writer remarks, "few of them died the common death of all men." The Governor ever remained the sincere friend and patron of the missions, and there is a pleasant account in the "Relations des Jésuites" of his visits to their residence, where he often heard Mass and dined with the Fathers. The

limits of this article would be far too short to record the generosity, the zeal, the ardor with which that truly great ruler Led the vanguard of Truth to the inmost recesses Of this lost region of souls who know not the Gospel.

Perhaps the greatest trial of the Governor's life was when he found himself compelled through famine, which had sometime prevailed in the garrison of Ouebec and reduced the small band of its defenders, to surrender to the Kertk brothers, Huguenots in the service of England. A few months previously they had appeared before Quebec and demanded its surrender; but on that occasion, despite the insufficiency of his forces, the Governor had replied that 'if the English wanted to see him, they must come nearer, and not threaten him from a distance.' Instead of coming nearer, the hostile vessels had sailed away. But it was only to return to the attack, having informed themselves of the true condition of affairs. Champlain was then compelled to capitulate, though on the most honorable conditions. 'He himself was taken prisoner on board a vessel commanded by Thomas Kertk, bound for England.

During the crossing a characteristic episode occurred. There came in sight a vessel, soon recognized as French and commanded by Emeric de Caen, one of the powerful company which Champlain had founded for the material welfare of Quebec. In the skirmish that ensued. the French seemed to be getting the upperhand; and Kertk, approaching his prisoner, told him that M. de Caen wished to speak with him. He added that if the English vessel were taken, Champlain must die; and that, therefore, he had better advise M. de Caen to surrender his ship. Champlain made the character, istic reply "that it would be easy for Kertk to kill him (though most dishonorable, since he had been promised a safeconduct by his brothers); but that he was not in command of the French ship; and, if he were, he would advise the men

to do their duty." In the end the French vessel was obliged to surrender; and, on the arrival of the other at Plymouth, it was learned that a treaty of peace had been concluded even before the surrender of Ouebec. Champlain was, therefore, set at liberty, and Quebec restored to its rightful owners. After a brief interregnum, during which the command was placed in other hands, Champlain returned to "the land of his heart's love," bringing with him two hundred emigrants and several Fathers of the Society of Jesus. Great was the joy in the colony where the booming of cannon, the ringing of bells, and the acclamations of the inhabitants greeted the return of their beloved leader and of his spiritual allies.

During the short years that remained to him, Champlain never relaxed his efforts for the conversion of the savages. He continued his incessant labors for the amelioration of colonial conditions and for the strengthening and improvement of the city on the cliff. He built the chapel of Notre Dame de la Recouvrance, in thanksgiving for the recovery of Quebec and in fulfilment of a vow. He also pursued those explorations in which he had been engaged ever since his advent to Canada, though he had been disappointed in his earlier hope of finding the Northwest passage. He pushed his researches, through what later became the Province of Ontario, to the shores of the Georgian Bay in the vicinity of Lake Simcoe, to Lake Nipissing, to the Ottawa River and the Chaudière, and to other portions of those then trackless wastes.

At last, just when the little colony on the rock-bound height, where faith had found its first resting-place, was celebrating the feast of Christmas, the death of Champlain cast a gloom over all the festivities. Loud were the lamentations, heartfelt the grief, which extended to the Indians when they gathered in the spring under the shadow of those walls where they had always found so warm a welcome. It was hard to convince them, at

first, that he whom they had so loved and upon whom they had depended had gone, as they expressed it, "to the land of the Great Spirit, beyond the red home of the setting sun."

But the memory of Champlain is immortal, not only in the ancient Capital which he founded, but throughout all Canada, and that, despite the conquest which finally tore the New France from the Old. And so on May 27, his Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught was called upon to unveil that monument, the work of Mr. Hamilton McCarthy. It stands upon Nepean Point, which projects into the stream, below the Parliament buildings and Major Hill Park. The spot is the identical one described by the explorer himself, on the "south side of the Ottawa River, on the third cliff, overlooking the great Falls." He is represented as looking out toward those lands, then truly the primeval forest, after which his heart vearned both as explorer and as one zealous for the propagation of the Gospel. In his hand he holds the famous astrolabe, the loss of which is mentioned in his writings with so keen a regret. Every line of the sculptured form is instinct with virility and the true nobility which made Samuel de Champlain the foremost figure in early colonial annals.

The first speaker on that auspicious occasion was Mr. Benjamin Sulte, who is, perhaps, the greatest authority on Champlain in the Dominion. "We are united here to-day," he said, "to honor the memory of a man whom Canadians have never failed to honor for three hundred years; ... for Champlain was not only the first colonist in Canada, but one whose plans gave a conception of genius that was fully two hundred years ahead of his time. He was not only a great discoverer, but a great writer, a great historian,-great in every way.... An evidence of the general appreciation of him in all parts of Canada may be read in the statues that have been erected to him in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia,

Quebec, at the head of Lake Champlain, besides this one in Ottawa, and another soon to be placed on the shores of Lake Simcoe.... Champlain has outgrown every man who was contemporary with him. He was the foremost genius of his time. In Toronto there is a Champlain Society which has spent over \$20,000 in having his writings translated into English. In the United States there is a good deal of literature about this illustrious man."

Professor Prince, Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, returned thanks to his Royal Highness for being present, and expressed his gratitude to the Dominion and Provincial Governments, the Municipal Council, and the public generally for their generous donations to the monument; and he warmly congratulated Mr. Hamilton McCarthy on the excellence of his work, which so worthily represented the subject.

The well-known Catholic journalist, littérateur and lecturer, Dr. J. K. Foran, had then the pleasant duty as secretary of the Champlain Monument Committee. to speak in behalf of the president, Sir Sandford Fleming. After a due acknowledgment to all concerned, he made an impressive reference to the Fathers of Confederation, those great ones of the past-Macdonald, McGee, Cartier, Lafontaine, Baldwin, Brown, and the restwhose statues now grace the Parliament grounds. "But," he said, "in the statue of Champlain we have one of a very different character,-one which carries us back along the highway of Canadian history. Here it was that Samuel de Champlain landed; it was on this spot that he took, with his old-fashioned astrolabe, the observations mentioned in his memoirs. . . . Into the primeval forests, toward which the sculptured presentation of him seems to be gazing, Champlain carried the torch of civilization and the flambeau of Christianity. No other place could be more appropriate for such a commemorative monument." And that

spot Professor Prince declared to be, because of its natural situation and the beauties of nature by which it was embellished, one of the finest sites in the world.

Sir Adolphe Routhier, retiring president of the Royal Society, in his graceful and charming manner, made an informal speech, at the instance of the Committee, in which he declared that, had Champlain lived to-day, he would have been a fellow of the Royal Society and distinguished in very many of its departments, so wide, so accurate, was his knowledge, so eminent his attainments, and so versatile his gifts. "We do not honor Champlain in being present," he said: "rather does Champlain honor us. Champlain was the glory of old Quebec. But he wanted more than Ouebec: he wanted to establish a great country in America and for France. He wanted to extend the country from the Atlantic to the Pacific. His successors had made that a reality. He always faced the West, as in his statue.... Champlain has lived in the memory of the people ever since,-the highest honor that could be paid him."

His Royal Highness the Governor General then declared the monument unveiled; and he, too, threw his stone upon the cairn of that illustrious Christian and Catholic. "Champlain," he said, "was a great man in every sense of the word: he was a great navigator, a great commander, a great geographer, a great traveller. None made a more important contribution to civilization than he, for he was one of the founders of the Christian Church in Canada. . . . I hope his memory will live forever; and I desire to congratulate all who have been connected with the erection of this monument, especially its sculptor, Mr. Hamilton McCarthy."

And so, by the whirligig of time, that man who devoted his life to the spread of French influence in North America, and who so sturdily fought against the future conquerors of his race, is to-day honored by those very conquerors. His share in bringing Catholic Christianity to the soil of the New World, and keeping it alive in the rock-bound Capital of Quebec, is lauded by those of an alien creed; and the high aims and ideals for which he stood are acknowledged thus three hundred years after he was laid to rest in the city which is his greatest monument.

# The World War from a Christian Statesman's Point of View.

I N an article entitled "The Immediate Duty of Christian Men," contributed to the Laymen's Bulletin, a new English publication, Lord Bryce reviews the World War from a religious point of view, and expresses some thoughts deserving of most attentive consideration not only by his own countrymen but by all Christendom. Burning words are these:

However heavy the blame which must rest on those to whom the outbreak of the war is to be chiefly attributed, must not some part of it rest upon all who, anywhere and everywhere, call themselves Christians? If there had been a higher standard of Christian thought and action among ourselves and elsewhere in Christendom, could these things have happened?

We in Great Britain have of late years come to see more clearly how much is amiss in our business life, and to what extent the social arrangements and relations between the classes fall short of the Christian standard. We have seen, too, how inconsistent with Christian principles is the industrial strife which, during recent years, has threatened our domestic peace.

In reference to his own countrymen, the English statesman says further:

Can we assert that there have not been occasions when we may have seemed to abuse our strength, and shown scant regard for the rights of other and weaker peoples? May we not have in such ways reduced our moral influence? A State, it is said, can not be generous as an individual man can, but it can always be just, can treat the weak with the same fairness that it shows to the strong.

Until now, very few Englishmen have dared to express themselves in this wise. At the beginning of the war such expressions would have been considered treasonable, and the authors of them abused on all sides. But the people of England are coming to their sober senses, and are disposed at last to listen to warnings against arrogance as well as over-confidence.

Answering the question he puts to himself, "Can not something be done among ourselves to revive the inspiring power which Christianity has shown in its best spirits and at its best moments?" Lord Bryce continues: "If we follow the course of history for the last two centuries, do we not find that the Gospel has been by far the strongest moral force, though often a grievous force when men have neglected and perverted its/ precepts? The Gospel of Christ is the strongest force because it appeals to all men, not those only who are fit to receive learning and philosophy. Further, it has been, and is, strong because it appeals to the noblest and deepest parts of the human nature."

Lord Bryce points out that the problem always has been, and is now, how to apply Christianity to the facts of daily life of each individual. One must begin with one's own soul, he says, denying each passion and all bitterness. He concludes that the circumstances attending this war, and the challenge to Christian principles which it makes, have stirred the depths of every man's soul as nothing else has done in the last three centuries. "Must we not try while the impulse is still fresh and strong to turn it to the fullest account? Must we not make another effort to bring individual life, social life, and business life closer to those Christian ideals, following which, as we believe, the best hopes of peace and the welfare of humanity are to be found?"

In view of the appalling calamities which the world is now witnessing, it is to be hoped that Lord .Bryce's remarkable article will be widely read, and taken to heart by every reader.

# Notes and Remarks.

The words of practical wisdom recently spoken by the Holy Father to the Association of Catholic Wives and Mothers of Rome merit the widest possible circulation. Speaking of the lack of correspondence on the part of many men and boys to pastoral zeal for their spiritual welfare, his Holiness declared: "Only the Christian wife and mother can make up for this regrettable obstacle to the sacerdotal ministry. The tenderness of the wife and the solicitude of the mother may be a more efficacious apostolate than that which the priest can exercise. It may be because the wife and the mother are able to seize the favorable opportunity; or because, in spite of repulses met at first, they can make fresh attempts; or, above all, because to the wife and the mother the door of the heart is never To this persuasion must be closed. attributed the first Sodality of Christian Mothers founded at Paris sixty-five years A similar sentiment inspired the ago. erection of that of Rome in 1863, and nothing else maintains it to-day in its flourishing condition."

This is an apostolate which can be exercised individually, even without membership in any association such as those mentioned by Benedict XV. The home circle is a sodality in which wife and mother can find abundant scope for all her beneficent activities, and upon her fidelity in exercising a good many of them will depend much of the peace and happiness she may hope for in the present life.

It is earnestly to be hoped that Catholic members of labor organizations in every other country of the world are imbued with the same sensible spirit that animates Mr. Benjamin Hoare and his associates in South Australia. The official Labor Party of that commonwealth, or at least an influential portion of that Party, having manifested a feeling of pronounced

antagonism against the Church in its treatment of the educational problem, Mr. Hoare, who is a leading member of the Catholic Federation, writes to the press in a manly strain that leaves nothing to be desired. After pointing out that the true aims of Labor as a political party and the true aims of Catholics as churchmen nowhere come into collision, and that denominational education is not really a Labor question, this virile son of the Church declares: "If Labor says to us, 'You must choose between Labor and your Church dogma,' well, then, as an almost solid body, we will choose the Church dogma every time, in spite of a few-renegades. If Labor says in its arrogance, 'You must drop either Labor or the Catholic Federation,' we may give a sigh of regret, but we have no shadow of difficulty in the choice. It is in such a case the World versus God. Very well! We choose the Church, which speaks on education with the voice of God."

May such be the choice of all Catholic laymen when the occasion presents itself as, in one way or another, it is safe to do—to take sides on questions wherein are involved the respective claims of God and the world.

More than a few times during the past half year we have called the attention of our readers to one inevitable result of the great war-the cessation of many . sources of supply to the Foreign Missions and to the revenues of the Holy See. As the one neutral country of commanding importance, the United States is naturally looked to by European Catholics as the place from which the deficit in these charitable contributions should be made up. A very laudable movement in this direction has been begun by the St. Louis branch of the American Federation of Catholic Societies. The plan is to collect a voluntary donation of ten cents from each member of every Catholic society in the country, to form a gift to the

Vatican treasury. It is to be a Peter's Pence offering extraordinary, independent of, and in no sense connected with, the annual Peter's Pence collection taken up in the churches by episcopal order. It may be well to remind such of our readers as are not members of any society that these annual collections for the next year or two should appeal to their generosity with a force hitherto wanting. The calls on the Vatican for material aid will. for a long time to come, be numerous and multifarious; and those whom God has blessed with abundance, in sober reality owe a portion of that abundance to the cause of charity and religion.

The fact that a great many of the war books now being published are based on prejudice or hatred, is the best reason for leaving them unheeded. Future historians will probably agree that jealousy, greed, and revenge were prime factors in the great international conflict. A comparison of statements made by one side with those published by the other shows how useless it is at present to try to find out the exact truth on any matter connected with the war. Dr. Sven Hedin. a pro-German correspondent, for instance, declares that, during the months he spent with the German army, he "did not see a single instance of cruelty to prisoners or wounded, let alone ill-treatment of the civil population, and its goods and chattels." Statements to the same effect abound in a book by this correspondent, just translated into English, under the title "With the German Armies in the West." Dr. Hedin's English critics retort that he evidently saw what he was wanted to see. His tour resembled that of the favored traveller on a railway who sees only the best of everything in comfort, and writes a roseate account of his experiences as if they were normal; or the "surprise" visit of a school inspector, of which the school authorities have been duly warned.

"Hun Svedend," as he is called in

England, saw misery and grief, destruction and ruin following in the wake of war; but for all that the English and French are principally to blame. Mr. Granville Fortescue, an American, laying his hand on his heart, has produced another book ("At the Front with Three Armies") in which he also describes only what he saw with his own eyes. He speaks of "women wantonly shot, towns given over to the flames, the high men of the villages, men respected by all who knew them, given as short shrift as a mad dog.... Here was the evidence of a crime that still cries to Heaven for vengeance.... In their policy of spreading terror . . . they put all to fire and sword. If there is a just God, Germany must pay heavily for this crime."

If among the many war books that have appeared there is one that is sane and temperate, written without prejudice, exaggeration, malice or ill-temper, it has not yet come under our notice.

Although the paths by which converts are led into the Church are never flowery, it seldom happens nowadays that persons who "go over to Rome" are called upon to endure the persecution, none the less cruel for being refined, to which nearly all who "joined the Catholics" were formerly subjected. In some cases that we can recall, the harshest treatment came from nearest relatives and dearest friends, and never relented. Mr. Arthur Christopher Benson's memoirs of his lamented brother offer an instance of the growth of domestic tolerances since the days when parents turned against children and brothers and sisters were estranged as a result of embracing the Catholic Faith. In the Benson family no bitterness was engendered by the conversion of its most beloved son. Mr. Benson refers to it frankly as Hugh's "attainment," and writes:

And then Hugh made the great change of his life, and, as a Catholic, found his dreams realized and his hopes fulfilled. He found,

indeed . . . the power which supplements weakness and represses distraction, the motive for glad and happy obedience. I can say this thankfully enough, though in many ways I confess to being at the opposite pole of religious thought.... He found sympathy and confidence, a sense of corporate union, and above all a mystical and symbolical devotion embodied in a great and ancient tradition, which was visibly and audibly there with a movement like a great tide; ... and then, too, he found in the Roman Catholic community that sort of eager freemasonry which comes of the desire to champion a cause that has won for itself a place and influence and respect, but which is yet so much opposed to national tendencies as to quicken the sense of active endeavor and eager expectation.

Times have changed since Mgr. Benson's father, the Archbishop of Canterbury, uttered his famous gibe about the "Italian mission" of which his favorite son was destined to become a priest,—a most zealous and efficient one.

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The apparently interminable controversy over the undue prominence and the undue neglect of athletics in school and college life still goes merrily (or stormily) on. The latest contribution to the ephemeral literature of the subject to come to our notice is from Dr. James J. Walsh, who tells the readers of America that "the most interesting feature of present-day medical literature in what concerns school life is that physicians who have had, any experience are practically agreed in declaring that competitive athletics in youth at school or college, far from making health better, has a definite tendency to impair health. They maintain, on the strength of observation and statistics, that many athletes die younger than their fellow-students of reasonably good constitution, who did not take any strenuous part in athletics while at college; and that in after life the college athletes have distinctly more tendencies to be ailing, are oftener absent from their occupations because of ill health, are forced to take more and longer vacations, and are not at all the beings of perfect health and strength

they are often supposed to be by those who know nothing about the matter from actual facts. Besides, it is physicians who point out that the ethical value of athletics is very dubious."

One opinion which will probably be shared by the majority of judicious persons is that games in which all students may take part are preferable to those in which only a few participate while the rest are mere lookers-on.

We are hoping that a paper on "The Place and Mission of the Private School," by Prof. Thomas Stockham Baker, head master of The Tome School, Port Deposit, Md., will come under the notice of many Catholic educators during the present vacation period, and be read by them with deserved attention. In explanation of the increasing importance of private schools, Dr. Baker says:

The public schools are for the public, and the watchword at the present time is "Utility." People are demanding what they call practical instruction in the people's schools. They . are asking for courses that will have immediate usefulness. This practical tendency is being overdone, and in the desire 'to "get results" the pupils are neither acquiring a means of livelihood nor getting a proper education. There must in time be a reaction against this placing of the heavy practical burden upon the schools. However, I have not been asked to discuss the public schools. I see no reason why the private schools should accept as their mission any other ideal than the giving to their students of the soundest and broadest education which is possible. It is to be hoped that they will resist this utilitarian movement and attempt to exert a conservative influence. It is true that in this effort they are not meeting with great encouragement from some of the colleges. However, I can not but think that this is only a passing phase, and that in time the colleges which accept anything, from basketry to counterpoint, as subjects which may be offered for admission will change their ideas. The private schools should not allow themselves to be moved by every educational whim that sweeps over the country. The public schools are necessarily more exposed to the changes which sway public sentiment. There is no reason why private schools should not be thoroughly modern and alert to what is good

in educational thought, but they can afford to wait until innovations have fully justified themselves. The private secondary schools should consider their chief function to be to give to their pupils a liberal education. If they will hold to this idea, they can exert a far-reaching influence upon the intellectual life of America, and they can maintain a salutary, steadying influence throughout the entire field of education.

We do not agree with all the views of this eminent educator, and some of those with which we are in fullest accord we should differently express; however, his paper impresses us as being of exceptional importance and excellence. As will be seen from our quoted extract, Dr. Baker upholds a number of the principles upon which our educational institutions have always acted.

Rarely do we pick up an issue of the St. Vincent de Paul *Quarterly* without meeting with an abundance of good matter which we should like to pass on to our readers. The current issue, for instance, contains an editorial, "Some of our Failings," that is worth quoting in its entirety, although limited space restricts our reproduction to one paragraph. Apropos of the truth that selfseeking is not God's way, and that Vincentians should be on their guard against selfishness, the writer says:

Our protection against it lies in the simplicity that Christ taught and exemplified with infinite charm. If we are well qualified by ability and experience to take over the duties of leadership in Vincentian work, we shall be the last to discover it. We must have leaders who will carry responsibility, who will take the initiative, and who will undertake to sustain the spirit and standards of the Society. Provided we take no step and inaugurate no plan to set ourselves forward, we may take it for granted that the call of the Society or the action of those in authority will warrant us in accepting the duties of leadership when we should do so. The best proof of our unfitness for such work would be presented were we to volunteer, or were we to manage and plan in order that the distinction of leadership should come to us.

The foregoing is the common-sense philosophy of desirable leadership in any work—charitable, religious, civic, or other. That the office should seek the man, not the man the office, is sound doctrine in all spheres of human activity; and it is largely because the reverse of that doctrine is often acted upon that so many offices are incompetently filled, and so many lamentable failures recorded in contemporary history.

Gifts with a string to them are sure to be received with reluctance when not openly spurned; but the practice of contributing alms for the rescue and support of abandoned babies in China, with the proviso that when they are baptized they shall receive names furnished by the donors, is wholly satisfactory. In numerous cases, the names are those of saints whom it is the intention to honor, or of deceased relatives and friends in whose behalf the alms is bestowed. It is a beautiful custom. We have known children to make really heroic sacrifices in order to secure namesakes all their own among babies abandoned by their parents and exposed to the danger of dying without baptism. How many of these little unfortunates are rescued every year in China by the Sisters of Charity, and how welcome to them are contributions for their great apostolate, may be judged from the following letter just received from a zealous Sister stationed at Ning-Po, to whom we had the pleasure some time ago of sending an alms entrusted to us by readers of THE AVE MARIA:

Many thanks for the twenty dollars that I have received through Sr. C., of Chentufu. I will ask our dear Lord to bless the donors for their charity in behalf of His poor little ones in this far-away corner of His vineyard.

We are crowded now with "thrown-away babies," and several have lately gone to heaven to intercede for their rescuers. Only yesterday we were out in search of abandoned children; and I had the consolation of giving thirteen little pagans their passport to heaven, naming two of them Maria in remembrance of those kind readers of Our Lady's Magazine.



Tommy Travers.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XXVI.—Tommy's "BROTHER."



AD sank back in his chair dumb and dazed, the birchbark letter still in his shaking hand. Tommy alive! Tommy safe! Tommy getting well!

Oh, it was not true,—it could not be true! He must be going mad! What was the boy—the young tough he had found at last, — what was he saying to Mr. Vincent? And, still feeling as if he were in a bewildering dream, dad listened as Bunty explained:

"I didn't know they were going to steal Tommy. I didn't know nothing about it at all. They told me I was going to get a job on a ranch, and they carried me off, too. They knew I had been with Tommy at Saint Gabriel's, and had pushed him out in the street, and kept him from jolt and jar, and could take care of him right. I was to keep him alive, they said; and they dumped us both down in a cave, and skipped off and left us there. And an Injun boy came along hunting, and took us home with him. Then the storm and the floods came, and we couldn't get away until I heard of these galoots at Kicking Creek; and I made off there to send this here letter for Tommy. And they nabbed me," continued Bunty, choking with a righteous wrath. "They showed me a paper that said there was five hundred dollars reward for me. They dragged me off here to be jailed or hanged. And I ain't done nothing, but just been good to Tommy, and rubbed him and fed him and kept him from jolt and jar."

There was a hoarse sob in the tone; for this hero of Duffys' Court was only a boy, and he had been having a hard time at Kicking Creek.

"I ain't done nothing at all." And in the breaking young voice was the honest note, in the uplifted eyes the honest light, that dad had heard and seen and trusted instinctively when he first met Bunty Ware.

"Nothing at all, my boy!" he echoed remorsefully, remembering how he had driven this faithful friend from Tommy's side. "You have done everything, everything that a brave, true, noble fellow could do for "my son."

"I've tried sure," answered Bunty, drawing a long breath of relief; for dad's hand lay in friendly fashion on his shoulder, dad's voice shook with feeling, dad's eyes were strangely soft and dim. "And Nick knew it, — he knew I was sticking by Tommy. I told him that straight through, and I've done it. We've been in some pretty tough and rough places, but Tommy hasn't had a bad jolt or jar yet; and he can walk real good now. Just you come along up to that Injun water cure and see for yourself."

That dad promptly accepted this invitation we need not say. Mr. Jeb Jones received his five hundred dollars reward, and was ready to give all the information he could regarding the "Injun" settlement up in the mountains, whose dwellers he said occasionally strayed down to Kicking Creek.

With its topography once settled, it was not very difficult for dad, whose golden wand was working again, to find an Indian guide who knew all about Los Banos. And soon the party was on its way. There were Mr. Vincent and dad; guides, carriers, with cushioned and curtained litter for Tommy; and, last but by no means of least importance, Bunty in a bran-new suit of corduroy, astride a sturdy little pony that, dad had informed him, was henceforth to be his own.

It was a wonderful journey over shining heights, beautiful now with the full bloom of spring. And when at last the Valley of the Healing Waters was reached, Tommy, who had caught sight of the cavalcade from afar, came scrambling down the rocks,-a little feebly perhaps as yet, but on legs that were growing stronger and stronger every day, and with a bloom on his cheek and a light in his eye that dad never had hoped to see. And when, after he had clasped his boy to his heart and heard the story of his adventure, dad held out his hand to Bunty and said he must be henceforth Tommy's "brother," Bunty felt that Sister Leonie's angels had stood by him, as in his simple, untaught faith he had asked them to do, and their work was done.

And other work the angels had done, which Bunty did not see. It was a changed dad that went back over the sunlit heights to Capulco,-a dad who had learned how weak had been his boasted strength, how vain his pride and power, how worthless all his wealth to save or help his boy. But a Father greater, wiser, even more loving than he, had held Tommy in His keeping, had guarded him wonderfully through strange perils, and had given him back in new life and health to his arms. In his gratitude, dad's proud, strong heart grew soft and warm, even as the ice melts in the springtime sun.

There came a glad day to Capulco, when, from the scarred and gashed ridges, the wretched cabins and huts, the shafts and pits where men had stood in sullen defiance all winter, wondering crowds poured forth at their master's bidding to his enchanted castle on the hill. And, standing there at his father's side, Tommy had made a second speech that he found even more thrilling than the first delivered to the Free Ward more than six months ago.

. He said that his father had now taken him into partnership, and they had talked things over and agreed to run the mines and works in a new way. There was so much elbow-room in this big, beautiful world, he wanted them all to have their share of it, with no crowding, and money enough to buy what they wanted, and houses with roofs and windows and everything nice. And, since he had heard that they did not get enough pay for all this, he hoped they would go to work again on their own terms; while, to celebrate the occasion, he invited them all to a feast in the grove, where tables were spread with all the good things his guests could ask. The shouts that rent the air after this speech were all that even a "Daniel Webster" could wish.

And Bunty? These were wonderful times for the olden hero of Duffys' Court. For Tommy held fast to his word. Bunty was his "brother" indeed,—the brother who had saved him when dad and his millions were powerless,—the brother who had stuck to him through good and evil, pain and peril, life and death.

And, as if to seal the bond and relieve Bunty from all other family ties, a letter came one day from Australia. It ran as follows:

DEAR BUNT:—I treated you dirty mean, I know; but I've seen and read about you in the papers. And this is just to say I'm glad you're in luck, and that I'm out of your world and life forever. I daren't bother you if I would. You'll never see or hear again of

Your brother, NICK.

Which was a relief to all concerned, we must confess. So Bunty was free,—free to accept his new life without any links to an ugly past, whose shadows only threw the beautiful present into brighter relief.

There were long, glad days, when Tommy was getting better every hour; there were gladder days, when he was getting strong, as even Dr. Devlin and Miss Norton had to agree, both of them writing articles to that effect for scientific magazines that paid them well.

There was a beautiful pilgrimage to Los Banos on Our Lady's Day in August, when Tommy was able to take the trail on his own pony, and serve Padre Antonio's yearly Mass. Camp and grove bloomed out in Our Lady's flowers, and dad scattered gifts with a kingly hand, saying he could make no fitting return for the kindly Indians' care of his boy. And Diaz and Andreas and all the men welcomed back "Bueno" as one of their own, made him promise to return every year for the hunting, and presented him with the black musquaw's skin, cured, and lined into a rug that nothing in all Capulco could excel.

Later on there was another visit that Tommy and Bunty found more interesting still. When the snows fell on Capulco, dad thought it best to take a trip East, to escape the mountain winter, and let the great specialist, who was still incredulous, look Tommy over and be assured of his wonderful cure, to which, after close examination, the distinguished gentleman was forced to attest. "Ozone" had done it, he decided; and he wrote a lengthy pamphlet to that effect, with Tommy's picture on the first page. But of old Mother Nature who had taken Tommy to her rough breast, of Abuela and her ointments, of the broth made of wild things, and the teas of the medicine man, or the Waters of the Healing Spring, the pamphlet said not a word.

And, though the great house in Woodley Square was opened in all its glory of fountains and flowers and jewelled glass, and Bunty had a room with rugs and curtains and downy bed next to Tommy's own, he did not forget Duffys' Court and his friends there. Both Tommy and dad agreed that poor old Granny Pegs must be put in a comfortable Sisters' home, where she could have good coffee every day, and tea that did not need any flavoring from a bottle, and a warm shawl, and soft slippers to walk down life's declining way; while Jakey was put in a Brothers' school, to grow up into a bright, honest boy.

And, as we may well believe, there was another glorious Christmas at Saint Gabriel's that happy year,---a Christmas in which Tommy and Bunty took an active part. For just one week before that blessed day, to the wondering delight of doctors and Sisters and nurses and internes, true to the cheerful promise he had made nearly a year before, Tommy came riding up to the door on a grey pony,-a bright, healthy Tommy, with all the legs and backbone any boy could And by his side-square, sturdy, ask. neat, well dressed, a trifle shy, but with all the toughness of the past gone foreverwas Bunty Ware, radiant with happiness. What a glad welcome there was, with Dr. Daddy wiping his spectacles that were dim with pure joy, and Dr. Dave's handsome face glowing with pride and pleasure, and Sister Leonie laughing and crying together over her boys, - her "blessed boys"!

And if the Saint Gabriel's Christmas Tree was great last year, this year it surpassed itself. It was in no sick boy's room now, but fairly bowered the great central hall, where Saint Gabriel stood with his lily sheaf, and Sister Gertrude's . red altar light burned day and night. And its green boughs were laden with gifts surpassing all last year's tree had borne. There was a cheque for a new "Tommy Travers Ward," that made Dr. Daddy's spectacles fairly drop off his nose; there was another to provide the legs and boots and braces that, since Tommy's departure, had been so sorely missed; there was an order for a Victrola to sing to sleep tired little patients in plaster-jackets.

All the last year's Free Ward were there,—Dicky Dyer and Joey Burke and Robbie White, and everyone else. And all this year's Free Ward that could be wheeled or pushed or helped along swelled the happy throng.

But, though Tommy was again the central figure, Sister Leonie's soft eyes turned even more tenderly to the big, sturdy "brother" at his side, who was quietly and shyly sharing his honors.

"My Bunty!" she said, when they stood apart for a moment, and she could pat the boyish shoulders unseen,—"my big black sheep! He is all white and soft and good now."

"Don't you be too sure of that, Sister Leonie," replied Bunty, with the smile that came so often these days. "The old 'tough' is strong in me yet. But, with you and Tommy and everybody helping me, I'll live him down. I am one of Father Con's boys this winter," he added. "You know he asked me a long time ago, when I sent you that picture. I was too foolish to listen to him then. But now-now" (the strong young face softened) "I am going to him for instructions every evening. He gave me this." He opened his jacket as he spoke: pinned on the neat cloth vest within was a white ribbon holding a silver medal. "The White Lady," said Bunty, and the smile on his face went right to Sister Leonie's heart. "But I have a better name for her now: it is Mother-Mother Mary. It surely keeps a fellow straight-doesn't it. Sister Leonie?-to have a Mother like this."

#### (The End.)

### Named for the Blessed Virgin.

"Above all," wrote Father Marquette, "I placed our voyage under the protection of the Holy Virgin Immaculate; promising that if she granted us the favor of discovering the great river, I would give it the name of the Conception." And so he called the Mississippi "Rivière de la Conception." The nameby which it was known to the Indians and is now called means "great and long river." The Trevor Treasure.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

II.

T the end of a fortnight two men came out to Beverly to clean the smokehouse. Father O'Brien accompanied them, and the Trevor children were on the qui vive for the work about to be accomplished. Under Edward's direction, Simon, their man-of-all-work, had already swept the rafters, ceiling, and walls; and had removed the rusty hooks and wooden pegs which testified to the former character of the building. Simon, with the assistance of a Catholic Negro in the neighborhood, had thoroughly rubbed the walls, which, when the smoke was removed, revealed a beautiful polished surface.

"This is grand!" cried the priest, as he 'surveyed it. "We must have an imitation oak altar, as we could never afford a real oak one. If it harmonizes in color with the walls and ceilings, it will do very well. Now let us go to work and see what the floor looks like. Come, Peter and James, with your scrapers and spades!"

The operation did not prove as difficult as had been expected. Edward had suggested that the men begin by using their spades.

"I believe there is a solid layer of grease and dust here," he said. "I am sure you will find it so."

"True for you, young sir," replied Peter, as with one insertion of the spade, he lifted a coating half an inch thick. "It looks for all the world like a thin sod of turf, so it does."

In some places the coating was harder to remove; but after a couple of hours' work the deposit had all been cleared away, and nothing remained to be done but scrape the floor, which still retained a surface coating of the accumulated dust and débris of many years. Edward went over to the house for a can of gasoline, with which it was proposed to rub the floor after the final scraping. When he returned, accompanied by his mother and Catherine, Simon had cleared a large spot in one corner.

"Why," exclaimed Catherine, "this is an odd-looking floor, isn't it? Instead of planks, there seem to be square blocks."

"What?" cried Edward. "Blocks? Are you sure?"

With these words he hastened forward and saw that his sister had not been mistaken. The floor had been laid in blocks about two feet square. They were apparently very thick; and as the gasoline, cutting the grease which filled the interstices, soon outlined the spaces, the beauty of the work became more and more evident.

Father O'Brien was delighted.

"My dear friends," he said, "when I look around at those high, narrow windows, this magnificent ceiling, and splendid floor, I am almost tempted to believe that the man who built this destined it, in the first place, for the very purpose to which we are about to dedicate it."

"And I *firmly* believe it!" put in Edward, whose cheeks were glowing in an unusual manner.

"I am afraid you are both allowing your imaginations to run riot," laughingly remarked Mrs. Trevor. "It has always been a smokehouse. There is no tradition of a chapel in the family, in this country; though the Trevors were always known for their attachment to the faith, and left England for that reason."

"However that may be," continued the priest, "it will make a most admirable chapel. Some way or another, we must try to have benches made that will carry out the plan of the building. No thrown together makeshifts will answer our purpose, since we have discovered what a treasure we possess."

Finally the preliminary work was ready, and the priest proposed that they adjourn for the day. "To-morrow morning, Edward," he said, "you and Simon and myself will give the final polishing with some excellent finish which has been recommended to me. It would do very well as it is, but for a few discolorations here and there. The last touches will make all smooth and clean, and bring out the grain of the wood to perfection."

"Very well, Father," replied the boy, his cheeks more pink than ever, and his eyes sparkling. "After dinner, mother, if you don't mind," he added, "I would like to come back and take some measurements. I have a plan which may turn out to be very good."

"Certainly," rejoined Mrs. Trevor. "There is no reason why you should not,—is there, Father?"

"Of course not," said the priest. "I am sure it is a good plan, whatever it may be."

"All right, then," said Edward. "But I must come alone."

"Very well. Just as you like," replied his mother slowly, as she regarded him, thinking there was something unusual in his demeanor.

Then they went back to the house to dinner.

Hardly had Father O'Brien departed, with the promise of returning in the morning, when Edward set out at a rapid pace for the scene of the day's labors.

One might truthfully say that he almost ran. Arrived at the old smokehouse, he entered and closed the double doors with a loud clang; after which he endeavored to shoot the rusty bolt, but in vain. It had been so long idle that it refused to work. Finding his efforts ineffectual, he finally desisted, secure in the promise of his mother that he should not be molested. Placing himself with his back to the door, he surveyed the interior of the building, which measured, he judged, about thirty by forty feet.

"How strange, — how very strange," he mused aloud, "that neither mother nor Catherine remembered! But I am glad they did not; for if they had done so, how disappointed they would be in the end if I should have made a mistake! It will not be so hard if I *am* wrong; for no one but myself will know anything about it."

His hand trembled as he drew a paper from his pocket, the shape and texture of which greatly resembled that found months ago in the attic by Mrs. Trevor on the day our story opened. Standing on the first block in the centre of the doorway, he opened the paper,-though he need hardly have gone to that trouble, for he knew its contents by heart. Placing his foot upon the third block, he advanced three blocks in an easterly direction, from thence five to the north, then three toward the west. There was just room on each block for both his feet to rest comfortably; and when he had reached thus far he stood still for a moment, longing, yet afraid, to continue his progress. He was nearing the goal, if goal there should await him at the end. "Four south, and there rest," read the directions. He covered the distance in two hurried steps.

The fifth block lay before him, but he saw no pivot: It did not in any respect differ from the others. His heart sank, his limbs trembled. Stooping to examine it more closely, he perceived in the middle of the block what appeared to be a very faint round spot, which the cleansing and scraping had failed to remove. It looked as though a drop of acid might have fallen there and discolored the surface. Stretching himself at full length across the floor, he took out his penknife and began to scratch the curious-looking spot.

He was soon rewarded. There was a depression, which dust had filled to the level of the floor, and which was now rapidly coming away under the point of the knife. That the spot was the pivot described in the paper, Edward had no longer a doubt. Inserting the point of his knife in the very centre, he began to turn it. It moved immediately; and in another moment the block began to loosen, then raise itself until it was so far above the surface that Edward could lift it with both hands. Trembling with joy and excitement, he laid it on the floor, and then saw that several other blocks near it were also detachable. He lifted and placed them beside the first. There were six in all; the rest seemed firmly planted in their places. The open space was six feet square.

Looking into the hole, Edward saw, some inches below, an iron box of perhaps four feet square-or, rather, the lid of the box, which had a ring in the centre. He could not move it an inch: and when his eyes grew accustomed to the darkness of the cavity, he saw that the box was tightly buried in the earth. For a few moments he sat on the ground, in a confusion of joy and satisfaction; though an observer might have seen him wipe an occasional tear from his brightly sparkling eyes and still glowing cheeks. But they were happy tears, and his boyish heart was filled with thankfulness to God: for he was firmly convinced that he had found the long-lost Trevor Treasure.

"The first thing is to tell mother," he said at last, and the thought was father to the deed.

In a very short time Mrs. Trevor and Catherine, with the two younger children, were standing beside the discovered treasure; and, after some conversation, it was suggested by Mrs. Trevor that they need not touch it until the arrival of Father O'Brien next morning.

"O mother," pleaded Edward, "I do not think any of us will sleep a wink to-night if we do that! I am sure I shall not. Let me call Simon. Together, we can get it out and take it to the house."

"You and Simon could never do it alone," said his mother. "I am certain it is very heavy. But I might telephone Father O'Brien, asking him to come over. He will know at once what to do."

This decision met with favor from all. Mrs. Trevor lost no time in telephoning, and Father O'Brien was equally prompt in coming. His fine mare, Lady Washington, bore him swiftly to his friends, whom he found awaiting him, reinforced by Simon, who had already brought an iron lever, which he said would most efficiently do the necessary work.

They had some difficulty in removing the chest. At length, however, it was freed from the earth in which it had been sunk; but it needed the combined efforts of Father O'Brien and Simon to lift and deposit it on the floor. Attached to the ring was a large key, which fitted the rusty lock, and, strangely enough, turned readily in the keyhole.

When the lid was removed, the first thing that came to light were several thicknesses of woolen blanketing, evidently homemade, but still intact. Underneath lay various packages wrapped in many folds of linen. One by one they were opened, and found to contain a brass crucifix, four pairs of handsome brass candlesticks of graduated sizes, two silver patens, a set of silver cruets and salver, a fine Missal, and a beautiful chalice, which Father O'Brien raised reverently to his lips.

"How many a sad story this could tell," he said. "In how many dark hours has it not been hidden, in how many a secret place concealed!"

There was also a quantity of altar linen, yellow with age and moulded. The brass and silver needed only a little polishing to make them good as new. Then came another layer of folded blanketing; and at the very bottom of the chest, packed tightly together, a quantity of stout cloth bags, which when opened disclosed gold and silver coins to the value of several thousand dollars.

The joy of the group was unbounded, they could hardly believe the evidence of their eyes.

"It is like a miracle!" cried Catherine. "Here we have not only a chapel, but a beautiful one, and nearly everything needed for the altar." "Such as could hardly be found anywhere now," said the priest. "These things, on account of their antiquity, the associations connected with them, as well as their own intrinsic value, are priceless."

"And the money, Father!" added Mrs. Trevor. "Never could it be more welcome or more needed. Now we shall not have to leave our dear home, and Edward can go to college."

"Let us kneel and thank God," said the priest. And together they uttered a prayer of joy and gratitude.

"I am inclined to think that this place was originally intended for a chapel," said Father O'Brien, when the fervent thanksgiving was ended. "Your good Catholic forefathers must have had that idea when they built it."

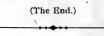
"I agree with you, Father," rejoined Mrs. Trevor; "and in future it will be used as the builders meant it to be."

Then, putting her arm around Edward, she continued:

"And but for our clever, thoughtful boy, Father, we should never have discovered the secret."

"The moment I saw the block floor I thought of the paper," said Edward. "I have been turning the thing over in my mind for months, looking here and there and everywhere about the place for blocks, blocks, blocks."

"May God keep and reward you, my boy," said the priest, "as I am sure He will! From good hands it came, and into good hands it has fallen!—the long-lost Trevor Treasure."



### May's Choice.

- "WHICH rosary will you have, my dear?" And grandma held up two.—
- "I like the long one, but I'll take The little one of blue."

But grandma said: "You'd better not: The blue beads aren't so strong."-

"You keep the big ones," May replied: "My penance never's long."

### THE AVE MARIA

## WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

-A revised and enlarged edition of "Hymns Used by the Pupils of the Sisters of Notre Dame" is announced by Washbourne.

-The first volume of Mr. Belloc's history of the European War deals with its general causes, the comparative strength of the combatants, and the early operations.

-The World Conference on Faith and Order has issued "A Manual of Prayer for Unity," compiled, for the most part, from liturgical and devotional sources, ancient and modern.

-The British Society of Franciscan Studies has just issued a new volume (VI.) containing a history of the Grey Friars of London, and the complete text of the register of their convent in Cotton MS. Vitellius F. IX., with an appendix of documents.

—"A Broken Rosary, and Other Stories," by Mary Agnes Finn (Benziger Brothers), is a collection of seven charming Catholic tales, replete with interest and redolent of unaffected, normal Catholic piety,—the piety that is good without being at all "goody-goody." To read a few of its pages after wading through the typical present-day "best-seller" is like inhaling the pure, fresh air of a quiet rural scene when escaping from the overheated atmosphere of a city dance hall.

—In the course of an appreciative review of Fr. Forbes Leith's new work, "Pre-Reformation Scholars in Scotland in the Sixteenth Century," the Athenæum remarks: "He who questions the scholarship of the Pre-Reformation Church of Scotland may well pause, faced by these striking pages... But the Church bears the intellectual honors of the period. William Dunbar and Gavin Douglas both served in her sacred ranks,—the one as a priest, the other as a bishop. Sir Walter Scott spoke of Dunbar as 'that excellent poet, unrivalled by any whom Scotland ever produced.""

—"Commentary on the Psalms—I-I," by the Rev. E. Sylvester Berry (Benziger Brothers), is a 12mo of 377 pages, thirty-three of which are devoted to the Introduction. Its author's purpose has been to supply an explanation of the Psalms sufficiently complete for practical needs, yet free from the technicalities of Hebrew grammar. The texts—the Latin from the Vulgate and the English from the Douay Version—are given in parallel columns; and each Psalm is followed by a synopsis of three or four pages' length. The author makes no claim to originality with regard to subjectmatter; but his work will prove of genuine helpfulness to the general Catholic reader, and to such students as have not yet mastered more elaborate and scholarly Scripture commentaries.

—"The Unveiling: a Poetic Drama in Five Acts," by Jackson Boyd, attempts, in its 255 pages of metrical text, to give in dramatic form a discussion of certain philosophical and religious principles and experiences. What we judge to be an excellent likeness of the author forms the frontispiece to this tastefully bound book. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

—"The Tears of the Royal Prophet, Poet of God," comes to us from B. Herder, but its title-page affords no clue to its authorship. A sixteenmo of 127 pages, it purports to be a series of meditations on the Seven Penitential Psalms. Instead of a set meditation divided into points, with "consideration," "application," "affections," and "resolutions," the author gives a running commentary on each of the psalms, the consecutive verses furnishing him with material now for a single paragraph, and again for several pages. The work will prove of spiritual advantage to readers who peruse it with proper dispositions.

-Young people who are interested in the oldtime animals with big names—the dinosaurs, pterodactyls, mastodons, glyptodons, etc. may read all about them in "Mighty Animals," by Jennie Irene Mix (American Book Co.); and, whether they feel interested or not, they will enjoy looking at the pictures of these extinct species of animal life. If the same young readers care to learn about an extinct tribe that once lived in the southwest of our country, they will be entertained by another book from the same publishers—"Kavahu, The Hopi Indian Boy," by George Moran, with twelve illustrations by Eliza Curtis.

-The translator of "The Most Vital Mission Problem of the Day," by the Rev. Frederick Schwager, S. V. D., owns in his preface to "one regret"—that he did not have time "to bring to hand the English authorities so copiously cited, as this would have unnecessarily delayed the publication of a most necessary and timely book." No doubt the necessity for haste is responsible, too, for certain angularities of translation, which will certainly be "one regret" of the reader. For example, such a phrase as "English-Irish Catholics," on page 21, is not clear in itself or from the context. As a work designed and perhaps destined to advance the cause of foreign mission activity, this volume has its sufficient reason to be. The zealous publishers earnestly request the publication of the price of the volume, which is ninety cents. The Mission Press, Techny, Ill.

-Alonzo of Aragon used to say that age was best in four things-"old wood to burn, old wine to drink, old friends to trust, and old authors to read." The saying is verified as to the last of the four in "The Fundamentals of the Religious Life." translated from the German by Father Schleuter, S. J. The original work, by a Jesuit who signed only the initial "O," was published in French two hundred years ago; but, like the Gospels, the "Imitation," and the "Introduction to a Devout Life," it is as timely, practical, and actual to-day as it was when first it went to press. A competent critic, the Vicar General of Lyons, does not hesitate to pronounce it the very best book that can be offered to religious for their instruction; and a cursory examination of its pages convinces us that the statement is not unduly laudatory. A little volume of 133 pages, it is brought out by Benziger Brothers.

### The Latest Books. A Guide to Good Reading.

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

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

- "Commentary on the Psalms—I-L." Rev. E. Sylvester Berry. \$2.
- "The Unveiling: a Poetic Drama in Five Acts." Jackson Boyd. \$1.25.
- "A Broken Rosary, and Other Stories." Mary Agnes Finn. \$1.15.
- "The Fundamentals of the Religious Life." Fr. Schleuter, S. J. 60 cts.
- "The Tears of the Royal Prophet." 60 cts.
- "The Message of Moses and Modern Higher Criticism." Rev. Francis Gigot, D. D. 15 cts.
- "The Modern Reader's Chaucer." John S. P. Tatlock, Percy MacKaye. \$5.

- "Sermon Matter." Rev. Fr. Girardey, C. SS. R. \$1.50.
- "Golden Lights." E. Gallienne Robin. 75 cts.
- "A Book of Answered Prayers." Olive Katharine Parr. 45 cts.
- "In Hoc & Vince." Florence L. Barclay. 75 cts.
- "A Treasury of Catholic Song." Sidney S. Hurlbut. \$1.25.
- "St. Juliana Falconieri." Marie Conrayville. 30 cts.
- "Jesus and Politics." Harold B. Shepheard, M. A. \$1.
- "Memoirs of the Very Reverend Samuel Mazzuchelli, O. P." \$1.50.
- "America and the New World-State." Norman Angell. \$1.25.
- "Fine Clay." Isabel C. Clarke. \$1.35.
- "Fairy Plays for Children." Mabel R. Goodlander. 40 cts.

### Obituary.

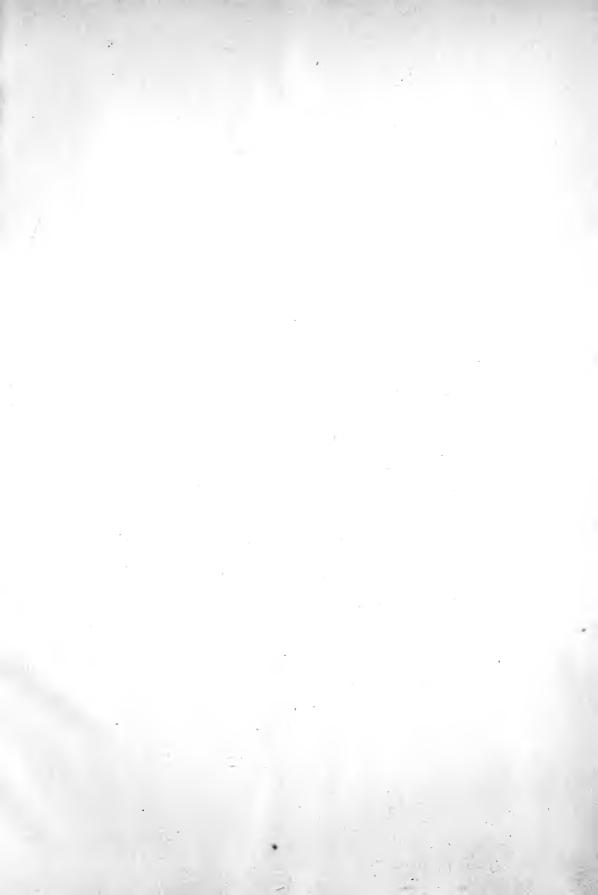
Remember them that are in bands .- HEB., xiii, 3.

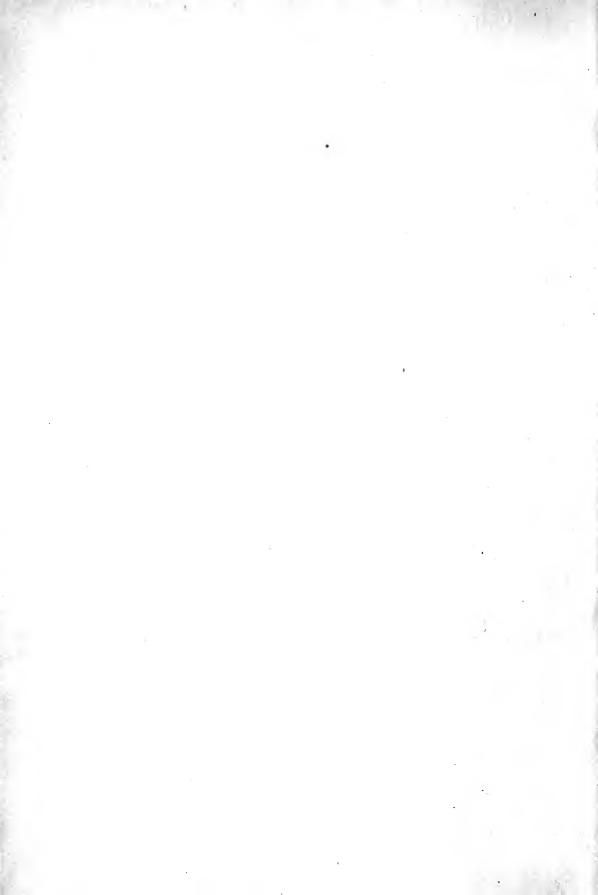
Rev. John P. Wilson, of the diocese of Brooklyn; Rev. William Curley, diocese of Fall River; Rev. John Copus, S. J.; and Rev. Urban Tracy, O. S. B.

Sister Paul, of the Sisters of Notre Dame; Sister M. Devona and Sister M. Barbara, Sisters of St. Dominic.

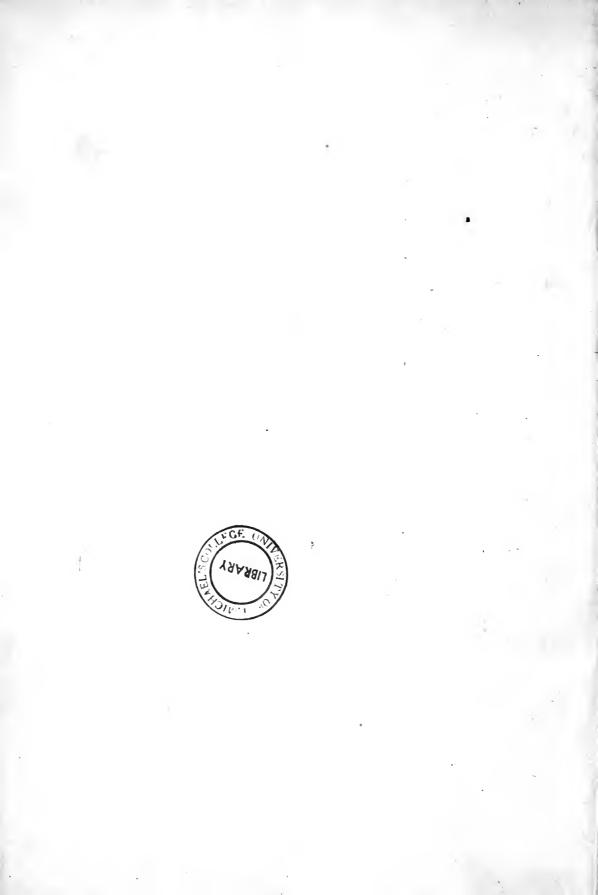
Mr. Julius Erickson, Mrs. Mary Charbonneau, Mr. John Dulzo, Mr. Patrick Donohue, Mr. Albert Zisler, Miss Louisa Desmond, Mr. George Begin, Ellen A. Martin, Mr. James Boyle, Mrs. Rebecca Moore, Mr. Joseph Bollard, Mr. James Bollard, Mrs. Ellen McTernan, Mr. Martin Baker, Mr. John A. McMaster, Mrs. Mary O'Neill, Mrs. Caroline Dillon, Mr. Frank Porvost, Mr. Albert Straub, Mrs. Julia Cawley, Mr. John McDermott, Mr. Joseph Hilderscheid, Mrs. Mary Matyn, Mr. T. Flood, Mr. N. Laramie, Mr. John Garvey, Mrs. Elizabeth Mattison, Mrs. Mary O'Loughlin, Mr. F. D. Alvino, Mr. M. Cradock, Mr. William Mullen, Mrs. T. D. O'Connell, Miss Josephine Dobson, Mr. Philip Sullivan, Miss Julia Du Four, Mrs. Margaret Bradley, Mrs. Catherine Carroll, Mr. Charles Haar, Mr. Frank Helfrich, Mr. Louis Hoffmeyer, Miss Ellen Early, Mr. Bernard McGrath, Mr. E. H. Kalkman, Miss Ellie Regan, Mr. Frederick Stegmaier, Mr. Edward Vining, Miss Catherine McAndrew, Mr. A. B. Meighan, Miss Emma Thum, Mr. Joseph Murphy, and Mr. Theodore Van Cloostere.

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









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Ave Maria.

AIP-2242 (awab)

# Does Not Circulate

