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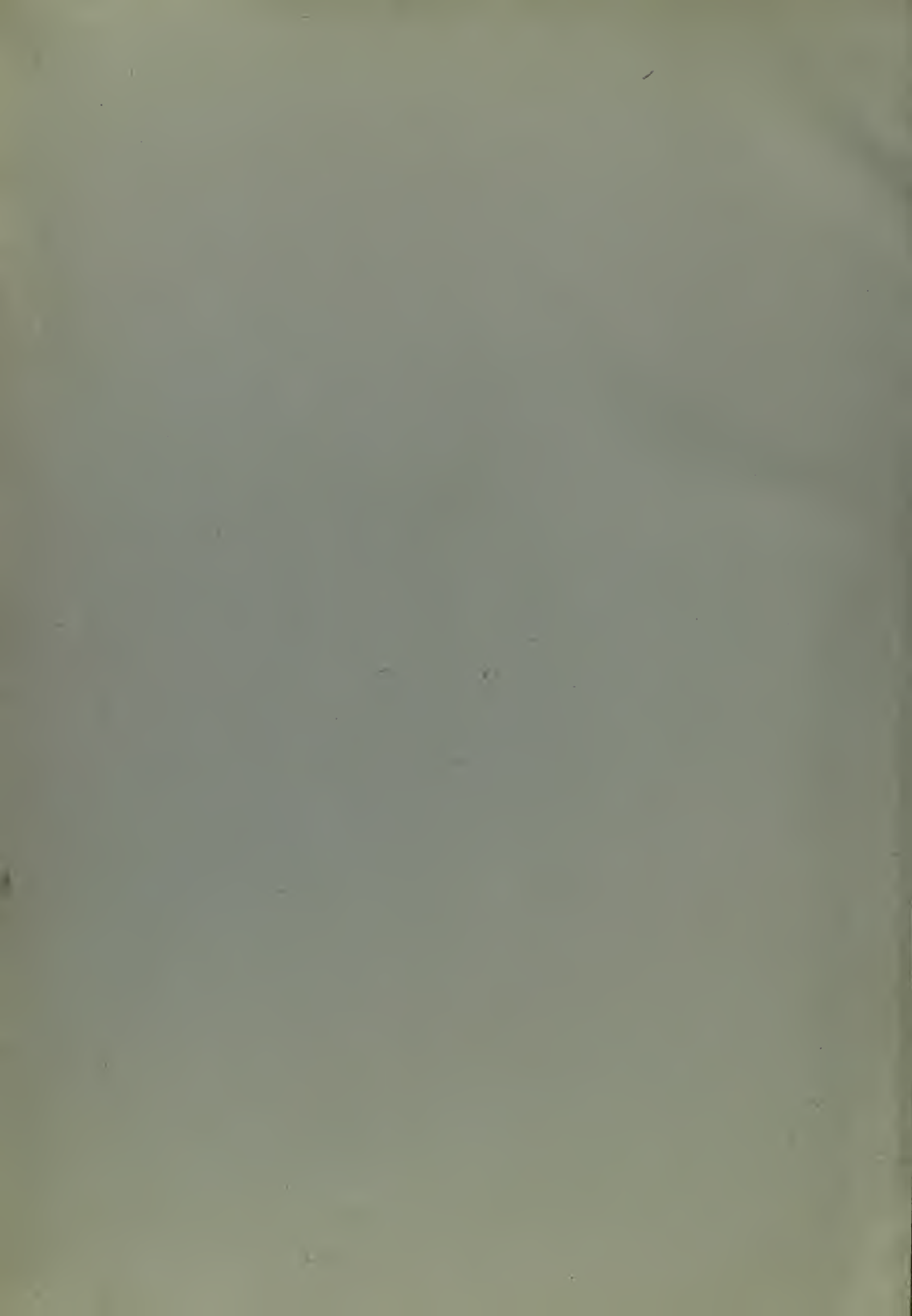
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HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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NO. 1

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To the Blessed Virgin.

BY J. S. V.

MOTHER of God and Mother mine,
With thy Infant all divine
Prone, I worship at thy shrine.

Let me feel thy loving care,
Let me have some little share
In thy efficacious prayer.

Pray that I may humble be,
Pure and from all evil free,
Chaste and innocent like thee.

Since I am thy exiled child,
Shield me from the tempest wild,
Keep me ever undefiled.

And as years go rolling past
Hold me, Mother,—hold me fast
Till I'm safe with thee, at last!

How I long to kiss thy hand,
At thy feet to take my stand
In thine ever-blessed land!

The Epiphany of Our Lord.*

YOU have heard from the Gospel lesson how, when the King of Heaven was born, the king of earth was troubled. The depths of earth are stirred, whilst the heights of heaven are opened. Now, let us consider the question why, when the Redeemer was born, an angel brought the news to the shepherds of Judea, but a star led the Wise Men of the East to adore Him. It seems as if the Jews, as reasonable creatures, received a revelation from a

reasonable being,—that is, an angel; whilst the Gentiles without, not listening to their reason, are attracted, not by a voice, but by a sign, that is, a star. Hence, St. Paul says: "A sign, not to believers, but to unbelievers; but prophecies, not to unbelievers, but to believers." (I. Cor., xiv, 22.) So the prophesying—that is, of an angel—was given to those who believed, and the sign to them that believed not. We also remark that later on the Redeemer was preached among the Gentiles, not by Himself, but by the Apostles, even as when a little child He is shown to them, not by the voice of angels, but merely by the vision of a star. When He Himself began to speak, He was made known to us by teachers; but when He lay silent in the manger, by the silent testimony in heaven.

Whether we consider the signs accompanying His birth or His death, however, this special thing is wonderful—namely, the hardness of heart of the Jews, who would not believe in Him, in spite of both prophecies and miracles. All things in creation bore witness that its Creator was come. Let us reckon them up after the manner of men. The heavens knew that He was God, and sent a star to shine over where He lay. The sea knew it, and bore Him up when He walked upon it. The earth knew it, and quaked when He died. The sun knew it, and was darkened. The rocks and walls knew it, and broke in pieces at the hour of His death. Hell knew it, and gave up the dead that were therein. And yet, up to this very hour, the hearts of the unbelieving Jews do

* A homily on the Gospels, by St. Gregory the Great. Translated by the Rev. D. G. Hubert.

not acknowledge that He, to whom all nature did testify, is their God; and, being more hardened than rocks, refuse to be rent by repentance.

But that which increases their guilt and punishment lies in the fact that they despise that God whose birth had been announced to them by the prophets hundreds of years before, and whom they had seen after His birth in the stable. They even knew the place of His birth; for they spoke of it to the inquiring Herod, and told him that, according to the testimony of Holy Scripture, Bethlehem was to be renowned as the birthplace of the Messiah. They strengthen, therefore, our faith, whilst their own knowledge condemns them. The Jews are like Isaac, whose eyes were overtaken with the darkness of death when he blessed, but could not see, his son Jacob standing before him. Thus the unhappy nation was struck with blindness; and, knowing what the prophets had said about the Redeemer, would not recognize Him, though He stood in the midst of them.

When Herod heard of the birth of our King, he betook himself to his cunning wiles; and, lest he should be deprived of an earthly kingdom, he desired the Wise Men to search diligently for the Child, and when they had found Him, to bring him word again. He said, "that he also may come and adore Him"; but, in reality, if he had found Him, that he might put Him to death. Now, behold, of how little weight is the wickedness of man, when it is tried against the counsel of the Almighty. It is written: "There is no wisdom, there is no prudence, there is no counsel against the Lord." (Prov., xxi, 30.) And the star which the Wise Men saw in the East still led them on; they found the newborn King, and offered Him gifts; then they were warned in a dream that they should not return to Herod. And so it came to pass that when Herod sought Jesus, he could not find Him. Even so it is with hypocrites who, whilst they make pretence to seek the Lord

to offer Him adoration, find Him not.

It is well to know that one of the errors of the Priscillianist heretics consists in believing that every man is born under the influence of a star. In order to confirm this notion, they bring forward the instance of the star of Bethlehem which appeared when the Lord was born, and which they call His star,—that is, the star ruling His fate and destiny. But consider the words of the Gospel concerning this star: "It went before them until it came and stood over where the Child was." Whence we see that it was not the Child who followed the star, but the star that followed the Child. . . .

Let the hearts of the faithful, therefore, be free from the thought that anything rules over their destiny. In this world there is only One who directs the destiny of man—He who made him. Neither was man made for the stars, but the stars for man; and if we say that they rule over his destiny, we set them above him for whose service they were created. . . .

Should a ridiculous astrologer, according to his principles, pretend that the power of the stars depends on the very moment of the birth to which their whole operation is referred, we answer that the birth of man requires a certain space of time during which the stars continually change their position. These changes would consequently form as many destinies as there are limbs in those who are born during that space of time.

There is another fixed rule accepted by the adepts of this pseudo-science—namely, that he who is born under the sign of Aquarius (waterman) will never have any other profession than that of a fisherman. Yet we know from history that the Gatulians never carry on that business; but who will pretend that not one of them was ever born under that special sign of the Zodiac? By the same principle, they will say that all those born under the sign of the Balance will be bankers or money-lenders; but we know that there are many nations among which

these kinds of business are unknown. These so-called learned astrologers must, therefore, confess, either that these nations have not this sign of the Zodiac, or that none of their children are born under this sign. Many nations, as we know, have a law that their rulers must be of royal blood. But are not many poor children in these countries born at the very moment when the one who is destined to be king sees the light? Why, then, should there be a difference between those who are born under the same sign, so that some are masters whilst others are slaves?...

The Wise Men brought gold, frankincense, and myrrh. Gold is a gift suitable for a king, frankincense is offered in sacrifice, and with myrrh are embalmed the bodies of the dead. By these gifts which they presented to Him, therefore, the Wise Men set forth three things concerning Him to whom they offered them. The gold signifies that He was King; the frankincense that He was God, and the myrrh that He was mortal. There are some heretics who believe Him to be God but confess not His kingly domain over all things: these offer Him frankincense but refuse the gold. There are some others who admit that He is King but deny that He is God: these present the gold but withhold the frankincense. Again, there are other heretics who profess that Christ is both God and King but deny that He took to Himself a mortal nature. These offer Him gold and frankincense, but not myrrh for the burial incident to His mortality. Let us, however, present gold to the newborn Lord, acknowledging His universal kingship; let us offer Him frankincense, confessing that He who had been made manifest in time, was still God before time; let us give Him myrrh, believing that He, who can not suffer as God, became capable of death by assuming our human mortal nature.

There is also another meaning in this gold, frankincense, and myrrh. Gold is the type of wisdom; for, as Solomon says, wisdom is a treasure to be desired,

and that it is found in the mouth of the wise. (Prov., xxi, 20, Septuag.) Frankincense, which is burned in honor of God, is a figure of prayer; witness the words of the Psalmist (cxl, 2): "Let my prayer be directed as incense in Thy sight." By myrrh is represented the mortification of the body, as where Holy Church says of her children laboring in their strife after God even unto death: "My hands dropped with myrrh." (Cant., v, 5.) We offer, therefore, gold to this new King when in His sight we reflect the brilliancy of true wisdom. We offer Him frankincense when our pious prayers, like a sweet odor before God, banish all wicked thoughts and inflame good desires. We offer Him myrrh when by fasting and penance we mortify our passions; for through the effects produced by the myrrh, as we have already remarked, the bodies are preserved from corruption. Our flesh is corrupted when we give up this mortal body to luxury, as the prophet says: "The beasts have rotted in their dung." (Joel, i, 17.) The image of these beasts indicates those carnal beings who give themselves up to their shameful desires, and hasten towards their own destruction. We bring, therefore, a present of myrrh to God when by temperance and mortification we preserve our bodies from all impurity.

The Wise Men teach us also a great lesson in that "they went back another way into their country"; and what they did, "having received an answer in sleep," we ought to do. Our country is heaven; and when we have once known Jesus, we can never reach it by returning to the way wherein we walked before knowing Him. We have gone far from our country by the way of pride, disobedience, worldliness, and forbidden indulgence; we must seek that heavenly fatherland by subjection, by contempt of the things which are seen, and by curbing the fleshly appetites. Let us, then, depart into our own country by another way. They that have by enjoyment put themselves away from it, must seek it again by sorrow. It behooves us,

therefore, beloved brethren, to be ever fearful and watchful, having continually before the eyes of our mind, on the one hand, the guilt of our doings, and, on the other, the judgment at the last day. It behooves us to think how that awful Judge, whose judgment is hanging over us, but has not yet fallen, will surely appear. The wrath to come is before sinners, but has not yet smitten them; the Judge yet tarries, that when He arrives there may perhaps be less to condemn.

Let us afflict ourselves for our faults with weeping, and with the Psalmist, "Let us come before His presence with thanksgiving." (Ps. xciv, 2.) Let us take heed that we be not befooled by the appearance of earthly happiness, or seduced by the vanity of any worldly pleasure; for the Judge is at hand, who says: "Woe to you that laugh now, for you shall mourn and weep!" (St. Luke, vi, 25.) Hence also Solomon says: "Laughter shall be mingled with sorrow, and mourning taketh hold of the end of joy." (Prov., xiv, 13.) And again: "Laughter I counted error, and to mirth I said: Why art thou vainly deceived?" (Eccles., ii, 2.) And yet again: "The heart of the wise is where there is mourning, but the heart of fools where there is mirth." Let us fear lest we do not fulfil the commandments given to us. If we wish to celebrate this feast to His glory, let us offer Him the acceptable sacrifice of our sorrow; for the Royal Prophet says: "A sacrifice to God is an afflicted spirit; a contrite and humble heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise." (Ps. 1, 19.) Our former faults were remitted by the Sacrament of Baptism, yet we have again offended God; and these sins which the water of baptism can not cleanse, will be forgiven only when in real and deep sorrow we shed tears of contrition. We have gone away from our real fatherland; we have followed the false gods which allured us; let us, therefore, return by another way,—the way of suffering, the bitterness of which we shall endure with the grace of God.

The Crest of the Bodkins.*

BY NUGENT ROBINSON.

I.—ST. PATRICK'S BALL.



It was the night of the 17th of March, the anniversary of Ireland's patron saint; and St. Patrick's Ball had gathered within the mirrored walls of St. Patrick's Hall, Dublin Castle, all the youth, wit, rank, beauty and fashion, not only of the Irish metropolis, but also of the country at large.

The Lord-Lieutenant, a shamrock nestling in the rich red of his ribbon of the Order of the Bath, had just finished a country dance, and was leading his flushed and smiling partner in the direction of the supper room, when his eyes suddenly alighted upon a young and strikingly handsome man, attired in a simple court costume, who was engaged in casting searching glances along the line of dancers, as it slowly followed the Viceroy and the Household.

His Excellency, calling one of his aids-de-camp, asked:

"Is not that gentleman standing there Mr. Bodkin of Ballyboden?"

"I do not know, sir."

"Find out at once!"

In less than a minute the aid-de-camp returned.

"That is Mr. Bodkin of Ballyboden, sir."

"By whose invitation is he here?"

"Your Excellency will recollect that any gentleman who has attended a levee is entitled to come to St. Patrick's Ball, unless the chamberlain notifies him to remain away."

"It's rather cheeky! Eh, Folcamb?"

* A revised version of "Nuestra Señora," published (by request) on account of the revival of interest in the country where the chief incidents of the story occurred. It was written especially for THE AVE MARIA by the famous raconteur whose stories have been so popular with Catholic readers. Circumstances prevented its appearance in book form.

"You see, sir, I am so new—that—"

"Oh, I forgot! Please ask Carington to come to me." And turning to his partner, the Viceroy courteously invited her to take a glass of champagne.

While the Lord-Lieutenant was engaged in clinking his glass with that of the corpulent, be-diamond lady beside him, Arthur Bodkin continued his inspection of the line. Suddenly his eyes lighted up, as though ten thousand volts of electricity had been flashed into them; and stepping forward to a young and beautiful girl in the line, eagerly asked her for the next dance.

"*Must* it be?" she half murmured.

"It *must*!" he almost whispered. "It is life or death to me."

She grew very pale—pale to the lips; while her Irish eyes assumed the deep, delicious hue of the violet.

"I shall be over at the right-hand side of the throne," she said; and passed onward, to the intense relief of her very mystified partner, a Dragoon Guardsman, who afterward declared to a brother officer that 'he'd be hanged if he didn't think there was something deucedly romantic going on between Miss Nugent and that blooming civilian.'

"Arthur Bodkin, I never expected to meet you here," observed Miss Nugent, in a low-tone; as, taking his arm, she was led to a somewhat dimly lighted and almost deserted corridor.

"Let us step in here," said Bodkin, wheeling her into the deep recess of a window. "We shall be free from interruption."

The moon bathed the Castle garden, and the quaint roofs of the adjoining streets in liquid pearl. Her pale beams fell upon two white faces.

"This is about the last place I ought to be, Alice, after my very marked attention to one of her Majesty's representatives in Ireland."

"Horsewhipped a Lord High Commissioner," she laughed.

"But I knew that you would be here

with your uncle; so I drove over to Galway, caught the mail-train, got into this ridiculous costume. And now, dearest, is it true that you are going to Mexico?"

"Yes, Arthur. You see, my uncle is a fighting Nugent. The Nugents have been in the Austrian service for centuries. My grand-uncle, Tom Nugent of Kells, sent his six sons to the field. My uncle has been specially appointed, and we are to go with the Archduke Maximilian. I am to be one of the maids of honor to the Archduchess, or Empress, I should say."

"When do you start?"

"I do not know. Very soon, I believe."

There was a moment's silence.

"Do you know, Alice," said Bodkin, in a troubled if not a hard voice, "you are taking this very coolly?"

"What can I do, Arthur?"

"Marry me at once, and come to Ballyboden. We can surely live on potatoes and point," he added, bitterly.

Miss Nugent placed her small, gloved hand on his arm, and, gazing up into his set, stern face, exclaimed:

"Arthur Bodkin, you know that I would share any fate with you; but your people—what have they not said! What are they not saying! Have they not arranged everything for your marriage with Lady Travers—by the way," she added, woman-like, "she is here to-night, and looking superb."

"Shall I go to her, Alice?"

"No, no, no! Be rational. Listen to me. It shall never be said that I marred your fortune, and—"

"Marred!" he burst in, with vehemence. "Alice, I must make my fortune before any one can mar it. And this I mean to do. And now listen to me. I am going to Mexico."

"You, Arthur!" rapturously cried the young girl.

"Yes, I. I shall enter the service of Maximilian; and, if I can't do better, as a trooper. I can ride, at all events; and the Galway Blazers will give me a 'character,'" he laughed. "I shall then be near you,

Alice, — shall breathe the same air, see the same sky, the same trees, and shall trust to luck to meeting you."

"This is splendid, Arthur! Surely my uncle would—"

"Put me in irons, and marry you to this Count Ludwig von Kalksburg. He is here to-night, Alice, and is looking splendid."

"Shall I go to him, Arthur?"

At that moment a deep-toned voice, in foreign accent, broke in upon them.

"Paurdon me, Mees Noogent, but these is our dawnce."

Alice started, colored violently, drew back from the side of Bodkin, and exclaimed:

"Not yet surely, Count Kalksburg! We are number nine."

"Nomber sechs, Mees Noogent. It is wrote here," presenting a dance card, and in such a manner as to allow the moonbeams to light up her name.

"Miss Nugent does not wish to dance this dance," said Bodkin haughtily.

The Count turned upon Arthur a look pregnant with cold dislike.

"I do not ask upon what authoritee you spik for Mees Noogent—"

"Upon the authority of a—a—a gentleman; and I consider your pressing Miss Nugent to dance an impertinence," burst Arthur, grievously placing himself in the wrong.

As Alice was about to interpose, the Count calmly exclaimed:

"Paurdon, Mees Noogent! One word. Suppose, sir, I failed to claim these ladee for these dawnce, would I be acting the part of a gentleman?"

"Mr. Bodkin," said Alice, "this is Count von Kalksburg's dance. You have no right to speak for me. Count, your arm." And, taking Kalksburg's now extended arm, she swept majestically away, her heart down in her little white satin shoes. But she felt that one moment longer, and her impetuous lover would have been beside himself; and that this was the one chance to prevent a quarrel, with all its gruesome consequences.

Arthur Bodkin turned to the window, flung it open, and, leaning upon his elbows, his chin in his hands, indulged himself for a very bad quarter of an hour indeed.

The eldest son of a right royal house, one of the oldest and bluest-blooded on the Galway side of the Shannon, Arthur Bodkin felt the daily, nay, hourly, bitter mortifications that sting the man of position who is honest and "hard up." Ballyboden was mortgaged to the hall door; and, save for some three hundred pounds a year — the jointure of his mother,—the revenues from the once vast and fruitful estate found their undeviating way into the coffers of the British Law Life Insurance Company, whose agent, a Mr. William Brown, a very underbred, pushing Englishman, lorded it, as far as was permitted him—and that was not far—over Arthur, and the tenants who had once paid willing tribute to the Bodkin of Ballyboden. That tribute they still paid with their inner hearts; for "the Masther," as the late Mr. Bodkin was styled, had been the best of landlords, who had shared the "hard times" with the people on his estate, until acre by acre, the green sods were transmuted into yellow gold, leaving nothing but the "big house" unmelted in the devouring crucible. The Bodkin died a prematurely aged man, leaving a widow, two daughters, and a son, the hero of this narrative, who was recalled from Stonyhurst to close his loving father's eyes.

Albeit the daughter of an English Earl who deeply detested Ireland and the Irish, Lady Emily had become so attached to Ballyboden that she would recognize no other home, although offered asylum with her "Irish brats" in one of his lordship's houses; while her children, who had never known what it was to wander outside the county save for occasional visitings, loved every stone in the great, gaunt, unwieldy house that had resisted the poundings of Cromwell's cannon-balls; had seen a gallant troop ride forth to strike a blow

for King James; and a solitary horseman on a priceless hunter spur madly out into the night to arrive in time to thunder forth a "No" on the division in the House of Commons on the fatal night when the Union was carried by the foulest machination that ever men calling themselves gentlemen stooped to undertake.

For ages Ballyboden House had been a stronghold; for generations the Bodkins had held it, sometimes against desperate odds, as they held the faith despite the allurements of honor, office, gold; held it despite rack and gibbet; held it in the woful jaws of famine, in the desperate straits of penury. Within its massive walls the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was offered up when a price was upon the priest's head, and death and torture awaited every man, woman or child who attended it; and it was on account of a foul and malignant jest uttered by Queen Victoria's Lord High Commissioner, in reference to the secrecy of the confessional, that Arthur Bodkin had given him the lie, followed by the sharp thong of a riding crop.

The girl whom Arthur loved with the impetuosity of the Shannon in a flood, was the daughter of Tom Nugent, of Carrigalea, who fell in the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava, whilst endeavoring to save the life of his Irish servant, Mike Donovan, who had been unhorsed. Both men went down, and the mural tablet in the little chapel at Monamullin prays for God's goodness for captain and trooper alike. *R. I. P.* Mrs. Nugent very soon followed her gallant husband; and Alice, their only child, was confided to the care of Tom Nugent's brother, Alexander, to whom a cousin, Field-Marshal Count Nugent of the Austrian Army, had given a commission. As the Count was *persona gratissima* with "the powers that be," he was enabled to push upward the fortunes of his kinsman, until in a few years Alexander had won the title "Baron," and a highly confidential and important position in the Emperor's household.

Baron Nugent married into the noble family of the Princes of Thurn and Taxis,—a lovely and amiable woman, who, however, unhappily bore him no children; and Alice Nugent became the supreme object of their love and care. The Baron, like all the Nugents, being a superb horseman, and passionately devoted to hunting, had come over on a visit to the Master of the Ward Union Stagounds; and during this visit was held the St. Patrick's Ball at which the hero and heroine of this eventful tale met, after seeing a good deal of each other at various country houses where Miss Nugent, with her uncle and aunt, had been the guest of honor.

"I have done it this time!" thought Arthur bitterly, as he gazed up at the moon that hung like a gem on the brow of the sky. "What right had I to interfere? I might have guessed I was nowhere with that cursed Count. It *was* infernally impertinent, his coming and following us up. He must have been watching. I am glad I told him what I thought of him. I shall let him have more of my mind before daydawn. And Alice! Why did she snub me in such a beastly way, and before that cad? It was shameful. I know how to pay her off. I'll dance every set with Lady Julia Travers. Alice can dance with every count in Bohemia, for all I care. She is a heartless flirt,—no one but a heartless flirt would treat a man so who had placed his heart under her feet. Pah!" And Arthur Bodkin, glowing with passionate anger against Alice Nugent, returned to the glittering glory of St. Patrick's Hall.

"I say, Bodkin," exclaimed a man in the uniform of a Deputy Lieutenant, "Carington has just been asking me what the deuce brings you here—that Lord Woodhouse has asked him."

"For tuppence I'd pull Lord Woodhouse's nose!" cried Arthur.

"That would be high-treason, Bodkin; and you've come near enough to it in horse-whipping the Lord High Commissioner."

"Oh, don't bother me! Really I—ah,

there she is!" and he pushed his way to where Lady Julia stood, surrounded by Privy Councillors, guardsmen, and dragoons, all eagerly solicitous of obtaining the honor of "the next dawnce"; for the Lady Julia was an heiress in her own right, with £10,000 a year. She was also a very piquant and pretty young woman.

Pleading a previous engagement with Mr. Bodkin, Lady Julia saluted her suitors after a quaint, old-world fashion, and was led to the dance—a set of Lancers,—and, ere Arthur could move higher up or lower down on the floor, they were planted *vis-à-vis* to Alice Nugent and the Count Ludwig von Kalksburg. The laws of conventionality commanded that the dance should be danced were it over red-hot ploughshares; and Arthur found himself mechanically moving about to the inspiriting strains of Liddel's band, watching every movement of the girl he loved. For the Count, Arthur had a fierce, set glare of the eye, which was returned with compound interest, with a super-addition of malignity. Alice ever seeking Bodkin's glance, ever failed in catching it; and it was not till the last figure, known as "The Lady's Chain," where the dancers move from one to the other, touching and changing hands, that she whispered in passing: "Promise me not to quarrel with the Count."

In the next round Arthur mercilessly retorted: "Is it because he is your lover?" To which unmanly retort Miss Nugent made no reply, save one of deep, piteous reproach through the medium of her lovely eyes.

As our heroine was passing down the great stairway, in the gentle crush of the departing guests, Arthur edged in beside her.

"Alice!" he whispered, hoarsely and eagerly, "I have been a brute. Forgive me, darling! I'll *not* quarrel with the Count; he is *not* your lover, and *never* will be. I shall be at Ballyboden till Saturday. Write me a line to tell me of your movements. You know that I love

you as you ought to be loved, and you know I'll go to Mexico."

"Count Nugent's carriage stops the way!" bawled a functionary encrusted in gold lace.

"God bless you, Arthur!" came from the sweet lips of Alice Nugent, as she disappeared beneath the portico where the carriage awaited her.

Arthur Bodkin stood for some moments out under the stars, the night breeze cooling a very feverish brow, his heart beating high. Every window in the upper Castle yard was glowing with subdued light; and the strains of "Patrick's Day" floated into the night. A very diminutive specimen of mankind, arrayed in the uniform of an infantry officer, brushed past Bodkin; on the arm of the warrior a colossal dame, fat, fair and forty. As the son of Mars assisted the portly widow into the vehicle that was to bear her to her home in Fitzwilliam Street, Arthur heard him ask, in tones thick with emotion and champagne:

"Is it eight children and four hundred a year, Mrs. Bowderby, or four children and eight hundred a year?"

"That will be a good story for Harry Talbot to-morrow," laughed Arthur, as he slowly wended his way to his lodgings in Kildare Street,—a lodging house "run" by a former Ballyboden butler and housemaid, and where "Masther Arthur" was welcome as the flowers of May.

(To be continued.)

THE footprints of the Blessed Virgin show the road to heaven. These footprints are her virtues, her works, her example. She walked in our paths, especially in those that are humble, sorrowful, difficult. At each step she gave immense glory to God and admirable lessons to us her children. These it is that form her footprints. It is the truest poetry to say that flowers have grown up wherever she trod; that she has strewn pearls along the road and perfumed the way of perfection. Attach yourself to her and live by imitation of her.—*Mgr. Gay.*

St. Ephrem's Hymn in Honor of Mary and the Magi.

TRANSLATED FOR "THE AVE MARIA," BY J. B. S.

The Son is born. The light is shining. Darkness has left the earth. The universe is illumined. Praise to the Son who brought the light! The Son came from the bosom of the Virgin. His appearance banished the darkness of error; a bright light hovered over the earth. Praise to the Son!

"A great tumult" (Zachary, xiv, 13) came among the nations, and a light was shining in the darkness. The pagans rejoiced, and praised Him who at His birth brought light to them. He sent His light to the Orient. Persia was illumined by the splendor of a star. The rising of the star announced to the East the birth of the Saviour, and invited all to come to the sacrifice that rejoices hearts. The star was showing the way as the light that was shining in the darkness, and invited the nations to come and rejoice in the Light that had descended to the earth.

The heavens sent one of the stars as a messenger to bring the news to the Persians, to invite them to come to the King and adore Him. The star urged the Wise Men to take presents and hasten to adore the great King who was born in Judea. Full of joy, the Persian princes took gifts from their country, and brought to the Son of the Virgin gold, frankincense and myrrh. At their arrival they found the little Babe in a wretched hut; nevertheless, they rejoiced and fell down before Him, adored Him, and offered their treasures.

MARY.—To whom belong these gifts? What is their purpose? What moved you to leave your country and bring hither these treasures?

THE WISE MEN.—Your Son is King. He bestows crowns, because He is King of all. His dominion is greater than the whole world, and all obey His orders.

MARY.—When did it ever happen that a poor virgin was the mother of a king? I am very poor and lowly: how should the happiness of being the mother of a king be mine?

THE WISE MEN.—You are privileged above all others to give birth to the great King. Through you poverty will be blessed, and the kings of the earth shall subject themselves to your Son.

MARY.—I have no royal treasures. I

have never been rich. Behold this poor house, this empty dwelling! Why do you call my Son King?

THE WISE MEN.—Your little Babe is your treasure and your riches. He can enrich everyone. The treasures of kings perish but His possessions are everlasting.

MARY.—Mayhap the newborn sovereign you seek is some one else. Look for him. For this little Child is the Son of a poor handmaid who dares not raise her eyes to a throne.

THE WISE MEN.—Is it ever possible that the light going forth deviates from its path? It is not darkness that called us hither and guided us: we have walked in the light, and your Son is the King.

MARY.—But you see that the Child is silent, and the house of its mother is empty and small. There is no trace of royalty in it. How can the owner of such an abode be a king.

THE WISE MEN.—We see Him indeed gentle and silent. We recognize Him, nevertheless, as the King, even if He is poor, as you declare. For we saw that at His command the stars of heaven were set in motion, that they should announce His birth.

MARY.—Men, you must first find out who that king is, and then adore him. Perchance you have erred from the way, and the king whom you seek is some one else.

THE WISE MEN.—Believe us, O Virgin, your Son is in reality the King! This we know from the star that can not miss its path; and the way on which it guided us is the right road.

MARY.—This is but a little Child; and, as you see, He has neither crown nor throne. What, then, do you find in this Child that you should honor Him as King and offer Him gifts?

THE WISE MEN.—He is small because He so willed it. He shows humility and meekness until He shall reveal Himself. For the time will come when crowned kings shall bow down and adore Him.

MARY.—My Son has no armies, no

legions, no cohorts. He shares the poverty of His mother. How can you call Him King?

THE WISE MEN.—Your Son's power and legions are not of earth. The heaven is His power, and flaming spirits are His armies. One of them came to summon us, and the whole country was terrified.

MARY.—My Son is but a child. How can He be a king, since He is unknown to the world? How can a little boy rule over the great and the powerful?

THE WISE MEN.—Your Child is the Ancient One, the Eternal, the First of all. Adam is younger than He, and through Him the face of the earth shall be renewed.

MARY.—Then you must explain the whole mystery to me. Who in your country has revealed to you that my Son is King?

THE WISE MEN.—You must believe that, if truth had not moved us, we would never, for the sake of a little child, have journeyed far, and come hither from a distant land.

MARY.—Tell me, then, how came this mystery to be known in your country, and who summoned you to come to me?

THE WISE MEN.—A great star, far more brilliant than all the other stars, whose light illumined our whole country, announced to us that a King had been born.

MARY.—Do not, I conjure you, tell this in our land, lest the rulers should know it, and out of jealousy try to kill this Child of mine.

THE WISE MEN.—Fear not, O Virgin! For your Son will subdue all the rulers of earth, and they shall not be able to do Him injury.

MARY.—I fear that Herod may rend my heart, using the sword to strike off the grape before it ripens on the vine.

THE WISE MEN.—You need not fear him; for your Son shall overthrow him. His crown shall be taken from him.

MARY.—Jerusalem is a river of blood, and all good men perish in its flood. If Herod is informed, he will lay snares for

the Child. Speak not loudly, I beg, and noise it not abroad.

THE WISE MEN.—All streams and lances are stayed by the hands of your Son. The power of Jerusalem will come to naught, but your Son will not suffer unless He wills it.

MARY.—The scribes and priests at Jerusalem are treacherous, and accustomed to shed blood. Perhaps they will raise their hands against me and my Son. Do not speak of it, O Magi!

THE WISE MEN.—The jealousy of the scribes and priests can in no wise hurt your Son. Through Him their priesthood will be abolished and their sacrifices come to an end.

MARY.—An angel appeared to me when the Child was conceived, and announced to me, as to you also, that my Son was King, that His kingdom is from heaven and will endure forever.

THE WISE MEN.—The same angel of whom you speak came to us, in the form of a star, and announced that the Child is greater and more glorious than the heavens.

MARY.—When that angel appeared to me to announce the tidings, he declared that the Child's kingdom was without end, and that the mystery must remain unknown.

THE WISE MEN.—The star announced to us that your Son is the King of kings; the appearance of the angel was changed, and he told us not that he was an angel.

MARY.—When the angel appeared to me he called my Son, before He was conceived, his Master, and praised Him as the Son of the Most High, and of His Father no one knoweth.

THE WISE MEN.—The angel in the form of a star told us that the Lord of heaven was born. Hence your Son must command the star, and without His order they do not rise.

MARY.—Behold, I will declare to you another mystery, that you may be confirmed in your faith! As a virgin I brought forth this Child who is the Son

of God. Go now, and praise Him and make Him known to all whom you meet by the way.

THE WISE MEN.—The star told us that His birth is outside the order of nature,—that your Son is above all, and is also the Son of God.

MARY.—The low and the high, the angels and the stars give testimony that He is the Son of God and the Lord of all. Bring back these tidings to your country.

THE WISE MEN.—By one star all Persia was moved, and convinced that your Son is the Son of God, and that all nations shall be subject unto Him.

MARY.—Carry back peace into your country. May peace reign in all lands! Be faithful messengers of truth on your journey.

THE WISE MEN.—May the peace of your Son guide us back, as it has brought us hither! And when His kingdom is proclaimed to the world, may He also come to our country and bless it!

MARY.—May Persia rejoice in your message, and Syria triumph at your return! And when my Son shall reveal His kingdom, He will plant His standards in your land.

May the Church rejoice and praise God that the Son of the Most High is born and illumines the height and the depth of all! Praise Him who through His birth has brought joy to all mankind!

TAKE care each day to add to your visit to the Blessed Sacrament a visit to Mary in some church, or at least before one of her pictures in your home. If you are faithful in following this practice with love and confidence, you may expect to receive great favors from this loving Queen, who, according to St. Andrew of Crete, is accustomed to grant great favors to whoever offers her the smallest act of homage,—*solet maxima pro minimis reddere*.—*St. Alphonsus Liguori*.

Neighbors.

BY MARY H. KENNEDY.



UNCLE DICK'S and Aunt Cecilia's house is rather peculiarly situated: its left-hand neighbor is all of a hundred feet distant, while the neighbor on its right is almost jammed up against its walls. There was some trouble, I believe, between Uncle Dick and the owner of the latter house, concerning boundary lines; and, as a piece of spite work because the court decided in Uncle's favor, the other man built his house as close to Uncle's as it was possible to come. When the thing was done he evidently regretted it, for he never lived in the house. To rent it proved to be quite impossible; for the neighborhood is a very exclusive one, and the people who could pay the rent would not care to reside in so one-sided a creation as this house certainly is.

Of course Uncle's house, from an architectural viewpoint, is nearly as grotesque as its affectionate neighbor. What Aunt Cecilia went through with Uncle Dick during its building and after the monstrosity was finished, only she will ever know. I am far too young to remember those days; but if Uncle's present temperamental outbursts are, as Aunt declares, merely squalls, I can at least get an idea of the ferocity of the storms in days gone by.

Only once in a great while, however, has either Uncle or Aunt mentioned the house in recent years. Even I, who am an annual visitor there, have noticed it but little. Aunt Cecilia has made the other side of the house the livable one. The library, the drawing room, the dining room, Uncle's "den," and the family bedrooms are all located in that part of the dwelling, and it really is not necessary to go into the darkened portion.

Facing the other windows, too, is a splendid garden, which Uncle has made

by far the loveliest private garden in the city. In a way, you see, things are balanced; and, in passing, people forget the absurd side when they behold the other; and if they view the former first—well, the beauty of the garden sustains them remarkably.

During all of my visits at Uncle Dick's I think that only once was the other house tenanted. Since this time (five years ago) it has stood vacant,—a gloomy, grey-brick hulk of a house, kept-up, but hideous despite its air of sleekness, until my visit of last November.

As soon as I greeted Uncle Dick I realized that something had occurred.

"The house is rented," Aunt Cecilia explained in an aside to me.

"The house" could mean only one thing,—we had always called it such. In fact, I doubt whether the name of the owner had ever been told me; if it had been I had forgotten it.

Uncle Dick was not well; he was confined more or less to the house, and he had plenty of time to brood; for his garden had long since been settled for the winter's sleep. The house, empty, would have bothered him not at all, or at least only when some one would be so unfortunate as to touch upon the subject. Opened and occupied, with the necessary bustle about it, it grew to be particularly annoying; an obsession with him, a trial to us.

"Why doesn't he buy the place?" I asked Aunt Cecilia, in despair.

"My dear, he has tried for many years to do that."

Poor Uncle Dick! During the first few days of my visit I had no time to spend with him. Christmas was fast approaching, and Aunt Cecilia had postponed the bulk of her shopping until my arrival. "Young heads and young hearts for such things," she defended herself.

One day, however, I was forced to promise to stay at home and play chess with him.

"We will have our table placed in the

old music room," he announced after luncheon.

"The old music room!" I echoed blankly.

It was the front room next to "the house,"—a dark, cheerless apartment, which required to be electric-lighted even in the sunniest hours of the day.

"Don't be a parrot!" boomed Uncle Dick. "Ring for Peters."

I rang for Peters. It was of no use to argue with Uncle Dick.

Peters did not echo Uncle Dick's command; he was too amazed (or seemed so from his looks). But he arranged the table for us.

Uncle Dick said no word for some moments. Then, at a stupid play of mine—my nerves were on edge,—he swept the pieces from the board and threw himself back into his chair.

"It is impossible to try to play," he roared,—"impossible! We can't talk or eat or sleep in peace; we can't have air or light or—"

"But, Uncle dear," I interposed, "we can go to the other side of the house. We never did care for this part."

Alas! I could not distract him. After listening for half an hour to his solitary argument, I gave up in despair. Something else besides the occupancy of the house must have driven him to this extreme.

"Who are the people living in it?" I asked.

I was beginning to suspect a mystery; and, anyway, my curiosity concerning the matter had never been fully satisfied.

"It isn't 'people': it's just a 'he.'"

"Don't you know his name?" I asked.

"Don't want to know his name. He has a cook and a valet who are as Indian-headed as Peters is."

I smiled to myself.

"Is he old?"

"My age, I think. That's not ancient, is it? He plays chess, too. He reads a lot."

So this was the trouble!

"How—" I began tactlessly.

Uncle Dick's round face glared at me.

"I guess I can look out of my own windows, can't I? And if somebody has built his windows right on top of mine, that isn't my fault, is it?"

"Of course not, dear!" I answered soothingly.

Uncle Dick was lonely for neighbors. Naturally, he had friends (everybody loved him); but the neighbor on his other side was wintering in Florida, so his old heart was yearning for companionship in other directions. Who can really fill the place of the "people next door"?

"He is an invalid," muttered Uncle Dick. "He never has callers and he plays chess with his valet."

"Why—" I did not finish, however. To visit the "spite house" would be an impossible task for Uncle Dick.

"Did you ever meet the owner of the house since he left it?"

"Don't want to,—wish I could, though," answered Uncle Dick.

"Who is he?" I went on, striving to conceal my amusement.

"Never could remember his name. Names don't matter. He is a fool, anyway. He cut off his own nose. His son ran away from home—no, that's not it. He did something, and the old man *drove* him out. The boy was right."

"What did he do?"

"Don't know."

I giggled a little.

Uncle Dick sat up abruptly.

"That's it! Laugh at me!—I don't know. Maybe the boy was a fool, too. Young folks are mostly such in these days."

"Thank you, Uncle dear!" I managed to say.

"Well for one thing," muttered Uncle Dick as he rose, "I hope—I hope that he will die alone and forsaken, as I am right now. I hope his boy will never come back to him. He was all he had, too."

"O Uncle Dick!" I implored. "You promised Father Delafield—"

"Father Delafield and I will take care of our own broken promises. And,

anyway—anyway, who could call *me* forsaken?"

I ran to him and hugged him tightly.

When I begged Aunt Cecilia to find a solution for Uncle Dick's problem, she confessed herself as helpless as I was.

"The one thing that would render him happier, he won't do. We shall have to wait. Time will show us the way out."

"Well, I don't intend to wait," I declared vehemently. "I shall pray and—and—"

Aunt Cecilia eyed me encouragingly.

"And I shall—I shall—well, I shall do something," I added weakly.

Praying proved for some time all that I could do. Suddenly following a remark of Uncle Dick's, there was generated in my mind a course of action. Uncle had said: "He's ill: he hasn't sat in the window since Tuesday. The doctor has called. He's surely ill." I did not reply; for the idea had come to me to go over myself and see the man. And this I did that very day.

I coaxed a cup custard and a glass of blackberry jelly from the cook, and, without saying a word even to Aunt, I flew across—or rather stepped from Uncle Dick's back door to theirs. The valet (I had grown to know him, as had Uncle Dick) opened the door. His mournful eyes set in a yellow, lined face lighted when he saw me.

"Your master is ill," I introduced myself. "I am sorry. Perhaps he would enjoy these. Could I—could I see him?"

The man shook his head.

"No, Miss. I am grieved. I would like to accommodate you, but my master has a heart affection which is extremely dangerous. He sees no outsider but the doctor."

My plans were momentarily forgotten.

"Oh, I am sorry! Isn't there anything we can do?"

He came nearer to me, then drew back, sighing miserably.

"No, thank you, Miss!"

I was disappointed; for I had antici-

pated a meeting between Uncle Dick and the invalid. How it was to have happened I had not completely thought out; but I had had glowing hopes for its realization.

Uncle Dick watched the "house" as closely as I during the next week. Our neighbor evidently did not improve, and the physician's visits grew more frequent.

"He ought to have a nurse," growled Uncle Dick.

"Or a priest," Aunt Cecilia joined in.

"A priest!" I exclaimed. "Is he a Catholic, Aunt?"

Uncle Dick, who was stamping up and down the room, turned upon me.

"For Heaven's sake, Lucy, forbear that parrot talk! Of course he's a Catholic! There is a crucifix in his room."

This was news to me.

"No priest has come to see him. I shall tell Father Delafield."

"Hem! I think I have informed Father Delafield already!"

"But he hasn't been there?"

"Hem! Can a priest go where he isn't wanted?"

Then I really prayed. Before, I had repeated some prayers a little mechanically.

The holidays were at hand, but at Uncle Dick's we had practically given up all of our cherished plans and usual diversions. The case next door did not allow us to bestow our interest elsewhere. Several times I visited the invalid's home to inquire for him and to proffer a delicacy. The valet met me upon each occasion more cordially; he had told the sick man of my inquiries, and the latter had shown signs of curiosity.

"He is getting worse, though, Miss. Nothing much matters to him now."

"You should send for a priest," I reminded him.

His yellow face turned a sickly pale.

"O my God, Miss, I daren't mention even the word to him!"

"You are a coward! Let me see him!"

But it was impossible.

"There must have been something—"

the valet hesitated. "No one could tell him to have one."

At this critical moment, Father Delafield, one of Uncle Dick's dearest friends, was called from the city. A dying boyhood chum had asked to see him.

Uncle Dick was quite beyond himself.

"He shouldn't have gone. We needed him. The man may demand a priest any moment. I needed him, too. Everybody is going away. There's no one here to play chess or talk politics or—the man might need him. What should we do?"

"There are other priests here, dear!"

"And there are other priests where he has gone, too."

It seemed unfortunate; for Father Delafield had been so very kind to Uncle Dick. After his departure Aunt Cecilia became as gloomy as she ever does.

Then came the time when the doctor's automobile stayed for the greater part of each day in front of the grey-brick house. Nurses—two—were added to the régime.

"They will kill him between them!" Uncle Dick concluded.

Assiduously he watched "the house."

"If he asks for a priest I shall be ready," Uncle Dick said with finality.

But when the invalid felt disposed to do so, I was the only one at hand to respond. It was just four days before Christmas. Uncle Dick was lying down (in the music room), and Aunt Cecilia was at the parish house, arranging the last details for her poor children's holiday dinner and tree.

Gazing out moodily at the desolate garden, and thinking of the poor soul next door, I was suddenly aroused by the entrance of Peters.

"Miss Lucy, the neighboring gentleman!—"

"Is dead?" I finished, jumping to my feet in dismay.

Peters permitted me to rush out of the door, following me as fast as his aged legs could carry him.

"He is asking for you, Miss!"

I never knew how I reached the sick man. "Oh, what can I do for you?" I gasped, hurrying to the bed.

One of the nurses tried to stay me, but the sick man raised a trembling hand.

"Let — her — alone," he whispered hoarsely. "I must—I want Father Jerry!"

"A priest in this city? What is his last name?"

"Father Jerry!" repeated the invalid. "You know him, don't you? I—I want to spend Christmas with him." He closed his eyes in weariness.

I turned in desperation to the valet.

"Who is Father Jerry?" I asked.

The servant shook his head.

"I don't know, Miss. He has never mentioned a priest by name to me. He wouldn't let me say a word about any of them."

The invalid opened his eyes.

"You will—get Father Jerry—for me? I sent — him — away! I am sorry. I always—was—too hasty. This house—this—" but he could not finish.

"Oh!" It was evident that the man was dying. I gently touched his closed, blue-veined hand. "I don't know Father Jerry, but no doubt Father Delafield does. May I bring him?"

"Delafield! The name sounds—yes, yes, bring him. He—will tell me—where I can—find Father Jerry."

I rushed down the stairs. Not until I was in the street did I remember that Father Delafield had been called away. But I ran on to the priest's house. At the door, about to enter, with his portmanteau in his hand, stood Father Delafield.

"O Father," I said, "come — come! He is dying!"

Father Delafield never asks useless questions.

"When you come in and get a coat," he replied.

I was coatless and hatless. I had not realized it before.

While I was being hastily cloaked by the old housekeeper I told my story to Father Delafield.

"He wants some other priest, but I am sure you will do," I concluded.

When we went into the sick room I was astonished to see Uncle Dick there,—holding the dying man's hand.

"He's—he's going to get well!" Uncle announced with pathetic joviality. "He's—he's a neighbor of mine, Father,—ahem!—oh, just a neighbor! Names don't count."

Father Delafield approached the bed.

"Father Jerry?" sighed the invalid.

"Father Jerry intends to spend Christmas with you, Mr. Hampton," Father Delafield answered smilingly.

I was astounded. Father Delafield knew the man! But of course his knowledge of Father Jerry was a pretence.

"He told me he was coming. Now, shall we prepare for this meeting?" asked Father Delafield.

We left the room, Uncle Dick clinging to one of my hands, and the weeping valet and cook grasping at the other.

"We shall say the Rosary," I resolved.

We did, I leading the prayers, while the cook mumbled his responses in Japanese, the valet in what I suppose was some East Indian lingo, and Uncle Dick in Gaelic. Soon Aunt Cecilia, her eyes shining with deepest content, joined us.

We waited outside the room until Father Delafield's assistant, summoned by telephone, came with the Viaticum. Then we entered. The invalid, his sad eyes alight, was sitting up. We knelt beside the bed.

"I—I want to—say I—I am sorry—that I built this—house," he suddenly said.

Uncle Dick's figure quivered with surprise.

"Hem—hem!" he answered at last. "*Neighbors* are privileged."

The sick man's set mouth curved into a smile.

"And—and—Father Jerry is—coming?"

Father Delafield's own eyes, I saw now, were tear-blinded.

"Father Jerry will be with you in a moment or two, my friend. You will spend Christmas together."

Shortly after receiving the Viaticum the invalid died.

When we had returned home and eaten our late dinner, Uncle Dick regained some of his lost bluster.

"Of course you had to comfort him,—of course! But—but I thought the end never justified—hem!—hem!"

Father Delafield smiled.

"Father Jerry was my chum who died."

"Oh, wasn't it wonderful?"

"His father, Gerald Hampton senior, born a Catholic, had abandoned his religion; and when Jerry insisted upon following the vocation of his choice—the priesthood—his father disowned him. Ever since, almost daily, Father Jerry asked reconciliation. It was vain: his father was unyielding. When I went to him last week, he told me that he intended passing Christmas with his father, in spite of the latter's persistent refusals to receive him. I promised him that I would help him. He did not know that he would die so soon."

"Hem!—hem!" Uncle Dick wiped his eyes furtively. "Well—well, you helped him!"

"God helped him, praised be His Holy Name!"

I suppose that I should not add this anticlimax to the beautiful incident, but I want you to know. In Mr. Hampton's will I was given the house next door! Immediately after learning of the legacy I went to Uncle Dick.

"You may have it to do with as you wish, dear Uncle!" I said.

He looked at me in amazement.

"Lucy, for pity's sake, try to have a little sentiment about you! That house was a neighbor's house. Neighbors—well, neighbors are neighbors!"

Wise Aunt Cecilia!

SUCH deeds as thou with fear and grief
Wouldst, on a sick-bed laid, recall,
In youth and health eschew them all,
Remembering life is frail and brief.

—Mahabharata.

The Holy Wells of Cornwall.

BY N. F. DEGIDON.



NOT in the footsteps only of Irish saints up and down the land in Cornwall do we find proofs of the debt which England owes to Ireland for the valiant work done by her sons in routing the pagan deities from Briton's shores ages ago, but in the number of wells still springing up pure and fresh in almost every village and hamlet, as likewise in lone places and almost inaccessible spots where no community has ever existed. Wherever a holy man or hermit fixed his abode, there beside him was sure to be found a well of pure water with which he baptized his neophytes and satisfied his own physical needs. When the waters were blessed, the blind and the lame and the infirm flocked to the well for healing, and rarely were they sent away without comfort and renewed health.

These wells, however, were not all the property of Irish saints; we find many of them bearing the names of God's servants from various parts of Europe,—men who had journeyed to this beautiful corner of the world to worship their Maker in peace and solitude, after it had been Christianized by Irish saints. Numbers of these founts are simply named Holywell or Chapel Well. I found as many as fifteen not only called holy in guide-books and other publications devoted to spots of beauty and interest, but deemed so in fact as well as in name amongst the Cornish people of the present day. For example, a field near the village of Blisland has never, within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, been used for tillage because a holy well—still resorted to as a cure for weak eyes—graces that field, and ill-luck is said to follow any person doughty enough to desecrate the surroundings with team and plough. This field was also the site of a church of some renown in early times.

Holywell, in the parish of St. Breward, is visited even unto this day by people affected with weak eyes and other infirmities. Holywell, Halton, was dedicated to two sisters—Saints Indractus and Dominica,—who lived the lives of hermits and died violent deaths for the Faith. Holywell, Golant, is situated within the church porch, and the wonders of the present-day Golant are recorded thus: "A tree above the tower, a well in the porch, and a chimney in the roof." A British hermit had his dwelling beside this spring, and it is presumed that the church was founded by him.

But Holywell beyond Crantock, from which one of the most beautiful bays along the Cornish coast is named, stands out in comparison with the others because of its connection with Saints Kieran and Carantock, the chief of the Irish missionaries deputed by St. Patrick to journey overseas and preach the Gospel to the Britons. The waters of this well are said to have gushed forth one Halloween, and parents were wont to bring their sickly or deformed children to bathe therein on Ascension Day. Even in this pleasure-loving, utilitarian age, one of the most noted pleasure excursions from Newquay is to Holywell Bay; and care is taken to choose a day when low water prevails, in order that the visitors may be able to enter the cave from the strand and see and taste the waters for themselves.

Being possessed of a temperament which finds less fatigue in a long walk on a hot day than a drive in the company of a crowd of quick-change sight-seers, I visited Holywell Bay alone, and could therefore commune with nature at its wildest, and the spirit of the sainted dead unmolested. Has not some one written that beauty is kin to holiness? Be that as it may, Holywell Bay must have been in very truth *holy*; for I have never seen one so beautiful.

From Crantock there are two bold headlands, with a surface of shifting sands and sparse grass to be traversed before one arrives at the headland, afore-

mentioned,—itself a round knoll, somewhat gigantic in proportions, and covered exclusively with golden sand. This Sahara in miniature looks down on Holywell Bay,—blue and golden like the robes of Our Lady, sparkling and scintillating like rare gems when the sun shines. Clean, smooth, and radiant, as if daily new-washed to live up to the name of the bay, the sand, like a counterpane of gold, covers the headlands on either side, and the ravine, up to the fringe of the downs (undulating gently inland as far as the square-towered church of St. Newelyna, the Irish White Cloud), and down to the water's edge. At the entrance to the bay, a great grey boulder (the only rock to be seen) stands on a bed of gold, like a giant sentinel beating back the mighty on-coming, snow-flecked waves, lest their playful roughness should mar the vista of wonder around.

To reach the well, it is necessary to walk some little way along the strand; for its home is in a cave, on the cliff-side, somewhat after the manner of St. Kevin's Bed in the cliff-side above the Lake of Glendalough. I would hazard a venture, though I can find no proofs, that this was the "well of pure water" near which St. Kieran rested when, after his journey of eighteen miles along the coast from St. Ives, he at last decided to build a cell and begin his apostolic labors; for it is not more than a mile or two, as the crow flies, from this spot to the lost church of St. Piran; and the marvels wrought there, coupled with his own reputed miraculous powers, harmonize in a remarkable manner, even if the fact that no well dedicated to this saint now exists near the lost church be left out of our reckoning.

The Well of St. Carantock is now a mere village pump, though time was when it was an honored spot. The story of St. Carantock's landing on the Cornish coast and his foundation there is second in interest to St. Kieran's only. He came on shore at the mouth of the Gannel, where at low tide only a thin silver belt of water

runs between two wide golden sand-banks. Here a piece of land was granted to him for purposes of tillage; and, when he was not working thereon, he had a habit of whittling his staff to make the handle smooth to his touch. As he resumed his agricultural labors, he saw more than once a wood pigeon flying down, picking up the shavings and carrying them off. One day he followed the bird, to find that she dropped the shavings in a heap on a particular spot. Taking this for a sign, he set about building there a church in which he taught the Catholic Faith, and in which he was afterwards buried.

Soon after his death, the college of Crantock was built in his honor and dedicated to him. This college could lay claim to as much antiquity as any at Oxford, and possessed great revenues; but its life was not long, owing to the quantities of sea-sand blown up by the wind along the Gannel Creek, which eventually overwhelmed it. St. Crantock is said by some to have been the son of a Welsh king named Carantocus, and to have joined St. Patrick in his apostolic work in Ireland in the year 432. He remained there, doing great work for God, until the year 460, when he made one of the twelve chosen by St. Patrick for the conversion of Britain. The more general opinion, however, favors his Irish origin; and the other idea may have arisen from the similarity of the names.

Not so many wells as one would wish are dedicated to our Blessed Lady. This fact may be accounted for by the people's speaking of wells by the name of the saint or hermit who had lived near, even though he had dedicated the fount to the Mother of God. Still there are Our Lady's Well of Megavissey, possessed of great healing powers; Our Lady's Well of Padstow; Holywell of Our Lady of Nants; and others.

Many wells are named simply Chapel Well, from the circumstance that a chapel or church had usually been erected near them. It often happened, when the

saint needed water for administering the Sacrament of Baptism that God worked a miracle. Witness St. Ludgvan, an Irish missionary, who, when he wanted water, prayed over the dry earth, and a crystal stream gushed forth. Some of these holy wells were named after both the saint and his chapel,—e. g., Chapel Euny Well in the parish of Sancreed, not far from the Land's End. Dr. Borlase, a seventeenth-century writer, in his "Natural History of Cornwall," bears testimony to this well's having been of much note and the scene of remarkable cures, such as drying humors and healing wounds. Of the well of St. Colurian, the same writer speaks of his having evidence of two persons being cured of the "king's evil" through drinking its waters and washing the affected parts therewith.

Of St. Cothan's Well, near Merthyr, Whitaker, in his "Cathedral of Cornwall," writes: "This unknown saint appears, from his well and from tradition, to have been slain at his hermitage, not by the pagan Saxons, but in some personal pique by a private Saxon, who, at Athelstan's conquest of Cornwall, came to live at a house designated Tre-Sawson ("the Saxon's house"), about a mile to the south of the well. St. Cothan (the name sounds decidedly Irish) was honored as a martyr by the neighboring Christians, and his hermitage became a consecrated chapel and was annexed to the well.

St. Cuby was of royal descent, and, if not exactly Irish, spent his last days in Ireland, where his remains await the "trumpet call." St. Constantine, to whom a church and well were dedicated in the parish of St. Merran, near Padstow, was also of royal descent. He lived two centuries after Constantine the Great. Giving up his sovereignty for the love of God, he retired to St. David's in Wales; but finally went to Scotland, where he founded a monastery, and died in great sanctity. His feast was wont to be observed in Cornwall on the 9th or 10th of March. A number of wells are dedicated to the

children of St. Brechan, King of Wales. Out of his twenty-six children, fifteen achieved great sanctity; but of these St. Keyne stands forth as the most beautiful in mind and body. The Well of St. Keyne is particularly noted in the West country. In St. Neot's church, St. Brechan is represented in stained glass, with the portraits of his fifteen sainted children in the folds of his robes.

One might fill many pages with the renown of these wells and their saintly patrons, together with the wonders wrought by their waters in other days. Suffice it that the fame of many lives yet, that the waters of practically all have never been known to fail, and that many of the worldly-wise incumbents of the English Church still use the waters of these blessed wells for baptismal ceremonies. Indeed, some of them have gone so far as to have the wells in their neighborhoods rebuilt or recovered, so that the waters should not be used for profane purposes, such as quenching the thirst of cattle.

Another interesting item in connection with this wonderful land of Cornwall is that, much later than the period of which I have been writing, the Blessed Cuthbert Mayne—one of the gallant band of missionaries who came from Douai to keep the Faith alive in England during the Penal times—was imprisoned in Launceston Castle, and hanged, drawn, and quartered on the 9th of November, 1577, in the market square of Launceston Town. His skull is preserved in the Carmelite convent of Llanherne as a precious relic of the first martyr of the English Seminaries.

In conclusion, I may remark that Catholicity is fast spreading in Cornwall, and visitors to Newquay and other seaside resorts are much impressed by such places as Llanherne, where magnificent, if silent, work is being done for God and His Church.

To him who does not love, it is seldom given wholly to see.—*Anon.*

A Christian Odyssey.

“MY countrymen had a large share in the American Revolution,” began an enthusiastic Irishman.—“Without doubt,” granted his friend.—“An Irishman sailed in the ‘Santa Maria,’ with Columbus, and helped to discover America. More than that,—an Irishman discovered America; all by himself, in the sixth century!”

This assertion was received with some incredulity; but investigation develops that the native of the Green Isle had much evidence in support of the fact that St. Brendan was the first white man to set foot on the “green land beyond the flood.” This saintly navigator, say his supporters, resolved to go and find the country of which he had heard vague rumors, and out of three thousand monks chose fourteen to go with him. One biographer of the saint speaks of this undertaking as a second and Christian Odyssey, the record and recital of which charmed monastic listeners from that time on. There is no lack of biographies of St. Brendan; rather an embarrassment of riches so great that one hesitates as to the highest authority. Nevertheless, it is really in the Sagas of Iceland that we find the clear and authenticated tale of the wanderings of the Christian Ulysses.

When the blond Harold usurped the kingly power in Norway, many of its best inhabitants fled to the far northern island; and there, in songs and poems, recorded and kept alive the story of Leif Ericson, who in the year 1000 found the fair fields and calm bays of a far land across the sea. But the Icelanders named that land, not Vineland, but *Ireland it Mikla*, or Great Ireland.

The story of St. Brendan, who found and named the new Ireland, is like a fairy tale in interest and incident. First gathering all information possible, he set sail, from a bay on the Irish coast overlooked by a mountain which still bears his name, in a frail little vessel, caulked on the out-

side and covered with tanned hides. He is said to have been provisioned for a forty days' voyage. When those *voyageurs* had traversed that ocean which proved so kindly, they found a "spacious land" and a great river,—a land of which they could find no limit, a river which seemed to have no end. Seven years, say those old chronicles, St. Brendan was away from the green hills of his home. With no one's conjectures to inspire him, without nautical instruments, without the support of any government, he crossed the mighty deep, found a new world, and returned to tell the tale.

This exploit in no wise detracts from the golden deed of the great Columbus, whom God meant to be the cross-bearer to the heathen hordes. But the story of the voyage of St. Brendan may have had its share in encouraging him in his own enterprise. There are those, indeed, who go so far as to assert that the Irish saint set up various colonies in what we call America. However this may be, it is interesting to examine the claims of others beside the Genoese, whom we delight to honor, and from whose laurels no one can ever pluck a leaf; and the following statement of the Hon. Richard McCloud, of Colorado, is surely worth reading, even though it be taken, as the saying is, with a grain of salt.

"The cliff-dwellers were the Taltees, and received their knowledge of religion, art, and government from St. Brendan, who, in the middle of the sixth century set sail from Ireland to engage in missionary labors beyond the sea. He discovered what is now known as America. Reaching Mexico, he spent there seven years in instructing the people in the truths of Christianity. He then left them, promising to return at some future time. He arrived safely in Ireland, and afterward set out on a second voyage; but contrary winds and currents prevented his reaching the American shores again, and he returned to Ireland, where he died in 575 A. D. In the mythology of Mexico St. Brendan is known as the god Quetzatcoatl."

The Annual Resolving.

ONE of the commonest tricks by which to secure the newspaper notoriety which is the best substitute for fame attainable by ordinary men, is pronounced opposition to some traditional belief of mankind. In accordance with this principle we have had of late years physicians announcing that cleanliness, instead of being, as most people have been wont to consider it, akin to godliness, is next door to disease, and a fruitful source of a thousand and one ailments to which the submerged tenth who fight shy of soap and water are never subject. A London doctor of some note not long ago asserted that oatmeal is so far from being a nutritious article of diet that it is a "national curse." A similar instance, and one not uncommon at this season of the year, is the declaration, of not merely professional humorists but grave and learned philosophers and preachers, that the annual New Year resolving to which mankind has been traditionally partial is a yearly bit of folly, an utter futility.

Commenting on the practice of taking a number of good resolutions on January 1 and on the quasi-certainty of seeing them broken before January 31, one sensational metropolitan preacher discourses in this fashion: "Now, that is, all of it, a doleful system of holy patchwork, and you can always detect the edges where the rags are sewed together. In the great Christ, on the contrary, you have all the details of perfect goodness woven into one another in the solid web of a living and personal whole, and divine at that; no patchwork, no lines of cleavage, no dislocations, no amputations or dissections, but goodness in its glorious entirety. . . ."

Could anything well be more utterly fallacious in the one practical direction to which this high-sounding paragraph points? If it teaches to the logical man any lesson at all, it is this: Unless you

make up your mind to become perfectly Christlike, good with the "glorious entireness" of goodness, then don't bother about making any good resolutions at all, don't go into this "holy patchwork" business of taking resolves that you know you will break; don't play the old trick of promising yourself that you will effect a reformation which experience has repeatedly shown will be merely temporary. Now, that lesson, as pernicious as it is old, is a bit of satanic, not saintly, philosophy.

One of the most insidious temptations utilized by the professed enemy of mankind is his suggesting to the ordinary Christian, the average man in the workaday world, that it is tremendously difficult, not to say utterly impossible, to live up to his good resolutions for an indefinite series of weeks and months and years. A little reflection shows us that there is not the slightest necessity of our loading ourselves just now with the aggregate weight of all the trials and troubles and cares and struggles that will probably come our way in the course of the remainder of our earthly career. "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof." It is sheer folly to anticipate difficulties which, in the first place, may never overshadow our future, and which, even if they do present themselves, may find us thoroughly prepared to brush them aside or override them with perfect ease.

It is, of course, most desirable that the man who "swears off" at New Year's should keep his good resolutions, not merely for a week or a month, but throughout the whole cycle of 1917; yet it is an excellent thing to take a good resolution even if it be kept for only a brief period. All the railing of pessimists and the laughter of pseudo-humorists to the contrary notwithstanding, it is distinctly better to resolve and fail than never to resolve at all. True, 'he that perseveres to the end, he alone shall be saved'; but it is to be remembered that perseverance in a resolve presupposes that the resolve has first been taken.

Notes and Remarks.

Our country's need of a school of diplomacy has been shown many times, but never perhaps more humiliatingly than by President Wilson's note to the belligerent Powers. That such a communication should convey to a large majority of intelligent citizens the impression of having been composed by one who was not sure as to just what he was to say, or sure as to just how it should be said, is regrettable enough; but that successive explanations (there is Secretary Lansing's admission regarding the first) should be necessary, is indeed humiliating. Of the President's good intentions no one entertains a doubt, and he is praised even by political opponents for his wisdom in taking action at the psychologic moment. But the unpleasant fact remains that if the right thing was done, it was done very blunderingly. The purpose of the note should have been unmistakable. Such an ill-considered communication coming a month or two ago might have had disastrous consequences.

As many know, it was the diplomatic tact of Secretary Seward no less than the forbearance of President Lincoln that prevented a war between the United States and England over the Trent affair. 'Everything depends upon the wording of the English demand upon us and the wording of our reply to it,' Mr. Seward is reported to have said at the Cabinet meeting in which the matter was under discussion. Yes, we need a school of diplomacy, and we need it badly.

As with the priest, so with the layman, the enforcement of his words proceeds from the example of his acts. The effect of a great deal that is admirably said by way of instruction or warning, especially to the young, is lost by failure to practise what is preached. A man must not only be fully persuaded of the truth of what he says, but conscious of striving to follow

it in order to make others share the convictions and accept the guidance that are his. It is often said of Mr. Joseph Scott, of Los Angeles, Cal., that he "talks like a thoroughgoing Catholic"; and the fact that he is such in reality is made plain to everyone that hears him by his utter lack of human respect. He glories in what so many of his fellows do not thoroughly appreciate; he proclaims what they are disposed to conceal; he prides himself on what they often blush to acknowledge. A citizen of high standing, a lawyer of prominence,—a man who has "made good," as the saying is,—his first thought and his best endeavor are for the things that really matter. Hence when he makes a speech he makes an impression, one calculated to be both lasting and beneficial.

A New York pastor for whom Mr. Scot. delivered a lecture last month, in aid of the parochial school, assures us that he will never be forgotten by any one so fortunate as to be present on the occasion. Especially fortunate was any weak-kneed Catholic who heard words like these: 'In a few weeks the Christian world will celebrate the great festival of Christmas,—the recurrence of the feast that gladdens every heart. My parents were very poor, and the forthcoming holy season carries me back to my dear old Irish mother and my home on Vinegar Hill. We were extremely poor. I was only four months old my first Christmas, and my mother wrapped my little blue, trembling body in her shawl and took me to the Crib in our parish church. . . . I am proud that I was born in poverty and that my poor old mother belonged to a race of saints and martyrs.'

The exceptional feasting and good cheer so characteristic of the holidays may account for the nature of a recent bulletin issued by the U. S. Public Health Service. It deals with eating. The principles laid down, and the cautions given, are applicable, however, at all seasons; and there can be no doubt that additional attention

paid to them by people generally would result in a notable increase of health and efficiency. Say the experts: "One of the great elements in maintaining health is the regulation of the bodily intake to meet the appetite. The man who works with his hands requires more food than the brain worker. The man who labors in the open air needs more nourishment than he who sits cooped in an office all day long. Give the sedentary worker the appetite of the day laborer, and if that appetite be uncontrolled, the body will become clogged with the poisonous products of its own manufacture, and physical deterioration will surely follow. It is just as bad to eat too much as it is to eat too little. . . . Many a so-called case of dyspepsia is nothing but the rebellion of an overworked stomach,—the remonstrance of a body which has been stuffed to repletion."

In view of the foregoing, one is tempted to remark that, if the present high cost of living should have the effect of inducing many persons to eat considerably less than they have been in the habit of doing, the high cost in question would be a blessing in disguise.

The economic emancipation of woman, her proven ability to sustain herself independently of father or brother or husband, is manifest in many a field of industry once held sacred to the sterner sex. Women themselves are perhaps the best judges as to whether or not the success they are achieving in these fields is really worth what it costs them; but there will be many a reader to agree with the paragrapher of the *Brooklyn Tablet* who says: "To our mind, the most contented, best fed, healthiest and happiest women working for a living are those occupied with housework,—'living out,' as they call it." The idea that such women—housekeepers, cooks, maids of all work, etc.—are less independent than are their sisters who toil in the factories, behind the counters in the stores, in the business

offices as stenographers and typewriters, is surely a fallacy. And if, as not a few of even the most pronounced "bachelor girls" apparently believe, the real vocation of the great majority of women is to be wives and mothers, obviously those of their sex who "live out" are undergoing by far the better training for their eventual vocation, that of making attractive and satisfactory homes.

The Catholic Societies of London have united for the furtherance of a "Scheme to Extend the Influence of the Catholic Press." This movement has received the highest ecclesiastical encouragement and support. Definite plans of campaign have been outlined, and properly organized committees have been set to work. In two chief ways the promoters of this "Scheme" hope to advance the cause of the Catholic press: by increasing its circulation in all its different departments, and by the activity of Catholics in securing increased advertising for Catholic magazines, newspapers, etc. To say that this programme is a worthy one would be but to emphasize the obvious. Its value, from our point of view, is in furnishing an example of enlightened activity in a cause about which Catholics in our own country are not over-zealous, and in "trying out" certain methods which, with due modifications, may be found practical with us. But the great lesson is, the importance, which this mission accentuates, of the religious press.

Coming from one more deserving of attention than the Hon. Bertrand Russell, whose views on religion, education, etc., are as ridiculous as they are false, the following utterance would doubtless be received with some measure of respect at this time by perhaps the majority of Englishmen: "At every moment during the war the wisest course would have been to conclude peace on the best terms that could have been obtained. . . . The utmost evil that the enemy could inflict

through an unfavorable peace would be a trifle compared to the evil which all the nations inflict upon themselves by continuing to fight."

The Holy Father is reported to have said in his allocution at the recent Consistory: "The fearful war devastating Europe is an example of the calamity and ruin that must come when those supreme laws which should adjust the mutual relations of States are ignored. In this international conflict we see an unworthy profanation of sacred things and of the ecclesiastical dignity of sacred ministers. We see numbers of peaceful citizens in the prime of life taken from their homes, leaving their mothers and wives and children to weep for them. We see unfortified cities and unprotected populations made the victims of aerial attacks. Everywhere on land and sea we note deeds which fill us with horror. We deplore these evils piled upon evils, and we repeat our reprobation of every unrighteous act perpetrated since this war began, wherever and by whomsoever it was done."

Newspaper reports concerning the sayings and doings of Benedict XV. are to be taken with a grain of salt; however, we find nothing in this report that his Holiness would be at all unlikely to say or to express differently, or, in fact, that he has not said, more than once, before.

As we took occasion to remark some weeks ago, the Emperor Francis Joseph died several years too late for an unbiased estimate of his lengthy career, at least on the part of the great majority of his obituary writers. History, half a century hence, will perhaps award him greater credit than contemporary publicists seem inclined to give him; and in the meantime the following paragraph from *Rome* may be accepted as an impartial summing up of his attitude towards the Pope:

There was good and bad and middling in his relations with the Holy See. Only thirteen years ago we saw him intruding his veto in the election of a Roman Pontiff, in virtue of a

historical claim denied and repudiated for centuries by the Popes; and when you remember that he easily found a Cardinal to voice his exclusive, you have an idea of the unwholesome influence which some of Francis Joseph's traditional concepts have exercised over religion in Austria. But the Emperor had other and nobler traditions, and one of these was that of filial devotion to the Holy See and the Supreme Pontiff, of which not a few proofs have been given since September 20, 1870. His profound religious sense was shown at the great Eucharistic Congress held at Vienna in 1912, when the aged Emperor knelt in the pouring rain to open the door of the carriage in which the Papal Legate, Cardinal Von Rossum, bore the Sacred Host.

In reading the Lives of the Saints we frequently encounter cases in which confessors of the faith, presented with an opportunity of securing the martyr's crown, evaded the persecutors and continued to live and do their appointed work. Others allowed matters to pursue their course and remained at their posts, irrespective of the threats and proclamations of the pagan authorities, and yet failed to win the coveted glory of martyrdom. To the latter class belonged Sister Teresa, a native Chinese nun whose death recently occurred at Ning-po. For well-nigh three decades this devoted religious gave herself up to the work of gathering the abandoned children of the city and district, and bringing them to her convent to be cared for and brought up as Catholics. In 1900, during the Boxer uprising, she was warned of the danger she was incurring and advised to seek refuge from the murderous fanatics; but she calmly went about her usual work, replying to the friends who would have had her flee: "If the good God does not want to protect me, He knows best, and I shall have my reward the sooner." The good God did protect her from the Boxers' fury, but she has gained her reward at last.

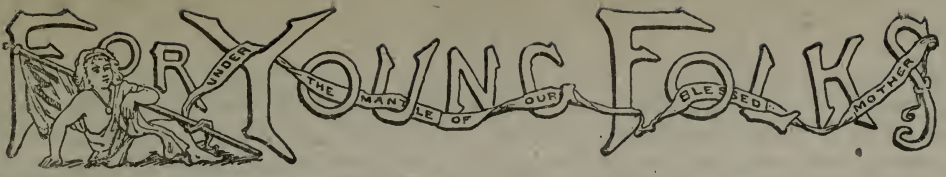
Many of our readers will share the gratification which we have experienced in reading the graceful little tribute paid by the Anglican Bishop Welldon to

Madame de Navarro, "our own Mary Anderson," as she was wont to be styled in this country,—the Catholic lady whose wise words on religious education we quoted a week or two ago. Madame de Navarro being about to appear publicly in Manchester for a charitable purpose, the Bishop wrote to the *Guardian* of that city a letter in which, after apologizing for his enforced absence on the occasion, he added: "Miss Anderson has probably forgotten, but I have not, how once, when she spent a Sunday at Harrow, she came perilously near to breaking up divine service; for so eager were the boys to see her that it was difficult to bring them at the proper time into chapel. But to many who were not boys then, and who are very far from being boys now, she taught by her personality a lesson of respect for the profession which she adorned for only too short a time, as she showed them that the highest graces of nature and art are never so entirely admirable as in one of whom it may be truly said in Dante's exquisite language:

Fra bella e buona
Non so qual fosse piu.

'Twixt beautiful and good
I know not which was more."

We regret to chronicle the death, in his seventy-ninth year, of the Rt. Rev. Henry Joseph Richter, Bishop of Grand Rapids, Michigan. The venerable prelate had been at the head of his diocese since its creation in 1882, and was so devoted to the care of it as to be almost unknown outside its boundaries. He was a man of deeply interior life, austere in his personal habits, yet the soul of gentleness and kindness. The condition of his diocese, the number and the variety of the institutions which he founded and fostered, testify to his zeal for the glory of God, and his devotedness and wisdom as an administrator. He was indeed *bonus pastor*,—a good bishop. May his rest be with the saints!



Good Wishes.

BY CATHAL MALLOY.

LITTLE boy with eyes of blue that let the soul's white starlight through,

What is my New Year's wish for you and what shall I impart?

That, laugh or weep or wake or sleep, your soul the angels safe may keep,

And Mary's Son may hide you deep within His guarding Heart.

O little girl with hair of gold, when New Year's wishes now are told,

What message shall my lips unfold, what wish for you devise?

That you may keep your spirit white as was the snow that wondrous night

When in the stable bloomed the Light,—the Light of Paradise.

Con of Misty Mountain.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

I.—CON.

IT was a hard winter on Misty Mountain,—a winter bleak and pitiless for man and bird and beast. Jack Frost had come early this year,—no merry monarch, but a grisly old despot, that not even Misty Mountain with all its golden glamour could defy. The trees that usually flaunted their gay banners far into November, stood bare and shivering in the icy blasts before Thanksgiving; the birds had fluttered off early to warmer skies; all the furry little forest dwellers scuttled to shelter before half their harvesting was done. And to-day "Mountain Con" (he knew no other name), like the wild human thing he was, had come out with

his hoarded nuts, to set traps for the unwary little creatures whose winter larders were unfilled.

For the "boys" were scattered in the hard-packed snows, and even old "Buzzard Bill" himself had vanished for the last fortnight. There was scant living up on the high steeps of "Buzzard Roost," as crippled Mother Moll had whimpered when she dealt Con out his coarse mush this morning. Mush is but light diet on a crisp December day for a sturdy lad of twelve, and Con had set out to get a rabbit or squirrel for Mother Moll's pot for dinner. With a root of the wild garlic drying in her smoky kitchen, and a few potatoes filched from some farmer's open bin, it would be all the stew a hungry boy could ask.

For food and shelter were as yet the only needs that Con's young life knew. He had grown up like the other wild creatures of Misty Mountain,—lithe, strong and bold, but all unconscious of mind or heart or soul; a splendid, sturdy fellow, with a shock of yellow hair that seemed to have caught the sunshine in its tangles, eyes blue and bright as the summer sky, and a bright, brave young face that laughed hunger and cold and hardship to scorn; for poor Con in his brief twelve years of life had known little of love or comfort or care. But he had learned many things in these twelve wild years that neither books nor schools can teach. He set his traps to-day with a practised hand, brushing aside the snow with a dead branch, lest track or scent should betray him; then, bounding off lightly to a more sheltered hollow, flung himself down on the ground to wait for the furry little victims of his snare.

It was Christmas Eve, but Con knew nothing of such blessed festivals. Neither Old Bill, hoary sinner that he was, nor his

"boys" kept account of them; and poor old Mother Moll's memory had been seared into dull forgetfulness by years of sorrow and toil. But though no stocking nor tree nor gift, nor any of the holier blessings that these earthly joys typify, had a place in Con's thoughts, he was vaguely conscious of a pleasant thrill as he lay back upon the snow, his yellow head cushioned in his sturdy clasped hands. Perhaps it was the thought of a rabbit stew for dinner, or the warmth of the winter sunbeams caught on this cleft of the mountain, or the cheery glimpse of berry and vine clinging to the rocks above, where, screened by the beetling cliffs, some hardy winter growth was flourishing amid the snow.

Well, whatever Christmas cause it may have been, Con lay most comfortably and happily in his ambush, when a sudden sound of voices made him start to his feet in fierce, breathless guard. Boys,—boys from the Gap, the Valley; boys coming up here to frighten off his game, break his traps; boys, who had only taunts and jeers for wild Con of the mountain whenever they met! And Con's blue eyes flamed with sudden fire as he backed up against the rocks, and, grasping a handful of snow, hardened it in his strong young grip into a ball, that would start the fight he felt was to come. On they came, half a dozen or more of them. Con felt his blood boil in fiercer defiance. When had they ever come upon him in such numbers before? Dick Dodson and Jimmy Ward and Tommy Randall and Pat Murphy! Con's young muscles tightened, his breath came quick. He would hold his own against them all.

"Halloo!"

It was red-headed Dick Dodson that first caught sight of the ragged young outlaw of Misty Mountain. Dick had cause to remember Con. Not three months ago they had met in a passage of arms at the Mill, where Con had gone for a sack of meal. The adventure had resulted rather disastrously for Dick. He had worn

a patch over his left eye for a week, and had prudently avoided Con's ways ever since. But the strength of numbers was behind him now, and Con was alone.

"Halloo!" shouted Dodson. "Boys,—boys! Here's Buzzard Con! Look out for the henroosts! The Buzzard's on the hunt."

"Look out for yourself, you red-headed weasel," flamed back Con. "I'll shut up one of them squint eyes of yours agin. Stand back, the hull lot of ye! Ye ain't going to tech my traps, if I have to fight you all!"

"Buzzard! Buzzard! Buzzard!" rose up the mocking chorus. "Let's see what he's got behind him, boys! It's somebody's Christmas turkey, sure."

And there was a rush at Con, but he was ready for it. One icy snowball caught Pat Murphy on the bridge of his nose; another, that Con had snatched in his left hand, knocked Jimmy Ward dizzy; then, grasping the lighter ammunition around him, the fight was on. The battle waged fierce and fast, but it was six to one. Con was making his last stand, with vengeful Dick Dodson clutching his legs and striving to pull him down, when a clear, strong voice rang like a clarion note through the white blur of the combat:

"For shame, boys,—for shame! What sort of a fight is this? Six of you against one! Take that, you young rascal! And that! And that!" And a stalwart figure sprang to Con's side and began to hurl mighty snowballs against his antagonists. "You forget I was captain of the team at St. Anselm's not so many years ago. Stop now,—stop! Why, you've hurt this chap in earnest! Stop, I say!"

And Con, reeling back dizzily against the rock, felt a strong arm thrown around him, heard a voice speaking in strange tones of kindness in his dulled ear.

"'Tain't nothing," he murmured. "Jest — jest knocked out a bit. There was a stone in that ar last ball."

"A stone?" The clear voice spoke out sternly now, as Con sank down on the

ground and began, in primitive "first aid to the injured," to rub his dizzy head with snow. "I would like to know the boy that put it there,—that played such a mean, cowardly trick. But I won't ask," continued the speaker, with fine scorn. "I won't tempt any of you to lie to me."

Then Pat Murphy spoke up like a man:

"I won't lie to you, Father Phil: it was me. He cut my nose with an ice ball first. He started the fight,—didn't he, boys? There ain't no wuss fighter in all Misty Mountain than Buzzard Con. They're all fighters and thieves and jail birds up there at the Roost. Old Bill is dodging the sheriff now. Con started this fight hisself,—didn't he, boys?"

"Sure,—for sure!" arose the affirming chorus. "He hit right out before we teched him at all."

The clear eyes of his new friend looked down on the accused boy, who was rousing into remembrance now at the tingling touch of the snow. There was a pity and compassion in the questioning gaze, which Con answered simply:

"They were coming to break my traps."

"We warn't,—we warn't! He's lying to you, Father!" was the indignant shout. "We didn't know nothing about his traps. We were coming up, like you told us, to get Christmas greens for the altar."

"And a fine way this is to deck the altar of God!" said Father Phil, in stern rebuke. "A fine way to keep Christmas, the blessed time of peace and good-will,—fighting, wrangling, flinging cruel, hard, angry words that hurt worse than blows! I came here so gladly to say a Christmas Mass for you—my first mission Mass. There was no church, I knew; for I had been a boy here myself. But there was the old log cabin that had been our holiday camp in my school-days; and I felt that, with a lot of you sturdy chaps to help me, we could fix it up. We would bring Our Lord all we had to give,—the light of the Christmas candles to brighten the winter night, the green of the Christmas

wreath that we would seek even in the winter snow. But, above all, we would bring warm, young hearts that the cold, cruel, wintry world had not yet chilled. And I find you mocking, fighting, stoning, without any pity or mercy or love! You may go home, all of you!" Father Phil waved his hand in dismissal. "I will take no Christmas greens from you to-day."

"O Father, please, please!" went up a pleading chorus. "Just look what fine ones are growing up there!"

Father Phil glanced at the cliff to which the boys pointed, its steep, jagged sides curtained with a hardy growth of rich green vine, laden with scarlet berries that glowed like drops of blood in the winter's snow. Here, indeed, was fair decking for his simple Christmas shrine. For a moment he hesitated; then a second glance at the perilous height confirmed his judgment.

"No," he said decidedly. "They grow, as it seems fitting to-day, too high for you to reach. I can't allow you to risk the climb. Go home and think of what I have said. I hope to find you all better boys this evening."

The boys turned away, abashed; for there was a soldier note in the speaker's voice that commanded obedience. Father Phil paused a moment before he followed them for a friendly word to Con.

"Is your head all right now, my boy? That stone was a scurvy trick."

"It don't hurt now," answered Con, philosophically. "I'll give it back to 'em some day. But—you all have skeered off everything: no critter will come nigh my traps to-day. And—and—"

Con stopped abruptly: it was not according to his code to "squeal" at such trifles as hunger or cold.

"You were counting on your traps for a Christmas dinner," said Father Phil, with quick understanding.

"Don't know nothing 'bout Christmas," answered Con; "but 'twas for a dinner sure."

"That's too bad!" said this new friend

kindly; "and as long as I set the boys on this track I ought to pay for your loss. Farmer Johnson, I hear, has some fine fat turkeys to sell for a dollar. Go buy one."

"No," said Con, shaking his head as Father Phil held out a crisp bill. "He wouldn't sell no turkey to me. He'd think I stole the money. I'll set my traps farther up the rocks and catch something maybe before night. But I say, Mister" (the blue eyes were lifted in a look that went straight to Father Phil's heart), "if you want them greens and berries up thar, I'll get 'em fur you."

"Oh, no, no, my boy!" was the quick reply. "It's too steep and slippery a climb."

"Lord!" laughed Con. "That ain't no climb! I've hung out over Clopper's Cliff where it goes down most too fur to see. I've clumb up Eagle Rock where thar ain't twig or brier to hold. I've crossed Injun Creek with one jump. I ain't skeery 'bout a little climb like that over thar. What do you want them ar greens and berries fur, anyhow, Mister?" Again the blue eyes looked up in a question that this young shepherd of the Lord, travelling far afield in his Master's service, could not resist.

"I'll tell you," he said, reckless of the flying hours of this busy day. And, seating himself on the ledge of rock beside Con, Father Phil told his young listener the sweet story of Christmas, in brief, simple words that even the young outlaw of Misty Mountain could understand.

"Now you know," said Father Phil, after he had talked for half an hour.

"Yes," answered Con, drawing a long breath; for the coming of the Holy Babe to the stable, the manger, the watching shepherds, the singing in the midnight skies had held him mute, in rapt attention. "I—I never heard no talk like that before. Mother Moll, she's told me about spells and witches, and how the ha'rs from a black cat will give you luck, but nothing nice like that. I guess some of them ar

shepherds was as rough and ragged as me."

"I'm sure they were," agreed Father Phil.

"I would like to have been there," said Con. "But I wouldn't have got in. You see, Uncle Bill and all our folks at the Roost are a bad lot. Nobody ever lets me in nowhar 'count of them."

"My poor boy!" Father Phil had risen, for a glance at his watch had told him he could linger no longer. "Come down to the log cabin and I will let you in."

"Will you, Mister?" There was a new light in Con's blue eyes as Father Phil grasped his sturdy young hand, regardless of its grime. "And kin I bring you down some greens and berries?"

"Yes," answered Con's new friend, feeling this was the best way to secure this wild mountain sheep. "Only don't break your neck getting them, my boy."

"Ain't no fear of that!" laughed Con, as Father Phil nodded a friendly good-bye. "I'll come."

(To be continued.)

The Baker's Coin

BY B. L. F.

I.



IN a pleasant little kitchen behind the shop, Père François' nimble fingers were kneading away with all the celerity of which he was capable. Were there not thirty cakes to be made and baked for the Epiphany? When he had sufficiently kneaded the pastry, wiping his floury hands, he crossed over to the front room and brought back a leather purse, whence he drew a brand-new twenty-franc piece.

"It has been a good year: I can afford to be generous," he muttered to himself, as he made a tiny hole in the dough and dropped the coin into it. "May it go to the most deserving!" he added solemnly.

It was not the first time that Père François had dispensed alms in this somewhat singular fashion, though he had

never been so generous as on the present occasion.

He was still carefully covering up the hole he had made when the striking of the cuckoo clock drew his attention to the lateness of the hour; and he set to work, with even greater speed than before, rolling, coloring and cutting out the "galettes," as they are called. At last, with a sigh of relief, he deposited the last flat cakes inside the oven, and sat down to rest till the baking was finished.

"I'm not so young as I used to be," he groaned, as he started to open the oven. "This work is getting too much for me. I wish I could find a good, honest boy to help me. I'd teach him the trade—it isn't a bad one,—and leave the shop to him when I die."

II.

In a poor house at the outskirts of the village, two childish faces were pressed against the window-pane and two pairs of eyes vainly endeavored to pierce the falling darkness,—the two little sons of a day-laborer.

"What a long time daddy is!" remarked the elder of the two, raising himself to a position of vantage by climbing on a footstool. "Won't he be home soon, mother?"

"Yes, deary, to be sure! It will soon be supper time," replied their mother, a sweet-faced woman, who was busily engaged in threading a wire with variously colored beads, to be twisted and shaped into wreaths and crosses, which were sold for a few sous in the neighboring city.

The father of the family had been ill for several weeks, and the savings of a whole year were exhausted. Work in winter was hard to find, and day after day he came back weary and discouraged. His wife was wondering what would become of them all, when a joyous shout of "Daddy! daddy!" echoed through the room; and the two boys rushed out to greet their father.

"O daddy," cried the elder of the two,

tugging at his father's coat, "can't we have a 'galette' this year? Mother said we must ask you."

The father smiled sadly, then looked at his wife. It was true that they had always bought a "galette" for the Epiphany, but this year every penny had to be considered. For a second he hesitated; then those two appealing faces proved irresistible.

"Marie," he said, "I think we must keep up the old custom; it may bring a blessing.—Here, Jacques, are ten sous I earned by chance to-day; take them over to Père François and ask him for one of his brownest 'galettes.' We'll have a little feast to-morrow."

III.

When the family sat down to dinner next day, Jacques and his little brother Louis were filled with excitement. "Who will get the bean?" they kept asking. They were so eager to have the "galette" divided that their cabbage soup and bread vanished like magic. Then came the "galette." It looked delightfully flaky as it lay on the plate, and breathless silence reigned while it was being divided into four equal parts. Jacques had hardly taken a taste of his portion when he announced: "There's something hard in my piece: It's not a bean, though: it's a piece of money!"

There was no doubt about it,—there it lay, shining brightly.

"A louis d'or!" exclaimed the mother. "What a Godsend, just when we needed help so badly!"

"My dear, we can not keep this money," the father replied; "it is not ours. Père François must have dropped it into the dough by mistake when he was kneading it yesterday."

"You are right," said his wife, after a moment's hesitation; "I did not think of that. We must, of course, be honest and return the coin. Jacques can take it over to the baker's house as soon as he has finished."

IV.

Père François was smoking his long pipe after his own dinner when his old servant announced the presence of a poor boy at the door. "Have him come in, Marie," said Père François. "I am looking for a boy to help me in my work."

"Please, sir, we found this gold piece in the 'galette' I bought yesterday. Papa said it must be yours."

"Why didn't you keep it?" asked the baker in surprise. "You are not very rich, I suppose," he added, glancing at Jacques' patched clothes and worn-out shoes.

"We are very poor, sir," the boy replied simply; "but father said the money was not ours. Mother said so, too."

The baker's keen eyes twinkled, and he rubbed his hands energetically,—a habit he had when pleased. "Good, honest people!" he said to himself; then remarked aloud:

"Tell you father that no one has a better right to the money than he has. Do you think you can remember the message?"

The boy's intelligent smile was answer enough; and he was about to leave the shop when Père François asked:

"Look here, youngster! Would you like to be a baker? I am thinking of taking a boy to help me, and carry on my business when I am dead."

"Oh, yes, sir!" the boy answered eagerly. "I'll be glad to be a baker and earn some money to help my father and mother."

"I think I've found my successor," said old Père François, as he watched Jacques running down the street.

V.

That 6th of January remained a memorable one in the family of the poor workman. The twenty-franc piece paid all their debts, and helped them over hard places until the father found steady work again. Jacques became the baker's apprentice; and by the time the feast came round

again he was able to make "galettes" fit for a king, as Père François declared. He was also honest and reliable,—a good boy in every sense of the word.

There is not much more to be told. When the old baker died Jacques succeeded him, and prospered so well that the shop had to be enlarged; and Louis, having grown up, took his brother's place as apprentice. Jacques became famous for his Epiphany "galettes," into one of which he always placed a new twenty-franc piece, saying, "May it bring as good luck to the finder as Père François' louis d'or brought to us!"

 An Accident and Its Lesson.

When St. Paul's Church in London was nearly completed, Sir James Thornhill was employed to decorate the inside of the dome. One day, while intent upon his work, he stepped back to the very edge of the scaffolding, in order to see the effect of a certain color he had just added; and would have been precipitated to the pavement below but for the happy thought of a friend who was with him, and who saw the danger. The friend quickly took a brush dripping with fresh paint, and threw it at the picture. The artist, filled with wonder and chagrin, stepped forward to prevent further mischief. Thus he saved his own life, though the work of many days was ruined.

So God sometimes treats His faithful servants: spoiling the work of their hands for their own good, as did the friend of Sir James Thornhill.

 A Motto for all the Year.

The following couplet is copied from an old brass of unknown date in Cherton church, England. The motto is well worth remembering through the year, and, for that matter, all the years of life:

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

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"The Oxford Book of English Mystical Verse," compiled by D. H. S. Nicholson and A. H. E. Lee, has just been published by Mr. Milford, of London.

—Longmans, Green & Co. announce "Some Minor Poems of the Middle Ages," selected and arranged, with an Introduction, by Mary E. Seger, and a glossary by Emeline Paxton.

—New publications of Messrs. Washbourne include "The Progress of the Soul; or, The Letters of a Convert," edited by Kate Ursula Brock. There is a foreword by Dom Bede Camm, O. S. B., and a facsimile letter from the late Monsignor Benson.

—An excellent and timely little book is "A Catechism of Catholic Social Principles," by Mr. J. P. Kerr, LL. D., just published by Browne & Nolan, of Dublin. Though written with an eye to Irish needs, much of what it contains is of general interest and utility.

—"The Amber Valley" is the title of a new volume of poems by Rosa Mulholland, which is sure of a wide welcome, especially among the Irish and lovers of Ireland. Lady Gilbert is a singer whose verse never fails to charm. Sands & Co are the publishers.

—"Tommy Travers," Mrs. Waggaman's new juvenile book, the publication of which has been unavoidably delayed, is now ready. It is an attractive little volume of 315 pages, uniform with "Billy Boy," "White Eagle," and "The Secret of Pocomoke." Praise of these stories is superfluous, at least so far as readers of THE AVE MARIA are concerned; and it is generally known that there is nothing in Catholic juvenile literature superior to what comes from the pen of Mrs. Waggaman.

—Of interest to the general reader and of importance to the Catholic educator, "Development of Personality, a Phase of the Philosophy of Education," by Brother Chrysostom, F. S. C., with an Introduction by Thomas W. Churchill, LL. D., is a work deserving attention, especially from religious teachers, to whom it is dedicated. It advances the interesting thesis that the religious training which they receive is of the highest pedagogical value. Without discrediting the normal school, the author points out how its essential advantages, not to speak of other advantages which it does not afford, are to be had of the religious novitiate. The working out of this thesis in detail occupies the three hundred and seventy-nine pages of this study. The matter is especially well arranged, and fully

provided with indices, bibliographies, etc. We could have been contented with fewer footnotes, however, as these frequently break the current of the thought and, to our mind, savor somewhat of pedantry. Published by John Joseph McVey, Philadelphia.

—The Australian C. T. S. publishes, as No. 247 of its penny pamphlets, "Are Catholics Intolerant?" an excellent essay by the Rev. P. Finlay, S. J. Another penny pamphlet, from the C. T. S. of Ireland, is "Our Duties to Our Dead, and How We Discharge Them," an expository dialogue by the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Hallinan, D. D.

—The first volume of the authorized translation of Cardinal Mercier's "Manual of Scholastic Philosophy"—Cosmology, Psychology, Epistemology (Criteriology), General Metaphysics (Ontology)—is among new books issued by Kegan Paul & Co. The translators are T. L. Parker, M. A. and S. A. Parker, O. S. B., M. A. Prof. Coffey, of Maynooth College, contributes a preface.

—The plot of "The Delight Makers," by the late Adolf F. Bandelier, a new edition of which has been brought out by Dodd, Mead & Co., is based on a dim tradition of the Queres Indians of Cochiti, which the author manipulated in a way to interest numerous classes of readers. It presents a wealth of information about the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico. Besides the author's preface, there is a prefatory note by Mr. F. W. Hodge, head of the Bureau of American Ethnology, and an Introduction by Mr. Charles F. Lummis, both testifying to the accuracy and great value of Mr. Bandelier's work. It was lately asserted, by the way, that he was not a Catholic; but his widow declares that he was a staunch and exemplary one.

—Catholics who travel should carry with them a little book of spiritual reading; if not the "Imitation," or some such recognized classic of the soul, then such a little gem as "The Divine Master's Portrait," by the Rev. Joseph Degen. Nor should Catholics who remain at home feel themselves cut off from the appeal of this book. We speak of the traveller especially, because the size of this volume permits of easy inclusion among travelling effects, and because the subjects and their manner of treatment favor that kind of reading which we know as "dipping into." It is the sort of book which supplies five hours' thinking for five minutes' reading. A series of essays on the spirit of Christ, it treats of the virtues of Our Lord, and of Our

Lord in His relation" with children, animals, social reform, etc. Each chapter has a practical application, beside which the reader will be able often to make one of his own. It has a brief Introduction by the Rt. Rev. Mgr. J. V. Warwick. For sale by B. Herder.

—A veritable *vade mecum* for the ecclesiastical student 'is "The Seminarian, His Character and Work," by the Rev. Albert Rung. Of similar books for the clergy there seems to be no end; but, if one except "Lex Levitarum," there is scarcely another volume of the same character as the present wise and helpful production. It is not a big book, happily, and yet it thoroughly covers the ground. Nine chapters, analytically rendered in the table of contents, discover its scope as taking in all that is of interest and importance in the life of the priest to be. The goal of the priesthood is of course constantly kept in mind, as furnishing ultimate standards of judgment. The book abounds in apt quotations from the masters of direction in clerical life, though one could wish that references on this score were occasionally more explicit. The book, unfortunately, lacks an index. It is not too much to say that every seminarian in the land should be possessed of a copy of this genuinely helpful volume, or at least should religiously read it sometime during his course. Published by P. J. Kenedy & Sons.

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 Divine Master's Portrait." Rev. Joseph Degen. 50 cts.
- "Tommy Travers." Mary T. Waggaman. 75 cts.
- "Development of Personality." Brother Chryostom, F. S. C. \$1.25.
- "The Seminarian." Rev. Albert Rung. 75 cts.
- "The Fall of Man." Rev. M. V. McDonough. 50 cts.
- "Saint Dominic and the Order of Preachers." 75 cts.; paper covers, 35 cts.
- "The Growth of a Legend." Ferdinand van Langenhove. \$1.25.
- "The Divinity of Christ." Rev. George Roche, S. J. 25 cts.

- "Heaven Open to Souls." Rev. Henry Semple, S. J. \$2.15.
- "Songs of Wedlock." T. A. Daly. \$1.
- "Conferences for Young Women." Rev. Reynold Kuehnel. \$1.50.
- "The Dead Musician and Other Poems." Charles L. O'Donnell, C. S. C. \$1.
- "The Sulpicians in the United States." Charles Herbermann, L.L. D. About \$2.50.
- "Luther." Hartmann Grisar, S. J. Vol. V. \$3.25.
- "England and the Catholic Church under Queen Elizabeth." Arnold Oskar Meyer. \$3.60.
- "Nights: Rome, Venice, in the Æsthetic Eighties: London, Paris, in the Fighting Nineties." Elizabeth Robins Pennell. About \$2.
- "The New York Novelists." Arthur Bartlett Maurice. \$2.
- "A Brief Commentary on the Little Office of the Immaculate Conception." Rev. Charles Coppens, S. J. 50 cts.
- "Lights and Shadows." Rev. Joseph Spieler, P. S. M. About \$1.
- "Her Father's Share." Edith M. Power. \$1.25.
- "Distributive Justice." Rev. John A. Ryan, D. D. \$1.50.

Obituary.

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

Rt. Rev. Bishop Richter, of the diocese of Grand Rapids; Rev. Andrew Johnson, diocese of Columbus; and Rev. Joseph Gorman, S. J. Brother Luke, C. S. C.

Mother M. Aloysius (Morley) and Mother M. Aloysius (McGrath), of the Sisters of Mercy. Mr. William Drew, Mr. John Poulin, Mr. Robert H. Fletcher, Mr. William Day, Mrs. Anna Carr, Mrs. Catherine Witler, Mr. Henry McDonald, Mr. David and Mr. Daniel Hartigan, Mrs. Rose Colfer, Mrs. Elizabeth Walke, Mr. James Brady, Mr. Lawrence and Mr. Ronald Gillis, Miss Mary Kersten, Mrs. F. E. Malone, Mr. William Wallace, Miss M. R. English, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bowen, Mrs. Eliza McNeil, Mr. William Haven, and Miss Mary Bartley.

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: Friend (Waterbury), \$2; A. K., \$1; F. J. B., \$1; Mrs. J. H. D., \$1. For the rescue of abandoned children in China: Friend (Bradford), \$5; Friend, \$1. For the Bishop of Nueva Segovia: "In honor of the Infant Jesus," \$10. For the war sufferers: Friend, \$2. For the Belgian Relief Fund: Friend, \$2.



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

[Published every Saturday. Copyright, 1917: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

The Mother.

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

LITTLE bells of silver and little coats of gold
The children wear in heaven, never growing
old.

And when they play, the silver bells tinkle and
ring,

And in and out their gold coats are like stars
flashing.

The little children in heaven play all day long,
But a Woman cometh at evening, at the even-
song,

And putteth them all to sleep, singing for them
A little song remembered out of Bethlehem.

Catholic Principles and International Politics.

BY FATHER CUTHBERT, O. S. F. C.

WHATEVER may be the immediate outcome of the present European war, there can be no doubt that the issue will profoundly affect the whole structure of the civilized world, and not merely the destinies of the actual belligerents. For this war is a "world-war," not only because of the number of States concerned in it, but because it is the result of a policy and of ideas which for generations past have dominated the international relations of the world. If those ideas are allowed to continue to dominate the relationships of the nations when the war is over, it needs

not a prophet to foretell an even greater evil than half the world in conflict. It is, however, almost unthinkable that things can remain as they were in the sphere of national and international relationships: the shock of war has set men thinking, and has roused even the most conservative out of a restful self-complacency. "Reconstruction" has become the accepted word in politics.

But among the more serious thinkers, it must be a reconstruction primarily not of the mere machine of State—though this must come in too,—but of the very idea and conception of the State, both as regards its internal life and its external relations. The modern State has been built up and governed on a false conception of its true function. Its fundamental principle has been that each State is a separate unit, responsible to itself alone, and properly concerned only with its own interests. Any intervention in the affairs of other States is justified only when one's own interests are at stake; and, on the other hand, any interference with the outside world might be justified if one's own interests demanded it. Thus if the self-judged interests of a State called for an extension of territory, a war of conquest was justified. The question of one's own interests must also determine whether a State should acquiesce in or protest against an injury done by another State to a third. In other words, self-interest has been the final law which has governed international and national life since the modern State was evolved four centuries ago.

The result has been that in the modern State generally, might became synonymous with right: the State which had the power or the cunning to advance its own self-interest, needed no further justification. Thus political life was divorced from the ordinary moral law which honest men professed in private life, and Christian ethics gave place to opportunism in the councils of the State. It is true that from time to time the Christian conscience or humanitarian instincts asserted themselves, and forced upon the politicians problems which mere State interest could hardly deal with. In theory, too, the States professed allegiance to a system of international law; but the fundamental conception and character of the modern State were such that even humanitarian problems and international law must generally give way before the paramount self-interest of the individual State.

The present war, if it has done nothing else, has brought home to men's consciences the inherent immoral and dehumanizing tendency of this conception of the State as based upon merely national self-interest. Once this principle of state-ship is accepted, it leads logically to a policy of aggression, whether military or economic; and to "the conception of nations as natural rivals, and of world-history as an incessant struggle between the nations for military domination"; and to the further conclusion "that national rivalries are outside the scope of the moral law." The present war, it is seen, is but a logical outcome of this theory, and witnesses to the moral bankruptcy of the State-idea which has ruled Europe and the civilized world for the past four hundred years.

As a consequence of this revelation, the idea of co-operation between States, instead of rivalry, which for some years past has been urged by many serious thinkers, is now receiving more general attention than hitherto. In truth, the only alternative to international co-operation is universal militarism. No nation will

be prepared, on the basis of the old system, to trust its destinies to paper-alliances, or mere declarations of good-will; on that system it is the merest prudence to maintain large armed forces, whether for the protection of one's own rights or for the assertion of one's claims, as Europe has learned to its cost. Militarism is, in fact, the logical outcome of the State-idea which has mostly dominated modern international relations.

Against this is set the theory of international co-operation. A recent writer has thus stated the case.* It resolves itself, he says, into two general propositions: "First, that a system of government, or a national policy based on force and not on agreement, is necessarily futile and harmful. Secondly, that the nations of the civilized world are not rival units, but members of a community morally, intellectually, and economically interdependent, having common interests only to be secured by co-operation."

He goes on to say: "This conception of co-operation between nations is based largely upon respect for nationality. If civilized life is not to be reduced to a dull level of uniformity, it is essential that every nation should be able to contribute to the common stock of civilization that which is characteristic and peculiar in its institutions and outlook, that which it has derived from its own special opportunities and traditions. But if this is to be the case, it is important that the energies of all shall not be perpetually diverted into one channel of preparation for self-defence; and, above all, that the smaller nations, rich in genius and industry, but of little military power, shall be protected against the fear of conquest and subjugation by a larger but not necessarily more highly civilized neighbor. Where different nationalities live side by side under the administration of a single government, these considerations suggest that each should be free to cultivate its own lan-

* G. Ernest Fayle, "The Great Settlement," p. 13 seq.

guage, traditions, and institutions, and to contribute its own share to the life of the State and of the world."

The theory of international co-operation thus set forth will probably commend itself to most people who look for a genuine reconstruction of international life. In its recognition of national life as the basis of the international community, it is far more in accord with practical politics and the historical trend of civilization than any theory of internationalism or cosmopolitanism which eliminates national distinctions. There is a force and sacredness in nationality which no political theory can ignore without ultimate disaster, as the history of Europe during the past century has proved. At the same time there is nothing in this theory of co-operation which precludes the existence of larger imperial unities or empires in which several nationalities are associated. "It requires only that the association should be voluntary, and that the self-government of the separate communities should be complete." The proposition of voluntary association in the case of existing empires, opens up difficulties; but doubtless the writer assumes that where complete national autonomy in internal affairs is secured, voluntary association will generally follow. An empire, according to this theory would be a confederation of free peoples united for purposes of common interest and defence. "Confederation" would take the place of "domination" as descriptive of the common tie.

But beyond the nation and the empire lies the ideal of a common international law to which all nations and empires will be subject, and which will utter and vindicate the universal principles of right and justice. Here we meet the crux of the whole problem. Some there are who would set up "a permanent council, having legislative powers, an international tribunal for arbitrating on all disputes between the States, and an international army or police to enforce the decisions of the tribunal." Apart from other difficulties

which render this proposition impracticable, such a council, supported by force, would result in "the establishment of a tyranny rather than in the creation of a free community. Sooner or later, the system which the sword had established would be overthrown by the sword, and Europe would relapse into chaos." Quite rightly the writer suggests that the sanction of international law on the principle of international co-operation must find its compelling power not in the sword but in public opinion.

So far one may follow Mr. Ernest Fayle with approval or with sympathy. But the theory as he expounds it lacks the background of definite moral principle. The humanitarian sentiment, which has frequently of late years come across the path of the politicians, is in evidence; but such sentiment is not enough for the guidance and regulation of the human conscience: what men need are definite moral principles, with an objective sanction behind them which men must respect. For lack of this moral objective, Mr. Fayle's further elaboration of his theory draws him too frequently into the perilous path—perilous, morally speaking—of mere political expediency, as in his treatment of the division of "spoils," where he proposes to hand over the territories of the "uncivilized native" to this or that European Power, with seemingly no regard for the native himself.*

Surely any "settlement" which is to gain the world's moral approval can not leave out of count the welfare and interest of the native population of the white man's colonies. Just this lack of a definite moral idea as the basis of international reconstruction gives a note of unreality to the various schemes of settlement which Mr. Fayle elaborates on the theory of co-operation. And yet the theory in its main principles must commend itself to the Catholic conscience, if to none other, as a signpost pointing the right direction to a Christian reconstruction of the world's

* Vide p. 164 *seq.*

politics. Co-operation between States, instead of rivalry; the due recognition of national life within the international community; the sovereignty of international law,—no one can doubt that these three ideals must enter into any reconstruction of international life, if the Christian conscience is to find itself at peace with international policy. The primary need of the present moment, however, is not to elaborate schemes for acceptance by a Peace conference, but rather to elucidate principles, and bring them home to the conscience of the Christian people. The future peace and welfare of the world will depend much more upon the conscience of the peoples than upon the discussions of an international Conference.

And here it is that a grave responsibility rests upon the Catholic body all the world over. Between the Church and the old separatist idea of the State there has been an essential antagonism. Catholicism could never recognize the self-centred State as morally legitimate. By the very force of its genius, it has stood for the community of the whole human race as against sectional interests, which denied the law and common welfare of the larger community—whether the sectional interest be that of a class, or party, or of a nation. Its attitude towards the State has in consequence been denounced as anti-national; but to-day that attitude will be judged more fairly, now that the separatist idea of the State has wrought its own disaster. Anti-national in principle the Church never has been, except in so far as nationalism has stepped outside its own borders and threatened the welfare of the larger community of the peoples, or in so far as it has built itself up upon principles which the Church, as the guardian of the Christian idea, could not consistently allow.

The very organism of the Catholic hierarchy, following, as it has done, the lines of national developments, under the supreme central authority, witnesses against any essential antagonism towards the national ideal. Undoubtedly, during

the past four centuries, confronted with the separatist tendencies of the State-idea, the Church has had to emphasize the cardinal truth of its own universality; it has had to stand chiefly as the representative of the larger Christian community, as against the breaking up of the community into rival sections. Alone it has stood for the moral and spiritual unity of the human race; alone it has stood for the sovereignty of the universal laws of justice and charity amongst the peoples, as opposed to the disintegrating tendencies of a selfish State policy.

From this point of view, the Church may well claim to have upheld the principle of a sovereign international law, grounded not in expediency but in the very moral nature of man; and of an international law which confesses to a real comradeship of nations. In this the Catholic idea of international law differs from the systems of the jurists of modern times, of whom Hugo Grotius is the most notable, as he was the most creative. His system, which has been the basis of international law since the sixteenth century, was based upon the idea of separate States acknowledging each other's right to exist, but avoiding all interference in each other's concerns so long as each State's own interest was not encroached upon. It assumed no real organic unity between the States, no real fellowship of the various political bodies. A State might massacre its own subject peoples, but this system of international law afforded no ground for a legitimate intervention by another State whose particular interests were not affected by the massacre.

It need hardly be pointed out that such a conception of international relationship could not satisfy the Catholic conscience. International law, to meet the Catholic idea of human society, must not merely define individual rights: it must propound duties,—the duties one State owes to another, and to the human race at large. Fellowship, not courteous isolation, is the Catholic ideal; a fellowship which respects

the rights of all individual States and peoples, but binds them together in the confession of a supervening common life, with common rights and duties.

Now, in Catholic teaching, that common life of men receives its most complete spiritual fulfilment and its highest sanction in the Catholic Faith and in the corporate life of the Church; but it has its natural root in the very life of humanity. Even the natural law, therefore, imposes upon the various peoples and States a common moral law which no individual State can violate in his own particular interest; nor has any State authority to compel its individual members to infringe the common moral law.

Such are the fundamental principles of international polity and law, for which the Church has stood in its opposition to the conception of the State as an isolated unit, concerned merely with its own rights and interests, and recognizing no duties or moral obligations except such as arise from its own particular interests.

It is sometimes asked: How is it that the Catholic Church has done so little during the past four centuries to give the world's political theories and action a more Christian character? The answer is that so far as the teaching of the Church has been ineffective it is due to two causes: firstly, the determination of the State not to recognize the Catholic interpretation of the Christian law as the basis of political action; and, secondly, the unhappy divorce between public and private life which has characterized the conduct of the majority of professed Christians, who have been willing to allow in public life principles which in their private lives they would unhesitatingly repudiate. The Church has thus been forced into an attitude of protest: the dominance of the old State-idea has effectively foiled any large attempt at Catholic constructive action in the world's politics.

The emergence, however, of the idea of international co-operation into practical politics gives the Church the opportunity

so long denied it; for the Church alone can supply a historic ideal of international life which fulfils the demand of Christian ethics; and a polity built upon a definite Christian moral basis. The opportunity has arrived; but if it is to be realized two conditions are imperatively needful. The Catholic idea and Catholic teaching will have to be elucidated and made manifest, so that all the world may know and understand; and the Catholic people will have to put an end to their personal acquiescence in the anti-Christian and unmoral character of State polity, and bring their Catholic principles to bear on public life.

In the first place, Catholic principles as concerning social and political life need to be made clear and convincing. So long has the science of political thought been run on prejudices favorable to the old State-idea, or upon purely naturalistic principles, that the very idea of a Christian politic has come to be generally discounted. "Give to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's," has come to have a significance, even to many serious Christians, which never entered into the mind of Our Lord; and the application of Christian principles to the world's political life has become to most men almost unthinkable, just because the question has not been put forward in political thought in a way to compel attention: the urgent need of the moment is that the study of actual political life on the basis of Catholic principles should be taken up seriously and scientifically, and the results embodied in such form as to gain the people's attention. It is only in that way that public opinion can be influenced, and a public conscience moulded. To this end, "study-circles" might well be formed, such as the Catholic Social Guild in England aims at establishing wherever a body of earnest men or women can be got together; though the educative influence must come from individual students who are able to give to the study their chief thought and energy.

But, however it may be diffused, a Catholic political science is one of the imperative calls of the moment. The science must embody Catholic ethics, Catholic political history, and the actual political problems of the present, and, not least, a sympathetic understanding of the aspirations and movements which to-day are tending towards a more Catholic conception of society,—those aspirations and movements which, for lack of definite Christian principles, are apt to dissolve into vague sentiment or mere political heresies, or be lost in a shoal of inconsistencies.

In many ways the end of the European war will, it is hoped, see the beginning of a Catholic reconstruction in the world's thought and theories. In no way is it more imperative that Catholic thought should assert itself than in political science. Nor in the manifest political bankruptcy of the hitherto dominant secular theories, need Catholics fear that the world will not listen. At no time since the thirteenth century has Catholic constructive thought had such a favorable opportunity as at present.

But mere scientific expositions will need to be re-enforced by Catholic action, and in a heightened sense of the duty which devolves on all Catholic citizens of bringing their principles to bear upon every phase of public life in which they have a part. This is where the individual Catholic citizen will prove himself a friend or foe of the Faith in the readjustment of the world's politics.

MARY being the Mother of our Saviour, her dignity places her very high in heaven, near the Eternal Father; and the same Mary being our Mother, her love makes her bend very low to us, to pity our weakness and interest herself in our happiness. . . . Intercede for us, O holy and blessed Mary; for, as says your devout servant St. Bernard, who can speak for us as you can to the Heart of our Lord Jesus Christ?—*Bossuet*.

The Crest of the Bodkins.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON.

II.—AT THE SIGN OF THE DOLPHIN.



THE Upper Castle Yard—known as the “Dirty Half Acre,” on account of the unsavory deeds done within its enclosing walls prior to the Union—is a dingy quadrangle; the south side being taken up with the apartments of the Lord-Lieutenant, and the north and west with the offices of the Chief Secretary for Ireland. The clerks, for the most part, are composed of the sons of pauper and English swells, who regard Ireland as a sort of penal settlement, and the Irish as so many half-civilized barbarians. The salaries of these gentlemen are modest, but their social pretensions and their sense of superiority to their surroundings recognize no limit. They are languid, patronizing, sarcastic; and, as a consequence, wildly worshipped by the ignoble snobs who live, move, and have their being within radius of the Viceregal Court.

On the morning after St. Patrick's Ball, a tall, strapping, straight of back, broad of shoulder, tweed-clad young man strode into the Chief Secretary's office, and, without consulting the magnificent English porter lolling in his arm-chair, engaged in perusing the *Freeman's Journal*, passed along a corridor, and entered a large and well-lighted office occupied by three sleepy-looking, well-groomed clerks.

“How goes it?” cheerily demanded the newcomer, Arthur Bodkin. “Where's Talbot?”

“Getting a wiggling from Tom Burke,” the ill-fated Under-Secretary for Ireland, who was murdered later on by the blood-thirsty Invincibles.

“What for?”

“Well, you see,” drawled a flaxen-haired youth, with an impertinence of manner that cried aloud for the application of the cudgel, “he—haw! haw!—objected to my being promoted over his head.”

"And quite right too, Mr. Ponsonby," said Bodkin. "How would you like a man to be promoted over *your* head?"

"Well, if it was an Irishman, I'd—" The drawling youth ceased to drawl; for Arthur had drawn nearer to him, stern menace in every movement. "Hang it all! If my people have more influence than his, that ought to settle it."

"Not a bit of it! You were foisted in this office about a year ago—I remember it well,—and here's Harry Talbot, with six years' and more service, passed over to make room for you, because you are English. I don't suppose you've done five pounds' worth of work since you came here."

"Not a shilling's worth," laughed Mr. Ponsonby; "and don't intend to. It was hard luck enough to be banished here, without being asked to work. Rot!"

At this moment a young man bearded like a pard, and the very embodiment of physical strength, entered the office. His face was flushed, while in his honest grey eyes signs and tokens of a mammoth anger wave appeared in fitful flashes. Without looking to the right or to the left, he proceeded to a desk, flung its lid wide open, and began sorting papers wearing the neat, cold, precise appearance of documents that must be tied with red tape.

"I say, Harry!"

At the sound of Arthur's voice Talbot looked up, flung a package of official documents into the air, and, letting the desk lid fall with a bang, rushed over to Bodkin with outstretched hands.

"Why, Arthur, this is too good to be true! Don't let us stop in this infernal hole. Come over to the Dolphin. We're sure to meet Nedley or Mahaffy, or some of the lads of the village. And I have a lot to tell you."

As they emerged from the Castle yard on to Cork Hill, Talbot suddenly stopped, turned round and exclaimed:

"Congratulate me, Arthur?"

"I do, my boy. Who is she? When is it to be?"

"It's not a *she*,—it's an *it*. I have resigned. They were for popping that impudent fellow Ponsonby over my head, you know. I remonstrated. No go. No reason vouchsafed. Tom Burke cold as a cucumber. So I just told him—not five minutes ago—that as they were providing berths for English paupers with whom no Irish gentleman would care to associate, he could have mine with pleasure. You should have seen his face, Arthur!"

"I'm awfully glad you did it, Harry. I wonder that you were able to stand it so long. I couldn't be in the office with any of those fellows five minutes without longing to tickle their ribs with this blackthorn,"—giving a vigorous shake to a *kippeen* which he swung in his right hand. "And what are you going to do?"

"To take about a dozen walks to and from the Hill of Howth—twenty-two Irish miles. By that time I shall have determined upon a plan. There's nothing like a long walk, alone, for letting your thoughts mould themselves."

They had now reached the Dolphin, in Essex Street—a famous hostelry kept by one Flanagan, a jovial old man, with a wooden visage, and wearing that description of artless wig known as a "jasey."

The two friends seated themselves at a small table, in a gaunt apartment singularly free from the meretricious air of modern decoration; and ordered a dozen a piece of the famous Poldoody oysters.

"Have you any money, Harry?" asked Bodkin.

"About £300. You're welcome to it, Arthur."

"Thanks, dear old boy! But I don't want a penny of it. You will want it for travelling expenses."

"Travelling expenses! I am only going to travel to the Hill of Howth and back. What do you mean?"

"I mean that you are going to take a long voyage. Harry, you are going to Mexico!"

"Mexico!" Talbot stared at his com-

panion. "What the dickens would bring me to Mexico?"

"Listen!" And Arthur in a few minutes so "enthused" his friend that Talbot joyously consented to start, and was for setting forth on the following morning.

"It is providential!" he exclaimed. "For years I have been longing to see that wondrous country. From the moment I first read Prescott, the word Mexico had a fascination for me. I can easily do as well there as being a Castle hack here; and, at all events, I'll go. And here's my hand on it. And who knows," he added, laughingly, "but I may pick up a dark-eyed *señorita*, settle down and become a *ranchero*? Hooray! Here comes Nedley. Sit down, Tom, and hear the news."

A handsome man, of scarce yet middle age, entered. There was a flash of merriment in his smile that lit up the entire apartment. Dr. Nedley was *persona grata* everywhere. Physician to the Viceregal Court, his official position brought him into the highest circles, where he shone a bright, particular star; while his noble and generous heart led him to the pallet of the poorest, where his ready wit oftentimes proved much more efficacious than his most elaborate prescriptions.

As soon as the genial Doctor had become acquainted with the plans of his young friends, the thought of serving both came uppermost.

"I'll speak to his Ex., Talbot, and see if I can't make him give you a roving commission, of a purely scientific character."

"But I know nothing of science, Doctor."

"So much the better. You will go in totally unprejudiced and unfettered by fad. Yes, I'll get Sam Houghton, of Trinity, to aid and abet me. Zoölogy, the Fauna of Mexico. Capital! The very thing! You will write a book, Talbot, and we will elect you an Honorary Member of the Royal Irish Academy. As for you, Arthur, the drubbing you gave—"

"For Heaven's sake, Nedley, don't let me hear anything more about that."

"Faith, you are as sore as the chap

that got it,—sorer, I think. Well, I'll see if I can't dig out a couple of letters of introduction for you that may be of use. I can give you one myself to a countryman of ours, a banker—Don Ferdinando O'Flynn. He married a girl who owned a silver mine, and now he's as rich, as Pat Dempsey would say,—as rich, my dear fellow, as Creosote."

The room soon became crowded, and in a few minutes the resignation of Harry Talbot was in everybody's mouth.

"I'll ask a question in the House of Commons in regard to this gross injustice," observed a very pompous personage, half choked in an old-fashioned black satin stock. "I'll ask the Chief Secretary for Ireland—"

"I'll tell you one thing you won't ask him, Macdonna," interrupted Nedley.

"And what is that, sir?"

"You won't ask him to dinner."

This sally delighted the listeners, to whom the Honorable Member's stinginess was familiar as a household word.

As the two friends walked down Dame Street they met Father Healy of Bray.

"I'll get you a letter of introduction to the Archbishop of Mexico," he volunteered; "although, as I see there was an insurrection up there last week, he may be only a bishop *in partibus* by this time."

Arthur Bodkin, by virtue of being a lieutenant in the Galway Militia, was a member of the United Service Club, to which palatial institution on St. Stephen's Green he bent his steps, after arranging to dine with Talbot at Burton Bindon's. In the hall of the Club he encountered a kinsman, Colonel Brown, who had lost his left arm in the trenches before Sebastopol. When this gallant warrior found that Bodkin was bound for Mexico, he congratulated him very warmly.

"I tell you what, Arthur, you'll see some fighting out there as sure as Sunday. Napoleon is foisting this poor Archduke on the Mexicans; and believe me there's a big anti-French party in the country that will fight to a man. So, by the powers,

Arthur Bodkin may bring everlasting glory on the Galway Militia by taking a hand in the game; and he's not his father's son if he doesn't. And, now that I think of it, your cousin, Tom Ffrench, of Gortnamona is out there. He fought like a Connaught Ranger at the battle of Molino del Rey, and faith he remained in the country. If I don't mistake, he wanted to be president or lord-mayor or commander-in-chief, or something very swell. You look him up, Arthur, and your bread is baked, my boy!"

"Is it Tommy Ffrench, of Gortnamona, you're talking of?" asked a little red-faced, red-necked, white-haired major. "Sure Tommy marched into Puebla with General Forey, and was at the taking of Mexico. He is now Capitano Tomaso Ffrench, and the same dare-devil chap that swam the Shannon from Kilrush to Tarbert, and that's nine miles."

And as Bodkin wended his way to Burton Bindon's to meet Harry Talbot, he could not help reflecting that the finger of destiny was fixedly pointing in the direction of the Halls of the Montezumas.

III.—BALLYBODEN.

It was a lovely morning in spring. The birds were whistling on every hedge, and buds were peeping timidly forth, and pale primroses were wooing tender violets in green and mossy nooklets.

The mail-coach from Galway drew up at a *boreen* to deposit a male passenger.

"I'll carry on your luggage to Ballyboden, Masther Arthur," said the coachman. "I'll lave it at the Widow Byrns till they sind for it from the house."

"That's a good fellow!" said Bodkin; and, bestowing a cigar upon the willing Jehu, he leaped into the roadway.

As he passed up the *boreen*, a narrow road leading to the grand entrance to Ballyboden, he met Father Edward Murtagh, the parish priest of Glenismole, —the good *padre* who had christened him, had prepared him for Confirmation and for his first confession and Communion;

one of those lovable, pure, and innocent men who are veritable saints in this world of sin and sinners.

Father Edward was loved by all—rich and poor, worldly and unworldly. He was as fearless as Death, and just as sure. People who differed from him in creed loved and respected him, for he invariably treated them as truant and erring children; and the "souters" who were endeavoring to seduce the poor peasants from their allegiance to the true Church—

Savin' their sowles
Wid pinny rowls,
And fitches av hairy bacon,—

dreaded the very mention of his name. He was about sixty-five years of age—tall, spare, straight as a whip, active as a man of thirty; with bright, piercing eyes beneath shaggy, bushy brows. He had never been attached to any other parish, and for forty years had celebrated the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass on the very altar where as a boy he had served as an acolyte.

"My dear boy," he exclaimed delightfully, "is this you? I have just been up to the house. They don't expect you,—they said you were in Dublin."

"So I was, Father Edward, and I have just been dropped by the coach. I have great news for you, Father." And Arthur blurted out his plans, hopes, fears, wishes, and prospects.

Father Edward listened with great earnestness, uttering such exclamations as "Dear me! See that now! Bless my heart!" his hand on the young man's shoulder, half in benison, half in caress.

"I don't know what to think, Arthur," he observed after a pause. "You are the only son of your mother, and Mexico is a long way off."

"But, Father Edward, I can be idle no longer. What is my life? Nothing—worse than nothing. Fishing, shooting, hunting, dancing; a month's drill with my regiment, which I do not enjoy, as it brings me to mess where foul mouths outnumber clean ones. I do nothing, Father Edward, but spend mother's money, and it belongs

to my sisters. This is wrong, wrong!"

"Wasn't Lord Gormanstown going to get you a berth in the Custom House?"

"Father Edward, I am not fit for a desk; and, besides, all promotion is for the Saxon." And he told the worthy priest of the injustice done to Harry Talbot.

"I see that your mind is made up, Arthur; and you are your father's son. If your father—God be merciful to him!—resolved upon doing a thing, he couldn't be turned aside. But let me ask you a question or two, my son."

"A thousand if you will, Father."

"What do you mean to do when you get to Mexico? You do not speak their language. It will take you some months to pick up enough Spanish to make your way; and after that, what then?"

"I mean to try hard for a berth in the Emperor's household."

"What Emperor?"

"Maximilian, the Archduke of Austria. He is going to rule over the country. He sails in a few days."

"This is news to me. There's not a word about it in the *Galway Vindicator*. But what made you pitch on Mexico of all spots? Why not America, where you have blood-relations in many places? Why, there are five hundred and fifty people from this parish alone in the United States, all well to do. Why, Pat Kehoe, they tell me, is a millionaire; and he must be, for he brought over his father's remains to be interred in Glasnevin, and put up a monument like a small chapel."

Arthur Bodkin thrust his hands into his pockets, only to pull them out again; then blushed like a girl of sixteen.

"The real reason, Father, is that Alice Nugent is going with her uncle, Count Nugent. She will be maid of honor to the Empress."

"The old story," said the priest, kindly. "You remember Dante: *Amor a nullo amato amar perdona*,—'Love spares no loved one from loving.' And why not? Love and death are two great hinges upon which all human sympathies turn.

The Nugents are good stock—sound Catholics. It seems so strange, though,—the boy I had on my knee a few days ago, as it were, talking in this way! Have you pledged yourself to this young lady?"

"Why, of course I have, Father!" Bodkin answered, impetuously.

"And your mother,—does she know of this?"

"I am going to tell her now. That is what brought me back. She wants me to marry money—Lady Julia Travers, or something in that line?"

"Is she acquainted with Miss Nugent?"

"Oh, dear, yes! She met her last month at the Hunt Ball, at Sir Percy Bushe's, at Kilgobbin Castle—a hundred places."

The old priest looked grave.

"It will be a double blow to your mother, Arthur; for mother's love is the cream of love. Deliver the blow gently! Firstly, your love for any woman but herself; and secondly, your prolonged exile—for prolonged it must naturally be. If I can help you, I shall do so with a heart and a half. Do not underrate the difficulties that confront you."

"I—I wish that you would come back to the house, Father."

"Come along," said Father Edward, cheerily. "We must talk her over. I do believe, Arthur, that this is the first cross you will ever have given your mother to bear; but it is the will of God, my son,—the will of God."

The entrance to Ballyboden was defended by two enormous granite pillars surmounted by mutilated stone lions. One gate had dropped its hinges; the other stood open, the grass growing luxuriantly through the rusty ironwork. The lodge was in a very rickety condition,—one half sinking beneath the weight and pressure of ivy, while the inhabitable half was tenanted by an old retainer, Molly Malone, whose "rheumatics" confined her to her fortress, whence she looked out through the single remaining diamond-shaped pane of glass.

The house was about a quarter of a

mile distant from the lodge; the avenue boasting a too luxuriant crop of grass, save where recent hoofs and wheels left their bright, particular indentations. A short cut across the *pleasaunce* led to the stronghold of the "bold, brave Bodkins."

Ballyboden House was gaunt, and grim and square. An unlimited number of windows permitted its inmates to gaze over hill and dale, mead and march, away to the blue and distant mountains of Connemara. An immense block of stabling and outhouses stood in the rear, surmounted by a clock-less clock tower, which grinned like a skeleton head, as though Ballyboden had done with Time.

The beaten path led to a side door, through which Arthur and Father Edward now entered. Lady Emily Bodkin welcomed her son with all the tender fervor of the true and loving mother. Her joy, however, was soon to be dimly dimmed; for Arthur, in a few eager, burning words, told of his engagement to Alice Nugent. Lady Emily's distress called Father Edward to the front.

"My dear Lady, you surely do not expect the Bodkin of Ballyboden to remain a bachelor, and let the fine old name die out?"

"No, no! But Arthur is so young, and this girl is a dependant."

"She is the niece of Count Nugent," interposed Arthur. "She is the daughter of one of the Six Hundred. She is a wife fit for an archduke."

"Can she pay off the mortgage on Ballyboden?"

"I have not asked her to do so," said Arthur, with a toss of his handsome head.

"Perhaps the Count would," meekly suggested Father Edward.

"It is a splendid property," continued the discomfited lady; "and fifty thousand pounds would clear it up to the hall door, and yield a rent roll of seven thousand a year. You must *not* marry a penniless girl, Arthur. Good Heaven," she added, pacing the room, "have you no common sense, common feelings! You are a splendid

match for any girl with—money. *You*, the representative of one of the oldest families in Ireland—aye, in the world,—young, handsome, accomplished, honorable, without a stain or a reproach! You have the blood of the kings of Ireland in your veins, and what are the Guelphs? Hanoverians, dating from the sixteenth century; mere *parvenus* when mentioned with the Bodkins of Ballyboden."

And the excited lady leaped from branch to branch of the genealogical tree with the readiness and accuracy of an expert in the Herald's College, or even of Ulster-King-at-Arms himself.

"Why not try Manchester?" she continued. "There are thousands of cotton-spinners' daughters who would jump at you. Or there's America. The daughter of a millionaire oil man is not to be despised, or the daughter of a Southern planter. Anything but a penniless girl, Arthur! Why," she went on, "look at *us* struggling to live—nothing else,—and you could relieve us by a simple effort. Your two sisters will never get off with the small fortune they will have at my death. All the male Bodkins are handsome; the females,—unfavored. Look at Ballyboden going to rack and ruin, the grass growing up to the hall door steps!"

"I shall clear every blade of it away myself before twenty-four hours," said the impetuous Arthur.

"Father Edward," continued Lady Emily, "*do* use your influence with Arthur. He respects and loves you. Surely you agree with me. He owes it to his position to make some sacrifice for the sake of the family,—some sacrifice for his mother and sisters. And we have a charming match for him in Lady Julia Travers. She is not *all* that we could wish, as her grandfather was in trade; but she will do."

"Lady Emily, let me say one word to you—you'll excuse me, Arthur." And Father Edward led her ladyship to a window, where he detained her for some moments in a very earnest, and, on the part of the lady, very animated discussion.

"I'll go to Dublin if necessary," said the *padre*, "and see Count Nugent. If he's rich, I'll show him that he couldn't do better than pay off the mortgage on Ballyboden. If he isn't rich, he might get the Emperor of Austria to do it," added the simple priest. "Bother it for money!" he sighed. "It is a bottomless sea, in which honor, conscience and truth may be drowned. But—glory be to God!—money is not required to buy one necessity of the soul."

Lady Emily Bodkin, if not so hopeful of success, was soothed by the promise of Father Edward to confer with Count Nugent.

"You will not be compelled to go to Dublin, Father," she said; "for these people are coming on a visit to Corribawn, and I shall, of course, have to call upon them. I can drive you over. But, dear Father, *do* use your influence with Arthur to marry some one with money. I want to see that mortgage paid off, and to give Mr. Brown, the agent of the law Life Insurance Company, a gentle piece of my mind. Do you know, *padre*, that audacious cockney absolutely presumes to aspire to the hand of my eldest daughter? When will this levelling up process stop? I fear we are being Americanized, and—"

"Not a word against America, Lady Emily!" said the priest gravely. "Poor Ireland owes that glorious Republic a debt of gratitude that centuries could not repay,—and gratitude is the memory of the heart."

"I was going to say, Father Edward, and I *will* say it, that—who is this coming up the avenue? Why, it's Tim Dolan, and with a telegram! I suppose it's for you, Arthur," she added.

But that young gentleman had already gained the hall door, to receive a wire which read thus:

FROM MISS NUGENT. To ARTHUR BODKIN,
47 Merrion Square N., Ballyboden House,
Dublin County Galway

We leave Thursday for Vienna. The imperial party sails from Miramar April fourteenth.

(To be continued.)

The Valley of Silence.

BY MARY E. MANNIX

CROSS upon cross, mound after mound,—
Tread lightly! this is holy ground.

No grasses here, where once they grew;
Rugged and bare the bloody plain;
But after Winter's softening rain,

They will steal forth anew,
Spreading soft verdure where they lie
Who valiantly went out to die.

No blossoms here, where once they grew.

But when the sweet May breezes blow,
Beneath the sunshine's quickening glow
They will spring forth anew,

Above their long and quiet sleep
For whom the nations pray and weep.
A heavenly silence wraps them round,—
Step softly! it is holy ground.

Memorials of the "Blissful Martyr."

BY WALTER J. PFER.

ABOUT mid distance, in an easterly direction, between the ancient Benedictine cathedral of Norwich and its sister church and priory of St. Nicholas at Great Yarmouth—both of which were founded by Herbert Lozinga, the first bishop of Norwich, between the years 1090 and 1119,—are situated three adjoining parishes, called the Burlinghams. Each has its own parish church. Those of St. Andrew's and St. Peter's are within a stone's throw of each other; that of St. Edmund's is about half a mile farther away.

It was to these ancient churches that the writer on a glorious September day paid a visit, his object being to see certain art recollections of St. Thomas of Canterbury which are depicted on the panels of the screen in St. Andrew's Church; and also a mural painting of the same saint in the sister parish of St. Edmund. The hideous pews had hidden the former for centuries, and ages of whitewash the

latter. But the memory of the "blissful martyr" was not allowed to perish; neither will "his well-spent pilgrimage on earth ever fade away."

Before describing these paintings of our saint, and how they were discovered, it may not be considered out of place to say a few words as to my itinerary, and something of my ramble on this occasion. I arranged that my starting point should be from Brindall, a pretty riverside village in the vicinity of Surlingham "broad," and situated about seven miles from Norwich, whence I travelled by train.

After leaving the station, and climbing a steep lane overhanging with trees and laurels, I pause for a few moments to gaze back at the beautiful valley of the Yare, and its winding river; whence it takes its name; and I am at once reminded, even in this solitude, of the terrible war that is raging; for the river below me in normal times is alive with a gay throng of people: to-day the white sails of the yachts, the steam and electric launches are conspicuous by their absence. Even the disciples of the gentle Izaak Walton seem to have discarded their contemplative recreation and sport. This is most noticeable, as Norfolk (Norwich in particular) is a "City of Anglers" as well as of churches; but to-day none are to be seen. The active order of things generally has evidently taken the place of all things pertaining to contemplation and peacefulness. Nothing appears to be afloat this sultry afternoon but a sluggish wherry, with its huge brown sail set, making its way to one or other of the coast towns with its freight—truly a most depressing sight on a river usually alive with holiday-makers from all parts of England.

Resuming our walk, we soon reach the highroad. At this point a charming panorama of the surrounding district is obtained. In front of us, our attention is at once arrested by the outlines of a gray and lofty church tower; this is old St. Andrew's Church, Blofield. Embedded as

it is amid magnificent trees, it makes a picture not easily forgotten. In a few minutes we are standing beside its shady churchyard. We pause to examine the noble entrance porch and, alas! its empty niches. On entering the church, we are soon convinced that this once sacred building is full of intense interest to the Catholic visitor. We spent some time examining things pertaining to our holy religion in the old days, and were about to leave the church when our attention was called to a somewhat strange announcement affixed to one of the pillars at the west end of the edifice. It had the appearance of a document, or inventory of things "ecclesiastical" which were taken from the church at the time of "the Great Pillage" in Edward VI.'s reign.

On reading this remarkable document, we found we were mistaken. It was an announcement to the parishioners and friends of Blofield church from the rector, telling them all about the things he *wanted*: (1) a new stained-glass window for the chancel; (2) a set of frontals for the *high altar*; (3) "We have but one set of vestments, and require a complete set for the Church's various festivals, etc., etc." What an extraordinary list of *wants*! And what a pity the good rector's predecessor in King Edward's time did not attempt to stop the royal pilferer from causing all this inconvenience after three hundred years and more!

A friend of the writer, who accompanied him (a "born Catholic"), exclaimed on reading this precious document: "What does it all mean?" It means, my friend, that even *rural* England is waking up to the fact that their churches have been robbed of the Faith, which they begin to realize was, after all, their glorious heritage. "Do you know, sir," said the custodian of the church, who was showing us around, "we pray for the dead now? Oh, yes, sir, we do, and I am cruel-bearer at 'celebrations,' too,—which are very frequent here." He told us the well-to-do parishioners do *not* take kindly to these

innovations in their church services; but that the poorer classes liked the changes very much.

And so we arrive at the church porch again, and the rector's requirements for his church services gave us both over to serious thinking. Can it be true, after all, that these Anglican clergymen have a hankering after the "scarlet impossible lady," as Monsignor Benson so aptly terms her in one of his books, and that they find the "rags of popery" are a necessary adjunct for the due carrying out of Christian worship? Well, well, who knows what may happen in the near future? And with these thoughts we leave the old church behind.

The view from the churchyard here is one of the finest in the district. Before us is a great amphitheatre, surrounded in the distance by large and luxuriant woods. In the mid distance are cornfields all glorious in the sunlight and in the hollows. The meadows are clad in "meadow sweet" and a host of other flowers peculiar to this neighborhood. As one gazes around, at least five noble church towers are plainly visible.

Here we leave Blofield behind, and in another ten minutes we are passing the quaint old church of Strumpshaw, the interior of which attracts so many visitors. In another ten or fifteen minutes, Lingwood Church comes in sight. We pause and try the door, but find it locked. It possesses on its south porch a very ancient sundial. Alas! the gnomon is missing, but we find our watches pointing to 3.35. The time is passing quickly. Very soon we arrive at Burlingham, St. Andrew's rectory. Having received permission from the genial rector to see the church, the keys are handed to us, and in a short time we find ourselves in front of a typical Norfolk church, exteriorly as perfect as it was when it was built six hundred years ago. Standing as it does on the fringe of a dense wood, beside park-like grounds, its appearance is most striking to the passers-by.

It was in this church possibly, one of the last of our magnificent rood screens was erected prior to the so-called Reformation, and on the panels of which was said to have been the last painting ever put up of the glorious St. Thomas of Canterbury. This, my story will make clear later on. When we enter the building, this screen at once arrests our attention. As with the rest of our English screens, no vestige of the loft which originally existed, nor of the rood remains,—nothing but the screen itself and its painted panels below. But the disused stairway which led to the loft may still be seen. The thought which comes uppermost in our minds as we gaze on these remains (still most beautiful, in spite of the mutilations and the uncared-for appearance) is this: what must have been the appearance of this screen on the eve of the Reformation? For it was actually at this particular period it was erected, as an inscription which I am about to give will plainly show.

To the old paintings depicted on the panels we will now give special attention. The combination is somewhat unique, and so is the inception of the screen itself, its date in particular. The screen occupies the normal position—the chancel arch. On each side of the central doorway are six painted panels, with profusely gilt ornamentation in the spandrels of each. The raised and embossed work in the diapering points to the free use of gesso; this is most noticeable in the diminutive niche and tabernacle work, and has a splendid effect.

On the first two panels on the Gospel side of the screen (reading from the north) little is to be learned, as both paintings are sadly defaced, and one can not determine who were the two saints represented in the first instance. On the third panel is a splendid picture of St. Withburga, a Norfolk saint. She founded East Dereham church and nunnery, said to be the earliest in England. She is shown with a cruciform church in her left hand, labelled, *Ecclesia de est Dereham*. Lying at her feet are seen

two white does. (4) St. Benedict, with pastoral staff and book; two devils are crouching at his feet. (5) St. Edward, Confessor, with a sceptre and ring. (6) St. Thomas of Canterbury, with a cross staff, in the act of blessing. Those on the Epistle side are: (1) St. John Baptist, pointing to a Lamb, with the words, *Ecce Agnus Dei*. (2) St. Cecilia, with leaves, flowers, and a palm branch. The next one (3) is important, and shows St. Walstan of Bawburgh, Norfolk. He is in royal attire, and has a scythe in his hand, and the word *Opifer* at his feet. (4) St. Catherine of Alexandria, standing beside a spiked wheel. (5) St. Edmund of East Anglia (sadly obliterated). (6) St. Ethelreda; she is shown with a book and staff.

Under the figures on the Gospel side is the following much mutilated inscription in Latin: "Pray for the soul of John Benet, and Margaret, his wife. Pray also for the good estate of Thomas Benet. *Anno Dni 1536*." On the Epistle side, immediately beneath the painting of St. John Baptist and St. Cecilia, is another imperfect inscription "Pray for the soul of Johannis Blake, and of Cecilia, his wife, on whose souls may God have mercy." A little farther on can be read: "Pray for the souls of Robert Frenys, and Katherine, his wife." It would thus appear that this screen was presented, or that it was painted, in the year 1536 at the expense of the families of Benet, Blake, and Frenys. It has been said by a well-known antiquarian:* "The remarkable agreement between the names of the donors and the saints appears to indicate that the choice of these saints was made for their names' sake." Thus we have St. Thomas of Canterbury on the part of the screen for which we may suppose Thomas Benet paid; and over the names of John and Cecilia Blake are painted St. John Baptist and St. Cecilia; whilst St. Catherine appears above the name of Catherine Frenys.

* Rev. John Gunn, in "Norfolk Archæology," vol. iii.

The date 1536 comes immediately under the name of St. Thomas; and we can not help remembering that in this very year his Festival of Translation (July 7) was abolished; and that two years later, having been charged with treason, the attorney general appearing for the King, and the dead Archbishop being defended at the public expense, he was found on the 10th of June to be guilty, and it was ordered that his bones should be burned, and his shrines demolished throughout the country. Only a few months later (in November, 1538) a royal proclamation suppressed his remaining festival, and commanded "that his name should be struck out of all calendars and service books, and that his images and pictures throughout the realm should be put down and utterly destroyed."

How thoroughly this was carried out we all know; and it is both strange and remarkable that this painting (and the mural painting of which we shall speak presently), both of them having his name attached, should have escaped. There is a tradition in this neighborhood that great devotion was paid to St. Thomas here, and that many of the well-to-do families in those sad times suffered greatly for defending the ancient Faith. Possibly some of the descendants of the pious donors of this screen may have used their influence in preserving this solitary panel painting of the saint. Who knows?

So, casting a parting glance at the mute appeal of these good sixteenth-century Catholics, we whisper a *De Profundis* for their eternal repose. Oh, how many thousands there must be, whose bodies lie mouldering in our ancient churches, who have a claim on our prayers as Catholics,—the remnant of that Holy Church of which our forefathers were robbed in the sixteenth century! "Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you, my friends!" is the whispered and mournful sound we ought to hear with the ears of faith, and willingly in some small way make restitution for the injustice meted out to

those who passed away in those sad days.

With these thoughts we leave the lonely, bare, and cold old church once more to itself; and, having locked the porch door, we again find ourselves in God's sunshine, the shadows of which we find are lengthening. So we must haste away to St. Edmund's Church, to see St. Thomas' famous picture. In doing so, we pass by the tiny Church of St. Peter, with its short and stumpy ruined tower and its pretty churchyard. Just here is the beauty spot of this scattered village. Here are to be seen quaint and picturesque cottages, embowered in clematis and roses, each with its strip of garden and trim gravel paths. Here too, quite close to the gray old church, are the forge and cottage of the village blacksmith, beneath the proverbial chestnut trees.

Another short walk, and we find ourselves in front of a really Old-World church, that of St. Edmund. It is evidently very ancient; for, in peeping into the porch, we catch sight of a splendid Norman doorway. It has also a massive square tower at the west end of the church. This is a lucky church, at least so we think; for up to the present the "restorer" has not yet laid his devastating hands upon it. On entering the edifice, the first things which surprise us are the magnificent fifteenth-century carved oak benches, on the finials of which are represented the poppy head, animals, birds, reptiles, etc. Besides these is to be seen a veritable relic of Catholic days—viz., an early sixteenth-century pulpit, surrounded with painted panels of numerous saints.

On the upper part is affixed an early eighteenth-century hourglass and stand,—the "parson's reminder not to spin his yarn too long," we presume. There are some strange and interesting benches and stalls in the chancel, evidently used by the village chudmen and boys. The latter were possibly wood-carvers as well; for from one end to the other of the sloping desk boards, names, initials, faces of man and beast are cut—some most creditably,—

besides dates innumerable. From these we learn that when the Puritans had possession of the church, the congregation amused themselves either by going to sleep or by sketching the long-winded parson's face on every available thing they could find at hand. The writer has in front of him some rough rubbings, taken in a haphazard way on his visit to this church, which are highly amusing, but of no deeply religious interest.

But we must resume. Immediately above these chancel benches and stalls, on the south wall, is to be seen the remarkable mural painting of the martyrdom of St. Thomas of Canterbury, which I will now try to describe. It was in July, 1856, that the walls of this church were renovated. The chancel received the first attention. When the workmen came across traces of bright coloring under the coats of whitewash, attention was at once called to this discovery, and orders were given for great care to be used in removing it. In a short time was laid bare a large picture, painted in water colors, consisting of six figures, surrounded by an elaborate border. The figures are nearly half life size. On the left hand of the picture St. Thomas of Canterbury is represented kneeling before an altar, within a cruciform church. Upon the altar is seen the chalice and the Sacred Host. By his side stands his faithful servant, Edward Gryme, holding in his right hand a cross-staff, his left hand is uplifted in an attitude of horror.

The saint is represented vested for Mass. His chasuble is bordered with a quarterfoil ornament, and his maniple hangs down from his left arm. On his alb are seen magnificent apparels. His hands are joined in prayer, and his face is slightly turned towards his murderers. The tragedy is shown as having already begun. Around him are seen four armed knights, the foremost of whom is stabbing his head with a sword and a dagger. The stroke of the second knight has severed the bleeding scalp while his mitre is seen

falling to the ground. The third assassin holds in his hand a carpenter's axe, with which, according to the old chroniclers, he had previously broken open the cathedral door. His shield is plainly seen to be charged with the cognizance of Reginald Fitzurse, a rampant bear. The fourth figure seems to be hesitating whether or not to unsheathe his sword, the handle of which he is clenching. On the left of this knight hangs a small round buckler. At the extreme right of the picture is shown a small tree. The picture is remarkably well executed, and the knights are shown in the style of armor worn in the early part of Richard II.'s reign (about 1380), at which period it is conjectured this painting was executed.

That devotion to our glorious St. Thomas was very prevalent throughout this county is conclusively shown not only by the two pictures in the Burlingham churches, but by the large number besides which have been discovered in recent years in many other churches, during restorations. And that the "martyrdom" was a favorite subject to depict is shown by so many others besides. Indeed, so similar are some of these pictures that we are led to believe that the same artist must have painted them,—notably the one discovered in the ancient church at Eaton, near Norwich, some years ago. Although this picture is much smaller, it is identical with those already described.

A possible reason for this popular cult in this district may have arisen from the fact that St. Thomas was (especially in his declining years) a bosom friend with many great personages who resided hereabouts. The great Bishop of Norwich, William Turbville, and also Hugh Bigod, the celebrated Earl, were his staunch friends and admirers. So that, after his martyrdom, we may easily imagine these noble men would leave nothing undone to encourage devotion to one who in life and death proved himself a valiant champion of the rights of God's Holy Catholic Church.

And so our ramble amid the recollections of St. Thomas ends; for we find the evening is closing in as we pass through the old Norman doorway of St. Edmund's Church. So we haste away on our three miles walk to Brundall station to catch our train. This is done, and in another fifteen minutes we are back again in Norwich.

Angela and the Gospel Lady.

BY JOSEPH CARRY.

"**B**LESSED are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."

It was the Gospel Lady again. Angela sighed deeply, only half comprehending. She understood the English language well enough, for she had been in this Western town many years; but ever since that terrible night when Tony was killed, she had been dazed and stunned and had almost seemed to forget her English. With native courtesy, however, she arose and welcomed the Gospel Lady, but without enthusiasm,—listlessly, as she did everything since life had lost its savor.

She knew well the Gospel Lady, as people had always called her. She liked her, and with reason; for this lady had been very kind in the early years when life was very lonely for Angela, dwelling amid strangers. Then when little Caterina was sick she had brought such pretty flowers and dainty dishes, and had talked to the child so cheerfully and read such wonderful stories. Best of all, she found such a good place for Giovannino when he was out of work. Oh, yes, she had been a good friend, kind and sympathetic through these many years!

Though she had often helped in the little sorrows of the past, the Gospel Lady now felt herself somewhat beyond her depths. She had utterly failed in all her efforts to dispel from Angela's life the cloud which recent sorrow had left there, and had really begun to fear that the gentle little Italian was drifting into a settled melancholia. She felt genuinely sorry for

the poor woman, and earnestly desired to help her, but she could not fathom the depths of sorrow,—she had been utterly unable to reach her. To-day she brought her Testament along. Ordinarily she did not touch on religion, as experience had shown her that these Italians were sensitive on that point, and that they were, somehow or other, beyond her comprehension; but she strove by acts of kindness to win them over, and hoped that they would eventually “listen to the message of Christ” which she was bringing them.

Angela she liked particularly, the little Italian was so gentle and refined. She had taken her out several times in the big machine which charitable people had put at her disposal. Although she knew that the Missionary Organization would not approve, she had even brought her to a moving picture theatre. All went well till Angela saw on the screen some one who looked like Tony, and she came home more despondent than ever.

The Gospel Lady was at her wits' end. Something drastic had to be done. Her mission of sunshine had failed, and she was depressed. Instinctively she felt that something more than sunshine was necessary to rouse Angela from her melancholy; instinctively she felt that religion could cure this malady of the soul, and religion alone. But religion was a hard subject to broach; for Angela, otherwise responsive enough, simply retired within herself every time this subject was mentioned. But, since all other expedients had failed, she would try at least to give her the consolation of religion; and so she brought along her beloved Testament.

She prayed long and earnestly in her perplexity. She prayed to the Father the Creator for help, to Christ the Consoler for grace, to the Holy Ghost the Illuminator for light. Cheered and comforted after her prayer, she started on her mission, feeling, somehow or other, that God had heard her prayer, and that this time she would succeed.

“Blessed are they that mourn, for they

shall be comforted,” said she, opening the Testament. Slowly and impressively she read of the widow of Naim whom Christ met on the dusty highway. Then she spoke of Christ, the Consoler of all sad hearts. Afterwards she read of Lazarus, her voice trembling: “I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth in Me, although he be dead, shall live.” As she read the sublime passages, her own heart was filled with emotion; but Angela seemed scarcely to hear. She sat there quietly enough, listening; but it was all too evident to the Gospel Lady that not yet had she sounded the sorrowful depths, not yet had she given the consolation of the Gospel.

She began the story of the Crucifixion: “Now, there stood by the cross of Jesus His Mother. . . . When Jesus, therefore, saw His Mother and the disciple standing, whom He loved, He saith to His Mother, Woman, behold thy son.”

“Ah, poor Mother!” cried Angela. “How she must have suffered!”

“Yes, indeed,” murmured the Gospel Lady, hastily turning to another passage. “How deeply this instinct for the veneration of the Virgin Mary is rooted in these poor people!” she reflected.

On she read, but poor Angela was not even listening. Her mind had turned back to the little village in the Abruzzi where she was born. Vaguely she remembered the church, but clearly she pictured this same Mother of God with the sevenfold wound in her heart. As a child, the mystery of it had drawn her, and she wondered then what it was all about, but now she knew. How vividly the image of the suffering Mother stood forth since she had begun to suffer herself! The woman who left the Abruzzi a mere child, had almost forgotten her religion; for in this Western town there was nothing to remind her of it.

In America things had been so different. There were no priests,—at least she never saw the cassock on the street. She had never even heard the Angelus ring. Yes,

it was all different,—a different country, different religion, *all* different. Religious memories of childhood were becoming more and more vague. But ever since that night when Tony was brought home to her, crushed and broken by the falling wall, she had likened her heart to the sorrowing heart of the Mother of God.

The Gospel Lady saw that she was paying no attention. "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted," she concluded. But, alas! Angela did not understand. Rising to go, she closed her beloved book with a sigh, and put it back in her reticule. Her prayer had not been heard. She had exhausted all her powers of consolation. She had failed, and she left the house sad and discouraged. Even her beloved Gospel had failed,—the last but infallible resort. For years she had tried to help Angela and gain her confidence. It was to win her soul in just such a crisis as this that she had hoped—and she had failed.

Then a daring thought struck her. Was it a temptation of Satan? Was it loyal to the Missionary Organization of which she was a volunteer worker? Was it even loyal to her own evangelical principles? She hesitated and was lost. Back she went.

"Angela," she said, "you're a Catholic."

"Yes," replied Angela, coldly. The subject had been broached before, and she did not like to talk religion with one who held beliefs differing so radically from her own sacred traditions. The Gospel Lady spoke with an effort.

"Your Church, the Roman Church," she said stiffly, "has opened a mission in town very recently. It is not far away. Here is the address." Taking out a card, she pencilled it rapidly, all the time feeling like a traitor; and then fled, lest she should repent.

Angela took the card indifferently. She had been away so long. She remembered her prayers, but had almost forgotten the rest. She wondered vaguely if it would be like the little church in the Abruzzi. If it were like the Abruzzi

church, she would love to go. If she could see again the image of the suffering Mother—yes, she would go.

That night after supper she went with Caterina. Her first feeling as she stood in front of the little frame building was that of disappointment. Somehow she had hoped to see again the church of her native village. She entered. It was dark, but through the darkness she saw the red lamp flickering. Her heart beat quickly as she made the unaccustomed genuflection. To the right was a little shrine, in front of which a few candles were burning. She went up to it. It was Our Lady of Sorrows, the Madonna of the Abruzzi, with the sevenfold wound in her heart.

Long she knelt there passive, while half-forgotten prayers and tender greetings and snatches of hymns to the Madonna came back from the rich stores of childhood impressions. She thought she was back again in the church of her native village. She lifted her head, to reassure herself: and sure enough—there was Our Lady of Sorrows looking down at her with understanding eyes. The Madonna of Sorrows knew, the Madonna understood; for she herself had suffered. She could see the depths of sorrow in Angela's heart.

Her long pent-up agony and sorrow gave way, the floodgates of her tears were loosened, and she cried and sobbed bitterly. How long she knelt there with bowed head, she did not know. She would have liked to stay forever. But Caterina was restless, and finally distracted her, and she lifted her bowed head. By the dim light of the candles her tear-filled eyes slowly spelled out the inscription below the shrine:

"Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."

This time she understood, and the prayer of the Gospel Lady was answered.

ANY system of religion that is small enough for our intellectual capacity can not be large enough for our spiritual needs.—*Balfour*.

Where Raphael Rests.

BIOGRAPHERS of Raphael, *il divino*, the artist pre-eminent among the many who delighted to place upon canvas the radiant face of Our Lady, are strangely silent as to his burial, or dismiss it with a few inadequate words. Vasari, however, put on record that he was buried, at his own request, under the statue of the Madonna del Sasso in the Panthéon, now called S. Maria Rotonda. In 1833 an association of Roman artists undertook a search for the precious remains in the presence of a number of public functionaries, ecclesiastical and lay.

"Raphael provided in his will for the restoration of one of the antique tabernacles in the Church of S. Maria Rotonda, and expressed the wish to be buried there, under the new altar, and under a marble statue of Our Lady,"—thus had the historian of his time placed a guide-board to point a way in the centuries to come. For five days the men toiled without ceasing, and at noon on the 14th of September all that remained of the faithful servant of the Lady he loved to portray was exposed to view. The receptacle was hurriedly built; Raphael having died between Good-Friday and Easter eve, and been buried the next evening. The wall which protected the receptacle had ill done its part; water gradually leaked in, destroying the wood of the coffin. But portions of what had been Raphael were there; still so far preserved that the composure of the body was evident, "with hands crossed on the breast, and the face looking up toward the Madonna del Sasso, as if imploring from her the peace of the just." The measurements corresponded with reliable information regarding Raphael; and there was still to be seen a "great roughness of the thumb," common to painters.

After a lapse of a few days the remains were reinterred, and again rested, as the great artist wished, under the protecting care of Our Lady, to await the morning of the resurrection.

An Example to the World.

BETWEEN Chile and Argentina stands the great mountain chain of the Andes, and near their summit is placed one of the most remarkable monuments in the world. Mountain peaks, overwhelming in their vastness and sterility, rise twice ten thousand feet above the pass by which the people of the two countries cross the barrier that separates them. At the top of the pass, at Puenta de Inca, is an heroic figure of our Blessed Lord in bronze, twenty-six feet in height, holding in His left hand a cross, His right raised as if in earnest appeal. On the base of the massive granite pedestal are emblematic figures of the two States, clasping hands.

It is a symbol of the ending of a dispute which at one time seriously threatened war. It was the thought of what Christ had done for both nations that led them to settle the question by arbitration instead of arms; the King of England being the arbitrator. The great mountains were no longer to be a barrier guarded by a line of fortresses, but a bond of union. And so the Christian people of the two countries had this statue cast from old cannon, and placed it here at the summit of the pass in 1904, with this inscription, "He is our Peace, who hath made both One"; and on another side, "Sooner shall these mountains crumble into dust than Argentines and Chileans break the peace to which they have pledged themselves at the feet of Christ the Redeemer."

Though this is a matter of contemporary history, rather it seems like an event in the Ages of Faith. It is hard to connect such national Christian simplicity with our own times. Of necessity it brings to mind the great World War, and the problem uppermost in all minds now,—its early settlement by terms of peace. No king can be the arbitrator in this crisis: the only possible mediator in the long run is the Father of Christendom, who is the visible representative of the "Christ of the Andes."

A Subject for Thought.

ONE of the commonplaces of our day is that the average citizen, the man in the street, takes his opinions at second hand,—allows his thinking to be done for him by the newspapers. There is perhaps fully as much truth in this other statement, not so commonplace, that the average Catholic, the man in the pew, allows his religious thinking to be done for him by the pulpit, or books. Attentively to follow the thought of a spiritual writer or a preacher is, beyond doubt, a good thing, but it is obviously not the same thing as doing one's own thinking on this or that subject of personal and important interest. The old, old plaint of Jeremias is probably as true to-day as when first it was uttered: "With desolation is all the land made desolate, because there is no one that considereth in the heart."

The beginning of a New Year may surely be termed a singularly appropriate season during which to rid oneself of personal liability to the prophet's reproach, by seriously considering "in the heart" several of those subjects which more than any others claim the thoughtful meditation of every child of Adam. In downright reality, of course, each successive morning is as truly the beginning of a new period in one's life as is the first day of January; but the traditions attached to the conventional divisions of time make the New Year a convenient date for the inception of any social or spiritual reform. The present is accordingly an excellent time to meditate on subjects of outstanding importance; and a beginning may well be made with this one—the end of man.

What is my mission in this world? What am I here for? Why have I been created? What is the object or end of my existence? There is surely nothing forced or extravagant in the assertion that these are questions which, first of all, should be asked and answered by every man

who has come to the developed use of reason. And yet, among the hundreds of people who form the circle of our friends and acquaintances, how many are there who habitually, or even occasionally, reflect on these questions and the answers thereto? All Catholics doubtless remember from their Catechism days the comprehensive truth that we have been created to know, love, and serve God in this life and to enjoy Him in the next one,—the life after death; but with how many is it not merely an abstract truth?

Outside the period of a mission in the parish or a laymen's retreat, how often does the average Catholic devote a half hour to really serious, concentrated thought on the end and purpose of his transitory life? He knows of course in a general way that it behooves him to avoid evil and do good, to obey the Commandments of God and of His Church; but this knowledge may not prevent his ordering his life as if its true end and predestined purpose were the amassing of riches, the attainment of honors civic or social, the achievement of worldly success, or even the procuring of sensual pleasures.

The end one has in view should normally be the foundation and the guiding principle of one's activities,—the foundation on which one raises the superstructure desired, the guiding principle which shapes the means proper to attain the end. In the ordinary affairs of life—in the professions, in business, politics, industry, etc.—men habitually act on this principle, adapting the means they use to the end they seek; in the supreme affair of life, they all too often either ignore the end of their existence, or, knowing it as it were subconsciously, disregard the means which alone can secure the purpose they ought to have in view.

Men and women in the world have need not only of vocal prayer, but of interior prayer—meditation. If they would live their lives aright, they must perforce, occasionally at least, consider in the heart.

Notes and Remarks.

One phase of the Prohibition Movement which has heretofore been practically ignored is now receiving considerable attention in more than one of our States. A New York magistrate recently expressed his conviction, formed after experience with many cases, that one by-product of Prohibition is a notable growth of the drug habit. It appears that very many users of heroin and other equally deleterious drugs are travelling people whose inability to procure liquor in "dry" localities has led them to have recourse to a substitute easily carried around and easily placed before others desirous of the stimulus usually obtained from alcohol. That general addiction to drugs is growing rapidly in this country is becoming increasingly evident; and no one needs to be told at this late day that the "drug fiend" is a still more degenerate slave than the chronic drunkard. Notwithstanding the apparent growth of Prohibition sentiment in different parts of the country, it is by no means certain that national Prohibition will prove victorious at the polls in 1920 or 1924; but it seems evident that, if it ever does become the law of the land, there will be need of a drastic campaign against a greater evil than the use of alcohol,—addiction to poisonous drugs.

When Lawrence Sterne wrote, "They order this matter better in France," he formulated a dictum frequently quoted from his day to ours. It begins to look at present, however, as if we Americans may well substitute Canada for France in the cited quotation. There are assuredly several matters which are far better ordered in the Dominion than in the United States. One of them, as we have more than once noted, is the administration of criminal laws. Another is the question of divorce. The Canadian banking system has also received high praise

from some of our most eminent financiers. And now the Dominion's Industrial Disputes Act, passed in 1907, appears to be appealing to our legislators as a measure that may profitably be imitated, more or less closely, on this side of the border. The main provision of the act in question is that strikes on the part of Labor and lockouts on the part of Capital are prohibited until an investigation of the matters in dispute has been made by duly authorized boards or commissions. While admittedly imperfect, this Canadian act has unquestionably proved its utility during the past decade; and such modifications as experience has shown to be advisable are now under consideration by the Dominion's Minister of Justice. Briefly, the Canadian jurists are apparently alive to the necessity of rendering it impossible for either Capital or Labor to gratify its private ambition, avarice, or spite at the expense of the general public; and our own jurists can not too speedily follow their example.

Not every parish priest could be expected to write such a letter as the one with which the Rev. John Talbot Smith, of Dobbs Ferry, N. Y., greeted his flock at the opening of the New Year; but every pastor can emulate the spirit that prompted this communication, which is an admirable summary of particular instructions and counsels given in the course of regular Sunday sermons. One passage of this letter is so important and of such general application that we quote it entire:

It should be well understood by all that the priest at the head of a parish is there solely for the good of his people. Nothing that concerns them can be foreign to him. If children are getting wild, if some one has taken to drink or idleness or gambling or other bad ways, if sickness is persistent and does not yield to treatment, if business is going wrong, the sooner you carry your trouble to your pastor the sooner you will be out of it.

Some dislike to thrust their affairs upon the priest; others wish to keep the trouble a secret from him, but as a rule the priest knows all about it long before, only he can not mention

it until the parties interested bring it before him. It is a poor method to consult a wise man too late. The rule is to consult him early, when his experience and advice will count. Particularly should he be called in when parents suspect that their children are secretly stepping out of the right path, or preparing for the sneaky marriage (which has become so popular), or beginning to drink. Never let trouble grow. Attack it as you would a fire, on the spot, with the fire department behind you. Do not let pride keep you silent, because the whole town knows your trouble before *you* do, and knows your pride too.

There speaks the good and faithful shepherd, awake to the dangers of the day, strongly and wisely sympathetic, discreet as he is zealous,—a true father of souls. Parishioners everywhere would do well to put these recommendations into practice; and it would be very much less of a surprise than a gratification to see a general imitation of Father Smith's New Year pastoral.

The fundamental principles of international polity and law for which the Church has stood, in its opposition to the self-centered State, are admirably set forth by Father Cuthbert, O. S. F. C., in our leading article this week. He holds that the emergence of the idea of international co-operation into practical politics gives the Church an opportunity, long denied it, of supplying a historic ideal of international life which fulfils the demand of Christian ethics, and a polity built upon a definite Christian moral basis. In order that this opportunity may be realized, he contends that it is absolutely necessary for the Catholic people to bring their principles to bear on public life. "A Catholic political science is one of the imperative calls of the moment. The science must embody Catholic ethics, Catholic political history, and the actual political problems of the present; and, not least, a sympathetic understanding of the aspirations and movements which to-day are tending towards a more Catholic conception of society,—those aspirations and movements which, for lack of definite

Christian principles, are apt to dissolve into vague sentiment or mere political heresies, or be lost in a shoal of inconsistencies. . . . But mere scientific expositions will need to be re-enforced by Catholic action, and in a heightened sense of the duty which devolves on all Catholic citizens of bringing their principles to bear upon every phase of public life in which they have a part."

Father Cuthbert's suggestion that "study-circles" be established wherever a body of earnest men or women can be got together, in order to encourage the study of actual political life on the basis of Catholic principles, is very important and very timely. In all our institutions of higher education at least, it should be followed without delay.

How is it that Catholics always give so good an account of themselves as American citizens when patriotism is put to a genuine test? Take the particular case of our Catholic soldiers down at the border. A Protestant chaplain, home on furlough, is quoted as saying to a priest of his acquaintance:

Father, I have never in my life wished that I was a Catholic priest until now. I feel that the only man who can do any good in the army is the priest. Last Sunday I had only 100 at my service; the Catholics were on their knees by the thousand close by; and nothing impressed me more than the piety and devotion manifested. I had to return home, because some few of my parish had criticised me for going with the troops as they thought it unnecessary; but if ever the presence of a minister was needed, it was there among so many men away from the influence of home.

My eyes have been opened to the patriotism of the Catholics. I went there narrow, and, I must confess, bigoted; but after what I have seen from you Catholics, I have become as broad as the Atlantic Ocean; and I take off my hat to you. I am a member of all the patriotic organizations in my town—organizations whose members are always preaching Americanism and patriotism, yet out of all these we got only six recruits.

It is a pity that other outsiders, less fair-minded than this observer, have

not the same opportunity of seeing the patriotism of Catholics in action; they might then become less content with their own patriotism in words. Has any "Guardeen," we wonder, ever been able to point with pride to a regiment of his fellow-patriots in the field? We doubt it, as their only equipment would seem to be elocution.

An oldtime formula of New Year wishes besought for one's friends "health, wealth, and prosperity." Of these temporal goods the first is invariably perhaps a blessing; the other two may occasionally partake more of the nature of a curse. So keen an observer of human nature, and, more specifically, Catholic human nature, as Cardinal O'Connell thought it well to say to a Catholic audience quite recently: "I do not hesitate to declare, much as I want our good people to succeed in prosperity, that there are some now rich to whom the loss of their money would be the very best thing that could happen to them. At least, the crust of silly pride which prosperity has raised around their former selves would be broken, and they would be again genuine, sincere, and truly refined,—qualities which money seems to have entirely destroyed in them. Be not deceived. We must keep our hearts warm, our blood red, our love aglow, or else pay the penalty."

Not a few of our readers can doubtless specify concrete cases in which the Cardinal's reproach is thoroughly well deserved. The love of money is still the root of evil; and its possession is all too often the cause of relaxed spirituality, inordinate vanity, and the destruction of true Christian charity.

It is interesting to note that whereas in Chicago all songs which had reference to the Christ-Child were, by order of the superintendent of schools, obeying a State law, debarred from the public school programmes at Christmas, in other cities the public celebration of the great feast

is becoming more Christian and even Catholic. Especially was this the case in Boston. The *Republic* observes editorially: "What would the Rev. Cotton Mather, what would Governor Endicott have said to Christmas carols on Christmas Eve in the streets of Boston, and especially to a Christmas carol recounting the Seven Joys of Mary? Verily, the old order changeth. What would they have thought of Arthur Ketcham's poem, 'Who Goes To-night to Bethlehem?' in the *Boston Post*:

Who goes to-night to Bethlehem?
The East is kindled light!
The air is silver with song,
And wings flash near and white.
Mary the Mother bowed her head;
'My little Son,' she said.

"These carols," the *Republic* remarks, "were not sung by Catholics; but they mark the movement towards the Old Church of the devout element among our separated brethren. Piety, love of home, movements for the elevation of woman,—all these strengthen the cry of Nature itself for honor to her of whom Christ came as 'the little Son.'"

No class of people, it is safe to assert, are more disgusted with warfare and more desirous of peace than those waging conflict. That the fighters of the present will be the pacifists (pacifists, if you will) of the future is abundantly proved by the letters that come from the front. There is no disposition on the part of the writers or their comrades to shirk duty, hard as it is; but the letters show how hateful war has become to all who are actually engaged in it, daily sharers of its hardships and witnesses of its horrors. A French teacher, a non-commissioned officer, in a letter to M. Romain Rolland, quoted in a recent issue of *La Paix par le Droit*, says: "Everything that I have heard and seen since I came here has convinced me that war will never be sufficiently hated; and I know that it is hated cordially by those who are carrying it on. . . . And the men of whom I speak have proved

themselves: . . . they have done their duty, and sown the seeds of victory in the fields dug with their trenches and watered with the blood of thousands of their comrades. They will continue to do their duty; for it is done for peace,—for the victorious peace which is the chief subject of their thoughts.”

The concluding passage of this rather notable letter may be quoted entire:

War deserves to be hated; for, apart from all its unimaginable horrors, it has not even the much-extolled merit of creating and maintaining the heroic virtues. The crisis of the early days has long since passed. After the exaltation of a moment which silenced every kind of baseness and meanness, men soon became what they had been before,—some noble, others debased; the majority neither high-souled nor base, but simple and unassuming. A thousand miles away from their fields, I find the peasants from my part of the country just as they are at home, submitting to circumstances with a fatalistic resignation, doing their work with docility, with the same routine-like patience; frequently complaining, but always obedient; not heroes, but just good fellows. The war has created nothing in them: it has brought out no quality that they did not already possess. Epic deeds of arms are rare; the actual struggle only demands, as a rule, the resistance of men accustomed to living hardly and simply. Any one who imagines that the France of to-day, the France which the world admires, has been created by the war, did not know France before the war, and is quite mistaken as to the France of to-morrow.

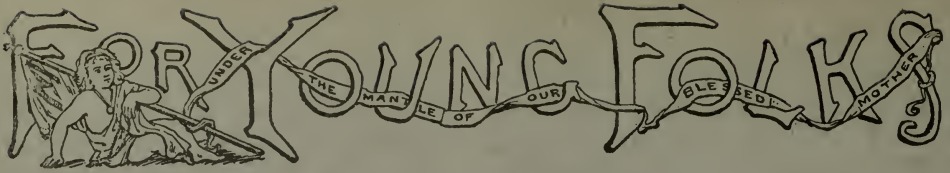
As was to be expected, the death of Father Lacombe, the “Black-Robed Voyageur,” or, to quote his obituary notice, the Rev. Father Albert Lacombe, O. M. I., V. G., has elicited from all quarters, and from representatives of both Church and State, warm tributes to the worth and work of that great missionary, a true pioneer of the Church in Canada. Our readers will recall appreciative sketches of the venerable Oblate which have appeared in *THE AVE MARIA*, and we need do no more at present than record our admiration for the indomitable missionary of half a century ago and the lovable old priest of the past few years.

Born in 1827, and ordained priest in 1850, Father Lacombe spent on the mission field almost as many years as the Psalmist allots for the full life of man. The mission of St. Albert, founded by him in 1863, expanded during his lifetime into the Province of Alberta. The construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway brought him into confidential relations with such public men as Sir William Van Hoine, Lord Strathcona, and Lord Shaughnessy, by whom he was held in the highest esteem. Among the Indians of the Canadian Northwest he exerted an influence practically supreme; and, despite his numerous other claims to historical recognition, it will be as the Black-Robed Voyageur that he will be longest and most lovingly remembered. *R. I. P.*

The assumption, by the English Government, of control over the coal mines of South Wales prompts a clerical contributor to the *London Catholic Times* to utter a word of warning as to the academic discussion of Socialism by Catholic economists and publicists. There is much food for thought on the part of Catholics the world over in this brief paragraph from his interesting communication:

Some four or five years have gone since I ventured to suggest to you, sir, that it might turn out to be unwise for Catholics to fix limits to the process of lawful socialization. We shall have to live in this country, and abide by the laws of this country, and submit to the socialization adopted by and for this country by the State. Would it not be well for us, therefore, to move very cautiously in pronouncing on the lawfulness of theories which to-morrow may be the facts of our life? The Church is slow to pronounce; the authorities of the Church do not rush in with decisions; and there is no possibility that Pope Leo XIII. will be found to have said anything to conflict with the future events towards which the present socializing tendency of the State is swiftly and surely carrying us.

It is the part of prudence, as well as of right reason, for Catholics in this country, as in England, not to be more Catholic than the Pope.



Con of Misty Mountain.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

II.—THE MANSE.

FATHER PHIL quickened his steps as he strode down the mountain.

He would be late for dinner at Uncle Gregory's now; and with Uncle Gregory dinner was a serious consideration, that must not be trifled with even by his sister's son, Father Philip Doane. What madness had beset Phil to become a priest, the old gentleman could not understand,—when he might have been a doctor or a lawyer or even a soldier like Uncle Gregory himself. Still, it was done now—the Doanes all had a queer streak in them,—and the old captain believed in sticking to one's colors, be they black or white. Father Phil, in his early boyhood, had been a prime favorite with this old bachelor uncle and Aunt Aline; and now, after a dozen years or so of study at home and abroad, had been welcomed back warmly, though a little doubtfully. For neither Uncle Gregory nor Aunt Aline was a Catholic; the Faith had come from the Doane side of the house. Father Phil's mother had died a happy convert when her little girl was born, and his father a few years ago.

"You may do as you please, Gregory," Aunt Aline had said tearfully when discussing their nephew; "but I couldn't give up Susie's boy if he turned into a turbaned Turk." So Father Phil, who had been ordained only last spring, had been invited to the "Manse" (as the big old house beneath the mountain was called) for Christmas; and, there being no church within reach, had taken up the log cabin for mission purposes, as we have seen. There was a little mining village some ten

miles distant, where a travelling missionary said Mass once or twice a year in a "Hall" rented for the occasion by some of his flock. But the Hall had been pre-empted for Christmas festivities this year, and so Father Phil's log cabin was the centre of interest to all the faithful for twenty-five miles around. He had been busy for two days now. Aunt Aline had lent him the willing services of old Uncle Jerry, who, though a hard-shell Baptist himself, was ready to do anything for young Mas'r Phil; and the news of his coming—for Phil Doane was a pleasant memory around Misty Mountain—had spread far and near.

There was to be a Midnight Mass, which was something of a departure from precedent; and he had hoped to make his mountain shrine a very Christmas bower; for usually winter came gently to Misty Mountain, and often the green growth in its sheltered hollows garlanded the rocks and cliffs until spring. But he and his boys had been out this morning with scant results. He felt his log cabin would be as bare as the stable of old for the coming of the King. He must get back to it as soon as he could; there was much to be done yet, and confessions would keep him indefinitely in the evening. So he hurried on towards the wide old house that nestled under the shelter of the mountain, its broad lands stretching far down the valley where the Gregorys had lived and ruled for more than a hundred years. Indeed, Father Phil's great-great-grandfather had held the log cabin against the Indians when Misty Mountain bounded a wilderness that only the boldest of white men dared invade. And Uncle Gregory, who had fought on the border himself in the later Indian wars, though seventy years old now, was still a sturdy scion of his sturdy race. "Old Hot Scotch" he

had been called in his soldier days, and "Hot Scotch" he was still. There was a frown on his grizzled brow when his nephew appeared in the wide Hall to-day.

"Twenty minutes late!" he said, looking up at the great grandfather's clock that never lost a second. "And a fine roast goose overdone! I thought they drilled better in that old Church of yours, young man, and made you march on time."

"They do," was the good-humored answer. "But I'm out of rule and rank just now, Uncle Gregory. I'm sorry I've kept you waiting, and I'll do fitting penance by not touching your goose to-day."

"Tut, tut, tut!" said the old gentleman, testily. "You'll do nothing of the kind. I picked out that goose for you myself this morning, and had it stuffed by a recipe of my own. You may talk about Christmas turkeys, but a roast goose with apple-sauce is a dish for a king."

"I am sure of it," was the hearty answer. "But, not being a king, only a young soldier in the ranks, I must keep to orders. It's fasting rations for me to-day, Uncle Gregory,—bean soup or red herrings, or anything that doesn't travel on legs or wings."

"Nonsense, sir,—arrant nonsense!" said Uncle Greg, angrily.

"But orders, sir,—orders!" laughed Father Phil. "I belong to an army and must march to the word of command. It is light rations for Christmas Eve. That's been down in our tactics before—well, long before the Star-Spangled Banner began to wave, Uncle Greg. But just you wait until to-morrow! I'll tackle that big gobbler swinging in Aunt Aline's pantry now, in a way that will astonish you."

"Do as you fool please, sir," began the old gentleman irately—and then suddenly paused as the great Hall door flung open again and a little fur-clad figure burst upon the threatening scene.

"Brother Phil—Uncle Greg!" And a pair of small arms somehow contrived a simultaneous embrace of both figures.

"Susie!" cried Father Phil in amazement.

"God bless me! Little Sue!" gasped Uncle Greg, with a clearing brow.

"Where, how—what does this mean?" asked Susie's brother.

"Scarlet fever," explained the little lady, nodding a very fluffy golden head. "Scarlet fever broke out at St. Joseph's, and all the girls had to go home; and I didn't have any home but St. Joseph's, so Mother Benedicta said I had better come up here. Lil Grayson's father—they live at Greenville—brought me in with Lil and dropped me at the gate. I hope you don't mind, Uncle Greg." And a pair of long-lashed grey eyes were lifted in a roguish appeal which the grimmest of old soldiers could not resist.

"Mind! You little witch, *mind!* You know well we'd have stolen you out of that jail of a convent if we could long ago," said the old man, heartily. "Scarlet fever! God bless me, my old colonel lost three boys in one week with it. The nuns did right to pack you off instantler. Drop your coat and hat right here, and come in to Aunt Aline and dinner."

And then Aunt Aline, a nice, plump, rosy old lady, came bustling out to clasp the pretty little newcomer, and declared she was growing into the very picture of her dear dead mother. And all went in to dinner, where the roast goose was flanked by a boiled fish with oyster sauce, and followed by apple dumplings; for there was an Irish Nora in the kitchen who knew all that was due "his reverence" on Christmas Eve. And, though Uncle Greg glowered a little at the "Popish fare," Susie's gay chirp and Father Phil's laugh made such music at his table that he forgave fish and oysters to-day.

"If I had only known you were coming, my little lass, we would have had a Christmas indeed. It's a dull time you'll be having up at Misty Mountain."

"Oh, no, no, Uncle Greg!" said Susie, gleefully, as, jumping up from the chair beside him, she put her arms about the old man's neck and laid her soft cheek against his. "It's going to be a lovely

Christmas, with Brother Phil and you and dear Aunt Aline, and this nice, warm, old homey house all snuggled up in the snow. I never was in a dear old home like this at Christmas before, only in summer time. And Midnight Mass in the log cabin! Mother Benedicta said that would be so perfectly beautiful,—just like the first Christmas night of all. O Brother Phil, may I help fix the altar? Sister Mary Margaret always lets me help at St. Joseph's. I can trim candles fine. Next year she will let me fill the vases with flowers. She says I might as well learn, as I'm going to be a nun myself."

"You're going to be *what?*" thundered Uncle Greg, in a voice that would have appalled any one but little Sue.

"A nun"—she cooed her soft little cheek against his,—“a nice little nun like Sister Mary Margaret herself.”

"You're not!" roared Uncle Greg, thumping the table with his clenched fist. "A nun! Thunderation! I'll see that you are not, if I have to carry you off and lock you up from the whole black-gowned crew. A nun indeed!—What sort of condemned nonsense are you putting in the child's head, Phil Doane, before she has fairly cut her teeth?"

"I didn't put it there," laughed Father Phil; "did I, Susie?"

"I'm not so sure of that," growled the old man, still unappeased. "When a chap like you, with the whole world in a sling, drops all his chances and turns priest, I am prepared for anything,—anything, sir.—But don't let me hear any talk about your turning nun, little girl; for that's more than I can stand. And another thing," added Uncle Greg, rising from the table in no very good humor: "about this midnight church business, who is going to keep order?"

"Order!" repeated Father Phil in some surprise.

"Yes, order, sir,—order," said the old gentleman testily. "We had a camp meeting at Indian Creek last summer that ended in a free fight and a job for the

sheriff. We've got a hard lot of chaps skulking about Misty Mountain these last few years. There's an old scoundrel and half a dozen or so young scoundrels—Buzzard Bill they call him and his gang,—dodging the liquor law and every other law, I guess, far up there in the Mists. Regular Will-o'-the-Wisps that we can't lay hands on. We've raided their den half a dozen times, only to find a gibbering, toothless old woman and her grandson, a sturdy young rascal that either can't or won't talk. But I'll get them yet!" said Uncle Greg, grimly. "I'll get that old Buzzard Bill behind bars before many weeks are over, if I have to go up after him myself."

"I think I saw the grandson only a few hours ago," said Father Phil. "He was setting traps up in the mountain,—a handsome little fellow, who looks as if he had been made for better things than seem to have fallen to his lot. 'Con' I think the boys, who were, I am sorry to say, badgering him cruelly, called him."

"Aye, that's the chap!" declared Uncle Greg. "And a grand young rascal he is. There's not a hen-roost or a corn-bin safe from him. Fights like a game cock, too. Bound straight for the hangman, as everyone can see."

"Is any one trying to stop him on the way?" asked Father Phil quietly.

"No one, sir,—no one. It's not a bit of use," answered Uncle Greg. "You might as well try your hand on a South Sea Islander."

"That has been done and most effectively, as our old Church has proved, Uncle Greg. I had a little talk with Con myself this morning, and I feel sure something can be done with him."

"Aye, aye!" answered Uncle Greg. "He could be locked up in the Reform, and that's where he will go if I have anything to say about it. They're a hard lot up there in the Roost. And you'll do well to look out for them to-night, or they may be down upon you for a bit of a Christmas lark, if nothing worse."

Father Phil pondered over his uncle's warning as a little later he took his way along the rough path that led up to the log cabin. It would be wise perhaps to be on guard, for the old soldier knew the ways of Misty Mountain. It was a boundary between two States, whose differing laws could be well evaded on its cloud-veiled steeps. There had been no such trouble in his younger days when the only dangerous denizens of the Misty peaks had been snakes and wild-cats; but changes had come of late years that had made lawless traffic and smuggling across the border line profitable. And the boy—the boy in that outlaw den on the Roost, the boy whose blue eyes had looked into his with such appeal this morning—Mountain Con, whom nobody would “let in,”—the thought of him stirred the young priest's heart to its warm depths. Con should not go on his way to the hangman while Philip Doane could help and save.

And then Father Phil, who was close to his log cabin chapel now, was startled out of his reveries by the indignant tones of good old Tim Slevin, whom he had left in charge. “Git out of this, ye thafe of the wurruld!” Tim was shouting. “Git off, I say! I'll not have the likes of ye and yer dhirty baste around this holy place.”

“Touch my dog if you dare, you twist-nosed Irisher!” came a fierce young voice in reply. “If I give Dick the word, he'll tear you into bits. The mister up on the mountain told me to come,—he told me to bring him these 'ere berries and greens.”

And, hastily turning the bend of the mountain path, Father Phil faced the disputant, honest Tim holding the doorway of his mountain chapel; while before it stood Con and a huge wolf-hound, both loaded down with scarlet-berried Christmas greens.

(To be continued.)

THE boy who is always telling about what he intends to do to-morrow is the same boy that is always regretting what he left undone yesterday.

A Noble Rival.

We have very few anecdotes of the great Raphael. The young, sad-faced painter of Madonnas is associated for the most part with his wondrous masterpieces, and not with sprightly happenings over which we can laugh or chat. There is, however, one incident in his life of which you may care to hear.

Before he had completed the frescoes in the chapels of Santa Maria della Pace he received five hundred scudi. When the last of the series was done he informed the cashier that there was more money due him.

“I think you have had enough,” said the cashier.

“But I haven't.”

“You can't have any more.”

“But if some good judge should say I had really earned more?”

“Then I would give it. Appoint your own judge, and let him be one that knows what a painting is.”

“No: you yourself shall appoint the judge,” said Raphael.

Here was the cashier's opportunity. Michael Angelo, he reasoned, was jealous of Raphael, and would put a low estimate on his work.

“I choose Michael Angelo,” he said.

“Very well,” answered Raphael.

Together the cashier and the great sculptor went to examine the frescoes. Michael Angelo took one look at them and stood spellbound.

The cashier, thinking him indignant at Raphael's effrontery in demanding so much for such indifferent paintings as those before them, said:

“Well, what do you think?”

“I think a great deal. I think, in the first place, that we are looking at the most magnificent work imaginable. I think, too, that it is worth paying for.”

The cashier began to be frightened.

“How much, for instance,” he asked, “would you call the head of that sibyl worth?”

"About one hundred scudi."

"And the others?"

"Each of them quite as much."

Thereupon the cashier hied to the wealthy merchant who had undertaken the contract for frescoing the chapels, and told him the decision of the umpire.

"Give him in addition three hundred scudi at once," said the merchant; "and be very polite to him. Why, if we have to pay for the heads at that rate, paying for the drapery will ruin us!"

So Raphael got his price through the generosity of his great rival.

"Here's the Truth."

A countryman was paying his first visit to Glasgow, and, naturally, became much interested in the sights afforded by the shop windows. One thing, however, bothered him very much. Everything that he saw was represented as the cheapest of its kind.

"Now, how can every shop in Glasgow sell the cheapest?" he said to himself. "It canna be at a'. They're jist a meeserable lot o' leears."

At last he reached the plumber's, where he saw a large sign which read, "Cast-Iron Sinks."

"Ah," he exclaimed, "here's the truth at last! 'Cast-Iron sinks.' Of course it does; but why do they have to put up a sign to tell it?"

Honest Sandy.

On a cold winter day, a gentleman in Edinburgh had, out of pity, bought a box of matches from a poor little shivering boy; and, as he had no pence, had given him a shilling, of which the change was to be brought to his hotel. Hours passed by, and the boy did not return. Very late in the evening a mere child came to the hotel. "Are you the gentleman that bought the matches frae Sandy?"—"Yes."—"Weel, then, here's fourpence out

o' yer shillin'. Sandy canna come. He's verra ill. A cart ran ower him and knocked him doon, and he lost his bonnet and his matches and yer sevenpence; and baith his legs are broken, and the doctor says he'll dee; and that's a'." And then, putting down the fourpence on the table, the poor boy burst into sobs.

"So I fed the little man," said the narrator; "and I went with him to see Sandy. The two little fellows were living almost alone. Their father and mother were dead. Poor Sandy was lying on a bundle of shavings. He knew me as soon as I came in, and said, 'I got the change, sir, and was coming back; and then the cart knocked me down, and both my legs were broken; and, O Reuby, little Reuby! I am sure I am dying, and who will take care of you when I am gone? What will ye do?' I took his hand, and said I would always take care of Reuby. He understood me, and had just strength enough to look up as if to thank me; and then suddenly the light went out of his honest blue eyes."

Their Dogs.

BY SEVERAL YOUNG HANDS.

THE fate of the dog whose name was Rover, Who when he died, he died all over, Recalls the tale of the rover Jack Who met his end on a railroad track. I once had a dog; his name was Spot; He bit a man and then he got shot. We had a beautiful dog called Collie; When he played with us we all were jolly, And when he died we were melancholy. We had a little dog named Fluff, But he got into grandpa's snuff, And died soon after, sure enough. A dear old dog we knew as Tex; He reached old age by avoiding wrecks; He rode on the running-board of our car, And never minded jolt or jar. Many dogs we've already had, And all were good and none were bad. Father says to dogs be kind For faster friends you'll seldom find.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—An illustrated edition of La Fontaine's fables, entitled "The Masterpieces of La Fontaine," has been brought out by Messrs. Blackwell, the Oxford publishers.

—We are sorry to notice that the *Freeman's Journal* of Sydney, N. S. W., Australia's oldest Catholic paper, has turned pirate in its old age, seizing upon anything that comes in its way, regardless of property claims, and defying copyright laws.

—We welcome from the press of P. J. Kenedy & Sons a new edition of that standard work, "The Lily of Israel," by the Abbé Gerbet. This beautiful biography of the Blessed Virgin is now presented with many desirable revisions, and with a foreword by the Rev. William Livingston. The price is 75 cts.

—The late Hamilton Wright Mabie, author, editor, literary critic, and educationalist, will be kindly remembered in those Catholic institutions where he lectured and where some of his works are in use as text-books. He was a man of noble character and amiable disposition, and had numerous friends among Catholics.

—"A Holiday in Umbria," by Sir Thomas Graham Jackson, R. A., announced for immediate publication in London, is an illustrated narrative of visits paid to a part of Italy little known to travellers. In his account of the duchy and city of Urbino the author presents an abstract of the Cortegiano of Castiglione, "the best book," according to Dr. Johnson, "ever written on good breeding."

—The English C. T. S., to which the Catholic reading public are under so many obligations, has begun the issue of a new series of Scripture manuals, short commentaries on the Gospels and Acts, with Introduction and notes by the Rev. Robert Eaton of the Birmingham Oratory. The first volume is the Gospel of St. Luke, to be followed at an early date by others. The notes are suitable for students, their especial aim being to convey in English the full force of the original Greek. The series is designed for general readers, however, as well as students.

—"A Course in Household Arts," by Sister Loretto Basil Duff, Sc. M. (formerly principal of Boston Public Schools of Cookery), is a regular opus. Part I, the present volume, consists of more than three hundred pages of solid matter. In substance it is the usual matter of Domestic Science in the department of cookery. There are clear divisions in the treatment of the various articles of food; and one would not ask

to have the chapter on "Vegetables" boiled down, or the treatment of "Milk" condensed. The book has a good index. Published by Whitcomb & Barrows, Boston, Mass. No price is mentioned.

—A beautiful brochure, "Yonder," by the Rev. T. Gavan Duffy, says of itself in the preface: "This book is not a treatise; it . . . only wishes to open up an avenue of thought in a region still untrod; it questions whether we all do our share of knowing, loving, helping, going *Yonder*." By "Yonder" is meant the Foreign Mission field, and this excellent little work is a by-product of the author's zeal for the missionary cause. This second edition is illustrated, and sells for 60 cts.

—The "Ave Maria," a sacred song, by Mr. Louis A. Reilly, which comes to us from the Alden Music Publishing Co., Denver, Colo., is a correct musical composition, and may be used as a motet during liturgical services. Any organist or singer can easily remove the mistake in the last line of the first page, by dropping the word *et* and starting the phrase with the syllable *Be*. Punctuation in all such compositions should conform with that which the Church uses in its official editions.

—If the demand for new sermon books is even approximately equal to the supply, English-speaking priests must be anxious to have several scores of such volumes within easy reach. "One of the most urgent needs of the Church in our day is the multiplication of short sermons." This perhaps justifies the latest book of the kind to reach our table: "Brief Discourses on the Gospel," translated by E. Leahy, from the German of Father Seebock, O. F. M. Seventy-one sermons, occupying only two hundred and seventy pages, with about two hundred words to the page, are obviously short enough for even an early Mass. They are good sermons, too,—one for each Sunday and festival of the year. F. Pustet & Co., publishers. No price.

—"The Mass: Every Day in the Year," by the Rev. E. A. Pace, D. D., and the Rev. John J. Wynne, S. J., is an arrangement of the Roman Missal for the use of the laity who attend daily Mass. Father Wynne, it will be remembered, has already published an arrangement of the Missal for Sundays and the principal feasts. The chief merit of the present work is in its splendid quality as translation. We do not find it, however, a model of book-making. The printing shows through the pages, the inner margins are too narrow, and the copy sent to

us is cracked at the back, showing inferior binding. We should not perhaps have been observant of these defects if the opposite qualities had not been claimed for the book by its publishers, the Home Press.

—"Enforced Peace," a twelvemo of some two hundred pages, is a report of the proceedings at the first annual national assemblage of the League to Enforce Peace, held at Washington in May, 1916. The proposed League is to be a world organization, which will tend to prevent war by forcing its members to try peaceable settlement first. It is worth while remarking that the League is not engaged in attempting to bring to an end the present European war, but looks beyond that conflict to future conditions. Its activities are thus rather academic than practical for the time being; and one can readily imagine European powers cynically suggesting that influential Americans may well insure peace in this Western hemisphere before volunteering their aid in preserving peace in the world at large. Meanwhile, the contents of the book are not without interest to pacifists and indeed to people generally. Published by the League to Enforce Peace, New York.

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 Divine Master's Portrait." Rev. Joseph Degen. 50 cts.
 "Tommy Travers." Mary T. Waggaman. 75 cts.
 "Development of Personality." Brother Chryso-
 stom, F. S. C. \$1.25.
 "The Seminarian." Rev. Albert Rung. 75 cts.
 "The Fall of Man." Rev. M. V. McDonough.
 50 cts.
 "Saint Dominic and the Order of Preachers."
 75 cts.; paper covers, 35 cts.
 "The Growth of a Legend." Ferdinand van
 Langenhove. \$1.25.
 "The Divinity of Christ." Rev. George Roche,
 S. J. 25 cts.
 "Heaven Open to Souls." Rev. Henry Semple,
 S. J. \$2.15.
 "Conferences for Young Women." Rev. Reynold
 Kuehnel. \$1.50.

- "Songs of Wedlock." T. A. Daly. \$1.
 "The Dead Musician and Other Poems."
 Charles L. O'Donnell, C. S. C. \$1.
 "The Sulpicians in the United States." Charles
 Herbermann, LL. D. About \$2.50.
 "Luther." Hartmann Grisar, S. J. Vol. V. \$3.25.
 "England and the Catholic Church under Queen
 Elizabeth." Arnold Oskar Meyer. \$3.60.
 "Nights: Rome, Venice, in the Æsthetic Eighties;
 London, Paris, in the Fighting Nineties."
 Elizabeth Robins Pennell. About \$2.

Obituary.

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

Rev. Alexander Cestelli, of the archdiocese of Oregon City; Rt. Rev. Paul Hoelscher, diocese of Buffalo; Rt. Rev. Francis Maguire, diocese of Albany; Rev. John Rohlinger, and Rev. James Gessl, diocese of Green Bay.

Sister M. Carmel, R. G. S.; Sister M. Anastasia (Legere), Sisters of the Holy Cross; Sister M. Celestia, Sisters of St. Francis; Sister M. Catherine, Order of Mt. Carmel; and Sister M. Bernard, Sisters of St. Dominic.

Mr. Thomas C. Casgrain, Miss Mary E. Ingley, Mr. John Drachbar, Mr. William Markoe, Mr. John L. Brophy, Mrs. Ann Connaghan, Mr. Henry Ritchie, Miss Annie Raul, Mrs. M. Sears, Mr. J. J. Devanny, Sr., Mrs. Josephine Kuster, Mr. James Addison, Miss Ellen Moley, Mr. Robert F. Smith, Mrs. Mary McCoy, Mrs. James Barnett, Mrs. Dennis Hickey, Mr. A. Hamel, Mr. Ignatius Sawmiller, Miss Annie C. O'Rourke, Mr. Joseph Herzog, Mr. L. L. Hettiger, Mr. Patrick Kennelly, Mr. F. M. Weber, Mr. D. J. Miller, Mrs. Catherine Moriarty, Mr. James and Mr. John Moriarty, Mr. N. L. Voyard, Mr. Edwin Huss, Mrs. Mary M. O'Reilly, and Mr. John Lamka.

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 rescue of orphaned and abandoned children in China: M. E. H., \$1; E. J. H., \$5; S. O. S., \$5; M. Z., \$10; Mr. and Mrs. J. C. S., \$1; M. K. (Louisville), \$5; R. M., \$1.50; Rev. M. C., \$16; per J. M. K., \$5. For the Bishop of Nueva Segovia: R. M., \$1.50. For poor missionaries: B. J. M., \$6.30. For the Belgian war children: Subscriber, in honor of the Sacred Heart, \$2. For the Indian Missions: M. E. R., \$1; C. H. L., \$5. For the war sufferers: In honor of the Infant Jesus, 25 cts.; John J. Nolan, \$1.



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

[Published every Saturday. Copyright, 1917: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

The Flight.

BY M. WOELLWARTH.

THE wind has blown faint streaks of red
 Across the sky's wan face;
 In cloudy disarray,
 Low droops the haggard day.
 Her tear-wet garments, rent and torn,
 Trail low upon the hill;
 She speaks no greeting word
 Through song of any bird.
 A thoughtful shepherd leads his flock
 Across the sodden plain;
 His lambs St. Joseph leads
 To safe and distant meads.
 The Babe lies at His Mother's breast,—
 White bud against white rose;
 Slow fall her dewy tears
 From overclouding fears.
 She can not hear the mothers' cry,
 Who weep in Israel;
 But sees through tear-woof veil,
 A dream of mothers pale.
 She can not see the tender babes
 That gambol at her side,—
 The snowy souls set free,
 His lovely guard to be.

NEVER are we so near to the Blessed Virgin as when near the Cross. Remember that, in our measure, we all have to suffer; and suffering must either sour or sweeten us, according as we face it. God means it to sweeten us and to teach us pity. So it worked in Mary our Mother; so may it ever work in us!—*Rev. R. Eaton.*

The Sacraments.

BY THE VERY REV. R. O'KENNEDY.

IV.—PENANCE.

A FRANCISCAN saint, St. Leonard of Port Maurice, used to say that if he had one foot within the gate of heaven and a penitent were to take hold of his habit, asking him to hear his confession, he would immediately withdraw his foot and do so. Let us suppose that a penitent followed him thus. The meagre, emaciated friar withdraws his foot, returns outside the gate, and takes his seat as judge. The penitent casts himself on his knees, both accused and accuser. The gate of heaven stands open, and all the inhabitants thereof listen to the case at the bar. It has to be conducted in due form, and thus begins: "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen. Bless me, Father; for I have sinned."—"May the Lord be in thy heart and on thy lips, that thou mayst truly and humbly confess thy sins!"

The whole court of heaven sees the confessor make the Sign of the Cross over the kneeling penitent, and they turn their faces to "the highest place in heaven, next to God in power and glory," and there behold the adorable Lord that suffered on that Cross, bearing still the marks of His cruel but most sweet wounds. From these wounds unutterable light is shed at all times over the Nine Choirs of Angels and the innumerable "multitude of the redeemed, that no man can number";

but just now, because of the return of this poor prodigal, the light is "exceeding beautiful." "There is more joy in heaven over one sinner that does penance than over ninety-nine just."

Like the Publican of old, the penitent only beats his breast, and dares not raise his eyes; but he knows that God, who is merciful, is there, and that Holy Mary is near, and all the saints; and so, from a contrite but trusting heart, he says most humbly: "I confess to Almighty God on the great White Throne within; and to the Blessed Mary, ever-Virgin, immaculate from conception, who knew no sin; to blessed Michael the Archangel, who was the first to do battle against sin, and drive it forth from the precincts of heaven; to St. John the Baptist, who began life cleansed from sin in his mother's womb; who ended it in a prison, beheaded because of sin; to the chosen and chief Apostle, St. Peter, confirmed in grace so as never more seriously to offend God, but only from the Day of Pentecost; to St. Paul, vessel of election; to all the saints, at one time sinners on earth, now blessed in heaven, redeemed by the Blood of the Lamb; and to you, my ghostly Father, that I have sinned very much and in many ways in thought, word, deed, and omission: through my fault, through my fault, through my exceeding great fault."

While the penitent has been acknowledging his guilt before the whole court of heaven, the confessor has been praying silently for grace that he, as representative of Jesus Christ, may duly perform his own part, and have the happiness of restoring this poor soul to God. He prays: "Set before me for a law the way of Thy justifications, O Lord! Give me understanding, and I will search Thy law. Lead me into the path of Thy commandments. . . . *Teach me goodness and discipline and knowledge,** for I have believed Thy commandments." (Ps. cxviii.) Immediately a wail is heard at the door of

* The words in italics are the text of St. Leonard's beautiful little work on Confession.

heaven: "My son Absalom! Absalom my son! Who would grant me that I might die for thee? Absalom my son, my son Absalom?" (II. Kings, xviii.)

Priest and penitent in surprise look up, and standing in the doorway they see a bowed figure in garments soaked with blood; a crown of thorns is on His drooping head; blood is trickling down His pale cheeks; blood from feet and hands drops to the ground; a heavy cross presses on the scourged back and shoulders; and again is heard the cry: "My son Absalom! Absalom my son! Who will grant me that I might die for thee, Absalom my son?"

The Guardian Angel of the penitent touches him, and pointing to the bleeding and bowed figure, whispers: *Ecce Homo!* ("Behold the Man!") At that very instant thunders are heard, the whole place is filled with angry lightning. A vengeful voice cries out: "Let me strike! let me strike! hold not my hand! let me strike!" It is the destroying angel. St. Leonard with upturned eyes tries to gaze into heaven, and catch if he can the humble form of his beloved father, the saintly Patriarch of Assisi. In the meantime he draws his cloak over the penitent's head, bidding him hold for protection the knots of the holy cord. The majesty of Almighty God fills the place. "A thick darkness, that might be felt," overwhelms and stuns them. From out of the thick darkness is heard the rush of the destroying angel's wings; and the gleam of his "flaming sword" is angrier and deadlier than the most vivid lightning. Once again the expostulation is heard: "Take thy hand from me; hold me not; let me strike,—let me strike!" But he is restrained, and the pitiful wail is repeated: "My son Absalom! Absalom my son! Who would grant me that I might die for thee, my son Absalom! My son Absalom?"

The destroying angel, minister of God's justice, crossed in his path, cries: "God hath bidden me proclaim: In this place is judgment to be held. 'Man, when he was in honor, did not understand; he is

compared to senseless beasts, and is become like to them. They are laid in hell like sheep; death shall feed upon them." (Ps. xlvi.)

The penitent, unable to utter a word, looks to the loving Figure on the Cross; and, trembling with dread and anxiety, the only words that he can utter—words in which he now finds a meaning that he never felt before—are: "With the Lord there is mercy, and with Him is plentiful redemption." His confessor whispers aspirations into his ear; "God is my refuge and my strength; He is my helper in troubles, and they are multiplied on me exceedingly. Therefore I will not fear, even though the earth be troubled, and the mountains be moved into the midst of the sea. The Lord of armies is with us; the God of Jacob is our protector." (Ps. xlv.)

Then was heard a thundering voice, and the archfiend, "glorying in malice, mighty in iniquity," proudly came forth. He had put on the lofty bearing and gracious splendor of an angel; but one look from the Crucified, casting him prostrate, turned him into a dragon with seven horns: pride, covetousness, lust, anger, gluttony, envy, and sloth. And the destroying angel, striking him with the flat of his naked sword, bade him withdraw all but the first horn. Then calling to the sinner, he commanded him to look to this one horn, which as a mirror reflected the sin of pride. Horror-stricken, backward the sinner drew. He had recognized himself therein.

The destroying angel raised his challenging and condemning voice: "Thou, sinner, hast come from God. Everything thou hast or can have is from Him. He made thee, and not thyself. Thou art of the people of His pasture, and of the sheep of His flock. Why, then, hast thou hardened thy heart, and lifted thyself up as in the provocation, according to the day of temptation in the wilderness? (Ps. xciv.) Dost thou not hear the Apostle of the Gentiles say, 'What hast thou that thou hast not received?'

(I. Cor., iv.) Does not the faithful Tobias tell his son: 'Permit not *pride* to rule in thy thoughts or in thy words. This vice is the root of all perdition?' (Tob., iv.)

"Behold where Satan dwelleth; where the seat of Satan is!" (Apoc., ii.) Behold where he reigneth in fire, and with him a third of the angels of heaven! One sin brought them all there. One sin will keep them all there forever,—pride! No pardon, no redemption! 'I will not serve.' And ever mindful of pride, they will never humble themselves to ask pardon; and never therefore will God make peace with them."

The sinner who had recognized in the horn of the dragon his sin with all its enormity, smote his breast and cried aloud: "God, be merciful to me a sinner!" Upon this, from the wan lips of the blood-stained Figure on the Cross comes the appeal of old: 'Father, forgive him, for he knew not what he did!' The humble confessor, touched with pity, raises his voice: "My blessed father, St. Francis, and all ye holy Patriarchs and Prophets pray for him."

The destroying angel pauses an instant; but, seeing that Heaven is as yet deaf to prayer, he strikes the red dragon a second time; and a second horn appears. It is *covetousness*. "Remember," he cries to the crouching penitent,—“remember the traitor apostle who rested not night or day till he became 'the leader of them that apprehended Jesus,' and sold the Just One for thirty pieces of silver. Therein recognize thine own avarice, O sinner! In that horn of the beast behold thy sin! 'Thou that hast trusted in the abundance of thy riches,—thou that hast loved malice more than goodness, and iniquity rather than to speak righteousness.' (Ps. li.) Again, is it not written, 'they that trust in their own strength, and glory in the multitude of their own riches, will not be freed by brother or redeemed by man?' (Ib., xlvi.) Behold, O sinner! Look at Him who hangs on the Cross. He might have all, for all was His; and yet what did He say? 'The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air

nests; but the Son of Man hath not whereon to lay His head.”

(Listen to St. Augustine: “If the poor are blessed because theirs is the kingdom of heaven, then the rich are accursed, for theirs is the kingdom of hell.” Would you hear another of the Fathers of the Church? Listen to St. Gregory: “Who would believe me if I were to call riches thorns, especially when the latter cause pain, whereas the former give delight? And yet they are thorns, because by the sharp points of their suggestions they lacerate the mind; and when they draw it to sin by the wound they inflict, they bleed it to death.” Therefore the Lord says: “It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven.” (St. Matt., xix.)

(The Apostle of the Gentiles gives the reason: “For they that will become rich, fall into temptation and into the snare of the devil, and into many unprofitable and hurtful desires, which drown men into destruction and perdition.” (I. Tim., vi.) St. Augustine tells us that “*covetousness* is an inordinate desire to have temporal goods.” St. Thomas and St. Bonaventure—called by men, the one “the Angel,” the other “the Seraph of the Schools,”—both agree in describing it as “an excessive and immoderate desire of having riches or of obtaining them.” All theologians teach that, in the first place, “it is not sinful to value and seek after money in moderation; but, in the next, the love of money becomes inordinate when it causes a man to be too close and niggardly in spending it, too eager and absorbed in acquiring it, and ready to do what is wrong in order to come at it. It is of itself a venial sin; but it becomes mortal when it leads to the transgression of a commandment, which binds under grievous sin.”*)

The penitent struck his breast; and, casting a look towards the Cross, humbly cried: “If Thou wilt observe iniquities,

Lord; Lord, who will stand it?” And the brown-robed Franciscan appealed to the Refuge of Sinners and to St. Bonaventure, the seraphic lover of Jesus Christ, to intercede for his penitent and himself in this dread extremity.

The destroying angel, turning once again to the dragon, struck him with the flat of his sword for the third time. On the instant the second horn was withdrawn, and a third came forth. Unblushing and high it raised its bestial and dreadful name. It was *lust*.

Like the wail of the wind, so was the moan that came from the Cross: “It repenteth Me that I have made man on the earth. Great is the wickedness of man; from his youth the thought of his heart is bent upon evil at all times. All flesh hath corrupted its way.” (Gen., vi.) Then was heard the voice of the destroying angel: “Man was made to God’s image and likeness. . . . To the image and likeness of Himself did God create him.” (Gen., ii.) “But they had become abominable in iniquities. God looked down from heaven on the children of men, to see if they did understand or seek God. All had gone aside from their way; they had become unprofitable together.” (Ps. lii.)

The brown-robed friar shed abundance of tears, and invoked the early child-like companions of his blessed Father to pray for his penitent and for himself and for all mankind, that none may “stay in Sodom, where the cry is grown loud before the Lord, neither in the city nor in the country round about, lest they also perish with the city; but that, saving their lives, they fly into the mountains, lest they also be consumed.” (Gen., xix.) The penitent, striking his breast, and growing in hope and gratitude, barely whispered: “With the Lord there is mercy; and with Him is plentiful redemption.” From the Cross, where the Saviour had once more taken His station, came a faint voice: “I thirst,”—thirsting for the souls of men; for the soul of the poor penitent there.

* Father Slater, S. J.

The Crest of the Bodkins.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON.

IV.—PARTINGS.

THE grief in the manor-house at the departure of Arthur for "furrin parts" was echoed in every home in the surrounding country. It fell upon the primitive community with the weight of a heavy blow. "The Masther," as he was familiarly termed, was loved by every man, woman and child in the barony. He was always cheery, always gave joyous greeting, was always the gentleman. And does not the word gentleman mean truth, honor, courage, and fidelity? Arthur Bodkin of Ballyboden was a gentleman in the best sense of the term, and his word, in the most trifling as well as the most important matter, was a bond that knew no default.

Father Edward had gone over the ground very carefully: had weighed the *pros* and the *cons*; had discussed Mexico from every standpoint; had turned the question of Arthur's future over and under and sideways. He reasoned that if the young fellow remained at home, there was the terrible element of idleness to contend against,—the hidden rock upon which so many a gallant bark has foundered and gone down to the awful depth of eternal perdition.

The good Father, having had experience of three generations of Bodkins, recognized the strain of stubborn determination that ran through their blue blood, and felt that to push matters to extremities was not only courting defeat, but possible disaster. Assuming that Arthur, in obedience to the wishes of his mother, consented to wed for money, pitiful money, the marriage bells would but ring a death knell in his heart, killing the God-given grace of a pure young love.

Then, again, the spirit of adventure had burst into blossom within the young fellow's bosom. Mexico! that land where

the True Cross was planted by the most fearless band of men that ever drew bolt or blade! Mexico! that land of romance, where the wooing breezes were laden with subtle and unknown perfumes. To the fresh, ardent, impressionable mind of a youth like Arthur Bodkin, Mexico was a veritable land of Aladdin.

Father Edward also foresaw that in the whirl and excitement of a new country, new people, new language and new customs, there was a possible chance that love might be set aside for sturdier adventure, and that the atmosphere of a lady's *boudoir* would prove somewhat stifling in comparison with the perfume-laden breezes of the Sierras. In other words, that Arthur's love for Alice Nugent might cool off, and that the same influence which would reduce the gentleman's ardor might equally affect the lady.

The dear old priest, well aware of the impoverished condition of the Bodkins, resolved that Arthur should set forth equipped as became the representative of a grand old Irish family; and from the resources of a venerable oaken chest he brought to light about one hundred golden guineas of ancient coinage, and fifty one-pound notes of the Bank of Ireland. This little hoard had accumulated during forty long years, and was mentally held in trust for the relief of the Bodkins should ever sharp or sudden crisis call for a sum of ready money.

Father Edward had sent the "hard word" round through Con Dolan, "the priest's boy," that a small subscription, as a testimonial of affection to Bodkin, would prove not only a graceful but a very substantial recognition; and no less a sum than seventy-three pounds, fifteen shillings, and nine pence halfpenny was collected within a radius of ten miles. Tom Casey, the schoolmaster, was deputed to deliver the oration,—a duty which, while it gratified his very highest ambition, nearly plunged the worthy pedagogue into the tortures of brain fever.

The neighboring gentry from every

side of the county came bowling over to Ballyboden,—some in superbly turned-out carriages, others in village carts or on outside cars, and a large number on horseback.

"I never seen the like of it since the meetin' at Tara," old Phil Burke was heard to say, in tones of wondering admiration.

Joe O'Hara, who kept the general shop at Knockdrin, sent Bodkin a present of woollens more fitted to do battle with the cold at the north pole than the sultry suns of the Tierra Caliente; and Peter Finigan, the horse-dealer, rode up to Ballyboden on a cob fit for a Chancellor of the Exchequer, which he insisted upon leaving in the stable.

"Bedad, sir, I want for to see you mounted better than any of the Mossoos out there; and that baste will take the consait out of them, or me name's not Peter Finigan."

In vain Arthur explained that the conveying of the cob to Mexico would cost as much as for himself, if not more; and that as yet he, Arthur, did not exactly know where his own passage money was to come from.

"Lave the cob to me, sir," said Peter. "Just tell me where he is to be delivered, and it's done. Where is Mexico, anyway? So it is Africa or Asia or Turkey, it's all wan to me, Masther Arthur. That cob will be rode by you wherever you are going." And, finding that Arthur was silent, he whispered in his ear: "I'll deliver him in Dublin, at Sewall's, in Lower Mount Street. And—and—sure he ought to fetch two hundred and fifty, anyhow." And the honest fellow rushed from the stable-yard as if the hounds were after him.

In pursuance of an invitation from Father Edward, Lady Bodkin, with her three children, repaired to the priest's neat little thatched house, where a deputation of the leading inhabitants of the village received them, the many-headed filling up the front garden and the backyard,

every coigne of vantage having been eagerly seized. Father Edward deemed it wiser to bring the family to his house than to allow the presentation to take place at Ballyboden; as, in the case of the latter, the traditional hospitality of that famous mansion would be called into requisition,—a burden which, alas! it was now but feebly prepared to bear.

In the parlor the portrait of Daniel O'Connell beamed down upon Lady Emily, who, with her daughters, was led to the seat of honor—a horsehair-covered sofa that shone like silver. Arthur was placed standing upon her right hand, while Father Edward took the left, ceaselessly mopping his face and head with a crimson bandana.

After a few preparatory coughs and a very pronounced clearing of his throat, and with a bow that would have done credit to the Count of St. Germain, the orator of the day, Tom Casey, proceeded to deliver an address that, for resounding and lengthy words, trope, allegory, and metaphor, has scarcely ever been equalled.

This wonderful address opened with—

"The arméd heel of Hernando Cortez plunged into the tawny sands laved by the heaving billows that passionately bounded into the outstretched arms of the New World he was about to subjugate."

The learned and eloquent Casey then touched upon the history of the conquest of Mexico by the Spaniards, and gradually led up, in the most flowery language, to the conquest of Mexico by Bodkin of Ballyboden.

At this juncture the cheering from the front garden, aided by the backyard contingent, so completely drowned the orator that he was compelled to bring his oration to a conclusion almost in dumb show; and finally ended by placing in Arthur Bodkin's hands the well-filled purse, the golden guineas clinking cheerily during their transit.

Lady Emily and her daughters wept copiously during the entire discourse, vigorously aided and abetted by such of

the women folk as were within earshot. Father Edward flourished his red handkerchief and blew his nose; while poor Arthur stood blushing like a schoolgirl, his eyes on the floor, his hands in and out of his pockets every other minute.

But when Tom Casey presented the purse as "a small tribute of love and affection from the old tenants to Bodkin of Ballyboden," the poor young fellow was so totally overcome that he burst into a fit of sobbing over which he had not the slightest control.

"Let us all come into the church," exclaimed Father Edward, by a happy inspiration; "and then I will give him my blessing, and we will wish him God-speed."

Bodkin, supporting his mother on his arm, led the way in silence, the people following almost noiselessly; and Father Edward, mounting the steps of the altar, uttered a solemn blessing upon the fortunes of the hero of this story.

It was indeed a touching and beauteous sight—the venerable priest, eyes and hands uplifted, the last rays of the setting sun lighting the glory in his face and surmounting his head as with a nimbus; while the kneeling people followed his words in sweet, low murmurs.

"I will celebrate the seven-o'clock Mass at six to-morrow morning, my dearly beloved children," said Father Edward. "As Mr. Bodkin must take the early train for Dublin, I expect that every one of you will approach the altar, and make his departure from amongst us a day of grace and light."

Arthur Bodkin of Ballyboden served Father Edward's Mass upon that memorable morning, as he had done when a little boy; and the entire congregation subsequently escorted him to the railway station.

A huge giant, in a brand-new suit of corduroys, whose shining and joyous face literally glowed in the morning light, presided over the luggage.

"Two thrunks, sir; wan hat case; wan

gun case; two rugs; wan hand-bag. The thrunks is in the van and the rest in here,"—pointing to the empty compartment of a first-class carriage.

"Thank you, Rody,"—putting his hand in his pocket for a shilling wherewith to reward the smiling giant.

"That's all right, sir! Here's yer ticket. First class to Broadstone. If ye want anything on the road, sir, I'm in the third class."

"What does this mean?" asked Bodkin, glancing from the yellow pasteboard ticket to the smiling visage of the donor.

"It manes, Mr. Bodkin, that whin they tould me that ye wor goin' to furrin parts, I knew that ye'd want a boy; and who could sarve ye betther nor the son av the man that sarved yer father—God rest his sowl!—or the grandson av the man that *your* grandfather saved at Watherloo—his sojer sarvint? I gev up me place at Lord Inchiquin's, tuk me money out av the savin's-bank, and here I am—glory be to God!—reddy to folly ye to the ind av the earth, as me father and grandfather done before me."

"Get into your compartment, Mr. Bodkin, if *you* please!" cried an excited, yellow-bearded guard, gently pushing the stupefied Arthur toward the carriage. "We are two minutes late, sir."

As the train began to move, Father Edward exclaimed, still holding Arthur's hand:

"Remember our Irish proverb, Arthur: 'God's help is nearer than the door.'"

And a wild cheer went up from the ass mbled crowd as the train bore away, in search of fame and fortune, Arthur Bodkin of Ballyboden.

V.—MIRAMAR.

In the April of 1864 the eyes of the whole civilized world were turned toward Miramar, the castle of Archduke Ferdinand Maximilian Joseph of Austria, situated upon a jutting and precipitous headland that cast its turreted shadows over the blue and placid waters of the

Gulf of Triest. Hither had repaired in this glorious springtime a score of deputies representing a plebiscite of the people of Mexico, solemnly authorized to offer the imperial crown to the "best gentleman in Europe." In the previous September came to this home of happiness and peace another deputation representing the Assembly of Notables, pleading for their unhappy country, and tendering the Archduke the Mexican throne. On that occasion the Archduke firmly refused to accept until the Mexican people should ratify the action of the Notables, and certain great Powers of Europe should guarantee the stability of the throne which was offered to him.

The plebiscite had been taken, the guarantees had been given; Napoleon III. was becoming urgent; and in an evil hour for himself and his beautiful young wife, Ferdinand Maximilian Joseph of Hapsburg accepted the Imperial Crown of Mexico, with the title of Emperor Maximilian I.,—accepted it with its solemn oath of office:

I, Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico, swear to God, by the Holy Evangels to procure, by every means in my power, the happiness and prosperity of the nation, to defend its independence, and to conserve its integrity and its territory.

Maximilian was born at the Palace of Schönbrunn, near Vienna, in July, 1832, and at the date of his creation as Emperor of Mexico was thirty-two years of age. He was six feet high, and slender. His movements were exceedingly graceful, and his disposition genial and courteous. The expression of his face was friendly, as was also his bearing; yet even with his intimates he was never familiar, ever preserving a certain dignity of manner. He was true to his friends and loyal unto death. His love of beauty and harmony was so great that he could not divest himself of the idea that a fine form must contain a noble soul. Brought up in that gayest of capitals, Vienna, educated at its brilliant court, this Prince was never prone to frivolity, or to the follies—usually

vicious—that beset a youth in his position; and while others were sipping the intoxicating and enervating sweets of a life at court, he was immured with his professors, or engaged upon the mastery of some profound and erudite work. He was charitable in his judgments of men and motives; and, though intolerant of any abuse of power, he was an imperialist in every sense; while his devotion to the tenets of the Church recognized no limit.

His sole vanity was his luxuriant beard, straw-colored in hue, which was cared for with feminine solicitude. When about to be shot on the "Hill of the Bells," and as he uttered, "Ah! what a glorious day! It is such as I desired for my death," he took his beard in his left hand, twirled it round, and placing it inside his vest, buttoned his coat over it.

The Castle of Miramar he built after his own design, and hither he retired in 1859, on the opening of the Franco-Italian campaign; resigning the governor-generalship of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, albeit this kingdom was to become one of the prizes of the campaign; preferring his books to a diadem.

On July 27, 1857, he wedded the Princess Maria Carlotta Amelia, daughter of Leopold I., King of Belgium, and the "pious Queen" Louise Marie, the second daughter of King Louis Philippe. She was but "sweet seventeen" when Maximilian wooed and won her, and bore her to his beautiful Castle of Miramar. It was a love-match on both sides, and one that gave richest promise of splendid fruition.

Carlotta was tall, exquisitely moulded, and graceful as a fawn. Her eyes were of a very deep blue, heavy-lidded. Her nose straight, with a *soupsçon* of the aquiline. Her mouth was small the lips being rich and red. When she looked at one, it was a gaze that sought the truth. She possessed a gentleness that won all who met her; while her manner, if courtly, was winsome and gracious to a degree. She spoke and wrote with equal fluency. She spoke French, German, English, Spanish, and

Italian; and was literally an expert in every matter appertaining to court etiquette. She was noted for her acts of charity from her childhood; she would spend hours, in the beautiful Cathedral of St. Gudule in Brussels; and on more than one occasion messengers were dispatched from the court to fetch her and her attendant back to the palace. So exemplary was the piety that at one time it was semi-officially announced that she had taken the veil. Had she done so, what anguish it would have saved her!

It was on a glorious morning in the month of April that three pedestrians strode along the rocky causeway leading from the direction of Triest to the romantic Castle of Miramar. The view was indeed a superb one,—Miramar gazing at its own beauties in the glassy waters beneath, where ships of war lay at anchor, gaudy with their multi-colored flags and gorgeous in bunting; while smaller craft of every sort, size, shape and description flitted hither and thither, their snow-white sails causing them to resemble so many gigantic sea-birds. In the distance, perched upon another headland, was the lordly Castle of Duino, the seat of the Hohenlohes, dating from the days of the Romans, and whither it was the custom of the lad Maximilian to pull across in a wherry, and take the young Princesses out for a row. From olive-crowned heights and hooded hollows peeped the blood-red campanile of many another lordly mansion; and tiny villages, glowing in whitewash and crimson tiles, dotted diminutive bays, or nestled near precipitous crags.

"By jingo, we're late!" exclaimed Harry Talbot, clutching his companion, Arthur Bodkin, by the arm.

"Why? How?"

"Don't you see, man, that they are raising the Mexican flag on the tower?" And as he spoke the *trigarante* floated majestically to the fresh and gladsome breezes of that glorious but ill-omened spring morning.

"What does that mean, Harry?"

"It means that Maximilian has just taken the oath of allegiance to Mexico; and, if we put on a spurt, we may push our way into the church and be in time for the *Te Deum*."

The roadway was blocked with vehicles, the horses gaily caparisoned in honor of the occasion, while the occupants were as so many clots of color—vermilion predominating. The country folk in hundreds pressed onward; and as the cannon from the man-of-war in the picturesque bay thundered forth an imperial salute, cheer upon cheer answered from the rock-bound shore.

Placing Rody O'Flynn in front, and urging him to do his "level best" to push his way to the Castle—a task which the genial giant undertook with a will,—a few minutes found them in the outer court, beyond which no one without a pass was admitted: a detachment of dismounted dragoons, leaning on their carbines, guarded the entrance to the Court of Honor, as the inner structure was named.

"I'm afeard that we're bet, gentlemen," observed Rody, somewhat ruefully.

"Well, it *does* look like checkmate," said Arthur, gloomily.

At this moment a carriage attached to four horses, the postilions wearing the imperial livery, entered the court,—the masses of people wedging closer in order to admit of its passage. Seeing that further progress was hopeless, although the dragoons had gallantly come to the rescue, the door was flung open, the steps let down, and a lady helped out by a footman as gorgeous as a golden pheasant. The lady stepped almost on Arthur Bodkin's toes, and raised her eyes as if to apologize, when an exclamation of delighted astonishment burst forth from him, and a single word from her:

"Alice Nugent!"

"Arthur!"

They had not met since that night at St. Patrick's Ball at Dublin Castle. Upon receipt of Miss Nugent's telegram, Bodkin lost no time in rushing up to Dublin,

only to find that she had left Merrion Square that morning for London. In London he could pick up no clue; consequently, after a delay of some days in the modern Babylon, where he was joined by Harry Talbot and the ever-cheerful, faithful Rody, the trio proceeded to Vienna, putting up at a wondrous old hostelry in the Brännergasse known as the Rothen Krebs, or Red Crab.

As luck would have it, Talbot, the very morning after their arrival in Vienna, encountered an old friend in the person of the Honorable Bertie Byng, second secretary of the British Embassy, who put our friends up at the Jockey Club, where Arthur learned that Count Nugent with his niece had arrived in town a few days previously, and where he obtained the Count's address. On presenting himself, with a beating heart, at a rusty-looking, very venerable house in a gloomy little street, narrow as a laneway, the eaves of the houses shutting out the sky, he discovered to his dismay that the family had repaired to their country place in Bohemia, which he ascertained at the Club was in a very wild portion of the country twenty miles from the nearest railway station, and six hours from Vienna.

"I must see her at all risks," he said to Talbot; "and I have no time to lose. Byng told me at the Club to-night that the deputation from Mexico will be received at Miramar this week, and that the new Emperor, Empress, and suite will sail on the 14th. They had the information at the Embassy."

In pursuance of this intention, an early train found Bodkin *en route* to Podiebrad, a small wayside station in the heart of beet-growing Bohemia. Here, after considerable difficulty, owing to his absolute ignorance of an impossible language, he hired a rickety vehicle, attached to an equally rickety horse, and jogged along a road as straight as a rule and as even as a billiard table, bordered on both sides by plum trees laden with a superabundance of sweet-smelling blossoms. The only break

in the monotony of the drive was an occasional peasant woman laden with an immense pack, which she carried on her back; or a line of geese marching in file with military precision,—a sweet, sunny-haired, rosy-cheeked little maid bringing up the rear, wattle in hand.

The Castle of Hradshrad, the residence of Count Nugent, crowned a small eminence commanding the surrounding country,—a splendid old pile forming three sides of a square; the Court of Honor being flanked by a church on the right hand.

A hoary-headed seneschal received Arthur Bodkin with the Mediæval deference of a varlet waiting upon a plumed knight. As this worthy official spoke no language that Arthur could understand, a middle-aged woman who dabbled in French was brought into requisition; and after a very good-humored but vigorous word combat, poor Bodkin learned that the Nugents had slept but one night at Hradshrad; that they had gone to a place called Gobildno for one night; and that they were to make one-night visits *en route* to Trieste, *alias* Miramar; Vienna being left out of the programme. After a substantial feed in an old oaken hall surrounded by grim-looking portraits, suits of mail, and the antlers of deer brought down in big "shoots," Arthur Bodkin returned to Nimburg, arriving at Vienna in the "wee, sma' hours."

Upon the following day Bodkin and Talbot, attended by Rody, started for Trieste, where they found every hotel and lodging-house crammed from cellar to garret, the Emperor having passed through to Miramar; and after a night passed upon benches, Rody sleeping on the floor, the trio set out on foot for Miramar, it being impossible for love or money to secure a vehicle of any sort, shape, size, or description.

(To be continued.)

THE soul of all improvement is the improvement of the soul.—*Bushnell.*

The Best Angel.

BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

“WHAT angel art thou comes to me
 From the veiled height afar?
 Upon thy head no wreath I see,
 Upon thy brow no star.
 For thee life burned the splendid sun
 Through years of toil and stress:
 Art thou the long-awaited one—
 The Angel of Success?”

“Nay, Soul: I come at close of day,
 The angel of the Lord;
 Neither with laurel leaf nor bay,
 Neither with flaming sword;
 But with a balm for all thy shame,
 Bowed 'neath the chastening rod:
 Men call me Failure, but my name
 Is the Content of God.”

Pius VII. and the Coronation of
Napoleon.

BY A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE.

I.

THE nineteenth century witnessed the rise and fall of several Empires. There were two in France, neither of them lasting for even twenty years. There was an Empire of Brazil. There was a short-lived Empire of Mexico, ending in a tragedy. There was an *opéra bouffe* “Empire of Hayti,” under the Negro Soulouque and a farcical attempt to found an “Empire of the Sahara,” under Jacques I., otherwise Monsieur Lebaudy, the son of a wealthy sugar refiner.

Two solidly established Empires came into being when the old German Empire gave place in the map of Europe to the new Empire of Austria; and more than half a century later the sword of Von Moltke and the diplomacy of Von Bismarck founded the brand-new German Empire of the Hohenzollern Kaisers. Yet another Empire of older date, long regarded

as belonging to the barbarous semi-Asiatic region, received its full status when it became the fashion to style the “Tsar of All the Russias” the Emperor of Russia. Thus in the last hundred years “Emperor” has become a fairly common title of sovereignty.

And this makes it somewhat difficult for us to realize what was the status of imperial rank in Europe in the first years of the nineteenth century, before such common use had tended to degrade from its antique splendor the title of the Cæsars. Leaving half-civilized Russia out of account, there was in Europe, when the new century began, only one Emperor,—“*The Emperor*,” for that was his real title. In popular phrase he might be spoken of as the “German Emperor,” but he was not necessarily German. A great Spaniard had once worn the imperial crown. Most Emperors had been Germans, just as most Popes had been Italians, for centuries past. But the dignity was elective, not hereditary. Francis I. of France was a candidate for it against Charles V.; and it was his rejection in favor of the Spaniard that was the origin of the long wars between them.

The old European ideal was that there could be only one Emperor, as there could be only one Pope. The Emperor was to be the first in dignity among the rulers of Christendom, the sword-girt champion of the Church. He was the successor of Charlemagne, the inheritor of the dignity conferred on him by Pope Leo the Great. If the due order of his inauguration were carried out, he was twice crowned,—first at Aix-la-Chapelle, in the cathedral erected by Charlemagne and beside his tomb. Then there was to be a second coronation at Rome by the hands of the Pope, recalling the memory of Charlemagne’s coronation by Leo on Christmas Day in the year 800. The Hapsburg Francis II., who was “The Emperor” in the days of the French Republic and the Consulate, was dignified by the tradition of a thousand years. And the imperial crown that Pope

Leo gave to Charlemagne carried this tradition back still further; for the Empire was held to be a revival in a Christianized form of the older Empire of the Roman Cæsars and Augusti.

All this must be borne in mind if we are to realize the full significance of the step taken by Napoleon when the ambition of this Corsican soldier, who had made himself master of France, prompted him to claim for himself the time-honored title of "Emperor." The mere suggestion was a breach with all the past of Europe, and seemed to foreshadow a determination to play the part of its supreme ruler.

The title had other associations, which commended it to Napoleon in view of the state of opinion in France itself. He was already Consul for life, with the right of designating his successor. He was King in all but name, but to assume the royal title would be to break openly with the Revolution. The pseudo-classicism of the Republic suggested the title of Emperor as the next stage of evolution from the Consulate. When Octavian took the title of Augustus and had himself proclaimed "Imperator," he retained the old forms of the Roman Republic as a thin disguise for the new Imperialism. So when in the early summer of 1804 Napoleon, after having broken up the remnant of the old Jacobin party, accepted the vote of the Senate offering him the title of Emperor, he followed the precedent of the first Cæsars, and for years to come his coins bore on the obverse the inscription "*Napoléon, Empereur des Français,*" and on the reverse "*République Française.*"

But he was thinking of something more than a change of governmental forms in France itself: he was asserting his claim to establish a new European dynasty, which was to hold equal, or more than equal, rank among the crowned rulers of the Continent. He knew that in the courts of Hapsburgs and Romanoffs, Hohenzollerns and Bourbons, he was regarded as a mere adventurer, a Jacobin upstart; and he meant to obtain for his new dignity

a sanction that would link it with the historic past, and give it a consecration that none could lightly challenge. He had invoked the traditions of the Empire of the Cæsars to satisfy the scruples of French Republicanism. He turned to those of the Empire of Charlemagne,—the historic "Empire" of Mediæval Europe—to conciliate the more conservative elements in France, and at the same time to justify his claim to enter the charmed circle of European sovereignty.

This was why the soldier of the Revolution proposed to Pius VII. that he should crown him as Leo had crowned Charlemagne. He had already, by the Concordat, recognized the Catholic religion as that of the State; and re-established, after years of persecution, the free exercise of Catholic worship subject to certain conditions, some of which the Pope had accepted, while against others he always protested. When he finally consented to crown the new Emperor, the Pope acted on the principle that the Church always recognizes a *de facto* government accepted by the people over whom it rules. At the same time he hoped by this concession to Napoleon's wishes to obtain from him a still larger measure of freedom for the Church in France. But it was only after prolonged negotiations, and more than one change in the proposals as to place and time, that Pius VII. finally consented to crown the Emperor. The negotiations began at Rome in the spring of 1804, while the question of the proclamation of the Empire was still being debated in the French Corps Législatif. At first the business was in the hands of the French Ambassador to the Vatican. But on April 4 Napoleon's uncle, Fesch, was sent to Rome to deal with the affair as a special envoy.

Fesch had received Holy Orders in Corsica, but on the coming of the Revolution he had thrown off the clerical dress and posed as a layman for some years. Then he had made his peace with the Church, and had taken a prominent part

in the negotiation of the Concordat and the restoration of religion in France. Pius VII. had recognized these services by accepting his promotion to the archiepiscopal See of Lyons, and giving him a cardinal's hat. He was eminently fitted to carry the coronation negotiations to a successful issue.

The first proposal was rejected by the Pope. Napoleon wished Pius to crown him at Aix-la-Chapelle, beside the tomb of Charlemagne, in the cathedral consecrated by Pope Leo, and in which thirty sovereigns of the "Holy Roman Empire" had received the crown. But to celebrate the coronation of the new Emperor of the French in a city which had lately been one of the capitals of the Empire, over which the Hapsburg Emperor Francis still ruled, would have been a very possible source of a rupture between Rome and Vienna, and the Pope refused to take such a risk.

The old rulers of France had been crowned at Rheims, but Napoleon had no desire to figure as the successor of the Bourbons. Aix-la-Chapelle and Rheims being both impossible, he decided that the ceremony should take place in his capital in the cathedral of Notre Dame. The Pope still hesitated. Pressed by Fesch to give a decision, he replied:

"I know that all manner of good things are said of the Emperor, and that he is a friend of religion; but he has around him, in his Council of State and among his generals, many who are in his confidence, and of whom the same can not be said,—men who are trying to give a different direction to his well-known moderate opinions. I shall pray to God to direct me as to what course I ought to take."

It was not till the end of August that the Pope gave a general consent to the Emperor's proposals, leaving certain details for subsequent settlement. Cardinal Consalvi, the Papal Secretary of State, had pointed out that the enormous expense of the temporary transfer of the Papal Court to Paris was itself an obstacle. The Emperor replied, through Fesch, that

he knew well the poverty of the Papal treasury, and that all expenses would be liberally repaid.

On September 4, Fesch was at last able to write to Napoleon that Pius had formally promised to go to Paris for the coronation. He assured the Emperor that he had great difficulties to contend with in obtaining this promise, and at the same time in avoiding giving any pledge as to a modification of the Concordat. The Pope asked that the Emperor's formal request that he would go to Paris should be conveyed to him by an officer of rank. If this request was received before September 26, the Pope would be able to start from Rome by October 15.

Accordingly, on September 29, General Cafarelli, one of the Emperor's aides-de-camp, arrived in Rome and presented the following letter to Pius VII.:

COLOGNE, September 15, 1804.

MOST HOLY FATHER:—The happy effects on the morals and character of my people, resulting from the re-establishment among them of the Christian religion, lead me to beg your Holiness to give me a fresh proof of the interest you take in my destiny, and in that of this great nation, on one of the most important occasions in the annals of the world. I request that you will come and give in the highest degree a religious character to the ceremony of the consecration and coronation of the first French Emperor. This ceremony will acquire a new splendor if it is performed by your Holiness in person. It will draw down on us and on our people the blessings of God, whose decrees rule according to His will the fates of empires and of families.

Your Holiness knows the feelings of affection I have long entertained for you, and can thus judge what a pleasure it will be to me to be able to give you new proofs of them on this occasion.

NAPOLÉON.

The Emperor was not sincere. His envoy had taken care to pledge him to

nothing, while holding out to the Pope the hope that, by meeting the wishes of the Emperor on this ceremonial matter, he would obtain important advantages for the Church in France and the other territories of the Empire. It was not until the Consistory of October 29 that Pius announced to the Cardinals his intention of going to Paris for the coronation. There had been repeated delays in arranging the details of his winter journey over the Alps. He was not able to leave Rome till November 2.

All these delays had entailed more than one change on the date fixed for the coronation. It had originally been arranged that it should take place on the fête day of the Republic, July 14,—the day of the *Batille*. Then it was put off to November 9, the anniversary of Napoleon's *coup d'état* of the 18th Brumaire. There had been long discussions as to the form of the ceremony. At one time Napoleon talked of a preliminary inauguration on the Champ de Mars—the parade ground of the Invalides,—where he was to be raised high on a shield borne by his generals, in imitation of the proclamation of the old warrior kings of the race of Clovis. This idea was dismissed as too perilously theatrical. Finally it was decided that the celebration should be limited to the religious ceremony at Notre Dame. After much study of precedents, the details of the ceremonial were fixed; and as soon as it was known that the Pope was ready to leave Rome, Sunday, December 2, was chosen as the great day.

The Pope had started on his long journey on All Souls' Day, after saying Mass at St. Peter's and praying at the Tomb of the Apostles. The Romans crowded the streets to receive his blessing as he drove out of his capital, followed by a long train of carriages conveying his suite of over a hundred persons—cardinals, bishops, officials, and servants. Seven of the Sacred College went with him—namely, the Cardinals Antonelli, Borgia, Braschi, De Bayan, Caselli, Fesch, and Di Pietro. His journey through Italy

was a triumph. At Ponte-Centino he crossed the frontier of his own States and entered the newly created Kingdom of Etruria. Its Queen, a Spanish princess, came to meet him with a guard of honor, and escorted him to her capital, Florence, where he arrived on November 5. There was a High Mass and *Te Deum* at the Duomo. Then the journey continued by Modena, Parma, and Piacenza. Piedmont was at the time French territory. At the frontier the Pope was welcomed by the Archbishop of Rheims and the Senator Aboville, in the name of the Church and State in France. Turin was reached on November 12, and there was a rest there for two days.

Then came the most formidable part of the journey. The new road over the Mont Cenis had not yet been made, and the pass was traversed only by narrow and difficult paths, on the higher levels of which the winter snow lay deep. A little army of mountaineers had been assembled to clear the track and carry the Pope and his suite over it in litters, from Susa to St. Jean de Maurienne, where carriages were waiting for the journey through France.

The first stage was by Chambéry and Beauvoisin to Lyons. This progress through France was at once a surprise and a consolation to the venerable Pontiff. Here, where only a few years ago religion had been proscribed and its ministers consigned to the scaffold, he was received in town and village all along the way with outbursts of enthusiasm. Loyal Catholics came from far and near to wait for his passage by the roadside, kneeling in the mud to receive his blessing. Even unbelievers were forced to assume a respectful attitude.

He arrived at Lyons on November 19. Though the spectacle was somewhat marred by rain, the second city of France gave him a splendid reception. Half a league from the city, the cavalry of the garrison met him, and saluted him with lowered standards and the blare of trum-

pets. Then they formed a brilliant escort for his carriage, the general in command riding beside it. On the long slope of the glacis before the eastern gate, the infantry and artillery were ranged in glittering lines. There was the salute of lowered standards and swords, the roll of drums, the thunder of a hundred guns. At the gate, the civil authorities, the chapter and the clergy were waiting to welcome him; and thence he was escorted to the cathedral, at the west door of which Cardinal Fesch, as Archbishop of Lyons, awaited him. After the *Te Deum* the Pope came out to give his blessing to the crowds that, despite the rain, thronged every open space around the cathedral.

At Lyons, Cardinal Borgia fell ill, and was left there dying when the Pope's journey was resumed on November 21. Pius VII. passed by Moulins, Nevers, and Nemours, with the same demonstrations of filial devotion from the people and a stately welcome by the civil, military and ecclesiastical authorities in every town.

On the morning of November 25 he approached Fontainebleau. At one of the crossroads of the Forest, the Emperor was waiting to greet him. Napoleon had ridden out with a detachment of the Guard to act as his escort. He dismounted and bent low at the carriage door to receive the Papal blessing; and then the procession went on by the woodland roads to the palace, where the Pope and his suite were to be the Emperor's guests.

As we read history we can glance forward into what was then the future and is now the past. Fontainebleau was in a few years' time to witness scenes that throw a strange backward light on that meeting of Pope and Emperor. Pius was to be Napoleon's prisoner in the halls where he was now his guest. There the Pope was to defy the Emperor in the cause of the Church's rights. And, though the Emperor mocked at his protests and his warnings, in that same palace Napoleon was to sign his abdication.

(Conclusion next week.)

A Convert's Story.

I WAS born in New York, and brought up in the Presbyterian Church. A constant attendant at Sunday-school and an omnivorous reader, I early imbibed a most inveterate hatred of the Catholic Church from books published by the American Tract Society, in which she is represented as the "Scarlet Woman," and the Pope as "Antichrist." When, finally, through God's mercy, my way led me across the ocean and I came to Italy, I was as bitterly opposed to the Church as ever I had been in the days of my childhood.

I reached Florence the last day of May. That evening, in taking a walk with my sister, we chanced to hear singing in a queer little church called the Madonna delle Grazie, which used to be on the bridge of that name. We went in, attracted by the lights and the voices; it was something to see a bit of local color. It must have been the last service of the Month of Mary, and it was the first time I had ever heard those blessed words, *Rosa Mystica, Stella Matutina, Refugium Peccatorum, ora pro nobis!*

I remember kneeling and praying for my absent mother; little dreaming that our dear Lord was on the altar before me, but fully believing that 'where two or three are gathered together in His name, there He is in the midst of them.'

I had come to Italy for six months; and, after visiting Florence and Siena, we came to Rome. We had a furnished apartment in the house of an Italian lady of rank in reduced circumstances. Upon one occasion she was to have a private audience with Leo XIII., and invited me to go with her. I knew very little Italian then, but I understood when his Holiness, with his genial smile, said to the Marchesa: "And this young lady lives with you? She is good, is she not?" And I, not wishing to be under false colors, and thinking he meant to ask if I were a good Catholic, hastily made confession of faith there at

the feet of the Holy Father, and said: "Your Holiness, I am a Protestant." He seemed amused at my candor, and, laying his hand on my head, answered: "But I will give you my blessing for you and for all your family."

Time passed, and before my six months in Italy were ended I had promised to remain there forever. A year before my marriage, my sister had married the brother of my husband. Our husbands belonged to a Catholic family, one of whose ancestors had been a Crusader, but they themselves, I regret to say, were very lukewarm Catholics, in spite of a most devout mother; and we were married in the American Episcopal Church, in the Via Nazionale, at Rome,—after, of course, the civil marriage at the Capitol, which is the only tie that binds according to modern Italian law. My husband's family expressed the desire that we should promise to baptize our children in the Catholic faith. But I flatly refused, saying that it would be impossible for me to bring up my children in a creed in which I myself did not believe. So, when my dear boy was born, he was baptized at home by an Episcopal clergyman.

When my son was two years old he became very ill from teething, and our physician ordered him to be taken to the mountains immediately. I was obliged to go alone with him, and we had decided upon Siena; in fact, the railroad tickets were bought for that place. But a singular aversion to the place came over me, and I passed a sleepless night revolving in my mind how I could avoid going there without being considered *capricciosa*.

With the dawn I arose, and slipped away in my dressing-gown to call my brother-in-law and put the case before him. He met me more than half-way, succeeded in persuading my husband to send me to some relatives of theirs in Umbria, changed the tickets for us; and at the hour we were to have left for Siena we started for Gubbio. It was the 2d of July, the day on which the

Church celebrates that most tender mystery of the Visitation, when "Mary arose in haste and went into the hill country."

Gubbio is one of the most interesting towns in Italy. It can be reached by diligence from Perugia; but is more accessible by way of Fossato, on the Ancona line, where a train on a branch road meets the express, and in an hour takes one through the Apennines to Gubbio, situated picturesquely on the slope of Monte Ingino. Here St. Francis of Assisi lingered to talk to his friend the wolf, and gently persuade him not to continue his nightly depredations upon the flocks of the good citizens. Mass is said annually in a chapel built in commemoration of that event. Here Dante wrote canto xxii of the *Paradiso*, while on a visit to his friend Bossone.

It was to this charming Mediæval town that Providence led my footsteps. Here my husband joined me for the summer; and here we spent the winter months, too, on account of our child's health: It was a strange experience for one who had always been in the midst of the busy, social life of a large city. It seemed almost uncanny to have absolutely *no* engagements; it was like taking a year out of one's life; and the isolation was like the snow about us, covering us "as with a garment" white and still, unbroken and very restful.

With the exception of my husband's relatives, I knew only one lady in Gubbio, a most devout Catholic, who had been a governess in England for years. She was the only person with whom I could speak my native tongue; and she had been warned that it was better not to converse with me on the subject of religion, as I was a bitter Protestant, always ready to protest, and rather antagonistic,—which was only too true.

She had a fine library, and she timidly ventured to offer me a copy of Longfellow. But what must have been her astonishment when I asked, instead, for Cardinal Newman's "*Apologia pro Vita Sua*"! I

hastily explained, with my usual aggressive candor, that I desired to read it only from curiosity; that "Lead, Kindly Light," had long been my favorite hymn; and, though I could imagine how the soft falling light through painted glass, the music, *et cætera*, of the Catholic Church, *might* appeal to the poor and ignorant classes, I could *not* understand how an intellectual man like John Henry Newman could possibly become a Roman Catholic. Very gently, in the Cardinal's own words, she replied:

And I hold in veneration,
For the love of Him alone,
Holy Church as His creation,
And her teachings as His own.

Then she went her way, doubtless to pray for me in the depths of those dear, solemn churches which I so much despised; though, thank God, I was always reverent in them out of respect for the feelings of others; and never talked nor laughed in a church, as I have seen so many Protestants do in Rome, especially in St. Peter's.

I read the book,—I read it conscientiously, from force of habit; and I made up my mind that, in order intelligently to oppose the doctrines of the Catholic Church, I had better know something more about them. It was mortifying to think I was a Protestant only because I was born one. Considering my right of personal judgment, in which I gloried, it was illogical not to know both sides of the question; and, then, St. Peter's words kept ringing in my ears: "Being ready always to satisfy everyone that asketh you a reason of the hope which is in you." So I borrowed other Catholic books of my patient friend.

As soon as my friends on the other side of the ocean learned from my letters the trend of my thoughts—the "dangerous" study upon which I had entered,—they stretched out their hands to save me, and sent me volume after volume against Catholicism. I read them all, sitting up alone into the small hours of the night,—reading *for and against*. This went on for nearly a year, till we were suddenly called to Rome for Easter, without having any

definite plan of return to dear old Gubbio.

On Easter morning I went to the early communion in the Protestant Episcopal Church, an edifice endeared to me by many sacred memories. Again I knelt at the chancel where I had knelt as a bride, but I came away with anguish of spirit: the service for me was void and empty. I had lost the faith of my childhood, and was unwilling to embrace any other. What I suffered in the days that followed only those will comprehend who have been through a similar mental upheaval. But I spoke to no one on the subject; and had it been possible for me to give up my belief in the divinity of Our Lord, I should certainly have become a Unitarian at that time; for I was fully persuaded that the Church of England was a national institution, like her army and navy, with the Queen at the head. Another strong plea for the Unitarians was that the two most perfect characters I had known intimately were Unitarians, and I had met some very unworthy Catholics. I kept thinking of the words, "By their fruit ye shall know them." Still I could not deny the divinity of Our Lord nor cease to believe in the Blessed Trinity.

After we had been in Rome a month, my husband received an order from Prince Torlonia to paint a picture on one of his estates near Gubbio, and we returned to Umbria.

For some time I had felt reluctant to pass by the churches without going in, for fear it *might* all be true; and perhaps Our Lord was really there, hidden in the tabernacle, as He was in His cradle at Bethlehem, where I should not have recognized Him had I been living at that time in Judea.

I used to go and sit in the solemn cathedral, built into the mountain side, and try to realize that Mass had been said there daily for centuries, before America was discovered. Sometimes I was the only worshipper; and what was most impressive to me was the lovely music, exquisite singing, rich vestments—all used simply

for the honor and glory of God with no thought of an audience or spectators. Imagine such a thing happening in any fashionable church in New York! At last I began to feel "out in the cold," and to envy the innocent little children who came in to murmur a prayer,—children whose happy destiny had caused them to be born Catholics.

And when the evening bells rang out the hour at which so many Catholics repeats the *De Profundis*, that beautiful psalm of King David, in memory of the dead, *my* heart was wrung with sorrow for my dear mother in her distant grave; but *my* lips must remain silent, and *my* voice could not join in the refrain, "Eternal rest give to them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace!"—because I had been brought up to think it a sin to pray for the dead, and had been taught to limit God's mercy to this side of the tomb.

At last it came to me, this great gift of faith; for it *is* a gift, and no amount of clever argument will wear away one's prejudices; they must be melted by God's grace alone. It was on the Feast of Corpus Christi, and I stood in the great piazza waiting for the procession. Up the steep street came the children, scattering flowers before the Sacred Host; the old Latin hymn rose triumphantly. I knelt, and all my doubts vanished. My heart became as that of a little child; and the people kneeling about me little dreamed that one among them had received her sight. Two months later, early one morning, I was received into the Church by the Bishop of Gubbio, the ceremony being performed in his private chapel.

Many years have gone by since then; and now, as I linger in these dear Roman churches, I no longer envy the little Italian children; for I have entered into their heritage; and, with St. Elizabeth of Hungary, I murmur:

All without is mean and small,
All within is vast and tall;
All without is harsh and shrill,
All within is hushed and still.

The Unidentified.

BY MARY HAYDEN HARKINS.

THE man in poor, shabby clothes stole into a rear seat in the big church. He blinked in the warmth and light: a sharp contrast to the night without,—damp, cold and rainy. Already the priest in the pulpit was finishing his sermon; but his splendid closing was lost on the man, who realized only that he had reached a haven from the storm, whence, apparently, no one intended to tell him to move on or get out.

When the priest's voice had ceased, the children's choir began the hymn to Our Lady before Benediction:

How pure and frail and white,
The snowdrops shine!
Gather a garland bright
For Mary's shrine.

Hail Mary, Hail Mary! . . .

The clear, resonant voices blended well in the sweet refrain.

The man stirred, and his heart-throbs quickened. His eyes opened wide, and, half knowingly, he took in the scene before him; for the hymn and those voices were like the voices of yesterday,—a yesterday of long ago. Back, far back, to that yesterday the thoughts of the man roved.

Again it is a Sunday afternoon in a little church in a New England village. A white-haired priest is walking the aisles, and the hands clasped behind his back are grasping the Rosary. Up and down he paces. "Hail Mary,"—"Holy Mary," boys and girls answer, and on the Rosary goes. Interminable length it seems to a certain curly-haired lad with dancing, mischievous eye. Finally the wheezy organ sends forth a few wavering chords. The children rise for the hymn. The curly head is lifted, and mischief vanishes from his eye when he sings. For sing he does, till the old priest, in passing, nods his approval at the volume of sweet sound issuing from the little throat. Ah, that Sunday-school of long ago!

So it was May,—May laden with mem-

ories! A nearer and dearer one came back to him,—of sweet, soft evenings, and a woman with a fair white face. She was young, despite her close-fitting black widow's bonnet and veil; and with her, trudging along rough country roads, was the same curly-haired, roguish lad.

He drops her hand, and, running away, seeks side-paths; returning in a few minutes, hot and breathless. But his fat hands are filled with fragrant arbutus, whose secret, sandy, hilly growing places he well knows. He holds the flowers up to her. Patiently she takes them, and tells him they are very sweet. Again they travel on together.

The church is reached. He finds his corner in the pew, and ere long is curled up, fast asleep,—awakening to see his mother kneeling in prayer, the black beads slipping through her thin fingers. "Hail Mary," and "Holy Mary," again the echoes ring through the little church. Then the hymn—never did he sleep through the hymn! Ah, how he loved it!

The man groaned aloud. A woman in the pew ahead turned and glanced at him—and then the man remembered that he was not living in yesterday, but to-day.

"O God, is this leaden thing in my breast a heart?" he cried within himself. "I thank Thee that she is not living to see me here to-night,—dirt, wretchedness, sin and rags. She saw the beginning: Thou hast spared her the sorrow of seeing the end." He moaned.

The bell rang, and the priest raised the Sacred Host in the monstrance above the heads of the faithful for the blessing. The man lifted his eyes to the altar, and there was agony in his heart and look.

Quickly the worshippers departed. A priest came out and made his way to the confessional opposite. He was a small, bent, aged man. The other, following him with his eyes, wondered: "Has he a heart like the priest of yesterday?" Then again to his own thoughts he returned: "Mother," he murmured,—"mother, I'm weary of the years of sin. You're in

heaven to-night. Can you look down and see me in my misery? Could you be happy in heaven to see me here so—"

He stood up and staggered across the aisle. He parted the curtain and entered the confessional.

With lightened heart, he rose from his knees; for the years of sin and strife had drifted away from him. In the fast shadowing church he sought the May Queen's shrine. "Lady, Mother of God," he prayed, "I thank thee! Tell her to be happy in heaven to-night! But, Lady, I'm weak—I can't go straight for long. My way is hard,—so hard! God help me! But make my way short, Lady,—make it short, if I'm going to see thee and her."

Terence Coyle, St. Michael's faithful custodian, who was extinguishing the last candles, threw suspicious glances upon the ragged figure bowed before Our Lady's altar.

"I'll bet that hobo is one of them thievin' rascals that help themselves to the money in the boxes!" Terence soliloquized.

The man, all unconscious of the sharp looks cast upon him, was echoing in his heart the old refrain:

Gather a garland bright
For Mary's shrine.

His "garland bright" was a heart,—a sore, tired, battered heart,—but still an offering; and he left it there.

Then he rose to his aching feet and stumbled out. Lost in thought, he gained the street. He did not hear the horn that blew until the machine lights dazzled his misty eyes. It struck. Down on the wet, slippery pavement he fell, and lay still, crushed and covered with blood.

Next morning the papers gave a few brief lines to the accident: "The body of the man who was struck by an auto in front of St. Michael's Church last night awaits identification at the City Hospital Morgue." And unidentified it remained. But the soul our Blessed Mother identified as that of the man who had pleaded for a short way, and the little lad who sung her praises in that yesterday of long ago.

An Amiable Celebrity.

THE late J. Henri Fabre was not only a great naturalist, but a great philosopher and a great writer. A competent literary critic described "The Life of the Spider" as the best book published in English during the year of its appearance. It is certainly a volume of remarkable distinction, not only for the vast fund of scientific information which it presents, but for the style of the presentation. Among general readers as well as scientists this book has become a favorite, and its popularity is sure to increase as the years go by. Those, however, who have yet to make acquaintance with the works of Fabre would do well to begin with "The Life of the Fly," on account of the autobiographical essays which it contains. These were added from different parts of the "Souvenirs entomologiques," in order to render the dimensions of the volume uniform with the others of the series.

Fabre was a rare personage. His cheerful optimism, his utter simplicity, his wondrous patience, and the sweetness of his disposition, which neither poverty nor adversity could change, are so captivating that one is eager to learn all that one can about a man who was so great yet so humble, who was so much honored and remained so unspoiled. The chapters of "The Life of a Fly" entitled The Harmas, Heredity, My Schooling, Mathematical Memories: Newton's Binomial Theorem, Mathematical Memories: My Little Table, Recollections of Childhood, A Memorable Lesson, and Industrial Chemistry must be read as a whole to be appreciated; however, a short passage describing his first school-teacher can be quoted to advantage:

Our master was an excellent man, who could have kept school very well but for his lack of one thing; and that was time. He devoted to us all the little leisure which his numerous functions left him. And, first of all, he managed the property of an absentee landowner, who only occasionally set foot in the village. He had under his care an old castle with four towers,

which had become so many pigeon-houses; he directed the getting-in of the hay, the walnuts, the apples, and the oats. We used to help him during the summer, when the school, which was well-attended in winter, was almost deserted. All that remained, because they were not yet big enough to work in the fields, were a few children, including him who was one day to set down these memorable facts. Lessons at that time were less dull. They were often given on the hay or on the straw; oftener still, lesson-time was spent in cleaning out the dove-cot or stamping on the snails that had sallied in rainy weather from their fortresses, the tall box borders of the garden belonging to the castle.

Our master was a barber. With his light hand, which was so clever at beautifying our copies with curlycue birds, he shaved the notabilities of the place: the mayor, the parish-priest, the notary. Our master was a bell-ringer. A wedding or a christening interrupted the lessons: he had to ring a peal. A gathering storm gave us a holiday: the great bell must be tolled to ward off the lightning and the hail. Our master was a choir-singer. With his mighty voice, he filled the church when he led the *Magnificat* at Vespers. Our master wound up and regulated the village clock. This was his proudest function. Giving a glance at the sun to ascertain the time more or less nearly, he would climb to the top of the steeple, open a huge cage of rafters and find himself in a maze of wheels and springs whereof the secret was known to him alone.

The charm both of Fabre's personality and style is shown in the chapter from which we have quoted. He was stimulated in his solitary study, he tells us in another chapter, by the desire that never failed him of learning and of afterwards communicating his knowledge to others, especially to the young. "Friends have reproached me," he writes, "with my style, which has not the solemnity, nay, better, the dryness of the schools. They fear lest a page that is read without fatigue should not always be the expression of the truth. Were I to take their word for it, we are profound only on condition of being obscure. Come here, one and all of you—you, the sting-bearers, and you, the wing-cased armor-clads—take up my defence and bear witness in my favor. Tell of the intimate terms on which I live with you, of the patience with which I observe

you, of the care with which I record your actions. Your evidence is unanimous: yes, my pages, though they bristle not with hollow formulas nor learned smatterings, are the exact narrative of facts observed, neither more nor less; and whoso cares to question you in his turn will obtain the same replies. . . . If I write for men of learning, for philosophers who one day will try to some extent to unravel the tough problem of instinct, I write also, I write above all things, for the young. I want to make them love the natural history which you make them hate; and that is why, while keeping strictly to the domain of truth, I avoid your scientific prose, which too often, alas! seems borrowed from some Iroquois idiom."

Fabre's books are being translated into English, admirably too, by Mr. Alexander Teixeira de Mattos, fellow of the Zoological Society of London, and published by Dodd, Mead & Co. of New York. Six volumes have already appeared. Their value and interest for general readers are greatly enhanced by the translator's numerous notes.

Nearing the Truth.

NON-CATHOLICS of all denominations would be benefited by the new series of tracts—there are fourteen of them—on the Apostles' Creed, just published by the Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge. The writers apparently have had in view that large class of men and women who have all their lives held to Christianity, yet not without a feeling that if they were to examine into all the implications of the Apostles' Creed, they could scarcely meet its challenge without something more than hesitation, partly because they do not grasp its significance, and partly because they fear it might conflict with what is demanded of them by intellectual self-respect in other directions.

The author of the tract on the Holy Spirit remarks that 'the early Christians found

themselves welded together into a religious and social community, in which they developed an ever fuller comprehension of the unique significance of Christ. The same Divine Spirit who at the first enabled those in the fellowship of the faith to come to this fuller understanding of Christ still guides their successors to an ever clearer conception of the truths which centre round Him. Thus it is inevitable that the Creed will be reinterpreted from time to time, and new values given to its affirmations.'

In a sympathetic notice of the same tract, a writer in the *London Times' Literary Supplement*, in reference to the tendency in some quarters to abandon all credal statements declares that "history more than justifies the Church's tenacious hold on the historic Creeds. They sprang into existence at the very beginning; for the shortest profession of faith is a creed. They grew, in order to express what the consciousness of Christians came to realize as the truth; to make it clear in the presence of controversy; and to defend it against heretical teaching. They have proved invaluable for the preservation of the Church's power; they have steadied it in times of turmoil, and provided a rule of faith for the instruction of each generation of its catechumens. They still inspire its work and worship; but just because we can not afford to do without the Creeds, it is all the more necessary that we should understand them."

These short pamphlets—we hope to see them collected and published in a single volume—can not fail, we think, to produce the effect so earnestly desired by their authors. In time will come a recognition of the Petrine Claims, which, by the way, are ably set forth in a little book just published by the English Catholic Truth Society. It is from the pen of a convert and is especially intended for the enlightenment and instruction of non-Catholic Christians. It should have a wide circulation wherever our language is spoken.

Notes and Remarks.

The mortuary statistics of the United States for the year 1916 are not calculated to superinduce optimistic expectations as to the speedy arrival of the millennium, but they are none the less both interesting and suggestive. One gratifying fact is that the number of lynchings was only fifty-eight as compared with ninety-eight in the preceding year. Another fact, the reverse of gratifying, is that, while the homicides for the year numbered 9850, the legal executions numbered only 115. The disproportion between these figures constitutes a graphic illustration of one of the weak points in our legal system,—the utter inadequacy of our criminal laws, either in themselves or in their administration. Still another saddening fact is that the crime of self-murder is increasing throughout the country. There were 14,965 suicides in 1916, as compared with 14,180 in the previous twelvemonth. Tabulated statements seem to indicate that ill health is becoming a rapidly growing factor among the various causes assigned for suicide. It is obvious to comment that *spiritual* ill health, a lack of definite religious belief and practice, is the root-cause of nine-tenths of all self-murders; and it ought to be obvious to even the most prejudiced partisans of the public school system that lack of religious training in youth is one of the greatest evils of American life.

Considering how widely acts of bravery on the part of men at arms are published, the Rev. Ignatius O'Gorman, S. J., holds that the heights of holiness attained by so many others whose ears are now forever closed to sounds of earthly strife should not go unmentioned. In a sermon preached after a Requiem Mass for Lieut. Cecil Wegg-Prosser, who was killed while leading his men in an attack on a trench of the enemy, he declared that the thoughts and actions of this brave young officer were so constantly guided by religion as

to render him a splendid example to his countrymen. How strong was his faith and how fervent his piety is shown by some brief extracts from home letters, which the preacher quoted: "The greatest consolation I find is religion; it has enabled me to bear with strength much that I could not have endured otherwise. . . . I managed to get a Padre this morning and went to confession. . . . If I come through, all right; if I am wounded, I shall be home again; if the worst comes to the worst, I am quite reconciled that this world is only a preparation for a better. We are all in the hands of the one Almighty, and He knows far better than we do what is best for us. This is the greatest consolation we have, since it applies to everything that befalls us. Reconciliation to the divine will is the greatest thing we can achieve."

And in every army doubtless there are thousands of others who put duty to God in the foremost place, and prepare themselves for any sacrifice that He may exact from them.

A recently published pamphlet relative to the seventh centenary of the Friars Preachers contains, besides two interesting letters from the Master-General of the Order, a remarkable communication from Benedict XV., glowing with affection for the sons of St. Dominic. We reproduce a paragraph in which reference is made to a saint of the Order who was a near relative of his Holiness:

"At the congress of Dominican Tertiaries held at Florence three years ago, at which we and many other bishops were present, it was decided, with our entire approval and advice, that another congress of the same kind, but of far greater solemnity, should be held at Bologna during the solemn festivities that were shortly to be observed in memory of the seventh centenary of the confirmation of the Dominican Order. Little did we then suspect what the decrees of God had in store for our unworthiness, and what He

was so soon to bestow upon us; but certain personal and special reasons seemed to prompt us to honor the Institute and the memory of the most holy patriarch St. Dominic, since we were, so to speak, the defenders and guardians of his sacred ashes; and since, moreover, we venerate among those of Dominic's sons who have been raised to the altars of the Church a member of our own family. But now, since by the will of God it happens that at the approach of this centenary we find ourselves no longer in the Seat of St. Petronius, but in the very Chair of the Prince of the Apostles, therefore is it seemly that we should take into account the enduring benefits in behalf of the Church due to the Dominican Order rather than any private ties of our own, and that we should give some singular proof of apostolic charity towards this illustrious Order."

A beautiful picture of married life is presented in the recently published biography of the great English astronomer, Sir David Gill, by George Forbes, F. R. S. His devoted wife shared his sacrifices and anxieties from the first, and accompanied him in his arduous expedition to Ascension in 1877. The success achieved there was largely due to her practical assistance and unflinching sympathy. Congratulating Gill on what he had accomplished in the face of so many obstacles, the president of the Royal Astronomical Society wrote: 'The real merit of success is not wholly yours. There is somebody else who has a claim,—that courageous and enthusiastic lady who, just at the moment of greatest difficulty and anxiety, filled your tent with sunshine and your heart with fresh courage.'

The *Church Progress*, of St. Louis, commenting on the reported benefaction made by Mr. Charles M. Schwab to St. Francis' College, Loretto, Pa., remarks: "We trust the unusual gift isn't prompted entirely by sentiment, but that it has behind it a keen appreciation of the impor-

ance of Catholic higher education, and that it ambitions the breaking of the indifference which Catholic wealth has shown towards Catholic educational institutions. If it in anywise attracts a greater loyalty in this particular it will have worked results beyond computing. Let us hope it is the dawning of a new era for Catholic education in this country, and that before many years have passed large endowments for such purpose will be not an extraordinary but an ordinary chronicle."

And this last hope is one which should be echoed by all forces which mould Catholic opinion, including the school itself, from the lowest form of education to the highest.

While the average Catholic may find it difficult to imagine that any considerable number of the anti-Catholic fanatics of our day and country are in good faith, actually believing what they profess to believe about our doctrines and practices, some of them are doubtless as sincere as was a former member of the A. P. A., Mr. G. P. Bemis. This gentleman some years ago ran for the office of mayor in Omaha on an A. P. A. ticket and was elected. The sincerity of his belief probably helped to earn for him the grace of faith; for he subsequently became a Catholic, and died the other day as a son of the true Church. We trust the Guardians of Liberty and similar societies have many members as sincere as was Mr. Bemis, though we can not help doubting it.

The figures given out at the Protestant Foreign Missions Conference just held in Garden City, Long Island, are calculated to impress Catholics with the generosity of their separated brethren. Protestants of this country gave to their foreign missions last year more than nineteen and a quarter million dollars, an increase of more than two millions over the contributions made in 1915. Ten years ago only about eight millions were contributed to

these missions, so that in a decade the increase has been one hundred and fifty per cent. If American Catholics are to accomplish their full duty towards our own missionaries on the foreign field, their generosity must increase in a still greater ratio. The prosperity and "good times" of which our people not less than others are the beneficiaries nowadays, should assuredly react on the necessitous Fathers and Brothers and Sisters who are striving heroically to evangelize the heathen in distant regions. Whether or not the European war is accountable for all or any of our prosperity, it is certainly the cause of a marked dearth of men and money for our foreign missions; and the increased activity of the sects, as evidenced by the figures quoted above, should prove an incentive to all American Catholics to give of their abundance, if not of their necessity, to a cause so sacred and so dear to the visible, as well as the Invisible, Head of the Church.

We have been reading of late a number of papers by a score or more of prominent Americans interested in the League to Enforce Peace. Their idea is that, at the conclusion of the present European conflict, the nations of the world should organize so as to prevent any occurrence of wars. With full sympathy for the object of their endeavors, we have not, however, been very strongly impressed with the means proposed wherewith to accomplish that object. None of the advocates of the desired perpetual peace emphasizes one point that can not but suggest itself to philosophic students. That point was well presented the other day by a priest in England, the Very Rev. Dr. McCabe. In the course of a sermon he said:

Character more than ability is the want of our time. The union that is begotten by Christianity, the union of faith and the union of charity, can alone give the deathblow to the monster of militarism and afford a solid basis to international legislation. The machinery of the world must be fashioned anew in the mould of the Gospel,—its lessons are for every age and adapted

to all the stages of progress. "Ecce Homo" presents us with a picture for all time. Perfectibility is a dream if not framed on its model; the world will contain only tyrants and slaves, the concert of Powers and equilibrium of nations will be castles in the air, and material prosperity will spell in due time only ruin and decay. The Kingdom of God must exercise its influence on the thoughts and the actions of men. Then the mournings of the desolate will be silenced in the land, high principles will check the ebullitions of passion, all treaties and pledges will be honored as sacred, our deeds will be the faithful echoes of our professions; and an era of peace and universal brotherhood will be the portion and inheritance of all the nations of the earth.

The best service to peace that any man or body of men can render is to promote among his fellows true religious convictions that are translated into upright dealings among individuals, and groups of individuals, or nations.

Accounting for the expensiveness of a day devoted to showing two acquaintances about town, a Chicago broker declared: "One of the two was a Scotchman, and the other didn't spend anything, either." The gibe at the parsimony of the canny Scot is perhaps unmerited; but it is traditional, and traditions admittedly die hard. There is nothing niggardly, however, about the Scotch Presbyterian when the interest of his sect, or the disadvantage of Catholicism, is concerned. Scotland recently sent to Protestant proselytizers in Rome \$40,000, for the "conversion of the benighted Italians." In view of this notable generosity, allowance must be made for the failure of the same country to contribute to the fund for the starving Poles anything like an equal sum. Bigotry prompted the forty thousand; charity could extort only two thousand from the Land o' Cakes.

We have so often expressed our appreciation of the Knights of Columbus, and given praise to so many of their activities, that we feel emboldened to proffer them a suggestion which might otherwise savor of unfriendly criticism. The suggestion

is that, in addition to securing capable lecturers, for the instruction and entertainment of their fellow-Catholics, the Knights themselves should set these Catholics a good example by attending the lectures. In more than two or three of our exchanges in recent weeks we have noted censorious comments on the failure of the members of this or that Council to be present in reasonably large numbers at public meetings where genuinely worthwhile orators, secured by the Councils themselves, were to speak. This is obviously not as it should be. In the first place, it is a poor compliment to the speakers; and, in the second, it connotes on the part of the absent Knights a disregard for any other than frivolous amusements. It is well to provide instructive and elevating lectures for one's coreligionists; but, if such lectures are good for others, they should be good enough for ourselves.

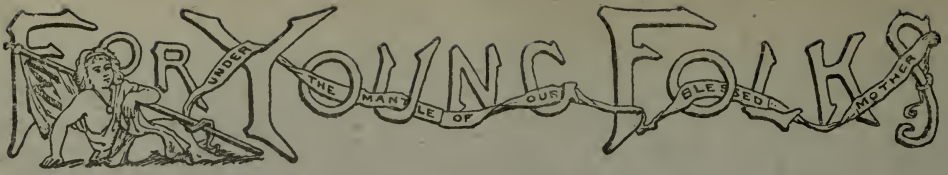
Father Peter Bandini is dead, and there is general sorrow, mingled with joy, in Tontitown,—grief for the passing of this great and good man, true priest and loving father; rejoicing that, his labors ended, he has gone to such a reward as must be in store for him. Father Bandini's fame was not limited to the little Arkansas town which he founded and fathered: he was known from one end of the country to the other for the wonderful success of a colonizing venture which made true and helpful American citizens of a whole section of Italian immigrants, and left them at the same time in possession of the best traditions and qualities of their race. Father Bandini would have been a striking personality had he never been a priest, but his priesthood was his great power. He lived in the atmosphere of the supernatural even when he was working out the most practical of material problems. Above all, he was a father to his people, and as such he is mourned. He did much to point the way to a solution of the problem of Italian immigration, and did a work

himself whose effects will be lasting. Officials of Church and State have paid noble tributes to his personal worth and the value of his achievements. A man of God and a friend of man, may his soul rest in peace!

Although much of what is predicted as to changed social and industrial conditions in Transatlantic countries after the war is purely conjectural, some of the changes appear almost inevitable. In England, for instance, it is practically certain that there will be a new departure in the matter of land reform. Even now the big game-preserves have been abolished, and vast areas hitherto held as private pleasure-grounds have been opened up to agriculture; and it seems altogether probable that when the men in the trenches return to their homes, farmer ownership will largely replace the present system of great estates in the hands of a few. The British soldier in the present war has learned in France that a man and his family can manage a small farm for themselves and live well on it; and he is going to have something to say about the comparative merits of the landlord system and peasant proprietorship. In fact, one by-product of the war is a back-to-the-land movement.

"It is still just as much a violation of the law to use profane or obscene language in public as to steal a man's overcoat." This was the reply received by a citizen who, noting the frequent use of profane language on the streets and in other public places, asked a legal authority if there was now no law against the evil practice.—*Sacred Heart Review*.

We know of one active Holy Name Society which has had reprinted for general distribution the State Statute on the use of foul and profane language. The statute was something of a dead letter till this body reminded officials of its existence and assisted them to put it in force. We need more activity of this sort, which will mould a strong public opinion against so detestable an abuse.



The "Our Father" in Rhyme.

BY R. K.

FATHER kind, we bless Thy name:
May all creatures do the same!
Reign in us as on a throne,
And our hearts be all Thine own.
Here on earth Thy will be done
As by angels: everyone
Uncomplaining like Thy Son.
Give to us this day our bread;
May our souls on Christ be fed!
Pardon us and bid us live,
As each other we forgive.
Keep temptation's wiles away,
Nor toward evil let us stray,
But be ready—watch and pray.

Con of Misty Mountain.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

III.—THE LOG CABIN.

FATHER PHIL had come upon the scene none too soon: boy and dog were in a dangerous mood for honest Tim. Con's eyes were blazing, and Dick growling ominously in his young master's hold.

"The boy is right,—quite right, Tim," Father Phil said, laying a friendly hand on Con's shoulder. "I did tell him to come and bring me greens for our Christmas altar. And, oh, how beautiful they are, Con! And how much you have brought!"

"I had to load up Dick, too," replied Con. "Couldn't kerry nothing wuth bringing myself. Been clar up to Eagle Rock, and down to Injun Creek and Snake Hollow. They was growing thick and fine thar. Skeered up a wild-cat, though, that made a jump for me."

"A wild-cat!" echoed Father Phil, in dismay.

"Oh, he didn't hurt me!" went on Con, cheerfully. "I dodged, and Dick did fur him. Dick can do up any wild-cat that was ever made. Where shall we drop these here greens, Mister? The Irisher won't let us in."

And again Father Phil was conscious of the warm stir in his heart as he looked at the boy and dog,—Con's yellow locks and ragged cap framed in verdant leaf and vine that he bore on back and shoulders; while the huge, tawny Dick was skilfully saddled with a burden of living green; brute and boy alike ignorant of whom they were serving,—to whose divine feet they were bringing their Christmas offering, gathered on ways of pain and peril from which His happier children would shrink.

And then a sudden resolve came to Father Phil.

"Unload your dog and send him home (of course he knows the way), and you my boy stay here and help me."

"Help you, Mister!" echoed Con.

"Yes: you have brought me more greens than Tim (who has a lame leg) or I can handle. I want a strong, active fellow that can climb and lift and put them in place. I'll show you how to do it. But first have you had your dinner?"

"Yes," answered Con. "Dick brought in a pair of rabbits this morning. Mother Moll had them cooked when I got home, so I didn't have to wait fur traps. I'd like to stay and help you, Mister, sure." And there was a light of interest in the blue eyes, that told Father Phil his morning talk with Con had not been in vain. "I'll unload Dick, fur he ain't safe ter fool with." (Dick's master cast a flashing look at Tim Slevin.) "And I'll send him home and stay here with you."

"Arrah, Father dear," remonstrated Tim, while Con was busy disposing of Dick and his burden. "D'ye know what

sort of a young rapsallion this boy is ye're taking in?"

"One of those Our Lord came on earth on Christmas night to save, Tim," was the answer.

"Av course, yer riverence,—av course!" assented Tim, reluctantly. "But it's an out-and-out young divil Mountain Con is, as everybody knows. I'm thinking there will be quare talk if he is seen about here, Father; fur he is as like to fire the place as not. And there's them that say (God between us and harrum!) that old Mother Moll is a witch outright and has taught the lad more than a natural boy should know. Did ye hear him tell about the wild-cat? There isn't another craythur on the mountain that would dare go where he has been this day."

"Poor boy!" said Father Phil, pityingly,—"poor, bold, fearless, friendless Con! I am surprised at you, Tim. I thought you were a better Catholic, not to say a better Christian, than to listen to these ridiculous stories about witches and spells. There is sore need of instruction on Misty Mountain, as I can plainly see. Poor Con is no little devil, but a child of God as much as you or I. He has brought his Christmas offering to the altar; and he shall help us to place it there, let the gossips say what they will."

Tim accepted the rebuke with due submission; for his "riverence," though young, was "knowledgeable" beyond Misty Mountain's wisdom, as all the dwellers round about who had heard of his studies and travels agreed.

So Con was let in, and a strong and sturdy helper he proved. Perhaps it was because he had lived so close to Nature, and knew her ways and means, that he arranged his Christmas greens about walls and windows with an artistic touch that startled Father Phil. The log cabin was but a rough shelter for its Christmas King,—the rude walls unplanned and unplastered, the pointed rooftrees still wearing their rugged bark. Mountain Con would have been at a loss among fluted pillars

and frescoed walls, but here he was at home. He knew how Mother Nature curtained and veiled and draped rough nooks like this; and he proceeded to imitate her, flinging trailing greenery here, massing feathery cedars there, lighting up the dark places with the glow of the scarlet berries, while he climbed and swung upon roof and rafter, as Tim Slevin, watching him breathlessly, declared again no "natural boy" would or could.

At last it was done, and the rustic sanctuary was a bower of living green. With a flying leap from the pointed roof where he had adjusted his last pennant of glossy crowfoot, Con landed at Father Phil's feet.

"Fine!" said the young priest, warmly. "You have made our little chapel beautiful, Con. There's not another boy on the mountain could have done so well."

"I guess they couldn't," said Con, surveying his work with satisfaction. "You see they hev'n't watched how green things grow. That ar table ought to hev summat on it, too," he added, glancing at the impromptu altar, that, though arched and bowered with green, was as yet bare of all its furnishings. "It ought to hev moss on it like a rock. I kin get yer some, if you want it, Mister."

"No: thank you all the same, Con, moss won't do," said Father Phil, gently. "A good woman and my little sister will fix the altar. Here they are coming now!"

"Kin I stay and watch them?" asked the boy, eagerly.

"Certainly," answered Father Phil. "Stay as long as you please. And I would like to have you here to-night, too. Can you come?"

"Dunno," said Con, his face clouding. "If all them other boys are here, there'll be a fight sure."

"Oh, no, no! I promise you there will not," was the quick answer,—"not on Christmas night, Con. The boys will all be good, I'm sure."

"I ain't a-trusting them," said Con, shaking his yellow head; "and I ain't

trusting myself nuther. I don't stand fur no monkey jabbering, and I ain't furgot that stone in the snowball to-day. Wouldn't want to stir up no trouble for you, Mister; so I best keep away. I'll jest set here, if you don't mind, and watch how they're going to fix this table; and thin I'll go."

"All right, then!" said Father Phil, who had a busy afternoon and evening before him; for there were confessions to hear in the little shack without. "I'm sorry, Con. Let me give you a little Christmas present for all your trouble."

He took out his pocketbook, but the boy's cheek flamed with sudden red.

"No, Mister," he said, "I don't want no money! I wouldn't a-got all them 'ere greens fur *money*: I got 'em 'cause you was nice and kind, and stood by me agin all them boys up thar; and talked to me like I was real folks, and not jest Mountain Con. I wouldn't like you to spile all that by paying me *money*, Mister."

"I won't, then," answered Father Phil, as, almost ashamed of his offer, he replaced his pocketbook. "I'll only say thank you, my boy, and God bless you for what you have done! And if you would like to have another talk, I'll come up to the mountain to-morrow afternoon. Be at the hollow where we met to-day about four o'clock, and we'll talk again."

"Will you?" said Con, his face brightening wonderfully. "I'll be there, Mister, sure!"

Then Father Phil was gone; and Con, watching, half hidden under his towering greens, could hear his cheery greeting to the newcomers outside.

"Nora, Kathie, Susie—why, this is great! Linens, laces, candlesticks! Good gracious! Aunt Aline must have opened her store closets, indeed!"

"Sure she has, your riverence," answered Nora's rich Irish tones. "It was Miss Susie here that did it. She wouldn't stand for the plain tablecloths and the plated candlesticks you bade me bring. She said there was nothing too good for

the holy altar,—which is God's truth, as we all know. And so Miss Susie went crying to her aunt, and said that the poor things I had wouldn't do at all, at all—"

"And they wouldn't, brother Phil," broke in a little voice that was like the twitter of a snow bird in Con's ear,— "not when Aunt Aline has a whole closet of beautiful things she is keeping for me. I just told her what a Midnight Mass was, and how nothing could be too grand or great for it; and how the convent chapel looked,—all shining with gold and silver. And Aunt Aline cried because I talked so much like my dear dead mamma, and said she couldn't refuse Susie's children anything, and I could do just as I pleased."

"Good!" laughed Father Phil. "It is easily seen who is going to be mistress of the Manse this Christmas. Even the white hyacinths that dear Aunt Aline has been coaxing into winter bloom—"

"I didn't ask for them," interrupted Susie, softly. "Aunt Aline offered them herself to remember mamma, brother Phil. Oh, we'll have a lovely Christmas altar,—as lovely as even Sister Mary Margaret's that I helped to fix before I came away!"

"Go ahead, then, little girl, and do your convent best!" said Father Phil.

And then Con fairly held his breath in surprise at the group that came in sight,—Nora and Kathie, Aunt Aline's strong-armed Irish maids, laden with household treasures: Persian rugs, embroidered linen, silver candlesticks; while behind them, her hands filled with white hyacinths, was the loveliest little figure that Con had ever seen. She was wrapped and capped in soft brown furs, like the friendly little creatures of the rocks and ridges; but the fair, sweet face, half veiled in fluffy golden hair, was something that neither mountain nor cliff nor valley, nor even the stars and the moon, which were the wonders of Con's world, could show. Con had no great liking for little girls in general. They called him names and made faces

at him, and wore ugly little hoods and were not nice at all. In fact, he often fired a couple of soft snowballs, to express his disapproval of them as they passed. But this—*this*—must be one of the fairies that figured remotely in Mother Moll's stories of witches and spells. Watching under his greens, Con stared breathlessly as she stepped forward into the log cabin, and then stood transfixed with delight.

"O Nora, Nora, how lovely it is,—how perfectly lovely! Look at all those beautiful vines and berries! I never saw such a lovely Christmas sanctuary before. It is prettier even than St. Joseph's. The greens reach to the very tiptop of the roof. How could brother Phil put them up there?"

"Sure he didn't, Miss," answered old Tim, who stood much impressed by this new arrival. "No mortal man could. It was that b'y beyant, that can climb like a cat."

And then the fairy vision turned and faced Con,—faced him with a radiant light in her eyes, a radiant smile on her lips.

"Oh, how did you do it?" she asked. "How did you make this old rough place so beautiful, just like it was summer time again, and everything was growing fresh and green? Oh, you nice, good boy, to make our Christmas chapel look like this!"

"I—I ain't no nice, good boy, Missy," was the blurted answer. "I'm—I'm jest Mountain Con. The Mister that is bossing here said he wanted some vines and greens and things, and I—I got 'em for him, and twisted 'em up whar he told me. It do look pretty, fur sure"—Con surveyed his work with honest approval,—"most as pretty as Misty Mountain hollows in the spring. And thar ain't no rattlers to strike you here. You hev to look out for rattlers when the mountain hollows get green as this."

"Snakes you mean," said Susie, her soft eyes widening.

"Yes," answered Con,— "wust kind.

Me and Dick killed one last summer with six rattles. I got 'em home now."

"Goodness!" gasped Miss Susie, in breathless interest. "Who is Dick? Your brother?"

"No: he's heap better than a brother. Dick's my dog."

"Oh!" And little convent Susie experienced another shock. "A dog can't be better than a brother!"

"Dunno," answered Con. "Ain't got no brothers or sisters, so I can't tell."

"But you've got a mother and father," said Susie, in soft-voiced sympathy.

"Naw!" replied Con, shaking his yellow head. "Ain't got 'nothing or nobody except Uncle Bill and Mother Moll; and they—they jest tuk me in."

"Miss Susie," Nora broke in anxiously upon this interesting conversation. "We'll be fixing the altar now, as your brother wants. Arrah, darlint," Nora sank her voice to a whisper as Susie reached her side, "don't ye be noticing the likes of him! It's one of thim Buzzards from the Roost above he is, and not fit to look into yer pretty face."

"O Nora, but see how beautifully he fixed everything for brother Phil! He likes him, I am sure; and I—I don't care if he is a Buzzard, I like him, too."

"Whisht now, — whisht!" reproved Nora. "Your brother is a holy priest and must like as the Lord wills. But ye're a little lady, Miss, and must keep to yer own. Come now! We'll be fixing the altar wid all the fine things we've brought for the Holy Mass to-night; for the days are short, and we haven't too much time."

And the little sacristan of St. Joseph's was soon so busy with her beautiful work that the wild boy of the mountain was for the moment forgotten.

(To be continued.)

A LAZY young fellow getting up late one morning complained that the bed was too short. "Ah!" said his father, "that is because you lie too long in it."

A Moslem's Wit and Wisdom.

"**S**LOWLY, more slowly," is the motto of the Orientals, and they are slow enough whenever a joke is concerned. Yet these far-off people have a certain quaint way of telling a story, which often comes near to being positively funny. Usually their jokes concern a mysterious character named Nasred din-Hoja.

The Hoja, as he is called, seems to have been some sort of a Moslem preacher, and much of his wit and wisdom was set forth in discourses delivered to the faithful of Islam. "Just dig a well," he is reported as saying, "then turn it inside out, and behold a minaret!"

One day, it is told, he majestically ascended his pulpit. "Have you any idea, true believers," he began, "what I have in my mind to say to you?"

"No," they answered.

"Then what is the use of speaking to you at all?" he asked, getting down and walking away.

A second time he appeared in the accustomed place. "Dear and true believers," he inquired as before, "have you any idea of the truths which I shall set before you?"

Warned by their former experience, they cried: "Yes! yes!"

"Then," he retorted, "as I am rather busy to-day, I will not stop to tell you that of which you are already aware." And marched off home again.

The congregation thereupon consulted with one another. When the Hoja asked them this ridiculous question again, he would be met with wit as keen as his own. In due time he arose in the mosque to address them.

"My friends," he said, as twice before, "do you know what I am going to say to you to-day?"

"Some of us do, and others do not," came the answer from every side.

Then the Hoja, leaving his people looking at one another in consternation, gathered his robes about him and started away.

"Come back!" they called.

"Oh, no!" came the voice of the undaunted little man. "There is no use. Let those of you who know tell those who do not know."

One day one of his neighbors went to him with a request.

"I am needing a donkey very much. May I borrow yours?"

"I have no donkey, dear friend."

The neighbor looked in amazement at the Hoja, who only smiled graciously.

"But you surely have a donkey? I have seen it many times."

At that moment, as if to lend force to the neighbor's words, a donkey, that was grazing near by, set up a loud braying.

"There!" said the man; "I hear him!"

"Friend," answered the Hoja, "I am surprised at you. Has my life among you led you to distrust me thus? Have you so little confidence in me as to believe a donkey's bray in preference to my words? See and remember well how prone man is to discredit his neighbor?"

The neighbor sighed, and went and borrowed a donkey elsewhere.

The Duke and the Toad.

The Duke of Wellington, although so resolute in character as to gain for himself the title of the Iron Duke, was no less remarkable for kindness towards children and animals. He never failed to show it. He once found a little boy weeping, and asked the cause of his grief. "Why, you see," explained the child between his sobs, "they are going to send me away to school, and there will be no one to take care of my pet toad, 'cause he isn't pretty."—"I will look after your toad," promised the Duke; "and, more than that, I will write to you once in a while and tell you how he is getting on."

So every morning the conqueror of Napoleon fed the little boy's pet, and several letters went from him to his young friend, to say that the toad was doing well, and was as happy as a toad could possibly be away from his master.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—D. Appleton & Co. announce for immediate publication "Great Inspirers," a new book by the Rev. John A. Zahm, C. S. C. It affords pen pictures of St. Jerome and Dante, and shows how their achievements were promoted by noble women friends.

—An excellent little play for presentation in boys' schools is "The Boy Martyr of the Blessed Sacrament," a drama of the Catacombs in four acts, by Mr. Charles Phillips. It is published, with a musical supplement, by St. Francis' School, Watsonville, Cal.

—"A Short History of the Mission of Our Lady of Loretto for Italians on the Lower East Side" (New York) by "Some of the Boys," commemorates the silver jubilee of that foundation, and tells an interesting story of effective settlement work. The Mission is amply justified by the fruits already produced.

—Charles B. Towns, of New York, has written and published a very interesting pamphlet entitled "Federal Responsibility in the Solution of the Habit-Forming Drug Problem." Congressmen and others interested in legislation on this practical subject will find much in Mr. Towns' pages to give them serious thought.

—A pamphlet entitled "A Benedictine Priory in the United States," gives a brief summary of the history of the Order of St. Benedict, a detailed account of Downside Abbey, England, and a short statement regarding the foundation of a branch community in the United States. Persons interested in this new establishment are referred to Miss E. R. Wilson, New Brighton, Staten Island, N. Y.

—The "Life and Letters of Rev. Mother Teresa Dease," (Toronto: McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart) is a charming biography of the foundress and superior general of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary in America (Ladies of Loretto). Born in Ireland in 1820, Mother Teresa was one of five religious who, in 1847, went to Toronto at the request of Bishop Power, to take up the educational work which she and her associates prosecuted so successfully until her death in 1889, and which is still flourishing in a number of Canadian dioceses, as well as in the archdiocese of Chicago. This Life, edited by a member of the Community, is not merely a narrative of a saintly and gifted religious, but a historical document of singular interest to Canadians. Because of its character as history, several inaccuracies should be corrected in a second edition. On page 231, for

instance, mention is made of "Archbishop Sweeney of Halifax." There was never an Archbishop of Halifax of that name: the reference must be to either Archbishop O'Brien of Halifax, or Bishop Sweeney of St. John, N. B. The book bears the *imprimatur* of Archbishop McNeil. No price is mentioned.

—An admirable treatise on a subject of universal interest is "Beauty," by Father A. Rother, S. J., professor of philosophy in St. Louis University (B. Herder). A slender twelvemo of only 137 pages, it is nevertheless of genuine value and adequacy. The author follows the example of such masters as Aristotle, Cicero, St. Augustine, and St. Thomas, and proceeds from what is obvious to what is less evident and more scientific. His plan of putting the main thoughts in the form of theses contributes not a little to the lucidity of his exposition. The chapters on beauty in relation to God, the standard of taste, and various false systems of beauty, are especially valuable.

—While few twentieth-century readers can truthfully say, with Rogers, "when a new book comes out I read an old one," a good many can thoroughly appreciate the spirit that prompted the remark. A still larger number perhaps turn with eagerness from the problem-novels and "smart-set" narratives of the up-to-date fictionists to luxuriate in an oldtime historical romance, full of stirring adventure, heroic friendships, sane loves, and the whole gamut of human emotions. One of the new books published by Kenedy & Sons is just such a romance,— "Gerald de Lacey's Daughter," by Anna T. Sadlier. As a good, strong Catholic story, full of dramatic action, and of sustained interest throughout its generous length (473 pages), the book merits high praise and should prove popular with novel-readers, especially Catholic ones. It is a tale of the American Colonies during the period immediately following the accession of William of Orange to the English throne; and the author has been eminently successful in reproducing the customs, language, and local color of that bygone day. The heroine is a charming girl and a lovable one who wins through all her trials—even her trial for witchcraft—and reaches the goal that satisfies the desires of all readers. We congratulate author and publisher on this worth-while addition to Catholic fiction.

—A book that should find an eager welcome in every Catholic seminary, university, college, academy, monastery, convent, and home in

this, and every other, English-speaking country is "The Holiness of the Church in the Nineteenth Century: Sainly Men and Women of Our Own Times," from the German of the Rev. Constantine Kempf, S. J., by the Rev. Francis Breymann, S. J. (Benziger Brothers.) While the author puts forward no claim of presenting new material, he has done, and done extremely well, a work eminently worth while, and one that entitles him to the gratitude of the faithful everywhere. The volume is a veritable treasure trove of human gems of multiform color and brilliancy,—life-sketches that show forth the wondrous variety and ineffable charm of sanctity in a thousand and one different manifestations. The chief sources for the subjects presented in the volume have been the catalogues published by the Sacred Congregation of Rites in 1901 and 1907,—catalogues setting forth all the processes (for beatification and canonization) then in progress before the Congregation. An idea of the wealth of material contained in the book may be formed from the statement that the list of holy personages presented comprises one Pope (Pius IX.), ten bishops, nineteen secular priests, fifty-four religious priests, forty-one nuns, seventeen lay persons, and fifty individual martyrs, exclusive of martyred groups. The volume contains a copious bibliography and a good index.

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.

- "Beauty." Rev. A. Rother, S. J. 50 cts.
 "Gerald de Lacey's Daughter." Anna T. Sadlier. \$1.35.
 "The Holiness of the Church in the Nineteenth Century." Rev. Constantine Kempf, S. J. \$1.75.
 "The Divine Master's Portrait." Rev. Joseph Degen. 50 cts.
 "Tommy Travers." Mary T. Waggaman. 75 cts.
 "Development of Personality." Brother Chrysoptom, F. S. C. \$1.25.
 "The Seminarian." Rev. Albert Rung. 75 cts.
 "The Fall of Man." Rev. M. V. McDonough. 50 cts.

- "Saint Dominic and the Order of Preachers." 75 cts.; paper covers, 35 cts.
 "The Growth of a Legend." Ferdinand van Langenhove. \$1.25.
 "The Divinity of Christ." Rev. George Roche, S. J. 25 cts.
 "Heaven Open to Souls." Rev. Henry Semple, S. J. \$2.15.
 "Conferences for Young Women." Rev. Reynold Kuehnel. \$1.50.
 "Songs of Wedlock." T. A. Daly. \$1.
 "The Dead Musician and Other Poems." Charles L. O'Donnell, C. S. C. \$1.
 "The Sulpicians in the United States." Charles Herbermann, LL. D. About \$2.50.
 "Nights: Rome, Venice, in the Æsthetic Eighties; London, Paris, in the Fighting Nineties." Elizabeth Robins Pennell. About \$2.

Obituary.

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

Rev. Thomas Gerrard, of the archdiocese of Westminster; Rt. Rev. John Kean, archdiocese of New York; Rev. Peter Bandini, diocese of Little Rock; and Rev. Edmund Charrier, S. M.

Mother M. Agnes, of the Order of the Presentation; and Sister Irene Clare, Sisters of Charity.

Mr. Thomas Church, Mr. B. M. Clemens, Mr. William Diamond, Mr. Louis Dennis, Mrs. Edward Murphy, Mr. John Morris, Mr. Michael O'Callahan, Mrs. Mary Murdock, Mrs. George Byrne, Mr. John Smith, Mr. L. J. Bocker, Mrs. Margaret G. Sherry, Mr. Richard Pennington, Mrs. M. C. Mulhall, Mr. T. M. Boles, Mrs. James Borland, Mr. John Iorway, Mr. Michael MacLellan, Miss Annie and Miss Mary Lee, Mr. Joseph Smith, Mr. Joseph Donovan, Mr. Michael Kennedy, Mr. R. J. Stevens, Miss Anna Curtin, Mr. Neil C. Flattery, Mr. Charles Gartland, Miss Anna McGrath, Mr. B. Holtmann, Mr. J. J. Howard, Mr. Timothy Hannon, Mrs. Ella Hannon, Mr. Albert Kemp, Mrs. J. R. Masse, Mr. John Coates, and Mr. Nathaniel Udell.

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 rescue of orphaned and abandoned children in China: W. H. S., \$2; E. B., in behalf of the Souls in Purgatory, \$8; Miss E. C., \$1; Rev. J. T. D., \$5; S. M. G., \$1; M. E., \$5. For the Foreign Missions: M. E. McK., \$2. For the European war sufferers: C. H. M., \$5. For the poor Mexicans: C. H. M., \$5.



THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.
(Schola Art. Beuron.)



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

[Published every Saturday. Copyright, 1917: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

The Pæan.

BY C. L. O'D.

"LET us love God," I heard a robin say
 As he passed on sweeping wings;
 "Let us love God," the sun all day
 Its hymn of light sings.
 "Let us love God"—from the grass dew-wet;
 The assenting trees nod;
 Shout the stars as they rise and set,
 "Let us love God!"

Lourdes in War Time.

BY H. HAMILTON GIBBS.

LT was a radiant autumn day when I set out from Pau on my pilgrimage to Lourdes,—if to travel in a first-class carriage can be termed a pilgrimage. The nearer we approached to Lourdes, the more exquisite became the scenery. The sparkling Gave broke into cascades here and there, or flowed by in a dark stream, overshadowed by trees clad in all their glorious shades of brown and red, yellow, purple and green. And, overhanging all, the mountains loomed up, dark and mysterious at the base, gleaming silver at the summit. Then came Lourdes itself, with the sudden peep at the Grotto; then the old Castle, rugged and austere, perched on the hill. Prisoners from Alsace-Lorraine are lodged there now; but from below one sees no sign of them, in their picturesque but chilly eerie.

I took a carriage at the "Gare," and

told the driver to take me straight to the Basilica. We went through the forsaken streets of shops (every one of which exposes *objets de piété* for sale) at a smart pace, in spite of the hills. Here and there a priest sauntered along, saying his *Breviary*; a woman or two stood at her shop door waiting for a stray customer, or a wounded soldier hobbled along on crutches. What a contrast to the thronged streets of former times! It is hard to believe that this is indeed Lourdes.

Then the Basilica came in sight. On the left towered the Château; and behind it the Pic du Gers, grey and glittering in the sunlight.

"You've a good horse," I said to the driver, as I got out of the carriage.

"Yes, Monsieur, you are right, although he's a *réformé*. He's been in a number of battles, on the Marne, and so on; then he got an *éclat d'obus*. See there on the left flank. You see the letter 'R' on the shoulder."

"Why is the wound so yellow?"

"Ah ça? That is the tincture of iodine to keep it healthy and to help it to heal up. He's a good beast, and will live for many a long day."

"And this is Lourdes to-day," I said to myself, as I looked round,—a very different Lourdes from that of past years.

An old priest paced up and down on the terrace in front of the Basilica; a peasant woman came out of the crypt; one or two soldiers sat on the benches in front of the Grotto, and a group stood drinking the water from the tin cups at the fountain. Soldiers in twos and threes,

who had come down from the innumerable hospitals to pay their respects to the *Immaculée*, strolled about.

All the convents from which the Government had expelled the nuns, and several hotels, have been turned into military hospitals; and the men are allowed, when sufficiently convalescent, to go to the Grötto, if they care to do so. Two poor fellows in wheel-chairs, which they were propelling themselves, came along slowly. They will never walk again. Their faces were pale, attenuated, but lit up with a serene radiance. They had just been paying their *devoirs* to their Lady-Mother.

Presently a group of khaki-clad men came along,—Belgians *en permission*, who had taken advantage of the reduction in train fares for the military to come and visit the famous shrine. I watched them as they came along,—fine, sturdy, stalwart fellows, bronzed from exposure. They knelt down on the stones before the Grotto, made a big Sign of the Cross, and, after a long gaze at the statue, closed their eyes in prayer. Ten—twenty minutes passed. I united myself to them in prayer, and entreated Our Lady to look down in pity on poor, ruined Belgium. Then out came their rosaries, and more than one of them extended his arms *en croix*, and remained motionless, while the beads slipped through his fingers. I counted sixty-four Belgian soldiers, who had come on leave all the way from the Yser, at the Grotto that day.

Later on I tramped up the hill to the hospital of the Sœurs de l'Espérance to see a friend of mine, an American, who has devoted his life for the past two years to working as an *infirmier* there. He took me round his ward, and pointed out the most interesting cases from a medical point of view. Here was a man from whose heart a great surgeon in Lourdes had extracted a large piece of shrapnel but a short time before. In a few weeks, the man told me, he expected to go back to the front. Another man with whom I chatted had received a bullet right through

the forehead; it had come out at the back of his head. In some miraculous way, it had skimmed over the brain; and, in spite of the hole, the man was as well as possible. Another cheerful patient told me that he had had thirty-six pieces of shrapnel taken out of his body, and he jubilantly produced the bits from a trouser pocket to show me.

As we were leaving the ward, my friend pointed to a sad-faced man whose right arm had been amputated.

"Do you see that poor chap? He's from the *pays envahis*, Lille. He had a letter from his wife yesterday, telling him that his sister, who had been deported to Germany in the beginning of the year, has just been sent back, owing to the remonstrances of Spain, mad, raving almost, with a baby at her breast. Poor fellow! He nearly went mad himself when he read the letter.

I bade my friend farewell, and envied him for being able and willing to do something to alleviate the lot of these poor fellows,—heroes I should have said. One more word with Our Lady, one more glance round at the unfamiliar sparseness of worshippers, one more impression received of the brooding peace of the hallowed place, then farewell.

I looked round at my travelling companions, while the train slowly glided out of the station, as we stood and waved a last salute to the *Immaculée*,—two Belgian soldiers and a young French officer. I watched the two Belgians out of the corner of my eye as they sank back in their corner. One took out his rosary and, with a Sign of the Cross, began to tell his beads; the other, opposite me, produced a small book from his pocket. "What is it?" A "*Chemin de Croix*." He read it through slowly, his lips moving. The third sat very still, gazing out of the window, till the others had finished their devotions; then we fell into conversation.

"Where do you come from, Monsieur?" I asked of the young Frenchman in his smart, sky-blue uniform.

"I, Monsieur? I come from a German prison."

"Comment? What do you mean?"

"*Et bien*, I managed to escape with five others. Three poor *diabes* were caught, but I and a *copain* managed to get into Holland. We hid by day and walked by night; and I've come to thank Our Lady, as I promised her I would, if I ever got through."

"How long were you there?"

"Six months."

"Had a bad time?"

"Pretty bad."

"Well, here we are! Good-night to you all, and good luck! May you never fall into the enemy's hands again!"

"Our Lady'll see to that, never fear, Monsieur! Adieu!"

The Crest of the Bodkins.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON.

VI.—THE MEETING.

"At last!—at last!" cried Arthur, taking Miss Nugent's hand, and holding it pretty tightly. "I have been chasing you all over Europe." And in a few words he informed her of his vain but vigorous efforts.

"My uncle is very ill in Triest. He can not be here to-day of all days. I know that I am late. And you—"

"We can't get in."

"We?" interrogatively.

"Let me present my dear old friend, Harry Talbot."

Talbot having said something quite appropriate, Miss Nugent exclaimed:

"I can pass you in. I see the officer of the Guard." And advancing to the spider-waisted, broad-shouldered, silken-mustached dragoon, who bowed to the very earth, she said something to him in a low tone, placed the tips of her fingers on his outstretched arm, and, turning round, whispered: "Come along!"

The swelling organ "that lifts the soul to God" pealed forth the glorious

Te Deum as our friends took up their places near the door of the church; and after each had knelt for a few moments, Miss Nugent said to Arthur:

"Do not leave Miramar until I see you. I must join the court." And she glided away, accompanied by the slim-waisted captain.

Never did a more brilliant or imposing sight meet the eye than that presented in the beautiful church at Miramar. Within the altar railings were the Archbishop and numerous other prelates of distinction, arrayed in full pontificals, mitres and copes and robes and crosiers glittering with jewels; acolytes in crimson and white; court functionaries in resplendent dresses; officers of the army and navy in brilliant uniforms; ambassadors of foreign Powers with their ribbons and orders, and the Emperor Francis Joseph in state attire as the central figure; the newly-created Emperor looking proud, excited and happy; and his lovely Empress, her tears vying with the flashing diamonds of her diadem, surrounded by beautiful women in ravishing toilettes and bejewelled à l'outrance.

As the *Tantum Ergo* sounded forth, Carlotta sunk upon her knees, followed by Maximilian, and then by all present; while the perfumed incense ascended heavenward like a visible prayer.

The captain of the Guard, taking Arthur and Talbot under his care, after the ceremonies were over, brought them to the Guard's mess, where they ate like troopers, and drank to the Emperor and Empress of Mexico. Luckily, this officer spoke fairly good English, and proved himself amiable and intelligent as well as hospitable. He seemed intuitively to comprehend the relation between Count Nugent's niece and Bodkin, and was playful and facetious, in a gentlemanlike way, on the chance meeting of the lovers.

"I may be court-martialed yet," he said in substance, "for I had strict orders; but who could refuse *such* eyes under *such* circumstances? My colonel is a fearful martinet, and woe to the sub who diso-

beys an order of Ludwig von Kalksburg! Do you know him?" he asked, as a deep frown settled on Arthur's face.

"Slightly," said Bodkin; "and I should be exceedingly sorry if you were to come to any grief through *me*."

An orderly entered and handed the captain a note.

"You will come with me, Mr. Bodkin," he said as soon as he had perused the missive; "and you will kindly remain until my return, Mr. Talbot."

Following his cheerful guide, Arthur found himself in a small apartment overlooking the Gulf.

"You will find me in the mess room, Mr. Bodkin. Don't hurry on my account," laughed the dragoon, as he quitted the apartment.

In a few seconds a *portière* of priceless tapestry was pushed aside, and Alice Nugent entered. What actually takes place at the moment of such a meeting is not for the chronicler's pen,—at all events, it is not for mine.

"What are your plans?" she asked.

"My plans are to be near you, no matter how I can get there, or in what capacity. Alice, I mean to enlist in the Emperor Maximilian's bodyguard, if I can do no better. I shall go to Mexico, if not with you, by the next steamer. I may get there before you, as you will go in a man-of-war, the 'Novara,' a slow old tub."

"Why, you seem to know all about it, Arthur. Let me see whom I could interest in your behalf," and she places a dimpled finger to her forehead. "I have it! I can give you a letter to Baron Bergheim, a dear old friend, who won't understand and who won't *mis*understand. He is one of the chamberlains I'll write it now. He is in Vienna. You must return to-night and see him." And she disappeared.

Arthur, his heart glowing with happiness, turned to the window, and, gazing down at the gaily-dressed ships, began to speculate as to whether he was destined to sail in one of them, and if so in which, when the ring of spurs smote his ear, and,

turning, he found himself face to face with Count Ludwig von Kalksburg.

The expression on the Count's face was malignant and menacing as, advancing a step, he said:

"May I ask at whose invitation you are in this apartment, sir?"

"I fail to recognize your right to ask me impertinent questions," retorted Arthur, red-hot anger flaming within him.

"I *have* the right, sir. Here are my credentials." And he pointed to a small gold key attached to his sword-belt, for he was in uniform.

"That tells me nothing," was the rather contemptuous answer.

"If you do not choose to leave the room, sir, I shall have you put out of it."

"If you choose to continue your impertinence, I shall put *you* out of it through that window."

At this juncture an authoritative voice called: "Kalksburg! Kalksburg!"

"I shall see you later," said the Count, as, with a gesture denoting intense impatience, he hastily withdrew.

Not a second too soon; for the tapestry was again pushed aside, and Alice Nugent reappeared, a letter in her hand.

"This is for the dear old Baron. See him. He speaks English. You will like him. He will like you. Be frank with him."

"How much may I tell him, Alice?"

"Oh, anything you like! There! I must leave you. Write or wire me here. O Arthur, if I could only think that you were coming with us!"

"*Quien sabe!*" laughed Bodkin. "That's my first attempt at Spanish, and I promise you it won't be the last. I shall be at it the whole way across. One second, darling! I'll write you to-morrow. In any case, I'll return here to say '*Adios*.'"

Arthur found Rody awaiting him in the court.

"I colloguered a yoke out of an ould chap below that'll take us back to the town, Masther Arthur. Come this way, if ye plaze, sir—it's a short cut.—an' Misther Talbot's waitin'."

"How did you manage the conveyance, Rody?"

"Well, sir, for to tell the truth, there's the nicest little *colleen* down below near the big gate. I got acquainted wid her; an', upon me soul, she undherstands me Irish betther nor me English. She got me into the chapel—good luck to her! Glory be to God, it bates all I iver seen! Sich goold an' picttures; an' the althar solid goold, an' the candlesticks as high as Nelson's Pillar—rale silver. I'd give a month's wages for Father Edward to set his eyes on it."

Harry Talbot was at the gate.

"I'm afraid that decent fellow, the captain, is in for a wiggling. His colonel, an ill-looking blackguard, discovered that he passed us in; and as I heard your name hissed out pretty often, I thought I'd take a hand in the game, knowing that his remarks were not exactly in praise of you; so I told him slowly, but very distinctly, that if he said anything against you he would have to reply to me."

They found an *einspänner*, or one-horse carriage, in readiness, the pole in the middle, the horse on the right side of the vehicle; on the box a jovial old man, in the rear a comely young girl, with yellow hair and blue eyes,—the eyes being only for the stalwart form of Rody O'Flynn.

"Good-bye, *acushla!*" he was heard to say. "It won't be my fault if I don't come across ye agin."

VII.—BY THE BLUE DANUBE.

The Vienna of to-day is not the "cabinéd, cribbed, confined," and wondrously picturesque place of fifty years ago. The magnificent "Ring" which now runs around the entire city—with its superb palaces, resplendent shops, and double rows of trees,—has replaced the old *glacis*, or stadt; and even the "Graben" has put on a modern but ill-fitting suit, to keep in line with that grim and merciless leveller, Progress. The wondrous Cathedral of St. Stephen, despite a modern roof, still

wears its fourteenth-century garb; and the interior is as mellow and sombre and solemn as when the Turks were hammering at the city gates.

The Hof, or Castle, is a very irregular building, or series of buildings, one running foul of the other. In the heart of this rookery, as it has been irreverently termed, are the imperial apartments; and in a small, exceedingly dark room, which had once formed part of a fortress, Arthur Bodkin awaited the Baron Bergheim, to whom he had transmitted the letter written by the dainty hand of Alice Nugent. He had not long to hold his soul in patience; for an orderly as straight and as stiff as Corporal Trim ushered him into another but larger apartment, where he found himself confronted by a small, very stout gentleman in a very tight-fitting uniform.

"Hey, hey, hey! Mr. Bodkin—Arthur—glad to meet you! Hey! Shake hands. Miss Nugent seems to take great interest in you,"—here the Baron winked most facetiously. "Good enough! And so must I, I suppose. British army, hey?"

"Militia, Baron."

"Good enough. Hey! What rank?"

"Lieutenant."

"Good enough. Hey! Speak German?"

"Not a word."

"Bad enough. Hey! French?"

"Yes, Baron."

"Good enough. Hey! Want to go to Mexico?"

"Yes, Baron."

"Good enough. Hey! Love or war?"

"Both, sir."

"Good enough!" and the merry little Baron laughed till the tears bedewed his spectacles, which he had to remove in order to wipe.

Bergheim, who spoke English with the greatest fluency,—indeed, all the upper classes in Austria seem to feel a pride in being versed in this tongue,—now proceeded to put Arthur through his facings; and, finding the young fellow so frank and honest and earnest, took quite a fancy to him.

"Hey! I'll see what can be done. Hey! Something *must* be done, or my pretty godchild will lead me the life of a half-pay officer. Where will a letter find you, hey?"

"At the Jockey Club, Baron."

"Look for one this evening. Hey! Right about face now! March!"

Arthur was perfectly delighted with this genial old gentleman, and felt assured that something would come of the visit. Nor was he in error; for upon the same evening he received a short note from the Baron informing him that he had been able to place him on his personal staff in a temporary position, owing to the occupant's having typhoid fever; adding that Bodkin should report to himself at Miramar on April 11.

Bodkin was nearly delirious with joy. What a turn of the wheel of Fortune! In office *en route* to Mexico, and with *her!* Was it real? Could it be real? It was indeed scarcely credible. A few hours ago what was he? Nobody. Where was he? Nowhere. And now? An official of the court, with a uniform. He wondered which it would be, and if it would be as becoming as that of the Galway Militia. On the high road to fortune; for was not Mexico El Dorado, the country of Aladdin's Cave? And Alice! To be with her for days and days, sailing over summer seas. And the moonlight nights, with the glitter of tropical stars and the glory of the Southern Cross!

Harry Talbot was delighted to hear of his friend's good fortune.

"By jingo!" he cried, "patience and perseverance will carry a cat to Jerusalem. You'll have to take Rody with you, or he'll burn the ship. And I must come aboard as a stowaway."

In the exuberance of his joy, Arthur had forgotten both his friend and his follower.

"I shall see the Baron at once, Harry. He's such a good sort that he is sure to help us."

"You'll do nothing of the kind, old chap! I can paddle my own canoe till we

get to Mexico. There I'll 'work' your Royal Highness, as the Americans say, for all that you are worth. No, Arthur. You may possibly get in Rody, for you'll want your servant; but I'll push on to Vera Cruz—aye, and get there before you. I was looking up steamers this very morning, and I see that a boat leaves for Genoa on Saturday. By starting to-morrow morning, I can be in Genoa on Friday night. That's my little game."

Arthur, however, did not feel satisfied with himself, and felt as though he had proved traitor to his friend. He instantly started for the Hof, only to find that Baron Bergheim had been summoned to Schönbrunn by the Emperor. It was too late to drive out to the Imperial Palace; and as Talbot was resolved upon his own course, there was nothing for it but to let him have his way. Arthur saw him off by the 7.30 train; and the wild valedictory cheer that Rody gave as the train pulled out caused the stately Viennese railway officials to imagine that some accident had taken place.

Arthur beguiled the time until his departure for Miramar in "doing" the quaint and picturesque city, especially the old quarters, with their narrow streets, high houses, and curious windows and roofs. He heard Mass every morning at St. Stephen's, and afterward spent a couple of hours in studying the monuments and effigies. Every day, accompanied by Rody, he took a ten-mile walk in the Prater, that immense and splendid park of which the Viennese are so justly proud.

"Bedad, the Phaynix Park would knock the consait out of it," Rody observed. "Sure the Fifteen Acres takes the dale, sir. Think of Knockmaroon an' Castleknock! Sorra a chance the Danube has wid the sweet Liffey. An' where's the Dublin Mountains, wid the Three Rocks; an' Boher-no-breena?"

Arthur, by the advice of a young fellow whom he met at the Club, invested in light clothing suitable to the climate of Mexico.

"You have three climates out there

When I landed at Vera Cruz I was in the Tierra Caliente, or hot country, and broiled; at Orizaba, about halfway to the capital, I found myself in the Tierra Templada, or temperate country; and later, at the capital, the Tierra Fria, or cold country. So you have to prepare to dress for all three."

Baron Bergheim became absolutely invisible. In vain Arthur endeavored to catch him at the Hofburg, in vain at the Club, in vain at the opera, in vain at Schönbrunn. It was as though the earth had opened and swallowed him alive.

Arthur wrote to Alice announcing his good fortune, and thanking her in very fervent terms. Her reply was most joyous, concluding:

"I have not a second to write one word more, I am so busy preparing for our voyage. The Empress is the sweetest and most delightful woman on earth, and, oh, so thoughtful! You will be enchanted with her."

On the appointed day Arthur Bodkin "reported" at Miramar.

"Good enough!" was Baron Bergheim's remark as the man from Galway presented himself. "Hey! you must study German, my boy. Begin at once; and if the poor fellow whose shoes you are about to occupy should not turn up, you shall hold on. Hey! you are on my personal staff as extra aid. Hey! nothing to do but ogle the maids of honor—at least, hey! one of them—aha!"

Arthur, having thanked the Baron for his kindness, hinted at the question of uniform.

"Hey! forgot all about it. Why didn't you come to me? Couldn't get at me? I should say not, hey! Well, we'll see what can be done. Hey, six feet—"

"One, sir."

"Six one? 'Just Reichtsaal's height. Wait a minute!"

He rang a bell, and proceeded to write a few lines.

"Take this gentleman, to Colonel von Bomburg. And you, Bodkin, give this to

Bomburg. It is an order to open poor Reichtsaal's uniform case, which has come along with all his traps. You'll repay him if he turns up. Go and see Miss Nugent now—if you can. No easy work. All etiquette and red tape, and—hey! You'll find her in the right wing, Empress' apartments. And, hey! don't show yourself until you are in uniform. Hey!" And the hearty old Baron hustled Bodkin out of the room.

Reichtsaal's uniform fitted Arthur "like paper on the wall"; and a very splendid specimen of Irish manhood he presented in the white fatigue-jacket encrusted with bullion, and the light blue trousers broadly striped with gold. The clink of his spurs was as music to his ears.

In crossing to the apartments of the Empress, his heart beating like a Nasmyth hammer, Arthur encountered Count von Kalksburg, who started violently upon perceiving him, and glanced up and down in unmitigated surprise at the uniform, from the spurs to the *kepi*. Turning rapidly on his heel, he preceded Bodkin into a large and sumptuously furnished corridor crowded with ladies and gentlemen, the latter being in uniform or in court costume. Approaching a tall, soldierly-looking man, with a green patch over his left eye and half his face, worn consequent upon a wound received in battle, the Count addressed him, pointing as he spoke to Arthur, who had just entered, and was standing eagerly searching with his eyes for the face and form he loved so devotedly.

The tall warrior crossed to where our hero was standing, and, bowing until the sheep of the Order of the Golden Fleece hung out from his breast, he said:

"I am Prince Thurn and Taxis, Master of the Horse. And you, sir?"

"Arthur Bodkin, extra aid-de-camp on the staff of Baron Bergheim."

"I might have guessed as much," said the Prince, with a bright smile. "Have you seen service, sir?"

"No, your Highness — nothing but drill in the Galway Militia on the Curragh

of Kildare, and indeed very little of that."

"I know something of Ireland, Mr. Bodkin. I knew a Mr. Bodkin some years ago,—Mr. Bodkin of Ballyshooly, I think."

"Ballyboden," said Arthur.

"The very word. I saw a good deal of him in London one season. He was a most charming man. Perhaps he was a relative of yours?"

"My father, God be merciful to him!"

"Then I am sincerely and especially glad to meet you. The sons of Ireland who have honored Austria with their services have ever done their duty well—nobly. Some other time I must ask of you to tell me how you drifted here. I assume that you are going to Mexico with your chief?"

"Yes, your Highness."

"You start to-morrow. Do you sail on the 'Novara?'"

"I really do not know."

"You ought to have a very enjoyable trip. You will stop at Civita Vecchia and visit Rome. The Emperor and Empress are to receive the blessing of his Holiness on departing for their new Empire. *Au revoir* and *bonne fortune!*" and the Prince, genially saluting Arthur, mingled with the crowd.

The expression on Count von Kalksburg's face was not pleasant to behold. He had gone to Prince Thurn and Taxis, Master of the Horse, and insinuated that this stranger had no right to enter the sacred precincts of the state apartments, and hinted that it would be well for his Highness to demand his name and rank. The result was very much to the contrary of what the Count expected,—so much so that, in order to conceal his chagrin and vexation, he quitted the room without questioning the Master of the Horse as to the result of his semi-official inquiries.

As stated by Baron Bergheim, it was indeed no easy task either to find Miss Nugent, or when found to gain access to her. She was literally, as was every member of the imperial household, overwhelmed with the work of preparation for departure.

And poor Arthur had to console himself with a very few words, but they were full of the most joyous consolation: "You are coming in the 'Novara.' We shall be together all the way to Vera Cruz."

To Bodkin's intense astonishment, Rody turned up at night in the uniform of the Mexican Imperial Guard, and a very magnificent guardsman too.

"Faix, Masther Arthur, I seen it was me only chance for to go wid ye; an' sure I got hould of that ould chap that dhruv us into Triest the other night. He spakes a little English, and I up and tells him that I must go wid ye. So he tuk me to his sarjint; an', be the mortal post, I was in them rigemintals in a jiffy! Murdher! but I wish I was at last Mass at Knockdrin, an' Mary Casey 'comin' out of the chapel forninst me. An' who do ye think is comin', sir?"

"I'm sure I can't say."

"Ye'd never guess, sir. That daycent young girl that I med up to th' other day. She's comin' wid wan of the duchesses as lady's maid. An' she's for to tache me German, an' I'm for to tache her English or Irish, whichever she likes—it's all wan to me—on the sail across. An' sure, Masther Arthur, we're for to stop at Rome, no less, an' for to see the Pope. *Wurra! wurra!* why haven't we Father Edward wid us?"

Arthur Bodkin was on board the "Novara" at an early hour, after attending the Pontifical High Mass, at which the Emperor of Austria, the Emperor and Empress of Mexico, and the entire court assisted. The embarkation took place amid the booming of cannon; and, as the Angelus was tolling across the waters of the Gulf, the majestic squadron of twelve warships quitted their moorings, the "Novara" leading, the imperial standard at the main. All along the coast the people assembled in thousands to witness the right royal pageant, while from every coigne of vantage the Austrian and Mexican flags were flung out to the perfume-laden breezes of spring.

At Civita Vecchia the imperial party disembarked and proceeded to the Eternal City, where they were received by the Holy Father—attending his Mass and receiving Holy Communion at his hands, followed by a solemn blessing. And, re-embarking on the sixteenth day of April, they started for the land of Cortez,—Maximilian never to return; Carlotta to revisit Rome as a piteous supplicant, the seeds of insanity bursting into life in her tortured and grief-burdened brain.

(To be continued.)

Pius VII. and the Coronation of Napoleon.

BY A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE.

II.

THE Pope remained at Fontainebleau till November 29. On that day he entered Paris, where the wing of the Louvre known as the Pavillon de Flore had been set apart as the residence of himself and his suite. There remained only two clear days before the great ceremony, and most of the histories of Napoleon assert that during this brief interval the Pope raised a new difficulty. As it is usually told, the story runs that Pius refused to crown the Empress unless her marriage with Napoleon was previously ratified by a religious ceremony. But the Pope never raised the question; and when, some years later, Napoleon sought to obtain a divorce from Josephine, it was pointed out to him that, even if there were no evidence of a subsequent religious ceremony, his first contract of marriage must be upheld.

It is true that it was only a contract, witnessed by the civil officials; but it was a public contracting of marriage between two baptized persons at a time when access to a priest had long been practically impossible. Under the law of the Church, these conditions made it perfectly valid. When, later on, Napoleon sought to invalidate it in order to be free to marry

an Austrian archduchess, the imperial lawyers argued that, as at the time the law of the Republic recognized divorce, the parties appearing before a Republican official to contract marriage could not have the necessary intention of pledging themselves to each other for life. It would be a temporary contract, and therefore not a valid marriage. But the Papal court replied that in the form of marriage there was nothing to show the contract was not for life; and that, unless there was distinct evidence to the contrary, the common-sense view must be held that a young husband and wife, pledging themselves to each other, have not in mind a reservation as to a future divorce. Under the conditions then existing, the marriage of Napoleon and Josephine was valid and binding. A subsequent blessing of the marriage by a priest might be a laudable proceeding, but was not necessary.

The Pope never raised the question at Paris. It was Josephine herself who approached Cardinal Fesch and urged him to arrange for the religious ceremony before the coronation. Her motive may have been to set at rest scruples of conscience, but it is very likely that her chief reason was the hope that she would thus make her own future more secure. She had no prospect of children by this her second marriage; and she knew that, though her husband had rejected the idea, some of the heartless statesmen who surrounded him had proposed that he should cast her aside and replace her by some princess who would give him an heir to his new crown. Napoleon might yield to such persuasions as the years went on: the religious marriage would be a useful guarantee of her position.

Fesch presented Josephine's request to the Emperor, and strongly supported it. Napoleon yielded the point, but under conditions that deprived Josephine of some of the advantages she had in view. The marriage must be private, in the presence of witnesses selected by himself, and without any official record. He could

easily urge the reason that he did not wish any doubt to be cast on the earlier ceremony of Republican days.

Fesch then approached the Pope, but in a way that, while being technically correct, would enable him to act without letting him know what was really being arranged. He did not even mention the names of Napoleon and Josephine. He only told Pius VII. that, in his position of Grand Aumônier (chief chaplain) of the Emperor's household, he had from time to time to deal with questions relating to marriages contracted under the difficult conditions of recent years. There was often a question of regularity and validity; and he asked the Holy Father to allow him, in the interest of the peace of consciences, to deal directly with such cases, and to confer on him the widest possible powers, in order that he might be able to set matters right as simply as possible.

The Pope gave him the faculties he asked for; and late in the evening of December 1, in the chapel of the Tuileries, Fesch blessed the marriage of Napoleon and Josephine. Besides the Cardinal and the Emperor and Empress, only the two necessary witnesses were present. It is not quite certain who they were. Madame de Rémusat declared she had Josephine's authority for saying that they were Berthier, the Emperor's chief of the staff, and Talleyrand. But Talleyrand, the ex-Bishop of Autun, was not likely to take part in such a ceremony; and there is more probability in Talleyrand's own statement that the witnesses were Duroc, Napoleon's aid-de-camp and devoted friend, and Portalis, the Minister "des Cultes" in the Emperor's cabinet.

December 2, 1804, was a dull wintry day, with a hard frost, cloudy skies, and from time to time slight falls of snow. Before sunrise the streets and the windows on the route from the Tuileries to Notre Dame were crowded with spectators. The house fronts were hung with wreaths of paper flowers. The crowds were kept back on the sidewalks by lines of troops.

At nine o'clock the Pope left the palace. There was a procession of carriages, escorted by four squadrons of dragoons of the Imperial Guard. The second carriage was that of the Pope. It was drawn by eight greys, and had been specially designed for the ceremony. At each corner of the roof was a statue of an angel in gilded bronze; and the angels' wings formed a canopy of gold, bearing up a golden tiara. The large windows of the carriage gave a full view of the white-robed figure of the Pontiff, leaning forward with his hand raised in benediction. The troops presented arms as he passed; and it was noticed that, behind the long hedges of glittering bayonets, the people struggled for room to kneel, or bent down where they stood too closely to do more. In this progress to the cathedral, Pius VII. was traversing some of the very streets through which, a few years before, the red carts went by with their loads of victims for the guillotine.

The square in front of Notre Dame was lined with the steel-clad cuirassiers of the Guards. At the great door of the cathedral, under overhanging canopies of tapestry, the chapter waited with the Archbishop of Paris to welcome the Pope. The Archbishop, De Belloy, was a venerable man of eighty years. His long life was a link between the historic past and the wonderful present. When he was a boy, Louis XV. was King of France, and the decadence of the French monarchy had begun. He had seen its downfall. He had witnessed what the men of his boyhood would have held to be impossible. He had lain in hiding during the Terror, ministering by stealth, and at the peril of his life, to the sick and the dying; and now as Archbishop of Paris he was receiving the Father of Christendom in the cathedral which had so lately been desecrated with the orgies of the "worship of the Goddess of Reason."

The procession was formed, and the Pope entered the cathedral while the great organ pealed forth and four hundred

voices joined in the anthem *Tu es Petrus*. Thus the successor of St. Peter was conducted to the throne on the Gospel side of the high altar.

The Emperor and his immediate suite were yet to come, but the great audience that was to witness the coronation was already arrayed in the cathedral. Ranges of lustre-decked chandeliers, bearing thousands of wax tapers, lit up the choir, transept, and nave. Tribunes and galleries, hung with tapestry, had been erected to increase the available space. Every place was occupied. Around the altar and along both sides of the choir were grouped sixty prelates and some hundreds of the clergy. On the Epistle side, under a gilded arch of triumph, were the thrones of the imperial pair.

They were already on their way to the cathedral,—hailed with no great enthusiasm by the crowds in the streets, who were tired with long waiting in the bitter weather. To those who expected them at Notre Dame, their coming was announced by the distant booming of cannon, and as they reached the cathedral square, by the rolling of five hundred drums and the deep-booming note of the huge bell in the western tower of Notre Dame. The French cardinals and bishops rose and streamed away to the great door to welcome the Emperor. The Pope and his attendants awaited from the choir the return of the stately procession.

First of all came the ushers in old court dress, with golden maces on their shoulders; then heralds with tabard and bannered trumpet, and pages in liveries of gold and purple; masters of ceremonies and chamberlains; officers of the Legion of Honor, carrying standards captured in battle; Marshals of the Empire, bearing the regalia and the two crowns; the Empress, with her long mantle borne by princesses; and then the Emperor in his robes of state, a golden laurel wreath on his brows, making his classic features look like the profile on a Roman medallion. To right and left of him walked his

brothers Joseph and Louis. His face was calm and impassive, but there was a moment when he was human. As he reached the choir he bent towards Joseph and whispered: "If only our father could see us now!"*

It was noticed that the sun shone out as Napoleon and Josephine seated themselves on their thrones. Then the ceremony began. The *Veni Creator* was intoned, and the Pope asked the Emperor if he promised to respect the rights of the Church and the Holy See. Napoleon laid his hands on the Gospels and his voice rang out like a word of command: "*Promitto*" ("I promise"),—the oath he was so soon to break.

Then the Solemn High Mass began, after the anointing of the imperial pair. There was a pause after the Gradual. The Pope blessed the regalia, and handed to the Emperor the ring and the swords of justice and mercy, and the sceptre of Charlemagne. The great Emperor of the West had received the crown from Leo; Napoleon marred this great moment of his life by an act of self-asserting pride. As Pius stretched out his hands to take the crown, Napoleon grasped it with a swift movement, raised it on high, and himself placed it on his head.

Then the Empress was crowned, and, with the Emperor, conducted back to the throne, where he took the oath to the Constitution. There was a flourish of trumpets, and the voice of a herald proclaimed that "the most august and glorious" Emperor Napoleon had been duly crowned and enthroned, ending with the cry of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" which was taken up by the thousands assembled in the cathedral. The bells rang out, and the roar of artillery announced to all Paris the accomplishment of the great event.

The Mass was resumed, and again Napoleon marred the solemnity by a

* His father had died many years before. His mother appears in the inner circle in David's official picture of the coronation. But she was not really there.

departure from traditional usage. A Catholic sovereign fasts on the morning of his coronation; for the final act of his consecration as a ruler of his people, and the pledge of his loyalty to his oaths and to the Faith of his fathers, is the Holy Communion received during the coronation Mass. In the programme of the coronation, drawn up by De Ségur, appeared under "Article 46" the words, "Their Majesties will receive Communion," followed by directions for the ceremonial. Napoleon had with his own hand corrected the article by making it read, "If their Majesties receive Communion." And he had no intention of so doing. He had received Holy Communion as a boy at Ajaccio; as a young man he had abandoned the practices of religion. His next Communion was to be on his death at St. Helena.

The sun was setting on the snowy streets when, after the long ceremonial, Emperor and Empress returned to the Tuileries. As the darkness came on quickly, Paris burst into a blaze of illuminations. Pius VII., who must have been weary enough by this time, was taken in his carriage along the boulevards, across the bridges to the Luxembourg, and back to the Louvre, in order that he might see the brilliant display. A squadron of cavalry and five hundred guardsmen carrying flaming torches formed his escort. He reached the Louvre at seven o'clock. Even then the fatigues of the day were not ended: there was still a state banquet at the Tuileries.

For four months after the great day the Pope remained at Paris. The Emperor found pretext after pretext for delaying his departure, and tried to persuade him to make the city his permanent place of abode. Paris was to be the new Rome. He would give the Pope the "Ile de la Cité" (the island on which Notre Dame stands), and the Palais de Justice would be remodelled as a new Vatican. It needed no sagacity to see the snare thus plainly

spread by the Fowler. Napoleon hoped to make the Pope a great officer of the Empire, the mere head of an Imperial Department for Ecclesiastical Affairs, with a court of French cardinals and a subservient French successor. It would be worse than the ill-omened "captivity of Avignon."

The Pope visited the monuments and museums of Paris; Denon, the famous savant of the day, acting as his guide. On January 12 he went to the great hospital of the Hôtel-Dieu, and delighted the patients by his kindly interest in them. On the 30th he paid a visit to the Imperial Printing Office. He saw more than a hundred presses in action at the same time; and, as a souvenir of the visit, he was given the work they produced—the *Pater Noster* in a hundred different languages; and a poem, celebrating his visit, in Latin, Greek, French, Spanish, Italian, and German. At the mint, gold and silver medals were struck in his honor.

There were also visits to most of the churches of Paris. In many of them the Pope said or assisted at Mass. On February 1 he consecrated two bishops at St. Sulpice, and he gave the cardinal's hat to the Archbishops of Rheims and Paris.

On March 24 the Pope was at St. Cloud. There he was the central figure in another stately ceremonial,—the baptism of Napoleon Louis, the child of Louis Bonaparte and Hortense Beauharnais,—the little prince whom the childless Emperor then intended to choose as his heir.

Napoleon had tried to make the Pope the tool of his policy, and had failed. The Pope had tried to gain further concessions in the interests of the Church and the Holy See, and had also failed. The one boon the Emperor granted him was the promise that the Pantheon—the desecrated church of Ste. Geneviève—should be restored to Catholic worship. Costly presents were a poor compensation for the refusal of more solid advantages. The Emperor and Empress gave the Pope vases from Sèvres, tapestry from the

Gobelins' factory, golden altar plate, a crucifix and candlesticks for the high altar of St. Peter's. But it was with a sense of relief that at last Pius VII. learned that he was free to return to Rome. He hoped for the best, but there were incidents of his stay in Paris that augured ill for the future.

On April 4, after blessing a great crowd from an open window of the Tuileries, he drove out of Paris, surrounded by an escort of the cuirassiers of the Guard and saluted with royal honors. He stopped at Chalons for the celebration of Holy Week and Easter; and then travelled by easy stages back to Rome, everywhere greeted by the people with reverent affection. Before long he was to make the journey back again to France as the Emperor's prisoner, only to be set free on the eve of Napoleon's downfall.

But in later years, when he was restored to Rome, Pius VII. never spoke an unkind word of the Emperor. "We must forgive him everything," he said; "for he did great things for religion in France."

(The End.)

The Day's Delights.

BY M. SCHULTE KALLENBACH.

THE beauty of an even star,
 The matings birds' glad melody,
 A stretch of woodland reaching far,
 So common, yet so good to see.

The crystal glitter of the dew,
 The shock of mountain piling high;
 Yet do you cry for pleasures new
 When rarest beauties in these lie?

The trusting clasp of baby's hand,
 The loving largess of its smile,
 The silver reaches of the strand,
 The friendly rustic without guile.

But these are all such simple things,
 That make the days seem commonplace;
 But seeing through the common things,
 We lift the veil o'er God's good face.

The Sacraments.

BY THE VERY REV. R. O'KENNEDY.

IV.—PENANCE.—(Conclusion.)

ONCE again the destroying angel struck the demon with his sheathed sword, and a fourth horn sprang up. It was *anger*. From the very foundation of hell there was gnashing of teeth; and a fearful shout of rage arose, that seemed to rock the dreadful prison. The saint was silent while his penitent trembled with fear. Turning in the direction whence came the tumult, the destroying angel cried: "It is written that He shall be called the God of Peace, that His voice shall not be heard in the streets; the bruised reed He shall not break, and the smoking flax He shall not extinguish."

(At His birth in the lone midnight, an everlasting hymn of peace was sung by a "multitude of the heavenly host." They sang: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good-will." But "as in the days before the Flood," so it is still. The evil daughters of men,—that is, angry thoughts and words and deeds,—bring forth children.

(Behold their progeny, as St. Gregory and St. Thomas call them. "The first is *indignation* against the person by whom we have been offended, or think we have been offended; then follow *maledictions, evil names, hatred, injury, contempt*, which can hardly be free from grave sin. If to this there be added the *determination* to take the person's life or to do him serious bodily harm, there can be no doubt that there is a mortal sin. Then comes the offering of *positive affront* to a person's face, and thus provoking dangerous passions; and here the circumstances of person, place, and time with all their surroundings have to be taken into account.

("Finally, there is *actual violence*, from which spring *enmity, hatred, blows, stab-bings, assassinations*. These bring on for generations feuds between families, gen-

erating in their turn quarrels, murders and bloodshed.")

Just then a voice was heard high up in mid-space, calling out; "I will confess Thee before men!" All looked up. A young cavalier was drawing a naked sword on his prostrate enemy, who, with arms held in the form of a cross, was begging for life. Flinging aside his sword, the knight dropped on his knees, and, because of the likeness of the cross, he embraced his enemy, forgiving him from the heart. That enemy had killed his brother.

As he looked towards the Saviour's Cross, the Adorable Lord whispered: *Salve, Joannes!* ("All hail, John!") and bowed to him. "I will confess thee before My Father, who is in heaven." It was St. John Gualbert. Thereupon the saint, in fourfold accidental glory, returned with his companions into heaven. "See them enter, clothed with white robes, into the joy of the Lord," continued the dread Angel of Judgment. "These are the meek, and theirs is the land of the living. They have conquered the dragon through the Blood of the Lamb, and through the covenant of His word."

Saint and penitent wondered exceedingly, and the destroying angel cried out: "Blessed are the meek." And the sorrowing sinner prayed: "God of peace, have mercy on my soul!"

For the fifth time the destroying angel struck the dragon with his sheathed sword; and a fifth horn appeared. It was *gluttony*.

(If man were without reason like the beast, he might plead that he had no rule to guide him. But St. Gregory and, after him, St. Thomas say that in five different ways does man, though enjoying reason, offend God by this vice: (1) when he eats or drinks before or out of time; (2) when daintier meat or drink is sought for than befits one's position, or the occasion of hospitality suggests; (3) when more food or drink is taken than is reasonable or necessary; (4) when food or drink is taken greedily, without due moderation;

(5) when food or drink has to be prepared over-exquisitely.)

Listen to St. Paul, cried the destroying angel: "Let us walk honestly in the day, not in rioting and drunkenness." (Rom., xiii.) And again: "The Kingdom of God is not in meat and drink; but in justice and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost." (Ib., xiv.) Once more: "Now the works of the flesh are manifest; which are fornications, uncleanness, . . . drunkenness, revellings; and they who do the like shall not obtain the Kingdom of God." (Gal., v.) "Be not drunk with wine, wherein is luxury; but be ye filled with the Holy Spirit." (Eph., v.) Hear the chosen head of the Apostles: "The Gentiles have walked in riotousness and lusts, excess of wine, banquetings and revellings. Be ye not like to them."

For the sixth time the angel struck the dragon, and another horn came forth, dull and yellow and hard-grained as flint. It was *envy*. Lucifer, the red dragon, because this was his first great sin, lifted up his monstrous head as if to speak, but the destroying angel commanded silence. "This hideous vice attempted to invade heaven," he cried. "The accursed dragon sought to be like to the Most High, who made all and rules over all. And from that hour he and his angels, 'who kept not their principality, but forsook their own habitation, are reserved in everlasting chains under darkness, unto the great day.'" (St. Jude, i.)

"Again, man was scarcely placed in the Garden of Paradise when this same dragon insinuated envious thoughts into man's mind: 'On the day thou eatest thereof, thou shalt be like unto God. Thine eyes shall be opened, and thou shalt know good and evil.' Envy began with man's days, and cursed him at the beginning. It has continued with him through life, and has been his curse at all times, and will be to the end. Hear the Apostle: 'But if you have bitter zeal, and there be contentions in your hearts, glory not, and be not liars against the truth; for this is not wisdom

descending from above, but earthly, sensual, diabolical. For where envy and contention is there is inconstancy and every evil work. But the wisdom which is from above first indeed is chaste, then peaceable, modest, easy to be persuaded, consenting to the good, full of mercy and good fruits." (St. James, iii.)

("Every crime, every sin, that is committed by man," says St. Chrysostom, "has some excuse, some defence. Luxury has the fallen nature of our flesh for excuse; robbery has poverty; anger, the force of passion. All have excuses, groundless no doubt, yet having an appearance of reason. But thou, envy!—what excuse hast thou? Absolutely none, save thine own intense malice." And the saint would put the envious man out of the Church together with the open adulterer.

("God is charity," says St. John; "but the dragon is envy." "The malice of envy," says St. Gregory, "is greater than that of all vices put together." He gives his reason: "By means of all the other vices, the tempter but scatters his poison in the human system; by envy he infuses it at once, and bodily, into the marrow and vitals of man."

(St. Cyprian, in his great work "On Zeal and Envy," says that "envy is the root of evils, the fountain of murders, and the breeding-place of crime. Envy devours a man, as in Genesis the wild beast was said to have devoured Joseph." "They [the heathens]," says St. Paul, "were filled with all iniquity, malice, fornication, full of envy, murder, contention, deceit; . . . and they who do these things, are worthy of death.")

The penitent on his knees was striking his breast; but while he bewailed his sins the destroying angel thundered forth: *Peccatum diabolicum*. ("A diabolical sin," says St. Augustine. "And what else put the Holy Innocents to death? 'Now, Herod, seeing that he was deceived by the Wise Men, sending, killed all the children in Bethlehem and in all the confines thereof.' What else," continues the saint,

"put the Adorable Redeemer to death but this diabolical sin?")

For the seventh and last time the destroying angel struck the dragon; and slowly and reluctantly the horn of *sloth* appeared. Then the story of the "wicked and slothful servant" came to the penitent's mind, and the dread malediction invoked upon him: "Bind him hand and foot, and cast him out into exterior darkness, there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth." His thoughts, however, had not time to ponder on the judgment; for the destroying angel cried out: "Wo to you hypocrites, who have taken the Key of Knowledge, and have made use of it only to close the Kingdom of Heaven against man. Wo to you hypocrites, who devour the houses of widows, while you feign to pray. Wo to you hypocrites, because you bind heavy and insupportable burdens on men's shoulders, but with a finger of your own you will not move them. Blind leaders of the blind, who strain at a gnat and swallow a camel. Wo to you hypocrites, because you are like to sepulchres, which are whitened on the outside that they may appear beautiful to men; but within are full of dead men's bones and all rottenness. . . . Ye spawn of vipers, how will you escape the wrath that is to come?" (St. Matt., xxiii.)

(Sloth is directly opposed to the law of charity. "Spiritual *sloth* is a sluggishness of the soul in the exercise of virtue. It will be a mortal sin whenever, on account of it, a grave precept is violated.")*

Trembling the penitent struck his breast, and cried: "A contrite and humble heart, O Lord, Thou wilt not despise. O God, be merciful to me a sinner!" At the same time Holy Mary drew near to the confessor, and, pointing to the Crucified, said: "Whatever He shall say to you, do." Then the merciful Saviour called gently: "Leonard, beloved son of Francis! As the living Father hath sent Me, so I also send you. Whose sins you shall forgive,

* Father Slater, S. J.

they are forgiven them. Unloose him and let him go.'

Then the humble friar raised his right arm. The penitent in the meantime breathed his sorrow anew, saying: "Have m'ercy on me, O God, according to Thy great mercy, and according to the multitude of Thy tender mercies blot out my iniquities. More and yet more wash me from my iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin." Then blessed Leonard cried: "*Misereatur tui omnipotens Deus . . . Indulgentiam, absolutionem, et remissionem peccatorum tuorum . . . Deinde, ego te absolvo a peccatis tuis in nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti. Amen.*"

Floods of tears coursed from the penitent's eyes. A load was taken off his heart. A joy stole into his soul, the like of which he had not known for many a long year. In that joy he seemed to lose consciousness of all things about him.

He was awakened from the reverie by his confessor. He looked around in wonder. "You are at the gates of purgatory," said the saint. "Come here always when you are performing your sacramental penance. But first look up, and join in what you hear." He raised his eyes, and heard "as it were the voice of many multitudes coming out from the Throne, saying: 'Amen! Alleluia! Praise ye our God, all ye His servants both little and great. Let us be glad and rejoice, and give glory to Him; for [in the absolution of the priest] the marriage of the Lamb [with the human soul] is come. Blessed are they who are called to the marriage and supper of the Lamb.'" (Apoc., xix.)

Then there came a call to the holy confessor. It came from all in heaven, but especially from the blessed members of the three branches of the countless Franciscan family: "Leonard! Leonard! make haste and come!"

"I have now to leave, as you see," said the confessor. "But listen well. Come here often; come here to these gates of purgatory when you are going to perform your sacramental penance. Look in

through these bars and behold those penitential fires. Every stroke of your breast at these gates, every sigh of your heart, every word and work that as penance you say or do, every indulgence you gain, every Mass you hear"—the holy man paused for an instant and looked with the utmost seriousness on the penitent's face; then, raising his finger, said: "Holy Mass is a hidden Treasure. I tell you," he repeated, and with greater emphasis, "*Holy Mass is a hidden Treasure!* Remember this—everything you do in satisfaction for your sins—every Mass you hear, every moment you spend in adoration, every Holy Communion you receive, every litany you recite, every Rosary you offer—may take away days, even years of the temporal punishment due to your sins. And while you are looking at these searching, cleansing fires, you will do all things well; and there will be but a short purgatory in store for you.

"After giving you absolution, the priest, by order of the Church, prays that the Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ, the merits of the Blessed Virgin, the virtuous works of all the saints, whatever good you yourself have done, or whatever wrong you have endured, may be to your credit in remission of your sins. By the economy of the Church, that prayer, to a certain extent, participates in the power of the Sacrament, and has a value that, apart from the Sacrament, it would not have."

Voices were again heard calling: "Leonard! Leonard! make haste and come!"

"You hear them calling. I can not delay. Finish the *Confiteor*—'Therefore I beseech the Blessed Mary ever Virgin,'—and I will offer the prayer to be said after the absolution: '*Passio Domini nostri, Jesu Christi, merita Beatæ Mariæ semper Virginis, etc. . .*'—'May the Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ, the merits of the Blessed Mary ever Virgin, and of all the saints, whatever good thou hast done, whatever wrong thou hast suffered, avail thee to the remission of thy sins, to the

obtaining a greater increase of grace, and to securing for thee the reward of eternal life. Amen.' Now go' thy way, and sin no more."

Once again the voices cried: "Leonard, Leonard, make haste and come! Blessed are they who are called to the marriage feast of the Lamb!" And he answered: "I come quickly." (Apoc., xxii.) And the penitent heard, as the blessed Leonard entered heaven, a voice saying: "Behold the Tabernacle of God with men; and He shall dwell with them; and He shall wipe all tears from their eyes; and death shall be no more, nor sorrowing; for the former things have passed away." (Apoc., xxi.)

Our Village and the Zeppelins.

BY GERTRUDE ROBINSON.

WE say in our village, in a tone of superiority mingled with pleasurable fear, that we are "within the danger zone,"—meaning that we are on the highway of the Zeppelins which pass us on most occasions when they try to storm the "fortress of London." We are not a hundred miles from King's Lynn, in a country as flat as the sea. Our station is on the high road to the North, and all night long trains rush and lumber through it. When there are movements of troops, we are the first to know it; for hour after hour, through the darkness, the snaky monsters carry their living freight from camp to camp, or perhaps to the ships that lie waiting for them at the docks.

The railway is silent only when the Zeppelins are about; so on a dark night, when half an hour has passed without a train, we all begin to strain our ears for that other sound—like a quick-moving traction engine—that we are beginning to know quite well. To most of us, the experience comes with thrill enough to be almost pleasant; some of us perhaps just think of the "quiet night and perfect end" that we prayed for a few hours before.

Soon we hear a tread along the village street. It is our vigilant policeman going his rounds to see that there are no lights to guide the monster on his death-bearing course. There is a knock at one door once—twice repeated. "Put that light out!" Evidently there are expostulations from within, and the order is repeated, more forcibly this time; and he has his way and goes on. But it is sad to think that in that cottage he has left shrouded in darkness there is a tiny child lying shaking with fear,—a little one to whose imagination the Zeppelin is a thing of unspeakable terror. What images pass through the little brain as the boy lies shivering in the darkness, no one knows. He will not talk of it, and no one has been able to still his dread.

So we wait. Presently the buzzing noise grows nearer and yet nearer, and then farther off again. Evidently the raiders are uncertain of their way. It is like listening to a thunderstorm that can not make up its mind to come. But the buzzing grows louder so rapidly that we can not lie still any longer. The sky is cloudy, with a young moon just setting; but there is light enough to see two shadowy forms with long, cigar-shaped bodies. There they go, making westward, evidently aiming at the great junction six or seven miles away.

Suddenly the buzzing stops. There is a dull, ominous boom; another; and, farther off, another; then a volley of sharp, crackling reports. They have dropped their bombs! But where? We strain our eyes for the glare of fires, but all is dark. There! That was surely an air-craft gun. Have the raiders been hit? We can not tell. But one of the monsters is coming back. The buzzing comes nearer again, the shadow passes over the dark and sleepless village, and melts away into the grey sky. The noise of its engines grows fainter and fainter; and then that dies away too, and there is silence. For the other monster we listen in vain, not knowing that, miles away, it is soon to be a burning mass of

wreckage,—a mighty holocaust at which London holds its breath. There is a faint light of day in the sky at last. The trains begin to run again, and we lie down to our long-delayed sleep.

But there are many in our village for whom there is no more sleep this night. The women of the fenlands can not sleep in the morning (though Zeppelins buzz all night), now that they have to do their men's share of work as well as their own. But work and talk go together; and almost before the sun is over the edge of the wide plain, wild tales are all over the countryside; for the Zeppelins here in the country are our modern dragons, fabulous monsters with no limit to their powers. The Zeppelin came so close to one house, we were told that Mrs. Crabb "could see right into it from her bedroom window,—yes, Miss, that is gospel truth; and she saw that there German inside it eating beefsteak off a plate as plain as I see you!" What was the good of attempting to deny the evidence of the senses?

There were other reports that the nearest town was burned to the ground; that the junction was a mass of ruins; that the particular Zeppelin that visited us was fitted with nets furnished at the corners with iron hooks whereby the "German cleared out all the inhabitants of the next village and took them away in his big machine!" But the people were extraordinarily free from anything like terror. Their attitude of mind was that they would not have missed this very thrilling experience for anything.

As for myself, I repaired as soon as possible to collect reliable information at first-hand from the guard of the down train.

"Well, James," I asked, "how much is left of N—— [the junction]?"

"All of it when I was there ten minutes ago, Miss."

"Then the Zeppelins did no harm?"

"Only dropped two bombs, that didn't explode, about forty yards from the station."

So now we knew what had not happened. Still, we wanted to find out what *had* happened.

Here comes a friend, a farmer from an outlying district.

"Good-morning, Mr. Gilbey! So you are still alive! Do you know if the Zeppelins did any damage?"

"Well, Miss, they came to my place, and made two holes with their bombs in the forty-acre field; but the bombs didn't explode; and, with the exception of one of my ducks that got his wing broke, there was no casualties that I know of."

That farmer's wife afterwards made three pounds for the Red Cross, by charging twopence admission to the forty-acre field to see the hole the bomb had made. So that, as the "one duck slightly wounded" represented our total casualties, the visit of the Zeppelin has been pure gain to the village. Even the duck has scored. He struts about with his injured wing, and domineers over the whole of the poultry-yard. The very turkeys bow down to him. He is relieved of all further obligations for the rest of his life, and after his death he is to be stuffed and given a place of honor in the parlor as the duck that was injured in the Zeppelin raid of 1916.

Two days after this memorable night I was accosted by a woman in a state of great excitement.

"O Miss, have you seen the Zeppelin?"

"No, Mrs. Carter. What Zeppelin?"

"Why, Miss, the Zeppelin that has just gone down the street."

"But how did it go?"

"On wheels, Miss, and them Germans all inside it."

"Germans! How do you know they were Germans?"

"Why, I could tell in a minute. They looked just like the pictures; and they had them nets with the iron hooks to catch the people."

"But, Mrs. Carter, it is quite impossible. The soldiers wouldn't let Germans go about England with Zeppelins on wheels."

"But Mrs. Pooley and Mrs. Jones saw it too, Miss. We are sure it is a Zep; and it will hide in the Fens and come out at night when we are asleep. We are all going to sit up and watch."

Nothing I could say as to the impossibility of her tale had the least effect. Mrs. Carter was absolutely convinced that she had seen a Zeppelin go down the street on wheels! She was, therefore, the heroine of the village; and she certainly was not going to lose her pre-eminence through my scepticism. Everyone would believe her; and the whole village, children and all, would sit up that night, and perhaps the next. What was to be done?

I was walking along, pondering the problem and discussing the situation, when there came up on his bicycle a young officer of engineers from a camp near at hand.

"Good-morning!" I called out. "Have you seen anything that looks like a Zeppelin on wheels?" And I told him the story.

He seemed puzzled for a moment, and then suddenly crumpled up and went into peals of laughter.

"It is a sea-plane on a trolley," he gasped as soon as he could speak—"on its way to Lynn with a detachment. I met it on the Lynn road half an hour ago."

"A Zeppelin on wheels going down the Lynn road to hide in the Fens! O Lord! Do tell me where that woman lives!" And he went into another convulsion of helpless laughter.

I told him, and he mounted his bicycle, still shaking with laughter. But I doubted whether he would convince Mrs. Carter.

BLESSED HENRY SUSO, the German mystic, relates: "One day as I was walking down a narrow lane, I met a woman; I stepped into the mud to let her pass. 'Kind sir,' she said, 'why do you, a priest of God, step aside to let me pass? 'Tis I should do you honor.'—'Nay, lady,' I said, 'I must show reverence to all women for the sake of my Blessed Lady and Queen of Heaven.'"

Identified by the Sign of the Cross.

THE importance of the Sign of the Cross and of making it reverently is strikingly illustrated by the following experience which a priest in England was fond of relating. The lessons of it would be lost on those to whom it would be necessary to point them out; however, let us recall that the Sign of the Cross was made with such piety and solemnity by the celebrated Father de Ravignan at the beginning of sermons at Notre Dame that his audience never forgot it. "One has to pay attention to a preacher who is so deeply impressed with the importance of his office," it used to be said.

A poor widow, an Irish Catholic, having fallen ill, was taken to a hospital, where soon afterward she died. Her only child, a boy of eight or nine years, had in the meantime been secretly placed in a Protestant orphan asylum. Fearing for the child's faith, his pastor desired to withdraw him, but on making his application, discovered that the authorities had already removed the boy to a different asylum, and had moreover entered him under a name other than his own.

For a long time the priest was unsuccessful in his search, but finally he thought he had found the institution where the stray lamb of his flock should be living. He went to the asylum, examined the registers and interrogated the superintendent; but there was no evidence that a Catholic child, nor even one bearing an Irish name, had been received there.

As the pastor was about to retire, an idea suddenly presented itself and he acted on it forthwith. He asked to see all the orphans together. The superintendent told him that the children were about to enter the dining-room, and that in consequence there would be no inconvenience involved in his seeing them.

As soon as all had entered, the priest stood on a bench and said: "Children, look at me! In the name of the Father,

and of the Son—" He had scarcely placed his hand on his forehead to make the Sign of the Cross when he saw one of the boys raise his hand and instinctively bless himself; while all the others—there were more than three hundred—remained motionless, regarding the priest with open-mouthed wonder.

Turning to the superintendent, the priest exclaimed: "There is the little Catholic—that is the child I've been looking for so long!"

The boy was placed in a Catholic orphan asylum, and soon thoroughly understood that it was to the Sign commemorative of our redemption that he owed his preservation to the Faith.

The Meaning of the Word Liberty.

MR. RUSKIN was of the opinion that what is called liberty is often the worst sort of slavery, and that obedience is one of the most beautiful things in the world. To be obedient, he says, was one of the first lessons he ever learned; and he thus tells about it:

"One evening, when I was yet in my nurse's arms, I wanted to touch the tea-urn, which was boiling merrily. It was an early taste for bronzes, I suppose; but I was resolute about it. My mother bade me keep my fingers back; I insisted on putting them forward. My nurse would have taken me away from the urn, but my mother said: 'Let him touch it, nurse.' So I touched it, and that was my first lesson in the meaning of the word liberty. It was the first piece of liberty I got, and the last which for some time I asked."

Generally it happens that submission to authority is our charter to truest liberty. It had been well for many, unduly concerned for the "unhindered development of their personality," had they learned early in life that by obeying we conquer our only enemy to freedom—our own undisciplined self.

Mistaking One's End.

ONE of the half-score definitions of the word "end" to be found in large dictionaries is: that for which anything exists or is done; ultimate object or purpose. It is in this sense that the word is used in the Scriptural and theological phrase, "the end of man." Now, that for which *we* exist, the ultimate purpose or object of our life, is eternal beatitude, the enjoyment of the beatific vision in heaven, the salvation of our soul. This supreme end is common to all, as is the proximate end which alone can ensure its achievement, the leading of a good Christian life.

It is the veriest truism to state that very many persons mistake or ignore this end. Ask the ordinary worldling what is the main purpose of his existence, and, while his answer may be any one of a dozen varieties, not one of them will contain any reference to his Creator, or to the duty of serving Him in this life in order to enjoy Him in the next. If the worldling belongs to the largest class of mankind, the working-class, he will probably reply that his main purpose in life is to earn his bread and butter, to gain a livelihood for himself and family, and, if possible, to lay up a competence for his old age. No one will assert that this is a reprehensible aim or ambition; on the contrary, it is a thoroughly laudable one; but, obviously, it should not be looked upon as the ultimate aim, the supreme end of any rational being, no matter how destitute of the "health, wealth, and prosperity" that form the burden of so many New Year wishes. In reality, such a purpose differs little, if at all, from the aim—if we may use the word in such a connection—of many an irrational animal.

Ask a worldling of the leisure class what is his main purpose in life, and the answer will very likely be one of these: to attain as high a niche as possible in the Temple of Fame; to acquire a commanding position in the political or social life, of his country; to achieve distinction

as a captain of industry; to amass a greater number of millions than any other financial magnate; to win the renown of being a genuine philanthropist, or a munificent benefactor of educational or sociological causes; to climb above his fellows and reach the pinnacle of success in his chosen profession—law, literature, medicine, art, or science; or, finally (in not a few cases indeed), to have a “good time,” to enjoy all possible pleasures, to “eat, drink, and be merry” while the capability of doing so survives, for “tomorrow we die.”

Excluding the last of these aims, not all the others are deserving of censure, provided they be regarded merely as temporal ends, or rather as temporal means to the one ultimate, supreme end, God's service in this present life and God's enjoyment in the life beyond the grave. The Lives of the Saints, and profane history as well, will furnish abundant evidence that great wealth, royal honors, fame, glory, distinction, world-wide renown, eminent social service, and the like conditions or circumstances are not in themselves incompatible with the leading of that genuinely Christian life which is merely the externalization of our intimate conviction that we come from God, belong to God, and go to God.

As a matter of fact, all the multifarious distinctions that mark off and separate man from man in this world—riches, honors, talents, and the rest—are of minimum import in the eyes of God:

There is no great and no small
To the Soul that maketh all.

The really important point in His estimation is and must be, not what are the conditions of my life,—rich or poor, great or little, famed or unknown, powerful or feeble, prosperous or bankrupt; but, do I utilize these conditions, as I certainly *can* use them, to promote His glory and thereby work out my salvation? If I fail to do so I am assuredly making the most radical of life's blunders, am mistaking my end.

Notes and Remarks.

Whatever be the outcome of the Congressional investigation (still in progress at this writing) of the alleged “leak” of White House secrets—information as to President Wilson's peace Note given privately for stock speculation purposes before it became generally known through the press,—one fact has thus early been made superabundantly clear: perjury has been committed. Testifying under oath, the chairman of the committee declared: “There is not one grain of truth in that statement.” And the maker of the statement, also under oath, reaffirmed: “What I stated a few moments ago was absolutely true to the word, so help me God!” Not the least sinister feature of the matter is the apparent lack of surprise at this palpably false swearing of either one or the other of the two men. The newspapers accept it as a matter of course, and hardly think it worth while to comment on the crime. For, be it remembered, not only does he who swears falsely “commit a grave act of blasphemy, and draw down upon himself the curse of God and the penalty of eternal perdition,” but he is guilty of a criminal offence punishable by fine or imprisonment, or both. In former times, in England, the punishment was death; subsequently, the perjurer was banished or had his tongue cut out; and, after the Norman era, the penalty became forfeiture of goods and imprisonment. The alarming increase of perjury in this country, both in the criminal courts and in matters political, is one of the weak spots in our national life; and, be it remarked incidentally, it is not likely to grow less among a generation now being instructed in all branches of knowledge save in that which directly concerns the God whose name is so flippantly called upon to bear witness to a lie.

Such of our readers as followed some months ago the story of the New York Charities investigation, a story revealing

an unmistakable disposition to cripple Catholic charitable work in that State, will be glad to learn that the report of Commissioner Strong has been answered by a thoroughly competent body, the State Board of Charities. Referring to the charges against the Catholic institutions, the Board declare that the testimony conclusively showed that "a most serious wrong had been done to the institutions attacked, and that the utterance of statements alleging that they were a public scandal and disgrace, or unfit for human habitation, was reprehensible and indicative of a deliberate attempt to destroy their usefulness. The institutions managed their own defence, and were able convincingly to disprove every really important charge against them."

Apropos of the foregoing statement, the next mayoralty campaign in the metropolis should prove an exceptionally interesting one.

Tributes to the Church from those outside her fold are becoming so numerous as to lack that novelty which recommends them to the press as news of interest. Occasional tributes, however, are sufficiently striking to warrant more than local publication. Here, for instance, is one of unusual character. The Hon. Thomas H. Murray, of Clearfield, Pa., was the most prominent lay member of the Methodist denomination in Central Pennsylvania, a delegate for two decades to every national conference of his sect and to its international council held in England a few years ago. His family residence in Clearfield commanded a view of the Catholic church in that little town, and he evidently saw and was impressed with the throngs of worshippers who habitually frequented it. This exemplary Methodist died recently, and his will was found to provide for the payment of a legacy "to my personal friend, Rev. Father M. A. Ryan, to be used for the benefit of St. Francis' Roman Catholic Church, of this place, as a token of my high appreciation of

what that Church has done for humanity, order, and the well-being of this community during nearly a half century that it has been under my eye; and more particularly as an expression of my appreciation of the daily devotion and duty of his people, according to their ideal of true worship, as revealed to them by the light given them. In this respect I have always felt, and have not hesitated to say to my own people, they are an example to every church in town."

Along with all the friends and benefactors of the Cowley Fathers (Society of St. John the Evangelist), from among whom there have been so many converts to the Church, we rejoice to hear that a branch house of this Anglican community, dedicated to St. Francis of Assisi, has been founded at Cambridge, Mass. It will be the American novitiate of the Society. The master of novices requests prayers "that its occupants may, with St. Francis, follow in the footsteps of Christ." The Cowley Fathers everywhere are rejoicing over the prospect of having the name of St. Francis added to the calendar of the Church of England,—at least to that branch of it to which they adhere. They declare that they "long to have Christ honored in His saintly member, the Poor Man of Assisi."

The members of the Catholic Woman's League, of Davenport, are to be congratulated upon the splendid address made to them recently by the Very Rev. Fr. Flannagan, V. G. Among the many notable things said by that worthy speaker, none deserve more attention than the following, which we take from a recent issue of the *Catholic Messenger*:

Catholic home influences should be emphasized by the members of the League. The atmosphere of the home is far too often one of worldliness and indifference. Put Catholic books into your libraries, Catholic magazines and weeklies on your library tables, Catholic pictures and symbols upon your walls. How pagan and material is the home where the Catholic picture

or crucifix is relegated to the upper rooms and seldom seen, as if it were a thing to be hidden and despised! Catholic art is the loftiest form of art; nothing has ever surpassed it; and yet Catholics are ashamed to place a Madonna upon their walls lest they give offence to the non-Catholic visitor.

In how many Catholic homes is attendance at Vespers known? I venture to say there are few present who can say that they attended Vespers three times during the past year; yet they would flock to an exhibition of choral singing in any theatre, could discourse learnedly upon the stately music of the grand opera, etc., when Sunday after Sunday the noblest chants of the Church are sounded by priest and choir in the Vesper service, and all closed with the Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

Neglect of Vespers and Benediction has become, we fear, only too common of late years in many places. Pastors and all who are charged with the care of souls would do well to make Father Flannagan's message their own.

The ironies of modern history would be a good subject for some competent pen. There is no lack of data. A recent author recalls that Napoleon's mother, old, blind and lonely, in her Roman palazzo, used to fondle the Star of Bethlehem in copper leaf which her masterful son kept for himself, while he distributed among his little brothers the crowns off the heads of the Wise Men of the *crèche* that came one Christmas to the house in Ajaccio. And the mention of Bethlehem reminds us that the Pennsylvania city which was piously named after the birthplace of the Prince of Peace has become the seat of one of the greatest armament factories in the world.

Writing in the *Holy Cross Magazine*, which is Anglican, of "The Catholic Convert," Miss Zephine Humphrey makes it quite plain that she has been converted, not to the Church of All Lands, but to the Church of England. With reference to the convert's new sense of solidarity in religion, she says: "It is marvellous to him to look back and back—not to Wesley, not to John Knox, not even (begging the

Roman See's pardon!) to Henry VIII.; but back beyond Ambrose and Augustine, to the first rude Apostolic altars, and to know that the Sacrament offered there was the same which he himself received yesterday morning. Moreover, he thrills at the thought of the thousands all over the modern world receiving the same Sacrament with him, at the close of the same Epistle and Gospel, the same prayers, the same words of consecration. If unity is the ultimate aim of creation and of our restless destinies, surely the Catholic Church is the best realization of the ideal which experience affords."

It is not the "Roman See's" pardon but the pardon of history the writer ought to ask for that error. The claim of unity is the weakest of all Anglican pretensions. Miss Humphrey is still a Protestant; but we hope that her pilgrimage is not yet finished, and that some day she will know from experience what it is to be a Catholic. It is very different from being an Anglican.

Cardinal O'Connell's great letter on Charity is a mine from which we have already taken priceless ore. But we are minded to borrow again. This time it is an incidental thought, but one most profitable to grasp. His Eminence is speaking of the odium into which the name of charity has fallen, and happily illustrates his point by citing a similar abuse of the name of Patrick:

Here is an instance at hand. Patrick, meaning patrician, a noble name—but Patrick was the name of Ireland's patron saint. If you hate saints, you will have one motive for removing all honor from the name of Patrick. If you hate Ireland, you will have another powerful motive. So you begin by getting people to laugh at Paddy; and, as parents don't like to have their children's names laughed at, the spineless ones, the time-serving ones, will not call their sons Patrick any more, but, well—we shall say Waldorf or Oswald—names which mean as much to a Celt as Chin-Chin does to a Bostonian. Nevertheless, the trick works, and little by little the noble and beautiful and illustrious name of Patrick disappears, until a generation arrives that sees through the contemptible trick

and brings back the proud name into its old high honor again.

Now you begin to see what is going to happen to the word charity, if we allow this trick to be worked under our eyes. Charity means love. In the Christian sense, love has for its highest object God. In that sense nothing can exclude God from love. Charity, therefore, means love of God prompting love of our fellowman. This was the word which thrilled Christianity in the Ages of Faith, which rescued the slave, which aided the unfortunate.

It is a good point, well made. Incidentally, Boston might easily lead in a revival of the name of Patrick, since New England is now largely a New Ireland.

It is high, though well deserved, praise of the Literary Supplement of the *London Times* to say that it quickly becomes almost a necessity to its readers, its leading articles are so sane and brightly written, and its reviews of books so scholarly and unbiased; the literary information it furnishes is so reliable and varied, and its manner so uniformly courteous. There is no literary journal published on our side of the Atlantic whose editor has not something to learn from this London periodical. The leading article in the issue for Dec. 28, just to hand, was inspired by Mr. Lloyd George's plea for a national Lent, for the sacrifice of expensive superfluities during the war. It is a remarkable article, nobly conceived and admirably penned. "This national Lent," says the writer, "must be a Lent of the spirit, not of the frightened flesh; a purging, not that we may exceed again, but that we may have clean minds and high desires forever." England will become worthy of all those who have died for it, if the lesson contained in this glowing passage does not go unheeded:

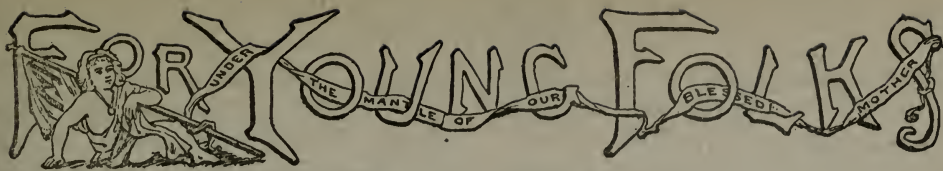
Think what Christmas meant to us before the war,—Lent then did not exist for us. It meant shops crowded and houses littered with glittering trash that we bought and gave to each other as if we were hypnotized. No one wished to buy it, and no one wished to make it; yet it was bought as mechanically as it was made. We all, no doubt, desired the true joy of Christmas, the good-will, the mystery and beauty;

but we could not rise to these, because we clutched at every gewgaw by the way. Think of our restaurant dinners with their noisy bands; and then think of the first Christmas,—the Shepherds startled by music in the night, the Wise Men travelling far, and the birth that was to change the world among the beasts of the stable. There was a deeper unfaith in our manner of celebrating that than any disbelief in the story. We had forgotten even what the story meant,—forgotten the humble, piercing beauty of it, and the truth that all beauty which pierces to the heart is born in humility. Our forefathers knew that well enough, and had the secret of that beauty; they lacked our science and all the trash it gives us; but they had the science to build churches like heaven, and to make hymns that angels might sing.

We have lost the power of making songs like that,—we do not even sing them; and we shall not recover the power except through austerity,—not for the sake of winning the war, but for the sake of brotherhood, that there may be no more leading into captivity in our streets; for the sake of beauty, that it may be shared and understood by all; for the sake of God, that we may no longer hide the light of His countenance from us with our own joyless vulgarity.

It is a great pleasure to make room for an extract like this, though embarrassingly long, and a high privilege to set before thousands of readers, who otherwise might miss them, thoughts so beautiful and ennobling.

A venerable Methodist minister who served as a chaplain during the Civil War relates that once, bending over a mortally wounded soldier and asking if there was anything he could do for him, the dying man pointed to his breast where a crucifix was resting. The chaplain held it up, and the soldier, after gazing upon it for a moment, whispered, "He will forgive," and passed away. "I really believe," declares the Methodist, "that it was to the Lord Jesus, not to the symbol, that the dying Catholic looked and prayed." As Henry Harland once wrote, apropos of something said about him after his conversion by an old Protestant lady who had greatly admired "The Cardinal's Snuff-Box," "one has to smile at things like this—to keep from crying."



The Czar's Cane.

BY NEAL E. MANN.

PRINCE PLOUGOFF, one of the courtiers of Paul I., Czar of Russia, was engaged in a lawsuit with some peasants. It was a question about the ownership of a certain piece of land, so small and sterile that it was a wonder a rich and powerful noble would bother about it at all. Spite and anger, however, were so mixed up in the matter that the Prince was as much concerned as if the little strip were a whole province.

Before the lawsuit was decided, Plougoff obtained an interview with the Czar and explained the matter to him at length, giving of course only his own side of the quarrel. Paul I., though of furious temper, listened to him patiently until he had finished, and then promised him that the suit would speedily come to an end, and be decided in the Prince's favor. That same day, the Czar, after his cabinet council, sent for the Judge who had charge of the suit. He was a frail and timid little old man, named Serge Alexandrovitch Kolossof. His father had been a *valet de chambre* in the household of Paul's mother, Catherine II., so the Czar knew him very well.

"Serge Alexandrovitch," said Paul as the Judge presented himself, "I know you to be a good subject and an honest magistrate."

"A very modest one, Sire,—the most modest in all holy Russia."

"Well, listen. My friend Prince Plougoff has a lawsuit with some peasants about a piece of his land."

"Yes, Sire; I am aware of it. I have all the documents, but have not yet had time to examine them."

"Just so. I rejoice that your opinion

has not yet been formed. Study the documents as best you can, and hurry up the termination of the suit. These peasants claim that this bit of land has belonged for centuries to their hamlet; but the Prince's archives prove that the claim is fraudulent and that the Plougoffs have always owned it. That is what imperial justice should recognize and proclaim."

"Yes, Sire."

"You will return in a week, bringing me your judgment."

A week later, wearing his regular robes of office, still timid, and perhaps a little paler than usual, Judge Kolossof was ushered into the presence of the Czar, who smiled at sight of him and the immense roll of papers which his lean arms could scarcely carry.

"Have you had time to study, in so brief a period, all those documents you have there?"

"Yes, Sire, I have read all the papers to the number of three hundred. I have analyzed and annotated them all, as it was my duty to do; so that for the past week I have really had only about half a night's sleep."

"You are a good subject. Let us chat a little. Sit down,—I give you permission. Tell me something about your decision. The claim of the peasants is perfectly absurd, is it not?"

The Judge dropped his eyes and said with clearness but in a low tone:

"No, Sire,—not at all."

"What's that?"

"Their claim is perfectly reasonable, your Majesty."

"Show me your decision."

"Here it is, in this sealed envelope, Sire."

"I haven't time to read it. Sum it up in one word. To whom do you adjudge the land? To Plougoff or the peasants?"

"To the peasants, Sire."

"But, you blockhead, don't you remember what I told you the other day?"

"I remember quite well, Sire. But I have made a study of the case, and decided it on its merits."

The Czar flushed and his eyes snapped as he strode about the room without even a glance at Kolossof, whose pale cheeks became livid. At last the angry ruler said in a menacing tone:

"A fine answer, forsooth! You pretend to have studied the case, and you have studied nothing unless it be the wishes of my enemies. You told yourself: 'Our Little Father the Czar desires this decision; but I will give the opposite one just to show him that he is not the master,—that he has no more power than the meanest of his moujiks.' That's what you thought; is it not so?"

"No, Sire, that is not what I thought."

At this reply the Czar could hold himself in no longer.

"Ah, false Judge," he cried, seizing his cane,—“false Judge, do you think you can call me a liar with impunity?"

Kolossof retreated before the menacing cane; but the Czar followed him, and brought the cane down upon his shoulders once, twice, half a dozen times, the old man uttering no word of complaint or protestation. It was probably this silence that shortened the punishment. Paul soon grew ashamed of his action, and threw the cane aside, crying:

"Get out of my sight! I lower myself in striking you. You will soon know what I have decided in your own case."

Kolossof retired, well convinced that he was taking the first step towards Siberia.

Several weeks passed, the unfortunate Judge using them in making his will and bidding farewell to his relatives; for the Siberia of those days was a land from which one scarcely ever returned. Finally, one evening the expected letter arrived: it was not an edict of exile, but an invitation, chilling in its brevity, to present himself the next morning in the council chamber.

When, in obedience to the note, Serge appeared in the terrible room, he had the look of a criminal coming for his sentence rather than a judge. The Czar was seated at a table; his countenance was severe, grave, and sorrowful. On the table before him were the documents in the suit, and the cane with which the Judge had been struck, its gold handle glistening in the morning sunshine.

"Serge Alexandrovitch, I have summoned you for an important matter. Do you remember the Plougoff case?"

"O Sire, how could I forget it?"

"A month ago, you were the only one who had studied these papers: to-day there are two of us,—two of us, I repeat," said the Czar, raising his voice; "for I, too, have read and annotated these documents, without omitting a single one. Accordingly to-day the two judges are to deliver their decision. I am of your opinion. Plougoff is in the wrong."

"Really, your Majesty has come to my way of thinking?"

"Not only so, but I ask your pardon for my fit of rage. Do you forgive me?"

"Of course, Sire, from the bottom of my heart."

"That is not all. A worth-while pardon should be paid for. I struck you unjustly. You must strike me justly. Take my cane, place yourself where I was, place me where you were, and strike as hard and as long as I struck you."

As he spoke, the Czar picked up the cane and proffered it to Kolossof, who retreated towards the door in confusion, while the hoarse voice of his royal master continued imperiously:

"Here, take it! I *command* you to take it! Come! Are you a faithful subject or not? You will have cause to fear my anger if you don't strike as I have ordered you to do,—with all your strength."

Kolossof shut his eyes, raised the cane and brought it down lightly on the Czar's shoulder. The Czar said joyously:

"Go on! You have only touched my uniform. Harder!"

But the unfortunate Judge looked so pitiable that at last Paul remarked:

"Very well: you may stop. I thank you for letting me off so lightly; for I'm quite sure that my blows were of a different style. Keep the cane, and return to reassure your family and friends. You will learn soon what I am to do for you."

This time the Czar smilingly held out his hand to the astonished Judge. The latter, however, turning the cane about in his fingers, inquired timidly:

"Since your Majesty gives me this cane, have I your permission to destroy it?"


"I forbid you absolutely; on the contrary, I command you to show it to me every time you see me about to commit an injustice."

On the next day Kolosof received his appointment as Chief Justice of Russia's Supreme Court.

Con of Misty Mountain.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

IV.—MAKING FRIENDS.

EANTIME Con watched the completion of his work with breathless interest. The Persian rug, with its rich-glowing hues, was spread on the earthen floor before the impromptu altar; richly embroidered linen, and lace delicate as the frostwork on the rocks, covered the rude boards; the tall silver candlesticks with their waxen tapers were arranged on each side; Venetian vases were filled with white hyacinths; and all this strange splendor was increased by the two great candelabra brought down by Jerry a little later,—old-fashioned candelabra, glittering with pendant prisms like the icicles that hung on the Misty Mountain pines. Never had Con seen such glories before; and he stared spellbound, feeling with a thrill of delight that his greens and berries fitly framed these wonders. And while he still watched with kindling eyes for what was coming next, little Susie, stepping back (as Sister Mary Margaret always did) to

get a full view of taper and vase, found herself again at his side.

"Gosh, but you made it fine!" exclaimed Con, unable to restrain his admiration. "Are you going to light all them candles to-night?"

"Oh, yes," said Susie,—*"every one!"*

"And set all them shining things to sparkling?" went on Con, eagerly. "Golly I'd like to see them!"

"Oh, but you will, of course!" said Susie. "You'll come to Mass. Everybody has to come to Mass on Christmas night. It would be a great sin to stay away. But maybe" (a sudden harrowing assailed Susie),—"maybe you're not a Catholic."

"I ain't," answered Con. "Dunno what that is."

"And—and—you've never been to church or Mass—or—or anything?" gasped Susie.

"Nowhar," said Con. "Did think of starting to school this winter, but teacher said she was full up,—jest didn't want to let me in."

Speech failed Susie for a moment. Never had she faced such dizzy depths of ignorance before. What—oh, *what* would Mother Benedicta, what would Sister Mary Margaret, what would any of the dear nuns at St. Joseph's say or do here. Then suddenly little convent Susie seemed to see and know.

"O you poor boy!" she said softly. "Isn't there anybody to take care of you?"

"Don't want nobody," declared Con. "I'm twelve years old now. Mother Moll says I can take keer of myself. There ain't much use in schooling nohow."

"Oh, but there 'is,—there *is!*" said Susie, eagerly. "You have to learn things. And church!—to think you have never been to church! Oh, you must come to-night! It will be so beautiful! And you fixed all these lovely greens yourself."

"Miss Susie dear,—Miss Susie!" called Nora. "We're going home now."

"Yes, yes! I'm coming, Nora,—I'm coming!" The little convent missionary paused for a last breathless word.—"The

candles will all be lighted, and everything will be so perfectly beautiful!"

"Miss Susie, what was it I tould ye, darlint?"

"Yes, yes! I'm coming, Nora,—right now!"

And the lovely little girl was gone, leaving Con with his rough young heart strangely softened. For she, too, had talked to him as if he were "real folks," and not Buzzard's Con.

"She said I was to come and see things, and he said so too. Golly, I've a mind to do it, if it wasn't for them boys a-hooting and a-jeering. I wouldn't like to get up a fight in all these fine fixings. I ain't forgot that stone in the snowball. I'm a going to have it out with that ar Tom Murphy sure. If I could snoop around somewhar the boys wouldn't see me, and watch them candles lighted to-night."

Con was slowly taking his way along the mountain path while he thus considered the situation. Suddenly he paused, his quick hunter's eye catching sight of a furry little thing beside the road. He made a stride forward and picked up, no wild, hurt, wood creature as he expected, but a small silk-lined muff,—the muff that he had noted encasing the pretty little girl's hands when she first dawned upon his astonished eyes an hour ago. Con stared at his find curiously. It was so dainty and soft and silky, with a cord and tassel to swing on its owner's arm; and peeping out was an embroidered little handkerchief that smelt of violets—and—and—Con's touch shook out something else: a small purse silver-meshed and silver-clasped, and filled with shining silver coins.

"Golly, what a lot of money!" More dimes and quarters and half dollars than Mountain Con's rough hand had ever held before. It would make him rich for a year. It would buy—what *wouldn't* it buy at Reddy Jones' across the mountain where nobody asked questions and Mother Moll dealt for sugar and flour and tea! Reddy had a pair of skates for a dollar that Con had been eyeing hopelessly for

months. How he could clip down Injun Creek, frozen hard from shore to shore, on those skates! And Reddy had jackknives too,—jackknives with four good blades that would cut fine. Con wanted a jack-knife more than anything on earth; his had only one rusty blade that simply hacked.

My, but there was a lot of money in that little purse; and he had found it all by himself, and nobody—nobody would ever know. He could just kite up to the Roost with it, like Dick did when he found a bone—but—but the faint breath of the violets drew Con's attention to the dainty white handkerchief. The little girl, the pretty little girl who had talked to him as if he were "real folks,"—all these things were hers. Maybe she was crying about them now. Any girl would cry at losing such treasures as these. And she had looked at him so kind and nice, and talked so soft and sweet, just like the birds twitter; and—and he wouldn't have that pretty little girl cry (Con drew a long breath of renunciation) not for all the skates and jackknives in the world. He would take the fur and the handkerchief and the purse and the money and everything back to her right off. But where would he find her? Con paused now, as he framed his good resolve, to wonder where she had gone, this pretty little lady who was so unlike all her Misty Mountain kind. And while he stood thinking and wondering, he caught the sound of voices and footsteps.

"Ah, the illegant muff and the purse with three good dollars in it! Och, was it in the chapel ye left it, Miss, or where?"

"Oh, I don't know, Nora,—I don't know!" came a quavering little voice in reply. "You see, we never carry muffs at St. Joseph's, and I forgot it."

"Sure I know, darlint,—I know! It's meself that should have kept me eyes on it. What I'm fearing is that boy—that bad Buzzard ye were talking to, Miss—arrah, dear" (Nora's voice rose to a shrill cry of triumph), "there's he villyun wid

it in his hand now, — ye thief of the wurruld!" And the speaker sprang forward in righteous indignation to wrest his seeming pelf from Con's hand. "Give it to me, ye spalpeen,—give it to me!"

"Let go!" cried Con, repelling Nora's grasp. "Let go, I say! I ain't going to give it to you at all. I'm a-giving it to her." And he put the muff and its contents into Susie's hand. "Jest picked it up in the road here."

"It's lying ye are, ye villyun!" broke in Nora, indignantly. "Ye found it in the chapel beyant, and were making way wid it when we come upon ye. Sure don't we all know what ye are?—Count yer money, darlint,—count yer money afore he gits off wid it!"

"I haven't teched the money!" blurted out Con.

"Oh, I'm sure you haven't!" said Susie, eagerly.

"Count yer money while I hould on to him, Miss!" repeated Nora, catching Con by the arm.

Con loosened her hold with a jerk that made her sturdy figure reel; and then, leaping back against a rock, he stood with both fists clinched, prepared for further defence.

"Oh, please, please don't do like this!" cried Susie, piteously. "He didn't touch my money, I know, Nora. And I did drop my muff in the road, for it is all white with snow.—Oh, I'm so sorry I made all this trouble for you!" And she turned her tear-filled eyes on the defiant Con, softening him at once.

"I was going to take it all back without hurting a thing." And the rough young voice had a tremor in it. "I was just standing here thinking where to go."

"Oh, I know you were!" said Susie. "Thank you so much for finding it! The muff was a Christmas gift from brother Phil, and I wouldn't have lost it for the world; and Aunt Aline sent me the pretty purse on my birthday. I would have cried my eyes out if I hadn't got it back. I'd—I'd like to give you something for

bringing them to me," concluded Susie, hesitatingly.

"A quarter, then, Miss," put in the still suspicious Nora,— "a quarter if ye must; though I'm not believing yet that he's not lying to ye."

"Don't want no quarter!" blazed out Con. "Don't want no pay at all!"

"Oh, I didn't mean *pay!*" said Susie, her grey eyes opening wide. "I meant a picture or a book, or something like people give me. I've got a lovely Christmas picture in my trunk; Mother Benedicta gave it to me yesterday. It is the shepherds watching their flocks on Christmas night. It's a beautiful picture," continued the little speaker. "The stars are shining, and the little lambs cuddled up asleep at the shepherds' feet, and the angels singing in the sky telling them Our Lord was born—"

"And a-lying in the stable," interrupted Con; "in the manger where they fed things; and the shepherds were rough and ragged like me. I know about it all. I'd like to have that picture first rate."

"Come to the Manse, then, to-morrow," began Susie.

"And he better not," broke in Nora,— "not unless he wants to be took up. The Masther has his eyes on the whole Buzzard brood. It's in jail they all ought to be, young and old."

"O Nora, Nora, you're just too mean for anything!" twittered Susie in soft reproach.

"Let her gab!" said Con, fiercely. "Who keers for her? Who keers for the Manse or its master? Let him try to jail Uncle Bill! Jest let him try! The boys will smoke him out of that ar fine house of his mighty quick."

"Ye hear him, Miss,—ye hear him?" said Nora. "Is it to a young haythen divil like that ye'd be giving book or money? Come on, darlint,—come on; for yer aunt is watching and worrying for us now. Come home quick!" And, catching Susie's little hand, Nora drew her firmly away.

Con stood looking after them with glowering eyes. He had learned to give

back rough words as well as blows; but as he watched the little fur-clad figure disappearing in the distance, his eyes gradually softened.

"I oughtn't to have said that," he muttered. "I oughtn't to have skeered her by no such talk. I'd like to take it back. I'd like to tell her I wouldn't let no smoke or fire come near that house while she's in it. I'd rather burn up myself. I guess I'm done for now. She won't ever talk nice to me agin."

And Con took his gloomy way up the mountain, feeling as if he had lost something he could never find. It was a hard, rough way; for Con went by the shortest cut, up sharp steeps, through thickets and briar bush, over ridge and rock and chasm where a misstep would have been death. Not even the "Boys," wild and reckless as they were, dared to "cut" over Misty Mountain like twelve-year-old Con. Swift-footed though he was, it was full half an hour before he reached the jagged ledge of the mountain he called home. The "Roost" jutted out like a shelf from the pathless height that rose above it, and looked down on equally pathless depths below. A heavy growth of mountain pine fringed its edge and added to its forbidding gloom.

Behind the pines, and half built against the towering cliff, stood a long, low cabin, or "lean-to," rudely constructed of logs and bark, and underpinned with rocks and stones that gave it a look of grim, defiant strength befitting the outlaws' den it was. Rumor whispered of passages and hiding-places, hollowed in the cliff behind, where the "Buzzards" carried on lawless work and stored ill-gotten goods safe from approach or discovery. At the old smoky cabin, Mother Moll, toothless and half-witted sometimes, Con, skinning his rabbits or setting his traps, were the only residents visible when investigators called.

It was to this "home," like the den or cave of the wild beasts of the mountain, that Con was now making his hurried way.

(To be continued.)

"Stick to Your Last."

The origin of this saying was an incident of ancient Greece, back in the golden days when the famous Apelles was painting his pictures. He was a friend of Alexander the Great, and painted his portrait, as well as that of many others of the conspicuous men of the day. The artist, in order to find out the real opinion of critics, used to place his work, when nearly finished, outside his house, and conceal himself behind the canvas to listen to the comments of the passers-by. On one of these occasions a cobbler took the liberty to mention to a companion that the sandals in the picture were not accurately drawn. Apelles, hearing this, took the remark in good part, and made the suggested correction. The next day the picture was displayed again; and, at about the same hour, the cobbler and his friend passed by as before.

"Ah!" he remarked, "I see that this painting fellow has heard of my criticism, and acted upon it. The sandals are all right, but the legs of the figure are a little wrong."

Hearing this, Apelles rushed from his hiding-place, exclaiming, "Let the cobbler stick to his last! Legs do not concern him." From this came the time-honored expression.

It is not always wise, however, to follow proverbs blindly. If every cobbler had "stuck to his last" to the exclusion of everything else, the world would have been the loser; for there have been scholarly shoemakers, as there have been learned blacksmiths.

A Winter Joy.

SKATING, one of winter's joys,
Is good for girls and good for boys.
Fix your skates on snug and nice,
Off you go across the ice.
Cheeks grow red and eyes grow bright,—
It's splendid for the appetite.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Longmans, Green & Co.'s list of new books and new editions includes "The History of Mother Seton's Daughters, the Sisters of Charity of Cincinnati, Ohio, 1809-1917," by Sister Mary Agnes McCann. The work will be completed in three volumes, the first two of which will soon be ready.

—Interesting penny pamphlets recently issued by the Australian Catholic Truth Society are: "The Church and the Citizen," by the Rev. C. F. Ronayne, O. C. C.; and "Faith Found on the Battlefield," by the Rev. S. M. Hogan, O. P. The annual report of this Truth Society shows it to be in a fairly flourishing condition, considering the hard times in Australasia.

—One of the most interesting productions issued by the Shakespeare Press for the Tercentenary celebration is Mr. Stephen S. Hale's study of the poet's religion, which contains this statement: "The conclusion to which I have come, after the most careful and impartial study (and—may I be allowed to add?—a conclusion different from what I had expected to find), is in clear and decided agreement with that of Mr. G. K. Chesterton, that Shakespeare was spiritually a Catholic."

—Something of a novelty in the line of aids to preachers is "Illustrations for Sermons and Instructions," edited by the Rev. Charles J. Callan, O. P. (New York: Joseph F. Wagner.) An octavo volume of 384 pages, it possesses a number of merits, but is not free from defects. One of these latter is the lack of a "Who's Who" index of the authors quoted. Not to know several of the said authors may possibly be to confess one's self unknown; but we are probably not singular in this respect. This much being said in justice to our critical sense, we hasten to add that on the whole the book will prove of genuine utility to such preachers as know how to use it judiciously. Published by Joseph F. Wagner.

—The urbanity of Mr. H. E. Hall's pamphlet on "The Petrine Claims" (English Catholic Truth Society), to which we called attention last week, is not the least of its merits. It is in reply to a pamphlet by the Rev. F. W. Puller entitled "The Relation of the Church of England to the Monarchical Claims of the Roman See." Though courteous, Mr. Hall is vigorous in expressing his indignation over the methods sometimes adopted by Mr. Puller, who is called upon "to desist from repeating his refuted statements and for laboring to turn people

from their true rest and salvation in the Holy Catholic and Roman Church." Mr. Hall concludes: "Holy Scripture, history, and the belief of three hundred million Christians are against him; and to this must be added the experimental knowledge of an overflowing stream of those who once were as Mr. Puller is now." The author of "The Petrine Claims" was one of them.

—Criticism of "Minnesota," a new collection of verse by Ambrose Leo McGreevy, author of "The God of Battles," published by the Jones and Kroeger Co., Winona, Minn., is disarmed by these lines, occurring in "L'Envoi":

Tho I be guilty of technical crime,
Tho faults there be in my verses and rhyme;
Thoughts have I given in words of my choice,
Hoping they linger with you for a time.

It can be said that the muse singing in "Minnesota" is gentle and unobtrusive, a little sad too now and then, as muses are wont to be.

—One of the most useful of Monsignor Benson's books is likely to be the collection of Catholic Truth Society pamphlets, to which has been added one or two other papers of his, which the C. T. S. has published under the title, "A Book of Essays." Father Martindale, S. J. has written a foreword for the volume, which also has as an Introduction Father Ross' splendid monograph upon the deceased author. The essays include: "Infallibility and Truth," "The Death-Beds of 'Bloody Mary' and 'Good Queen Bess,'" "Christian Science," "Spiritualism," "Catholicism," "Catholicism and the Future," and "The Conversion of England." These are characteristically Bensonian subjects, and they are done here in Monsignor Benson's best manner. Incidentally, an interesting study in temperament might be made by comparing the treatment of "Spiritualism" (Spiritism) in this book with Dr. Pace's discussion of it in the Catholic Encyclopedia. The volume is bound in cloth; the grade of paper differs with the varying pamphlets. But the work is well worth 70 cents, its selling price.

—The present generation of poetry readers have a pleasant surprise in store for them in "Dreams and Realities," by Rosa Mulholland (Lady Gilbert). It is work which dates back some decades, and will be as the production of a new author to many interested in poetry of the present. It is an astonishingly beautiful collection, if the adverb does betray our own youthfulness. Lady Gilbert is unmistakably a poet, as indubitably so as Miss Guiney or Mrs.

Meynell. She has vision and power of poetic conception to a striking degree. She manipulates rhythm with a deft hand, often to effects as original as they are exquisite. Older readers of THE AVE MARIA will not need to be told these things, but they will be happy to have them recalled. We "miss our guess" if contemporary criticism does not welcome this collection with the warmest praise. Almost any poem in the volume would adequately represent the author, but for reasons of space limitation we must choose a short one; it is a sonnet, entitled

PREFERENCE.

I am not lonely, for I feel you near,
 Although your place is vacant to my eyes,
 And evermore I know the sad surprise
 Of shrouded rooms, and no voice in my ear.
 I am not all forlorn, nor do I fear
 Long wakeful nights and joyless morning skies,
 And lengthening eves when daylight slowly dies
 Along the suntide of the perfect year.
 For you are always close to me in faith;
 And rather would I follow you through death
 Into your strange unknown eternal place,
 Where I again might see you face to face,
 Than live forgetting you, by you forgot,
 Possessed of newborn joys that know you not.

If a "modern" critic came upon this unsigned, he might be pardoned for setting it down as the work of Christina Rossetti. "Dreams and Realities" is published by Sands & Co., London, and by B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo. The price (\$1.50) is rather excessive.

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.

"Illustrations for Sermons and Instructions."

Rev. Charles J. Callan, O. P. \$2.

"Beauty." Rev. A. Rother, S. J. 50 cts.

"Gerald de Lacey's Daughter." Anna T. Sadlier. \$1.35.

"The Holiness of the Church in the Nineteenth Century." Rev. Constantine Kempf, S. J. \$1.75.

"The Divine Master's Portrait." Rev. Joseph Degen. 50 cts.

"Tommy Travers." Mary T. Waggaman. 75 cts.

"Development of Personality." Brother Chryostom, F. S. C. \$1.25.

"The Seminarian." Rev. Albert Rung. 75 cts.

"The Fall of Man." Rev. M. V. McDonough. 50 cts.

"Saint Dominic and the Order of Preachers." 75 cts.; paper covers, 35 cts.

"The Growth of a Legend." Ferdinand van Langenhove. \$1.25.

"The Divinity of Christ." Rev. George Roche, S. J. 25 cts.

"Heaven Open to Souls." Rev. Henry Semple, S. J. \$2.15.

"Conferences for Young Women." Rev. Reynold Kuehnel. \$1.50.

"Songs of Wedlock." T. A. Daly. \$1.

"The Dead Musician and Other Poems." Charles L. O'Donnell, C. S. C. \$1.

"The Sulpicians in the United States." Charles Herbermann, L.L. D. About \$2.50.

"Nights: Rome, Venice, in the Æsthetic Eighties; London, Paris, in the Fighting Nineties." Elizabeth Robins Pennell. About \$2.

Obituary.

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

Very Rev. Gerald Keegan, of the diocese of Shrewsbury; and Rev. H. G. M. Bruno, Mexico.

Sister M. Gregory and Sister M. Carmel, of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd; Mother Marianne, Congregation of Notre Dame; and Sister M. Clare, Sisters of the Holy Cross.

Mr. V. M. Mueller, Mr. J. B. Webster, Mrs. Helen D. Chute, Mr. C. Hengeler, Mr. William H. Hughes, Mr. Murdock McDonald, Miss Anna Vogel, Mr. Lawrence Kiesgen, Mr. Alexander McNeill, Mr. John Devlin, Mr. J. L. Campbell, Miss Mary Dunphy, Mr. J. W. Trainor, Mr. Joseph Unland, Mr. William Martin, Jr., Mrs. M. F. McElherne, Mr. Henry Van Pelt, Mr. Michael Corbett, Mr. Frank Halker, Mr. Edward Perkinson, Mr. Michael Jennings, Mr. Theodor Albers, Miss M. A. Davenport, Mr. Michael McDonough, Mrs. Charles Casgrain, Mrs. Mary A. MacVeigh, Miss Katherine McHugh, Mr. James Knox, Mrs. William Ellis, and Mr. H. H. Geers.

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 rescue of orphaned and abandoned children in China: J., \$1; Friends, \$100; S. J. E., \$5; Child of Mary, \$1. For the Bishop of Nueva Segovia: Friend, \$5; Miss T. A. S., \$2. For the Belgian war children: I. C., \$3. For the Foreign Missions: Friend, \$2.



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

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NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, FEBRUARY 3, 1917.

NO. 5

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Our Lady's Offering.

BY HOPE WILLIS.

QUENCHED are the Christmas candles,
Withered the Christmas bough—
But see! On Our Lady's altar
What lights are gleaming now?
They are rippling all about her,
They shine at her sandalled feet,
This day of her glad oblation,
The Mother pure and sweet.

Meekly the royal Maiden
Enters the Temple door,
With slow and reverent footsteps
Treading the sacred floor;
Carrying doves to the altar,
The Dove of Peace on her breast.
Was ever so fond a nestling?
Was ever so fair a nest?

Lore of the Mass.

BY THE REV. T. J. BRENNAN, S. T. L.*



ABLUTION.—This word is applied to the wine and water with which the priest purifies first the chalice, and then his fingers after the Communion in the Mass. (The cleansing of the chalice is, however, generally called the *purification*.) This is done out of reverence for the body and blood of Christ, lest any part of the consecrated species might remain attached to the chalice or the fingers of the priest. The chalice is purified first with wine alone, while the priest says, "What we have

taken with our mouth, O Lord, may we receive with a pure heart; and, of a temporal gift, may it become to us an everlasting healing." Next the priest holds the thumb and index finger, which alone have touched the Blessed Sacrament, over the chalice; and, while the server pours wine and water on them, says, "May Thy body, O Lord, which I have received, and Thy blood which I have drunk, cleave unto my inmost parts; and grant that no stain of sin may remain in me, who have been refreshed with pure and holy mysteries." The wine thus used for both purifications is immediately consumed by the priest, except when he has to say another Mass; then it is usually placed in a glass to be consumed after the next Mass.

ACOLYTE.—The term is Greek, and is derived from *akolouthos*, which signifies a young servant, or attendant. The duties of the acolytes are to supply the wine and water, and to light and carry the candles at the Mass; they also make the responses in the name of the people. These offices are now performed by boys or laymen, but in the early ages this right was conferred by a ceremony of ordination. Hence acolytes are counted among the four Minor Orders of the clergy; the other

* In writing this dictionary I have made use of the following works: Catholic Encyclopedia; Addis and Arnold, Catholic Dictionary; De Herdt, "Sacra Liturgia"; Duchesne, "Christian Worship"; Fortescue, "The Mass"; Gilr, "The Mass"; O'Brien, "History of the Mass"; Rock, "Hierurgia"; Semeris-Berry, "The Eucharistic Liturgy"; Shadler, "Beauties of the Catholic Church"; York, "The Roman Liturgy," etc. Thus acknowledging my sources in the beginning, I may, I trust, be excused from giving references under each article. The things explained are such as fall under the observation of the ordinary devout worshipper, or are often mentioned in connection with the Mass.

three being Doorkeeper, Reader, and Exorcist. The manner of ordination to this office is thus laid down in an ancient work: "When an acolyte is ordained, let him be instructed by a bishop how he is to perform his office. But let him receive from the archdeacon the candlestick with a wax taper, that he may know that to him has been consigned the duty of lighting the lights of the church. And let him receive an empty cruet to supply wine for the Eucharist of the blood of Christ." In ancient times also it was a custom for the Sovereign Pontiff at Rome, and for the bishops of the other cities of Italy, to send by acolytes a small portion of the Holy Eucharist which they had consecrated to the various titular churches of the city. The priest who was celebrating the Holy Sacrifice used to put this particle into the chalice. The object of this ceremony was to signify the communion of the same sacrifice and sacrament by which the head and members of the Church were united. Acolytes also carried the sacred species to the absent, especially to confessors of the faith detained in prison. The order of Acolyte is now received only as a step to the priesthood.

ACTION.—A word often used for the *Canon of the Mass*. (See "Canon.")

AGNUS DEI (Lamb of God).—This prayer occurs before the Communion. It runs thus: "Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, have mercy on us. Lamb of God, etc., have mercy on us. Lamb of God, etc., give us peace." In Masses for the dead the responses are: "Give them rest; give them rest; give them eternal rest." It is also said by the priest before he distributes Holy Communion to the people during or outside Mass. Before the time of Pope Sergius I. (687-701), the chanting of the *Agnus Dei* was confined to the choir; but, by a decree of this Pontiff, it was extended to the clergy also. In a High Mass it is sung by the choir. It is omitted in the Mass of Easter Saturday, and in the Mass of the Presanctified on Good Friday.

ALB.—So called from the Latin *albus* (white), is an ample linen tunic reaching to the feet. It is put on by the priest immediately after the amice. It is usually trimmed with lace, and is emblematic of that stainless candor and purity of soul which should adorn all those who minister around the altar where the Lamb without spot is sacrificed. When putting it on the priest says: "Cleanse me, O Lord, and purify my heart; that, sprinkled with the blood of the Lamb, I may enjoy eternal happiness." It is fastened at the neck by means of strings, and around the waist by a girdle, or cincture. The alb must be made of white linen, and needs to be blessed before use. The surplice may be considered as a substitute for the alb, and is used on less solemn occasions.

ALLELUIA.—A Hebrew expression, meaning "Praise ye the Lord." It occurs at the beginning or the end (or both) of psalms. It was looked on by the Church as an expression of joy, and was first used in the services of Easter Sunday. Later on it was extended to the whole of Eastertide; and finally to all Masses which are joyful in character (that is, to all outside Lent, funerals and fast-days). It occurs in the Mass between the Epistle and the Gospel. During Easter Week it is said twice after the *Ite Missa est*, and after the *Deo Gratias* at the end of the Mass.

ALTAR.—"According to the best authorities, 'altar' is formed from the Latin *altus* (high), and *ara* (a mound or elevation)." It is the sacred table upon which the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is offered. According to the rule, it ought to be about three and one-half feet high, three feet wide, and six and one-half feet long. It must be made of stone, at least as to that part of it upon which the chalice and its appurtenances are laid. The right of the altar is the part to the right of the crucifix, or Gospel side; and the left, the left of the crucifix, or Epistle side. Formerly it was exactly the reverse. The altar during the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass must be covered with three linen cloths, blessed by

the bishop or his delegate. For the first three centuries the altars were generally, though not always, of wood. Very often the tombs of Apostles and distinguished martyrs were employed as altars. The position of the altar was originally so arranged that it looked directly towards the east. Christ is called the Orient or the Dayspring from on high, and men looked to the east when they thought of Him as coming on the altar; hence in liturgical language that portion of the church which contains the altar is still called the east, no matter at what point of the compass it may in reality lie. Anciently, the altar did not stand, as it nearly always does now, against the wall of the sanctuary, but was isolated, and placed so that the celebrant should face towards the people. Hence both the altar and the portals of the church were directed to the east. This is what is known as the *orientation* of the altar.

Our Lord celebrated, or rather instituted, the Eucharistic Sacrifice at a wooden table. Hence in the early times many altars were made of wood, and had the form of a table. But stone was also employed and anointed for this holy purpose. And in the Catacombs, as a rule, a martyr's grave, covered with a stone slab, was used for an altar. The principal parts of the altar are the lower portion, and the stone slab on which the host and chalice are consecrated. The remainder is an addition artistically decorated, and differing in different times and countries. An altar is movable or immovable. A movable, or portable, altar is a four-cornered stone slab, in which relics are placed. It must be at least sufficiently large to allow the host and the greater part of the chalice to rest upon it. It can be moved without losing its consecration. (See "Altar-Stone.") An immovable altar is one whose table and base are of stone and united into one inseparable whole, not only by cement, but likewise by the holy anointings of the consecration. If this connection is severed, or if the relics are removed, or

if one of those essential constituents of the altar is essentially injured, the altar loses its consecration. The consecration of an altar embraces mystical prayers and chants, ceremonies and symbols, sprinkling with holy water and incensing, anointings and blessings. The inclosing in the altar of the relics of martyrs is one of the chief ceremonies in the rite of consecration.

A PRIVILEGED ALTAR is one at which, 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 the Mass is offered. To gain the indulgence, the Mass must be a Requiem Mass whenever the rubrics allow it.

ALTAR OF REPOSE.—Two large hosts are consecrated in the Mass of Holy Thursday,—one being consumed that day, and the other placed in a chalice to be used in the celebration of Good Friday, when there is no consecration, but only the Mass of the Presanctified. The chalice is carried in procession, and placed in a richly decorated side altar, where it remains till the next day. This side altar is called the Altar of Repose.

ALTAR-BREADS.—Wheaten bread is one of the two elements necessary for the Sacrifice of the Mass. The bread must have been made of pure wheaten flour, mixed with natural water; and it must be pure, white and fresh. In the Latin rite, the bread must be unleavened; the Greek Catholics use leavened bread; but both are equally valid. The altar-breads are made round in shape; a large one is used by the celebrating priest, and smaller ones are consecrated for the Communion of the faithful. They are baked between heated irons upon which is stamped the Crucifixion, the Lamb of God, a simple cross, or some other pious image.

ALTAR-CARDS.—For the convenience of the priest, three cards are placed on the altar during Mass. They contain certain prayers said in every Mass. That at the Gospel side contains that portion of the

first chapter of St. John's Gospel, which is said in nearly every Mass. That in the center contains the *Gloria*, *Credo*, and certain other prayers. That at the Epistle side contains the prayers said while putting the water into the chalice, and during the washing of the fingers. Only the center card is prescribed by the rubrics; the other two have been introduced by custom. Outside of Mass, they should be removed from the altar, especially during exposition of the Blessed Sacrament. In some countries they are not used at all; and in others, only the center card is used.

ALTAR-CLOTHS.—During Mass the altar should be covered with three clean and blessed linen cloths. In place of the two undercloths, a single cloth doubled will suffice. The upper one should reach almost to the ground on either side. These cloths must be of linen, every other material being forbidden. The altar is covered with linen cloths throughout the year until Holy Thursday, when, after Mass, the stripping of the altar takes place as a preparation for the celebration of Good Friday. The altar remains bare until Easter Saturday, symbolizing the grief of the Church at the death of her Divine Spouse. The three linen cloths are a symbol of the Trinity, also a reminder of the linen cloths in which our Saviour was wrapped when laid away in the sepulchre.

ALTAR-CRUCIFIX.—The crucifix is placed on or over the altar during Mass, to remind us that the same Victim is offered in the Mass that was offered on the Cross. It should be visible to priest and people, and should be placed at the middle of the altar, between the candlesticks. During Passiontide the cross is veiled in purple. On Holy Thursday the cross on the altar on which High Mass is celebrated is covered with white material, and on Good Friday with black.

ALTAR-STONE.—If the whole altar is not consecrated, there must be at least a consecrated altar-stone in order to say Mass. The stone must be consecrated by

a bishop, and must be large enough to hold the host and chalice. It is placed on, or inserted in, the structure used for an altar, and may be moved without losing its consecration. The ceremonies of consecrating an altar-stone are somewhat similar to those used in the consecration of an altar. The relics of martyrs are placed therein in a small cavity, and carefully sealed. It loses its consecration by a removal of the relics or by being broken.

ALTAR-WINE.—Wine is one of the two elements necessary for the Eucharistic Sacrifice. It must be the pure juice of the grape, naturally and properly fermented. Red or white wine may be used. A small quantity of water is added to the wine before the oblation. There is a tradition that Our Lord did this at the institution of the Holy Eucharist; and it is also symbolic of the union of the two natures, divine and human, in Jesus Christ, or of the blood and water which flowed, from the side of our Saviour on the Cross.

AMEN.—A Hebrew form of affirmation, consent or desire. It was frequently used by our Divine Lord, and early passed into the use of the Christian Church.

AMICE.—The word is derived from the Latin *amicire* (to cover). The amice was introduced in the eighth century to cover the neck, which hitherto was usually bare. It is the first vestment put on by the priest about to say Mass, and consists of a linen cloth about three feet long and eighteen or twenty inches wide, with strings for fastening it around the neck and body. It has a cross in the middle, which the priest kisses before putting it on. Originally it covered the shoulders, neck and head. When the priest arrived at the foot of the altar, the amice was thrown back, and folded about the neck. The Dominicans and Capuchins still follow this manner of using the amice. Even now the rubrics direct that when putting it on, the amice must first be thrown upon the head, and then allowed to fall on the shoulders. In putting it on the celebrant says these words: "Place upon my head,

O Lord, the helmet of salvation for repelling the attacks of the Evil One.”

ANTEPENDIUM.—(Latin, *ante-pendere*: to hang before or in front.) A curtain or screen hung or placed in front of the altar. It is often made of costly metals, but generally of cloth or silk stretched in a frame. It is usually ornamented. In color it should correspond with the color of the feast or Office of the day, as far as possible. In this country it is not in general use, except in Masses for the dead.

ANTIPHON.—By antiphon is generally meant a short verse introducing and concluding a psalm. It gives a hint as to the fundamental thought of the psalm it introduces. The psalm said by the priest (Ps. xlii) at the foot of the altar when beginning Mass is preceded by such an antiphon; as is also the portion of a psalm used in the Introit. The antiphon is itself also usually a verse from one of the psalms. During Eastertide, two and sometimes three Alleluias are added to the antiphon in the Introit.

ASPERGES.—At the beginning of a High Mass on Sunday the celebrant, the altar, clergy, and people are sprinkled with holy water. This ceremony is called the *Asperges* from the first word of the antiphon (*Asperges me, Domine, hyssopo*) intoned by the celebrant, and sung by the choir during the ceremony. During Easter season a different antiphon is sung. The object of the ceremony is to prepare the hearts of the congregation for the Holy Sacrifice by inciting them to sentiments of reverence and penance.

(To be continued.)

PERFECTION, which without doubt adorned the Mother of the Son of God, does not consist in extraordinary or striking actions. In her we find neither prophecies nor miracles, nor sermons to the people, nor ecstasies,—nothing but what is simple and ordinary. . . . But these treasures remained hidden; outwardly nothing appeared but recollection, simplicity,—the common life.—*Fénelon*.

The Crest of the Bodkins.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON.

VIII.—VERA CRUZ.



HE “Novara,” escorted by a war-ship, entered the harbor of Vera Cruz on the sixteenth of May. At a distance of half a mile from the mainland lay the fort of San Juan de Ulloa, grim, hoary, dented, the bayonets of the sentries flashing in the glorious tropical sunlight. A salute of twenty-one guns boomed from this little island, upon which Hernando Cortez first planted his mailed heel on the 21st of April, 1519,—just three hundred and forty-five years before. Vera Cruz, baked to a dull pink, stood out from a tawny sand-bank. Clean-cut against a keen, full, blue sky stood church towers and domes surmounted by burnished crosses. Here and there stately palms *en silhouette*, and snow-white houses with colored blinds peeped over walls and fortifications ragged and jagged as the outer surface of a rough oyster shell. Dim and shadowy spectres filled the background—giant mountains jealously shrouded in mantles of clouds.

All was bustle and excitement on board the “Novara” as everybody, from the imperial couple to the drummer boys, prepared to land.

The voyage had been an uneventful one, save for the touching at Madeira and Havana. Arthur had plenty to do, the Baron giving him such work as did not entail the necessity for speaking German,—a language which our hero was rapidly acquiring through the medium of an Ollendorf and spasmodic efforts at conversation with his brother officers. Of Alicè Nugent he saw but little. She, too, was busily engaged in the organization of the usages and etiquette for the new court; the Empress spending hours daily in drawing up instructions for the heads of various departments of the imperial household, a task which seemed to afford

her the keenest delight. The Emperor also was occupied from rosy morn to dewy eve in "the misery of detail," and in consultation with his secretaries of state and other high officials.

There were two or three dances; but as Arthur was not sufficiently advanced to be included in the imperial set, he had to stand aside and see Alice dance with others; and although, as a rule, her partners were old enough to be her father, he could not see her smile or laugh without feeling a sting from the green-eyed monster. One night—that before which they landed,—while the ships lay at anchor opposite the island of Sacrificios, there was a dance under the tropical starlight, and Miss Nugent's partner was Count Ludwig von Kalksburg. Arthur felt inclined to fall upon them both, wrest Alice from the Count, and if necessary hurl the latter into the Gulf. But instead he went "foward" to nurse his wrath, and stood until daydawn, arms folded, leaning over the rail, a prey to the hideous torments of jealousy.

"She need not have danced with him if she did not wish to. She could have excused herself on the plea of headache or fatigue. She should not have danced at all, since I was not permitted to be her partner. I am not good enough. I am not a *hochwohlgeboren*, or whatever they call it. I am no Austrian count. But I am an Irish gentleman, thank God! That girl is only trifling with me. Let her flirt. Two can play at that game. But there's no one like her in all the world!" And thus did Arthur Bodkin alternate between love and a mild form of momentary hatred.

The etiquette on board the "Novara" was very strict. The lines laid down were hard and fast and impassable. Although Arthur was an aid-de-camp, he dare not cross the quarter-deck except on business. This was reserved for the Emperor, Empress, and the high and mighty personages, male and female, composing their household. All the golden dreams that

Bodkin had dreamed of wooing his "faire ladye" beneath an awning on a summer sea, or drinking in the music of her whisperings under the glory of the Southern Cross and glitter of tropical stars, ended in—moonshine. His quarters might have been in another dwelling—a couple of blocks away. He seldom saw Miss Nugent, and then it was usually at the side of her imperial mistress. Alice, like a well-brought-up young lady, mentally refused pointblank to make herself in any way conspicuous with Arthur Bodkin; and, knowing that young gentleman's hot, rash, and inconsiderate temper, actually avoided meeting him; though her little heart would beat love's own tattoo whenever the stalwart and handsome Irishman appeared on the scene.

One morning, having been dispatched by Baron Bergheim with a communication to the Emperor, Arthur resolved, once across the red-velvet roped barrier, that he would not recross until he should have spoken with Alice. Delivering his dispatch into the hands of Maximilian's private secretary, Bodkin asked one of the women whom he found on duty in the passage leading to the quarters of the Empress to say to the Fräulein Nugent that he wished to speak to her for one moment. The young girl, pale and with a scared look in her lovely eyes, immediately appeared.

"What is the matter, Arthur? Anything gone wrong?"

"Yes, I have pulled a wisp of hair out of the Emperor's beard, and I want you to plait it for me," he grimly responded; then angrily: "Pshaw, Alice! This sort of thing won't do. I must see you, speak with you. I say *must*. To-night, after dinner, I'll wait for you behind the first life-boat." And he turned on his heel.

Miss Nugent failed to put in an appearance; but she wrote him a sweet little note, reproving him for his rashness, and bidding him be patient. "Patience may be bitter," she said, "but the fruits of it are sweet."

The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was

offered up at 5.30 on the morning of the 28th of May, the altar being on deck. It was a glorious morning, fresh and full of sheen and sunshine. A delicious breeze, laden with the thousand impalpable odors of tropical flowers, stirred the gay and gaudy bunting; and the sweet sound of bells summoning the faithful to early service came floating across the blue waters. In the purple distance lay the island of Sacrificios, where the Aztecs used to offer up the bleeding hearts of their victims plucked throbbing from heaving breasts; while snow-capped Orizaba, on the other side, stood out in richest radiance of pink and rose colors. In the city of Vera Cruz all was bustle and animation. From every house hung out carpets and flags and bunting, to the intense astonishment of the lazy buzzards, to whom the housetops alone belong; while the streets and quay walls were alive with joyous sight-seers, all on the *qui vive* to catch a glimpse of the Empress from beyond the sea.

At an early hour a state barge put off from shore, laden with notables arrayed in gorgeous and glittering uniforms. This deputation was received on board the "Novara" with all honors, including a salute of seventeen guns. The Emperor and Empress shook hands with each member upon presentation,—Carlotta speaking in Spanish, which greatly pleased the deputies.

"This glorious morning is a good omen, your Imperial Majesty," observed General Alamonte.

"I have prayed for it," said the Empress.

An address of welcome was presented to the Emperor, who made a suitable response; a second address being tendered to the Empress, who responded in the purest Castilian.

"She will rule all our hearts," remarked a swarthy deputy, tears in his voice.

Amid the booming of cannon from the shore, from the forts, from the ships in the roadstead, and from the Themis, the imperial party embarked in a barge mag-

nificently decorated for the occasion,—the standard of Mexico to the fore, that of Austria caressing the wavelets from the stern.

"And this is Mexico," said Carlotta to Alice Nugent, as she lightly stepped ashore,—“the land of my dreams, my future home!”

* “God grant that your Majesty may find it all that *home* implies!” responded the Maid of Honor, a strange solemnity in her dulcet voice.

“Thank Heaven, the voyage is over!” growled Arthur Bodkin, as he descended the side of the “Novara.” “And may I never see you again!” taking a last look at the good ship, which now bade adieu to her ill-fated guests, with manned yards and standard dipped. “I have had gall where I expected honey; nothing but vexation, mortification, and disappointment; and for one ounce of happiness tons of misery.”

Far different were the cogitations of Rody O’Flynn, whose trip was one of a rare and roseate hue throughout the entire voyage.

“Bad cess to it, why couldn’t we have been becalmed or wracked, or pent up on a dissolute island! Wasn’t everything aboard fit for the Lord-Mayor! And lashin’s an’ lavin’s, an’ every mother’s son of thim all as civil to me as if I was a son of an Irish king? It was ‘*Mein Freund*,’ here, and ‘*Mein Herr*’ there, an’ ‘*Vollen sie?*’ all the time. An’ that *shoneavic* daisy, Margery—didn’t I make it aisy for her in Irish? Faix she knows enough now for to hould until we come to the city, wherever it is. It’s lucky I wasn’t bespoke at home; for Margery is colloquerin’ wid me heart, an’ it’s as soft as the bog of Allen.”

Arthur’s first step after landing was to look out for Harry Talbot; and in vain he peered anxiously into the few bearded faces which he encountered on his way from the pier up to the Hotel Diligencia. Here he learned that an Englishman by that name had been stopping at the hotel,

but that he had left for the capital with two of his countrymen. After a good deal of hard work—for the excitement consequent upon the arrival of the imperial party was at fever heat—he succeeded in finding a letter addressed to himself from his friend, which he tore open with as much *verve* as though it had come from Alice herself. It was dated two days previously, and ran thus:

FONDA DILIGENCIA,
Vera Cruz, May 26.

MY DEAR ARTHUR:—I got here, just as I thought I would, before you. I don't know when you may arrive. It may be *mañana*, which means to-morrow; but everything in Mexico, so far as I can see, is *mañana*. We had rather a rough time of it coming out, and didn't I envy *you*? Oh, no, not at all!

I met at this hotel two men from Dublin, no less,—one, James Corcoran, of Ormund Quay, who is here on mining business; and a Thomas O'Connor, cousin of Tom O'Connor, of Ballyragget,—the fellow that rode his horse into the hall at Dublin Castle, and was going to be shot by the sentry. Young O'Connor is here for fun, and seems to be getting lots of it.

By the way, the Emperor will *not* have a bed of roses here. There is a strong feeling against him, and the Mexicans are very patriotic. I heard a lot from Corcoran which leads me to think that your friend Maximilian would have done better not to exchange that beautiful Miramar for Mexico. A guerrilla war will be waged on him and his troops; so look out for squalls, old boy! I thought it better to push on to the capital with those two fellows, and I shall await you with great anxiety at No. 5, Calle San Francisco.

God bless you, my dear Arthur!

Yours faithfully,
HARRY T.

P. S.—I ate some snails at this hotel, and I tell *you* they are delicious.

P. P. S.—I open this to say that Corcoran has learned from his partner in a silver mine at Pachuca that this city is

full of the followers of Juarez; and that Lerdo de Tejada, who was Secretary of State under Juarez, is here in disguise. So, my dear, rash Bodkin, keep your weather eye open. Trust to no Mexican under any pretext whatever! Do with them as we were instructed to do with the Irish when I had the honor of serving her Majesty—"use them." Give Rody O'Flynn this straight tip. He's the boy that will know how to use it. Come straight to me at No. 5, Calle San Francisco. It is the swell street of the capital. H. T.

A right royal reception awaited the imperial party as, surrounded by an imposing escort commanded by General Alamonte, they proceeded through the quaint old city to the Municipal Palace. Here an address from the municipality awaited them, couched in terms of affectionate and respectful welcome. Later an *almuerzo*, or second breakfast, was served, at which Maximilian and Carlotta first tasted the Mexican national dish of *fríjoles*, or black beans, and ate of the *tortilla*, or flat wheaten bread.

Arthur Bodkin managed to obtain a seat at a side-table directly opposite the imperial table, and facing Alice, who, being young and healthy, was exceptionally hungry, and paid a very devoted attention to the curious and delectable dishes offered her. It was not until late in the banquet that, on looking up, she caught her lover's eye fixed upon her, but with no love-like glance. She smiled brightly, and nodded to him in that sweet, familiar way that only some women with well-shaped heads know. He returned her salute with a cold bow, and ostentatiously began a conversation with a young lady seated next to him, to whom up to this moment he had not vouchsafed a word.

"What have I done *now*, Arthur?" whispered Alice, when the party had broken up.

"Done! Nothing that I know of, Miss Nugent." And the graceless youth, bowing low, mingled with the crowd, a rage glowing in his heart.

"I will show her that I can live without her. She may flirt with every dark-eyed *caballero*, for all I care. *Done!* Oh, if she only loved me one half as much as I love her, she *would* do something! *Done!* Nothing! She is made up of court conceit. Her head is turned by being Maid of Honor—upper lady's maid to a month-old Empress. She is frozen up in etiquette, and conventionality has iced her. Well, let her go! let her go!"

In the afternoon Baron Bergheim sent for Bodkin.

"You will push on, hey! and get to Orizaba. A Señor Manuel Gonzalez and two orderlies will ride with you. This dispatch must be in Maréchal Bazaine's hands by to-morrow. Do not mention its existence to mortal. You have seventy miles to do. Hey, hey! You will have to ride. Fresh mounts at Soledad. And mind you, Bodkin, look out for brigands! Lerdo's ragamuffins are on the alert to pick up or pick off small bodies of our men and carry them into Chihuahua. And a rumor is abroad that the imperial cortege may be attacked. So keep your eyes open, and ride in the centre of the road. *Adios*, as we say in Mexico. And, hey! you have only time to say '*Dad me un beso*' to Miss Nugent, —whatever *that* means. Hey, hey!"

An hour later found our hero, with Señor Manuel Gonzalez and two orderlies, spurring along the cactus-lined road that lay across the tawny plain in the direction of Orizaba.

(To be continued.)

Janet.

BY MARION MUIR.

I WILL not murmur at her loss,
 Dear as she was to me.
 Her kindly hands may reach across
 The deep Eternity,—
 Just as she came, one summer day
 Like a June rose, then passed away,
 But left her love with me.

On the Mountain.

BY GABRIEL FRANCIS POWERS.

I.

L ONELY mountain-top, lonely road; the far silence of immense unpeopled spaces; a path along which the blackberry bushes offer their luscious dark berries in great clusters, untouched; among the pines and balsam firs, some young maple standing forth in sudden glory of scarlet, tremulous in its daring beauty,—and then, quite unexpectedly, in the midst of the solitude, the whirl of machinery, and smoke pouring from a wide aperture like to the mouth of a pit. Without seeking it, and indeed by surprise, we have come upon the Tunnel Shaft. From the low building, a man, seeing strangers at the door, advances to meet us. He has a certain air of dignity and reserve, as a guard might on duty; yet when he speaks the voice is unusually refined and courteous, and the eyes hold one's attention immediately by some extraordinary depth and serenity of light blue in them,—the very color and look of those untroubled mountain lakes around us, secure in their high fastnesses, and open only to the sky.

In answer to our questions, he tells the story of the tunnel; and, though we know it already, as the matter is one of history, the graphic words, spoken at that spot, make of it epic sculpture. Between the East and the West, the mountain, that Gibraltar of granite, stood, untaken, unpassable. Twice the attempt was made to bore through, from valley to valley; and twice impregnable rock, and water gushing in the inner bowels of it, had resulted in failure and loss of life. But the men who meant to pass the mountain were granite, too. A third attack was planned, East and West simultaneously; and, at the same time, even where the grass crumples now under our treading, a shaft was opened downward, piercing vertically, one thousand and more feet. That was how they

did it, and the mountain was conquered.

We could lean over the parapet, above a hole fifty or sixty feet wide in diameter, and peer into the inky blackness out of which the grimy toilers used to come. East and West, West and East, for four years, the armies of labor drove inward and outward; and when they met at length, hands gripping, cheers ringing, the roads they had made were found to be only nine inches at variance one with the other, every step of the advancing bodies hewed out of the solid rock! Five miles of steel rails lie now through the flank of the mountain, joining valley to valley, and the East and West are one. But on the headstone of him who first traced those lines on paper, which afterwards he wrested from the mountain, a significant word has been set: "He hath made straight his ways." It is all that remains to the sleeper of his great enterprise. Yet up there on the hill the sun is shining.

The shaft is used now as a ventilator for the tunnel,—a huge fan, revolved by electric power, drawing the smoke up and out. Our friend opens, putting the whole strength of his vigorous body against it, the shutter-door which encloses the fan; and for one instant, in a sudden terrific swirl of air, we catch a glimpse of the monster wheel rotating in a whirlpool of driving smoke. Dante would have used the appalling sight in some similar murky, fear-haunted corner of his dream. That view shut out, we enter the engine house. Everything here is in perfect order; not a grain of dust anywhere; splendid machinery thrilling and whirling, belts shining, brass gleaming. It is no use to speak, for the voice can not be heard; but our guide, with a smile that shows his pride in work that is thoroughly well done and good to look at, brushes an imaginary speck from one of the cylinders. After that we come out into the evening air.

He has told us already that if we will wait until six o'clock, the engines are "shut down," and we can further investigate the shaft after the fan has ceased to

operate. So we sit on the end of a beam and wait. The hour is that divinely beautiful and fleeting hour which holds the sun's last tempered light. The far-away mountains are a soft, pale blue; the nearer ones stand trenchant in indigo; and those again which show against the rutilant west are of an indescribable color,—a sort of red-purple, infused and glowing with light. To the east the light is on valley, forest and velvet summit; suffusing them, transfiguring them, in the pink-gold and delicate violet of the close of day. And over all breathes the vast silence that is so wide, so immensely ample, and so limpid in that pure air.

The thought occurs to us of the unspeakable loneliness of the mountain as a place of habitation. But our host smiles, indulgently, as at a memory of past terrors.

"Well, it isn't exactly what you might call crowded. The only thing is to get used to it. After a while you wouldn't go back down and live in a city for any price that could be offered you."

He looks around him upon the wondrous, evanescent loveliness of the hill amphitheatre, all one glory of vivid yet tender color and melted gold.

"You grow to love the mountain," he explains; "and nothing else but the mountain will do. I have been here eleven years now, and I never want to live in any other place again. You passed my shack coming up, didn't you? It's just a little back from the road, with firs all round it. No, not the yellow house: that's my partner's. There are two of us, you know; and he's got a family. Then in the summer there are always a few visitors,—people who walk up, like you, or parties camping in the woods. And engineers are here quite often, inspecting, measuring, figuring. That's their last visit!" (He points, laughing, to the array of figures in tinted chalk.) "No, the summer isn't bad at all. I'll tell you what, though: the winter is what you want to see! There's nothing to be seen anywhere that isn't snow: the tops of the hills, the

trees covered with it, all the roads and the paths wiped out. The deer and the fox, and wild birds you wouldn't know the name of, come sneaking out and around, in hopes of finding a little food. But when it breaks up in the spring, and all the waters of the mountain run loose and start to roar, then you have another kind of a time a-coming."

"You don't get to church very often from up here, do you?"

The string of a scapular or medal across his chest, where the grey flannel shirt lies open, prompts this question; but he turns bewildered eyes at our acumen.

"Not very often. Are you Catholics? That's funny. I'm a Catholic, too."

"We hope" (laughing) "that we are good ones." But the gravity of his next remark puts our levity to shame.

"I don't know if I can say that *I* am a good one. Maybe I oughtn't to say that I am. But I will tell you how it is with me. I took this job because I was in need of it, and now I seem to be tied to it for good. The first time I went to confession after I came here, the priest didn't seem to like it at all; but he saw it soon enough when I had explained,—seven miles each way to the church, no horse, no roads in winter, and the engines to run every day. D'you know Father O'Hare? It's him I'm telling you about; and we've been great friends, him and me, ever since that day. Well, he told me that if I couldn't come to church, I should say my beads every Sunday at the hour of the last Mass; and that if I didn't say them, I should tell him next time I come to confession, just the same as if I had missed Mass. Of course I said them. I don't think I ever missed a Sunday saying them. And, somehow or another, I have got to like saying them. I always have them with me." He draws the worn string of black beads, with a cross attached to them, from his trousers pocket. "See,—there they are! And as I go working around here, I often say them, sometimes even more than once a day."

There is a long pause, during which he keeps tossing the Rosary in his hand, but gazing at it with great fondness; then he raises his clear glance again.

"Funny, isn't it? I was never just what you might call pious, but this saying the beads has taken an awful hold of me. I don't know just what it is. If I don't say them I really miss something, and the day doesn't seem quite right. It may be the prayers, perhaps; to say, 'I believe in God,' up here at the top of the world He made; or 'Our Father, who art in heaven,' with God's sky, and nothing but the sky, shining in your face; or 'Holy Mary, Mother of God,'—that's wonderful; I never get to the end of wondering about it. 'Mother of God'! I don't know what it is. Those beads have changed the whole look of the world for me."

We sit quite still, a little awed at this amazing self-revelation; and wait, wondering. For he is a guard at a tunnel shaft and every inch a man. He puts the Rosary back in his pocket; and into his face, tanned with the peculiarly golden tan of the mountain, less ruddy than that of the sea, and rarer,—into his face steals a very tender glow.

"I will tell you when I do go to church, and when I never would miss it, no matter what happens; and that is Christmas Day. Those are the two times in the year when I go to confession: Christmas and Easter. And Easter is fine, too; but Christmas!"

Under the broken straw of the old hat-brim, the blue eyes have an eerie radiance and far-seeing quality,—a sort of starry light of happiness that makes us wonder what joy must have been in the soul of Mary Virgin when she tasted for the first time this ineffable bliss of Christmas, which is now the whole world's bliss. How did the man on the mountain-top divine this secret? Or has he seen her joy, saying his Rosary?

"It's night when I go down. The trees all stand there tall and solemn in the snow, with the stars hanging as it were

between the branches; and all you hear is a crackling of timber, or sometimes a dog baying far away. Nobody knows what the stillness of it is like. And then, as I come back, it's sunrise, and the snow is pink all over. And then it's Christmas Day."

His voice, which has a peculiar sweetness of timbre, dies away; and the magic of the morning he has called up holds us spellbound a moment. Then he rises to his feet, still smiling joyously.—"Six o'clock," he says. "I guess there isn't much up here for you people from town to see; but we shut down now, and it's a good time if you care to take another look at the shaft."

II.

Two weeks later the necessities of travel bring us not to the luminous summit, but to the black hole in the mountain-side, the western entrance of the tunnel. Autumn stands frosty in the air, and orange, saffron and crimson where the woods hang upon crag and towering rock. The mists, which have gathered night by night over the waters in the valley, to be dissipated when the sun rises, to-day thicken and cling, deadening sound, and sheathing the landscape as in a film of cotton-wool. The train always stops, as in physical awareness of the peril to come, and by way of preparation, before entering upon its fourteen and a half minutes of unfathomable darkness.

Whistles blow, signals are given, electric bells ring along through the silence of the coaches; voices grow hushed in expectation; then, with a short double-hoot of warning, the express chug-chugs into the gaping night. It is evident by the restless moving and glancing around that the passengers are nervous. Five miles are we to run through that horror of the depth, and the airless gloom closing us in. Four minutes have passed—five: nothing has happened. The wheels are running smoothly. The tenebrous ramparts of stone fly past. People are beginning to look a little easier. Readers take up again

their newspapers and magazines. A party of girls in a corner open a box of chocolates and start to giggle. A woman in front of us rises to drink.

At the instant, somewhere ahead in the night, the throbbing darkness is rent by a wild shriek as of some engine throat or iron heart in agony and despair; and, before we know any more, the slam and crash come, one terrific smash, glass bursting to splinters, then night and chaos. One woman's scream has pierced shrilling above all others. "Holy Mother of God!" That is the only prayer said over us, but our souls acquiesce in it. "Holy Mother of God" indeed, for there is no other help for us, and we are too stunned to pray. Everybody is groping, one tumbling over the other, making for the doors. The air is dense with smoke, and asphyxiating in the odor of coal fumes. We stumble down the steps and find, at far intervals, a faint, faint glimmer from lamps in the tunnel wall. Otherwise there is nothing but gloom. And it is this—the pall-like, almost palpable darkness—that seems to us the greatest horror of it all.

One man flashes an electric pocket battery, and immediately around him voices begin: "What is it? What has happened? Is it a collision?" Nobody knows. Many of the travellers are remarkably calm. Our train stands, a black mass, scarcely discernible against the surrounding blackness. There is a trickle of water upon the wet gleaming granite opposite. Dusky, undistinguishable figures move confusedly, and swinging lanterns appear among them. A flagman passes, running with the red lamp his duty requires him to set upon the track.—"Yes, a collision."—"Anybody hurt?" He does not know. Then, from the same direction, another figure, in a cap and blue cotton jacket, running too,—a terrible vision of a white, scared face, with fixed eyes and a something dark oozing down over temple and cheek. "Barker!" he keeps calling as he runs. "Barker!"

It is like some hideous, unreal night-

mare. Will they get us out? When? Can help reach us? We pick our way forward, fearfully, along the empty rails of the second track. A group of trainmen and conductors are working feverishly, assisted by a few passengers of good-will. Our locomotive, somewhat battered, still looks fairly fit, and is singing energetically to itself in an undertone. The freight, our adversary, has suffered considerably,—cab and tender smashed up, cars on end, and a good deal of wreckage lying around.

The man in blue cotton comes back, still crying, only more piteously: "Where's Barker? I don't see Barker!"

Somebody takes him by the shoulder, not too gently: "Here! What the—get your head tied up, man, and never mind Barker!"

Fortunately, there is a physician, satchel in hand, elbowing his way to the front. He is a little out of breath, but ready.

"Hold up that light, boy! All right! Send somebody through the coaches while I attend to this."

Under the surgeon's hands, the engineer of the wrecked freight (for it is he) wails out his plaint: "S'help me, boys, it was the wrong switch that did it. I know it was! I couldn't see six yards ahead of me for the fog, but I've been over this here road too often to make such a mistake as that."

"Well, keep quiet now, old fellow!" the professional voice urges him. "Everything will be all right. You know we are all going to stand by you, don't you?"

The man begins to whimper a little, his nerve completely gone: "Where's Barker? I haven't seen Barker since she struck, and he was right along of me."

A grimy fireman is pushed forward. "Here I am, Bill, large as life! What's the matter with you, anyway?" He has black eyes, and his smile snaps,—the first thing to look human and natural in all that gruesome scene.

It seems hours, centuries—though probably not one minute has gone to waste,—before anything is really done to get us

out. Yet that is the one insistent, repeated, unceasing cry of every man, woman and child there present: "Get us out as quick as you can." By clock-time, one hour and three-quarters—so many eternities—drag by. (How woful is the lot of those detained in God's deep place of probation, though they are saved, though it shall end, though they will be brought forth at last to the "holy light" our prayers implore for them!) A runner has been sent to telegraph, we wait for orders, the wrecking crew is needed for the freight. It is a long time even before the power is turned on to illuminate the cars again; but at length we see clearly, and one phase of the dread trial is over. Presently all are ordered aboard, and very slowly the train begins to back out. The six minutes of advance are doubled to twelve in the egress, grow to be thirteen, and then, far, far away, a tiny speck of white shows the mouth of the pit into which we came—ages and ages ago. The sides of the abyss grow paler, clearer; the radiance broadens; the speck of white enlarges apace; and suddenly, with such a gasp of breath the deep joy of it is almost a pain, we emerge into God's blessed air.

"Wait! Stop!" one woman cries hysterically to the conductor. "I want to get out!"

"The train will stop in just a moment, ma'am," he answers gently. "But you needn't be afraid any more now."

Nevertheless, she alights, and many more follow her example. Those who are left draw together in little groups and tell their stories, a hundred of them, in many different ways. One stout gentleman holds the rear platform.

"If the days of miracles were not over and done with," he says, with his foot on the rail, "I should certainly say it was a miracle; for, though both trains were going slowly, it was a genuine head-on collision—in a tunnel, too; and, according to my view of it, we were bound to cash in, every man of us, without hope of escape."

In our corner one low voice says: "It might be just as well to thank God, all the same." And another answers: "You bet!"

"What were you thinking of when it happened?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. But, just as the crash came, a vivid image flashed across my mind of that man up there on the mountain-top saying his Rosary. And I was mighty glad he was there. Would it not be strange if it was to him we owed our lives?"

Why not, since we believe in the all-powerful protection of God's Holy Mother, and in the strong virtue of prayer?

Catholic Life and Customs in the Tyrol.

BY C. O'CONNOR-ECCLES.

WHILE the Church in its fundamental doctrines is everywhere, of course, the same, there are in Catholic lands many peculiarities, many quaint and picturesque practices, many pious phrases, that are the expression of national idiosyncrasies. In the Tyrol, for instance, there are various local customs which may be interesting to our readers. That glorious land of snow and sunshine has bred a race of sturdy mountaineers, whose simple piety is as yet untainted with the poison of unbelief. There the wayside Calvary still turns the thoughts of the passer-by to heavenly things; and the rustic shrine, with its perpetual lamp, is daily hung with garlands of wild flowers or winter-berries by the peasant children.

The first Mass in the village church is at five; and to it on the cold, dark winter mornings the peasants stream from the mountain sides, each bearing a lantern to light him or her over the frozen snow and down the slippery by-paths. People there do not feel that it is scarcely correct to speak of God out of actual prayer time. When they meet, they cry, "*Grüss Gott!*" (Praise God!)—the ordinary greeting in that country.

Like their neighbors and oldtime ene-

mies, the Bavarians, they are fond of adorning their houses with sacred pictures or images. The Holy Family, Christ bearing the Cross, the Madonna and Child, or St. Joseph, are those most often seen; but St. Sebastian pierced with arrows is also a favorite; while those who seek protection against fire paint over their doors the figure of St. Florian, a gigantic, heroic figure, clad in armor, extinguishing with a huge pail of water a fire in a cottage of quite disproportionate minuteness.

Fire is the great dread of the people. In a land where most of the houses are of wood, and where in winter the lakes are frozen to the depth of a foot, a spark and a high wind might reduce a whole village to ashes. In Kitzbühel, about three hours' journey from Innsbruck, on the direct line to Vienna, there is a belief that if a certain number of the inhabitants unite in saying the fifteen mysteries of the Rosary daily, more than one house will not be burned at a time. As the Angelus rings one meets, therefore, a procession of peasant women, withered and bent (their gold-embroidered felt hats of sailor shape worn over a shawl tied tightly round their heads), and of old men (their heads similarly bound up), on their way to the Lady Chapel, or *Frauen Kirche*, that stands a few yards from the parish church. There, kneeling—the men to the right and the women to the left,—they repeat their Hail Marys and Holy Marys alternately.

Under the Lady Chapel is a little crypt where stands the altar of the Mother of Sorrows, with a rude representation in carved wood of the *Ecce Homo* painted in brilliant hues. Round this are hung numerous *ex votos*, that, despite their intrinsic worthlessness and the lack of taste that so many display, are touching human documents. Wax arms, hands, and legs, that make one think of Heine's "Pilgrimage to Kevelaer"; wax eyes and spectacles, and children; framed pictures, embroidered samplers or perforated cards bearing the words "*Maria hat geholfen*"*

* Mary has helped.

and a date, are hung round the sacred pictures tied on to the statues or secured to the walls.

In the vestibule upstairs, and in the chapel of the Saviour carrying His Cross, which stands at the bottom of the lofty flight of steps leading to the churchyard on the height, still more curious thank-offerings may be seen. These are pictures, the work of local artists, out of drawing, crude in coloring—some dated a hundred years back, some but of yesterday,—depicting various scenes of peasant life. In one is shown a man caught in a saw-mill; but Our Lady, seated in the clouds above, draws him out. In another a woman is seen rising, cured, from a sick-bed. In a third Our Lady draws a child from a burning house. In a fourth a man sits on a chair in the centre of a room; two peasants support him, and a queer little figure in a frock-coat—presumably a doctor—stands disconsolately behind. Overhead is seen the heavens opening, and an inscription below tells how Josef Borsl, after three months of cruel suffering, his life despaired of by physicians, called on the Health of the Sick and was cured. One might find much to smile at in these naïve tokens of gratitude, were it not that they represent feelings so deep, so sacred, so intimately bound up with all that is best in human nature, that I pity any one who can see them without sympathy and emotion.

The broad wooden balconies that run across most Tyrolean dwellings are often carved with the cross, the initials I. H. S., and a heart, together with the initials of the builder; and the pointed gable is crowned by a cross. Mottoes, too, and pious phrases are not infrequent. In the delightful little town of Kitzbühel, for instance, where, whatever the reason, nerves fretted by the wear and tear of modern life are soothed, and new health is breathed in with every draught of pine-scented air, one tradesman gives forth his sentiments and announces his business in Mediæval fashion:

I trust in God, my duty do;
I dye old hats or make you new.

More striking still was a motto seen some years ago in the not far-distant Bavarian village of Parterkirchen, near Ober-Ammergau:

I live, and know not how long;
I die, and know not when;
I journey, and know not whither;
I wonder that I am merry.

For profound melancholy—a melancholy we are accustomed to think peculiar to our own day and to city life—this verse is difficult to surpass.

The Tyrol is a country of mountain streams, often expanding into rivers. Each bridge that spans them is guarded by a statue of St. John Nepomucene, the patron of bridges, who, it will be remembered, was drowned in the Moldau, at Prague, by the King of Bohemia, for refusing to reveal the secrets of the confessional. When the snow melts in spring and the floods set in, accidents are common enough. Wherever a death has occurred, a little memorial is set up on the bank, giving the name, age, and a rough portrait of the deceased, and asking prayers for his soul. "He left his home in the morning," says one, "in health and strength and happiness. At night he was brought home a corpse. All you who read, remember that this may any day be your own fate; so let your soul be ever ready to meet its God."

The beauty of the village churches in the Tyrol is remarkable, considering their remoteness and the humble condition of their frequenters. Skill in architecture is common in all parts of Germany and Austria; so most of these buildings are picturesque, imposing, and well situated, generally on an eminence, towering above the crowded roofs of the little towns. As already indicated, early hours are kept; and if Mass in the morning is at five in winter, in summer it is at four; while on Sundays the last Mass "for the lazy" is celebrated at eight.

At Midnight Mass and at these early celebrations the church is not lighted up,

being but dimly illuminated by one or two oil lamps in addition to the candles on the altar. In consequence, each worshipper comes provided with a wax taper; so that each such occasion might be the Feast of the Purification, so far as appearances go. These twisted tapers, red and white, are for sale in the village shops, and are often carried in the pocket. The result of this primitive method is that the seats and backs of most of the church benches are blotched all over with circles and tricklets of melted wax.

These benches, by the way, are often richly carved, and have an addition at each end unknown to us at home. This is a sort of pole, or, rather, a narrow plank, that runs under the main seat, and may be drawn out by a brass ring. When the places are crowded, those in the aisles who would otherwise have to stand may find additional accommodation on these perches. The innermost is not too badly off; for he or she is propped against the bench. The second occupies an insecure position,—which is, however, better than remaining erect during a long service. When the planks are pushed back into place, no one would suspect their existence, as the ring apparently forms part of the general scheme of decoration.

The wrought ironwork is excellent, often looking like lacework. The statues are all colored, and for the most part heavily gilded. The ceilings are painted with Scriptural scenes; very effectively, considering that they are generally the work of local artists. In few countries could such good effects be produced without calling in the aid of city artificers or importing the ornaments. The taste for decoration inherent in the people is remarkable,—a striking contrast to the condition of things in English-speaking countries. Here the house doors are often made in patterns—squares or diamonds, or rays diverging from a heart in the centre,—instead of being the plain up-and-down arrangements of planks devised by our carpenters, relieved at most by

sunken and levelled panels. The very cowsheds are often artistic. In one rich peasant's house which we visited, the ceilings of the best rooms had been painted by the village photographer with Biblical figures. At home people who had saved a little money would have been much more likely to spend it on purchasing a piano, on which their daughters would strum popular tunes. And if this love of art is to be found in the homes of the least educated, it is fully manifested in the churches. If the colors are rather too vivid, the gilding superfluous, and the designs somewhat florid, the whole effect is brilliant. The church doors are often marvels of carving; while the locks, bolts, and hinges are always beautiful specimens of metal-work.

Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament is carried out in a fashion to which we are unaccustomed. During the singing of the *O Salutaris* the priest takes the ostensorium in his hands, and, turning, faces the people, holding it during the entire service. There is no actual movement of blessing. At the end he returns it to the altar and replaces the Sacred Host in the tabernacle.

A curious and picturesque custom prevails in Carinthia and in the Tyrol. When a young priest has been ordained, he always returns to his native village to celebrate his first Mass. This is a great festival, in which his relatives, friends, and neighbors take part; and its special feature may be said to be the introduction of a picturesque figure called the *Geistlichen Braut*,* symbolizing his union with the Church. A little girl is chosen for the part. She must be under twelve years of age, and generally is about six. On the appointed day she appears in orthodox bridal costume: white robe, tulle veil, wreath of myrtle and orange blossoms.

At the same time as the bride, a *Braut Mutter*† is selected,—often a pious and wealthy widow, who may or may not be related to the child. Her duty it is to

* Priest's bride.

† Bride's mother.

provide the furniture of a room, complete in every detail, for the newly ordained priest, which he is expected to take with him to the parish where his future work is to lie.

When the first Mass is to be celebrated a procession is formed, which passes through the village streets. First comes the cross-bearer, then the young priest, led by the *Braut Mutter* in festive array. Next follows the little bride, attended by six bride's-maids strewing flowers,—all children like herself. A myrtle wreath is borne before her on a red velvet cushion. After her come the clergy, walking two and two. Relatives of the persons concerned bring up the rear. Arrived at the church, the bride takes up a prominent position near the sanctuary; and when the Mass is over everyone adjourns to the house of the bride's mother, where a regular wedding-breakfast—a *Hochzeit Schmaus*—is held.

The Tyrolese, of course, are not faultless (what people are?); but they are brave, courteous, hospitable, pious, and devoted to their children. Their love of their native country is proverbial; and, seeing its marvellous beauty, one can hardly wonder that they suffer terribly from homesickness when compelled to leave it. In their national hero, Andreas Hofer, they have, moreover, given to the world the finest type of patriot the modern world has seen,—a man of undaunted courage, humble, unselfish, God-fearing, seeking no personal aggrandizement, and desiring solely the good of the people. His tragic abandonment by the Austrian Emperor, and his death in Mantua at the hands of the French in 1810, are familiar to all.

In Kitzbühel is a curiously wrought belt, dated 1797, that belonged to Speckbacher, Hofer's friend and lieutenant, whose little son ran away from home to be near his father. Hidden behind a hedge during the progress of a fight with the French, the child amused himself by picking up the spent bullets that dropped near

him and presented himself at his father's side with a handful just as the latter fell short of ammunition. The spirit that animated that noble boy has not died out in the Tyrol, and its brave and faithful people still speak of the days when, single-handed, they resisted Napoleon, and held their mountain passes against his forces in the memorable "Year Nine."

The Little Flower's Motor Drive.

BY A. D. C.

HER life had been spent in mean streets. From poor house to poor house she had gone as a ministering angel,—not a professional nurse, but a helpful, sympathetic tender of the sick poor, amongst whom she had earned enough to keep body and soul together, but not enough to lay by for a rainy day. So it was that, a few years short of the legal age, when the State pension could be hers, she found herself tired with a life passed in work for others, and glad of the offer of the Little Sisters of the Poor, to spend her last years in their care.

I was travelling to a town where St. Joseph's Home for the Aged was a well-known institution, and I made "Sister Mary's" acquaintance by chance. By chance! What am I saying, when the "Little Flower" arranged for our meeting! It was at a time, a few months back, when great bodies of troops were being moved about the country; and at a junction of lines the solitude of my railway carriage was broken in upon by a body of women, hustled in off the platform (which was surging with soldiers) by a distracted porter, who hurled their hand luggage after them and slammed the door.

I noticed at once a nun, as I thought, in a habit I did not recognize: a plain black dress, with bonnet and veil, and a glimmer of white showing round the face. Then I observed that over the smooth brow bands of grey hair were neatly drawn; and I

realized that, despite the gentle calm of face and eyes, my *vis à vis* belonged to no religious Order. Later, when one by one the other travellers went their way, I was given an outline of her history. She had begun by nursing her own parents,—sacrificing, I guessed, to this duty not only her youth, but also her hopes of becoming a nun. Then the neighbors had claimed her help in time of sickness; and, although she could not follow her inclination by entering religion, nursing the sick poor for God's sake had its usual effect, that of drawing the worker nearer and nearer to Him.

She asked me if I was going to the city that was the terminus of that line. And receiving an affirmative reply, she inquired whether I knew St. Joseph's Home. I answered that not only did I know the convent, but that the friends with whom I was going to stay lived only across the road from it.

"But," I added, "the Little Sisters' convent is not in the city: it is on a hill in the suburbs. If it were not dark, we should see it, standing up in the trees of its garden, before getting in to the terminus."

"Then it would be a long way for me to walk," she said a little anxiously.

"Too long a way for you, Sister," I replied, giving her the title she told me her poor patients had used.

"Then is there a tram?" she asked; and I saw that her anxiety was increasing.

"There is a tram to the foot of the hill," I answered; "but it is a good walk even from the tram end. Besides, what would you do with your luggage?"

"The Sisters will send their cart, with one of the old men, for it in the morning," she said. "This is all I should want to take with me to-night."

"This" was a bulging basket, a brown paper parcel, and a large framed picture wrapped in sacking.

"There is a cab-stand at the tram end," I suggested; and I saw her furtively opening her purse and counting its contents.

Then I understood her difficulty, which had—stupidly—not occurred to me before. I knew that I should be met at the terminus, and that my friends were both extremely kind and very fond of the Little Sisters and their inmates.

"I wonder, Sister," I said, apparently unconscious of the empty-looking purse,— "I wonder if you would care for me to give you a lift? My friends are sending for me and I shall pass St. Joseph's gate."

Her face brightened at once.

"Indeed and I would!" she cried. "For, to tell you the truth, I haven't the price of a cab fare with me, and I should be very wishful not to arrive at the convent a stranger and an expense."

So we arranged it; and I saw her take her Rosary out, so that silence fell upon us again, until in half an hour's time the train drew up at the station that was our destination, and we alighted together. The porter who carried my luggage took also the basket and bundle of Sister Mary; the picture, large and cumbersome as it was, she would not part with.

"You will not mind an open car, Sister?" I said, as we made our way to the motor which I saw was awaiting me.

"Indeed not," she answered. "It won't be the first time that Sister Mary has journeyed on an outside car."

"I meant an open motor," I explained— "but there it is! And I see the top is up, so you will be all right."

My companion did not answer. She stood silently whilst I explained to the chauffeur the reason I was not alone, and why I wanted him to stop at St. Joseph's big gate before entering my friend's grounds. Silent also was she as she climbed into the car beside me, answering the chauffeur's offer to take the picture from her by a silent shake of the head and a closer clasp of her evidently precious burden.

As we glided away, a gasp made me wonder if my companion could possibly be afraid; but the lights of the station lamps showed me a radiant face, eager as a

child's; and I saw that it was enjoyment and not fear that made her gasp.

The streets were fairly free of traffic and we skimmed along, increasing rather than diminishing our speed as we faced the long, sloping hillside on top of which lay St. Joseph's.

"We have not very much farther to go, Sister," I said, breaking the silence that had fallen between us. "Another five minutes and we'll see St. Joseph's gate."

"St. Joseph's gate!" she repeated. "And once I go inside it, please God I'll never come out again. I've worked hard for others, my dear," she went on,—“all my life I've worked for others. Now I want to work for my own soul and for God.”

I could not help thinking that, in all she had done for others, she had not only earned her own reward but had also given glory to God, though in a different way from that which she now looked forward to doing. I knew the pretty, devotional chapel of St. Joseph's; and I guessed that, on the occasion of future visits, "Sister Mary" would be one of the old ladies often found there in prayer before the Blessed Sacrament.

"There are the lights of the Home!" I said, pointing to a glimmer in the darkness above us. "We have one more turn of the road and then we shall be there."

My companion moved, and I felt a gentle hand upon my arm and a whispered voice was in my ear.

"My dear," she said, "I can't go without telling you the wonderful thing that's happened me to-night. Ever since they were invented, I've watched these motors in the streets, and many's the time I've hoped it was no sin of envy I felt for those within them. Well, when my health began to leave me, and I got the offer of coming here to St. Joseph's to prepare to die, I had the great wish in me still to have one drive in one of them before my call should come. Not a day passed but I asked the Little Flower of Jesus to get me my wish."

She moved the picture in her arms,

revealing by a gesture that it was Sister Theresa's portrait to which she clung tenaciously.

"It was a childish wish, maybe," she went on; "but Sister Theresa understood such childish things. Well, the days passed, and the time came near when I was to go through those gates ahead of us, never, please God, to cross them out again. Even this morning I thought to myself: 'Well, if it's a disappointment, mustn't Sister Theresa know what's best for me? So welcome be the will of God!' Then at the junction, with all those soldier fellows in the third class, they put me in with you. Even when you spoke of an open car, 'twas a jaunting car and not one like this I had in my mind." She gave a low, contented laugh. "And then when I saw this" (she laid her hand upon the leather seat), "I—well, I couldn't say anything, my dear; for the Little Flower of Jesus seemed to be so very near."

And I, too, I could say nothing. Out of the darkness loomed St. Joseph's gate, and in another moment good old Sister Mary, with her precious burden, was climbing down.

"God bless and reward you, my dear!" she said. "He'll not forget your kindness to a poor old woman."

"It was nothing, Sister. I'm so glad! And, oh, please pray for me!" That was all I managed to say.

Then the side gate opened and Sister Mary disappeared from view.

The chauffeur got back to his place, and on we went. But, oh, I felt so proud, so proud! The Little Flower of Jesus had deigned to make use of me to help to do her work of answering prayer.

EDWARD EVERETT once said, illustrating the effect of small things on character: "The Mississippi and St. Lawrence Rivers have their rise near each other. A very small difference in the elevation of the land sends one to the ocean amid tropical heat, while the other empties into the frozen waters of the North."

A Reminiscence of Pius IX.

A PAGE FROM A PRIVATE JOURNAL.

WHEN, in 1833, Mgr. Mastai-Ferretti was transferred by Pope Gregory XVI. from the See of Spoleto to that of Imola, his first care was given to abandoned children, who were to be found in large numbers at the entrances of churches, living on the offerings won from the pity of the passers-by. The new bishop commissioned seven ecclesiastics to look after the boys, and seven Sisters of Charity to take charge of the girls; with orders to watch over the conduct of these poor children, instruct them in their religion, and have them adopted by childless families, or apprenticed to good, Christian tradesmen. His next care was to establish a house of refuge for repentant girls who had fallen from virtue, and a home for those whose morals would be exposed to grave dangers in the world. For this purpose he caused four Sisters of the Good Shepherd to be brought from Angers, France.

Pius IX. returned to visit Imola in June, 1857, ten years after his elevation to the Papacy. He did not forget 'his dear daughters of the Good Shepherd,' as he called them, and announced his intention of visiting their convent the next day.

"It is impossible," says the manuscript narrative of the superioress, "to express the joy with which we learned that Pius IX., our illustrious founder and eminent benefactor, would visit his beloved daughters on the morrow of his entry into his old episcopal city."

After the ceremony of kissing the foot, Pius IX. expressed a desire to inspect every part of the convent, which he himself had caused to be built, guiding the architect in the most minute details, so that everything should be appropriate to the uses to which the house would be put, and convenient to the community.

While the cardinals, bishops, and other

prelates of the Pope's suite followed two of the four Sisters to an isolated building recently constructed, Pius IX., accompanied by the other two religious, went to the second story of the main edifice. On this floor there was one large room that had not as yet been used for any purpose. The Pope opened the door, and, entering, intimated his intention of conversing somewhat more familiarly with the Sisters. There was no furniture in the room, not even a chair for his Holiness.

"Standing up without any support," writes the superioress, "the Holy Father told us, with much simplicity, of the events which had occurred since his departure from Imola and his elevation to the Chair of St. Peter. When he came to the great act of December 8, 1854, I, feeling quite at my ease in the presence of a majesty so great, yet so humble and good-natured, ventured to say: 'Holy Father, would it be indiscreet to ask your Holiness what emotions filled your soul when you pronounced the words of the decree proclaiming that the Blessed Virgin was preserved from the stain of original sin?'

"At this unexpected request, the Holy Father looked at me good-humoredly and said, with a smile: 'And here is Mary of the Angels wishing to give her own direction to the conversation of the Pope!' Then, in the kindest of tones, he continued: 'You doubtless imagine, my daughter, that the Pope was ravished in ecstasy, and that Mary Immaculate deigned to appear to him at that solemn moment?'

"Surely there would be nothing astonishing, Holy Father, in the fact of the Blessed Virgin's appearing to your Holiness when you were glorifying her in so remarkable a manner,—when you were commanding all Christendom and all future ages to believe that she was ever without sin.'

"Well, no: I had neither vision nor ecstasy. But what I experienced, what I learned in confirming the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, in defining and promulgating it, no human tongue could

ever express. When I began to read the decree, I felt that my voice was powerless to reach all the immense multitude who crowded the Vatican Basilica (50,000 persons). Yet when I came to the words of the definition proper, God gave to the voice of His Vicar a strength and a compass so supernatural that the whole Basilica resounded with its volume. I was so affected by this divine assistance, his Holiness went on, with an emotion which was shared by his listeners, 'that I was obliged to stop for a moment and give free course to my tears. Then, whilst God proclaimed the dogma by the mouth of His unworthy Vicar, He imparted to me a knowledge so clear and so comprehensive of the incomparable purity of the Blessed Virgin, that, plunged in the profundity of this knowledge, which no expression or comparison can translate, my soul was flooded with ineffable delights, — with delights that are not of earth, which seemed capable of being experienced in heaven alone. No joy, no happiness of this world could ever give the slightest idea thereof. I do not hesitate to say that the Vicar of Christ needed a special grace to prevent his dying of happiness under the impression of this knowledge and this appreciation of the incomparable beauty of Mary Immaculate.'

"Wishing to put himself upon our level, Pius IX. continued: 'You were happy, very happy, my daughters, on the day of your First Communion, happier still on that of your religious profession. I myself learned what happiness was on the day of my elevation to the priesthood. Well, put these and similar joys together, multiply them indefinitely, and you would have only a slight idea of what the Pope experienced on the 8th of December, 1854.'

"While the Sovereign Pontiff recalled the occasion and spoke to us in this manner, his person seemed to be transfigured; and we, wonder-stricken, trembling with emotion, realized something of what the Apostle felt on Thabor when he exclaimed: 'It is good for us to be here!'"

Hardships and Long Life.

FOLLOWING its usual custom, the *Missions Catholiques* of Lyons publishes in its last number for 1916 the necrology of the Foreign Missions for the preceding year, 1915. The list is an interesting one from several points of view, and not least in the light which it throws on the relation between hardships and the duration of life. It will be granted, we presume, that the existence of the average priest on the Foreign Mission field is not an easy, comfortable, inactive, or delectable life; that climatic conditions, difficulties of travelling, primitive lodgings, the simplest of food, and work that never ends, constitute what the generality of men consider genuine hardships. It is, accordingly, not uninteresting to examine how such an existence affects the longevity of the missionary priest. Is he, as a rule, long or short-lived? Does the admitted wear and tear of life in the field afar exhaust his vitality in a notably briefer period than does the more comfortable, complex, convenience-filled existence of his brother priest in the home missions? Let us see.

The list of the dead in the foreign field during 1915 contains the names of ten bishops and one hundred and sixty-four priests. Of the ten prelates, the oldest had attained the age of seventy-eight, and the youngest (Mgr. Linneborn, C. S. C.) was fifty-one. The average age of the ten was sixty-five and three-quarters, a fairly long life for a bishop even in this country.

As for the priests, it is to be remarked that the war is accountable for the loss of a number of the younger missionaries, and that in consequence the average age at death is lower than would normally have been the case. Yet, notwithstanding the war, that average is something more than fifty-four years,—quite as long a life, in all probability, as is generally enjoyed by parish priests in the United States.

Of the missionaries who had reached their three-score years and died before

completing their seventh decade, there were thirty-three. The Psalmist's limit of three-score and ten had been reached and passed by twenty-five; and no fewer than eleven had gone even beyond the four-score mark.

On the whole, it appears from these figures that the longevity of the Catholic clergy engaged in foreign missionary work is rather notable; and one is almost justified in concluding from their record that the simpler one's life and the harder one's work, the longer will life endure. In any case, that record abundantly proves that very many of the luxuries of modern existence—in lodgings, food, dress, transportation, etc.,—are really negligible as aids to prolongation of life, or, what comes to the same thing, to the preservation of perfect health. Plain food, and not too much of it, fresh air, and plenty of physical exercise,—these our missionaries invariably have; and a good many of us, in both lay and clerical circles, would undoubtedly enjoy a far healthier and a longer life if in those respects we imitated their example.

The Devil's Net.

AN old legend relates that the devil once held a great council of the fallen angels to devise means for hindering the work of salvation. One suggested that they go and tell the people of the world that all they heard of Christianity was false. But the devil said this would be of no use, as every one knew it was true, or at least felt that it might be true. Another suggested they whisper in their ears that Christianity was true, but need not be believed. But the devil said again, "This would be of little use. We might draw some away, but the multitude would not listen." A third said, "Let us tell the people that all they hear is true, but persuade them that there is no hurry about putting it into practice."—"Ah!" said the devil, "that is fine. With such a net we shall catch a great multitude."

Notes and Remarks.

A year or more ago we ventured to predict that the present war would come to an end only when the resources of one side were exhausted. This seems more likely now than ever. President Wilson's action has not helped matters a particle. The diplomatic acknowledgments of his Note to the Allies, though not what he expected, were sufficiently restrained; but representative men in all the countries in conflict, while praising his good intentions, berated him for his intimation that the different Powers did not know what they were fighting for, and his insinuation that the Allies had better accept Germany's peace proposals. Father Bernard Vaughan, expressing the sentiments not only of his own countrymen but of the French, Russians, and Belgians, declared that "it was their high mission to fight for everything the enemy was fighting against. They were fighting for humanity against 'frightfulness,' for civilization against 'Kultur,' for freedom against slavery, for Christianity against paganism, for Christ with His reign of peace against Odin and his religion of terror, blood and war."

President Wilson's "peace without victory" speech is bitterly and openly denounced in all the belligerent countries. Opinions are freely expressed that are as little indicative of a desire for peace as complimentary either to the United States or its chief executive. In England particularly the attitude of our Government is resented by press and pulpit. In reference to President Wilson's words relative to the freedom of the seas, which excited especial indignation, a prominent member of Parliament is quoted as saying: "The only possible interpretation of these words means taking from England the one weapon which enabled her to become what she is, and remain so in the face of her enemies. I see no way out of the situation but a victory peace."

That the war must go on would seem

to be the determination both of the people and the rulers of every country engaged in it. "Unless the giant [Germany] is killed, the future peace and happiness of England must die instead," says Sir John Jellicoe. And the same is said by England's allies without exception. The Central Powers, seeing their peace proposals rejected, have enlarged their plans for a more vigorous conduct of hostilities, repeating the declaration that any restriction of their liberties or infringement of their rights would be intolerable to them.

It seems we do not make enough use of our parish halls and school buildings. At least, that is the view of the Rev. Edward Hawks, of Philadelphia, who in a paper read before the National Conference of Catholic Charities, and printed in the *St. Vincent de Paul Quarterly*, makes a strong argument for Catholic community centre work. Father Hawks is aware of all that may be said against such effort, and is not in the least disconcerted by it. He is not an empty theorizer, but a worker who has had practical experience in this sort of settlement work, and knows whereof he speaks. He has much to say in detail of just what has been attempted, and an interesting tale to tell of noble results achieved. As comparing Catholic efforts with those of others, he says:

I know that it is urged that the so-called "Institutional Church" is a failure. The boys' clubs, swimming pools, and sewing classes do not increase the church membership. I have seen this very objection repeatedly urged in non-Catholic journals, with a great deal of truth. But I think that this answer can be made. The "Institutional Church" is in nearly every case a non-Catholic organization. It *does* meet with success along those lines in which it can hope to be successful. It *does* afford opportunities for young people to advance themselves socially. It *does* keep them off the streets at night. It *does* teach them economy and refinement. If it *does not* make practical Christians out of them, that is only because its Christianity is ineffective, because it is not able to supply the needs of the soul, because it can not give divine certitude to the mind. I think there is some truth in the

charge that the "Institutional Church" confuses the means with the end, and does make people think that the essence of religion lies, not in believing the truth, but in living an outwardly respectable life. But this confusion can exist only where there is no true faith to propound. Such an objection would not be valid in the case of the Catholic Church engaging in social work. It would always be clear to everyone that the Church was solicitous about improving social conditions only in order to be able to save men's souls more surely.

It is a happy circumstance, we think, that this admirable paper is reprinted in full in the official organ of the St. Vincent de Paul Society; for if there is any organization which can take up this project and make it a success, it is the Society of St. Vincent de Paul.

Those who have been contributing to the support of charitable undertakings by the Sisters of Charity in China will be gratified to have the assurance that their accumulated alms are often providential. In acknowledging the receipt of an offering sent to Wenchow, which is in the very heart of Chinese heathendom, one of the Sisters tells us that, as a result of a visit by the Father Superior of the mission to some mountain villages, fifteen abandoned infants were laid at the door of the orphan asylum. The Christians in one place had promised several pagan families that he would take charge of these little unfortunates if only the parents would await his arrival, and not drown them, as was the intention. 'How to support these baby girls is now our anxiety.' Another Sister, writing from Chentingfu, says: 'We could not have continued our work here, at least on the same scale, without the assistance that has come to us through THE AVE MARIA. We count upon its continuance. What should we do in the spring when the supply of grain runs short?'

Difficult as it may be at this time to increase the number of chapels, catechumenates, orphan asylums, etc., in foreign missions, it ought to be easy to maintain those already established. But, as we have often said, the means to do this must come

from abroad. 'We observe the strictest economy,' says one of the Sisters, whose letter has been quoted, 'in order to make things last as long as possible and have no waste.' Significant words are these; they mean that privations of every sort are endured, and that no kind of hardship is avoided by the devoted Sisters and self-sacrificing priests.

Most Americans who have given any thought to the matter at all have probably viewed the selection of Mr. Lloyd George as Prime Minister of England merely in its relation to the Great War. To the English people themselves, and particularly to those of them who belong to the Established Church, his selection wears another aspect. As head of the British Government, it will devolve upon Mr. George not only to see that the war be prosecuted with increased energy and efficiency, but to appoint Anglican bishops to such Sees as may become vacant during his tenure of office. Now, the Prime Minister is not a member of the Established Church, but a Nonconformist, a Dissenter—or, to be specific, he is some sort of a Baptist. It will readily be understood that members of the Church of England "as by law established" are troubled by the prospect of such an anomaly as a Baptist's appointing Anglican bishops; but, after all, there is nothing to be surprised at. Their Church is admittedly a creature of the State; Parliament can decide, and has decided, what is or is not its doctrine; and so, if the parliamentary leader, though a Baptist, names its bishops, it is simply because England is content with a lay government instead of the spiritual authority of Christ's Vicar.

A correspondent in Paris tells us that the touching story of a Jewish rabbi (M. Abraham Bloch, of Lyons) who was killed after performing an act of kindness and charity in behalf of a dying Catholic soldier, is vouched for by the Rev. Father

Jamin, S. J., in whose arms the rabbi expired. It seems that, although the majority of Jews in France profess no religious belief, there are a few rabbis who serve as army chaplains. M. Bloch was of the number. During the shelling of the village of Taintrux, at which he was present, the ambulance of the 14th Corps was set on fire. The wounded men were rescued by the litter-bearers and chaplains at the peril of their lives. One of the soldiers who had been badly wounded, being about to die, taking the rabbi for a priest (their garb is somewhat similar) began to make his confession. When M. Bloch warned him of his mistake, he asked for a crucifix, which the good-hearted Jew hurried off to procure, and hastened back to comfort the dying man with the cherished symbol of his faith. Very soon afterwards the rabbi himself was struck down by a shell, and, through a strange dispensation of Providence, died in the arms of Father Jamin.

It is easy to believe with our correspondent that the arms of Divine Goodness were extended to one that had proved himself so heroically charitable, and that any grace which may have been needed was abundantly supplied.

As an observation which is the result of long and careful study, the following judgment by the Rt. Rev. J. F. Regis Canevin, D. D., on the problem of loss and gain in Church membership in this country is sure to interest our readers. Concluding an article on the subject in the current *Catholic Historical Review*, Bishop Canevin observes:

No body of Catholics in history approached to anything like the marvellous progress which this poverty-stricken, hard-working, unlettered, persecuted, Catholic minority in the United States made between 1800 and 1900. Churches, schools, colleges, and universities have sprung up all over the land; institutions of mercy and charity are there to testify to the love of these people for their fellowman. There could not have been defections and apostasies of millions of Catholics, and at the same time a material and earthly progress of religious institutions and a Catholic

virility that have not been surpassed in any nation or in any age. The stalwart faith and loyalty and piety of the Catholics of this country to-day, their unity and devotion to the Vicar of Christ, the position of the Church in the United States, prove that, amid the conflicts of the nineteenth century, faith and fidelity supported and sanctified the lives and work of those who preceded us, and ought to determine us not to accept without proof the statements of prejudiced minds that the Church has failed in this republic; that our losses have been greater than our gains, especially when we consider that our mission to those outside the fold and gains by conversion have, during the last one hundred years, been as great as, if not greater than, in any country of Europe.

So much of the news from Rome appearing in the secular papers proves on inquiry to be quite incorrect that it is not strange to find responsible Catholic journals very chary about accepting as truth the recent report concerning the Sovereign Pontiff's contemplated action regarding the reunion of Christendom. Especially doubtful seemed the statement that a new inquiry into the validity of Anglican Orders is to be instituted. Now that the subject has again been mentioned, however, it may be worth while to reproduce Cardinal Gasquet's thoroughly adequate reply to such Anglicans as resented, and still resent, Rome's adverse decision on the validity of their Orders:

With every allowance for the feelings of those among the clergy of the Established Church who, holding advanced doctrines on the Eucharist, regard themselves as being "sacrificing-priests" quite as really as ourselves, it is somewhat hard to see what ground of complaint any one of them has with the Papal decision. They remain what they were before; and the whole question was essentially, so far as the Roman authorities were concerned, a domestic one. The real question before the Commission and to be determined by the Pope was this and no other: Was the Church to regard the English bishops and priests of the Established Church as bishops and priests in the same way and in the same sense as those who have been ordained according to the rites and ceremonies prescribed in the Pontifical? Surely the living authority of the Roman Church had a right—and, when the question had been formally raised, a duty—to determine the answer without being considered

either offensive or aggressive. Certainly no such motive was thought of in the discussions of the Commission.

Having been a member of that Commission, Cardinal Gasquet knows whereof he speaks. On the face of it, it seems highly improbable that the findings of the Commission appointed by Leo XIII. will be subjected to a new study. So far as Rome is concerned, we imagine that the matter of Anglican Orders is what diplomats call a closed incident.

That one manifestation of the revival of the religious spirit among French soldiers should be a frank, outspoken devotion to the Blessed Virgin will surprise no one familiar with the history of the Marian cult in France, and the numerous shrines of Our Lady in that country which have been the scenes of almost innumerable prodigies. It is quite in keeping with the best Catholic traditions of France that a magazine intended for the soldiers especially, "Frères d'Armes," should have this to say about a typical prayer to Our Blessed Lady:

Do you possess a Rosary? No! Then tell your chaplain: he will give you one; or else write to your mother, your wife, your parish priest, and you will get one. If you lose it on the road or in the straw when you shake up your overcoat, do what you do when you lose your pipe: invest quickly in another. Keep your Rosary—not in your pouch (you might forget to say it), but in your pocket. Say your Rosary. It is like the grenade and the rifle—to be used. Say it when in church at Benediction time, together with the people; or if you are alone, go to a statue of the Blessed Virgin and recite it there. Say your Rosary when you are sad and you brood over home. Say it in the trenches when the enemy keeps quiet and the marmites are not falling about. Nothing simpler; it is the easiest prayer going. Nothing to learn, nothing to read, no mental strain whatever. It is the sweetest of all prayers. You speak to the Heavenly Mother, you recall her virtues, her power, her kindness. You ask her to watch over you, and if you die to take you to paradise. . . .

Excellent advice for all Catholics, whether at the battle front in Europe, or on the firing line of life elsewhere. Devotion to the Blessed Virgin is a solace

in trouble, a sweetener of life, a preparation for death, and an earnest of personal salvation.

Of all historical lies, those to which mankind clings most tenaciously, and which still survive among the multitude even after their falsity has been fully demonstrated by expert historical critics, none perhaps live so long as the high-sounding sentences placed in the mouths of famous or infamous men on this or that memorable occasion. "England expects every man to do his duty" is a nobler message than the real one sent by the hero of Trafalgar, which was, "Nelson expects, etc."; hence the former version is the accepted one. And so with the oft-quoted, and, during the present year, oft-to-be-quoted, words of Luther: "Here I stand; I can do no otherwise. God help me. Amen." Brave words, are they not, from the man who was asked to recant his errors? Their bravery or boldness, however, was not Luther's, as practically all competent historians, Protestant no less than Catholic, of the period have for years admitted. Luther concluded his speech at the Diet of Worms with a customary declaration at the end of a discourse, "God help me. Amen." The preliminary, "Here I stand; I can do no otherwise," is merely another historical lie. It is too much, however, to hope that all non-Catholic eulogizers of the so-called reformer will follow the advice of the Protestant author, Böhmer: "It would be well not to quote any more those most celebrated of Luther's words as though they were his."

For ten men who condemn an abuse, there is usually only one who offers a remedy. It is the practical suggestions for "Cleaning Up the Corner News-Stand" which give value to Mr. Joyce Kilmer's article under that caption in the January number of the *Columbiad*. If your dealer offers for sale literature which is offensive, lose no time finding another dealer. But first a magnanimous warning to your

original dealer may prove all that is necessary to get him to remove the objectionable matter from his stock. Again, where the offence is committed by magazines of standing, write to the editor; protests of this kind can do much. At all events, they will accomplish more than writing to your favorite Catholic paper about the delinquency in question. Finally, Mr. Kilmer greatly favors a department of magazine reviewing in the columns of our press; as he writes:

When a magazine that has a good reputation prints an article in which some accomplished writer advocates free love or turns his scorn on law and religion, or a story in which Christianity and morality are attacked, then trained critics writing for our Catholic press should warn their readers that this particular issue of the magazine is one to avoid. This sort of criticism would eventually have a beneficial effect on the magazines criticised, and it would at once prevent Catholics from innocently spending their money for attacks on the things most dear to them.

No magazine of reputation nowadays desires any free advertising as anti-Christian or anti-Catholic. Nothing will bring such a periodical to its senses more effectually than to put it down in the class of the vulgar and stupid anti-religious press.

Apropos of the statement, now growing commonplace, that the Great War has profoundly modified the religious sentiments (no matter what be said of the religious beliefs) of a multitude of people, it is significant that the January number of the *Nineteenth Century* contains no fewer than four papers dealing with religious matters. Two of them are on "Communications with the Dead"; the third is "'If a Man die, shall he live again?'" and the fourth asks the question: "Does the National Mission Interpret the National Soul?" In none of the four (save perhaps Sir Herbert Stephen's denial of spiritistic communication with the dead) will a Catholic reader be much interested; but their very appearance in the review is a sign of the times that seems worth noting.

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

A Sleigh-Bell Rhyme.

BY ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.

O THE jingle, jingle, jingle
Of the sleigh-bells as they mingle
In the ringing measure of a lilting chime!
How it fairly makes you tingle,
Stops your thoughts of fireside ingle,
As you hear the sleigh-bells chant a merry rhyme!

How the horses go a-prancing,
With a step or two of dancing,
As they feel the glinting snow beneath their feet!
Round the corners swiftly glancing,
Sudden scenes the view enhancing,—
How the miles are vanquished by the horses fleet!

Then a song with voices blending,
Far away the echoes wending
Carry sounds of laughter and of glee;
And it's true without pretending,
Sleighing is a way of spending
Hours of splendid fun with friends most happily.

Con of Misty Mountain.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

V.—AN OUTLAWED NIGHT.

CON scrambled up the rocks through the pines, where Dick, who had reached him by ways of his own an hour ago, sprang out to meet him, barking delighted welcome. In a moment the low door of the cabin swung open, and Mother Moll, bent and shaking, stood on the threshold, lifting a skinny finger in warning. Con was used to Mother Moll's warning, and paused, with a silencing grip on Dick's jaw.

"He is home," wheezed the old woman in a hoarse whisper,—“home, and drunk and mad as the deuce can make him!”

"Uncle Bill?" gasped Con.

"Aye!" panted the old woman, nodding

her grizzled head. "Nat is took; they've got him in the Pineville jail. It was old Gregory that put them on his track." Poor Mother Moll's voice quavered. "It will be twenty years for him maybe, and he not nineteen. Eh! Eh! And Dan and Wally daren't show their faces this side of the mountain. It's the old man at the Manse has done it all. He's sworn to clear out the Buzzards from Misty Mountain, if it takes every cent he's got. Aye, aye, but it's awful to hear Bill talk! Nat in for twenty years, and only nineteen! He'll be even with them that put him there, Bill says, if he has to swing for it himself."

Mother Moll had stepped out under the pines to convey all this lurid information. Con received it without a shock. He had lived among these fears and perils ever since he could remember clearly. True, there had been a dim distant time that seemed different; but it had become very shadowy. Sometimes the mists lifted in his dreams; but in his waking hours he was only the young outlaw of Misty Mountain—Buzzards' Con.

"Where is he now?" asked Con.

"Asleep," answered Mother Moll. "He's drunk himself asleep. But it won't last. You'd best keep out of his way; for he was raving about you with the rest."

"About me?" said Con, a little startled.

"Aye, aye!" was the answer. "He's took it in his head that you've turned agin him—agin us all."

"Turned agin you?" repeated Con in bewilderment. "Where could I turn?"

"That's what I told him," said Mother Moll. "You hedn't nobody or no place to turn. But the devil is in him to-day about Nat, and you'd best keep out of his way. You might go off to Reddy Jones'. There will be a turkey raffle there to-night, and I've got ten cents here." She felt in her

bosom and drew out an old buckskin purse.

Con knew what Reddy Jones' would be,—the drinking, the eating, the gaming, the fighting. Last night the turkey raffle might have appealed to him; but what Mother Moll would perhaps have called a "spell" had fallen upon him to-day,—a gentle spell, that he felt Reddy Jones' would break. The talk with the "Mister" on the mountain, the log cabin bowered in berries and green, the glittering glories of the Christmas altar; more than all, the soft-eyed, friendly little girl who had believed, trusted, defended him, had opened a strange new world to Mountain Con,—a world which he had never in his boyish memory known. If he must keep out of Uncle Bill's way (and that there was wisdom in Mother Moll's warning, Con from hard experience knew), he would go back, and from some safe shelter, which his boyish enemies could not penetrate, watch all the wonderful glitter and sparkle and glory of the log cabin to-night. He knew a place—his keen eye had noted it as he passed this afternoon—where, hidden by a clump of dwarf pines, he could look through one of the low windows and see all. But it would be just as well not to enlighten Mother Moll, in whose old withered heart there was still a spark of woman's feeling for the friendless boy.

"I'll go, then," he said evasively. "Give me some cold corn-cake for supper, Mother Moll, and I'll keep out of Uncle Bill's way. Mebbe he'll be off in the morning."

"I dunno," said the old woman, hopelessly. Forty years of married life with Uncle Bill had left her doubtful of his moods. "I'll get ye the corn-cake and some cold bacon. Ye can stay in Reddy's barn for the night." She turned back into the house, and came out again with Con's supper wrapped in a piece of paper. "He's stirring," she whispered. Be off!"

And, without waiting for further trouble, Con bounded away lightly as the hunted wild thing he was. He took the longer road this time; for the sun was near its setting, and soon the shadows would

gather over rock and ridge,—shadows that would make the short cut perilous even to Mountain Con. Otherwise he had no fear of darkness or night. It was a clear wintry evening, and just now the snowy heights around him were a glory of crimson and gold. Peak after peak caught the sunset radiance and flung it back from glittering summits, while the ice-clad pines sparkled and shimmered with rainbow light. As Con sat down on a jutting rock to eat his supper, he looked about him with a new consciousness of the beauty of the scene. He had helped to make beauty for the first time to-day, and it had roused some dormant sense in him.

"Don't want no candles or shining things, nor berries and greens up here," he thought. "It's pretty enough without them. But I'll surely like to see all them ar fine fixings to-night."

And, his supper finished, Con kept on his way down the wild steeps, darkening now in the swift-gathering winter twilight, until he reached his outpost. It was a hollow under the rocks where perhaps fuel or ammunition had been stored when great-grandfather Gregory held the log cabin against the Indians; but it was choked up now with a thick growth of dwarf pines, through which Con and Dick had wiggled their way last week in search of an escaping woodchuck. The same pines had for years screened one of the narrow windows of the log cabin so effectively that the opening was scarcely noticed. But Con's quick eye had seen its possibilities while he debated on a "snooping" place to-day; and he now hurried into its shadows, feeling that by breaking away a few boughs he would have a new view.

There was nothing going on yet. Father Phil was busy in the little shack outside, hearing confessions. A few penitents were kneeling in the deepening shadows. Con recognized among them one or two of his morning enemies; and he felt that if there was to be peace at this strange gathering, it behooved him to keep out

of sight and reach; for poor Con knew nothing of the blessedness that comes with Christmas Night. So he fell back cautiously into his shelter, and flung himself down in the hollow under the rocks. It was warm and dry, and carpeted with pine needles; and the wild young wanderer, who was a tired boy after his exciting day, soon dropped off to sleep. Perhaps it was the thought of the soft-voiced little girl, or the "Mister" on the mountain that had talked so nice to him, that brought pleasant dreams to Con to-night,—the old pleasant dreams, that were growing more and more misty with the passing years,—dreams in which neither Uncle Bill nor Mother Moll nor any of the wild crew at Buzzard Roost had place.

He was by a fire (there had always been a bright blazing fire in these old dreams); and there were windows hung with cobwebby stuff; and some one was holding him warm and safe in soft white arms. Who it was he did not know; he was always too sleepy to see. He could only hear low, sweet singing, that kept him happy and still—gee! Con's eyes opened wide in bewilderment. Why—why—he was hearing that singing now! He started up, half awake. Where was he? What had happened? It was night,—late night. He could see through the feathery trees the glory of winter stars above him. He could hear—hear the singing almost at his side. He stood for a moment breathless and wondering, as the shepherds of old when that same Christmas *Gloria* burst upon their ears. Then his quick eye caught the golden light flickering into his shelter; and, parting the pine boughs, he looked in on the Midnight Mass.

The little cabin chapel was crowded to its limit. Three of the boys that had come upon Con this morning were kneeling in the front row of worshippers; while Tommy Randall and Pat Murphy were in white surplices, reverently serving Mass. And—and—could that be the "Mister" of this morning,—the shining figure standing there under the bowing greens,

before the radiant altar? For a moment Con thought it must be one of the angels he had heard about, singing in the Christmas skies. And there, too, was the little lady of the Manse, and his late enemy Nora, kneeling with clasped hands and uplifted eyes; while all around and above them gleamed the glory of the lighted candles, rose the music of the hymns.

What all this wondrous beauty and splendor meant poor Con did not understand. All he knew was that it had something to do with the Babe that lay in the manger, at whose coming the angels had sung; and, like one of the shepherds of old, his rude, untaught soul felt a strange awakening thrill. There came a sudden hush in the music. Every knee was bent, every head was bowed; and outside in the pine shadows wild Con of the mountain knelt and bowed in unconscious worship, too. But even in this blessed moment he could not escape his luckless lot.

"I saw ye, ye villyun!" muttered a hoarse voice in his ear; and Dennis, head groom of the Manse stable, laid a stern hand on his shoulder. "I saw ye a-peering in at the window,—aye, and I heard what ye said to Nora Malone the last evening! The masther tould me I was to come and keep me eyes open for divilment. It's no harrum I'd bring to man or baste this blessed night, but I'll not have ye hiding around this holy place. What ye are here for I'll not ax; but it's for no good, I'm sure. So be off wid yerself, and let me hear out the holy Mass in peace."

"I ain't doing no harm," muttered Con.

"Whisht now,—whisht! It's no time for talking," warned Dennis, sternly. "Off wid ye, I say! And ye may thank the Lord I am in His grace to-night, or it would be the worse for ye. It's for naither you nor me to make throuble at this holy time."

For a moment Con stood fierce, sullen, defiant at this rough dismissal—then it was no time to make trouble, he felt, with a new sense of reverence for the wonders around him; and he turned away from his hiding-place, and went out into

the starry glory of the Christmas night.

"Faix, and it's well I was on the watch," declared Dennis as, Mass over, he guided his sweetheart Nora and her little lady back over the moonlit path to the Manse. "That young villyun of a Buzzard Con was hiding in the bushes behind the chapel. I caught a glimpse of his yellow head in the half-shut window."

"The Lord save us!" gasped Nora. "It's ye that have the quick eye and the wise head, Dennis, even in yer prayers."

"I had me ordhers," answered Dennis. "Sez the masther to me afore we set out for the Mass: 'Keep yer eyes and ears open, Dennis, for thim rascals on the Roost. I'm thinking they may be up to some divilment to-night.'—'It will be a distraction in me prayers, sir,' sez I; 'but I must do my duty to you, sir.'—'Aye,' sez the masther, slipping a Christmas dollar into me hand; 'as the Good Book sez, we must both watch and pray.' And well it was that I did; for that young villyun was there for no good, I am sure—"

"Oh, he *was* there for good!" broke in Susie, eagerly. "I told him to come, Dennis,—I told him to come and see the altar and hear the Christmas Mass. And you drove him away! Oh, poor boy, poor boy! Everybody is so mean to him,—poor Mountain Con! He has no father or mother; no one to teach him, to help him, to be kind to him, not even on Christmas night,—poor, poor Con!" And the sweet voice quavered into something very much like a sob.

"Sure and it's not crying ye are, darlint?" remonstrated Nora. "Crying over that wild rapsallion, Buzzard Con! What does the likes of him know about holy altar or holy Mass? It was some divil work he was afther when Dennis spied him. We may thank the Lord the roof wasn't fired over our heads, as the young villyun threatened us the past day. It's nervous ye are wid all the excitement and the long watching to-night, or ye'd never be fretting over a rapsallion like Mountain Con. Come now! We'll be hurrying back home,

so ye can get into bed and go to sleep."

And Nora hurried her little lady into the old house, whose lights could be seen glittering brightly through the leafless trees; while, far up on the mountain, the homeless boy for whom Susie grieved lay under a sheltering rock, his blue eyes fixed on the Christmas stars, thinking of all he had seen to-night.

"It was fine," murmured Con to himself dreamily, for sleep was stealing upon him,—"finer than that ar sunset on Eagle Peak this evening. I'd like to hâve seen them angels the Mister talked about before—before that big Irisher druv me away."

(To be continued.)

An Answer to a King.

The late King of Prussia was once visiting a school when he asked the children to what kingdoms, as they are called, different objects belonged. There was the mineral kingdom, to which all iron and stone belong, and the vegetable kingdom, in which all plants and flowers and trees are placed, and, again, the animal kingdom, to which all living beings and beasts belong. At last the king asked, "Now, to which kingdom do I belong?" meaning, of course, the animal kingdom. But none of the children liked to class their good king with the animals, so all were silent until one little boy spoke up and said, "Your Majesty, you belong to the Kingdom of Heaven."

The king, it is related, was very much surprised at this unexpected answer; but he was very much pleased, too, and he told the boy he would remember that answer all his life long and try always to live as an inheritor of God's Kingdom.

Tally.

The word *tally* originally meant a cutting; then a cutting of notches to keep an account; and then simply an account, however kept.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A collection of stories of Irish life by the Rev. Mark O'Byrne, entitled "Thunder an' Turf," is announced for early publication by P. J. Kenedy & Sons.

—"The Will to Win" is the title of a new book for boys and girls by the Rev. Boyd Barrett, S. J., whose "Strength of the Will," for older readers, has had a wide welcome. Kenedy & Sons will be the publishers.

—Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons promise "The Celt and the World," by Mr. Shane Leslie. This new work by the brilliant author of "The End of a Chapter" is said to deal with "the historic conflict between the Celt and the Teuton."

—The Mission Press, Techny, Ill., has brought out in pamphlet form, for general distribution among the clergy of the United States, an excellent and timely article on "American Priests and Foreign Missions," contributed to the *Ecclesiastical Review* by the Rev. A. B. O'Neill, C. S. C.

—It has been well said that the line which separates versification from poetry is very elusive. Still one ought to be able to distinguish doggerel, even though produced by oneself. The little girl who says "the stars are loveliest when they wink at you" will be a poet if she lives, provided she is not spoiled by over-indulgence in rhymed prose.

—Miss Georgina Pell Curtis has undertaken perhaps too large a task in the compass she sets herself in her latest work, "The Interdependence of Literature"; for though her aim is only "to sketch in outline," inter-relations of literature, the result is not, we regret to say, a complete outline. For a second edition Posnett's important work on "Comparative Literature" should be consulted. As regards format, "The Interdependence of Literature" will not enhance the reputation of its publisher, B. Herder.

—There will be many persons, we feel sure, to welcome "Sermons and Sermon Notes," by the late Father B. W. Maturin, edited by the late Dr. Wilfrid Ward, with his fine tribute to his friend, reprinted from the *Dublin Review*, an informing preface by his widow, and a portrait of the lamented preacher. Of the eleven sermons contained in this volume, five were delivered while he was an Anglican, the others at various times after his submission to the Church. The notes, though fragmentary, bear the impress of Father Maturin's great

gift of spiritual insight, so strikingly shown in the complete sermons. Those on the Lord's Prayer and at the clothing of a nun are perhaps the most notable examples of this remarkable psychological perception. We share the hope expressed by Mrs. Ward that numerous readers will derive from this book the help and consolation that it gave to its editor. Published by Longmans, Green & Co.

—With Mr. Laurence J. Gomme as his publishing sponsor, and Mr. Joyce Kilmer introducing him in most approved lyceum manner, Mr. Hilaire Belloc makes his bow to Americans as a poet. "Verses" he calls his effort, but they are the verses of a poet. They are quite English verses, many of them; they are on English subjects, reprinted from English magazines. The strongest argument for Mr. Belloc's poetic power—for it seems to be an open question with the reviewers as to whether or not he is a poet at all—is his ability to relate such highly personal intuitions as those to which he gives voice, in "Balliol Men" and "The South Country," to universal experience. But the most satisfactory argument is the book itself, which the lover of poetry will peruse with delight, and to which he will return again and again with fresh expectations. The Catholic reader will find Mr. Belloc a spiritual singer, with a difference. Sing lustily, this poet seems to say, because you carry a cross. Mr. Gomme's press has again produced a faultless piece of book-making.

—The Rt. Rev. Francis C. Kelley, D. D., LL. D., offers through Extension Press, "Letters to Jack," a substantial volume of some two hundred and fifty pages,—the letters of a priest to his nephew. "In an easy conversational style he talks to the young fellow about pretty nearly everything," says his Grace Archbishop Mundelein in his laudatory preface. "At the same time he does not assume the preaching attitude of a reverent relic of a past generation, but rather he lets the young man feel that he is listening to the advice given by a chum, a friend, who has the one thing that he lacks—namely, experience." How highly his Grace regards these "Letters" may be gauged from his closing words: "I would, if I could, put a copy of this book into the hands of every young man." It is a sentiment which we re-echo. Apart from the excellence of the advice here offered—of which almost any priest in the circumstances would have been capable of rendering,—there is a distinct personal charm in Monsignor Kelley's

presentation of it; it is like the charm of a bright, kindly face. The book is well printed and durably bound, as it deserved to be.

—The Rev. Thomas Gerrard, who died last month in England, and the Rev. Bonaventure Hammer, O. F. M., whose death occurred last week in the United States, had much in common. Notwithstanding the handicap of physical infirmity, both were industrious writers. The former, who was a convert to the Church, was the author of "The Cords of Adam," "Marriage and Parenthood," "A Challenge to the Time Spirit," and other books no less important, if not so well known, and a frequent contributor to Catholic periodicals at home and abroad. Father Hammer, besides writing several books of great usefulness, and many valuable articles for magazines and newspapers, rendered an important service by his translation into German of "Ben Hur." Competent critics have pronounced this work superior to the original. After retiring from active service, these tireless priests continued to promote the cause of religion in every way possible, and to the end gave a shining example of the virtues they had so often inculcated in public. Both were among the most amiable of men as well as the most priestly of priests. Peace to their souls!

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.

"Sermons and Sermon Notes." Rev. B. W. Maturin. \$2.

"Verses." Hilaire Belloc. \$1.10.

"Letters to Jack." Rt. Rev. Francis Kelley, D. D. \$1.

"The Interdependence of Literature." Georgina Pell Curtis. 60 cts.

"Illustrations for Sermons and Instructions." Rev. Charles J. Callan, O. P. \$2.

"Beauty." Rev. A. Rother, S. J. 50 cts.

"Gerald de Lacey's Daughter." Anna T. Sadlier. \$1.35.

"The Holiness of the Church in the Nineteenth Century." Rev. Constantine Kempf, S. J. \$1.75.

"The Divine Master's Portrait." Rev. Joseph Degen. 50 cts.

"Tommy Travers." Mary T. Waggaman. 75 cts.
"Development of Personality." Brother Chryostom, F. S. C. \$1.25.

"The Seminarian." Rev. Albert Rung. 75 cts.
"The Fall of Man." Rev. M. V. McDonough. 50 cts.

"Saint Dominic and the Order of Preachers." 75 cts.; paper covers, 35 cts.

"The Growth of a Legend." Ferdinand van Langenhove. \$1.25.

"The Divinity of Christ." Rev. George Roche, S. J. 25 cts.

"Heaven Open to Souls." Rev. Henry Semple, S. J. \$2.15.

"Conferences for Young Women." Rev. Reynold Kuehnel. \$1.50.

"The Dead Musician and Other Poems." Charles L. O'Donnell, C. S. C. \$1.

Obituary.

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

Rev. Enos Langford, of the diocese of Hartford; Rev. Hugh Fleming, diocese of Newark; Rev. Remy Lafort, archdiocese of New York; and Rev. Bonaventure Hammer, O. F. M.

Brother Frederick, C. S. C.

Sister M. Conception, of the Order of the Presentation; Sister M. Josephine, O. S. B., and Sister M. Eulalia, Order of the Visitation.

Mr. Francis C. Ewing, Mr. Paul Betger, Capt. Robert de Courson, Miss Frances Howe, Mr. W. F. Maguire, Mrs. Margaret Doyle, Mr. Vincent Ebert, Mrs. E. P. Webster, Mr. Michael Hayes, Mr. William E. Moroney, Mrs. George Vorschmitt, Mrs. James Borland, Mr. Edward Hagan, Mrs. Margaret Shea, Mr. Walter Ferrier, Jr., Miss Mary Quigley, Mrs. C. A. Boehme, Mr. Allan and Mr. Alexander McKinnon, Mrs. Teresa Dolphus, Mr. George Hirshman, Mrs. Bridget Thornton, Mr. E. C. Marly, Mr. Murdoch J. McNeil, Mr. M. S. Kohler, Mr. Edward Newman, Mrs. Anne Barney, Mrs. Mary O'Neil, Mr. W. F. Schmidt, and Miss K. E. Russell.

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 rescue of orphaned and abandoned children in China: Friend, \$5; "in honor of St. Anthony, \$1; Friend, 75 cts. For the Bishop of Nueva Segovia: K. G. F., \$10. For the Indian Missions: C. H. L., \$8.65. For the Foreign Missions: Agnes and Mildred Kavanaugh, \$3.



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

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Ad Vesperas.

BY JOHN FERGUSON.

ENTER by the lowly chapel door,
And leave a while the loud and lighted street,
And in the twilight of this calm retreat—
Where all around me, kneeling on the floor,
With diligent fingers tell their Rosaries o'er,
And unseen choirs the Latin psalms repeat—
I seem to sit the while at Jesus' feet,
As wistful Mary sat in days of yore.

Soon will the Benediction rites begin,
And incense rise, and votive tapers shine;
The Sacred Host be hymned in strains divine
That tell how grace has triumphed over sin:
But now, while broods this hallowed gloom within,
Seemeth the Eternal Presence more benign.

St. Winefride's Well: The Lourdes of Wales.

BY N. F. DEGIDON.

UTILITARIANISM has been responsible for the uprooting and destruction of much that was the best and most beautiful in life; but to-day we had rather not admit the word into general use, so we dress it up in fine clothes and call it by the high-sounding name of modern science. A rose by any other name would smell as sweet; and a Vandal's hammer is nothing more or less than a weapon of wanton destruction, call it by what name you will. Old beliefs, old customs, old works of art as evidenced in cloister, church, and cathedral, have been swept away by the Vandals,

under one excuse or another, in this tired old land of England adown the years of three centuries. But the older Vandals invariably worked above ground. Whether they were ashamed of it or not, the white light of criticism had full play on their work. To-day things are different. Perhaps it is that there is so little left above ground to ruin that the modern Vandals burrow underground to destroy the good and the beautiful. Be that as it may, they have succeeded in drying up St. Winefride's miraculous Well, styled "the Lourdes of Wales." The calamity—for it is nothing less—occurred in this wise.

For some little time back, tunnelling had been in progress in the neighborhood of the Well; its object being to drain the old lead mines of the Halkyn Mountains, with a view to turning them into a profitable working concern in the near future. From the beginning this project had not commended itself to the fair-minded; and the possible effect of this mine-drainage on the miraculous Well was the occasion of a heated debate in the House of Commons, Westminster. But the so-called scientists carried the day. The catastrophe happened on the eve of Epiphany. The men engaged in the tunnelling had exploded a blasting charge, when a mighty rush of water made them seek safety with all possible speed. Presently the waters began to subside, and the men returned to their work; but what was their amazement to find that the flow of the Well (which had been normally about two thousand gallons per minute for over twelve centuries) had ceased! The next day a representative of a pushing

daily paper disported himself on the *dry* floor of the outer bath, and reported the fact to the reading world.

St. Winefride's Well,—the scene of many cures since its spring first gushed forth up to the present day (the deaf, the dumb, the blind, the paralytic, and others coming in their numbers annually in quest of its healing virtues; and, having bathed in its waters, leaving their crutches, chairs, and other votive offerings by the shrine as a proof of their wholeness as well as by way of thank-offering), was not only of miraculous origin, but its stream served many mills along its banks,—busy centres of industry now silent through the act of these modern Vandals. As recently as the year 1870, a hospice for the poorer class of pilgrims was opened there; and so late as a matter of weeks an appeal was made for the exemption from military service of the caretaker of the Well on account of the difficulty of finding a man equally trustworthy to fill his place, and the necessity for such a man during the summer months, when the stream of pilgrims seeking the saint's intercession for ills bodily and mental greatly increased.

For it was here that St. Winefride was born, about the year 600. Her father, Thevit, was a Cambrian magnate, and the possessor of three manors in what is now the County of Flint. Her mother, Wenlo, was a sister of St. Bueno and a member of a family closely connected with the kings of Wales. It was the life and example of this saint which first kindled the love of God in the young girl's heart; for St. Bueno, wandering in quest of a suitable spot on which to build a monastery, came on a visit to his sister's house. Thevit's lands lay on a bluff overlooking the town of Holywell; and the hollow where the present ruins of the Abbey of Basingstoke stand is stated to have been the identical spot where St. Bueno settled down, built a chapel, said daily Mass, and preached to the people.

Amongst those who came to sit at his feet and listen to his inspired words, there

was no one so attentive as his fifteen-year-old niece, Winefride, known as Gueneva in her own circle. She henceforth gave herself up to a life of austerity, and often watched all night in the little church, so great was her devotion to Our Lord in the Holy Sacrament of His Love. Under her uncle's guidance, she made such progress in virtue that, with her parents' consent, she decided to consecrate herself to the service of God. She was, however, a maiden of wondrous personal beauty, which fact did not wholly escape the eyes of men, and princes came to woo her, though she would have none of them.

One especially, Caradoc, son of a neighboring prince, was so determined on winning her that he conducted his suit in person, meantly choosing an hour when Thevit and Wenlo were attending Mass and the youthful Gueneva was alone in the house. Horrified at his persistence, she fled his presence, hoping to find safety in the church with her parents. Beside himself with passion thwarted, Caradoc followed in hot pursuit; and, coming up with the maiden on the slope of the hill, he drew his sword and severed her head from her body at one stroke. The head rolled a little way down the incline, and where it rested a spring of pure water gushed forth.

On hearing of the tragedy, St. Bueno, who was celebrating Mass, left the altar and came to the spot. Taking up the head of his niece, he conveyed it to where the body lay, covered both with a cloak, and then went back to the church to finish the celebration of the divine mysteries. When Mass was over, he returned to the scene, knelt down beside the corpse, prayed fervently for some time, and ordered the cloak to be removed—when the beautiful girl was revealed as if just awaking from sleep, with no sign of the foul deed, save a thin white line around her neck. The guilty Caradoc looked on in amazement. But St. Bueno, turning on him, cursed him, and he fell dead at the saint's feet.

Thenceforth Winefride lived in a state of almost perpetual ecstasy, and held hourly

familiar converse with Almighty God. A convent was built for her on her father's lands, and here she collected around her a community of young maidens. The chapel of this community was built directly over the Well. Meanwhile her saintly uncle returned to Caernarvon. But before his departure, he stood on a stone (which is said still to form a feature of the place), and there promised in the name of God "that whosoever on that spot should thrice ask for a bequest from Him in the name of St. Winefride should obtain the grace he asked for, if it were for the good of his soul."

St. Winefride, on the other hand, made a compact with her uncle that so long as she stayed at Holywell and he lived, she would yearly send him a memorial of her debt to him, and her affection as well. Eight years later she received the news of his death, and at the same time an inspiration to leave Holywell and retire inland; for the inroads of the Saxons were already being felt in Wales, and she and her community were not safe so near the border. She found a refuge at Gwytherin, near the source of the River Elwy (a place where Welsh only is spoken to this day), with a friend of St. Elwy, from whom the river takes its name. It was he who afterwards wrote the first biography of St. Winefride.

At Gwytherin, our saint lived the life of a simple religious, under the abbess of the community where she and her companions had found shelter. But after the death of the abbess she was elected to succeed her. It is said that during her life she was acknowledged a saint by all who came in contact with her, and that countless miracles were worked by her during her lifetime. Her death was foreshown to her by Our Lord Himself in a vision. She died on November 3, 660, on which date her feast is kept; but another feast in her honor—that of her martyrdom—is observed in midsummer. A life of the saint in manuscript, said to be the work of a British monk named Valerius, is preserved in the British Museum; and there is

still another in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, supposed to have been written by Robert, prior of Salisbury in the twelfth century. Other biographies of her have also been published; but, even without any written evidence of her sanctity, the most sceptical could not fail to understand that her life and character were far beyond the natural order, if he would but take the trouble to visit Holywell and see for himself the votive offerings hung over the Well by the numerous pilgrims whose ills have been cured by her intercession after bathing in its waters.

The drying up of St. Winefride's well comes as a great shock to the Catholics of Great Britain and Ireland; but to none more than to the poor, whom the saint loved and for whom she wrought untold miracles.

The Crest of the Bodkins.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON.

IX.—THE DISPATCH TO MARÉCHAL BAZAINE.



NE of the two orderlies happened to be Rody O'Flynn. Bodkin experienced considerable difficulty in obtaining permission for his faithful follower to "mount and ride," the chief objector being Señor Manuel Gonzalez. But, mindful of Talbot's warning letter, he flatly refused to stir without his own man. Gonzalez was swarthy, dark-eyed, short but very muscular, and was attired in full *charro*, which consisted of a felt *sombrero* laced with gold braid; a buff jerkin, or jacket, trimmed with gold; and trousers wide-flowing at the ankles, with stripes of gold buttons. His saddle was high peaked in front and rear, and trimmed with leopard skin; the box stirrups being wide and adorned with silver bars. At the saddle-bow hung a coil of silken rope, without which no *caballero* ever travelled. He was armed to the teeth, and mounted on a blooded Arab, which the man from Galway—aye, the two Galwegians—ar-

dently envied him. Arthur's mount was nothing to boast of, but its rider knew that it was an animal that might be relied on should an extremity arise. Rody's horse was a powerful chestnut, deep in the chest, with an immense stride. The second orderly rode nearly as good an animal as that of Gonzalez.

Señor Gonzalez spoke very fair English: At times it was extremely labored, while occasionally he rattled it off after a very correct if a glib fashion. Somehow or other, Arthur did not "cotton" to him; and, without actually mistrusting him, felt as though he ought to be on his guard.

"You have ridden before, Mr. Bodkin?" he observed, after a light gallop—a sort of breather.

"Well, rather."

"An Englishman?"

"An Irishman."

There was a silence of some minutes.

"You are on Baron Bergheim's staff?" said Gonzalez, interrogatively.

"I have that honor," replied Bodkin, stiffly.

"And you are the bearer of a dispatch to Maréchal Bazaine?"

Recollecting his instructions, Arthur merely pushed his horse a little ahead, without replying.

His companion rode up to him.

"I assume that you did not hear my question, sir."

"What question?"

"I asked you if you were not carrying a dispatch to Maréchal Bazaine."

"Really?" said Arthur.

Gonzalez glared at him from beneath the deep brim of the *sombrero*, and observed, with a light laugh:

"*Bueno!* Caution in youth is old gold. I do not press my question, but it might amuse you to learn that I could repeat that dispatch word for word."

"What dispatch?" asked Arthur, with superb simplicity.

It was the turn of Señor Gonzalez to push ahead now. After he had ridden out of earshot, Rody O'Flynn forged along—

side his master, and whispered hoarsely:

"There's danger out, sir. I want fur to spake wid ye. Not now, sir," he added. "This man beside me is no orderly or common sojer at all. An' he spakes English. Be on yer guard, Masther Arthur, an' be nimble wid yer revolver."

Bodkin felt somewhat inclined to scoff at his follower's suspicions. But he knew Rody to be a sharp, keen fellow, and brave as a lion; and this, together with his own instinctive mistrust of Gonzalez, caused him to take caution in both hands. He was for questioning his faithful orderly; but the latter, with a warning gesture, held back.

"Rody is too smart to warn me without good cause," he argued; "and too sharp not to make an occasion for further talk. I shall leave it all to him. If his suspicions are correct, I shall deal promptly with Señor Manuel Gonzalez; and Rody will give a good account of this amateur soldier."

The road still lay through a double row of prickly cactus, and the light was good. They were approaching, however, a somewhat narrow valley, lying in a sort of cleft in a foot-hill, the preface to the mountains lying around the base of the extinct volcano Orizaba.

"If Gonzalez means mischief," thought Arthur, "he will attempt it in yonder valley, where perhaps he may have accomplices. What if he should be a follower of Juarez, and determined to have the dispatch at any price?"

The thought of a "scrimmage" caused Bodkin's heart to leap, and the blood to rush at fever heat through his veins. Instinctively he took a firmer grip of his saddle with his knees; and, while apparently adjusting the rein, loosened his revolver, which hung in its case from the saddle-bow.

"If he plays any game with me, I'm ready to take a hand," thought Arthur. "And if he should attempt to take the dispatch, and I succeed in foiling him, it may do me a good turn at headquarters. Alice will—"

At this moment a heavy groan from Rody caused the entire party to rein in.

"O Masther Arthur, I'm bet up intirely! Oh! oh! oh!"

"What is the matter, Rody?"

"It's the heart disease, no less, that's struck me, Masther Arthur."

The idea of O'Flynn's having an attack of heart failure was so utterly and entirely new that Arthur became alarmed.

"Let us push on to the nearest village!" he cried.

"By all means," put in Gonzalez; and, addressing a few rapid words to his orderly, the latter put spurs to his horse, and dashed off at a gallop in the direction of the opening valley.

"O Masther Arthur," groaned Rody, "would ye let me lane on ye for support? Och, murdher! I can't sit me saddle." And, apparently in grievous pain, he slid from his horse.

Arthur dismounted and went to his assistance.

"Don't let go yer horse, sir. See, I have mine. Put me up agin this bank—aisy! aisy!" And as Arthur leaned over to him: "Now's our time, sir. Gonzalez is a spy. He's for to work ye, make ye prisoner, kill ye if necessary to get at yer papers. I kem to know all about it; but daren't spake or act, for fear of his suspectin' us. Be afther helpin' me to mount, sir; an' back me close to him. I'll lep on *him*; ye clap yer revolver at his head. It's life or death to ye, Masther Arthur, for to get yer papers safe. See! O ye murdherin' villain!" And before Bodkin could turn, Rody, with the agility of a panther, had bounded upon the Mexican's horse behind the rider, whose arms he pinioned as though in the grip of a steel vise.

As Arthur turned, he saw that Gonzalez had drawn his revolver,—a motion that caused Rody to act with such inconceivable and successful rapidity.

Gonzalez struggled desperately; but, seeing that any effort to break loose only served to tighten the deadly grip of the herculean Irishman, he took deliberate

aim at our hero and fired, the ball actually ploughing his hair. The treacherous fellow was not permitted to fire another shot, however, for Rody, by a dexterous twist, jerked him out of his high-peaked saddle, falling with him to the ground, and on top.

"Tie him up, sir,—quick! For that shot will give the hard word to th' other spalpeen. There, sir,—his own rope—on his saddle,—that's it! Aisy, *ma bouchal!*" he added, as he proceeded to bind the struggling and prostrate Mexican. "I don't want for to touch yer neck. If ye were in Dublin, Calcraft the hangman would do that job for ye. Bad luck to ye, if ye let a sound out of yer head! Gag him, Masther Arthur; for he might let a screech that might make us sup sorrow."

Arthur Bodkin, despite the vigorous protestations of Gonzalez, very deftly gagged him with his own neckerchief, while Rody deliberately went through his pockets; narrating in a few words while thus engaged how his suspicions had been aroused, principally from the fact of the supposed orderly being on equal footing with Gonzalez.

"If we have valuable papers wid us, Masther Arthur, be jabers *he* may have the same; an' they might be of sarvice if we get into thrubble!"

As a matter of fact, Rody did discover a small packet enfolded in a cone made of the fibres of the maguey or aloe, which he transferred to Arthur.

"Who knows what that may do for the both of us?" he observed. "An' now, sir, up wid ye! I'll take care of this *shoneen*. I'll go bail he won't give *me* the shlip."

Having placed the prisoner upon his horse, Arthur and Rody mounted their respective steeds, keeping Gonzalez between them. They had already advanced some short distance along the road when Arthur's attention became riveted on the entrance to the valley, where he distinctly perceived not one but half a dozen mounted men. This ambush—for such it undoubtedly was—had evidently been prepared and its site chosen with con-

summate skill. For miles not a habitation was visible, not even an Indian hut. The valley more closely resembled a gorge, in being exceedingly narrow, and both sides of the mountain precipitous, and in some places almost sheer.

Just where the road entered the valley there was a small clump of trees. Passing in front of these trees were the mounted men whom Arthur had perceived.

"Sure enough, sir, they're lyin' in anguish for us!" cried Rody. "We daren't go that way. We must cut round be the foot of the hill. Our horses are fresh. This way, sir,—right across the bog. Bedad, it's like the bog of Inchafeela, only harder, good luck to it! We'd betther put as much daylight betune us an' thim murdherin' rapscallions as we can. Now for it!"

In a trice they were galloping across the mesquite-dappled plain, hotly pursued by seven mounted men. Half a mile of a start, if your horse is in good condition, is so much in your favor that, barring accidents, you may reasonably expect either to show your pursuers a clean set of heels or to gain the haven of refuge whither you are bound in very satisfactory time. But no Mexican is ever badly mounted, and every Mexican rides well. In addition to this, he knows his horse and the nature of the country he is to ride over. Hence, although our trio made the pace, and that, too, at a strapping rate, they found to their dismay that not only were they not distancing their pursuers, but were losing ground.

It was now becoming dark; and if the inky cloak of night was to befriend them, the chances of meeting obstacles in their ride were fairly doubled,—obstacles that might easily be overcome in the dayshine. There was nothing for it but to trust to Providence, and ride, ride, ride.

"Perhaps the fellow Gonzalez might parley with them?" suggested Arthur.

"I wouldn't thrust him, sir."

"But with the pistol at his head?"

"An' six pistols at yours, sir."

"How is your horse, Rody?"

"Illigant! Ye'd think it was racin' in ould Tim Burke's meadow he was. An' your baste, sir?"

"Fresh enough for another mile, Rody. But they are gaining on us."

Turning in his saddle, Arthur beheld his pursuers strung out, one man well to the front, and now within a few hundred yards.

"Hadn't I betther level him, Masther Arthur?"

"I'll have no blood shed except in case of absolute self-defence, Rody. Is that a *hacienda* in front, to the left?"

"A what, sir?"

"A house? Yes—no—yes, it is. This way. Once inside, we can hold out against fifty." And Arthur pressed eagerly forward.

In the very centre of the plain stood a solitary one-storied building of adobe, surrounded by low walls of the same material. Alone it stood, grim, gaunt, silent. It boasted one doorway and one window. As they dashed into the enclosed yard, a shot was fired by the leading pursuer, followed by another and yet another.

"Bedad, if ye fired at a church ye'd hit the parish!" laughed Rody, as he unceremoniously bundled Gonzalez off his horse and in rear of Arthur.

They lost no time in entering the building, bringing their horses with them. It was empty and absolutely bare. A few logs lay in one corner; the door, which had been wrested off its hinges, in another. Arthur with the help of Rody, planted the door in its place, backing it up with logs. They also blocked the window with logs, and deliberately prepared for defence.

"As long as we've this Mexico wid us, the spalpeens daren't fire, for fear of hurtin' him. Bad cess to him, but he's chokin'! Hould up!" And Rody proceeded to remove the gag from the mouth of the gasping Gonzalez.

"You shall suffer for this," he muttered,—"both of you—both of you!"

At this moment shoutings were heard from without.

"If ye rise yer voice beyant a whisper,

"I'll—" said Rody, brandishing the butt end of his revolver close to the Mexican's skull.

The shoutings were repeated, nearer this time.

"What had we better do, Rody?" asked Arthur.

"Spake Irish, *avic!* That Mexico won't understand us."

Adopting this very sagacious suggestion, they held council of war. To surrender to their pursuers meant death. To remain in the cabin meant starvation. To give up their prisoner was out of the question. He was their safeguard. There were six armed desperadoes surrounding the house. So long as these men remained around, life was at stake and hard fighting to be done. Assuming that Gonzalez drew them off, and that Arthur and Rody were allowed to depart, what guarantee had they, that by a short cut in the road, these villains would not pounce upon them, or pick them off from behind the safety of some rock or tree?

"What are your terms?" said Gonzalez.

"We will make none," replied Arthur.

"You are outnumbered; besides," he added, "others are coming up."

"Listen to me," said Arthur, and his face was white and set. "The very moment that your miscreants attempt to enter this hut, I shall deal with *you*, not with *them*."

"Let me free and *I* will deal with them. You shall go harmless. I guarantee that."

"Aye! an' guarantee a shot in the back when a man's back is turned," put in Rody.

"Oh—that—that was an accident!" stammered Gonzalez.

"So would th' other be the same sort of accident. Bow-wow, sez the fox!"

At this juncture a rush took place—horses at a gallop entering the enclosure, the riders shouting and shrieking, while the sound of shots in rapid succession came nearer and nearer. Gonzalez began yelling directions to his followers, but was instantly throttled by Rody; while Arthur stood by the door, revolver in hand, Rody presently taking the window. Vigorous bangings at the door took place, with

mingled threats and entreaties for admission. But as shots were now close at hand, the bangings ceased, the Mexicans having taken to flight.

"Cowards!" muttered Gonzalez, bitterly, as the sounds of the retreating horses reached him.

"What does this mean?" demanded Arthur.

"It means," and the scowl on the man's face became devilish in its malignity,— "it means," he repeated, "that some of Benito Juarez' people are upon us, and that they will, within five minutes from now, place us all three against a wall and shoot us like dogs. So let us fight for our lives, and sell them as dearly as we can. Loose my hands!"

The newcomers were now within earshot; and Arthur, to his intense delight, discovered that they were speaking French—discussing the question as to whether the house was inhabited or not, and fearing a hot surprise.

"They *are* French, Rody!" cried Bodkin.

"Glory! Sure we're as safe as the Rock o' Cashel! Shall I open the doore, sir?"

Bodkin shouted in French that there were three persons in the hut, announcing his own rank and condition, and asking the officer in command to advance. This warrior, however, having had some experience in the fearful guerilla warfare that was raging through the country, politely declined from behind the adobe wall, requesting Arthur to show himself. Feeling perfectly assured of his ground, and despite the most vehement protestations on the part of Gonzalez, he, with the aid of Rody, pulled down the door, stepped into the yard, and in a trice was surrounded by a dozen dismounted troopers, while as many more entered the building pell-mell.

Arthur, who spoke French with fluency, was soon on intimate terms with Capitaine Parabère, who commanded the troop, relating the adventure in all its exciting details.

"Aha!" laughed the Captain. "Little

did these brigands imagine that we would turn up. We were marching down from Santa Maria del Flor to San Anita to reinforce the Emperor's escort, and by chance I caught sight of three of them riding across country. I guessed at once that they were up to mischief, so I rode after them, and here we are. But who is your catch?"

"Señor Manuel Gonzalez."

"Don't know him. Here, Sergeant, strike a light!"

A light having been struck and a lamp lit, Capitaine Parabère held it up to the Mexican's face.

"Oho!" he cried, "whom have we here? Why, sir," he added, drawing Bodkin aside, "you have landed a big fish. This is, or I am much mistaken, Vincente Mazazo, one of the most daring and dexterous of Juarez' lieutenants,—a man who would as soon cut your throat as look at you. You are in luck, Monsieur."

"It would seem so," said Arthur, and his thoughts flew to Alice. He would show her that he was not a mere wasp-waisted, spur-clinking, mustache-twirling aid-de-camp.

Capitaine Parabère provided Arthur with an escort of three picked troopers.

"Avoid defiles, trees and rocks," he said at parting. "Keep a man well ahead as an outpost. Gag your prisoner, so as to prevent his giving any instructions even to the crows. Rely upon it, those fellows who have escaped me will not let their man be taken to Orizaba without an attempt at rescue. If I could spare you more men, I would do so willingly; but I dare not. In fact," he laughed, "as it is, I shall have to stand a courtmartial for doing what I have done. *Au revoir!* We shall meet in the capital."

Having with him an escort acquainted with the country, Arthur now felt little uneasiness in regard to an attack of rescue, and started for Orizaba in the highest possible spirits,—the excitement of adventure, that wine of the young, glowing within his heart.

"Who is this Mexico that we catch?" demanded Rody, during a halt.

"He is a conspirator, Rody, and we've made a haul."

"Bedad, but this is the country for the likes of us, sir!"

The next day at high noon Arthur and his party clattered over the stone bridge which spans a brawling stream deep down in the cleft of the mountains that so jealously guard the picturesque town of Orizaba. Their night ride had proved uneventful, no attempt at rescue having been made; although, from the ceaseless movements of their prisoner's head in searching the outer darkness, it was pretty evident that he expected succor.

Having reported himself at headquarters, and finding that Maréchal Bazaine was visiting an outpost on the road to Puebla, and would not return to Orizaba for some hours, Bodkin, having seen his prisoner safely bestowed, treated himself to a bath, and subsequently to a breakfast such as only hunting men know how to dispose of. After *almuerzo*, the *siesta*; and our hero was happily awakened from a ghastly dream, in which Alice Nugent was being run away with by Manuel Gonzalez *alias* Vincente Mazazo, while he, Arthur, lay gagged and bound, and unable to make a solitary movement to save her.

"Yer wanted now at headquarters. Masther Arthur," said Rody. "Don't be bashful, yer honor. Remimber Ballyboden, *aboo!* Spake up, sir, bould as brass; an' tell thim yer reddey an' willin' for to ketch a dozen more *fandangos* if ye only get the chance. An' sure, sir," he added, "afther ye've got yer say in, ye might mintion me. An' it's a corporal they'll be makin' of me, as sure as Sunda'. A couple of sthripes on me arm would be worth a hundhred on me back, anyhow."

(To be continued.)

THE blind man understands what he touches better than we who can see, because he exercises the sense of touch to the full.—*Jean Quercy.*

Captive Souls.

BY BROTHER MATTHEW, C. S. C.

WHERE lies that dark and dismal isle,
Beside a sea of tears,
A thousand captives mourn a while
The faults of earthly years.
And there they throb and watch and pine,
With feverish desire
To sing and praise their King Divine
With the angelic choir.
And, oh, the joy that lights their eye
When, in that exile there,
They see against an ebon sky
The snowy sails of prayer!

Lore of the Mass.

BY THE REV. T. J. BRENNAN, S. T. L.

(CONTINUED.)

BALDACHINUM.—(From the Italian *baldacchino*, a canopy; from Baldacco, the Italian name for Bagdad, famous for its rich textiles.) A canopy erected over the altar, and supported by four pillars, or suspended from the roof. Curtains were sometimes dropped between the pillars, and, when drawn, shut off the view of the altar from the people. This canopy was also called the ciborium; and sometimes the Blessed Sacrament, in a dove-shaped vessel, was suspended from the interior thereof. The term is also applied to the canopy held over the priest who bears the Holy Sacrament in a procession. As well as being ornamental, the baldachinum serves to protect the altar from dust or other matter falling from the ceiling. The most beautiful specimen in the world is that in St. Peter's, Rome.

BELLS.—Bells are used both to summon people to Mass or divine services, as also during the Mass itself. In the former use they can be traced back for about twelve centuries, and are called church bells, or Mass bells. They are solemnly blessed

(or "baptized") with washings, unctions, and prayers that they may be efficacious in warding off evil influences. The little hand bell rung in the church during Mass is called the altar bell, and is rung at the *Sanctus*, the Elevation, and the *Domine, non sum dignus*. It is the custom to omit the ringing of bells from the *Gloria* in the Mass of Holy Thursday to the *Gloria* in the Mass of Easter Saturday, when a solemn peal is rung in honor of the resurrection of our Saviour,—the Mass on Easter Saturday being the first Mass of Easter Sunday anticipated. The altar bell is not rung in a private Mass said before the Blessed Sacrament exposed during the Forty Hours' Devotion.

BENEDICAMUS DOMINO.—The ordinary form for dismissing the people at the end of Mass is *Ite, missa est* ("Go: all is over"). However, on days which bore the character of sorrow and penance, the people were, in former times, required not to leave the church, but to remain for further prayers. Hence the custom arose of substituting for the regular form of dismissal the ejaculation, *Benedicamus Domino* ("Let us bless the Lord"). This rubric still continues, and on those days this phrase is still retained.

BINATION (or Duplication) is the privilege given to a priest of offering up the Holy Sacrifice twice on the same day. This is allowed only when a number of the faithful would otherwise be deprived of Mass and no other priest can be had. A priest may say three Masses on Christmas and on All Souls' Day.

BIRETTA (*berretta*, *beretta*).—An ecclesiastical cap, square in shape, having three or four horns, or projections, on top. The four-cornered birettas belong of right to Doctors of Divinity, and should be worn only when teaching in the Doctor's Chair; though from time immemorial the clergy of France, Germany and Spain have been accustomed to wear birettas of this kind. The biretta of patriarchs, primates, archbishops and bishops is purple; that of cardinals, red; and that of all others

black. The priest wears his biretta when going to and from the altar and when he sits during the celebration of the Mass.

BLESSING.—At the end of the Mass when the priest has said *Ite, missa est*, he turns to the altar and says a prayer to the Holy Trinity; then, turning around and making the Sign of the Cross over the people, blesses them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. This blessing is omitted in Masses of the Dead.

BREADS, ALTAR.—Bread made of wheat is necessary for valid consecration in the Mass. In the Eastern Church leavened bread is used; and in the Western, unleavened; but either is sufficient for validity. It is baked between heated irons on which is stamped some pious image, such as the Crucifixion. The breads are made round in form, and of two sizes; the larger for the use of the priest and for the monstrance in Benediction, and the smaller for the laity.

BREAKING OF THE BREAD.—(See Fraction.)

BURSE.—Is in shape like a square envelope, and is meant to hold the corporal. It corresponds in color and material with the other vestments of the Mass.

CANDLES.—(See Lights.)

CANON.—That part of the Mass which begins after the *Sanctus* with the prayer *Te igitur*, and ends, according to some, just before the *Pater Noster*; according to others, with the consumption of the elements. In its present form it dates back to the time of Gregory I. (590-604). It is the most sacred and important part of the Mass, containing as it does the words of our Divine Saviour in virtue of which the bread and wine are changed into His own Body and Blood. It is sometimes called the "Action" of the Mass.

CANOPY.—(See Baldachinum.)

CAP.—(See Biretta.)

CASSOCK.—The long outer garment worn by the priest in everyday life and at ecclesiastical functions. It is also called the habit (especially in religious Orders), and

the soutane. The cassock of a cardinal is scarlet, a bishop's purple, and a priest's black. The Pope wears a cassock of white silk. Some religious Orders wear other colors.

CELEBRANT.—The priest who actually offers the Mass, as distinct from those who assist him in doing so.

CELEBRET.—An official document given to a priest by a bishop, in order that he may obtain permission to say Mass in another diocese.

CENSER.—(See Incense.)

CEREMONIES.—A general name for the outward rites and forms used in religious services. Some are essential,—such, for example, as concern the matter and form of the sacraments; some are non-essential,—that is, not necessary for validity.

CHALICE.—The chalice occupies first place among sacred vessels. It is the cup used in the Sacrifice of the Mass for the wine which is to be consecrated. It has varied in material and shape during the ages, but the present law of the Church is that it be made of gold or silver, or at least have a silver cup gilt inside. It must be consecrated by the bishop with chrism; and, once consecrated, is to be handled only by clerics or by those having permission. The consecration is lost if the chalice be broken or notably injured, or if the inside is regilt. When the laity were accustomed to receive Holy Communion under the appearance of wine, the chalices were much larger, and the Precious Blood was generally received through a reed.

CHALICE VEIL.—The veil with which the chalice and paten are covered at Mass up to the time of the Offertory and after the Communion. It should be of silk, and correspond in color to the other vestments. It is of comparatively recent origin.

CHASUBLE.—The outer vestment worn by a priest in the celebration of the Mass. It is open on both sides, and generally has a large cross on the back and shoulders. It must be of very good material, and its color varies according to the liturgical

color of the day. When putting it on the priest says: "O Lord, who hast said, 'My yoke is sweet, and 'My burden light,' grant that I may so carry it as to merit Thy grace!" In its original form, it completely enveloped the whole body, and fell down to the ground (hence the name *casula*, a little house); but, for convenience' sake, it was gradually curtailed to its present form. Before being used it is blessed by a priest who has faculties from the bishop. When a priest at ordination is being invested with the chasuble, the officiating bishop says to him: "Receive the priestly vestment by which is signified charity."

CHRISMALE.—A linen cloth saturated with wax and placed immediately over the altar-stone. It serves to preserve the altar-cloths from the dampness of the altar-stone.

CIBORIUM.—This word formerly meant the canopy over the altar, from which was suspended a vessel for the purpose of reserving the Blessed Sacrament. It is now applied to the closed vessel, shaped like a chalice, in which the consecrated particles for the Communion of the Mass are preserved. While containing the Blessed Sacrament it is always kept in the tabernacle covered with a white veil, and may not be handled except by the sacred ministers. It is blessed by a bishop or by one deputed by him. The material should be gold or silver (base metals are sometimes allowed), but the interior of the cup must always be lined at least with silver.

CINCTURE.—The girdle or cord which holds the alb around the waist. While putting it on the priest says: "Gird me, O Lord, with the girdle of purity, and extinguish in my loins the fire of lust, that the virtue of self-restraint and chastity may remain in me." It is also called the girdle.

CLAPPERS.—The Mass bell is not rung from the end of the *Gloria in excelsis* on Holy Thursday, to the beginning of the *Gloria in excelsis* on Holy Saturday.

During this time it is customary to use wooden clappers.

CLOTHS.—(See Altar-Cloths.)

COLLECT.—A name given to the prayers said before the Epistle in the Mass. Before beginning the Collects the priest turns towards the people and greets them, saying *Dominus vobiscum* ("The Lord be with you"); and then invites them to join in the prayers, saying, *Oremus* ("Let us pray"), and continues with extended hands to the end. The number of Collects may vary from one to seven; they are said aloud in Low Masses, and sung in High Masses; and during the singing the congregation should stand. The following is an example of a Collect: "Have regard, O Almighty God, to our weakness; and, as we sink under the weight of our doings, let the glorious intercession of blessed N——, thy martyr and bishop, be a protection to us; through our Lord Jesus Christ, Thy Son, who liveth and reigneth with Thee in the unity of the Holy Ghost, God, world without end. Amen." On all feast days the Collect contains a reference to the event whose memory is celebrated. It is so called because it gathers together, or "collects," the various needs of the people into one prayer.

COLORS.—In her vestments the Church uses five colors: white, red, green, purple, and black (cloth of gold may be used in place of white, red or green). The object is to impart splendor, and at the same time convey mystical meanings. On the feasts of Our Lord, of the Blessed Virgin, of the angels, and of those amongst the saints who were not martyrs, white is used not only to signify the purity of the Lamb and of His Blessed Mother, but to figure that "great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations and tribes and peoples and tongues, standing before the throne and in the sight of the Lamb, clothed with white robes." Red is worn on the feasts of Pentecost, the Finding of the Cross, the Passion, and of martyrs, to typify those fiery tongues that rested on the heads of the Apostles when the Holy

Ghost descended visibly upon them; and in reference to the blood shed by Jesus Christ and His martyrs. Violet (emblematic of penance) is worn in times of fasting and penance, also on the feast of the Holy Innocents (except when it falls on a Sunday). Black (the color of mourning) is used in Masses of the Dead, and on Good Friday. Green, the symbol of hope, is used on those days which have, on the one hand, no special festive or joyous character; but which, on the other, are not days appointed for penance and mourning. It is used therefore on the Sundays and weekdays after the octave of the Epiphany until Septuagesima, and from the octave of Pentecost until Advent. Rose-colored vestments may be used at Solemn Mass on the third Sunday of Advent and the fourth in Lent.

COMMEMORATION.—Sometimes when a certain feast can neither be celebrated in whole nor transferred, a portion of the Mass thereof is inserted in the Mass of the feast which takes precedence, and this is called a commemoration. The parts inserted are the Collect, Secret, and Post-Communion.

COMMIXTURE.—The ceremony of the Commixture takes place between the *Pater Noster* and the *Agnus Dei*. The priest takes a portion of the consecrated bread and drops it in the chalice, to signify that the two natures in Christ are united in one person. While doing so he says: "May this mixture and consecration of the body and blood of our Lord Jesus Christ be to us that receive it effectual to eternal life."

COMMON.—The Common is used when speaking of the Mass of the Saints, and means the prayers, etc., which are commonly said in the Masses of certain classes of saints,—for example, virgins, martyrs, and so forth.

COMMUNICANTES.—One of the prayers in the Canon by which the priest recalls to mind and commemorates the saints in glory.

COMMUNION.—1. The receiving of Our Lord's body and blood is called Com-

munion. It takes place near the end of the Mass, and is preceded by several appropriate prayers. The priest receives Communion under the species of bread and wine; but the lay people only under the species of bread, though in the early ages they received under both species. When himself receiving Communion, the priest says: "May the body of our Lord Jesus Christ preserve my soul unto life everlasting." "May the blood, etc." And when giving Holy Communion to the people he says: "May the body of our Lord Jesus Christ preserve thy soul unto life everlasting." 2. The name Communion is also given to the versicle which the priest reads from the Missal at the Epistle side immediately after the ablutions. It is usually taken from one of the psalms, and was formerly chanted while the people communicated.

COMMUNION CLOTH.—A linen cloth extending along the sanctuary rail, or held by some one at either end, and used by the faithful when they receive Holy Communion, in order to prevent, in case of accident, the Sacred Host from falling to the ground. Sometimes a gilt plate is used in its stead, being held by the acolyte, or, in a Solemn High Mass, by the deacon.

CONCELEBRATION.—Up to the thirteenth century it was customary on solemn festivals for several priests to unite in offering up the same Mass. This was called Concelebration. A vestige of the custom still remains in the ordination of a priest and the consecration of a bishop. In the ordination ceremony, the candidate takes up the Mass with the bishop ordaining at the Offertory, and continues to the end, reciting everything aloud. The same happens in the consecration of a bishop.

CONFITEOR.—The first Latin word of the prayer beginning in English, "I confess to Almighty God." It is said by the priest at the beginning of the Mass, as an acknowledgment of his sinfulness; and afterwards by the acolytes on behalf of the people. This portion of the Mass is preparatory, and was formerly said before

coming, or on the way, to the altar. The *Confiteor* is also said again by the acolytes for the people when they are about to receive Holy Communion in, or outside of, Mass. Before Communion in Solemn High Mass, and before the promulgation of Indulgences, it is sung by the deacon. While reciting the *Confiteor*, the priest, with his hands joined, makes a profound bow, to express his confusion for his sinfulness, and to imitate the humble publican, "who would not so much as lift up his eyes towards heaven." (St. Luke, xviii, 13.)

CONSECRATION.—That portion of the Mass in which the bread and wine are changed into the body and blood of Our Lord. "It is nothing else than the repetition and copy of the first celebration of the Lord's Supper in the supper-room at Jerusalem." The priest narrates the first offering and institution of the unbloody sacrifice by Jesus Christ; and while relating this he performs the corresponding actions. He pronounces in the person of Christ the effective words of consecration over the bread and wine, with the intention of changing the gifts at present lying on the altar, and thereby offering up in sacrifice the body and blood of Christ. (Gihr.) For the consecration of the bread the words are: "Who [Christ], the day before He suffered, took bread into His holy and venerable hands, and, with eyes lifted up towards heaven, unto Thee, O God, His Almighty Father, giving thanks to Thee, did bless, break and give unto His disciples, saying: 'Take, and eat ye all of this. For this is My Body.'" *For this is My Body.*"

For the consecration of the wine the words are: "In like manner, after supper, taking also this excellent chalice into His holy and venerable hands, and giving thanks to Thee, He blessed and gave to His disciples, saying: 'Take and drink ye all of it. For this is the Chalice of My Blood, of the new and eternal testament, the mystery of faith; which shall be shed for you and for many, unto the remission of sins.' As often as you do these things ye shall do them in remembrance of Me!" The

essential words of the consecration of the bread are, "*This is My Body*"; and the essential words of the consecration of the wine are, "*This is the Chalice of My Blood.*" After each consecration the priest makes a genuflection, then raises the consecrated element on high for the adoration of the people, and then once more genuflects. At each of these motions the bell is rung by the acolyte to notify the congregation. The change of bread and wine into the body and blood of Christ at Mass is called "Transubstantiation"; and this constitutes the essential portion of the Eucharistic sacrifice.

COPE.—A wide vestment of silk, reaching nearly to the ground, open in front, and fastened by a clasp. At a Pontifical High Mass it is worn by the assistant priest, who is especially deputed to wait on the bishop. It is also worn by the priest when giving Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, as also in processions, in greater blessings and consecrations, at Solemn Vespers, at the *Asperges*, and at the absolution of the dead. As regards color, it follows that of the day, and it may be made of any rich or becoming material.

CORPORAL.—A square, white linen cloth, spread under the chalice during the celebration of the Mass, on which cloth the chalice and bread for the consecration are placed. It must be washed three times by a priest, or at least a subdeacon, before being sent to the laundry; and when in use may not be handled except by the clergy or by those who have special permission. Spiritually it represents the winding sheet in which the body of Christ was wrapped by Joseph of Arimathea. It is so called because it touches the body (Latin, *corpus*) of Our Lord. When not in use it is kept folded up in the burse.

(To be continued.)

TO-DAY more than ever the principal strength of the wicked is the weakness of the good; and the power of the reign of Satan amongst us, the feebleness of Christianity in Christians.—*Mgr. Pie.*

Her Father's Ring.

BY FLORENCE GILMORE.

"THIS is the coldest morning of the whole winter. I haven't seen a thermometer, but I know it's below zero. My poor ears! And, oh, my feet!" Miss Lebeau wailed, as she hurried, shivering, into Mrs. de Ruisseau's sitting room, her delicate face reddened by the wind, and her feet aching with cold. Her black cloak was buttoned closely up to her throat, but looked thin for extreme weather. She had bought it when her father died and still regarded it with admiration; but, though fine in its day, time and wear had made it old-fashioned and threadbare.

"You poor child!" Mrs. de Ruisseau cooed sympathetically; and, rising quickly, with her own frail old hands she drew a chair close to the grate.

"How kind you are! I'll be comfortable after a minute or two," Miss Lebeau said bravely. "My hands are as warm as toast even now. I have my muff, you see."

The muff was a sealskin one, long revered in her family, and carried only when bitterly cold weather warranted its use.

"I ought to scold you for coming to see me on such a day. I would, if I weren't so glad to see you that I haven't the heart. We old people get very lonely in our forgotten corners. We love to see a friendly face. And how we do love to talk!"

But after Miss Lebeau was seated and the weather had been exhausted as a topic of conversation, Mrs. de Ruisseau began to suspect that it was not solely to bear her company that Miss Lebeau had ventured out of doors. It was evident that something lay heavy on her mind and heart; for, instead of her usual flow of pleasant and gentle, if too continuous, talk, there were long pauses, during which she watched the fitful blaze of the coal fire, absent-mindedly holding her hands close to it until their palms were red and hot.

Mrs. de Ruisseau pretended to notice nothing. She knew that Miss Lebeau would soon broach the subject, if she had come to talk over whatever it was that troubled her.

After a silence, longer than any that had preceded it, Miss Lebeau looked up into the tender old eyes that were watching her, and her own were full of tears.

"I came to tell you something, Mrs. de Ruisseau," she said. "I want you to say exactly what you think about it, but I hope you won't disapprove."

"Marie dear, I won't disapprove, if I can help it; but I make no promises. You know I have to scold you once in a while to teach you to be as good to yourself as you are to other people."

Miss Lebeau did not smile, as Mrs. de Ruisseau intended that she should; and it was quite a minute before she said anything more. When she did begin, there were tears in her voice and her chin quivered. She went straight to the point, too much in earnest to do otherwise.

"Mrs. de Ruisseau, I've made up my mind to sell father's diamond ring and give the money to the Missions. I am going to take it to a jeweler,—I am going to take it *to-day*, and get all I can for it. Of course it's worth a great deal. It is my—my one treasure. I wouldn't sell it for all the money in the world to buy something for myself,—not if I were hungry and ragged and homeless."

"I know you wouldn't, Marie," Mrs. de Ruisseau agreed, with perfect understanding.

"We all know this is a terrible time for the Missions. They are suffering all over the world. Some may even have to be abandoned. And it seems foolish—or worse—for me to hoard my treasure and let souls and bodies suffer for the money it would bring,—though I do love it."

"Of course you do. I remember the ring perfectly. Your father was fond of it and always wore it. The stone is very handsome. I admired it many a time; so did Mr. de Ruisseau, though he used to

tell your father that he made unnecessary gestures just to call attention to it." Then, knowing Miss Lebeau's sensitiveness, and fearing she might be offended, she added quickly: "Of course Mr. de Ruisseau was only teasing."

"Father *did* love jewelry," Miss Lebeau said. (She had hardly heeded Mrs. de Ruisseau's words.) "It was a pleasure to him even to look at the display in jewelers' windows. He never passed one without stopping. He would have bought many beautiful things, if he had been richer. And how he did cherish his diamond ring! That's why I—I can't help feeling badly over parting with it. When mother was ill so long, our store building was vacant for a time, and money was very scarce. Father could not bear to think she didn't have every comfort, so he sold his scarf pin and the other ring he used to wear,—the topaz ring. You must remember it, too?"

"Perfectly," Mrs. de Ruisseau interjected.

"But he never parted with his one diamond. I used to joke a little about it, and tell him it was his pet extravagance. Poor dear, he never defended himself! He would laugh at me, and insist he would never sell it."

Miss Lebeau's tears were flowing unheeded now. She was very lonely without her father, and treasured every remembered word of his, and even the smallest things he had used.

Mrs. de Ruisseau allowed her to weep uncomforted. She longed to advise her not to sell the ring, but her conscience would not let her; for she, too, was troubled over the present suffering of missions, poor even in their most prosperous days.

Presently Miss Lebeau, after more than one vain attempt to dry her eyes, said anxiously:

"Tell me honestly, Mrs. de Ruisseau, do you think father will mind, if he knows? Do you think he will understand?"

"I am sure he will, and be proud of you, Marie," Mrs. de Ruisseau answered ten-

derly. "It's a real sacrifice you are making. You love the ring so much, and it is so beautiful, and so valuable! And—and I, too, am proud of you,—I can't tell you how proud! Surely God will bless you a thousand times for this."

Miss Lebeau brightened a little.

"I hope so," she said tremulously; adding with a rainbow smile: "I didn't mean to cry about it. I haven't cried before, though it took me three days to make up my mind." Then, after a moment she rose, saying nervously: "I think I'll go now, and do it, and have it over. I must stop at the bank before I go to see a jeweler. Mr. Barton has been keeping the ring for me in his vault. I had it in a locked drawer in my room for a year after father died; but night after night I imagined I heard burglars; and whenever I was away from the house, I was afraid every minute that some one would break into it before I got back. So I asked Mr. Barton to keep it. It was the only valuable thing about my premises; and ever since I gave it into his care I have slept in peace, and gone out with an easy mind in daytime."

Mrs. de Ruisseau helped her to fasten her cloak, and insisted that she should toast her feet before setting forth into the cold. At the last minute it occurred to her that a cup of tea would be heating and comforting, and she instantly sent for it. So Miss Lebeau had to unfasten her wrap, wait until it was brewed, and drink it after the slow fashion in which Mrs. de Ruisseau thought tea should be sipped. Then, having bundled herself once more, she started towards the door.

"It ought to bring at least a hundred and fifty dollars," she said happily.

"At least that," Mrs. de Ruisseau agreed; and, after Miss Lebeau was gone, she hurried to the door and called to her across the yard: "I'm proud of you, Marie, and so glad for the Missions!"

Mr. Barton, president of the Second National Bank, was occupied when Miss Lebeau asked to see him; but soon he

came from his private office in search of her, welcoming her cordially. In the courtly way that made him the most charming old gentleman in the world, he led her to a comfortable chair beside his desk.

"They told me how busy you are, Mr. Barton, and I am sorry to disturb you," Miss Lebeau apologized. "I shall not keep you long, but I want to get father's ring. You know you are keeping it for me."

"Certainly, Miss Lebeau: you shall have it in a minute," he said.

Calling a man, he told him to get it; and while they waited he chatted pleasantly about some one who was a friend of them both. When the clerk had brought the ring, and it lay sparkling on the desk, Miss Lebeau found courage to explain:

"I am going to—to sell it, Mr. Barton. I couldn't part with it to spend the money on myself, no matter how much I might need it; but our Foreign Missions, Mr. Barton,—you know they were always poor; and now, with Germany and Belgium and our own generous France unable to help, they are suffering terribly. That's why I am going to part with the ring."

Mr. Barton's answer came at last, slow and halting:

"The Missions—do need help. I suppose there can be no doubt about that; though I don't know as much about the matter as I should. And—and if you feel that you really wish to sell this ring of your father's, why—may I ask, Miss Lebeau, what you hope to get for it?"

"It must be worth at least a hundred and fifty dollars. It is a large stone, you see, and a beautiful one. Father prized it very much, and he was a judge of jewels. Once, when money was scarce with us, he parted with another ring and with a pearl scarf pin; but he valued this above all his treasures, and he wore it to the day he died."

"Yes; I often noticed it on his hand. He used to come here, after he gave up his own office, and talk politics and economics

by the hour. He was a good talker—and a good friend."

Miss Lebeau beamed.

After a thoughtful pause, Mr. Barton went on:

"It would not be pleasant for you to dicker with a jeweler about this, Miss Lebeau. You are unaccustomed to business ways. Suppose I give you a hundred and fifty dollars for the ring? And if I can get more than that for it from Ross or Benton and Swartz, I will send you the balance before the end of the week."

"O Mr. Barton, how kind you are!" Miss Lebeau exclaimed, greatly relieved. "You can't imagine how I have dreaded going to the jeweler. I have dreaded it every minute since I made up my mind to part with the ring. You *are* so kind!"

"We'll consider the matter settled, then. I will give you my check at once. And if I can do anything for you another time—"

Miss Lebeau rose, knowing that she must not infringe too long on Mr. Barton's time.

"You are so kind: I can't thank you enough!" she repeated, receiving the precious slip of paper from his hand; and, after trying to get a last look at the ring through her sudden tears, she groped her way through the lobby and to the street.

Busy as he was, Mr. Barton did not move until the outer door closed behind her. Only then did he take from a drawer his private account book, and under the head of expenditures make this entry: "Foreign Missions, \$150." Having replaced the book, he took the ring between his fingers and looked at it in a half-sad, half-smiling way, before he tossed it into the fireplace. Then he turned again to the letter which had been interrupted by Miss Lebeau's visit.

REFRAIN to-night,

And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence: the next more easy;
For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
And either curb the devil, or else throw him out
With wondrous potency.

—*Shakespeare.*

A Catholic Celebrity of Our Times.

NOT less charming than Fabre's description of his first school-teacher, which we quoted in a recent number, is his account of a visit paid to him in his humble laboratory at Avignon by the Minister of Public Instruction, of his reception of the ribbon of the Legion of Honor, and of his interview with Napoleon III. For these delightful bits of autobiography, gleaned from different parts of the "Souvenirs Entomologiques," English readers are indebted to Mr. Alexander Teixeira de Mattos, who has embodied them in his translation of "The Life of the Fly"; thus rendering one volume of M. Fabre's works no less interesting to general readers than to students of science. We can not refrain from giving the extracts entire; and this we do with a renewal of our hope that M. Fabre, who, besides being a great naturalist, was a great philosopher and writer, may become better known to his English-speaking coreligionists.

* * *

One day, as I was looking after my St. Martial laboratory, in the midst of the steam from my vats, with my hands the color of boiled lobster claws from constant dipping in the indelible red of my dyes, there walked in, quite unexpectedly, the chief-inspector whose speech had stirred me,—M. Jean Victor Duruy, Minister of Public Instruction. He was styled "Your Excellency." And this style, usually an empty formula, was well-deserved in the present case; for our new Minister excelled in his exalted functions.

"I want to spend my last half hour at Avignon with you," said my visitor, with a smile. "That will be a relief from the official bowing and scraping."

Overcome by the honor paid me, I apologized for my costume—I was in my shirt sleeves,—and especially for my lobster claws, which I had tried for a moment to hide behind my back.

"You have nothing to apologize for. I came to see the worker. The workman never looks better than in his overalls, with the marks of his trade on him. Let us have a talk. What are you doing just now?"

I explained in a few words the object of my researches; I showed my product; I executed under the Minister's eyes a little attempt at printing in madder-red. The success of the experiment and the simplicity of my apparatus, in which an evaporating-dish, maintained at boiling point under a glass funnel, took the place of a steam-chamber, caused him some surprise.

"I will help you," he said. "What do you want for your laboratory?"

"Why, nothing, Monsieur le Ministre,—nothing! With a little application, the plant I have is ample."

"What! Nothing! You are unique then! The others overwhelm me with requests; their laboratories are never well enough supplied. And you, poor as you are, refuse my offers!"

"No: there is one thing which I will accept."

"What is that?"

"The signal honor of shaking you by the hand."

"There you are, my friend, with all my heart. But that's not enough. . . . I now know you as a chemist. I knew you already as a naturalist and a writer. I have heard about your little animals. I am sorry that I shall have to leave without seeing them. They must wait for another occasion. My train will be starting presently. Walk with me to the station, will you? We shall be alone, and we can chat a bit more on the way."

We strolled along, discussing entomology and madder. My shyness had disappeared. The self-sufficiency of a fool would have left me dumb; the fine frankness of a lofty mind put me at my ease. I told him of my experiments in natural history, of my plans for a professorship, of my fight with harsh fate, my hopes and fears. He encouraged me, spoke to me of a better

future. We reached the station, and walked up and down outside, talking away delightfully.

A poor old woman passed, all in rags, her back bent by age and years of work in the fields. She furtively put out her hand for alms. Duruy felt in his waistcoat, found a two-franc piece and placed it in the outstretched hand; I wanted to add a couple of sous as my contribution, but my pockets were empty, as usual. I went to the beggar-woman and whispered in her ear:

"Do you know who gave you that? It's the Emperor's Minister."

The poor woman started; and her astounded eyes wandered from the open-handed swell to the piece of silver, and from the piece of silver to the open-handed swell. What a surprise! What a windfall!

"*Que lou bon Dieu ié done longo vido e santa, pecaïre!*" she said, in her cracked voice.

And, curtesying and nodding, she withdrew, still staring at the coin in the palm of her hand.

"What did she say?" asked Duruy.

"She wished you long life and health."

"And *pecaïre*?"

"*Pecaïre* is a poem in itself: it sums up all the gentler passions."

And I myself mentally repeated the artless vow. The man who stops so kindly when a beggar puts out her hand has something better in his soul than the qualities that go to make a mere Minister.

We entered the station, still alone, as promised, and I quite without misgivings. Had I foreseen what was going to happen, how I should have hastened to take my leave! Little by little a group formed in front of us. It was too late to fly; I had to screw up my courage. Came the general of division and his officers, came the prefect and his secretary, the mayor and his deputy, the school inspector and the pick of the staff. The Minister faced the ceremonial semicircle. I stood next to him. A crowd on one side, we two on the other. Followed the regulation spinal contortions, the empty obeisances which my dear

Duruy had come to my laboratory to forget. When bowing to St. Roch,* in his corner niche, the worshipper at the same time salutes the saint's humble companion. I was something like St. Roch's dog in the presence of those honors which did not concern me. I stood and looked on, with my awful red hands concealed behind my back, under the broad brim of my felt hat.

After the official compliments had been exchanged, the conversation began to languish; and the Minister seized my right hand and gently drew it from the mysterious recess of my wide-awake.

"Why don't you show those gentlemen your hands?" he said. "Most people would be proud of them."

I vainly protested with a jerk of the elbow. I had to comply, and I displayed my lobster claws.

"Workman's hands," said the prefect's secretary,— "regular workman's hands."

The general, almost scandalized at seeing me in such distinguished company, added:

"Hands of a dyer and cleaner."

"Yes, workman's hands," retorted the Minister; "and I wish you many like them. Believe me, they will do much to help the chief industry of your city. Skilled as they are in chemical work, they are equally capable of wielding the pen, the pencil, the scalpel, and the lens. As you here seem unaware of it, I am delighted to inform you."

This time I should have liked the ground to open and swallow me up. Fortunately, the bell rang for the train to start. I said good-bye to the Minister, and, hurriedly taking to flight, left him laughing at the trick which he had played on me.

The incident was noised about, could not help being so; for the peristyle of a railway station keeps no secrets. I then learned to what annoyances the shadow of

* St. Roch (1295-1327) is always represented in his statues with the dog that saved his life by discovering him in the solitude where, after curing the plague-stricken Italians, he had hidden himself lest he should communicate the pestilence to others.—*Translator's Note.*

the great exposes us. I was looked upon as an influential person, having the favor of the gods at my disposal. Place-hunters and canvassers tormented me. One wanted a license to sell tobacco and stamps; another, a scholarship for his son; another, an increase of his pension. I had only to ask and I should obtain, said they.

O simple people, what an illusion was yours! You could not have hit upon a worse intermediary. I figuring as a postulant! I have many faults, I admit, but that is certainly not one of them. I got rid of the importunate people as best I could, though they were utterly unable to fathom my reserve. What would they have said had they known of the Minister's offers with regard to my laboratory? . . .

Six months elapsed, and I received a letter summoning me to call upon the Minister at his office. I suspected a proposal to promote me to a more important grammar school, and wrote begging that I might be left where I was, among my vats and my insects. A second letter arrived, more pressing than the first and signed by the Minister's own hand. This letter said: "Come at once, or I shall send my gendarmes to fetch you."

There was no way out of it. Twenty-four hours later, I was in M. Duruy's room. He welcomed me with exquisite cordiality, gave me his hand, and, taking up a number of the *Moniteur*, said: "Read that. You refused my chemical apparatus; but you won't refuse this."

I looked at the line to which his finger pointed. I read my name in the list of the Legion of Honor. Quite stupid with surprise, I stammered the first words of thanks that entered my head.

"Come here," said he, "and let me give you the accolade. I will be your sponsor. You will like the ceremony all the better if it is held in private, between you and me: I know you!"

He pinned the red ribbon to my coat, kissed me on both cheeks, made me telegraph the great event to my family. What a morning, spent with that good man!

I well know the vanity of decorative ribbonry and tinware, especially when, as too often happens, intrigue degrades the honor conferred; but, coming as it did, that bit of ribbon is precious to me. It is a relic, not an object for show. I keep it religiously in a drawer.

There was a parcel of big books on the table, a collection of the reports of the progress of science drawn up for the International Exhibition of 1867, which had just closed.

"Those books are for you," continued the Minister. "Take them with you. You can look through them at your leisure: they may interest you. There is something about your insects in them. You're to have this too: it will pay for your journey. The trip which I made you take must not be at your own expense. If there is anything over, spend it on your laboratory."

And he handed me a roll of twelve hundred francs. In vain I refused, remarking that my journey was not so burdensome as all that; besides, his embrace and his bit of ribbon were of inestimable value as compared with my disbursements. He insisted:

"Take it," he said, "or I shall be very angry. There's something else: you must come to the Emperor's with me to-morrow, to the reception of the learned societies."

Seeing me greatly perplexed and as though demoralized by the prospect of an imperial interview:

"Don't try to escape me," he said, "or look out for the gendarmes of my letter! You saw those fellows in the bearskin caps on your way up. Mind you don't fall into their hands. In any case, lest you should be tempted to run away, we will go to the Tuileries together, in my carriage."

Things happened as he wished. The next day, in the Minister's company, I was ushered into a little drawing-room at the Tuileries by chamberlains in knee-breeches and silver-buckled shoes. They were queer people to look at. Their uniforms and their stiff gait gave them the appearance, in my eyes, of beetles who, by way of wing

cases, wore a great, gold-laced dress coat, with a key in the small of the back. There were already a score of persons from all parts waiting in the room. These included geographical explorers, botanists, geologists, antiquaries, archæologists, collectors of prehistoric flints,—in short, the usual representatives of provincial scientific life.

The Emperor entered, very simply dressed, with no parade about him beyond a wide, red, watered-silk ribbon across his chest,—no sign of majesty: an ordinary man, round and plump, with a large mustache and a pair of half-closed, drowsy eyelids. He moved from one to the other, talking to each of us for a moment as the Minister mentioned our names and the nature of our occupations. He showed a fair amount of information as he changed his subject from the ice-floes of Spitzbergen to the dunes of Gascony, from a Carolingian charter to the flora of the Sahara, from the progress in beetroot-growing to Cæsar's trenches before Alesia. When my turn came, he questioned me upon the hypermetamorphosis of the Meloidæ, my last essay in entomology. I answered as best I could, floundering a little in the proper mode of address, mixing up the everyday *monsieur* with *sire*,—a word whose use was so entirely new to me. I passed through the dread straits, and others succeeded me. My five minutes' conversation with an imperial majesty was, they tell me, a most distinguished honor. I am quite ready to believe them, but I never had a desire to repeat it.

The reception came to an end, bows were exchanged, and we were dismissed. A luncheon awaited us at the Minister's house. I sat on his right, not a little embarrassed by the privilege; on his left was a physiologist of great renown. . . . Duruy's son smiled at my impatience to get back to the thyme-scented hills and the grey olive yards rich in grasshoppers.

"What!" said his father. "Won't you visit our museums, our collections? There are some very interesting things there."

"I know, Monsieur le Ministre; but I

shall find better things,—things more to my taste, in the incomparable museum of the fields."

"Then what do you propose to do?"

"I propose to go back to-morrow."

I did go back. I had had enough of Paris; never had I felt such tortures of loneliness as in that immense whirl of humanity. To get away,—to get away was my one idea.

Once home among my family, I felt a mighty load off my mind and a great joy in my heart.

The Ant and the Grasshopper.

TO what extent is the acquisition of money pardonable? How shall we draw the line between a proper thrift and that which is avarice masquerading under another name? How far can we go, consistently with our duty to God and our neighbor, in laying up a store for the winter of old age and adversity,—a treasury for the proverbial "rainy day"? The trouble is that, beginning by providing for that dreaded time, we do not stop at one day or many: we act as if it would lengthen into centuries, this scarecrow of a rainy day, which in so many instances never comes at all. A wise forethought for the period when years and disease may render us helpless can not be wrong; on the contrary, it may even be encouraged; but there are two ways of telling the story of the ant and the grasshopper. The time-honored one runs briefly thus:

There were once a foolish grasshopper and a wise ant; and the grasshopper played about in the sun all day, forgetting the time when the rain would fall and the frost come,—never, in fact, thinking of anything but getting a good meal out of a rose leaf, or of making a flying trapeze out of a morning-glory vine. And in time the winter came, and there were no more leaves to eat and no more vines on which to swing; and the grasshopper, having no home, and nothing to eat if he had a home,

laid down his worthless life and was forgotten. But the ant, during all those long days when the grasshopper had been idle, had been gathering a store of provisions. He had not been squandering his hours in chattering with the birds; and when the snow came he crept into his cosy abode down in the ground, and fared sumptuously all winter, and lived to welcome the flowers back in the spring, and to toil through another summer.

There is another way to tell this little story. Once there were a foolish ant and a wise grasshopper; and the grasshopper did nothing all day but hop about in the sun and sing the praises of his Creator, and be happy and cheerful, and try to make others so. And at last the winter came, and the grasshopper said: "My friends the roses are dead, and it gives me rheumatism to be out in this chill air. I have had a happy life and have tried to be good. I do not think I have ever willfully harmed a fellow-creature, and I have comforted others when it was possible. God has been good to me." So he gave one last little chirp and died, and went to join his friends the roses. And the ant, who happened to be passing, said: "Look at me! I have a cellar full ofainties. While that silly grasshopper has been praising God and helping his neighbor by cheering his heart, I, who have had so much time for such senseless employment, have been making ready my home and filling it with food. Now my reward has come. I will repair to my comfortable underground dwelling, and—" Just then the housemaid came along with a broom in her hand, and swept ant, house and all, out into the muddy gutter.

The right, as usual, lies between the two extremes. The ant might have hoarded less and bestowed some time on nobler pursuits; the grasshopper would have shown more wisdom if he had stopped hopping and singing long enough to pack away a few green leaves in the trunk of a hollow tree. And the moral is: be charitable rather than parsimonious.

Notes and Remarks.

The custom of issuing pastoral letters for such seasons as those of Advent and Lent is one which we hope to see more generally maintained by the members of the hierarchy. The bishop is the first pastor of all the faithful in his diocese, and what he has to say to them commands their utmost respect. Such a document, for example, as that already issued by the Bishop of Crookston for Lent of this year can not fail to have a most salutary influence on the life of his subjects. It is practically an application of Catholic principles to the whole round of human activities. Here are some of its sub-headings: "Wealth No Source of Happiness," "Society People," "Killing Time," "Mortification," "Dancing," "The Theatre," "Sex-Hygiene," "Religion the Only Source of Genuine Happiness," and "Happiness in Well-Doing." Throughout, Bishop Corbett is strongly practical in his analysis of existing conditions, and eminently wise in the remedies he proposes to apply to the evils of our time. These are no other than the tested practices of a consistent Catholic life.

The European war still demands its toll not only of ordained priests but of students preparing for the priesthood. The ecclesiastical colleges of Rome, such of them as are still functioning, show a notable diminution in the number of their attendants. The muster roll at the American College has fallen off thirty per cent; and the famous Gregorian University, which before the war counted from one thousand to fifteen hundred clerical aspirants, has at present only four hundred. In the meantime dearth of students has led to the closing of the Canadian College, and a number of others—St. Anselm's, the German-Hungarian, the Ruthenian, the Greek, the Bohemian, the Maronite, etc. This means that for some years after the conclusion of peace the ranks of the

European clergy will be thinner than they have been for decades. All the more reason, therefore, for increased efforts in this country to supply priestly workers for the Foreign Missions.

Perhaps the most common accusation against President Wilson is that of vacillating. But it must be admitted that he has shown no such mental deficiency in dealing with the Immigration Bill recently passed by Congress, having vetoed it twice on account of its literary test provision. His reasons for not signing this Bill are clearly and firmly stated. "I can not rid myself of the conviction," he says in his message to the House of Representatives, "that the literary test constitutes a radical change in the policy of the nation which is not justified in principle. It is not a test of character, of quality or of personal fitness, but would operate in most cases merely as a penalty for lack of opportunity in the country from which the alien seeking admission came. . . . Our experience in the past has not been that the illiterate immigrant is, as such, an undesirable immigrant."

It will be remembered that Presidents Cleveland and Taft vetoed similar legislation for the same reason.

A notable occasion was the celebration last month in Germantown, Philadelphia, of the tercentenary of the mission work of St. Vincent de Paul, and the centenary of the arrival of the Lazarist Fathers in the United States. The solemn function was graced by the presence of Cardinal Gibbons and several other members of the hierarchy. The sermon was preached by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Donahue, of Wheeling, and it was remarkable for that eloquence which is the fruit of genuine inspiration. Speaking of the appearance of St. Vincent, the Bishop said:

In all times, in the darkest hours, and in centuries most corrupt, there have been men, honestly and without hope of earthly gain, striving to deliver the message of Christ; men whose lives measured up to the dictum of the

Roman orator, that what gives force to the speech is the worth of the man behind it; nay, men whose saintly deeds shone like a torch in the black night, upon whose lips truth prevailed with double sway, and the torrents of denunciation, exhortation and burning love fell,—a Niagara of fire. They were and are the light of the world, the salt of the earth; and high among them—yea, at the very summit—stands the glorious name of Vincent de Paul.

The sons of this great saint have carried on his work in their long hundred years of service in the United States, deserving on this auspicious anniversary the thanks and the congratulations of the entire Church in America. But more: they have earned and will receive the only reward for which they have any desire—the blessing of Almighty God and the bliss of heaven.

The biographer of Sir John Day has many interesting things to tell about that great advocate, whose simple, manly piety was so much admired by his Catholic friends. 'To the end he was a firm believer in the sterner side of the divine attributes. He refrained from all devotions which he considered fanciful or far-fetched, but always loved the solid adjuncts of religion. He never liked English prayers being tacked on at the end of Mass; he likened this to sending off popguns after the discharge of heavy artillery. . . . He would say his Rosary in a railway compartment with little, if any, attempt at concealment. . . . If he did not often take an active part in Catholic life, it must have been that the fear of being or appearing fussy or officious restrained him. . . . A lifelong lover of the Psalmist, . . . the love of the liturgy was strong upon him. . . . He would not resign until close on the end his privilege of serving Mass when celebrated in his private oratory.'

Cardinal Gasquet, who knew Sir John intimately, and esteemed him highly for his sincerity, uprightness, and earnestness writes in an Introduction to the volume "He seemed to be the living exponent of the principle inculcated by Holy Writ 'Whatever thy right hand findeth to do

do it with all thy might.' He quickly formed his opinion about men and things, and had no patience with those who professed one thing and did another. In any question of religion he was uncompromising. 'Is the man a Catholic?' he once asked about some one we had been talking about. And on my replying that he was, he added with vehemence: 'Then he should act as one, and not try to minimize his obligations. I've no use for, or indeed patience with, any man who knows his duty and hasn't the honesty and the strength to do it.'"

Speaking at a meeting of the National Council of Public Morality held in London a few weeks ago, Canon Brown of Southwark put his finger on the real cause of the lower moral tone prevailing for some years past. He said that the country had shut the priest and religion out of the schools, and the lowered standard of morality noticeable of late years was the result. They had tried to do the impossible—teach self-control and a high moral standard without the one great prop on which poor weak human nature could rely, religion.

The Canon's words are true, not only of England, but of France, of this country, and of all other lands in which young people are instructed in every branch of knowledge save that which has to do with their souls and their God. "Education" without religious training is, from decade to decade, everywhere proving itself incapable of forming citizens who are really moral.

While the "Question Box" department in many of our exchanges dates, as to its title, from the inception in this country of Missions to non-Catholics, the substance of the department is as old as Catholic newspapers. Subscribers to these papers have always been inclined to consult the editors on points of doctrine and practice, and not seldom indeed on points that are specifically treated in the ordinary small

Catechism. Often enough, however, the answers to the questions propounded throw new, or at least additional, light on some more or less obscure matter; as, for instance, does the following answer given in a recent issue of the *Bombay Examiner* to the query: "Is there any sin that can not be absolved by the Church?"

There is no sin which the Church can not absolve, provided it is validly repented of and confessed. A passage in the Gospel about "the sin against the Holy Ghost, which is not forgiven either in this world or the world to come," can only be understood to mean the sin of *impenitence*. Hence we can interpret the text thus: Impenitence is not forgiven in this life *so long as it lasts*; because without penitence no sin at all can be forgiven. But if a man, after a spell of impenitence, changes round and becomes penitent, and is sorry both for his sins *and* his former impenitence, then even impenitence (repented of) can be forgiven. But if a man dies in a state of impenitence, his chances of repenting have gone, and so the sin remains unforgiven forever.

The experienced catechist will appreciate the particularity with which the *Examiner's* editor deals with the circumstantial details involved in the question. The answer is that excellent thing,—an explanation that explains.

Among the churches destroyed or damaged by a tornado in Texas some time ago was one dedicated to the Blessed Virgin under the title *Consolatrix Afflictorum*, at Vattmannville. This pretty little church, which was provided with an organ, bell, vestments, etc., and ornamented with paintings and statues, was a complete wreck, being literally blown to pieces. Fortunately, there was no loss of life. The zealous priest who erected and furnished the church was doubly grieved over its destruction, fearing that some weak brethren might lose confidence in the Blessed Virgin, until a letter from the pastor of Vattmannville assured him that the religious spirit of his parish had suffered no weakening. "How could our Blessed Mother be Consoler of the Afflicted if there were no afflictions to console?" they said. In the same spirit the great St.

Teresa once consoled a faint-hearted companion by saying: "The Church did not cease to exist because on one and the same day St. Peter and St. Paul were taken away from it." A memorable saying. That little church at Vattmannville is sure to be replaced some time by a larger and better one.

A quite unusual career closed in the death, on the 20th ult., of Brother Potamian (Michael F. O'Reilly), head of the department of physics and dean of the faculty of Manhattan College, New York. He died full of years and honors, but kept throughout a long and exceptionally busy lifetime his native simplicity of heart unchanged, while he yearly grew in the spirit of his religious vocation. Born in the United States, he entered the novitiate of the Christian Brothers in Canada, whence he was sent to England. There he received the highest University honors in course, becoming later associated with the leading men of scientific thought. Among his friends were Cardinals Manning and Newman and several distinguished bishops and priests. On four occasions he was deputed by the English Government as one of its representatives to international exhibitions. His official reports and his articles on engineering were models of clear-cut English, and served to raise the young American professor high in the estimation of the English authorities. Brother Potamian's published works were mostly of a scientific nature, and are authoritative in their field. He was a worthy associate of the distinguished Brother Azarias, and a true son of St. John Baptist de la Salle. *R. I. P.*

The zeal of some sectarian bigots down in Georgia has recently been outrunning their discretion, with the result that they are now furnishing an instance of what Shakespeare considered excellent sport,— "to have the engineer hoist with his own petard." Two Catholic schools in Savannah, established prior to the Con-

stitutional Convention of 1877, and forming an independent local system, have been receiving State aid. The zealous sectarians objected to this violation of "the policy of our Government in regard to the use of State funds for denominational schools." This was all very well so far as the Catholic schools were concerned; but, "Lo, and behold you," the attorney-general has found fifteen Protestant schools—Methodist, Baptist, and Presbyterian—thoroughly denominational schools, which were not only receiving State aid for their upkeep, but had actually been built with State funds. The net outcome of the zealous campaign against the two Catholic schools is that public funds are withdrawn from *all* denominational schools,—a consummation quite other than what was desired.

Recent English exchanges chronicle the death of the Rev. Wilfrid Lescher, O. P., and of Mrs. Raymond-Barker, both of whom had numerous friends and acquaintances in this country. The former was a well-known figure in English Catholic life for many years, and became famous everywhere as a strenuous upholder of the Anti-Vivisection Society, of which he was for some time an official. He was also distinguished as a controversial writer, and published much in defence of the Dominican tradition in regard to the founding of the Rosary. He had been in feeble health for some months, as a result of a paralytic stroke. Mrs. Raymond-Barker, who had reached the advanced age of eighty-seven, was a convert to the Church and a distant relative of Dr. Pusey. A woman of remarkable energy and possessed of a graceful pen, she wrote numerous letters, articles, and pamphlets, including a short though adequate Life of Don Boseo and an account of the Little Sisters of the Poor, of whom she was a generous benefactor as well as an enthusiastic admirer. Like Father Lescher, she was distinguished for deep faith, tender piety, and ardent zeal. May they rest in peace!

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

When You Pray.

BY T. D. M.

LITTLE children, when you pray
Lift your hearts to God and say:
Father in our heavenly home,
Do not let me ever roam
From the path that I should walk;
Let my thoughts be good, my talk
Kind and gentle; what I do
All is done for love of You.
Little Jesus, play with me;
All my lifetime stay with me.
Holy Spirit, fill my heart
With the comfort which Thou art.
Blessed Mother, you know how
To care for such as I am now.
And my Angel, strong and sweet,
Guard my eyes, my hands, my feet.
Patron Saints, be sure to pray
I may be with you some day.
O my Father up in heaven,
Remember I am only seven.

Con of Misty Mountain.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

VI.—“PALS.”

SUSIE slept late next morning: both Aunt Aline and Nora took care of that. When she awoke, the winter sun was winking a “Merry Christmas” greeting through her window; a bright wood fire was blazing in her old-fashioned chimney; and hanging to her big “four-poster” was a Christmas stocking filled with all the pretty things that could be procured at short notice for the unexpected little guest,—a lovely pearl breast-pin, a slender neck chain, a small sandal-wood fan, two or three cobwebby handkerchiefs, and an Irish lace collar. Aunt Aline had ransacked her treasure boxes,

and Uncle Gregory had topped things off with a golden half-eagle in a small birch-wood box that he had made himself. It was a very happy little girl that danced down the wide stairs to hug the dear ones waiting for her, and to breakfast on hot cakes and maple syrup, and other delicacies unknown to the long tables of St. Joseph, with their chattering crowds.

Everybody else had finished long ago; and Uncle Gregory was standing with his back to the roaring Christmas fire, in high good humor at the news that he was retailing triumphantly to Father Phil.

“We’ve got one of the scoundrels,—got him tight and fast behind the bars of Pineville jail. Fought like a tiger, Bronson tells me; but they brought him down. I’ll clear that whole den of thieves out before many weeks, if I have to go after them myself.”

“O brother dear, no, no!” remonstrated Aunt Aline. “At your age it would be madness, brother.”

“I don’t care a darn what it may be, Madam!” blustered Uncle Gregory, fiercely. “Here I am a State official and justice of the peace, having the laws broken every day at my very gates; letting a gang of scoundrels terrorize the mountain under my very nose, Madam! It’s enough to make me the laughing-stock of the country. It has gone beyond bearing and belief. Why, Dennis tells me that beggar brat of a boy from the Roost was down about here yesterday, boasting that the Buzzards could smoke me out of house and home! I, Captain Eben Gregory, out of house and home, Madam! And they *could* do it, too; there’s nothing easier to such scoundrels. I tell you I’d rather have a band of naked Indians whooping on my tracks. As for that boy Con or Don, or whatever they call him, I’ve given all my men orders to seize and hold him on sight.

I'll have no monkeying with any such young fire bug. He goes to the reform school or something rougher at once."

The knife and fork had dropped from Susie's little hand; the hot cakes and maple syrup lost all their flavor. When Uncle Gregory talked like that there was no use answering, as even brother Phil knew. But as the old soldier, having thus freed his mind, stalked out of the room to give his orders for the day, and Aunt Aline hurried away to look after the big turkey for dinner, Susie slipped out of her chair and stood trembling at brother Phil's side.

"What! You're not done with your Christmas breakfast already?" he said. And then, turning a startled glance on the pale little face, he added: "Susie! Why, you are ill, darling!"

"Oh, no, brother Phil,—no, not ill, only—only sorry and frightened for poor, poor—oh, poor Con, brother Phil! Oh, can't you help him, hide him, be good to him, for—for my sake, dear, dear brother Phil?" And Susie sank on her knees, and, burying her face in the big cushioned arm of her brother's chair, burst into a flood of tears.

"There, there!" said brother Phil, gently smoothing her golden curls. "My poor little girl, don't cry! It's your first peep at the hard ways of a hard world, Susie."

"Everybody is so mean to him," sobbed Susie,—"*Nora* and Dennis and Uncle Greg, and *everybody!* Oh, I didn't think good people could be so mean to a poor boy!"

"Another hard lesson to learn, Susie. Good people can not always hear and see," answered her brother.

"Oh, no, they can't,—they can't," said Susie, indignation drying her tears. "*Nora* thought Con was stealing my money; and Dennis, that he was going to burn the chapel; and Uncle Greg thinks he is the worst boy in the world. But you and I know better. Can't we do something for poor Con, brother Phil?"

"That is what I have been wondering all night, Susie,—ever since I saw the look on his young face as he stared in the chapel window,—as, I think, the shepherds must

have looked when they strayed in out of the darkness two thousand years ago. We must do something for poor Con. What shall it be, Susie?"

"Get him away, brother Phil,—get him away somewhere from Uncle Greg and Dennis and all those bad Buzzards in the Roost, and make him a real nice, good boy."

"I'll!—I'll think of it, Susie. Only don't ever tell, or Uncle Greg will be ready to lock us all up."

And, feeling it was well not to burden his little sister's heart and head with any further planning, Father Phil said no more, but, a little later, took his lonely way up the mountain, "thinking" very seriously indeed about the friendless young outlaw against whom every voice and hand seemed raised. The priest knew his uncle too well to attempt appeal or remonstrance there. The old soldier had taken his stand against the boy, and would keep it, though the heavens fell. And after the wild, free life of Misty Mountain, the stern discipline of the reform school would drive the reckless Con to sullen defiance or desperate revolt.

As Father Phil recalled the look in the blue eyes lifted to his face yesterday, the tone in the young voice refusing pay for his work; as he thought of the wondering awe on the boyish face peering last night into the Holy of Holies, the purpose grew upon him to help, to guide this young outcast,—to save Con, soul and body, at any cost. Pondering over ways and means, Father Phil kept on up the rugged steeps, whose icy strength seemed softening into gentler mood to-day.

Misty Mountain was given to these vagaries. It was seldom, indeed, that old Winter held its heights so grimly as he had done this passing year. Usually his was a friendly reign, with the little streamlets trickling under the light ice crust, the snow only a soft warm mantle to keep the mountain mosses green, and Spring playing hide-and-seek with Jack Frost under the wreathing mists.

And Con was at the meeting place waiting for Father Phil, as he had promised,—rather a chilled and hungry Con; for he had been out on the mountain all night, and there had been only a scant crust of his corn-cake left for breakfast. He had supplemented it by some roots that he had learned were good to chew when provisions were scarce. Though Father Phil had not foreseen quite so dire a situation, he had guessed that a little Christmas cheer would be welcome, and his pockets were full,—ginger cookies and seedcakes, a big red apple and two oranges, nuts, raisins, and a small but wonderful box of bonbons that Susie had presented to him as a Christmas gift the day before,—truly French bonbons, she assured him, made by Sister Melanie of sugar cane sent from her Louisiana home, and filled with Southern pecans.

Never before had Con seen, much less tasted, such good things; and when Father Phil spread his Christmas feast on a flat rock and told him to "pitch in," he did it with a zest that stirred his new friend's compassionate heart. Oranges, apples, cakes, vanished without ceremony; nuts and raisins followed,—Con cracking the shells in his strong white teeth deftly as a mountain squirrel. But when it came to the bonbons, in their pretty, painted, laced-lined box, he hesitated.

"Them ain't to eat?" he asked.

"Yes," answered Father Phil. "And they are fine. Try one."

Con took up the sugary morsel doubtfully. Each bonbon was in its little cap of fluted paper, as Sister Melanie's French traditions taught such confections should be. The careful combination was strangely suspicious to Con's mountain eyes.

"They don't look like—like eats," he said. "Mother Moll, she told me never to touch nothing I didn't know. I nigh kilt myself eating bird berries once. Had fits all night, and was bent double till Mother Moll straightened me up with turpentine tea."

"No fear of fits in these," observed

Father Phil, reassuringly. "See, I'll take one myself."

Con followed suit, and doubted no longer.

"Gee, but they are good," he said,— "good and pretty! If you don't mind, Mister, I'd like to take a couple of them things to show Mother Moll."

"Take them all," said Father Phil. "They are yours, to do as you please with, my boy."

"Mine?" said Con, breathlessly. "Mine, Mister? You don't mean box and all?"

"Box and all," replied the priest, smiling.

For a moment Con was reduced to amazed silence. He took the pretty box in his hand and turned it round and round.

"Golly!" he said at last, lifting shining eyes to Father Phil's face. "Whatever makes you so good and nice to me, Mister? I'm a-going to show this box and all these pretty things in it to Mother Moll, and tell her how good and nice you are. She don't believe nobody can be good and nice unless they are working you and tricking you for suthing. But you—you ain't working and tricking me, I know."

"My poor boy, no!" was the pitying answer. "I wouldn't work you or trick you for the world. I want to be your friend, Con,—your real friend. Do you know what 'friend' means?"

Con thought for a moment, for the word was not in the Buzzard vocabulary.

"Suthing like a 'pal,' ain't it?" he asked.

"Yes," said Father Phil, nodding. "It's a 'pal,' Con,—the best kind of a pal: one that never goes back on you, that stands up for you through thick and thin—"

"And fights for you," put in Con, with a sparkle in his eye.

"Yes, if necessary fights for you," answered Father Phil,— "or, what is better, gets you out of the fight, Con."

"You can't do that," said Con, shaking his head. "When a fellow is in a fight he has to stand up to it."

"Not always," replied Father Phil. "Sometimes there are stones in the snowballs, Con, and you are knocked out."

"You can get up and fight again," said Con. "I'll have it out with Pat Murphy for that yet."

"No, you won't; for I've talked to Pat, and he is ready to say that it was a scaly trick, and he is sorry for it. And now I want to talk to you as I talked to him. You're having tough luck up here on Misty Mountain, Con. How would you like to cut away from it all, little pal, and go off with me?"

"Off with you?" echoed Con, staring. "Go off with you, Mister? Where?"

"To school," answered Father Phil. "You would like to go to school; wouldn't you, Con? You'd like to learn to read and write and count?"

"I can do it a little," said Con. "Nat was a-learning me before they tuk him. He learned me to write C-o-n. There ought to been something else, he said, but he didn't know it. Nuther did I. We asked Uncle Bill, and he cussed and said he didn't know nuthing neither; so thar it had to stay—C-o-n. That ain't no sort of name to write for school, Mister."

"We might find you another," said Father Phil, smiling. "And school would be a fine place, Con: not a shut-up little room, like that in the valley; but a big, wide house, with trees and grass around it, and plenty of room to run and jump and play ball. And you would have a nice white little bed all your own, and warm clothes to wear, and all that you could eat and drink. But, better than all these, you would learn beautiful things, Con,—things like those I told you yesterday about the good God in heaven, and the little Babe who was born on Christmas night and laid in the manger, and the angels who sang in the midnight skies. And you would read books that tell all about this wonderful world we live in, and the sun and the stars and the moon; how the rivers run and the mists gather and the snow falls. And you would grow up not Mountain Con, fishing and hunting and trapping and fighting, but a wise, good, great man—"

"Like—like you, Mister?" asked Con, softly.

"Oh, much better than I, I hope, Con!" was the cheery answer.

"Nobody couldn't be no better," said Con. "I don't believe nobody could be so good. Jing, when I looked through the window last night and seen you standing thar all white and shining, I thought you couldn't be sure enough,—that I must be asleep and dreaming dreams. And—and—" (Con drew a long breath) "if—if—you'll take me, Mister, I'll go,—I'll go wherever you say."

(To be continued.)

Birds of Blessing.

BY MARY KELLEY DUNNE.

I WONDER if you are well acquainted with the swallow family? Most of us know the chickadee and the bluebird; and the robin is a real friend to many of us; but swallows never seem to have time for calls and friendly intercourse and getting acquainted. It's rather a pity to be so busy as all that. Of course getting a living is the first thing, for bird folks and human folks alike. Birds probably never have any illusions on that score. Occasionally persons get the notion that they will let some one else do the worrying, while they loaf or make speeches. And that means that some one else must work double time. But it's very loubtful if there are any shirkers among the feathered folks. Certainly you can't imagine a swallow stopping to read a surreptitious story while the dusting waits.

From dawn until dark the swallows are busy,—flitting over meadows, floating, dipping and skimming, in pursuit of insects. It is quite amazing the number of bugs a swallow will capture in the course of the day's work. Some scientific person who wanted to get the exact facts killed a female martin and found in her stomach more than two thousand flies and mosquitoes. As these two insects are credited

with spreading serious disease, you can see what a real friend of man the swallow is. That is the swallow's value to man in the economic sense. Perhaps you don't know just what that means; but keep it in mind, and a little later you will come to understand the economic relations of birds and society.

Perhaps you'll be tempted to put too heavy an emphasis on the economic importance of things. A good many of us do. And so it's pleasant to feel that, while there is an economic reason for liking swallows, because they eat up the bugs that eat up our wheat and corn, and eat up the insects that poison us as well as our food, there is another sense in which the swallows are the friend of man. Their association with home and loving friendliness and worship and wisdom is very ancient. They are part of the something pleasant and familiar and cheerful,—something that responds to your inner self without your quite understanding why. Some night when you are away from home and very lonely, and you look out of the window and see the familiar stars—just the same ones you always saw from your window at home,—you feel curiously comforted. They are something familiar in the strange place, something of home. And in the same way the swallows were the friends of man long before any one thought of their economic value.

All over the world the swallows are known; and, as far back as there are any records, they have been held in friendly regard. The old Bible writers mentioned the swallow any number of times. Among the Hebrews the word used for swallows meant "freedom." Evidently the people of Palestine were fond of caged pet birds, and they probably found that the swallow died very quickly in captivity. Its wide wings called for the freedom of the fields. And while the swallow could make such wonderful flights and keep on the wing almost continuously, just as it does to-day, it was a friendly and fearless bird. It made little mud homes under the low

eaves of their dwellings; and while mothers cooed to their babies and sat on the door-sills to feed them, they could hear the gentle swallows over their heads doing likewise, though in a different fashion.

The swallows built their nests in the temples in Jerusalem—great colonies of them,—and no one would have dared to interfere with them. Birds which entered a house of worship were supposed to be asking special protection of the Almighty. To kill them was a very serious matter. They were almost sacred. And so it came about that the swallows were thought to bring a special blessing to homes; and they were more than welcome when they chose a spot under the eaves of a cottage and proceeded to plaster up a little mud house for their family. They were a blessing in many ways, too. Not only were they a great help in keeping down the insect pests of that moist and sunny climate, but they were an ever-present example of tireless industry, of cheerful home life and friendliness.

One of the loveliest sights you will see in a long life is a sunlit field, green with June hay, the sky blue and bordered with soft white clouds, and the misty gold air full of skimming, dipping swallows. You would think it some sort of dance in the air. They dip and flash and glide, and all the while they keep up a musical twitter. They seem to be always on the go. But it is something more than pleasure that keeps them continually on the wing. They are bent on the serious business of earning their daily bread, or rather daily bugs. You rarely see a swallow except on the wing. While there is a particle of daylight it "keeps on the job"; and during the months when it is with us in the North, that means a pretty long day, from dawn at four or five o'clock until sunset at half-past seven or eight. That's much longer than the eight hours that men have decided upon as the limit of a day's daily labor.

To be sure the swallow does his work in the pleasant, sunlit, flower-garden world,

never underground in black holes or in stuffy-buildings. And the swallow seems to have held on to another secret his human brethren have lost. His work is living, and he goes about it singing. If swallows thought about things, they would say, "Why, of course this is living,—earning the daily bugs, and feeding the babies, and talking with the brethren down in the meadow, and turning an eye up at the blue sky." His human brothers want to do as little work as possible, so they will have time to "live." Which is a rather upside-down view of things, when you come to think of it. Birds are wiser in some ways than we are, I imagine.

To most people, swallows mean the dusky-winged, sooty chimney swallows, which are not really swallows at all, but swifts; and the low-circling, buff-breasted barn swallow, the most lovable of a very lovable tribe. The purple martin is the handsomest member of the family, and the cliff swallow the cleverest. All of them seem to be declining in numbers in our part of the world, which is a great pity. The English sparrow is largely to blame for it. When barns were left open so the swallows might go in and build their nests on the rafters, the chattering sparrow followed and made a nuisance of himself, without offering the slightest return for the farmer's hospitality. And now farmers have closed the swallow holes in the gables, and shut out the friendly swallow as well as the sparrows. This is not necessary. The swallows are with us only from mid-April until the first of September. If the swallow holes were closed when the birds migrated in the autumn and opened in the spring, the sparrows would not bother them.

Perhaps you have been trying to coax the beautiful martins to nest in boxes set on poles in your garden. Usually they are very glad to accept such invitations, and they pay big rent for their little houses by keeping down flies and mosquitoes. But you will have to protect your tenants against the invasion of the cheeky sparrows,

who recognize no prior rights whatever. You must close up the bird houses the first of September; and, if necessary, shoot a few sparrows with a rifle in the spring. That will keep them away until the swallows are settled.

The home of the cliff swallow is a very wonderful affair. You will be likely to find, not one but a dozen or perhaps a hundred of them, ranged in rows along the top of a clay bank or bluff on the edge of a river or lake. You will notice that the abrupt bank seems full of holes, a sort of double-tiered decoration near the top. If you can get close enough to examine them, you will be astonished at their depth. The birds tunnel into the bank for three or four feet, and then scoop out a little hollow, which the female proceeds to line carefully with down and feathers. The tunnel slants upward from the opening, so of course there is no danger from storms or rain.

There are any number of interesting things I might tell you about swallows, but they will have to wait until we meet again. Meanwhile if you want to get an idea of how long ago the wisdom of the swallow was recognized, you might go to *Æsop's Fables* (you know how old they are) and read the fable of the swallow and the hemp seed.

A Crop of Sweetness.

Once a little boy sowed the seed of a fragrant violet on a bank in his father's garden. Before long he was taken to a foreign land, where he grew up to be a man. But after many years he came back and went to visit the old home which was now his, the father having died. In the garden he found a bank of sweet-smelling violets. He had sown sweetness, and now was able to gather it in abundance. Every little gentle word, and kindly act, and generous thought, is like the violet seed: It will grow and produce a great crop of sweetness.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—It is pleasant to hear that Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. have in press a volume of the "Correspondence of John Henry Newman," covering the years 1839 to 1845, edited by the Fathers of the Birmingham Oratory.

—The index of the half-yearly volume of THE AVE MARIA completed with 1916 (July-December) is now ready for those who bind their magazines. These supplementary pages are supplied gratis to all who apply for them during the year.

—The literary activity of Mr. Edward J. O'Brien is evidenced this year by two announcements,—that of his poems under the happy title, "White Fountains," and "The Best Short Stories of 1916." Both volumes are published by Small, Maynard & Co.

—Mr. Joyce Kilmer, whose little volume, "The Circus and Other Essays," went through its first edition in a month from the date of publication, is issuing another book in prose, a series of literary interviews, which Harper Brothers are publishing; while George H. Doran & Co. are bringing out his new poetic offering, "Main Street, and Other Poems."

—One of the new words brought into circulation by the Great War is "pacifist," which is not found in the dictionary; although place is made there for "pacifist," meaning an advocate of peace, an opponent of war. The *Nineteenth Century* protests against the first form. It says: "Let us, in the name of Language, have either 'pacist' or 'pacifist'. . . . Either has a decent pedigree, but 'pacifist' is a bastard. Besides, there is already 'pacifier,' not to mention the English equivalents, 'peace-maker' and 'peace-monger.'"

—An essay which would venture a solution of industrial problems is "Operative Ownership," by Mr. James J. Finn, from the press of Langdon & Co., Chicago. The author describes his system as one of industrial production based upon social justice and the right of private property. His analysis of existing ills in the industrial world is made the background for his thesis that no remedy yet proposed is adequate to meet these evils; hence his elaboration of the scheme of operative ownership. What it means, how it is to be introduced, and what are its benefits,—all this is clearly set forth. The heart of the problem would seem to be what the writer terms the "disappearing rights of property"; to this he devotes two chapters, before the last in which he summarizes his

conclusions. Students of economics, and particularly such as are more interested in industrial problems, will find this a highly stimulating and suggestive volume, whatever they may think of the special thesis with which the writer is concerned. A fairly good index adds to the book's usefulness.

—In revising our exchange list, which has become unduly large, we shall discontinue such papers as have no apparent use for THE AVE MARIA or which fail to give credit for what they reprint from it. There are now so many Catholic publications of every sort that some discrimination has become a necessity.

—An especially timely and thoroughly valuable issue of the America Press is a pamphlet entitled "Church and Politics," by the Rev. Joseph Husslein, S. J. The topics which it treats are: "The Church and Politics," "A Political Nightmare," "Union of Church and State," "Catholic Social Movements and Politics," and "Political Bigotry in America." The second and third of these papers are on the same subject, and they are so well considered and so practical as to make the pamphlet well worth securing, if for no other reason. It is an ideal pamphlet for the church book rack.

—Lovers—and they are legion—of Maurice Francis Egan's writings will be grateful to the late Richard Watson Gilder for spurring Dr. Egan on to such literary activity as resulted in that charming volume, "Everybody's Saint Francis." We quote part of a letter, from Mr. Gilder's recently published "Letters," in which this urging was done. The editor of the *Century* wrote: "I might find fault with you no less than you with me, and perhaps better. Why don't you write more, now that you have what some might think the ideal position for a literary worker? Your own best work is so exquisite and artistic and individual that it is a shame you do not add more to it." It is to be hoped that this delightful admonition will be still further effective.

—To the lengthening list of poet-priests must be added the name of the Rev. P. J. Carroll, C. S. C., who has brought out, with a graceful foreword, through the Devin-Adair Co., a collection of verse which he calls "Songs of Creelabeg." As implied by the title, these poems are chiefly on Irish themes. There is a great variety of them. The general reader who does not find something to his liking in this handsome volume must be hard to please.

Irish readers will welcome it as a whole, though they may be at a loss to determine the location of the author's birthplace, as was the case with his delightful book of stories and sketches entitled "Round About Home." ("From what part is he, at all?"—"A right part, at anny rate. The sign is on.") Father Carroll, whether he writes in prose or verse, is at his best when his theme is the Irish exile's love and longing for home. Some of the poems contained in "Songs of Creelabeg" have been published before, others now appear for the first time. We much prefer the religious pieces with which we were already familiar, as being more essentially poetic and far more perfect as regards technique; for example, "To-day":

O Father, 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 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.

- "Operative Ownership." James J. Finn. \$1.50.
 "Songs of Creelabeg." Rev. P. J. Carroll, C. S. C. \$1.40.
 "Sermons and Sermon Notes." Rev. B. W. Maturin. \$2.
 "Verses." Hilaire Belloc. \$1.10.
 "Letters to Jack." Rt. Rev. Francis Kelley, D. D. \$1.
 "The Interdependence of Literature." Georgina Pell Curtis. 60 cts.
 "Illustrations for Sermons and Instructions." Rev. Charles J. Callan, O. P. \$2.
 "Beauty." Rev. A. Rother, S. J. 50 cts.
 "Gerald de Lacey's Daughter." Anna T. Sadlier. \$1.35.

- "The Holiness of the Church in the Nineteenth Century." Rev. Constantine Kempf, S. J. \$1.75.
 "The Divine Master's Portrait." Rev. Joseph Degen. 50 cts.
 "Tommy Travers." Mary F. Waggaman. 75 cts.
 "Development of Personality." Brother Chrysoptom, F. S. C. \$1.25.
 "The Fall of Man." Rev. M. V. McDonough. 50 cts.
 "Saint Dominic and the Order of Preachers." 75 cts.; paper covers, 35 cts.
 "The Growth of a Legend." Ferdinand van Langenhove. \$1.25.
 "The Seminarian." Rev. Albert Rung. 75 cts.

Obituary.

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

Rev. John H. Green, of the archdiocese of Baltimore; Rev. Louis Bohl, diocese of Newark; Rev. Charles Hutter, diocese of Detroit; Rev. Martin F. Foley, diocese of Peoria; Rev. P. S. Dagnault, diocese of Green Bay; Rev. John Therry, S. J.; and Rev. Jerome Henkel, O. M. Cap.

Sister M. Joseph, of the Order of the Visitation; Sister M. Scholastica, Sisters of St. Dominic; Sister M. Laurentia, Sisters of the Holy Cross; and Sister M. Juliana, Sisters of the Good Shepherd.

Mr. Edward Robinson, Mr. W. J. Summer, Mr. J. L. Homes, Mr. John Moclair, Mr. Henry Forbes, Miss B. Boland, Mrs. Mary Jordan, Mr. Joseph Hertzog, Mr. L. T. Winka, Mrs. Ellen McDonald, Mr. Michael Joyce, Mr. Hugh J. Gillen, Mrs. John Nicholson, Mr. Peter Murphy, Mrs. Allan McKinnon, Mr. Thomas Ling, Mrs. William Ling, Mr. Archie McCormick, Mrs. W. H. Bollinger, Mr. Michael Hayes, Mr. John Hardin, Mrs. Daniel Lyons, Mr. Joseph Cantoni, Miss Agnes McCann, Miss Anna Lloyd, Mr. M. T. Durnin, Mr. Edward Hagan, Mr. F. X. Fischer, Mrs. Mary Brennan, Mr. S. J. Handing, Miss Frances O'Donnell, Mr. Charles Heitzman, Mrs. Mary J. Cullen, Mr. Charles Jeep, Mrs. Mary Kelly, Mr. Robert A. Lee, and Mr. John Taylor.

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 rescue of orphaned and abandoned children in China: T. A. K. M., \$1. For the Foreign Missions: C. F. S., \$1; M. M., \$2. For the Bishop of Nueva Segovia: M. B. J., \$6; Child of Mary, \$5.



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

[Published every Saturday. Copyright, 1917: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

Eden Reopened.

BY THEODORE MAYNARD.

Marian Devotion in Mediæval Wales.

BY THE RT. REV. BISHOP POWER.

NO man regarded where God sat
 Among the rapt seraphic brows,
 And God's heart heavy grew thereat—
 At man's long absence from His house.
 Then from the iris-circled throne
 A strange and secret word is said;
 And straightway hath an angel flown,
 On wings of feathered sunlight sped
 Through space to where the world shone red.
 Reddest of all the stars of night
 To the hoar watchers of the spheres;
 But ashy cold to man's dim sight,
 And filled with sin and woes and fears
 And the waste weariness of years.
 (No laughter rippled in the grass,
 No light upon the jewelled sea;
 The sky hung sullenly as brass,
 And men went groping tortuously.)
 Then the stern warden of the gate
 Broke his dread sword upon his knees,
 And opened wide the fields where wait
 The loveless, unremembered trees,
 The sealed and silent mysteries.
 And the scales fell from off man's eyes,
 And his heart woke again, as when
 Adam found Ève in Paradise,
 And joy was made complete—and then
 God entered in and spoke with men.



RECENT events have tended to call the attention of both Christian and secular thought to the "Celtic fringe" known as the Principality of Wales, whose quaint inhabitants, despite the conspiracy of the past, still retain all the attractive and picturesque characteristics of the Gael. The elevation of the Principality to the status of an independent ecclesiastical province, and the designation of the venerable city of Cardiff as the seat of the Metropolitan, caused not a little joy in English and Celtic Catholic circles. For Wales this was the "second Spring," which had all the grateful rejoicings that England had in the re-establishment of her hierarchy, and which Newman described in his famous and unforgettable sermon.

Wales has, besides, become "known to fame" by the spectacular rise of its talented son, the Hon. David Lloyd George, who, by sheer force of his indomitable energy, forged ahead in such marvellous manner as there is scarcely any precedent for in British,—perhaps not even in any European politics. The little Welshman who from the plebeian smithy rose to occupy the aristocratic residence of England's Prime Minister and to be the practical dictator of the British Empire's destiny—if not the world's—in its most crucial period, is naturally the cynosure of all

JUST as there comes a warm sunbeam into every cottage window, so comes a love-beam of God's care and pity for every separate need.—*Hawthorne.*

eyes. Like him, his native mountains are outstanding and in the lime light.

Owing to the lack of knowledge of the Welsh language, the history of its past, and especially its religious history, has been a closed book. During the last few years, however, there has been published quite a lot of the researches of Welsh scholars and sympathizers. The most noted work is that of Mr. J. E. de Hirsh-Davies, the illustrious convert and friend of the great Bishop Hedley, so well known and held in fragrant memory for his illuminative and highly literary contributions to THE AVE MARIA. Mr. de Hirsh-Davies, in his book "Catholicism in Mediæval Wales," presents a thrilling and glowing picture of the pre-Reformation Church of his fathers. He easily explodes the notion, once held by Bund and other non-Catholic writers, that early Celtic Christianity was "the morning star" of modern emotionalism, as expressed generally by present-day Nonconformists. He proves, by a formidable accumulation of documentary evidence, that the Church in Wales down to the Norman irruption was Roman and Catholic; that it was intensely loyal to the Throne of the Fisherman; and that its faith found loving demonstration in the enthusiasm of his Celtic ancestors in attending Holy Mass and in frequenting the sacraments, in their belief in the Abiding Presence, and in their simple love for the Mother of the "World's Ransom" and of the world.

It is, however, with the Wales of the Middle Ages that he specifically deals, and the picture he paints is absorbingly Catholic. He begins his survey in the time of Howell the Good, the Justinian of Wales, the lawgiver of his people, the contemporary of the great St. Dunstan, who journeyed to Rome for the *imprimatur* of the "Keys," so that his tribal code would not be at variance with the canons of the universal Church. Our author continues his narrative down to the reign of Edward VI., where he concludes, joining in the bardic protests of his countrymen

against the English robbers of their dear old faith.

It is peculiar that nearly all the evidence of those six centuries is gathered from the poems and folk-songs of the bards. The bard has ever been the voice of the Gael, that has told of his joys and his sorrows. No branch of the Gaelic family has developed the bardic profession like the Welsh. For a people so deeply Catholic as they were, it is not surprising that their bards sang of the Church's triumphs in the ages of their incomparable Celtic faith.

Neither is it to be wondered at that, amidst all the laments of the Gael, there is not one so sad and so pathetic as the Welsh lament over the loss of "Mair," the Virgin Protectress, in the devastating times of the so-called Reformation. The Welsh peasant's incentive device for many a century was "Geli a Mair Wen" (God and Holy Mary). When Holy Mary was removed from his simple life, it seemed that God went too, and all was dark, dreary, and unpoetic. The Celt deteriorates where poetry decays, and the realism of the Lutheran schism never became natural to him. He longed for—and in the mountains he longs for still—the beautiful doctrine that made God's Mother his.

There is nothing so prominent in early and later Welsh religion as the cult of the Blessed Virgin. It is its most characteristically Catholic note. According to one writer: "From early times, Welsh authors show that the cult of the Blessed Virgin struck deep root in the Celtic mind; and the Reformation, in spite of its proscription of 'Mariolatry,' has not to this day succeeded in obliterating the traces of the cult. The poets, uniting in their persons the genealogist and the bard, delighted in weaving around the Virgin's name a wreath of imagery, which in many cases reached a devotional strain of thought unsurpassed by German minnesinger or Provençal troubadour."

Many of the bards who sang the glories of Mary and the praises of "Arglwyddes Fair" were members of the monastic

houses; but the language of the common minstrel was no less fervid and no less sincere. One reason why Welsh literature is so religious is because the "Eistedfodau," the conventions through which Welsh culture was principally disseminated, were usually held within the precincts or closures of the religious houses. On occasions such as these poems, and especially religious poems, were composed, and the sweet and beautiful Marian poetry was recited and sung. Many of the old miracle plays are focused on the Incarnation Mystery and the pathos of the Virgin Birth. Those plays were, as a rule, performed during the Christmas festival. The "Mair Wen" and "Ladi Wen" of modern rural Wales are a survival of them.

The earliest allusion to the Blessed Virgin—one very striking in its high antiquity—is attributed to the sixth-century Aneurin:

A royal Lady was born,
Who has brought us
Out of our sore captivity.

These lines refer to the Nativity of Mary, and show the true Catholic regard for her.

Howel Surwal in a fine poem speaks of—

The fair Maiden blessed from Heaven,
Mary, the Virgin,
Thy image we revere.
God, the Son, good is thy burden.
On thy breast thou didst rear
The God of Heaven, God the King.
When Mass is sung,
I will go with wax to the Pure Lady.
Hail to the Queen of Heaven!

In "Buchedd Mair" the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception is pointedly professed; and Wordsworth's elegant line, "Our tainted nature's solitary boast," anticipated with no less beauty. The bard says: "There was not found the mark of sin nor its trace upon her." Here is a very unequivocal example to prove that this dogma of faith proclaimed by the "Pope of the Immaculate Conception" was no novel doctrine, but one which had even explicit sanction in the early tradition of not only the Roman but also of

the ancient British and Celtic Churches.

Another of the bards writes:

Mary is our trust against danger;
Great privilege is to obtain by her miracle—
The holy body of God in the pure Church,
And His blood from the chalice.

There are hundreds of other bardic references to our Blessed Lady. The Welshman invoked her in all his trials and his dangers. He sought her most powerful intercession to achieve success in arms and to bless his works at home. In the hour of death she was always his refuge. He ever prayed to her as the patroness of a happy death. The following is a touching example of his confidence in her aid at the supreme moment of earthly dissolution:

May God at length bring us all
To the eternal country and to the Feast;
And may God there give happiness with Mary!
Most humbly will I call on God
And the Blessed Mary before I die.
I will ask for peace before I die,
Through the intercession of Mary.

This intercessory function of the Blessed Virgin is extolled all through Welsh minstrelsy, down to the days of the bard who probably sang the swan song of the last native Prince of Wales in 1300.

Truly wonderful is this traditional devotion of the Welsh to our Blessed Mother. It seems to outrival that of Italy, "Blessed Mary's land"; as it does outrival and outlast that of England, "Mary's Dowry." It is a very tenacious devotion, and all the efforts of the fanatic Reformers and their still more fanatic successors failed to eradicate it from the customs of the people. As an instance of this we have the old Celtic prayer, greatly in vogue amongst the peasants of Brittany, still recited by many of the peasantry of Wales, and handed down through the ages from the old Cymry. This cherished prayer was called "Breuddwed Mair" (Mary's Dream). Special graces and blessings were promised to those who would faithfully say it every night. It takes the form of a dialogue between the Virgin Mother and the Holy Child. Mr. Davies quotes a short bit

from it, to give an idea of its nature. No doubt Gaelic-speaking Irishmen know the whole of it, though it is too long for full reproduction here:

Over the mountain, the cold mountain,
We see Mary, with her head on a pillow,
Digging a space between every soul and hell.
"It would be difficult," as Mr. Davies remarks, "to conceive a more vivid definition of the intercessory work of the Blessed Virgin than that expressed in the last line:
Digging a space between every soul and hell."

It is abundantly evident that early and Mediæval Welsh Catholicism was full of Marian love and Marian reverence. The Blessed Virgin entered into the warp and woof of the national faith and national religious devotions. The people praised her in song and story. They dedicated their homes to her, and they called upon her to bless their children. They created a special season in her honor and called it "Mary Lent." They named their flora after her, and their most beautiful churches were raised to the glory of her all-fair name.

It is not too much to hope that she who stood by the Cross of old and saw the sun grow dark, and yet again saw its golden outbursts on the Resurrection morn, will hasten in Wales the passing of the sombre cloud of unbelief, and plead with her Divine Son to reillumine with the full light of the old faith the hearts that were stolen from His keeping. May the day be not distant when the noble Welsh race will return to the codes of their beloved Howell Dda,—the codes that take their inspiration from the Apostolic See, where the Vicar of Christ still reigns, fighting for the principle of the Old Welsh slogan, "For God and Holy Mary."

It is a venturesome humility, and yet, after all, a true humility, which dares to take no less a pattern for its worship than that of God's own Mother, who worshipped for all God's creatures with a worship to which their united worship, endlessly prolonged, never can come near.—*Father Faber.*

The Crest of the Bodkins.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON.

X.—THE VEILED LADY.



MARÉCHAL BAZAINE received Arthur Bodkin in the purely curt, military style. The man who within so short a time was destined to smirch his soldier's hard-earned fame by the dastardly surrender of Metz "La Pucelle," was small, thick-set, dark-eyed, round-faced, peak-bearded, heavy-mustached, and crop-headed. He was in uniform; and erect as the proverbial ramrod.

"Dispatch for me?"

"Yes, Maréchal."

"Hand it over."

The Maréchal read the dispatch very slowly, very carefully, his lips moving to the words. Then turning to Arthur:

"You came over with the Emperor?"

"Yes, sir."

"From Miramar?"

"Yes, sir."

"How long have you been in the service?"

Arthur told him to the very day.

"Are you a Hapsburg puppet?"

"I am an Irish gentleman, sir," answered Arthur, drawing himself up to his full height.

"This is well, sir,—this is well! The Irish are good soldiers—always!" And Bazaine, crossing his arms behind his back, the palms of his hands outward, after the fashion of the great Napoleon, commenced to pace up and down the red-tiled floor, his spurs clinking at each step. "This man Maximilian is a dreamer," he said, as though speaking to himself. "He is a poet. His mind is filled with the traditions of the most form-ridden court in Europe. He is accustomed to deal with thoroughly precedent and documented difficulties. How the deuce can one expect him to be practical! He is a man of illusions, and Maximilian admires Maxi-

milian more than anybody else in the world. Bah! This country needs a hard, practical soldier-ruler. It needs a man like—” here he stopped, and addressing Bodkin: “Have you seen any service? Been under fire?”

“No, sir.”

“Then you shall be. Yes, we shall have plenty of hot fighting to keep this puppet on his toy throne. I am safe in thinking aloud in the presence of an *Irish gentleman*.”

“Thank you, Maréchal. You are right.”

“Do you know Eloin or Scherzenlechner?”

“No.”

“These are the Emperor’s lieutenants. Was he well received?”

“Most enthusiastically.”

“The *claque* was well drilled. This dispatch asks for troops all along the line. Is it for show, or what?”

“I rather imagine that Juarez and Lerdo de Tejada are at the bottom of it. An attack on the imperial cortege by their guerilla troops.”

“Pshaw! I have dealt these men such heavy blows that they are skulking in the mountains of Chihuahua. This is Scherzenlechner’s doing. They shall not have a corporal’s guard,—not a single trooper.” And Bazaine recommenced his marchings up and down the apartment. “They won’t catch me making Forey’s mistakes. I am the man for the situation. I know *them* and they know *me*. I am in touch with their venerated Archbishop Labistada. I know their language. I also know my man in Emperor Napoleon. His first letter to me gave me my cue. ‘Above all things,’ he said, ‘avoid any reactionary legislation. Consult the people; obtain their vote. Establish a monarchy, if that is the form of government desired by the majority. Leave alone by-gones, such as nationalization of church property. Organize the army and treasury, and pacify the country. I can not prescribe every step, but must leave much to your discretion. I deplore the decrees promulgated by Forey. Do the best you can.

What is needed is a *stable* government of one kind or another.’ I have that letter written here”—thumping his breast over the region of his heart. “I *have* organized the army and treasury. I *have* pacified the country. I *have* done my best—for what? To find myself ridden by—”

Here Arthur coughed, being unwilling to overhear what perhaps Bazaine might heartily wish to recall.

The Maréchal started violently.

“You here still, sir?” he queried, almost fiercely.

“I have not been dismissed, sir.”

“True. You may retire.”

“And the person I captured?”

“I have issued orders to have him interrogated. If it is as suspected, he shall be shot at sunset.” And the commander-in-chief turned on his heel, entering an apartment to the left.

Arthur Bodkin was invited to the mess of the Voltigeurs of the Guard—a crack regiment whose officers met at *déjeuner* and dinner at a quaint old *fonda* perched on a crag, its balconies leaning over a brawling stream that rushed through a cleft in the rocks two hundred feet beneath,—waters contributed by the melting of the snows of the giant extinct volcano Orizaba.

The colonel of this corps took a great fancy to Bodkin, especially from the fact that the latter listened with breathless attention to the gallant warrior’s descriptions of the various skirmishes, pitched battles, and sieges he had fought through, from the crossing of the Chiquihuite to the ignominious repulse of General Zaragoza at Puebla. He was loud in his praises of Bazaine, with whom he had victoriously entered the city of Mexico after the capture of Puebla.

“Bazaine ought to be Emperor of Mexico. He has earned it. Why did not Napoleon do the right thing by him? His great-uncle would never have hesitated.”

It became evident to Arthur that the idea of Bazaine’s being the ruler of Mexico was the idea of the army; and that such

he was *de facto* was pretty evident, since the Maréchal's name was in everybody's mouth.

"Join us," urged the colonel. "We, as the Yankees say, 'run' Mexico. In fact, Mexico is now a French province. Our army is *the* army of the world. We are invincible."

This poor colonel, later on, found to his cost at the battle of Gravelotte, where he lost a leg in retreating, that the French army was not so invincible as he fondly imagined it to be.

The arrival of the imperial party was not expected for at least three days, leaving young Bodkin at his own disposition. His first visit was to the house of the Master,—a handsome church, with a magnificent altar, an exquisitely carved pulpit, and some very fine paintings. Arthur went to confession, for which the godless, thoughtless, young French officers chaffed him as much as they dared; for there was reproof so dignified, so austere, so holy in his expression that they literally bowed their heads to it, as though under the pressure of an unseen but irresistible power. There was no chaff at *déjeuner* next morning, although every man of them knew that Arthur Bodkin had received Holy Communion,—a young lieutenant having strayed into the church and reported the circumstance to the mess. A feeling of respect for this stanch Catholic sprang up in the breasts of all, or nearly all; and Arthur Bodkin became a marked man,—marked as a soldier of Christ, marked with the Sign of the Cross, the most glorious decoration that man can gain in this fleeting world.

Orizaba is exquisitely situated in the lap of the extinct volcano from which it derives its name. Towering seventeen thousand feet, perpetually crowned with snow, and flower-clad to within two thousand feet of its peak, Orizaba is one of the most picturesque while one of the most majestic mountains in the world. Viewed from the valley beneath, it would seem as though its white needle were

actually piercing the blue vault of heaven. A deep, dark gorge in the neighboring mountain is known as *Infernillo*, or the Little Hell; and no true Mexican passes it without making the Sign of the Cross. The town of Orizaba is for the most part built upon the crags that topple over a fierce currented river, or into the sides of mountains that nestle at the foot of the volcano. On every side are orange and lemon and banana groves, while the tropical foliage and tropical flowers are very marvels of color-glory; the orchids like gorgeous butterflies newly lighted on trees, the greenery of their leaves actually glowing in a freshness that is unequalled.

Arthur indulged in long walks by day, and in dreamy musings by night under the beams of a moon that bathed the world in liquid pearl. He thought of the strange turn of the wheel of Fortune that brought him hither, and vaguely wondered, "What next?" Need I say that Alice Nugent was ever uppermost in his thoughts? Why had he quitted her in anger? In what had she offended him? Assuredly, the poor girl was compelled to adapt herself to her surroundings, and he had acted like a brute. He would write to her, implore her forgiveness, and promise never again to misjudge an action of hers, however apparently cold her demeanor toward him might be.

Arthur was about to return to his quarters to indite a burning love-letter, when he met Rody, who was almost breathless.

"Ye're wanted at headquarters, Masther Arthur; an' be nimble, sir. Ould Bazique is fit for to be tied. Be the mortal frost, but he has the timper of Widdy Maginn!"

"I wonder what's up? Have you heard if anything has been done about Mazazo?"

"Sorra a haporth, sir. Some was for hangin' him, as you know, others for shootin'; but they thought it was better for to hould him a bit. If they don't tie him the way we did, Masther Arthur, he'll give thim the shlip."

As a matter of fact, Bodkin was much chagrined that so little notice was taken

of the Mazazo affair. Naturally enough, he considered that he had performed a somewhat notable feat in capturing a ruffian who had endeavored to shoot him in cold blood,—a villain who was evidently wanted by the authorities. Two days had elapsed since he had surrendered this man, and as yet no sign was vouchsafed. Arthur was too proud to ask questions, leaving it to Rody to ascertain if possible what was going on.

Arthur found Maréchal Bazaine engaged in pacing the *patio*, or courtyard, two of his aids-de-camp standing at a very respectful distance.

"You said that you were an Irish gentleman," said Bazaine, in a short, sharp, snappy tone.

"I did say so," quietly replied Arthur, adding: "Is there anybody who wants to question it?"

"Not I, for one, sir. I so thoroughly believe it that I am about to confide to you a mission of considerable delicacy."

Bodkin bowed.

"You will leave here in half an hour for Puebla. You will not spare horse-flesh. You will proceed to the Portales Mercatores, in the square surrounding the cathedral. You will announce yourself by your own name to Manuel Perez in the shop at No. 8. You can not mistake it or mistake him. A carriage with twelve mules will be in readiness within twenty minutes of your reporting yourself to Perez. In that carriage will be a lady, who will entrust herself to your honor. You will start at once on your return here. Do you speak Spanish?"

"Only a few words, sir."

"The fewer the better. This lady will want to talk,—all women do. She speaks no language but Spanish. Give her 'Yes' and 'No,'—nothing more. My reason for selecting you for this affair is that I consider that you *are* an Irish gentleman—a man of honor, a brave man,—and I have heard of your being to church. I can not trust to the discretion of any of my young officers—aye, or the old ones either. Any

money you may require will be delivered to you in gold by my secretary. Go to him. Not a word! You must be absolutely silent as to your mission.—Capitaine Molière, bring this gentleman to Monsieur Lemaître. *Au revoir, et silence!*"

Arthur Bodkin followed his conductor to a small apartment, where a tall, thin, sallow man, in civilian's dress received him, and, upon the departure of the Capitaine, silently handed him a small bag of coin, that chinked as only yellow gold can chink. Then, pointing to the door, Monsieur Lemaître bowed, and, seating himself at a desk, took up a pen and continued writing.

"This *is* an adventure," thought Bodkin, as he proceeded to his quarters to change his attire. "I wonder who this woman can be? She must be young, or Bazaine would not lay such injunctions as to trust, honor, and secrecy. What does it mean, anyway? I'd give anything that Alice could see me in the carriage with this mysterious person. Ought I to go, though? I am not in Maréchal Bazaine's service or the service of France. The French are our allies, of course; but I owe duty to Austria and to Baron Bergheim. Supposing that the imperial party were to arrive while I was dashing over the country behind a dozen mules with that unknown quantity, a mysterious lady? What then? I wouldn't trust the commander-in-chief to say anything that suited his purpose. Well, I'm in for it now, at any rate; and nothing venture, nothing win."

Rody's dismay upon finding that he was not to accompany his master was immense; nor was this feeling diminished at Arthur's reticence.

"It bates me out an' out! It can't be that there's a lady in the case, or I'd know it. He couldn't kape it from the likes of me. Besides he's as throe as Hector to Miss Nugent. *Wirra! wirra!* goin' off alone in a *barbarious* counthry, wid blood-thirsty pirates in every parish!"

Bodkin's mount was all that even a member of the Galway Hunt could desire;

and it was with a light heart that he cantered out of Orizaba, taking the road to Puebla, the air laden with the mingled perfume of orange and lemon blossoms. No adventure worthy of being recorded in these pages came to him. At San Miguel he changed his horse, and a couple of hours later he rode past the battered and dismantled forts that had so gallantly held the French at bay during both sieges of Puebla.

Riding straight for the noble cathedral, Arthur readily found No. 8 in the Portales Mercatores, and within the shop Manuel Perez, a most cutthroat-looking villain, with a green patch across his right eye, and a black patch on the bridge of his nose.

Perez was a man of few words. Beckoning Bodkin to follow, he led the way into a dark, dingy room at the rear, opened a locker, took out a black bottle and two wine-glasses, which he filled with *tequila*—a spirit distilled from the century plant,—pushed one glass toward Arthur, raised the other to his own lips, and, uttering the single word "*Bueno!*" drained it off.

Arthur endeavored to imitate his example; but no sooner had he swallowed the liquor than he fell to coughing. It was his first drink of *tequila*, and he never again approached it without a copious dilution with water.

His host quitted him, to return in a few minutes; and, again motioning him to follow, led Arthur to where he had left his horse. The horse had disappeared; and in reply to the young man's questioning look, Perez exclaimed, in a guttural but reassuring tone:

"*Bueno!*"

While they stood beneath the colonnade of the Portales, the clattering of many hoofs, mingled with the short, sharp cries of the driver, was heard; and a dusty, ill-appointed, rickety-looking carriage, drawn by a dozen bedizened mules, jingled and rattled up.

While Bodkin was still engaged in staring at this extraordinary equipage,

Perez flung open the door, and, seizing him unceremoniously by the arm, literally pushed him into the vehicle, shouting to the driver to start,—a mandate so rapidly obeyed as to fling our hero against a woman who sat in the far corner.

"I beg your pardon!" blurted Bodkin, in English.

The lady laughed a very low, light, musical laugh, and muttered something in Spanish ending in "*Señor.*" She was slight, attired in black, and thickly veiled. There was no rear seat in the vehicle, so Bodkin was forced to sit beside her, squeezing into his own corner as best he could.

"This *is* an adventure!" he thought. "What would Alice think if she saw me now?"

The lady was silent, and presently drew forth a Rosary of large amber beads, the crucifix being of silver, and much worn and polished.

"She is a Catholic and devout," thought Arthur, as she reverently began to recite the prayers.

But never a word did she say to him. And he? Well, he was respectfully silent. He dared not interrupt her devotion, were he ever so willing to converse with her.

Two hours passed, and the carriage stopped to change mules at a small *venta* by the wayside. Here the lady alighted and entered the house, being received with profound and profuse politeness by the host and hostess. A little later Arthur found her sipping a cup of chocolate, at which she motioned him to join her; but she sipped beneath her veil, and her face was still as a sealed volume to him. Here he first tasted *pulque*, a liquor distilled from the maguey plant—not by any means so strong as *tequila*,—the color and taste of buttermilk. Arthur did not relish it, however; one mouthful being more than sufficient. It is the national beverage, is sold at *pulquerias*, or saloons, at the street corners of the large cities, and is served in wooden vessels containing a little over a pint.

The fresh relay of mules being ready,

Arthur assisted the lady to the carriage, electing to sit beside the driver for the treble purposes of smoking, enjoying the scenery, and avoiding the veiled woman.

"Who can she be? Bazaine's wife? No. If I thought that he dared use me to escort—no, no! She is pious and good. It is some woman of use in diplomacy,—some Mexican swell necessary to be brought into contact with the Emperor and Empress. But why employ *me*? Where is her duenna? I give it up."

The driver was picturesquely attired in an old *sombrero*, whose brim was as "wide as a church door," and a travel-stained leathern jerkin, with continuations of the same material, wide at the feet and open from the knee. He wore a gaudy red scarf around his waist, and, in a leathern belt, a heavy revolver. At times he would stop and pick up stones lying in a receptacle beneath the box-seat, which he would fling at his mules with such marvellous dexterity as to cause one stone to remind three mules, or four, that it was necessary to improve their pace. He was about to use a particularly neat and angular stone upon the four leaders when he chanced to turn round, and, casting a quick, penetrating glance at the sky, pulled down the chin strap of his *sombrero*, gathered up the reins in hands that were all sinews, and, uttering a shrill cry, started his team at a pace they had never approached during the journey.

Arthur clung to the railing of the seat, jolting and swaying, expecting every moment to be tossed into the thorny embraces of a cactus bush. The mules raced at their highest speed, Pedro yelling at them vigorously. In vain did Arthur search the plain behind and on either side: there were no pursuers—nothing, in a word, to account for this extraordinary, tremendous, and uncalled-for pace. If they had been racing for their lives Pedro could not have been more excited; in fact, he seemed crazed with terror, and for a moment Arthur thought that the man had gone mad.

A cry from the vehicle, and Arthur, on looking down, beheld a hand—a fair, white hand—about to tug at the tail of his coat. He called Pedro's attention to the lady, leaning back so as to permit of the driver's speaking with her. A few words from Pedro, in which Arthur caught "*donner*" and then "*blitzen*," when it came to him like a flash that they were fleeing from one of those dreaded tropical thunder-storms which come up out of a blue sky in a cloud no bigger than the hand,—storms which often mean destruction to luckless travellers caught upon the plains.

It was now a race with death. Darkness set in with an extraordinary rapidity,—what Longfellow describes as "a noonday night." A wind arose with a moan, sweeping clouds of blinding sand with it. The mules instinctively felt the danger, and showed their shining heels in quick flashes, as, heads down and ears flung back, they dashed along at a mad and break-neck pace. Pedro, whitish-yellow with terror, yelled and yelled and yelled; his beady-black eyes set in one direction, apparently toward some coigne of vantage. On, on, on; and Arthur, as violently excited as though he were riding the favorite at a Galway steeple-chase. A blinding flash, a groan from Pedro, and a rumbling peal from heaven's own artillery! A shout of joy! Right in front, not fifty yards away, the walls of an *hacienda*! One frantic effort, and the mules dashed into the *patio*. Arthur leaped from the box, flung open the carriage door, and, snatching up the veiled lady—still veiled—as though she were as light as a down pillow, plunged into the house, as another flash lighted up the darkness with its awful glare.

There was considerable rejoicing in the *hacienda* at this escape from almost certain death. The sweet old dame who ruled the homestead led the way to a small chapel, and, flinging herself before the tiny altar, prayed aloud in thanksgiving to Almighty God,—the entire household following her, example, while the

veiled lady, Arthur and Pedro knelt side by side.

Refreshments were served while the mules were being baited; and in less than half an hour, the storm having disappeared with the same rapidity with which it had arisen, the mule equipage was again *en route*.

It was late in the evening when it clattered into Orizaba, which was all alight with bonfires and rockets and illuminations in honor of the arrival of the imperial cortege—the roads and streets being thronged with happy and enthusiastic natives from villages thirty miles around.

Arthur, deeming it more advisable not to be seen perched on the box-seat, descended, and, asking the lady's permission, entered the carriage. She turned graciously toward him, and thanked him with much *empressement* for his safe-conduct, adding something which he utterly failed to comprehend. She smiled, and taking his hand lightly pressed it between both of hers.

As they spun into the *patio* at headquarters, which was all ablaze with illumination, and Arthur alighted to report himself, the lady leaned forward uttering the words:

"*Asta mañana.*"

He turned to enter the building, and lo! right in front of him, staring at the carriage and its veiled occupant, stood Alice Nugent, and beside her the Count Ludwíg von Kalksburg.

(To be continued.)

CHRISTIANITY has now developed and spread over the world, and brought its own civilization, and impregnated the world with some of its principles. But it is always hostile to the lower tendencies of human life in ourselves and in organized society. There is an element in it that may at any moment spring to the front and bid us face opposition, stand alone, make great sacrifices in its cause.

—Father B. W. Maturin.

Lore of the Mass.

BY THE REV. T. J. BRENNAN, S. T. L.

(CONTINUED.)

CREDENCE TABLE.—The table on which the cruets, candles, etc., are placed during Mass, and from which they are taken as required for the sacrifice. It is placed on the Epistle side of the altar. In a Solemn High Mass, the chalice (covered with a veil) is left on the credence table until the Offertory.

CREDO.—The first word of the "Creed" said at Mass.

CREED.—A creed is a summary of the doctrines believed or taught. The one used in the Mass is called the Nicene Creed, because drawn up, almost as said to-day, by the Council of Nice, A. D. 325. It had for its basis the Apostles' Creed, and is said (in High Mass sung) after the Gospel on all Sundays of the year, on feasts of the Most Holy Trinity, Our Lord, the Blessed Virgin, the Holy Angels, St. Mary Magdalene, the Apostles and Doctors of the Church, and the Feast of All Saints. At the words *Et incarnatus est* all genuflect to venerate the mystery of the Incarnation and to adore God made man. After these words, the deacon, in a Solemn Mass, goes from his seat to the credence table, whence he takes the burse containing the corporal, which he spreads on the altar in preparation for the Offertory.

CROSS.—(See Altar Cross.)

CRUCIFIX.—(See Altar Crucifix.)

CRUETS.—The small vessels used for holding the wine and water for the Mass. They are made of glass, or sometimes of a precious metal.

DALMATIC.—A vestment, somewhat like a chasuble, worn by deacons over the alb while ministering at Mass. It was originally a garment of secular life, used by the people of Dalmatia (hence its name). It is worn by bishops, under the chasuble, at Solemn Pontifical Mass, but not at private Masses. Being the distinguishing

outer vestment of the deacon, he is clothed with it at his ordination by the bishop, who at the same time says: "May the Lord clothe thee with the garment of salvation and with the vesture of praise, and may He cover thee with the dalmatic of righteousness forever!"

DEACON.—The word "deacon" means a minister, or servant. His office is to assist the priest in the celebration of Solemn Mass and other functions; and, in certain conditions, to preach and baptize; originally also he assisted in administering the temporalities of the Church, and in providing for the needs of the poor. Deaconship is now looked on simply as a step to the priesthood. In a Solemn High Mass the deacon presents the wine for the sacrifice, sings the Gospel, after incensing the Missal (it is held by the subdeacon), assists in giving Holy Communion, etc. He is vested in amice, alb, cincture, maniple, stole (over left shoulder), and chasuble (or dalmatic). "The deacon is the highest of all whose office it is to serve the priest in the administration of the sacraments; and he is set apart for his work not merely by the institution of the Church, but by the Sacrament of Order, which he receives through the laying on of the bishop's hands." (Addis and Arnold.) The bishop also invests the new deacons with the stole on the left shoulder, and dalmatic; and finally makes them touch the Book of the Gospels, while he says: "Receive the power of reading the Gospels in the Church of God, both for the living and the dead, in the name of the Lord."

DEAD MASS.—(See Requiem Mass.)

DEO GRATIAS ("Thanks be to God").—It is said after the Epistle, after the last Gospel, and as a response to *Ite, missa est*, at the end of the Mass.

DIES IRÆ (literally "Day of Wrath").—The first words of a hymn said or sung as a sequence in Masses of the Dead, after the Tract. Formerly there were many such hymns, but Pius V. abolished all but five of them. The *Dies Iræ* is ascribed to Thomas of Celano, a Franciscan friar of

the thirteenth century; and is a description of the General Judgment, and a prayer for mercy on that day.

DIGNUM ET JUSTUM EST.—(See *Gratias Agamus Domino Deo Nostro*.)

DIPRYCHS (from a Greek word meaning "twice-folded") were tablets hinged and folded together like a book. They contained lists of the living and the dead for whom prayers were to be said in the Mass, and were used in the Church up to the twelfth century.

DISMISSAL.—In ancient times the people were notified in a formal manner of the end of the Mass by the words: *Ite, missa est* ("Go: it is the dismissal"). In later times other prayers were added; so that, although these words remain in their place, the people are supposed to wait for the concluding prayers. In a Solemn High Mass the words are sung by the deacon. In Masses of Advent and Lent, the priest, instead of *Ite, missa est*, says *Benedicamus Domino* ("Let us bless the Lord"); and in Requiem Masses he says, *Requiescant in pace* ("May they rest in peace"). In early times there was another dismissal—namely, for the Catechumens after the Gospel, before the Mass of the Faithful began.

DOMINE, NON SUM DIGNUS ("Lord, I am not worthy").—Immediately before receiving Communion in the Mass the priest takes the consecrated particle in his left hand, and, striking his breast with the right, he says three times (the bell being rung at the same time by the acolyte): "Lord, I am not worthy that Thou shouldst enter under my roof; but only say the word and my soul shall be healed." The words are an adaptation of the reply of the centurion of Capharnaum, to whom Our Lord had said that He would enter into his house and cure his sick servant. (St. Matt., viii, 5-14.) They are said also by the priest in the name of the people when he is about to give them Holy Communion, either during or outside Mass.

DOMINUS VOBISCUM.—A salutation mean-

ing "The Lord be with you," to which the reply is *Et cum spiritu tuo*, ("And with thy spirit"). It is frequently repeated during the Mass. The priest, by this salutation, wishes every grace to the people that the presence of God brings; and the people, by their *Et cum spiritu tuo*, implore that the soul of the priest may be filled with God, thus enabling him to offer worthily the Holy Sacrifice.

DOVE.—In former times the Blessed Sacrament was often preserved in a gold or silver vessel, made in the form of a dove, and suspended by a chain over the altar.

DOXOLOGY.—From a Greek word meaning a "Glory-prayer." In the Mass there are two such prayers: the *Gloria Patri* and the *Gloria in excelsis*.

° DRY MASS.—(See Mass.)

DUPLICATION.—(See Bination.)

ELEVATION.—After the consecration of the bread in the Mass, the priest genuflects in adoration, then elevates it for the adoration of the people; and finally, replacing it on the altar, genuflects before it again, the bell being rung at each movement. The same is done after the consecration of the chalice, and the whole action is known as the Elevation. At a Solemn High Mass incense is offered during the Elevation. The altar boy or deacon lifts up the priest's chasuble,—this being a relic of former times, when the chasuble was a large garment covering the whole body, and the priest could not conveniently genuflect unless it was raised by an assistant. There is another elevation, called the "Little Elevation," before the *Pater Noster*, when the celebrant raises the Blessed Sacrament slightly.

EMBOLISM.—Derived from the Greek *embolismus* ("added on"), and used to denote the prayer which is added after the *Pater Noster*. It runs thus: "Deliver us, O Lord, we beseech Thee, from all evils, past, present, and future; and, through the intercession of the blessed and ever-glorious Virgin Mary, Mother of God, with Thy blessed Apostles Peter and Paul and

Andrew, and all Thy saints, grant of Thy goodness peace in our days; that, being assisted by the help of Thy mercy, we may be always free from sin and secure from all disturbance."

EPIKLESIS.—A prayer invoking God to send the Holy Ghost, in order that the Eucharistic bread and wine may become the body and blood of Christ.

EPISTLE (also called the Lesson).—One of the two principal portions (the other being the Gospel) of Scripture read in the Mass every day. It follows immediately after the prayers, and is so called because it usually consists of a portion of one of the Epistles, or letters, of the Apostles. In a Solemn High Mass the Epistle is chanted by the subdeacon. The people hear the Epistle sitting, and after it is finished the response is *Deo gratias* ("Thanks be to God"). Sometimes the Epistles and Gospels for the Masses during the year are printed in a special book called a "Lectionary." The side of the altar at which the Epistle is read is called the Epistle side. The Epistle is read before the Gospel, to mark the subordination of the former to the latter.

ET CUM SPIRITU TUO ("And with thy spirit").—A response made by the server during Mass whenever the celebrant says, *Dominus vobiscum*.

EUCCHARIST.—A name by which the Holy Sacrifice is often designated. The word is Greek and means "Thanksgiving," thus expressing one of the ends for which the Sacrifice of the Mass is offered.

EVANGELIARY.—A book containing the "Gospels" (*Evangelia*) read in the different Masses during the year. Generally speaking, the Gospels and Epistles of Mass are combined in one book, called a "Lectionary."

EXULTET.—The hymn sung by the deacon in the Liturgy of Holy Saturday at the blessing of the Paschal Candle.

FaITHFUL. (MASS OF THE) — In the early times, both those who were preparing for admission to the Church (the catechumens) and those who were already members

(the faithful) were present at the early portion of the Mass. The former, however, withdrew after the sermon following the Gospel; and hence the portion of the Mass up to that was called the Mass of the Catechumens. The portion following was known as the Mass of the Faithful.

FALDSTOOL.—A portable seat used by a bishop when officiating in other than his own cathedral church.

FAN.—In early ages it was customary for two deacons to stand with fans at the altar between the Offertory and the Communion, to keep away flies and other insects from the sacred species and the priest. This usage was continued until about the fourteenth century.

FLECTAMUS GENUA ("Let us kneel down").—A formula used in the early Church as an invitation to prayer, and still retained on Good Friday and Easter Saturday, when it is sung by the deacon; the subdeacon immediately adding the word *Levate* ("rise").

FLOWERS.—Flowers may be used in decorating the altar except in penitential seasons or during Masses of Requiem. "The use of flowers is of very ancient date. In accordance with the law that nothing should be placed on the table except what was necessary for the Sacrifice, the flowers in early times were hung in garlands or wreaths around the altar or on the walls of the sanctuary. Artificial flowers were first made in the thirteenth century by certain nuns of Flanders. The custom of placing flowers on the 'retable' was begun in some convents of women, was adopted by the Mendicant Orders, then spread to country churches, and was afterwards generally adopted. The Roman Basilicas, however, still prohibit them." (Yorke, "The Liturgy," n. 88.)

FRACTION (of the Bread).—Soon after the *Pater Noster* the priest takes the sacred host in his hand, breaking it into two equal parts. The part held in the right hand is then placed on the paten; and from the part he holds in his left he breaks a small particle, with which he makes three crosses

over the chalice, and then lets it fall into the Precious Blood, saying, "May this commixture and consecration of the body and blood of our Lord Jesus Christ be to us who receive it life everlasting." This ceremony is known as the Fraction, or Breaking of the Bread.

FRONTAL.—The embroidered cloth which often covers the front of the altar. (See *Antependium*.)

GENUFLECTION.—The bending in adoration or reverence, frequently used during the Mass. A double genuflection (that is, of both knees) is made on entering or leaving a church where the Blessed Sacrament is exposed.

GIRDLE.—(See *Cincture*.)

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.—The great hymn of praise sung in all festal Masses. The first words were those used by the angels on the night of our Saviour's birth; the remainder is very ancient, but of unknown authorship. In a Low Mass it is recited aloud by the priest; and in a High Mass it is sung by the choir after the priest has intoned the first words. Being a hymn of joy and festivity, it is omitted in Masses of the Dead, and on the Sundays of Advent and Lent. It is also known as the Great Doxology and the Angelic Hymn. Up to the end of the eleventh century, the *Gloria* was said by bishops at Mass on Sundays and festivals, and by priests only on Easter Sunday. Later on the custom arose of saying it on all festive occasions.

GLORIA PATRI.—The first words of the shorter Doxology or hymn of praise, recited as a rule after each psalm in the Office, and after the psalm *Judica*, and the *Lavabo* in the Mass. Its complete form is: "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen." It is omitted in Masses of the Dead, and in the Passiontide Masses, Holy Thursday excepted.

GOSPEL (AND GOSPEL BOOK).—A portion of one of the Four Gospels, suitable to the day or the season, is read in every

Mass by the priest, and in a Solemn High Mass it is also chanted by the deacon. In a Low Mass the priest reads from the book placed on the altar to his left side; and the people stand while it is being read, out of respect for the sacred word. He begins by making the Sign of the Cross, first on the book and then on his forehead, mouth and breast; and ends by kissing the book and saying, "May our sins be blotted out by the words of the Gospel." The acolyte answers, *Laus tibi, Christe* ("Praise be to Thee, O Christ"). In a Solemn High Mass the deacon, after praying and asking the blessing of the celebrant, turns by his left side, and, having incensed the book (held by the subdeacon) proceeds to chant the Gospel in a loud voice. The side of the altar at which the Gospel is read is called the Gospel side, or the right side,—right and left being determined by the arms of the figure of Christ on the cross over the tabernacle.

GRADUAL.—A few versicles, following the Epistle, and so called because they were originally read or sung from the step (Latin, *gradus*) of the *ambo*, or pulpit, whence the Gospel and Epistle were read or chanted in the early times. It is also called the Responsory. Sometimes it is the Church's own composition, and not taken from the Scriptures.

GRATIAS AGAMUS DOMINO DEO NOSTRO ("Let us give thanks to our God").—One of the short versicles by which the Preface is introduced. The response is *Dignum et justum est* ("It is meet and just").

GREGORIAN CHANT.—(See Plain Chant.)

HABEMUS AD DOMINUM.—(See *Sursum Corda*.)

HANC IGITUR.—A prayer said before the Consecration. During its recital the priest keeps his hands extended over the oblation, and the acolyte rings the little bell to remind the people of the near approach of the moment when our Divine Lord will be present on the altar. The following is the text of the prayer: "We beseech Thee, therefore, O Lord, that, being pacified,

Thou wouldst accept of this oblation of our service, and that of all Thy family; and dispose our days in peace, and command us to be delivered from eternal damnation, and to be numbered in the flock of Thine elect, through Christ our Lord. Amen."

HOST.—The bread destined for consecration in the Mass. (See Altar Breads.)

HUMERAL VEIL.—A veil worn by the subdeacon at Solemn High Mass when he holds the paten, between the Offertory and the *Pater Noster*. In early times the number of communicants was very great, and consequently the paten from which they were distributed was so large that, for convenience' sake, it was removed from the altar from the Offertory until the Communion, being held by the subdeacon in the meantime. This is the origin of the present custom, the veil being added for the sake of reverence. It is also worn at a Pontifical High Mass by the acolyte who bears the bishop's mitre.

I. H. S.—A monogram often used on altar cloths, altar breads, etc.; and it is an abbreviation of Jesus as written in Greek capitals: IHSOUS. It is sometimes wrongly taken as the initials of *Jesus Hominum Salvator* ("Jesus the Saviour of Men").

INCENSE.—A sweet-smelling substance obtained from certain trees, and burned in many religious rites. It is used in Solemn High Mass at the Introit to incense the altar; at the Gospel to incense the Gospel Book; at the Offertory to incense the sacrificial elements; and at the Elevation to incense the Blessed Sacrament. It symbolizes (a) the zeal with which the faithful should be consumed; (b) the good odor of Christian virtue; and (c) the ascent of prayer to God. The metallic vessel in which it is burned is called a thurible or censer, and the assistant who carries the thurible is called the thurifer. The incense-boat is the vessel containing the incense for immediate use. In a Solemn Requiem Mass, the incense is not used at the Introit or the Gospel.

INTINCTION.—One of the ways by which the Holy Sacrament is administered to the laity in the Eastern Church. The consecrated bread is dipped into the consecrated wine, and thus the communicant receives under both species. This method was used also for some time in the Western Church.

INTROIT.—A portion of Scripture supposed to be sung by the choir during the entrance (Latin, *introitus*) of the sacred ministers to the church. It gives the keynote of the Mass of the day. It is read aloud by the celebrant when he ascends the altar; and should be considered as the real beginning of the Mass, since what has gone before should be considered as preparatory.

ITE, MISSA EST.—(See Dismissal.)

JUDICA.—The first word of the psalm of preparation said by the priest at the foot of the altar, when beginning Mass.

KISS OF PEACE.—This ceremony was in common use among the early Christians, to show their union and love; and was used in this way in religious services. Later it gave way to the embrace, which still, however, retains the name of the Kiss of Peace, or the *Pax* (from the Latin word for "peace"). It takes place in Solemn High Mass after the *Agnus Dei*, and is confined to the officiating ministers and the clergy in the sanctuary. It is given in the following manner. Shortly before the Communion, the celebrant places his hands over the arms of the deacon, between the elbow and the shoulder; the deacon places his arms under the celebrant's arms. Then each slightly bends towards the other, the celebrant saying, *Pax Tecum* ("Peace be with thee"); and the deacon replying, *Et cum spiritu tuo* ("And with thy spirit"). The deacon then communicates the *Pax*, or kiss, to the subdeacon, and the subdeacon to the attending clergy. The *Pax* is not given in Masses of the Dead, or on the last three days of Holy Week.

KYRIE ELEISON, CHRISTE ELEISON.—These words mean "Lord have mercy on

us, Christ have mercy on us." They occur immediately after the Introit, the celebrant and server saying alternately, *Kyrie eleison*, three times; *Christe eleison*, three times; and, *Kyrie eleison*, three times again. In a High Mass they are sung by the choir immediately after the Introit. There is a very ancient tradition that our Divine Lord, in ascending into heaven, remained a day with each of the nine choirs of angels, and that in memory of the sojourn the invocation is repeated nine times.

LANGUAGE OF MASS.—Latin is the language of the Mass in the Western Church; but among the Eastern Churches in union with Rome, other languages are used,—for example, Greek, Syriac, Coptic, Chaldaic, Armenian, Slavonic, Wallachian, Ethiopic.

LAST GOSPEL.—This Gospel is said after the "Dismissal." It generally consists of the beginning of the Gospel according to St. John. Originally it was said by the celebrant after or while retiring from the altar, but there gradually arose the present custom of saying it before retiring.

LAUDA SION.—The opening words of a hymn said as a sequence in the Mass of Corpus Christi, and composed by St. Thomas Aquinas.

LAUS TIBI, CHRISTE ("Praise be to Thee, O Christ").—A response said at the end of the Gospel, to testify our reverence, and to express our joy in the Gospel, and our affection towards Jesus Christ.

LAVABO.—The first word of the psalm used by the priest when washing his fingers after the Offertory. The name is also used to designate the ceremony itself. The rite symbolizes the purity of heart with which the priest should celebrate the holy mysteries. The ceremony is thus performed: the first acolyte pours water from the cruet over the tips of the celebrant's forefingers and thumbs; the second then hands him the towel to dry the fingers; the celebrant saying meanwhile, *Lavabo inter innocentes, etc.* ("I will wash my hands among the innocent, etc.")

LECTIONARY.—(See Epistle.)

LESSONS.—(See Epistle.)

LIGHTS.—The use of lights in religious worship goes back to early Christian times. At first they were introduced through necessity, the Christian services being celebrated in the evening, or in the Catacombs. They were also used as symbolic of Jesus, who is the Light of the world. The Church prescribes both the material and number of these lights. They must be candles made of pure wax, and of white color. The number varies according to circumstances.

LINENS.—(See Altar Cloths.)

LITURGY.—The rites for the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. The liturgies of the East are numerous; but those that have been, or still are, used in the West are very few, the principal being: (1) churches in Spain; (2) the ancient Gallican, used in Gaul until the ninth century; (3) the "Ambrosian," used at Milan; and (4) the "Roman" used in nearly all parts of the Catholic world.

LOW MASS.—(See Mass.)

(Conclusion next week.)

Sonnet.

BY ENID DINNIS.

(A mother to her daughter on her entering religion.)

MINE was the hand thy baby steps to guide,
Mine was the arm to which thou first didst
cling;

And while thy careless childhood's days took
wing

Thy soul did ever in my soul's sight bide.
Then, so it seemed, I missed thee from my side;

And for a space I sought thee sorrowing,

To find thee in the temple of the King,
Upon the Bridegroom's business occupied.

And there I left thee. On thy choice I smiled;
For did not He to Nazareth return

For eighteen subject years, that I might learn
That she who stays behind, by Love beguiled,

To traffic in the spirit's great concern,
Shall none the less remain her mother's child?

Notre Dame de Montaigu.—A Belgian Shrine.

BY M. BARRY O'DELANY.

ALTHOUGH Notre Dame de Montaigu may be said to belong to the comparatively lesser known shrines in honor of the Blessed Virgin, it is nevertheless of considerable importance; and not in its native Belgium only. Constructed on the verdant slopes of the mountain that gives its name to the little town of which it is the architectural gem, it seems to watch over the surrounding country, its circular walls and superb dome being visible to the approaching pilgrim while still a long way off. In centuries gone by, venerable trees spread hoary branches and cast their veil-like shadows where the sanctuary now rises; and in the course of time a statue was fastened to the trunk of one of these trees. It was a statue of the Blessed Virgin, regarded with much veneration by the people of the neighborhood. This veneration increased, as might well be expected, after the following extraordinary incident had taken place.

A little shepherd who was tending his flocks on the mountain noticed that the statue of Our Lady had become unfastened, and stretching his hand to the oak that had so long served it as an altar, seized the sacred image with the intention of keeping it for himself. But he had scarcely taken it when he found that his feet had become as if rooted to the spot. Do what he would, he could not move a step. The hours passed and night was closing in, when the boy's master, rendered uneasy by his prolonged absence, set out in search of him. When he arrived at the sacred oak he was astonished to find the child standing motionless; and still more astonished to hear from his own lips the strange adventure that had befallen him. But the instant the man replaced the venerated statue in its former position, the boy recovered the use of his limbs; the first

use he made of his liberty was to prostrate himself before the statue he had just been trying to steal.

The news of this wonderful event soon spread to the neighboring towns, and drew to Montaigu large crowds, among whom were several sick and infirm. Many of their number were instantly cured at the intercession of Notre Dame de Montaigu, in reward for their faith and fervor. The statue disappeared completely, no one knew how, in 1580; and for a long time it was given over as lost. But pilgrims sought the holy spot as of old, the incense of their prayers ascending to Heaven day and night from the lonely mountain-top. Some years later, in 1587, when the followers of Luther pillaged the churches, a woman who purchased many of their sacrilegious spoils, bought amongst the number a statue of the Blessed Virgin, which she sold to an inhabitant of Montaigu. According to the general opinion, this was the very statue that had been fastened through ages to the old oak tree; and it was now once more attached to it, amidst much pious enthusiasm; and here it remained, an object of general devotion, till the year 1602.

It was at this period that a little wooden chapel was erected on the mountain, and the statue placed within its walls. The venerable oak was cut down, and its wood distributed amongst a crowd of pilgrims; the Archduke Albert of Austria being among the number of those so fortunate as to procure a piece. Not long after, this same Archduke obtained, through Notre Dame de Montaigu, the deliverance of Bois-le-Duc, then besieged by Maurice de Nassau; and, in order to show his gratitude to the Queen of Heaven, he made magnificent offerings to her shrine at Montaigu, and granted many privileges to the inhabitants of the place. It was also about this time—1609—that, in concert with his wife Isabel, he laid the foundation stone of the present beautiful church of Notre Dame de Montaigu, as a Latin inscription tells the visitor.

The building was completed in 1627, much of its interior magnificence being due to the zeal of Philip III., who attributed the preservation of his fleet to Notre Dame de Montaigu. The Archduchess Marie Elizabeth of Austria came to Montaigu in 1638, accompanied by her entire court, to present a beautiful silver lamp to Our Lady's altar, which is itself also of solid silver.

The Story of a Famous Statue.

AN interesting story about his famous statue of Cain, not unlike some of the stories told of the patrons of the great masters of painting, is related by Giovanni Duprè. His Abel, which was completed in 1842, had brought him before the world as one of the princes of art; but he was still wretchedly poor, while the jealousy of rivals and the suspicion cast upon his work by some professors of the Academy of Fine Arts threatened to ruin his hard-won reputation. He was accused of mechanical copying from the nude, the Florentine critics declaring that his masterpiece was too perfect to have been created by the free hand of any artist. Duprè was not, however, without the sympathy of friends, among whom was Count Francesco del Benino, who speedily came to his relief. How this was done Duprè tells in his "Ricordi Biografichi," after describing a sad interview with his good wife Maria, to whom he frankly explained his inability to maintain the family and at the same time pay for a model, a studio and material, and the expense of casting the statue upon which their hopes were centered.

* * *

"Without knowing it, I had a friend—a true friend and benefactor,—the Count Francesco del Benino. From the time I was a youth in the shop of Sani, when I worked in *intaglio*, and later, when I was with the Pacetti, up to the beginning of my Abel, for which he was one of the most liberal contributors, he had not lost sight

of me,—often calling when I was modelling the statue, and expressing himself pleased with it, and certain of my future. Hearing now of the intrigue and detraction that were striving to put me down, he was stirred with indignation; and, coming in upon me at the moment of my deepest despondency, when I knew not what saint to turn to, with his usual salutation, *Sor Giovanni, che fa?* seated himself in my only chair; then, seeing me downcast in spite of his cheerful good-morning, went on to say:

“Come, come, courage, man! Do you know how these jackasses are braying? They need a sound beating with a good cudgel. You have no idea, but I know well what I say. I am often in their studios, and see and hear the cowardly war they are making on you. I have heard one of them—no matter who,—I have heard one of these noodles say, with a scornful laugh, “Yes, he could make the Abel well enough: it was only a reclining figure; but a standing one he is not up to; he will not be able to do that either this year or next.” And the rest joined in the laugh. This I heard a few moments ago; and I have come to tell you that you must silence those yelping curs.

“Now, my dear Giovanni, you must make another statue; this time one on foot; and now—be still!—you must do it at once. I know what you want to say. I understand it all. And I say you must leave this studio: it is too small for an upright statue. Find another at once; order the trestles you want; fix upon the form of your statue, and the money you will need. The money I will furnish. You know where I live; come to me; put down on paper the sum you require, with your receipt to it; and when you get orders for your works, as you surely will by and by, and have plenty of funds in hand, you can repay the amount of the loan. Now be still! No thanks at all! In the first place, this shall not be a gift; in the second place, I shall get all the pay I desire in the opportunity you will give me

by and by to laugh in the faces of this miserable rabble. They are mocking just now not less at me than you; for I tell them your Abel is genuine, and that I have seen you at work upon it. And so, you see, I am an interested party; for without the cost of a cent I am getting a revenge that all my money could not buy. And now, dear Giovanni, *a riveder la!* I expect you to call upon me for all you need. Be quick: keep up a good heart, and count me your most sincere friend.”

The good old Count, of course, had no idea of receiving any of his money back again; he was only smoothing the way for the despondent sculptor. Duprè hastened home to make the *santa donna*, as he called his wife, a participant in his joyful surprise; then found and rented a new studio, hired his model, and purchased his equipment. What now should be the subject of his new statue—not to be lying down, but “on foot”? Naturally the counterpart of the Abel,—the conscience-smitten Cain, fleeing in terror from the scene of his awful deed, dreading the wrath both of God and man.

Scarcely had he entered upon his new work when his fortunes began to brighten. Proposals were made to him for copies of the Abel; and while these were pending, an unlooked-for purchaser appeared both for the Abel and for the statue of Cain now in progress. The Grand Duchess Maria, daughter of the Emperor Nicholas and wife of Prince Leuchtenberg, while visiting Florence, heard of the Abel and the controversy about it, and called at the studio to see this remarkable work. Then “she looked at the Cain that I had hardly begun, and exchanged some words with the Prince. Finally the Grand Duchess, grasping my hand, said: ‘The Abel and the Cain are mine.’” The price received for the Abel was fifteen hundred scudi, and that to be paid for the Cain was two thousand.

The first thought of Duprè was to pay his debt to the good Count del Benino. Accordingly, he presented himself at the

residence of his kind patron; and, being received with the usual cheery good morning, thus explained his purpose: "*Signor Conte*, I have come to make payment of the generous loan with which you have enabled me to begin the model of the Cain; and, thank God, the work has excited the interest of the Grand Duchess Maria." Then he told the story of the interview, closing his speech by saying, "Your aid, so timely, has been to me a second life; without it, who knows what would have become of me? While I was speaking," he continues, "the habitual sunshine of the Count's face faded away; and when I got through he looked at me with a perplexed and grieved expression that I could not understand. 'There is time enough for this,' he said at last; 'be in no hurry; a thousand things will be needed.'" But when Giovanni persisted the Count looked still more troubled. Finally he exclaimed: "Leave me, my Giovanni, this satisfaction." And he tore up the receipt and threw the pieces into a wastebasket.

"I was almost offended," adds Duprè; "but I was overcome by the expression of kindness in the countenance of this good man. He took my hand and said: 'Do not take it ill; leave me the consolation of having contributed even in a small degree to your success, and, as you say, to your future career; and I know how honorable that is destined to be. I have received from you ample payment: I have the sweet satisfaction of knowing that this trifling sum has opened to you a prosperous future.'" * * *

The Cain was completed a year after the Abel, and is regarded by some critics as even a greater masterpiece and a more remarkable proof of genius than the earlier work. Orders for copies of both statues in marble and bronze came from various quarters, and it was not long before Duprè had the happiness of seeing his family beyond the reach of want. He lived long enough to complete numerous other works, hardly less celebrated than the two men-

tioned; and, having triumphed over all detraction and silenced all envy, died peacefully after receiving the Last Sacraments, while fervently repeating the "Our Father." The only regret he expressed was in regard to the statue of the Madonna he had hoped to finish for the Duomo. "I shall not make it," he said to his daughter Amalia, who knelt by his bedside.—"Thou hast made it," she replied, "so beautiful!—the *Addolorata* for Santa Croce."—"Yes," he answered, placing his hand lovingly on her head, "but I desired to make her as queen of Florence."

The Fountain of Life.

AN unknown artist once painted a picture for an altar-piece, and called it the Fountain of Life. It represented the Redeemer of the World in the arms of His sorrowful Mother, after being taken down from the Cross: From a large rock beneath their feet flowed the abundant waters of salvation, which are received into a great reservoir. Apostles and evangelists, martyrs, confessors, and virgins are drinking of the water, or filling their vases, and passing them on to others. From the reservoir flowed streams into a lower plain, where all sorts and conditions of people are drinking, with grateful looks. Then the streams flow away in the distance, where children and cripples can reach them; and they are taking up the water in their hands, and drinking it with smiling lips, often looking towards the great rock.

The meaning of the picture is that salvation is for all who will seek after it,—that the Precious Blood is a life-giving fountain, forever flowing, inexhaustible, and accessible to the whole world; that the Blessed Virgin, on account of her nearness to Christ, is man's most powerful intercessor; that the saints, because of their fidelity to the divine law, draw more abundantly from the source of grace; that the streams are the sacraments by which it is imparted to souls.

The Lenten Fast.

A FREQUENT topic of conversation among elderly Catholics during the penitential season now at hand will be the striking contrast between the comparative mildness of the Lenten regulations nowadays and the rigor and severity that characterized the Lent of their youth. Many of them can recall a period when the Lenten fast meant if—not for themselves, at least for their parents—simply one meal a day, and that, too, a meal at which not only meat but even milk, butter, eggs, and cheese were forbidden.

Have we ever reflected upon the reasons that have brought about the present relaxation from the oldtime rigor? Why have the Lenten rules grown so notably milder? Is it because Catholics in our day are conspicuously more virtuous than were their fathers and mothers, and consequently do not need to perform such severe penances? Have we fewer sins for which to offer satisfaction than had they? Is our flesh more subdued, less troubled by irregular appetites and passions? Are our souls more disengaged from the world and its vanities, more given to prayer?

To summarize: has the change in the Church's discipline in this matter of the Lenten fast been occasioned by an increase in the fervid piety of the faithful,—by such a higher standard of morality and spirituality among us as obviates the necessity of the severer mortification which the oldtime fast compelled? Or, rather, has not a deterioration in our spiritual life, a perceptible lowering of our standard of piety, made it expedient for the Church to grant concessions to our presumed weakness or our actual cowardice? Have we not become so accustomed to pampering our bodies that we shrink from all mortification, from aught that entails any genuine sacrifice of our comfort and sensual ease?

The question is a purely speculative one which each may resolve at his leisure; but, resolve it as we may, two capital facts remain unchanged: the Lenten fast is just

as necessary to our spiritual well-being now as it ever was in the history of the Church; and if we are less faithful than were our fathers in observing it, so much the worse for ourselves. That we *should* observe it in the measure commanded by the Church is a clear corollary from Our Lord's fast of forty days in the desert. His chief motive in undergoing that mortification was assuredly not to strengthen Himself for His subsequent encounter with the tempter, but to instruct us by His divine example to acquit ourselves worthily of an obligation imposed by the divine law in both the Old and the New Dispensation.

As a matter of fact, we learn from Holy Scripture, from the example of the saints of all ages, and from the constant doctrine and tradition of the Church, that fasting is an important, and in general a necessary, indispensable part of virtue. The practice is, indeed, justified by reason as well as revelation. Experience tells us that there is a constant struggle going on between the spirit and the flesh, and that mortification of the body is a powerful means of preventing it from inciting us to rebellion against God. By denying ourselves the lawful pleasures of sense we are able to turn with greater freedom and earnestness to the thought of God and virtue, so that spiritual writers speak of fasting as one of the wings of prayer. Lastly, our conscience tells us—and even heathen writers have felt and acknowledged it—that we ought to suffer for our sins, and mortify the flesh which has offended God.

"Unless you do penance, you shall all likewise perish," says Holy Writ; and there is one sense not often commented on in which that sentence is particularly true. Unless you fast, we may paraphrase it, you will assuredly shorten your days on earth. Gastronomic sins, overeating and overdrinking, are perhaps the direct or indirect causes of more deaths than all the germs, bacilli, and bacteria known to science. Bodily as well as spiritual health will, accordingly, benefit from a faithful observance of the Lenten fast.

Notes and Remarks.

Now that the more unrestrained of jingos have had their say, those who are not war-crazed may be allowed to offer a few considerations regarding the entrance of our country into the great European conflict, the probability of which is anything but remote. Not to speak of the loss of life, or of the cruel sufferings, unending griefs, and heavy burdens that would result from a war with the Central Powers, it would cost hundreds, perhaps thousands, of millions of dollars, and forever involve the United States in those entangling alliances against which Washington gave solemn warning. In circumstances like the present, the interests of the nation rather than its rights should be most considered. All the talk about our responsibility to humanity, our obligations to weak nations, our duty to oppose Militarism, etc., is the veriest claptrap. It is altogether questionable, too, if our participation in the present war would not prolong its horrors instead of hastening its end. That this will come only when one side is on the brink of ruin there can now be but little doubt. The belligerents are "seeing red"; and we shall soon be doing the same, unless the wise counsel prevails of men who, while loving their country no less sincerely than those who are so eager to fight for it, nevertheless value the blessings of peace more highly than the glories of war.

Let us hope, let us pray, that the most horrible of wars may soon be ended; that our country may be preserved from its scourge; and that, when bloodshed and destruction have ceased, the United States may be in a position to assist in binding the wounds of the world, and found worthy in a conference of the nations to plead for the sway of universal justice and the establishment of universal peace.

If our sapient legislators who have passed the Immigration Bill over the veto of the President are flattering them-

selves that the literacy test will exclude from this country any considerable number of prospective criminals, they are assuredly hugging a delusion. That there is a close alliance between illiteracy and crime is a theory which is discredited both by psychological data and by actual experience. The latest evidence of the falsity of the theory is afforded by a survey of the prisoners in the Ohio State Penitentiary. Of the total number of prisoners, 1886, only 309 were illiterate. Of the other five-sixths of the inmates, all had received an elementary education; 106 were graduates of high schools, and 26 had graduated from universities. As a matter of fact, any habitual reader of the daily papers must have remarked that by far the greater number of violators of our laws are not illiterate dunces but clever and educated rascals. Crime in this country will be materially lessened when, and only when, the schoolboy gets religious instruction as a constituent part of his youthful training.

Discussing the English Government's economy measures, food control and railroad restrictions, the *London Athenæum* has something to say which it is to be hoped will be heeded in the interests of the poor, for whom, by the way, our learned contemporary invariably manifests consideration. The space which it is now devoting to economic problems shows how highly important they are considered to be, while the ability with which they are discussed fully sustains the reputation of that great English journal. The editor says he has little faith in the value of food control, and contends that it would hit the poor far more heavily than the rich. In his leading article he observes:

It is highly desirable, in order that men and engines should be available for service in France, that the number of railway trains should be reduced; but the rise in railway fares is open to serious criticism. The rich, because of their wealth and not because of their need, can still travel; the poor, because of their poverty, will

be debarred from using railway trains, though in the main their travelling is not for pleasure. There are two ways of restricting consumption; it may be done by limiting supply, which ordinarily enables the wealthier section of the community to obtain more than their share of the commodity or service in question; or it may be done by limiting effective demand, by depriving people of their power to satisfy their desires to more than a certain extent. The former method is that which has been adopted with regard to food control and railway restrictions, though increased prices is one means of limiting a person's power to satisfy his desires. The principal weapon of the second method is taxation. The most certain, though perhaps most distasteful, way of preventing people spending money unnecessarily is to deprive them of that part of their income the expenditure of which is not needed for their welfare. The ideal method would be to leave the adult civilian an income equivalent to that of the soldier and his dependents. We do not suppose that so heroic a method is likely to be adopted, and we realize that many difficulties would arise if it were introduced; but we do urge a considerable increase in the income tax, in conjunction with heavy taxes on luxuries, or absolute prohibition, and greater production of necessaries.

This strikes us as being eminently sane as well as humane. The subject is dealt with more fully in an article, in the same issue of the *Athenæum*, on "The National Income and the War."

One of the organs of the Lutheran Church in this country publishes a rather interesting compilation from "The Census Report of Religious Bodies (1910)." It is a statement of the percentage of men among the members of some score of the larger Protestant denominations. It appears that in every hundred of such members, thirty-nine were men and sixty-one were women. "Over against this the membership of the Roman Catholic Church was reported as 49 per cent men and 51 per cent women. The Church last named lays much stress on its parochial schools." That the presence or absence of denominational schools has a notable effect on the church membership of men is abundantly clear from the figures given for such Protestant bodies as have schools, as contrasted with those that have none.

The latter invariably have the smaller percentage of male members. Our separated brethren would be well advised to substitute for their "Go-to-Church-Sunday" movement a "Build-a-Parish-School" campaign.

The question perennially arises of the presumed division of Catholic allegiance in the event of conflicting claims made by Church and State. The difficulty is admirably treated by Father Fisher, S. J., in a recent issue of *America*. One of his happiest analogies is the following:

The Catholic is no more hampered in his loyalty to his native land by his subjection to Rome than the citizen of New York is hampered in his loyalty to the State Government at Albany, by his subjection to Washington. The spheres of civil and Papal jurisdiction no more conflict than do the spheres of State and Federal jurisdiction. If at any time irreconcilable claims should arise, in one case no less than in the others the higher authority prevails. Such opposition, however, is not likely to occur, because the two authorities move in different planes. Indeed, there is much less probability of a clash taking place between the rights of Rome and the rights of Washington than between the rights of Albany and the rights of Washington. The reason is clear. Roman authority extends only to matters that concern faith and morals, about which secular authority has little, if any, concern; whereas both Albany and Washington deal with temporal and civil matters.

The announcement that aero clubs are being formed in many of our leading educational institutions, and that a large number of the students have expressed their willingness to become aviators, prompts the remark that there are enough of college men up in the air already. They would be better employed, such of them as are qualified, in the improvement of operative machinery, or in proving the practicability of designs, already submitted to the Government, for a new kind of submarine suitable for harbor and coast defence. The American inventor of the cruiser type of submarine which the Germans are now using asserts that if our need is not adequately supplied, every seaport on the Atlantic coast will be

closed before the summer is here,—in case the war should be prolonged and the United States become involved in it.

The status of Poland will probably be one of the most difficult matters to settle when the World War is at end. The Poles are stated to be the sixth nation in Europe as regards numbers, ranking next to the Italians. The grand total of the Polish population of the world is estimated at 23,951,598. The Tsar has publicly offered to re-create the Kingdom of Poland. The Kaiser also has proclaimed a new "Kingdom of Poland," its territory to consist of all the Central Powers have won from Russia since 1914; Posen to remain German; Galicia, Austrian. The Tsar promises to leave the re-created kingdom free in religion, language, and self-government. But the Poles have no great faith in Petrograd. They have suffered more as a result of the great European conflict than either Belgium or Servia; and before it is ended they will have learned how to choose.

"Our real weakness is a national indifference to knowledge," says a recent English writer. It would seem that the craze for athletics, which is spreading overseas, is largely accountable for this evil. The tendency to subordinate studies to sports, however, is far less marked in England than in the United States. The *Tablet* declares that a Catholic headmaster in England would open his eyes if he were asked to sanction the absence of the football team or the cricket eleven for a trip of a week, or even several days. "In this country it is only when the glorious freedom of the Varsity is attained that such things are possible."

In view of all we are likely to see and read during the present year concerning the Reformation, it is well that emphasis should be laid on the fact that the change in religion in different countries, and

notably in England, was not a movement of the people, but of their rulers. In this connection not a little interest attaches to a statement from the non-Catholic authors of a recent work, "The Pilgrimage of Grace and the Exeter Conspiracy": "The Papal authority was not always popular in England: men sneered at the Pope, grumbled at him, criticised him; but that he was the only supreme head of Christianity was as firmly believed and as confidently accepted as that the sun rose in the east."

Commenting on the changing attitude of the English towards Catholicism, as shown by a variety of recent incidents, a Canadian exchange tells of a visit lately paid by Cardinal Bourne to the great British fleet, off the coast of Scotland, and of his celebrating Mass on one of the war-ships in presence of the officers and crew. It is the first time in four hundred years, adds our contemporary, that such an incident has occurred. This is probably true; but only a couple of decades ago a British battleship served as a Catholic mortuary chapel in a voyage across the Atlantic. Sir John Thompson, Canadian premier and member of England's Privy Council, had died at Windsor Castle, whither he was summoned by Queen Victoria; and his remains were sent to his home city, Halifax, on her Majesty's ship "Blenheim."

Hoarding money for its own sake is surely one of the most senseless things of which we can be guilty. The beginnings of this habit should be watched with a vigilance keen as a Damascus blade. The miser at first sacrifices luxuries, then comforts, then necessities, then friends, then, often, his own soul. And for what? That he may count over his treasure and find it augmented. He longs for a little more, then a little more. "When I have so much," he says, "I will begin to spend it. Then I shall enjoy life and its pleasures. Then I will give where help is needed." But, alas! he never does. He can not give

alms without lessening his hoard. From his nearest and dearest sweet charity is withheld. He does not honor God or pray to Him; for in reality he worships only gold. And at last he dies unblessed, leaving his wealth to be fought for or squandered by those whom he had no time to love or even to think of.

Many years ago, when the Santa Fé trail was a great highway, there was much transporting of the silver dollars of Mexico from one end of it to the other. These coins were wrapped in fresh hides, which, dried by the fierce heat in transit, clung tighter and tighter to them, until, the journey being over, it was well-nigh impossible to separate the burden from its wrappings. So does the miser cling to his money until the very well-springs of his heart are dried up, the fountain of his mercy is smothered in the drifting golden dust—and the end comes before he has any realization of his folly.

Let us, before our hands are palsied, stretch them out and give of our superabundance to those who need assistance. Let us, before our eyes are dim, search for the poverty which a tithe of our wealth could relieve. Let us not put thoughts of the rainy day, which may not come, in place of thoughts of the Cross of Christ, which came so long ago. If we are not able to fast during Lent, there is the duty of almsgiving.

Archbishop Mundelein said much in few words in addressing the Holy Name Society of Chicago at its recent convention. Perhaps his most notable remarks were these, which we have from the *New World*:

The chief concern of a pastor or a bishop should be the men of his parish, of his diocese. If they are faithful, if they are loyal, if they are devout, then all goes well with the flock. One of the things we can learn from history is this: whenever and wherever it happened that the Church lost its hold upon the men, where they became lax, indifferent, careless, then too did the influence of the Church upon the life of the people wane, religious activity stagnate. But when the men remained practical, fervent, good, the Church never needed to look for

defenders, whether against persecution from without or disturbance from within: the Catholic laymen were her best defence.

This is a profound truth. When Catholics live up to their Faith, they do not often need to defend it.

The death of Cardinal Diomedé Falconio, who passed away on Feb. 7, in his seventy-fifth year, will be mourned in many places where he won the respect and affection of clergy, laity, and civil authorities by his prudence, simplicity, piety, and devotion to duty. A member of the Order of St. Francis, whose habit he took when still a young man, and in which he held various important offices, he preserved its spirit to the end of his life. In Canada, where he was Apostolic Delegate before holding the same office in the United States, in three districts of his native Italy where he was bishop and archbishop, and especially in this country where he completed his studies and was ordained, soon afterwards becoming president of the College and Seminary of St. Bonaventure, the deceased Cardinal will be held in affectionate remembrance by all who were so well acquainted with him as to know his true worth. May he rest in peace!

The moral conditions of Philadelphia were investigated not long ago by a Commission appointed by the mayor of that city. The gentlemen of the Commission were presumably not interested in making things out worse than they really are; and, accordingly, the following extract from their report merits the attention of all friends and admirers of the public schools, in Philadelphia and elsewhere:

So much vice was found among school-children that the Commission reluctantly concludes that vice is first taught to the Philadelphia child in the classroom. Sixty per cent of the school-girls interrogated turned out to have learned, before they were ten or eleven years old, a variety of bad habits.

The public schools have been called "Godless"; are some of them to be designated as diabolical?

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

The Two Horses.

BY A. BARRY.

IT was at the end of September, 1804. Marcel Rollin, a ten-year-old boy, was feeling rather blue that morning. His mother had told him, as she woke him up:

"Well, Marcel, the holidays are over. To-day we leave for Lyons, where you will go to school once more."

Accordingly, Marcel had to quit for a long time, perhaps forever, this charming little Swiss town stuck on the side of a big mountain. Over, the long excursions, from which he came back thoroughly but healthily tired out; over, the picnic dinners, the games, the races.

All these thoughts had filled the lad with a strong inclination to cry,—an inclination overcome only by the prospect of a long trip in the stage-coach. It is such good fun to drive behind four horses! And then the relays, where the horses are changed, the fresh ones champing their bits, impatient to be off; while the coachman, cracking his whip, calls out: "All aboard, ladies and gentlemen!"

"When I grow up," said Marcel to himself as he pictured the scene, "I'll be a coachman."

Half consoled by these reflections, he asked suddenly:

"Say, mamma, can't I go out on the road for a while, to say good-bye to the trees and things?"

"Go," replied his mother; "but not too far. Keep within sight of my window, so that I may see you."

And Madame Rollin proceeded to do the packing up for the whole family, while Marcel, already outside, was getting astride a splendid mechanical horse. This

big toy was a veritable work of art,—a wooden horse mounted on wheels. The animal was of elegant shape, painted in striking colors, fitted out with a magnificent saddle and bridle, and easy to propel at quite a rapid gait. It was a gift from Marcel's rich uncle, who loved the boy—and spoiled him not a little.

The lad rode off then, very proudly, raising some little dust, and watching a group of native boys who looked on him with envy. One of them, about the same size and age as Marcel, was watching the latter with special attention. He was a slender, delicate-looking boy, whose yellow hair, all tousled, fell over his forehead down to his big blue eyes, just now full of wonder. His feet were bare, and his clothes more ragged than whole.

Marcel, after some fancy riding, drew up before this boy, and, jumping down from his saddle, inquired:

"You haven't got a fine horse like this, have you?"

"I've never had any toys," came the reply in a queer accent and in a tone half friendly, half suspicious.

Never had any toys! Was it possible that some boys were so badly off as that?

"What's your name?" he asked.

"Jacob Muller."

"Ah! My name is Marcel Rollin."

Then he went back to his original thought.

"So your papa or your mamma doesn't buy you a box of soldiers nor tops nor balls and bats nor swords nor—*anything*?"

During his enumeration the barefooted boy's eyes lit up for a moment, and then grew dull as he replied:

"Papa is dead—and mamma is poor."

For a second Marcel was ready to cry; but, controlling himself, he began to ask himself which of his toys he could give to this poor fellow, who had never had any.

Suddenly, however, his mother's voice was heard calling:

"Marcel! Marcel, where are you? Come, hurry up! We are starting."

Then the gallant little Frenchman, resolving to do the heroic, said to Jacob Muller, as he handed him the bridle of his horse:

"Here,—take this. I give it to you."

"You give it to me?"

"Yes; take it,—take it quick!" Then, hugging tenderly the horse's head, Marcel added: "His name is Toto. You'll take good care of him, won't you?"

And he fled precipitately to the chalet, leaving the barefooted Jacob standing stupefied, in an ecstasy of joy, before his suddenly acquired treasure.

Ten years went by. Marcel Rollin was twenty. He had just left the special military school of Saint-Cyr, established a few years before by the Emperor Napoleon I.; and, a young officer with an incipient mustache darkening his upper lip, he aspired to martial glory. He would have laughed heartily if some one had reminded him of his boyhood's dream of becoming one day—a coachman. He dreamed now only of battles and victories, and he longed to employ against the enemies of France the shining sabre that trailed at his side.

Meanwhile, by dint of conquering, Napoleon had tired out his fortune. After the Saxe Campaign, the Grand Army, still victorious, had nevertheless to beat a retreat. Then began that immortal campaign in which the Emperor employed all the resources of his genius to dispute every inch of French territory with the allied armies. It was in vain, however: numbers counted, and a day came when the enemy was marching on Paris.

Marcel Rollin, wounded at Montmirail, had been taken prisoner by the Austrians. Despite his wound, which caused his left shoulder to suffer terribly, he managed to escape; and after walking a day and a night he fell in with a group of French

peasants,—irregular soldiers, and implacable ones, who occupied the woods and waged deadly war against the invaders. Marcel joined their ranks. It was not a question now of great battles: it was a question of sharpshooting, of waiting for the enemy, and of killing him on sight.

But the risk in this kind of warfare was great. No sooner was a sharpshooter taken than he was shot. The allies had determined on this action as the only one to discourage these stubborn Frenchmen. Yet the latter kept up their attacks. Almost every hour, Austrian, Russian, and German patrols were assaulted and exterminated; every day officers disappeared; as often as the allied armies came to a river or stream, they found the bridges destroyed.

Marcel experienced a bitter joy in thus resisting step by step the progress of the invaders. Nobody would have recognized in him now the brilliant graduate, a few months ago, of Saint-Cyr. Sombre and savage, clad in tatters rather than a uniform, grown thin and haggard from misery and privations, he looked more like a bandit than a soldier; but his eye shone with indomitable energy, and his whole figure radiated his valor and his patriotism.

One day, after a brief skirmish with an Austrian troop, Marcel, whose unflinching gun had already killed the head officer and several of his aids, was suddenly attacked from the rear. He felt a sharp twinge in his left arm—and lost consciousness. When he came to himself night was falling. He was lying in a sort of improvised ambulance. The men around him were speaking German; and, thanks to his knowledge of that language, he understood perfectly the tenor of the conversation. He was to be shot; and it was precisely for that reason that he had not been left to die where he had fallen. He was to be executed with a certain amount of solemnity, as a lesson to the other sharpshooters. For this purpose the execution was postponed until the next day.

The prisoner's guard having noticed that Marcel had regained consciousness, sent word to his superior officer. The latter soon appeared and in good French asked:

"What is your name?"

"Marcel Rollin."

"You are a sharpshooter?"

"Yes."

"You know what is in store for you?"

"Yes: I am to be shot at daybreak."

Marcel gave this last answer with such heroic calm that the officer, impressed, said no more, but retired.

It grew darker and darker; all noises ceased; and one by one the lights of the camp were extinguished. Of war there was heard nothing but the measured tread of the sentinels, and occasionally the pass-word exchanged by the patrol.

Marcel, burning with fever, thought of his mother and of the tears she would shed; told himself sometimes that it was hard to die when one was only twenty; and then, controlling his emotion, he would murmur: "I'll show these invaders how a Frenchman dies."

All at once he felt somebody touch his arm. He looked up, and, by the light of a smoking torch burning at a short distance from him, he saw, quite close to his face, the countenance of his guard. Surely he had seen that face, those big blue eyes, and that tousled hair before.

Said the guard in a voice that shook a little and that spoke French with a strong German accent:

"Is your name Marcel Rollin?"

Marcel nodded.

Without another word, the guard cut the cord that bound the prisoner's wrists, helped him to his feet, and beckoned the astonished Frenchman to follow him. Crouching low, they proceeded for a time that seemed very long to Marcel, whose left arm, all swollen, and wounded shoulder were acutely painful.

At last the guard stopped. Attached to a tree by the side of the road was a fine horse ready saddled.

"Down there," said the guard, pointing

to the south, "is the French army. With a good mount one can reach it in three hours."

He put the horse's bridle in Marcel's hand, adding in a voice which this time Marcel readily recognized:

"My name is Jacob Muller. I give you my horse as a souvenir of old times. His name is Toto. You'll take good care of him, won't you?"

Con of Misty Mountain.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

VII.—A PERILOUS ATTEMPT.

FATHER PHIL, was startled at the eager response. He had not expected that Con, used to the wild freedom of Misty Mountain, could be lured so easily into unknown ways where that freedom would be lost.

"I'd like to go, for sure," Con went on, with brightening eyes. "I'd like to get off the Roost, whar there's only cussing and fighting. I'd like to get away from the boys, before they get me jailed or hanged. I'd like to get away from Uncle Bill,—that is the worst of all."

"How?" asked Father Phil, who was beginning to hesitate at the thought of "Uncle Bill" and his perhaps lawful authority. "Does he treat you badly, my boy?"

"Yes," answered Con,—"cusses me, licks me, treats me worser than he treats Dick. I'd like to get away from Uncle Bill, sure."

"Is he your real uncle?" asked Father Phil, realizing there might be difficulties in the way that he had not foreseen.

"Dunno," said Con,—"dunno what he is, 'cept that Nat and Dan and Wally are his real boys, and I ain't." The blue eyes looked puzzled for a moment. "Seems to me as if I had somebody else once, but I can't remember where or when. It has always been Uncle Bill. He warn't so bad to me long ago. Used to keep me and Mother Moll at a place where there was

cows and chickens and growing things. It warn't so bad there; but since we came to Misty Mountain he has been mean to me, sure. Keeps a-growling and a-cussing and a-wishing he had never seen my face."

"Then he won't object to your going away with me," was the cheerful answer.

"Dunno," said Con. "Ain't going to ask him 'bout it. I'll jest kite off with you, Mister, where and when you say."

"I wish you could." Father Phil found it hard to be as wise and prudent as the occasion demanded, with Con's blue eyes lifted in such boyish trust to his face. "But—but—if Uncle Bill is your relative and natural guardian, I am afraid we shall have to ask him, Con. Suppose you take me up to see him?"

"To the Roost?" gasped Con. "You ain't—ain't thinking of going up thar, Mister. Uncle Bill is that drunken mad jest now he'd—he'd shoot you on sight."

And, from what he had heard of the Roost and its denizens, Father Phil felt that perhaps Con was not far wrong.

"Then—then, suppose when Uncle Bill gets sober you talk to him yourself? Tell him you've got a chance to go away from Misty Mountain and make a man of yourself; that I will put you to school, clothe you, board you, and give you an honest start in life. Can Uncle Bill read and write, Con?"

"Kin sort of scratch," answered Con, doubtfully.

"Well, then I'll put it all down in writing," said Father Phil, taking out a tablet and fountain pen from his pocket. He wrote for a moment in large, clear characters. "Give this to Uncle Bill; and if he agrees to let you go with me, let him put his name or mark to it, and then all will be right. He will have you off his hands forever. And you—you will be my little pal—nay, better than that, Con, my little brother for good and all."

Con looked at the paper wistfully.

"You couldn't take me off without—without this here, Mister?"

"I'm afraid I couldn't, Con," was the

reluctant answer. "It might make trouble for both of us."

"Don't keer about trouble for me, but I surely don't want to bring trouble on you, Mister, not fur nothing. So I'll show this 'ere paper to Uncle Bill when he sobers up. If he wants to get shook of me, here's his chance. Mebbe he'll fix it up all right."

"I think he will," said Father Phil, who knew how fiercely Uncle Greg was pressing the old outlaw, and felt that the Roost would soon be "cleared out," and Con well off his doubtful guardian's hands. "I'll be here again to-morrow to learn what you have to tell me. It will be good news for us both, I know. Till then good-bye, my boy,—good-bye, and God bless you!"

And Father Phil laid his hand on Con's yellow head in a benediction that the boy never forgot—and then was gone, like a ray of sunshine threading the mists that were rising above the melting snow. For it was the last poor Con was to see of his good "pal" for many a long, hard day. But just now his young heart was stirring with the glad, new hope awakened by Father Phil's words.

To go away with him,—with this strong, kind man who was so good, so wise, so wonderful! Con thought of the shining figure he had seen at the altar last night, and felt that it must have power beyond mortal ken. To go away from the wild steeps of Misty Mountain, from the smoky old cabin in the Roost; from the cursing and fighting and drinking of Uncle Bill and the boys; from the dark, wicked ways in which they walked, and from which untaught, untrained Con had always instinctively recoiled! To go into a world where the men were like "Mister," and women perhaps sweet and soft-spoken as the little lady with the muff; where he would have a soft bed and good clothes like the boys that hooted and jeered at him, and things to eat such as the Mister had brought him to-day! To go to school,—a school where they would

let him in and teach him all those wonderful things of which Father Phil had spoken, where he would be this kind Mister's pal—nay, what was it he said at the last? His little brother for good and all. His brother! Something seemed to choke Con at this strange, sweet word; he felt almost as if it made him cry.

It was such a dazzling, bewildering, outlook that opened before Con that he had to sit down when he reached Eagle Nest and think it all out. Even Misty Mountain seemed to grow soft and sweet and kind to-day. The sun was out bright and warm; there was a trickle of running water under the melting snow; and as he sat there thinking, he could hear the snap and crack of the breaking ice. Injun Creek was tugging at its winter fetters, and would soon be leaping in foaming freedom down the mountain.

"A-busting loose like me," laughed Con to himself, as he nibbled at one of Sister Melanie's bonbons. "I'll be sort of sorry to leave old Mother Moll; but I ain't no good to her here. Mebbe sometime—sometime, when I learn all them things the Mister talks about, I kin come back and bring her something better than these 'ere sugar nuts. I'd like to bring her something real good, sure,—a bonnet with feathers on it mebbe, like Mrs. Murphy's; and a long coat edged with fur, and shoes that wouldn't hurt her poor feet. Yes, when I learn things like the Mister says, I ain't going to forget Mother Moll, sure. Jing! I never counted on having luck like this,—never! I thought I was in to folly along with Nat and Dan, and might get jailed or hanged. I'd better step along, though, and give Uncle Bill this 'ere paper before he cuts off somewhat down the mountain agin. I wonder what he'll say to it?" Con surveyed the folded note curiously. "Jest cuss me, I guess, and let me go, glad to get rid of me; fur I rile him worse every year, why I dunno."

And, still further cheered by these reflections, Con kept on his way over the heights, that he had to tread more

cautiously to-day; for old Winter's reign was broken and his frozen ways insecure. The snowdrifts were slipping; now and then a great slide would thunder down the rocks, covering Con with feathery flakes; the white mists wreathed and curled in the hollows; the ice sheaths of the pines were dripping off in soft murmurs; Injun Creek was making ready to leap the frozen falls. Con had to mind his steps to-day; so it was sometime before he took the final scramble through thicket and rift that landed him at the Roost, where Uncle Bill, in the mood that comes "the day after," was seated at the cabin door, sunning himself in the spring-like beams.

Uncle Bill was not a very pleasant figure at his best: just now he was at his worst: a huge, hulking, hairy old giant, grizzly in brow and beard; with a red scar, gained in an early encounter, marking one side of his face; and fierce, fiery eyes, reddened by much drinking, gleaming angrily in their sunken sockets. The one soft spot in his hard old heart had been reached by the arrest yesterday; for Nat was his favorite son, and the old man was still stinging and smarting under the hurt. It was a bad time to open communications of any kind with Uncle Bill; but this Con in his glad hopes for the future did not know.

"Back, are you?" growled the old man, as Con appeared. "It's about time, you durned young loafer, you! Whar have you been?"

"Down to Piney Hollow and Wolf's Gap and everywhar," answered Con, who was in too happy humor to notice that there was a blacker cloud on Uncle Bill's always frowning brow.

"Filling your hungry maw with all the beggar pickings you can get," said Uncle Bill, casting a fierce look at the pretty box in Con's hand. "What's that you have there?"

"Candy," answered Con, cheerfully,— "the finest candy you ever tasted. Try one, Uncle Bill."

"No sugar stuff for me!" growled the old

man, whose palate had been burned out by fiercer flavoring. "Who gave it to you?"

"A man," answered Con,—“the nicest man I ever saw. I got him some greens and berries yesterday to fix up that ar old log cabin on the Ridge for Christmas.”

"To fix up what?" asked Uncle Bill, his sunken eyes beginning to gleam.

"That log cabin down to Piney Ridge," continued Con, feeling he was arousing Uncle Bill into unusual interest. "Golly, we had it fixed up fine,—all green and woody-like, with candles and all sorts of shiny things, and the people a-flocking from near and far. You never seen such a grand show, Uncle Bill."

"And—and—they let you in? What sort of game is this you're playing on me, you young dog, you? Turning agin me, are you,—turning agin them that fed you and warmed you and keered for you, a-mating with the cursed scoundrels that is hunting down me and mine?"

"Oh, no, Uncle Bill,—I was not turning against you at all! I was just snooping in the window at the grand show, and an Irisher came along and druv me off."

"Druv you off!" repeated Uncle Bill, fiercely. "And that's what I orter have done long ago. What I'm keeping you around fur, you ungrateful whelp, I don't know! What good are you to me, that I don't kick you out, to scramble for yourself, like the stray young cur you are?"

A spark flamed into Con's blue eyes at the words,—a spark that told of some strange, new spirit wakened in the boyish breast, to which Uncle Bill was blind.

"Don't want no kick to start me," was the answer. "I'm ready to go right now. That Mister I got the greens and berries fur yesterday says he'll take me off, and school me and keer fur me and make a man of me. He writ it all down on paper fur you to read, and say the word that I could go."

And Con held out the paper to Uncle Bill, who snatched it from him with a fierce, shaking hand, and stared at the clear writing with blinking, bewildered

gaze. Father Phil's courteous communication ran as follows.

MY DEAR SIR:—I have taken a great liking to your boy Con. I will be glad to give him a better start in life than he can ever get at Misty Mountain. If you will permit him to go with me, I promise to send him to a good school, and provide him with all that he needs until he is able to support himself. All I ask of you is to sign this paper, giving your consent, as his present guardian, to my future care of him.

PHILIP J. DOANE.

Uncle Bill read the missive slowly. Reading was not very much in his line. Clear as was its meaning (for Father Phil had worded it carefully), it took some time for the friendly offer to penetrate the old man's dull, befogged brain. At last he understood, or thought he did; and he stared at the boy before him, with sunken eyes that kindled, as he gazed, into brutal fire.

"And—and—" For the moment the maddened old sinner could not find words for his fury. "You dare bring me this—this—after all I've done! Ye'd bring the hellhounds down on me, you—you—" Uncle Bill burst into a torrent of profanity terrible to hear; and, starting up to his full giant height, he caught Con in a grip that all his boyish strength could not resist. "I've a mind to kill you for it, you whelp,—to *kill* you!"

(To be continued.)

Some Letters of Advice.

BY CASCIA.

GOOD children should be like the B's
That round the flower-beds one C's;
And not be fond of too much E's,
Which will their loving parents T's.
And if they've hopes of growing Y's,
They must learn how to use their I's;
Then if they mind their P's and Q's,
And every moment rightly U's,
They surely must—now mark it well—
Both in and out of school XL.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A second series of Catholic "Sermon Notes," by the late Monsignor Benson, edited by the Rev. C. C. Martindale, S. J., is in press by Longmans, Green & Co.

—The International Catholic Truth Society has brought out in neat pamphlet form the Lent Gospels (exclusive of Holy Week). The print is sufficiently large and the paper good enough. The price is 5 cents.

—Admirers of the late Lionel Johnson will be glad to hear that a selection of his religious poems has just been published by Elkin Mathews and Burns & Oates. There is a preface by Mr. Wilfrid Meynell. The selection is the work of Mr. George Engelbach.

—The Macmillan Co. announce a new novel by Richard Aumerle Maher. Its title, "Gold Must be Tried by Fire," covers the experience of a mill-hand whose pluck and energy enable her not only to rise in life, but to effect a considerable social uplift among those about her. The story will appear next month.

—The Rev. Henry C. Schuyler's books on the "Obedience of Christ," the "Courage of Christ," etc., fill a distinct want in modern spiritual literature. Hence there should be a warm and general welcome accorded to "The Sacrament of Friendship," a new addition to the series, published by Mr. Peter Reilly. It is an attractive book in its outward make-up, and that is as it should be. But chiefly its matter and the manner of its presentation give it distinctive value. It is, of course, all about the Blessed Sacrament, and particularly about Holy Communion. It is meant for the reading of layfolk, but clerics and religious of both sexes will find their love and their zeal quickened by the perusal of this ardent essay. We should like to put a copy of "The Sacrament of Friendship" in the hands of every Catholic.

—"The Ordeal by Fire," by Marcel Berger, translated by Mrs. Cecil Curtis (G. P. Putnam's Sons), is a story, largely in the form of a diary, of the early months of the war in France. The narrator is a sergeant in the French army, and an "intellectual" who, even after his experiences at the front, assured himself that he had been separated from religion beyond return "by my reading and speculations." (He had reached the very mature age of twenty-seven.) There is much realistic writing in the book, and some that is the reverse of realistic. The translator, for instance, gives us the talk of the French

poilus in the cockney vernacular of Tommy Atkins. Only one Catholic, De Valpic, figures in the narrative; and one wonders that the sergeant met no priest-soldiers or even chaplains. The book is a disappointment.

—We welcome a new edition (the third) of "The Catholic Church from Within," by Alice, Lady Lovat. It is a book of perennial timeliness, but there would seem to be an inspired appropriateness just now in the chapter "On Marriage and the Bringing-up of Children, With a Few Words on Mixed Marriages." Longmans, Green & Co., publishers.

—From B. Herder, St. Louis, comes Volume II. of "Father Tim's Talks," by the Rev. C. D. McEnniry, C. SS. R. These talks, which in their essence are doctrinal instructions on a considerable variety of practical topics, have been appearing in the *Liguorian*, and well deserve this reprinting in book form. Let it be said incidentally that, in this era of high-priced paper, the price of the book—a twelvemo of 160 pages—is very moderate: 75 cents, net.

—"God's Fairy Tales," by Enid M. Dinnis, satisfies both the artistic and the supernatural sense. These stories are beautiful renderings of spiritual beauty as witnessed in everyday life. Perhaps not everyday life, though the author makes that claim; certain inventions here found strike us as straining verisimilitude to ordinary life,—as, for example, in "The Intruder" and "The Least of the Little Ones." In all the other tales, however, the "fairy" element makes just the right appeal to sympathetic faith. Particularly entrancing are "An Atmospheric Effect" and "The Place which is Called 'God's Presence.'" From an artistic standpoint, the last story, "Veronica," is perfect. It is a noteworthy fact that whereas ordinarily short stories gathered into a book lose their special charm, being made to seem, what they were never meant to be, parts of a long fiction, these fairy tales of Miss Dinnis gain by being grouped. For sale by B. Herder.

—In an extended but altogether unfavorable notice of a new juvenile book by an American priest who has a widespread reputation as a story-teller, *Catholic Book Notes*, the organ of the English C. T. S., remarks: "We are compelled to believe that boys out there are very different from the 'soaring British variety.'" No doubt they are; for we know of books published by popular Catholic authors in England that wouldn't suit American boys "at all, at all."

The editor of the *C. B. N.* is what they call in Scotland "an awfu' creetic." His review of the story in question might be described as a half page of well-written but unmitigated fault-finding. We ourselves did not admire the story, and so devoted only a short paragraph to it. "Why lavish words in needless blame, then spare them in approving?"

—A part of the inspiration of "A Book of Verse," by Miss Alice Colly, is drawn from the Great War; indeed, this constitutes its chief claim to distinction. The rank of this new poet may be judged from the lines which we subjoin; they are the best of the collection, which is a very small one. The book is exquisitely printed and tastefully bound in boards. Cornish Brothers, publishers; 39 New Street, Birmingham, England. (Price 2s. 6d.)

THE MESSAGE OF SPRING.

Unheard amid the music of the Spring
Is the sad discord of a world at war.
Your soul seeks mine, mine yours unaltering;
But Spring knows not if you be near or far.
Her days are full of hope, her dreams of peace;
Though friends be parted, hate, not love, shall cease.
Nestling between the brown breasts of the earth,
The snowdrops hang their heads so cunningly,
Feeling the heart of her who gave them birth
Throb with new hope and glad vitality.
May peace be in your dreams. Love lives, hate dies,
And Spring is here again with laughing eyes.

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 Sacrament of Friendship." Rev. H. C. Schuyler. \$1.10.
 "God's Fairy Tales." Enid Dinnis. \$1.10.
 "Operative Ownership." James J. Finn. \$1.50.
 "Songs of Creelabeg." Rev. P. J. Carroll, C. S. C. \$1.40.
 "Sermons and Sermon Notes." Rev. B. W. Maturin. \$2.
 "Verses." Hilaire Belloc. \$1.10.
 "Letters to Jack." Rt. Rev. Francis Kelley, D. D. \$1.
 "The Interdependence of Literature." Georgina Pell Curtis. 60 cts.
 "Illustrations for Sermons and Instructions." Rev. Charles J. Callan, O. P. \$2.

- "Beauty." Rev. A. Rother, S. J. 50 cts.
 "Gerald de Lacey's Daughter." Anna T. Sadler. \$1.35.
 "The Holiness of the Church in the Nineteenth Century." Rev. Constantine Kempf, S. J. \$1.75.
 "The Divine Master's Portrait." Rev. Joseph Degen. 50 cts.
 "Tommy Travers." Mary T. Waggaman. 75 cts.
 "Development of Personality." Brother Chrysostom, F. S. C. \$1.25.
 "The Fall of Man." Rev. M. V. McDonough. 50 cts.
 "Saint Dominic and the Order of Preachers." 75 cts.; paper covers, 35 cts.
 "The Growth of a Legend." Ferdinand van Langenhove. \$1.25.

Obituary.

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

Rev. James Giffether, of the archdiocese of Boston; Rt. Rev. Monsignor John Koch, diocese of Harrisburg; and Very Rev. Joseph Costa, O. C.

Brothers Chrysostom and Potamian, F. S. C. Sister M. Baptista, of the Order of the Visitation; Sister M. Agatha and Sister M. Bathilde, Sisters of the Good Shepherd; and Sister M. Anastasia, Sisters of the Holy Cross.

Mr. George Knox, Mr. Thomas W. Kerr, Mr. Daniel Moore, Miss Anna Lloyd, Mr. Thomas Erskine, Miss Katherine McHugh, Mr. I. J. Blakeley, Mrs. Kate Spalding, Miss Katherine Kennelly, Mr. David Buckley, Miss Mary Kellog, Mr. Edward F. Kelly, Mr. N. J. Clayton, Mr. Michael Hayes, Miss Margaret Ronan, Miss Minnie Salisbury, Mr. John Galen, Mrs. Mary J. White, Mr. James White, Mr. M. J. Kan, Mr. Robert Bevin, Mrs. Margaret Ryan, Mr. William Rajek, Mr. H. T. Burg, Miss Mary E. Powèr, Mrs. Catherine Flynn, Mr. John Wegmann, Mrs. Mary C. Mulhall, Mr. J. E. Jones, Mr. John Jordan, Mr. Thomas Carroll, and Mr. Thomas Goldon.

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: B. V. M., \$1; Miss A. T., \$1; Margaret C., \$1; Miss E. V. H., \$10. For the rescue of orphaned and abandoned children in China: Friend (Leavenworth), \$5; Friend, \$15; Friend (Wyoming), \$6. For the Bishop of Nueva Segovia: C. H. L., \$15. For the Chinese Missions: Miss M. C., \$5; Friend, \$2.



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

VOL. V. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, FEBRUARY 24, 1917.

NO. 8

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Rosa Mundi.

BY M. E. GRAHAM.

ROSE OF THE WORLD! Thou perfect Love,
 Of human life the crown and flower,
 What earthly splendors rank above
 The fragrant grace which is thy dower?
 Then still, as day by day we fare
 Along our road in dust and heat,
 Breathe on our hearts that influence rare
 Whose presence makes and keeps life sweet.
 Though secret treasures, long enshrined,
 The conquered years submissive bring,
 Yielding their tribute to the mind
 That homage claims as Nature's king;
 Though Science weave her wondrous spell
 The powers of light and air to span,
 And Art and Wealth unite to swell
 That triumph song whose theme is man;
 And man himself doth strenuous press
 From goal to goal, from crown to crown;
 And, in his haste to grasp success,
 Oft thrusts his struggling fellows down;
 Yet still at times, despite the din
 And bustle of the crowded years,
 We call our venturous fancies in
 And stand confronted by our fears.
 Then turns to dust our hoarded gold,
 And pleasure wears a phantom air,
 And life looks naked, mean and cold,
 Stripped of the dreams that made it fair.
 We've had no time to think of flowers,—
 And now of flowers remains no trace;
 In vain we search our withered bowers
 For heart's-ease or the herb o' grace.
 Yet should we bow our barren pride
 To yield the debt our spirit owes,
 Thou, Love, within us crucified,
 Shalt from the desert win the Rose.

The Meaning of the Seed.

A LADDER FOR LENT.*

A Seed requires soft, manured,
 and tilled ground to grow in,
 so the Word of God must finde
 gentle, rich, and mortified Souls
 to fructifie upon. As Seed requires mois-
 ture and sun to bring it forth, so the
 Soul requires the tears of sorrow for our
 Sins, and the Son of Justice, his heat of
 Grace to make the Word of God fructifie
 in mans heart, and bring forth Acts of
 love to God. As the Seed in the Earth
 must first dissolve and die before it spring,
 so must the Word of God be ruminated
 upon by meditation, and procure in us
 a death to the world, before we can find
 in our selves the spring of living in Gods
 favour. As the Seed must first take root,
 then sprout up, branch into leaves and
 boughs, next blossome, and then knit into
 a fruit, so the Word of God must first
 enter deep into our hearts, then rise by
 holy cogitations, branch it self into variety
 of good desires, blossom into religious
 resolutions, and at last knit it self up into
 the knot of good Works, which are the
 fruits of our lives. As the force and vertue

* Extracts from an extremely rare old book entitled "The Christian Sodality; or, Catholick Hive of Bees Sucking the Hony of the Churches Prayers from the Blossomes of the Word of God, Blowne out of the Epistles and Gospels of the Divine Service during the year. Collected by the Pny Bee of all the Hive, not worthy to be named otherwise than by these elements of his name F. P. Printed [in Paris] in the year of our Lord MDCLII." According to Gillow, this work was probably written by Francis Gage, son of Sir Henry Gage, Governor of Oxford for King Charles I. The copy from which our extracts are transcribed is from the library of a member of the family and bears the owner's book-plate.

of all fruits is contracted into its Seed, so the force of all our good Works is lodged in the Word of God. As diverse seeds bring diverse fruits, so diverse sentences of Scripture bring forth diverse Vertues in our souls. . . . As from the best Seed (man preparing his ground with most industry) proceeds the best Crop of Corn, so from the best chosen Texts delivered by the best Preachers (those that use the most diligence in preparing, and making soft the hearts of their penitents towards God) proceed the best fruits of Vertue and good Works here, as unto the best Saints, to serve as fruits for a heavenly banquet in the next World.

Now we see the meaning of the seed: let us examine the reasons why these severall effects follow upon the severall grounds the Seed falleth on. First, that falling on the high-way can not enter to take root for growth, and consequently lying open, to be both trodden to pieces by passengers, and pecked up by birds, must needs be like to so much cast away: such is the Word of God, as Saint Matthew sayes, heard, but not understood, because the hearer doth not ask his spirituall Adviser the meaning of what is told him, but pretends to be satisfied therein, when indeed he carries away onely the empty sound of words, but is wholly ignorant of the sense through his own lazinesse in not asking the meaning thereof; and consequently what is thus ignorantly received, is not understood; and by that means makes no entrance into the heart of the hearer, so is trodden to pieces even by our own trampling over it, whilst we run from Sermons, as if we had never heard a word of what the preacher said unto us; which indeed is commonly their case that come to Church for curiosity, to hear humane eloquence, not divine preaching; to see, and to be seen, not to hear their faults, and amend them; to laugh indeed at the preacher, if he please not the pallate of their fancy, or curious ears, as those did, to

whom (for that very reason) Christ spake parables, not clear sense; and to such as these, be the preachers words never so clear, never so easie, they sound as parables in his ears, whose own distracted minde robs him of the faculty of understanding what he hears; and though such men seeme to come to God, when they appear in Churches, yet in very truth their coming is to the Devill in Gods House: and no marvell then he carry them and their understandings away with him, lest hearing (that is intelligently hearing) they believe, and believing plow up the high-way, their hearts, with acts of love, and so render the Corn (the Word of God) capable to sink into their souls, and take root to their emolument, indeed to their Salvation, as the Text speaketh.

The first reason of the Corn failing to grow, was the want of sinking into the earth: now it fails, (though sunk) because it wants moisture by encountering a stony or rocky ground, which is covered with onely a shallow superficies of earth, and can not receive moisture enough to carry the Corn deeper into the ground, and to root it there. This place of the Gospel alludes to schismaticks, whose petrifying hearts, whose cold affections to God turn all they hear of him (how ever they believe it to be true) into rocks and stones, into sterility, and barrenness of Soul; and hence rather than suffer the least temporall losse for Gods sake, they hazard to loose themselves eternally. A clear place to convince Hereticks by, that Faith alone is not sufficient without good Works to save them; and that Souls, though once in the Grace of God, may nevertheless loose his favour, and the Kingdome of Heaven too.

The second reason of failing, was for want of ground to take sufficient root, and to cherish the Seed, in both which may seeme to be defects of intrinsecall requisites. Now, the third reason points at what is extrinsecally necessary, and rather at defects of redundance than of

want: because the Corn wants no inward cause of prospering, but is outwardly hindered, by being choaked, or kept down with overgrowing bryars and thorns, that hinder the rising thereof. Now, though our Saviour best knew how to explicate his own meaning, and hath declared that by these Thorns he means Riches, which prick the Soules of those that possesse them in their rising up to acts of love towards God, and so force them down again to the love of earthly things: yet Saint Gregory found this exposition so beyond his expectation of this Text that he, admiring, sayes, If he had thus expounded it, the world would not have believed him to attinge the true sense thereof; as being possessed, what they handle and hugge dayly in their armes (their wealth and riches) can not prick nor gall them. Yet our Saviour sayes they doe, so we must believe it. And truly so it is; for what more ordinary than to see the high and mighty men of the world (mighty, I mean, in wealth) abject and lowe in their growth upwards to Heaven,—to see them still pricking down their rising Soules. And under the title of riches we may here understand honours, pleasures, pastimes of the vain, licentious, and idle people of the world, whose own conscience tells them they doe ill in following such courses as yet they will not leave.

By the good ground is here understood a tender Conscience, which makes a religion of each action; and so hearing Gods Word, first labours to understand it, then puts in execution the doctrine thereof, and thereby brings forth fruits of all sorts of Vertue and good Works; nay, brings forth indeed an hundredfold, or more, according to the proportion and measure of grace received from Almighty God. But we are here to observe the reduplicative speech of a good, and a very good heart,—that is to say, a heart illuminated with Faith and working by Charity; or, as Albertus will have it, Good, by being free from Sin; very good,

by being in all things conformable to the Will of God: or, as Saint Bonaventure sayes, Good by verity, or rectitude in the understanding; very good, by rectitude in the affections; or, as Saint Augustine will have it; Good, by loving our neighbour as our selves; very good, by loving God above all things; saying, and they properly retaine the Word (as the Blessed Virgin did) and bring forth the fruit thereof in patience,—that is, by bearing with unperturbed minds the perturbations of this world.

Though Saint Luke doe not mention the quantities of fruits produced, yet Saint Matthew (chap. 13, ver. 23) speaks of the thirty fold, the sixty fold, and the hundredfold fruit of those who hear the Word of God as they ought to doe; meaning, it makes some good men, others better, others best of all, according to the respective measures of dispositions in their Soules, answerable to their severall proportions of Grace, and co-operations therewith; or if we will have these threefold quantities all in one Soul, then say, we bring forth thirty, when we think well; sixty, when we speak well; an hundredfold, when we do well: or when we begin to be vertuous, profit therein, and at last attain to the perfection of vertue, till we arrive at the top of all Vertues, or when we observe not onely Gods Commandments, but his Counsells too, and at last his transcendent charity, being ready to die his Martyrs, in requitall of his dying our Saviour; and so make degrees and steps in our own hearts up to Heaven, as the Royall Prophet sayes he did, Psal. 83, making Ascents in his heart, by rising up towards Heaven, from Vertue to Vertue.

ALL the Christian virtues live in the light of faith, all look to hope, all obtain their life from love of God. They are founded in humility, ruled by justice, guided by prudence, sustained by fortitude, preserved by temperance, strengthened and protected by patience.—*Bishop Ullathorne.*

The Crest of the Bodkins.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON.

XI.—VIVA EL MEXICO.

IF a bullet had been lodged in his throat, Arthur Bodkin could not have felt more stunned or more pained than on suddenly perceiving Alice Nugent in the company of Count Ludwig von Kalksburg; but he managed to lift his cap, and bow loftily before striding into the corridor.

On the other hand, Alice felt grievously injured. Here was her lover, who had already in Vera Cruz treated her coldly, if not contemptuously, and without cause, playing the same unworthy rôle with increased vim. And why? But in addition another actor had appeared upon the stage, in the shape of the lady in the travel-stained carriage. Who was this person? Where did she come from? How came it that Arthur had been her travelling companion, and all alone?

If Alice had been more worldly, and as a consequence more wise, she would have waited and bided her time, until all these queries would come up of themselves to make answer. But her heart was too much pained, her emotions too fresh, her honesty too full of purpose to brook delay, so she burst out:

"Who is that woman, Count?"

The Count smiled a cynical smile, as he replied:

"I really do not know, *Fräulein*."

"You do—your smile tells me that you do."

"On my honor, no." And he spoke the truth.

"Find out for me at once, please, Count!"—wishing to know everything ere she should come face to face with Arthur.

"I will do so, if I can." And, bowing low, he walked in the direction which Arthur had taken, while Alice repaired to the apartments of the Empress.

Bodkin reported himself to Bazaine.

"The lady here?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good!" And, after a pause: "That will do for the present. You know nothing of this lady, so can tell nothing. Keep your own counsel. You have begun well. We leave for Puebla in the morning. Report to me at headquarters in Mexico. *Au revoir*, and thanks!" And the Maréchal withdrew.

"The mystery of the veiled woman," thought Arthur, "is as deep as ever. But hang the veiled woman! Alice is here, and so is that detestable Count. I must reckon with him—aye, and with her!" he added, bitterly.

Rody O'Flynn, who was on the watch for the return of his master, hailed him with delight.

"Only for to think of yer gettin' back safe an' sound as the Rock o' Dunnamass, an' wid a grand lady no less—"

"That will do, Rody. Not a word to anybody about this lady."

"Is it *me*, sir? Faix, I know betther nor that. Sorra a word will ever come out of me head. But, Masther Arthur *avic*, is she—"

"Not a word, Rody!" said Arthur, sternly. "This much I *will* tell you. I do not know who she is. I do not know her name, her station. I can't," he added, with a laugh, "tell you whether she is black or white."

"O mother o' Moses!" exclaimed Rody. "It's a quare counthry entirely we've come to, Masther Arthur!"

Baron Bergheim was very well pleased when Bodkin reported to him. He had already written at length and expressed warm approval in relation to the capture of Vincente Mazazo, wondering that Bazaine had not instantly ordered him to be shot.

"None of us can understand Bazaine. He gives us the idea of a man who is always playing his own game, and always for his own hand. Hey!" he added, "which of Kalksburg's corns have you planted your Irish foot upon? He is no friend of yours; and, let me tell you, he

is not a pleasant enemy. Hey! but I am keeping my eye on him. Hey! a word in your inside ear"—here the genial Baron dropped his voice to a hoarse whisper. "He is after that dear little Nugent girl. Hey! but he hasn't a ghost of a chance. Hey! we won't stand *that*, will we?"

There was a something so sympathetic about Baron Bergheim that Arthur opened his heart to him; and, pledging him to secrecy, told him all about his visit to Puebla, the return with the veiled lady, and Bazaine's instructions as to silence.

"Confound him! he has made a cat's-paw of you—but no, he *dare* not. You are on my staff, and he should have to answer to *me*. Hey! but this *is* a curious business. Who can she be? And you tell me that she was perfectly discreet? Hey!"

"Absolutely so."

"A Mexican?"

"She spoke Spanish only."

"Did it appear to you that she was known at the place you stopped?"

"Yes, Baron, and treated with the utmost respect."

"Hey! but it *is* a poser. Hey! how women creep into everything, and set everybody by the ears! There—go! You are dying to see somebody."

To Arthur's intense chagrin, Miss Nugent was nowhere to be seen. That she was closeted with the Empress he justly surmised; for the charming Carlotta found in Alice one of those sweet intelligences, one of those honest and trustful and loyal natures, that are unhappily not to be met with save at very rare intervals. The favorite of royalty is a position undermined with danger. It begets suspicion and fosters sycophancy. But Alice Nugent bore herself with such dignity, such sweetness, and such straightforwardness as to win the honest seekers for favor, and to discomfit the tricksters.

Upon the following morning the imperial cortege departed from picturesque Orizaba; and, following the route taken by Arthur in his trip with the mysterious lady, arrived at Puebla, amid the pealing of

bells, the firing of cannon, and the frantic huzzaing of the people.

Arthur could not get near Alice, as she was in a closed carriage with the other ladies of the court, and at times some miles ahead. Once he thought that he perceived his companion of the previous day in a vehicle drawn by mules. He rode alongside, only to find the blinds down, and did not care to push his investigations further. He was rather tired of this adventure, which meant nothing but discomfort for him; since he felt perfectly certain that he stood, compromised in the sight of Alice, and that Count von Kalksburg would not lose so good a chance of making matters worse, even if Alice did still care a little for him, which at times he half doubted. How, when, and where would he reckon with Kalksburg? To provoke him openly after the promise pledged to Alice on the night of St. Patrick's Ball was of course out of the question.

It was upon the twenty-fourth birthday of the Empress that the imperial party made its public entry into Puebla, the second city of the Empire. The reception accorded Maximilian and Carlotta was both enthusiastic and affectionate. They were escorted by the leading inhabitants to the grand old cathedral, where a most imposing service was held. Carlotta expressed an almost childlike wonder when the crypt beneath the high altar was lighted, and the light distinctly seen through a wall of onyx five feet in thickness. Maximilian made an effective speech after the reception held at the City Hall, concluding with these words:

"With a sentiment of pleasure mingled with grief I see your city. With pleasure I salute one of the largest, most beautiful and important cities of the Empire. With pain I contemplate the inhabitants agitated by the evils of political disruption. The government, to whose elevation you have contributed, will impose upon itself the task of healing your wounds as soon as possible; and of facilitating the develop-

ment of prosperity by means of institutions which are in accordance with the age, so that the resources of this rich country may be cultivated in the highest degree."

In the afternoon the Empress, accompanied by Miss Nugent and another lady of her suite, visited the hospital and half a dozen religious houses, in all of which she left generous alms, as was her birthday custom from childhood. The condition of the hospital affected her deeply.

"Alice," she said, "I must do something for these poor sick and suffering people. It is my birthday; and do you know, dear, that ever since I was so high"—touching Miss Nugent's knee—"I have always given away all that I had on that day for the sake of Our Lady? To-day, for the sake of Nuestra Señora, I shall send them all I have of my own. Let me see how much it amounts to,"—consulting a small book bound in ivory, with gold clasps, that hung by a golden chain from her waist. "Good! I have three thousand dollars. Please write a letter to the mayor for me." And the following letter, now an historical document deposited in the memorial room of the Palacio Nacional in the city of Mexico, was written by Alice at the dictation of the gracious, generous young Empress:

"SEÑOR PREFECT:—It is very pleasing to me to find myself in Puebla the first anniversary of my birthday which I have passed far from my own country. Such a day is for everybody one of reflection. And these days would be sad for me if the care, attention, and proofs of affection of which I have been the object in this city did not cause me to realize that I am in my new country among my people. And I give thanks to God because He has conducted me here, presenting unto Him fervent prayers for the happiness of the country which is mine.

"I wish, Señor Prefect, that the poor of this city may participate in the pleasure which I have experienced among you. I send you three thousand dollars of my

own private fund, which are to be dedicated to the rebuilding of the House of Charity, the ruinous state of which made me feel sad yesterday; so that the unfortunate ones who found themselves deprived of shelter may return to inhabit it.

"Assure my compatriots of Puebla that they possess, and will always possess, my affections."

"I wonder," observed the Empress, reflectively, "if I shall ever have enough to give away so that not a solitary poor person shall be found in the Empire? It might come to pass," she added: "they talk in such an extraordinary way about the wealth of the mines here—Aladdin's Caves. Who knows but on my next birthday I shall have a mine pouring out silver like water?"

Fate was unkind to our hero. Albeit he was sighing for speech of his fair mistress, Kismet denied him this; and he was compelled to put up with distant glimpses of her, which seemed but to aggravate his passion.

The Empress was so taken with Miss Nugent that she would scarcely allow her to quit her presence. She made her private secretary, and committed to her care a correspondence that constantly increased. Luckily for Alice, she was a perfect Spanish scholar; her love for this most sonorous language—the language of prayer—having been imbibed from a number of old tomes in the possession of her father, sometime the property of her great-granduncle, Father Nugent, who had been a student of Salamanca. Her knowledge of Spanish stood her in good stead with the Empress; and as Carlotta spoke the purest Castilian in the purest way, it was a source of delight to her to converse with her Maid of Honor in this language for hours at a time. But of course poor Bodkin could not imagine that all of Miss Nugent's time was demanded and consumed by her imperial mistress, and took her non-appearance as an evidence that she was engaged in avoiding him.

"Let her go!" he would say to himself. "There are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it—*are* there?" was the query that leaped into life ere the sentence was one-half concluded.

"Hey!" cried Baron Bergheim to Arthur, the morning after their arrival at Puebla, "you must get on to the capital within" (taking out his watch) "twenty—no, ten minutes. Here are your dispatches. We leave to-morrow morning. I have just been making inquiries in the Portales Mercatores about your friend and his mysterious lady, and I may have news for you when we meet. Five minutes gone! Order your horse, and, hey! take five minutes with your lady-love."

"I—I can not see her, sir," stammered Arthur.

"She is always with the Empress. Hey! I will have her here when you return."

It did not take five minutes to make the necessary preparations for departure, as Rody acted with lightning-like rapidity; and Arthur returned to Bergheim's apartments to find Alice Nugent in earnest conversation with the genial Baron.

"Hey! *you* here, Bodkin? I thought you were on the road ere this,"—he laughed. "Why! Hey! What's this? A lover's quarrel, hey?"

"Baron!"

"Baron!"

This word came simultaneously from the lips of both Alice and Arthur.

"Hey! you can not fool me. Five minutes, *caballero*, and *asta mañana*. What do you think of that, Alice? Hey!" And the gallant old worthy made his exit, nodding his head with a very roguish and knowing air.

For two or three seconds there was a dead silence.

"Was this meeting of *your* planning, Mr. Bodkin?" asked Alice, in so cold and measured a tone that every word fell on Arthur's hot heart like drops of frozen water.

"It was not," replied Arthur, bluntly and decisively.

"Indeed?"

"Miss Nugent," he exclaimed, "Baron Bergheim told me that you would be here, and—and—God knows how glad I was! That's all."

Her face, which had assumed a hard, set look, softened a little.

"Who is that person you dashed over from Orizaba to meet and bring back—alone?"

"I do not know."

"You do not know?"—her voice increasing in pitch at each word.

"I do not."

"You do not?"

"Miss Nugent, I repeat to you that I do not know who she is,—not even her name. I know absolutely nothing about her."

"Perhaps you will tell me that you did not leave Orizaba at all; that you did not ride like the wind; that you did not meet her in this city; that you did not accompany her to Orizaba."

"Every word that you say is perfectly true; but I again repeat that I do not know who she is, and that I did not speak a dozen words to her."

"This *is* diplomatic reticence with a vengeance. Outside of diplomacy, it has another name, and—"

"Stop!" almost thundered Arthur.

"Enough of this! You—*you* would accuse me of lying, and to *you*! The day will come, Alice Nugent, when you will render me justice; and till then I must refer you for further particulars to—Count Ludwig von Kalksburg." And, bowing low, and without casting so much as a parting glance at the pale, excited girl, Arthur Bodkin strode from the room.

Some hours of hard riding brought our hero and his retainer to the city of Mexico, which they entered at night. Having delivered his dispatches at the National Palace, where he was provided with quarters, he at once sallied forth in quest of his friend Harry Talbot, and experienced no difficulty in finding No. 5, Calle San Francisco. Entering a dark archway, Arthur

found himself in a *patio*, or quadrangle, with a gallery running round the four sides. In the centre was a bed of shrubs and sweet-scented flowers. Ascending a well-worn stone staircase, Arthur knocked at the first door to the left, and was invited in Spanish to enter.

The apartment in which he found himself was small, low-ceilinged, and dimly lighted. An oil-painting of Our Lady of Guadalupe and a portrait of the patriotic priest Hidalgo adorned the walls. The furniture was of carved oak, black as ebony from age, and dating from the time of Hernando Cortez. In a corner sat a man engaged in smoking a cigarette. He wore a *sombrero* with a brim about four inches wide, and a jacket of many buttons. This man did not remove his *sombrero*, and grunted something unintelligible in reply to Arthur's inquiry for Talbot.

Again Arthur returned to the charge.

"*Mañana! mañana!*" (To-morrow! to-morrow!)

"Confound your to-morrow!" answered Bodkin, in an angry tone. "It's nothing but *mañana* in this country."

"*Mañana! mañana!*" shouted the man.

"Oh, go to Hong-Kong!" instinctively burst from Arthur's lips.

"Go to Hong-Kong yourself, Arthur Bodkin of Ballyboden!" roared the man, flinging off his *sombrero* to reveal the well-known and thrice-welcome features of Harry Talbot, who wrung Arthur's hands again and again, crying: "*Viva el Mexico!*"

(To be continued.)

ALL creatures unite together, all help one another; the toil of each one benefits himself and all the world; the work has been apportioned among the different members of the whole of society by a tacit agreement. If in this apportionment errors are committed, if certain individuals have not been employed according to their capacities, these defects of detail diminish in the sublime conception of the whole.

—*Emile Souvestre.*

Lore of the Mass.

BY THE REV. T. J. BRENNAN, S. T. L.

(CONTINUED.)

MASS.—The word "Mass" comes from the Latin *missa*, another form of *missio* meaning "dismissal." In early times during the Holy Sacrifice there were two solemn dismissals: one of the catechumens after the Gospel; next, of the faithful at the end of the service. But in the course of time the word for dismissal came to signify the service itself. "We confess," says the Catechism of the Council of Trent, "that the Sacrifice of the Mass is one and the same sacrifice as that of the Cross; the Victim is one and the same, Christ Jesus, who offered Himself, once only, a bloody sacrifice on the altar of the Cross." Nearly all theologians are agreed that the essence of the Mass consists in the consecration of the bread and wine at the Elevation. Mass is always essentially the same; but, on account of accidental differences, we speak of different kinds of Masses.

(1) CATECHUMENS, MASS OF.—The name catechumens was given in the early Church to those who were being instructed preparatory to entering the Church. They occupied a special place in the church, and were dismissed after the sermon of the Mass. The part of the Mass at which they were present was called the Mass of the Catechumens.

(2) LOW MASS.—Mass said without music, deacon or subdeacon; the celebrant saying the Mass throughout, the server or acolyte making the responses on behalf of the people, and ministering to the priest.

(3) DEAD MASS.—(See Requiem Mass.)

(4) MASS OF THE PRESANCTIFIED.—Mass said with a consecrated Host reserved from a former Mass. It is not properly a Mass at all, but the Communion of the priest with a Host previously consecrated. Such is the Mass of Good Friday.

(5) "DRY MASS."—When neither Consecration nor Communion takes place, the Mass is called a Dry Mass; though it is not, strictly speaking, a Mass at all. It was in ancient times said at sea, on account of the difficulty of offering the ordinary Mass; also for the sick and prisoners who could not attend services in church.

(6) *MISSA CANTATA*.—A Mass sung, but without deacon and subdeacon, or the ceremonies proper to High Mass. In this country such a Mass is generally called a High Mass.

(7) *NUPTIAL MASS*.—A special votive Mass for a bride and bridegroom, containing special lessons and chants suitable to the Sacrament of Matrimony. It may not be celebrated from Advent Sunday till after the Octave of the Epiphany, nor from Ash-Wednesday till after Low Sunday.

(8) *REQUIEM MASS*.—A Mass said with appointed rite for the dead, and so called from the first word of the Introit. It is said in black vestments. Masses of this kind are prohibited on some of the greater feasts, the Church being unwilling that the festivity of these days should be diminished by the mourning inherent in the Commemoration of the Dead. If celebrated with deacon and subdeacon it is called Solemn Requiem. The psalm *Judica*, the *Gloria* and the *Credo* are omitted, as also the blessing at the end of the Mass.

(9) *SOLEMN HIGH MASS*.—Mass sung, with incense, music, deacon and subdeacon. If a bishop celebrates, this is called a Pontifical High Mass.

(10) *VOTIVE MASS*.—One which does not correspond with the Office of the day, but is said according to the choice (Latin, *votum*) of the priest.

MASTER OF CEREMONIES.—The priest or minister whose duty it is to superintend the ceremonies at a High Mass, or other solemn ecclesiastical function.

MEMENTO.—Two prayers in the Canon of the Mass,—the one before, the other after the Consecration. In the former, the

priest makes a special commemoration of the living; and in the latter, of the dead for whom he may wish to pray.

MISSA CANTATA.—(See Mass.)

MISSAL.—The book which contains the prayers said by the priest at the altar, as well as all that is officially read or sung in connection with the offering of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass throughout the ecclesiastical year. Also called Mass Book.

MUNDA COR MEUM.—A prayer said by the celebrant or deacon before the reading or singing of the Gospel at Mass. It runs as follows: "Cleanse my heart and my lips, O Almighty God, who didst cleanse the lips of the Prophet Isaias with a burning coal. Vouchsafe so to cleanse me, through Thy gracious mercy, that I may be able to proclaim Thy holy Gospel worthily. Through Christ, our Lord. Amen."

MUNDATORY.—(See Purifier.)

NICENE CREED.—(See Creed.)

NOBIS QUOQUE PECCATORIBUS ("Also to us sinners").—The first words of a prayer said before the *Pater Noster*, wherein the Church asks that we may receive a share in the eternal blessedness enjoyed by the Apostles and other saints mentioned.

NUPTIAL MASS.—(See Mass.)

OBLATION.—(See Offertory.)

OFFERTORY.—The prayer and ceremony by which the priest offers up the bread and wine taken for the consecration in the Mass. The Offertory is usually from the Psalms, and, like the Introit, bears on the feast of the day.

ORATE FRATRES.—A prayer said by the priest after the Offertory and *Lavabo*, bidding the people pray that the sacrifice offered by him and them may be acceptable to God. The answer made by the server (in the name of the people) is: "May the Lord receive this sacrifice from thy hands to the praise and glory of His name, for our benefit also, and for that of the Holy Church."

ORDINARY.—Those prayers of the Mass which always remain the same. The

variable parts are called the "Proper."

ORDO.—A book published annually containing all the feasts of the Church for each day in the year, with their rank and privileges in the ecclesiastical calendar.

OREMUS ("Let us pray").—An invitation prefixed to many prayers in the Mass, inviting the faithful to join in prayer, and implying that the Mass is an act of worship in which both priest and people take part.

ORIENTATION.—(See Altar.)

PALL.—A square stiffened piece of linen placed on the chalice at Mass. Originally it was not distinct from the corporal, part of the latter being so arranged that it could be easily drawn over the host and chalice. The upper side may be ornamented with embroidery, or painting in various colors; but the lower piece must be of plain white linen. It is blessed by a bishop, or by a priest who has faculties to do so.

PANGE LINGUA GLORIOSI.—The opening words of two hymns celebrating, respectively, the Passion and the Blessed Sacrament. One of them, attributed to St. Venantius Fortunatus, is sung during the Veneration of the Cross on Good Friday; the other, written by St. Thomas Aquinas for the Office of Corpus Christi, is sung in the procession on that feast and on Holy Thursday.

PARTICLES.—(See Altar Breads.)

PASCHAL CANDLE.—The large wax candle blessed before the Mass on Easter Saturday. The blessing is performed by a deacon, wearing a white dalmatic. A long Eucharistic prayer, called the *Exultet*, is chanted by him; and in the course of this chanting, the candle is first ornamented with five grains of incense, and then lighted with the newly blessed fire. From Holy Saturday until Ascension Day the Paschal Candle is left with its candlestick in the sanctuary, standing upon the Gospel side of the altar, and it is lighted during High Mass, and Solemn Vespers on Sundays. It is extinguished after the Gospel on Ascension Day, and is then removed.

The five grains of incense set crosswise in the candle recall the sacred wounds retained in Christ's glorified body; and the lighting of the candle with new fire, itself serves as a living image of the Resurrection.

PATEN.—The sacred plate of precious metal on which the host is placed at Mass. Like the bowl of the chalice, it must be of gold or silver, and it can not be used before it has been consecrated with chrism by a bishop. In ancient times it was much larger than now, for it was made to hold all the bread that was consecrated at Mass. Hence arose the custom of removing it from the altar and giving it to the subdeacon to hold from the Offertory till the Communion.

PATER NOSTER.—The first two words (Latin) of the Lord's Prayer. It occurs in the Mass shortly before the Communion, and in a High Mass is sung by the celebrant.

PAX.—(See Kiss of Peace.)

PAX DOMINI SIT SEMPER VOBISCUM ("May the peace of the Lord be always with you").—Said before the *Agnus Dei*; the response being, *Et cum spiritu tuo* ("And with thy spirit").

PER OMNIA SÆCULA SÆCULORUM ("For ever and ever").—The concluding words of many of the prayers said in the Mass.

PLAIN CHANT.—The Church music introduced or perfected by St. Gregory the Great, and still dominant in Christian worship in all Western lands. It is also called the Gregorian Chant.

PLUVIALE.—(See Cope.)

PORTABLE ALTAR.—(See Altar.)

POST COMMUNION.—A prayer, or prayers, varying with the day, and said after the priest has taken the ablutions. In a High Mass it is sung by the celebrant.

PREDELLA.—The highest step of the sanctuary, on which the altar stands.

PREFACE.—The solemn words of introduction to the Canon of the Mass, varying with the season. Its purport is to give praise to God for His mercies in the re-

demption of mankind; to call upon the angels to assist at our great sacrifice; and to put ourselves in communion with them in the songs of love and adoration which they continually present at the throne of God. In early times the number of Prefaces was very large. At present they are as follows: for the Nativity, the Epiphany, Lent, Passiontide, Easter, Ascension, Whitsunday, Trinity; for the Blessed Virgin, the Apostles, and a common Preface for days to which no other is assigned. The Preface is sung in High Mass by the celebrant, except the concluding portion, which is sung by the choir. This portion is known as the *Sanctus*, and is as follows: "Holy, holy, holy, Lord, God of Hosts! The heavens and the earth are filled with Thy glory. Hosanna in the highest. Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord. Hosanna in the highest." At the *Sanctus* the server rings the bell to give notice to the faithful that the Canon of the Mass is about to begin.

PRESANCTIFIED, MASS OF.—(See Mass.)

PRIEST.—Only bishops and priests are qualified to offer up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. This power the priest receives at Ordination. For the worthy celebration of the Mass, it is necessary that the celebrant be in the state of grace and fasting from midnight.

PRIVILEGED ALTAR.—(See Altar.)

PROPER.—(See Ordinary.)

PROSE.—(See Sequence.)

PURIFICATOR.—A linen cloth, marked with a cross, used for cleansing the chalice in the Mass. Also called mundatory. Its size is not prescribed by the rubrics, but it is usually twelve to eighteen inches long, and nine or ten inches wide. Before being given to a lay person to be washed or mended, it must first be washed, then rinsed twice by a person in sacred orders.

RELICS.—In the early ages of the Church the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was often offered on the tombs of the martyrs; hence arose the custom of enclosing a portion of their relics in the altar-stone. St. John, in

his vision of the heavenly sacrifice, says: "I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the word of God." (Apoc., vi, 9.) When the priest goes up to the altar at the beginning of the Mass, he kisses the place where the relics are enclosed.

REPOSE, ALTAR OF.—The altar where the Sacred Host, consecrated in the Mass of Holy Thursday, is reserved until the Mass of the Presanctified on the following day.

REQUIESCANT IN PACE ("May they rest in peace").—Said at the end of a Requiem Mass instead of *Ite, missa est*.

REREDOS.—(See Altar Screen.)

RESPONSORY.—(See Gradual.)

RETABLE.—(See Altar Screen.)

RUBRICS.—The rules and directions to be followed in Mass and other sacred services of the Liturgy. The word "rubric" is taken from the Roman law in which the titles, maxims, and principal decisions were written in red (Latin, *rubra*).

SACRISTY.—The structure adjoining the sanctuary where the clergy vest for Mass. Also called the vestry.

SACRIFICE.—An offering or oblation of some sensible thing, by a lawfully appointed minister, in order to acknowledge, by the destruction or, at least, the change effected in the offering, the majesty and sovereign power of God; to proclaim His absolute dominion over everything created, and to deprecate His wrath and seek His favor. Christianity knows but one sacrifice,—the sacrifice which was offered in a bloody manner on the Cross. But in order to apply to individual men in sacrificial form through a constant sacrifice, the merits of redemption definitely won by the sacrifice of the Cross, the Redeemer Himself instituted the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, to be an unbloody continuation and representation of the bloody sacrifice of Calvary.

SANCTUARY.—The space in the church reserved for the high altar and clergy.

SANCTUARY LAMP.—A lamp, fed with olive oil, which burns before the altar

where the Blessed Sacrament is preserved.

SANCTUS.—(See Preface.)

SECRET.—One or more prayers following the Offertory, and said by the priest in an undertone (hence the name "Secret"). The last clause, *Per omnia sæcula sæculorum*, is sung or said aloud by the celebrant. There may be several Secrets in a Mass, the extra ones being commemorations of some other saint or festival.

SEDILIA.—The seats in the sanctuary for the officiating priest and his ministers.

SEPULCHRE.—(See Altar Cavity.)

SEQUENCE.—A rhythm sometimes said between the Epistle and Gospel. Sequences were formerly very numerous, but at present only five remain: *Victimæ Paschali*, at Easter; *Veni, Sancte Spiritus*, at Pentecost; *Lauda, Sion*, at Corpus Christi; *Dies Iræ*, in Masses of the Dead; and *Stabat Mater* in two Masses of the Blessed Virgin. They are also called "Proses."

SERVER.—(See Acolyte.)

SIGN OF THE CROSS.—Several devotional acts are so named: (1) The large cross traced from forehead to breast and from shoulder to shoulder, while saying the words, "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen." This the priest does when he begins Mass at the foot of the altar. The same sign occurs frequently, with different words, throughout the Mass. (2) Another sign of the cross is that made in the air by bishops and priests when blessing objects of devotion. This is also done frequently during the Mass. (3) A third kind is made with the thumb,—that, for example, which the priest or deacon traces on the book of the Gospels and then upon his forehead, lips and breast at Mass.

SOUTANE.—(See Cassock.)

STABAT MATER DOLOROSA.—A sequence said in the Mass of the Seven Dolours of the Blessed Virgin. It celebrates the emotions of Our Lady at the foot of the Cross, and was written probably by Jacopone da Todi (d. 1306), an Italian Franciscan.

STIPEND.—A certain monetary offering which any one makes to a priest, who

accepts the obligation of celebrating a Mass in accordance with the intentions of the donor. It is sometimes called an "Intention." It is not, of course, a payment for the Mass, but a contribution to the proper support of the clergy.

STOLE.—A long band of precious cloth, of the same width as the maniple, but about three times its length. It is worn by the bishop hanging straight down in front, by the priest crossed on the breast, and by the deacon over the left shoulder only, and fastened at the right side. When putting on the stole the priest, kissing it, says: "Restore to me, O Lord! the stole of immortality which I lost through the transgression of my first parents; and, though I approach unworthily to celebrate Thy sacred mystery, may I merit nevertheless eternal joy." At the ordination of a deacon, the bishop places it on the left shoulder of the candidate, saying: "Receive from the hand of God the white garment, and fulfil thy duty; for God is mighty enough to give thee His grace in rich measure." At the ordination of a priest, the bishop draws the part of the stole that rests at the back of the candidate's neck forward over the breast, and lays the two ends crosswise, saying: "Receive the yoke of the Lord; for His yoke is sweet and His burden is light."

STONE.—(See Altar Stone.)

SUBDEACON.—A minister of the Church ranking next below the deacon. He prepares the sacred vessels and the bread and wine for Mass, pours the water into the chalice at the Offertory, and sings the Epistle. Subdeaconship is conferred when the bishop gives the empty chalice and paten to the candidate to be touched, saying: "See what kind of ministry is given you, etc." He also gives him the book of the Epistles to be touched, saying: "Take the book of the Epistles, and receive power to read them in the Holy Church of God for the living and the dead, in the name of the Lord." A subdeacon is bound to celibacy and to the recitation of the Divine Office. In a Solemn High Mass he is vested

like the deacon, except that he does not wear a stole.

SURPLICE.—The white linen garment which is worn, not by priests only, but also by the lowest minister who officiates at the celebration of divine service. It symbolizes the robe of innocence and purity purchased for the human race by our Divine Lord.

SURSUM CORDA ("Lift up your hearts").—Said by the priest at the beginning of the Preface. The answer is, *Habemus ad Dominum* ("We have lifted them up to the Lord").

SYMBOL.—A primitive name for the Creed.

TABERNACLE.—The small structure, in the center of the altar, in which the Holy Eucharist is reserved under lock and key. No matter what its material be, the interior must always be covered over with silk, and a clean corporal must lie under the vessel in which the Blessed Sacrament is enclosed. Relics and pictures are not to be displayed for veneration either on or before the Tabernacle. Neither is it permissible to place a vase of flowers in such a manner before the door of the Tabernacle as to conceal it.

TE IGITUR.—The opening word of the first prayer of the Canon.

THURIBLE.—(See Incense.)

THURIFER.—(See Incense.)

TRACT.—In all Masses from Septuagesima to Holy Saturday, and on weekdays in Advent, the Alleluia is omitted, and replaced by a portion of a psalm called the Tract, from being sung by the cantor above *tractim*,—that is, without break or interruption of other voices.

TRANSUBSTANTIATION.—This term the Church uses to express the doctrine that by the words of consecration the whole substance of the bread is changed into the body, and the whole substance of the wine into the blood of Jesus Christ.

VEIL.—(See Humeral Veil, Chalice Veil.)

VENI, SANCTE SPIRITUS ("Come, Holy Ghost").—A sequence for Pentecost, supposed to have been written in the eleventh

century by Blessed Hermanus Contractus.

VERE DIGNUM ET JUSTUM EST.—The first words of the Preface.

VESTMENTS.—During the lifetime of the Apostles and their immediate successors, the form of the sacred vestments hardly differed from those used in ordinary life. Vestments are always blessed by the bishop or priest before being worn at the altar. The vestments worn at Mass are the amice, alb, girdle, maniple, stole, and chasuble.

VESTRY.—(See Sacristy.)

VEXILLA REGIS PRODEUNT.—A hymn written in the sixth century by Venantius Fortunatus, and sung on Good Friday when the Blessed Sacrament is carried in procession from the Altar of Repose to the high altar.

VICTIMÆ PASCHAL.—A sequence sung at Easter; probably composed by Robert, King of the Franks, in the eleventh century.

VOTIVE MASS.—(See Mass.)

WASHING OF HANDS.—(See Lavabo.)

WATER.—A little water is added to the wine in the Mass, according to a very old tradition that water was mingled with the wine in the Eucharistic cup by Our Lord Himself. Symbolically, it is supposed to refer to the water which, with blood, issued from our Saviour's side after His death, as also to the human nature, united to the divine, in Christ.

WAX.—For mystical reasons, the Church prescribes that the candles used at Mass and at other liturgical functions be made of beeswax. The pure wax extracted by bees from flowers symbolizes the pure flesh of Christ received from His Virgin Mother; the wick signifies the soul of Christ, and the flame represents His Divinity. It is not, however, necessary that they be made of beeswax without any admixture.

WINE.—(See Altar Wine.)

(The End.)

It is a common remark that those men talk most who think least; just as frogs cease their quacking when a light is brought to the water-side.—*Richter.*

When.

BY LUCY GERTRUDE CLARKIN.

WHEN in your sleeping thoughts and in your waking

The lure of distant places comes to you,
While on a barren way your soul is making
A noble battle for the pure and true;

When hot rebellion sends you white and shaken,
With eager feet, to seek the fairer way,
And then, by heavenly impulse overtaken,
You've turned again to fight another day;

When you are tired of pain, and sick with longing,
And blinded by the tears you must not weep,
When o'er your heart old dreams, old hopes come thronging

Back from the years that you had deemed asleep;

When, with relentless patience, you have crushed them,

And made no useless moan for what has been;
When wild desires awaken, you have hushed them,

By God's own mercy, you have conquered—then.

The Way of a Maid.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

MY Gustav, my dear old Gustav, you can not imagine how happy I was during that week of furlough when we three were all together again as we used to be! And already it seems like a dream. Did I say "as we used to be?" Ah, no! For one of us, at least, had entered on a new, strange, sorrowful road—our poor Frederic!

O Gustav, I feel so old! These months of war have been so long, so cruel; and I am old—nearly twenty. And how could you have had the heart at this time to write such trivialities as: "You are so beautiful, Lena. Never have I seen you so charming as you are now?" Does any woman, German or French, whom this war has plunged into its most terrible anxieties, want, in these sad hours, atten-

tion and flattery? No, no! Why did you not realize this, Gustav? I am displeased with you that, after all our years of friendship and companionship, you know me so little. I do not want compliments now—and from you!

Always, always my mind goes back to those other days—of our childhood. How united we were—we three,—two boys and an odd little girl! Yes, I was odd,—I know it; otherwise I should not have preferred the society of two boys to that of girl friends. And you both must have been a little bit out of the ordinary to have cared so much for me. Well, our families were such close neighbors and sincere friends,—that accounts for some of it.

Do you remember the ambuscades we used to make, and the terrible onslaughts we had—playing Indian? Oh, how my soul used to thrill and my heart beat and my blood curdle at your savage cry of "Wah! Wah! Wah!" Frederic was not so fierce. He had compassion on my timidity now and then; but you, Gustav, never. And the day I fell into the pond! You can not have forgotten that; I am sure I never shall. You pulled me out; and we built a big fire to dry ourselves, so that we might not be scolded when we returned home. And Frederic warmed my feet in his hands, and you laughed because my hair, all out of curl, hung limp and dripping on my shoulders. Frederic dried that also, as well as he could, with our three handkerchiefs and the napkins in which we had carried our lunch.

And the day they cut down our old oak tree! Do you remember we all cried,—the boys of ten as well as the girl of six? And the day I beat Frederic with my fists because he brought me a beautiful butterfly which he had first transfixed to a tree with a pin! And that time when you climbed the big plum tree and shook down the hail on my face as I looked up at you! My, how angry I was! And how we used to skate on the ponds in winter, from morning till almost night! And then, in the late afternoons, in our great chimney-corner,

how you would both read to me, or tell me the most blood-curdling stories? You remember it all, Gustav?

Frederic was by far the sweetest and most gentle of the three; perhaps because he had lost his mother when he was so young. Yet—I don't know—I fancy he was born so. He did everything I told him to do, yet took such care of me. You, on the contrary, were very masterful: you gave us both orders and we did not question them. Yes, Gustav, you were sometimes rough in those days,—you will acknowledge it. And you must confess that I was most docile, and that I loved you dearly.

And then came the time when you both declared that when we grew up I must marry you. Even at that early age I comprehended I could not be the wife of Gustav and Frederic at the same time. So I said to each of you, "Yes, yes, of course!" And that seemed to satisfy you. Once I remember, when Frederic urged me to give a final answer, you said, carelessly, "We will attend to that later." And so it went on; both of you away at college and I at the convent; but always during the vacations great friends as ever. Yet with a difference. I began to understand it,—to realize that you both loved me in a new fashion. And I—O Gustav, I—did not know *what* to do.

And at last came the terrible news of the war! And you went, side by side, with your regiment, to the front. And I had not been able to say good-bye! Ah, how much I suffered you will never know! And then—and then—Frederic shot and cruelly wounded,—but for you, no doubt trampled upon and crushed to death! But you took him on your shoulders and carried him to safety. Then leaving him to the care of others, you went back to the fight. Ah, yes, he told me all about it!

During your leave, I am sure that, in spite of all the sad circumstances, we were happier than we had ever been in our lives. We can realize things; we are older; we have been tried. We were

almost surprised, and certainly thankful to God that we had been permitted once more to be together. How joyfully Frederic took your hand and yet how sadly, as he said under his bandaged eyes: "Dear Gustav, when shall I be able to see your face again?"

It was delightful, that visit, till the end, when you told me the doctor had said that Frederic would never again see your face—or mine. And how we tried to keep it from him!

Alas, alas, I can write no more to-day!

LENA.

O you strange, selfish, kind, boyish, unreasonable Gustav! Why did you write me another such letter? Wanted me to promise myself to you now—when—when—Gustav, you were not wont to be jealous. What has come over you? I should not think that in such dreadful times as these you would even *think* of love—or jealousy. And jealous of Frederic, your dearest and oldest friend! Yes, it is true that I seldom leave him, except to go home to sleep. But, Gustav, would I not do the same for you if you were in his place?

O Gustav, how hurt he would feel could he have known the contents of that last letter! I read parts of it to him, of course; but when I hesitated, skipping others, he would say, "You are concealing something, Lena. Has anything happened? Has Gustav been wounded?" And then I was obliged to tell a lie, saying, "No, Frederic: everything is right with Gustav,—only his writing is so queer and scrawly! Probably he was using a drumhead for a desk." And then he laughed aloud and said, "O you dear little Lena, don't you know that there are no drumheads there, in the trenches where Gustav is? Did you think the bands went about playing, so that the enemy would know just where to catch us?" It teased me a little, I confess; but I was so glad to see the poor fellow so merry that I did not mind it at all.

It is pitiful to hear him speak of the

future, when he can return to the front, where you will again be together as before. He has not the slightest idea of his real condition, and who can tell him? No one, yet. He will have to realize it by degrees, and as the sad truth comes to him gradually with returning strength, he will be better able to bear it. We are all living from day to day. So, Gustav, do not bother your head with foolish thoughts, but let us both serve our friend as best we can,—I, by the ministrations I am so glad to give; you, by your devotion to him, and to me, as *friends*. Do you understand? Do not soil your heart with jealous and unjust suspicions; do not vex me again by referring to engagement or marriage. Why, Gustav, I can not reconcile those thoughts and ideas with what I know of you.

Yesterday I broke off this letter to read your last—just as unreasonable, just as foolish as the other. It seems to me your devotion is straying a little from your duties, and your country, to be able to pen such a rodomontade as that. And not a word of Frederic in the whole letter! I have not told him that it came yesterday; there was nothing in it for him. You are going to alienate my friendship if you continue to go on in that way, Gustav. The more you rave and say ridiculous things, the nearer I draw to Frederic, who is so unsuspecting and so helpless, and who has for his little Lena the real, true love of a brother. It is so restful to be necessary to him; so sweet to wait upon him, to read to him, to walk slowly through the garden with him, morning and evening. And it is worse than disagreeable to be obliged to quarrel with a strong, healthy, grumbling soldier, who chooses a most extraordinary time for his selfish, unmanly wooing. Yes, Gustav, it is both selfish and unmanly,—take it as you will!

* Frederic is calling me. I must go.

LENA.

P. S.—I open this to say that I did not mean to be quite so harsh. You and Frederic are not to be judged by the same

standard. He is calm, sweet, reasonable; you, fiery, fierce, and masterful. But Gustav, I know you have a warm, tender heart. And so I hope has—

* * *

Well, Gustav, the doctors have told him, and he is resigned now. For twenty-four hours he had a bad fight. But he has come through it bravely, like himself—our dear, patient Frederic! When he is a little better, he will go to a school where they teach the blind to read, and perhaps learn some occupation for which he may show an aptitude; although he will never need to work for his living. But neither could he bear to be idle. Mamma has asked him to come to us for a while, and he has consented. The nurse has not yet left him; the doctors think it best that he should remain some days longer. I do not know whether there is anything else the matter with him; but they consult together a great deal, and look grave, and shake their wise heads. And he is thinner, eating very little, and daily growing paler. Mamma thinks he will improve after he has recovered from this last shock. I do hope so.

Yes, I love him, Gustav. Don't you know that already? He is my dear brother, like yourself. He needs me now, and every day of my life shall be devoted to him. Marriage is not for me,—I know it. And as to marrying Frederic, do you think for one moment he would ask me—now? Not if he loved me a thousand times better than you do. Frederic would never demand such a sacrifice from a woman. That is what it is called; but it would not be a sacrifice if one loved as I could love. But Frederic's noble heart would never dream of it.

Console yourself, Gustav. And you will soon, perhaps; for there is an old saying, "Hot love soon cools." Believe it. And when you are the proud and adoring husband of some maiden who is awaiting you somewhere in this dear Fatherland, you will wonder how you confounded your

feeling for the little Vestal, as I shall be then, with the real, genuine passion.

This morning we were talking, Frederic and I, of "old times in Arcady." And with him every other word was "Gustav," "old Gustav," "our Gustav." Doesn't it make you ashamed? But no,—I should not have said it. Your letter to him, received yesterday, left nothing to be desired. And then Frederic told me a little incident which touched me very deeply. He said:

"One day in spring, when our regiment had captured, inch by inch, the village of B——, suddenly, at the end of a mass of ruins piled up high in front of us, we came to a broken wall, and there before our eyes was an old garden, and we found ourselves face to face with the wonderful miracle of lilacs all a-bloom. I can smell that perfume still; I shall remember it till I die. It was so sweet, so delicate, so unexpected, so fraught with memories of home, that one young fellow threw himself at full length upon the grass and wept aloud. But the rest of us—after having admired and inhaled the fragrance of the flowers which surrounded us like a benediction from God; in spite of all the horrors we had just witnessed, of all the blood we had shed—felt within us the desire to cry out to them, 'Welcome, welcome, blossoms of God, so fragrant, fresh and beautiful!' We gathered the delicate sprays, so dazzlingly white, so deliciously purple, and piled them up into huge bouquets. We returned to our companions, laden with luxurious blossoms. And Gustav said to me: 'Ah, Frederic, these lilacs are so wonderful, so beautiful, such a gift of God to us, that we might dare offer them, even with our bloody hands, if she were here, to our darling Lena!'" Thank you, Gustav!

* * *

MY GUSTAV:—It was the last time that Frederic spoke to me of the war,—the very last time. That was three weeks ago, and since I sent you the sad telegram I have not been able to write. After it was

over I collapsed. Mamma said my nerves were all unstrung. And what wonder? It was so sudden, so unexpected! But I am much better now. I feel that I can collect my thoughts and tell you all that for which you must have been waiting with an anxious heart.

We were sitting together in the arbor. I had been reading aloud; and Frederic, with his head resting against the pillow of the *chaise-longue*, had been attentively listening, as I knew by the appreciative or critical remarks he made from time to time.

Suddenly he sat erect, made a sound as though he were choking, and the blood flowed from his lips. I put my handkerchief to his mouth, and beckoned frantically to the gardener who was just passing. Assistance came almost immediately. They bore him to the house. After every one had gone, I fell in a faint to the floor, where they found me some moments later. By that time I had recovered, and then I was sent to bed at once; though, as I told mamma, I felt perfectly well. I saw him next day, but only for a few moments. He seemed to improve, but looked weak,—very weak. Another hemorrhage occurred that night; and in the morning, not saying a word to mamma (who would have forbidden it as dangerous), I went down to the village and brought up Father Paul. I left him at Frederic's door, knowing that he would do all that was necessary, without excitement or fuss.

I lingered in the passage, and when the priest came out he said:

"Frederic is all right, my child,—ready for the road which he must travel very soon."

"How soon, Father?" I asked.

"Perhaps to-day. Almost certainly to-morrow. At two I am coming to give him Holy Viaticum and anoint him."

I went to mamma then. She scolded me a little, but presently acknowledged that she felt relieved. She had thought it might be necessary, but had not the courage to summon the priest.

At midday Frederic asked for me, and I went in. He smiled, stretched out his hand, and held mine as I sat down beside him. He was lying on a low couch, near the window.

"My brave little girl, my good little Lena!" he murmured. "Faithful to the very end! Do not cry!"

But I could not help it, and he let the tears have their way until I had conquered myself a little. Then he went on:

"This may be my last chance. I must tell you something you were never to have known."

"What can it be?" I questioned.

"That I love you,—that I have loved you for years, my Lena, as a man loves only the woman whom he longs to call his wife. But I never should have told you, had it not been for this."

He paused a moment, fatigued with the effort of speaking; and I said:

"Do not talk any more, Frederic. What does it matter—now?"

"Yes, only a few words more," he replied. "I would not have told you, because I knew that our dear Gustav loved you also, in his deep, strong way, and believed that your regard for us was so impartial that you might give yourself to him who would first ask you, and I resolved he should have the chance. Would you believe it, Lena? It so occupied my mind that I have pictured to myself your home and his; knowing I should be welcome there, perhaps even sharing it, with your friendship and his to compensate for other things, and your children about my knees. Yes, I have sometimes done that, Lena. But—"

I knelt beside the bed and wept, oh, how I wept! I kissed his dear hand again and again. And then he asked me a question, and I answered—

At two o'clock the priest came. Frederic was ready, and after a few moments mamma and I went in. He received the Holy Viaticum and also Extreme Unction. There were no tears, no break-down: God gave us all strength. It was so beautiful

to hear him respond to the prayers, and to see him smile as he said "Thank you, Father!" when it was over.

After Father Paul had gone, mamma and I lingered at the bedside, praying. He lay with closed eyes, his hands clasped outside the coverlet. Once he opened them and smiled. I think he was glad to have us there.

The nurse came at last and touched mamma on the shoulder.

"I think he will sleep now," he said.

We arose and went out. But hardly had we reached the door of mamma's room when Michel came hurriedly behind us:

"He is gone!"

Three weeks, and it seems so long! There have been dreadful battles since then. And perhaps even now, to-day, this moment, you are—no, I can not think it! I shall see you again.

My Gustav, can you guess the question Frederic whispered in my ear that day? It was, "Do you love my Gustav, Lena? He is worthy of you." And I answered—

Come, Gustav,—come as soon as you can, to claim me! Next to being your wife, the happiest thing in the world would be that I might call myself your widow. A horrible thing to say, some people would think; but not you,—not you! Come, for I love you. Gustav, *you are the one I have always loved.*

LENA.

FOR the sake of Jesus we must learn to increase in our love of Mary. It must be a devotion growing in us like a grace, strengthening like a habit of virtue, and waxing more and more fervent and tender until the hour when she shall come to help us to die well, and to pass safely through the risk of doom. . . . I repeat, it must grow like a virtue, and strengthen like a habit, or it is worth nothing at all. Love of Mary is but another form, and a divinely appointed one, of love of Jesus; and therefore if love of Him must grow, so also must love of her.—*Father Faber.*

An Irish Monastery and Its Martyr.

BY WILLIAM D. KELLY.

IN the opening year of the fourth decade of the fifteenth century, complying with the repeated request of Nehemias O'Donoghue, who was then Provincial of the Franciscans in the Irish County of Mayo, Edmund MacWilliam Bourke, the chief of the sept MacWilliam, founded at Moyne, in the barony of Tyrawley, and in the parish of Killala, and almost on the very brink of the historic River Moy, a convent of the Observantine friars, of which establishment the Provincial became the first superior. The reason of this foundation was the refusal of the inmates of the neighboring monastery of Rosserick to accept the Observantine rule; in consequence of which refusal their house, dating from the year 1400, was placed under a temporary interdict and finally abandoned.

The original intention in founding this Moyne Abbey was to build it at a place called Rappagh; but before MacWilliam was ready to put his plans into execution, according to a local tradition, a dove, whose singular movements attracted his attention, led him, as he followed its flight, to Moyne; where the bird traced the site of the abbey with its wings on the dewy grass that grew beside the river.

The Moyne Abbey, whose site was thus singularly designated, soon became one of the most celebrated Observantine monasteries in the West of Ireland. During the first century of its existence as many as five Provincial chapters of the Order were held within its walls. Among its inmates it counted representatives of many of the leading families in North Connaught; and a bell which subsequently hung in its tower, and which in the days of despoliation sold for £700, was presented to the Abbey by the Queen of Spain, in memory of a Spanish prince, who having forsaken the court to enter the cloister, fell ill and died while attending

one of the early chapters held at Moyne, where he was buried.

The monastery must have been stately and imposing; for sixty years ago an ecclesiastical writer thus described it as it then appeared, despite the ravages of time and the vandalism of its later owners:

“The Abbey is still almost perfect, except the roof and some buildings on the north side, which were taken down about 1750, by the then proprietor, named Knox, to furnish material for a dwelling-house. The church is 135 feet long by 20 broad toward the east; from the west door to the tower the breadth varies from 40 to 50 feet; on the broadest space is a gable with a pointed stone window of fine workmanship. At the eastern wall of this portion of the building were two altars, having a *piscina* to each; between the altars there is an arched recess, which would seem to have been a place of safety for the sacred utensils of the altars. Entering the west door—which was mutilated in 1798 by some Hessian defenders of the British throne,—a lateral aisle opens to the view the beautiful eastern window through the arch of the tower. On the right of the aisle is a range of arches corresponding with the height of that of the tower, all in hewn stone; the arches, which are hexagonal and turned on consoles, support the tower, which is nearly in the centre of the church, and about 100 feet in height. The ascent to the summit of the tower is by a helix of 101 steps, and well repays him who mounts it, as the scenery around is of unsurpassable beauty. The monastic buildings, however, are fast tottering to destruction. In the centre of these buildings is a square, or arcade, built on plain pillars in couplets. The tower and church are in perfect preservation.”

To this Abbey at Moyne, in the earlier years of its existence, came as a novice a scion of the powerful northern branch of the Hy Fiachra family, the O'Dowdas, which gave the sees of Connaught a number of prelates eminent for their piety and

erudition. One of those prelates, Bishop William O'Dowda, who presided over the diocese of Killala from 1347 until 1350, and became famous as the founder of churches and sanctuaries, built "the beautiful Abbey of St. Mary," as the annals of the Four Masters call it, at Ballina-glasse; and St. Colgan, St. Aidus and St. Faila were all descendants of one branch or another of the Hy Fiachra.

Friar John O'Dowda, the Observantine of Moyne Abbey, after his novitiate and ordination, remained attached to that monastery until the penal laws compelled its inmates to leave their cloister and seek shelter and safety wherever they might. In 1579, during the terrible persecution of the Connaught Catholics instituted by Sir William Drury (the English deputy by whose order Bishop O'Healey was brutally murdered the preceding year), Friar O'Dowda was caught by the priest-hunters while engaged in hearing confessions in one of the remote mountainous regions of Mayo, and led back to the Abbey. There his captors offered him his freedom and promised him abundant rewards on the condition that he would disclose the secrets he had learned in the confessional, which, they imagined, would afford them certain information which they were extremely eager to possess. Like another Nepomucene, the Irish friar indignantly scorned the offer; and his refusal of it so angered his captors that they bound his temples with the cord of his habit, and then, by the employment of one of their instruments of torture, twisted the ligature so tightly that his eyes burst from their sockets. His death soon followed.

Sixteen years to the month after the martyrdom of Friar O'Dowda, who passed to the eternal reward of his faith June 9, 1579, Moyne Abbey and its possessions, including an orchard and four acres of pasture lands, with all the tithes and appurtenances belonging thereto, were, for an annual rental of five shillings, awarded to Edmund Barrett, who, in the expressive Irish phrase, speedily went

to destruction. The next possessors, the Lindsays, began the demolition of the Abbey by blowing the roofs off the building with gunpowder, and selling the bell aforementioned, which the Queen of Spain had presented to the friars. Nemesis overtook them also; and it was often said, before the total disappearance of the family from the barony, that a Lindsay could not set foot on the friars' lands without meeting with misfortune. So many evils befell the third owners, the Knoxes, that the last inheritor of that family became a Catholic in the hope of escaping punishment, and at his death was buried in the arcade that stood in the middle of the monastery. The next proprietor became a madman, and had to be confined in a Dublin asylum; so that as Wenceslaus of Bohemia, after his infamous murder of St. John Nepomucene, learned to his sorrow that there was a God in Israel, it would appear that Heaven avenged the death of John O'Dowda by visiting its punishment on many of the individuals who ventured to assume sacrilegious possession of the shrine where the humble Irish friar fearlessly met his fate, and merited the reward of martyrdom.

If I were Only Rich!

THERE was once a poor man who often said to himself and others, "If I were only rich, I would show people how to give." In a dream one night he saw a pyramid of bright new silver dollars, and a voice reached him, saying: "Now is your time! You are rich at last; now show your generosity!" So he went to the pile to take some money for charitable purposes. But the pyramid was so perfect that he could not bear to break it; he walked all around it, but found no place where he could remove a dollar without spoiling the heap. So he decided that the pyramid should remain unbroken. And just then the dream ended. He awoke to know himself, and to see that he would be generous only while comparatively poor.

His Patrons.

A CELEBRATED Dutch physician, who had practised in London for many years, was crossing Grosvenor Square one day, when his attention was attracted by a crowd surrounding a medicine vender who was selling his wares in great quantities. The man occupied a splendid carriage drawn by four horses, and was attended by richly garbed assistants. Much interested, the physician approached closely, gave his name and address, and invited the charlatan to call at his home next morning for an interview.

The man appeared at the appointed time.

"Sir," began the physician, "I heard you declare yesterday that you had remedies for all sorts of ailments. Have you any for curiosity? Looking at you closely, I thought I recognized you, but I can not recall where we have met."

"I can satisfy you on that score," was the reply. "I served at Lady Waller's for several years, and I often saw you among her guests. I was her head lackey."

"You excite my curiosity more and more. How has it been possible for a knowledge acquired in a few years to bring remuneration enough to enable you to live in such a splendid fashion, when, after forty years of constant application to my practice, I can barely keep up my modest household?"

"Before replying to you, sir, permit me to ask you a few questions," answered the charlatan.

"Very well. Proceed."

"You live on one of the most frequented streets of the city. How many persons do you think pass here in a day?"

"Perhaps ten thousand."

"Now, how many of those ten thousand do you think are people of good sense?"

"You embarrass me, but probably one hundred are the kind you refer to."

"Well, sir, you have yourself answered the question you asked me. The hundred sensible people are your patrons. The ninety-nine hundred others are mine."

Two Fallacies of the Season.

LENT is pre-eminently the penitential season of the ecclesiastical year. Its keynote, despite all the dispensations accorded by Church authorities, still continues to be self-denial, abnegation, sacrifice; and unless this controlling thought dominates our mental life and is evidenced in our external actions throughout the forty days that commemorate the Holy Fast of Our Lord, we are illogical rather than consistent Christians, nominal rather than practical Catholics.

Persons who are inconsistent usually have recourse to false reasoning of one kind or another to excuse their inconsistency,—to "save their face," as the colloquial phrase has it; and there are two fallacies in particular which are very much in evidence in Catholic circles during Lent. One of them has to do with external penances. There are few subjects connected with the spiritual side of life, or growth in holiness, about which men indulge in so much sophistical argument as about exterior mortification. If, as Shakespeare says, "the devil hath power to assume a pleasing shape," never perhaps does he exert that power so effectively as when he is persuading the comfort-loving, sensual, natural man that mortification of the senses is akin to folly, that fasting is suicidal, and that harsh penances inflicted on the body are merely the fanatical excesses of perverted piety.

No sane expounder of the spiritual life denies that moderation in all things is a virtue, or that mortification may be, and occasionally *is*, carried to excess; but it will hardly be asserted by any man of sense that voluntary suffering, or self-denial as to bodily comforts, is so common in our day and generation that the average Christian needs to be warned against it. In point of fact, the spirit of the present age is so prevaillingly easy-going, not to say luxury-loving, that by far the great majority of us practise no mortification whatever. We are particularly

fond of insisting on *interior* sorrow for sin, of uttering such claptrap as, "Eat your three meals a day, and fast from backbiting and slander, from lying and profanity." We give exaggerated emphasis to the text, "Rend your hearts and not your garments"; and apparently forget St. Paul's statement: "They that are Christ's have crucified their flesh with its vices and concupiscences." We need, in a word, to reflect on this wise saying of St. Vincent de Paul: "Whoever makes little account of exterior mortifications, alleging that the interior are more perfect, shows clearly that he is not mortified at all, either exteriorly or interiorly."

A second Lenten fallacy has to do with health. An astonishingly large number of Catholics—hardy, vigorous individuals, the very reverse of delicate—discover about this season of the year that they are not nearly so robust as they seem to be. Fasting, they declare, is really quite impracticable for them because their health would suffer materially, and they would be unable to perform their allotted work, their necessary duties. Now, in very many cases, that is a pure fallacy. A good many persons, of course, *are* unable to fast. Perhaps one in fifty of those who allege their physical weakness as a reason for non-compliance with the laws of the Church is justified in so doing. Such exceptions being made, it is tolerably certain that the health of the other forty-nine would, instead of being injured, be positively benefited by the regular fasting and abstinence which the Church prescribes.

If there is one statement as to which all medical authorities of prestige are in agreement, it is that men and women all eat too much. The recent researches of Professor Chittendon, of Yale, on the physiological economy of nutrition, proves this conclusively. On the specific question of the Lenten fast, the *London Lancet*, the most authoritative medical journal published in English, has this to say: "The Lenten season gives the creature

of more or less selfish or bad habits an excellent opportunity of relinquishing those habits for, at any rate, a certain period; and he may, and probably will, receive a salutary and moral lesson which may induce him to lead a better and physiologically happier life. He may be poisoning himself, for example, by overindulgence in tobacco, alcohol, or *even food*; and he may find that as a result of his determination to give up these excesses for a season, his mental and bodily activities are improved, his health is altogether better, and so he is constrained to go on with the 'godly, righteous, and sober life.'"

American physicians are thoroughly in accord on this point with their London confrères. Speaking of New York's half million men and women "who adhere to the strictest rules of the Lenten observance," the *N. Y. Sun* stated a few years ago: "Eminent doctors declare that the forty days of fasting as practised here are of inestimable value to the health of the community that observe them." It is a commonplace to say of a confirmed toper, a habitual imbiber of intoxicating liquor, that he is "drinking himself to death." Now, the more one learns of the effects, direct and indirect, of immoderate indulgence in food, the more convinced one becomes that, for every man who is in our day "drinking himself to death," there are at least a dozen who are just as truly *eating* themselves to death.

It is entirely pertinent to add that the discomfort experienced for the first few days of one's fasting is not at all a sufficient reason for discontinuing the fast. A week or ten days, at least, should be allowed for the stomach to become habituated to the changed régime before one decides that fasting is really injurious to one's health or beyond one's capability. The athlete who goes into training, or the lady of fashion who begins a war against obesity, willingly undergoes such discomfort; and it is a poor Catholic who will not do as much for his soul as do these for their bodies.

Notes and Remarks.

Although pessimists among us will have it that belief in a hereafter is perishing, there is abundant evidence that the question of the possibility of individual survival of bodily death, as the spiritists express it, is becoming more and more acute, doubtless as a result of the terrible war which spreads mourning everywhere. The output of spiritistic literature has vastly increased during the past two years; and the tendency to consult and to believe table-turners, crystal-gazers, "trance"-messengers or "automatic"-writers has been enormously stimulated and developed. A well-known spiritist, in an article appearing in one of the leading English reviews, tells "how to obtain personal experience," assuring his readers that patient investigation along the lines suggested by him "seldom fails to yield good results." The faithful have repeatedly been warned against the sin and danger of necromancy; and a timely little book has just been published, under Catholic auspices, in England, as an antidote against the worse than foolish mania to learn hidden things and to peer into the future, which spiritism is spreading.

That the best refutation of the ridiculous and monstrous charges brought against the Church and her adherents by the fanatical anti-Catholic journals of this country is the normal upright, law-abiding, and patriotic life of actual Catholics, is not only antecedently probable but demonstrably true. Bigotry is most blatant where the Church is most scantily represented. The average American is too shrewd to allow his everyday experience of Catholic neighbors to be set at naught by the vague and general charges of wild-eyed preachers, or lay evangelists who are consulting the interests of their pockets. The *Star* of Ocala, Florida, recognizes this fact, as is clear from a recent editorial in which it said: "The *Star* would fight the

Roman Catholic menace as strenuously as anybody if there was any such menace, but there is not and never has been in this country. It is a significant fact that agitation against the Catholics in this State is strongest in those districts where there are no Catholic churches and few, if any, Catholics, and where the people have had no information about Catholics except what they get from the *Menace* and papers of its stripe."

Ignorance—the crassest possible kind of ignorance,—rather than downright malevolence, is the explanation of the opposition of the rank and file of anti-Catholic bigots; but their leaders can scarcely be found guiltless of deliberate falsification and calumny.

Although the absurdity of such dispatches from Rome as the following has repeatedly been pointed out, they continue to appear even in reputable newspapers:

The Pope has warned the Kaiser and the Emperor of Austria-Hungary that the decision to resort to submarine frightfulness . . . would justify reprisals by the Allies, and a demand for the disintegration of Germany and Austria after the war.

The same issue of the paper in which this dispatch appeared had the editorial remark that "an open mind and a closed mouth are the distinguishing marks of intellectual sobriety in these days." Lively imaginations, ears open to all sorts of rumors and reports, eagerness to give them all the publicity possible, and utter indifference to correction of mischievous gossip, are characteristics of foreign correspondents generally, and of Rome correspondents in particular. Intellectual sobriety would be too much to expect of them—nor is it expected. The public gets what gives most satisfaction.

A court decision which has robbed the "Catholic child-caring institutions" of Chicago of any pecuniary aid from the county or city, on the grounds that they were under the control of the Catholic Church and therefore constitutionally in-

eligible to receive State aid, has inspired the Archbishop of Chicago to such a moving appeal for these institutions as it has rarely been our fortune to peruse. It is an appeal to the Catholics of his great archdiocese not to desert these charities, but rather to make up by their generosity for the withdrawal of State aid. A voice like that which was raised in Milan three hundred years ago is heard here:

"No, my dear, faithful Catholic people, the Archbishop is not going to desert the orphan children: he will not abandon them to the cold, soulless care of the State: he will take the place of father and mother to them until they grow old enough to take care of themselves. Even if the great State of Illinois and the rich city of Chicago do not contribute a penny towards their support, he will manage somehow. If need be, he will beg from door to door for them; for their young souls are on his conscience, and for each of them he must one day answer at the judgment seat."

Our extract is from the official circular. We can not conceive of such an appeal's being made in vain.

In this time of blurred issues, when equivocal rhetoric is the first resort of men who feel they must speak, yet do not know what they should say, because they do not think or act from principle, there is all the force and freshness of a trumpet note in the recent utterance of Archbishop Ireland, urging Catholics to give the most loyal support to their country and their President in the great trial which as Americans we face. "That the crisis we now witness may go no further, we hope and pray," said his Grace. "We covet no holocaust of human lives: we fain would repel the advancing shades of war. But if the worse does come, if the leader of the nation decides that it must come, then are we ready for every sacrifice. . . . I speak in a particular manner to Catholics and on behalf of Catholics. With them patriotism is the dictate of religion: it

is 'for conscience' sake.' Because they are Catholics, first, and foremost must they be in patriotism; and first and foremost are they in the message now flashing from every State of the Union to the President of the United States, saying, 'We are with you to-day, we will be with you to-morrow.'

"Here and there in America, in darksome corners, some few have dared to say that Catholics are not loyal to America, that America can not afford to give itself in trust to them. The calumny has been again and again put to shame by the quick and ready sacrifices made by Catholics upon the altar of America. . . . Well it is for the nation that Catholics are the millions among her sons; well it will be for the nation if all Americans be as loyal as those are who repeat daily in prayer, 'I believe in the Holy Catholic Church.'"

We have yet to read a pronouncement like this from the camps of the "Guardians" officially constituted to save our country—when it is in no peril.

For the nobility and the Catholic body, of England in particular, the 11th inst. was marked by the death of the Duke of Norfolk, who passed away after a day's illness. The family of which he was so honorable a member has stood at the head of the English peerage for many centuries, and has held the dukedom of Norfolk since the beginning of the fifteenth century. Born in 1847, the deceased had worn his title for a longer period than has fallen to the lot of any other English Duke outside the Royal Family. As a Catholic, he was noted for his strong faith, solid piety, and steadfast zeal. Cardinal Manning said of him many years ago: "If there is any man in England who has acquired by the most just titles the affection and respect of every Catholic, that man is the Duke of Norfolk. I hardly know of any man of whom I can say with more confidence that he has a perfect rectitude of mind and life." There is no exaggeration in saying that these words of the great

Cardinal became truer with each succeeding year. Even those who were most opposed to the Duke politically admired him for his unassuming disposition and the integrity of his character. Noble by birth, he was still more so by the profession and practice of his faith. In his example he has left his English coreligionists a precious legacy that will endure as long as the material benefactions for which he so well deserves their grateful prayers. May he rest in peace!

The substitution, in the home, of electricity for the wood, coal, or gas stove that used to serve all the purposes for which fire was needed is not, apparently, without its dangers. "Because of their convenience, small electric devices, such as pressing irons, curling irons, toasters, electric pads or blankets, electric plate warmers, and electric sterilizers or heaters, are now to be found in almost every community. If these were used with proper care, the danger would be negligible; but, unfortunately, a proportion of their users do not realize the peril of leaving them in circuit when not in use. In such cases these devices tend to become overheated, whereupon they are likely to set fire to anything combustible with which they are in contact."

As a matter of fact, the Actuarial Bureau of the National Board of Fire Underwriters has noted about one hundred fires in one day from this very cause, and estimates that these small electrical devices are the occasion of 30,000 or more fires a year. Eternal vigilance is the price, not only of liberty, but of safety from the fire fiend; and the housewife who uses these devices should never fail to shut off the electric current as soon as her purpose has been served.

As an offset to the constructive libels so frequently launched against the Church by the half dozen misrepresentative American papers whose trade is to vilify Catholicism, such a paragraph as the following

from an editorial in a recent issue of the *Washington Times* is distinctly refreshing:

It has been one of the sources of the Catholic Church's power that it has been a leader in practical good works. Its communicants have been trained in a firm belief that the deed makes the word fruitful. They maintain great agencies of mercy, aid and betterment for unfortunates; and their great system of parochial schools, sustained by a community which is also called upon to contribute to the maintenance of the public school system, is the most substantial testimony to their patriotism and devotion to their own high ideals. Catholic hospitals, asylums, homes for unfortunates, are everywhere models of efficiency and service. The constant effort to extend and improve their usefulness is one of the most important agencies for the progress and improvement of the whole nation.

The *Times* evidently does not put much credence in the reports circulated by the famous investigators of New York's Catholic charitable institutions.

"Generalizations," as Lowell remarks in one of the chapters of "My Study Windows," "are apt to be as dangerous as they are tempting." Not the least dangerous of them are those which affirm an exceptional individual of a class to be, not an exception, but a type of that class. It is a common enough practice in everyday life, as when, for instance, the dishonesty or dissoluteness of a particular Catholic is cited as conclusive proof that all Catholics, or at least the majority of them, are dissolute and dishonest. Writing in *America*, Blanche Mary Kelly, associate of the editorial staff of the "Catholic Encyclopedia," apparently thinks that this arguing from particulars to generals is doing injustice to our convent schools; and she asserts in their favor: "I have had unusual opportunities for observing the graduates of many convents who, at close grips with life, disclosed under trying circumstances their convent-bred Catholic womanhood, and proved the worth of their convent-trained brains. I have had opportunities for comparing them with the graduates of secular colleges and special schools, and in almost every instance the convent girls have been more

alert, their knowledge more varied and deeply grounded, and the superiority of their work has demonstrated the value of a trained conscience and an ingrained sense of responsibility."

Our own observation quite tallies with the foregoing. Frivolous and flippant convent graduates there are, no doubt; but the average convent graduate whom we have met is far from being either frivolous or flippant.

A warning to the parents of boys in public schools issued by the Headmasters' Conference in England should be heeded everywhere. Safeguarding young persons from the infection of evil books and spectacles has become an urgent necessity:

We desire to call the attention of parents of public school-boys to the serious risk to which their sons may be exposed if they witness plays or read books and magazines which verge upon indecency. We venture to do so because we have special opportunities of observing the actual effect upon boys and young men of suggestions so conveyed, to which we feel bound to bear witness. We have from time to time unquestionable evidence of the extent to which in this way their natural difficulties are increased, and in many cases their own strongest temptations reinforced against them. We are sure such unwholesome influences are particularly strong and widespread at the present time; and we have some reason to think that, generally speaking, too little care is exercised to exclude them from the lives of the young. We, therefore, feel it a duty to urge that all possible precaution be taken to save boys from unnecessary trials by guarding them against theatrical and cinematographic performances of doubtful tendency, books in which so-called "sex-problems" are discussed, and magazines containing coarse or suggestive illustrations.

There is so much antagonism—latent if not always expressed—between organized charity and individual almsgiving, that the following paragraph on social work, from a paper by the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Parkinson, an English ecclesiastic of much experience in charitable enterprises, will be read with interest:

The characteristic work of to-day is not so much to relieve the poor (though the poor must

be helped, and helped before anything else is done) as to repair the framework of society, and to reset its activities. One thing we must not fail to appreciate—the difference between the modern and the Mediæval world. Nowadays we do not deal so much with the individual as with the masses of men; not so much with results as with their causes. Christian charity has done, and is still doing, a splendid work in its loving care for the needy of every description. Yet while still carrying on this noble work, it must study causes and stem the tide of evil, misery, and failure. It is admirable and imperative to help the fallen. It is equally important and urgent to remove the circumstances which led them to their fall. It is a supreme duty to rescue our waifs and strays, and to watch with ceaseless care over them. It is alike a supreme duty to remove the conditions which, with the certainty of a physical law, are growing a new crop for the rescuer. It is a duty to bestow alms; it is also a duty so to arrange the social and economic State that alms may be less needed.

In brief, do this and don't neglect that. There are, of course, multitudes of persons living where no organized charitable or social work is in evidence; and for these, at least, individual almsgiving is the patent duty, especially during the present penitential season.

A Catholic layman who has travelled widely through one of our largest States says it is not unusual to see priests celebrating Mass without a server, not only in country places where people live at some distance from the church but in cities and large towns. Such a thing should not happen where boys live within reasonable distance of their parish church, above all, in places where there is a Catholic school. Serving Mass is both an honor and a privilege, and parents and school-teachers should see to it that the parish priest has a sufficient number of capable servers to ensure the Holy Sacrifice's being celebrated with the full complement of rites and ceremonies. The privilege sometimes accorded to missionary priests, of saying Mass without a server, should be taken advantage of only when there is grave reason for doing so; as an ordinary mode of action it is not to be commended.

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

How to Spend Lent.

BY M. C.

THE winter time is nearly spent
And now has come the season Lent,—
A time when we can show our love
To God upon His throne above.
The little trials that come each day,
Just offer them to God and say:
“Dear Lord, I wish to be Your child.
(Help me, O Mary, Mother mild!)
And everything I say or do
I'll do it out of love for You.”
By doing this each day of Lent,
'Twill mean much grace and time well spent.
Then we'll be glad on Easter Day,—
Our hearts like sunshine in array;
And then we'll laugh and gaily sing
In honor of our Risen King.

Con of Misty Mountain.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

VIII.—BROKEN BONDS.



HE world seemed to swing around in a dizzy whirl before Con's eyes, as Uncle Bill struck at him with his huge, hairy fist and felled him to the ground at his feet.

“I'll larn you,” he panted, and he caught up the heavy stick that he used for mountain climbing and began to belabor the boy without mercy,—“I'll larn you how to turn on me, you young whelp! Yes, I'll larn you how to bite the hand that feeds you! Take that—and that—and that!” And, fairly foaming with rage, the old man rained down the pitiless blows until the shrieking, struggling boy was stricken into a merciful semi-consciousness, through which he dully caught poor Mother Moll's pleading cry:

“Stop!—stop! Ye're killing the boy,—

ye're killing him, Bill Gryce! Stop, I tell ye, ye old fool, ye! They'll come looking for the boy from ye yet, and I'll tell all,—I'll tell all! Stop! O Lord in heaven, I believe ye've done for the lad now, and what will ye be saying when they ax for him,—what will ye be saying to them, Bill Gryce? O my poor lad! Ye've killed him outright!”

The trembling wail was the last sound that fell on Con's ear: blackness closed around him, and he knew nothing more.

How long this strange darkness lasted Con never knew. When he roused at last, it was to a dull ache in his head, to a sore stiffness in every strong young limb; to a dim, shadowy world in which for a while he seemed to have no place. Through a break somewhere in the gloom around him he could see stars. What was it he had heard about the stars shining pitifully down upon his helpless pain? Con looked up at their tender light, trying to remember. Then a cold nose was pressed to his face, a soft tongue licked his hand. He stretched out his stiff arm and it fell upon Dick,—Dick watching there in the gloom beside him. He drew the dog's head close to his own, and fell asleep again, to wake into full consciousness now. He was lying on his own pallet of dried moss; the sun was shining through the smoky window above him, and Mother Moll was holding a bowl of something hot and spicy to his lips,—poor old Mother Moll, whose own eye was blackened by a blow, and whose weak hand trembled.

“Drink this, my lad. It will draw the pain and hurt from ye. Eh, eh, but ye're the bold, strong boy that he couldn't kill! Drink this, and it will warm yer young heart, and ye can be off before he comes back to murder us again.”

Con emptied the bowl, as she had bade

him; and strength seemed to come with the draught,—strength and remembrance.

“Uncle Bill!” he faltered, and a shiver went through the sore young limbs. “Where is he?”

A curse broke from poor old Mother Moll’s withered lips.

“Off again,” she answered,—“off after he had done his worst to ye,—off again somewhere to meet Dan and Wally, and be at some devil’s work, I’m thinking. And listen, lad! Ye must be off, too, before he gets back,—off from this black hole forever.”

Con looked about him dully; for the light of the blue eyes was sadly dimmed. The hole on which he gazed was black indeed, with a low, smoke-grimed roof, a littered floor, a yawning chimney place, in which a few logs flickered cheerlessly. Rifles and powder flasks hung upon the rude walls. A few dried fish, bread, cheese, and a flitch of bacon provisioned the shelf that was Mother Moll’s only larder. The light came dimly through two deep-set windows, whose thick glass was cracked, and patched with strips of leather. It was little better than the den of the wild mountain creatures that roved without. But it was the only home that Con knew; and, weak and sore as he was just now, he shrank from the thought of leaving it. For his eye had lost its light, and his young limbs their fleetness; and even his bold young heart had learned the chill of fear.

“Where—where can I go?” he asked.

Mother Moll was quick with her answer.

“To him,” she said, putting a slip of paper into Con’s hand. (It was Father Phil’s message to Uncle Bill, that had produced such dire results.) “Where and what he is I dunno, lad; but he means to befriend ye,—I am sure of that. So ye must find him by what ways ye can. And listen, lad! There’s more that I must tell ye while I dare speak. What and who ye are I can’t say, but ye’re neither kith nor kin of Uncle Bill or me. He brought ye home to me one night when ye weren’t

three years old—as fine a babe as I ever saw. There was trouble in yer family, he said; and I was to keep ye till it cleared up, and he was to be paid well for it. He had his pockets full of the money then. I had just lost me own little Bill, and me mother’s heart was sore and empty, so I took ye to it without asking no more. I was to keep ye well; for there were those that might come looking for ye that would pay better still. But they never came, and the money gave out, and old Bill grew sorer and fiercer about ye every year. But I kept the pretty clothes ye had on, and the gold chain and medal ye had round yer neck. It had a clasp on it with the three letters C. O. N. We took that for yer name, though it could not have been, I know. That’s all I can tell ye. Whoever ye belong to must have giv ye up long ago, so ye can look for nothing from them. Uncle Bill is now turned agin ye tooth and nail; so ye’d better go to the man that offered to take ye, let him be where he may.”

Go to him! Memory had wakened clearly now. The berries, the greens, the kind Mister of the Mountain, the radiant figure in the midnight glory of the log cabin,—the strong, good friend who had promised to do all things for him, to take him for his “little pal,” his “little brother,”—Con remembered all now. Ah, he would go to him indeed. Now that Uncle Bill’s cruel blows had broken all bonds to the Roost, he would find, he would follow the Mister of the Mountain, let the way be where it might.

But as yet poor Con was too stiff and sore in every limb to walk: he could only lie there on his moss pallet, letting Mother Moll minister to him in her simple way,—binding his head with cooling cloths, rubbing him with oils and liniments of home manufacture, feeding him with strengthening teas and broths; for the old woman had not reared three stalwart sons to rugged, if reckless, manhood, without learning many things that neither schools nor doctors teach.

In the meantime Father Phil had been once, twice, three times to the hollow below the rocks looking for Con, all in vain. Either the boy had failed him (which he could not believe) or Con's wild old guardian would not permit him to come. And then a sudden telegram had reached the Manse, summoning Father Phil back to duties which would not brook delay. His little sister would have to remain a few weeks longer, and he gave her his parting charge:

"If you hear or see anything of Con, give him this card, Susie, and tell him to send it to me whenever he is ready to keep our bargain."

"O brother Phil, I will!" was the eager answer. "But—but I'm afraid—I'm afraid—Uncle Greg and—and everybody has scared him away, and we'll never see poor Con again,—never again!"

And Father Phil, taking his hurried way back to scenes of more pressing duty, felt, with a pang of regret for his little pal, that Susie was perhaps right.

Happily for Con's returning strength, Uncle Bill stayed away for several days,—long enough for Mother Moll's teas and unguents to do their work, and the boy's lithe young frame to recover something of its usual vigor.

"Ye'd best be gone, lad," urged the old woman when the third day was drawing to its close. "What devilment Bill will be after next no one can tell, for old Gregory is hunting him close. Here's two dollars to put in yer pocket, and the bit of paper that neither ye nor I can read. And I've tied up the little clothes and the neck chain in a bundle that ye're to keep buttoned up in yer jacket, though what good it will do ye after all these years I can not say. It's the sore, sad heart I have at letting ye go like this, my poor lad!" And Mother Moll, who had grown so dull to pain and sorrow that her old eyes had been tearless for years, began to cry.

"There!—don't cry, Mother Moll!" said Con, appalled at such unusual weakness; and he put his young arms around

her and drew the poor old withered face to his own. "Don't take on like this; for I'm coming back, Mother Moll,—coming back with all sorts of fine things for ye. And I'll carry ye off where there'll be no one to bother ye, Mother Moll; where ye'll have a nice warm fire and cushioned chair, and soft shoes for yer feet, and mebbe a cloak and bonnet like Mrs. Murphy's. I'm coming back to look out for ye."

"I'll be dead and gone and the worms eating me before that day, lad," sobbed the old woman, lugubriously.

"No ye won't," cheered Con. "Thar's lots of grit and go in ye yet, Mother Moll. Jest stand up to things and keep alive, and look out for me; for I won't forget ye, Mother Moll. I couldn't forget ye if I tried."

"Ye won't, I know, my lad,—ye won't. But whether ye'll ever get back to me is more than I can say. It's luck I wish ye, lad,—the luck that ye'd never find here. And now be off, and find the good friend that will take ye away from Misty Mountain and its wild ways forever."

Con kissed the withered old cheek and was off, as she bade. Yet it was with a heavy heart; for Mother Moll had been good to him in her own poor way, and the smoky old den in the Roost was the only home he knew. Whether he would find the kind Mister after all this time he could not tell; and he was still too sore and weak to spring and leap and climb, as was his wont, over the wild ways of Misty Mountain. It was a slow-stepping Con that wandered down the steep, where the melting snows had left the jagged rocks sharp and bare. The pines stood green and feathery. Injun Creek was roaring in full flood down the Pass. And everywhere, floating, wreathing, veiling the rocks and ridges and hollows, was the mist, stealing white and still over the mountain like the ghost of the vanishing snow.

Con loved the mist. It meant that the sharpest, hardest cold was over, and that he could wander where he willed

without being frozen outright. There had been days and nights of late when he had to crouch with Dick by the smoky cabin fire, so bitter and deadly was the icy air without. But the mist meant that the dull silence of the mountain would soon waken into sound and life; that the birds would flutter back and begin nest-building, and the green things grow. Once the stern grip of Winter was broken in these border lands that the mountain guarded, Spring came on, playing hide-and-seek in the mists, as Con, without any dates or calendars to teach him the seasons, knew.

But to-day, perhaps because he was still weak and sore and dizzy, the white cloudy veils seemed to bewilder him as they rose and fell, closing over the rough ledge of the Roost, and hiding it from his sight; surging up at his feet as if they would bar his way, opening into sunlight vistas as he went on. He was feeling very lost and lonely and strange, when suddenly there came a swift scurry through the thicket behind him; and, with a glad bark, Dick leaped out of the bushes, springing on his young master in a wild delight that sent them both tumbling over in the melting snow.

"Dick! Dick!" laughed Con, as boy and dog rolled together in a joyous tussle. "Good old Dick! Come along, then,—Come along, old fellow! You shall 'bust loose,' too."

(To be continued.)

Tall Enough.

It is related that a little New England boy of ten or twelve, who was small for his age, once found himself in a company of men who were swearing fiercely. Happening to notice his presence, one of them asked him how old he was, and remarked: "Aren't you rather small for your age?"—"Perhaps I am, sir; but I'm big enough to keep from swearing." Turning to one of his companions, the man whispered: "Pretty *tall* for his age."

The Crossed-Out Figure.

If you want to impress a friend with the idea that you are an extraordinary mathematician, or else a sorcerer, ask him to write down a good-sized number; and, to help him out, suggest 141453 or 235413. It is important, as will be seen later, that the number written down be one chosen by you, though you may give him his choice among four or five different ones. Then tell him to multiply that number by any figure he likes, *without letting you know what figure it is.*

"Is that done?" you ask.

"Yes."

"Now cross out some figure of the product—any one you wish—*without telling me which,—the first, third, fifth, or other.*

"All right! That's done."

"Now tell me the figures that are left," you say; "give them to me in any order you wish."

When he does so, you tell him the figure he crossed out. As you did not know the product, or even the number by which he multiplied, your giving the correct figure crossed out will probably strike him as being really extraordinary.

Here's the secret of the matter. You give him any number you wish at first, *provided* that its figures added together make just 18. Then, when he gives you the figures remaining after he has crossed out one, you simply add those figures together and divide by 9. The difference between the remainder resulting from this division and 9 will be the figure that has been crossed out.

We will suppose the number chosen at first is 152343, the sum of whose digits, you will notice, is 18, and that he multiplies by 6. The product will be 914058. Suppose he crosses out the 4 and tells you he has left 5, 0, 1, 9, 8. The sum of these is 23, which, divided by 9, gives a quotient 2, and a remainder 5. The difference between this remainder and 9 is 4, the figure crossed out.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The Encyclopedia Press announces a Life of the late Thomas M. Mulry, of New York, by Mr. Thomas F. Meehan.

—Among new pamphlets we note "The Self-Sacrifice of Total Abstainers" and "Pius X. and Frequent Communion," both by the Rev. Francis J. Tobin, S. S. J., Richmond, Va. They should have a wide circulation.

—"The Rivals; or, A Pretty Pair," by Fred Edmonds, music by Rhys-Herbert, is a comic operetta, in two acts, for ladies' voices. It is comedy, sure enough,—full of lively action and odd situations; and all ends well. Music and words are quite in keeping. J. Fischer & Bro., publishers. Price, 75 cts.

—D. B. Hansen & Sons, Chicago, have brought out new editions of "The Communion Prayer-Book," by a Sister of St. Joseph; and "The Way of the Cross" (the form by St. Alphonsus, and a shorter one by the Rev. D. P. O'Brien). Some improvements have been made in the first of these publications; the latter should be sewed with thread instead of wire.

—A sixteenmo of 144 pages, "Lettres à Tous Les Français," comes to us from the Comité de Publication, Paris. There are a dozen letters by six different authors, who discuss, in the first part, "Germany and her Allies"; and, in the second, "The Quadruple Entente." The introductory epistle has for specific title "Patience, Effort, Confidence"; and the concluding one deals with "French Vitality."

—It was a happy thought to reprint in pamphlet form the splendid tribute which the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Maurice M. Hassett, D. D., V. G., paid to the late Rt. Rev. John W. Shanahan, D. D., third Bishop of Harrisburg, in the *Records of the American Catholic Historical Society*. "A career which was a model of kindly aggressiveness, in the greatest cause to which a man may devote his life": this is, in summary, Mgr. Hassett's judgment on the life and work of Bishop Shanahan.

—The Catholic Book Co., Wheeling, W. Va., have just put out three new volumes in their Young Folks' Series. The "Child's History of the Apostles," by the Rev. Roderick MacEachen, tells, in a manner suitable for young readers, of the life and work of the Apostles; featuring, of course, the activities of St. Peter and St. Paul. Charles Wingenter, M. D., LL. D. offers a very readable account of America's discoverer in the "Child's Life of Columbus";

and the noble history of Mary, Queen of Scots, is narrated by Mary Margaret MacEachen. All three books are illustrated in an interesting manner. No price is given.

—Recent numbers of Bloud and Gay's "Pages Actuelles" pamphlets include: "La Paix Religieuse," by Henri Joly; "Les Revendications Territoriales de la Belgique" and "France et Belgique," by Maurice des Ombiaux; and "La Representation Nationale au Lendemain de la Paix," by Un Combattant. All four of these pamphlets possess those notes of timeliness and interest which we have come to associate with this series of contemporary essays.

—"The Sacraments,—Vol. III.," a dogmatic treatise by the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Pohle, Englished by Arthur Preuss (B. Herder), is the tenth volume of the whole series on Dogmatic Theology; and it is characterized by the same features of comprehensiveness and lucidity that have marked each of its predecessors. The particular sacrament treated of in the present volume is Penance, and the treatment is gratifyingly full. Not the least interesting pages of the book are devoted to an exposition of the doctrine of Indulgences.

—A twelvemo of some eighty-four pages, "The Mystical Knowledge of God, an Essay in the Art of Knowing and Loving the Divine Majesty," by Dom Savinien Louismet, O. S. B., has full ecclesiastical approbation. The author makes his own the phrase of the Blessed Henry Suso, if memory does not fail us (for Dom Louismet does not quote) that mystical knowledge is "experimental knowledge" of God; and his explanation of this experience forms the kernel of the present essay. Published, in style of handsome appropriateness, by Burns & Oates. Price, 2s. 6d.

—"Letters of a Travelling Salesman," by Charlie Jacobsen (Magnificat Press), is a neatly printed and attractively bound sixteenmo of 186 pages. It is easily readable at a sitting, but will prove more enjoyable if the reading be spread over a number of sittings. Like most other humorous sketches (even Mr. Dooley's) written for weekly or monthly publication, these letters rather suffer from a continuous perusal. They are reprinted from the *Magnificat*, whose readers, we are told in a prefatory note, "insisted on having them in book form." Many others will now enjoy them.

—The Rev. Francis A. Gaffney, O. P., has the distinction of being the most prolific sonneteer among American poet-priests. Dr. Egan, when

a professor of English literature, used to insist that a sonnet should be rewritten at least thirty-six times—or was it sixty-three? (the number varied, we are told)—before being submitted for publication; and he furthermore declared that three or four sonnets a year was the utmost that could reasonably be expected of the average poet. The sonnet is a very difficult form of verse to produce successfully; and the number of those who have essayed it and fallen by the wayside, to speak poetically, is greater than that of the Vallombrosa leaves. Fr. Gaffney is not an old man, and he has led a busy life; yet the collection of his sonnets published by P. J. Kenedy & Sons numbers eighty-eight; and, besides, there are “sermons in flowers,” “jubilee verses,” and “lines on photographs to friends.” The book (“Sonnets and Other Verses” is its title) is handsomely produced, and sells for one dollar, exclusive of postage. Though issued less than two months, a second edition is now on the market. Which goes to show that, whatever others may think of Fr. Gaffney’s work, his friends have been quick to express their appreciation of it. Let us hope that all future poets will refrain from publication until they have produced fully as many sonnets as Fr. Gaffney, and rewritten them quite as often as was recommended by Dr. Egan.

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. Publisher’s prices generally include postage.

- “Letters of a Travelling Salesman.” Charlie Jacobsen 75 cts.
 “The Sacraments.—Vol. III.” Pohle-Preuss. \$1.50.
 “The Sacrament of Friendship.” Rev. H. C. Schuyler. \$1.10.
 “God’s Fairy Tales.” Enid Dinnis. \$1.10.
 “Operative Ownership.” James J. Finn. \$1.50.
 “Songs of Creelabeg.” Rev. P. J. Carroll, C. S. C. \$1.40.
 “Sermons and Sermon Notes.” Rev. B. W. Maturin. \$2.
 “Verses.” Hilaire Belloc. \$1.10.
 “Letters to Jack.” Rt. Rev. Francis Kelley, D. D. \$1.

- “The Interdependence of Literature.” Georgina Pell Curtis. 60 cts.
 “Illustrations for Sermons and Instructions.” Rev. Charles J. Callan, O. P. \$2.
 “Gerald de Lacey’s Daughter.” Anna T. Sadlier. \$1.35.
 “The Holiness of the Church in the Nineteenth Century.” Rev. Constantine Kempf, S. J. \$1.75.
 “The Divine Master’s Portrait.” Rev. Joseph Degen. 50 cts.
 “Tommy Travers.” Mary T. Waggaman. 75 cts.
 “Development of Personality.” Brother Chryostom, F. S. C. \$1.25.
 “The Fall of Man.” Rev. M. V. McDonough. 50 cts.
 “Saint Dominic and the Order of Preachers.” 75 cts.; paper covers, 35 cts.

Obituary.

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

Rt. Rev. Abbot Alberic Dunlea, O. C. R.; Rev. Charles Giroux, of the diocese of Duluth; Rev. John Murphy, diocese of Hartford; Rev. Martin Kelly, diocese of Newark; and Rev. Edward McShane, diocese of Buffalo.

Sister M. Joseph, of the Sisters of the Holy Names; Sister M. Sylvester, Sisters of St. Joseph; and Sister M. Philomena, Sisters of Mercy.

Mr. Charles A. Leslie, Hon. John Gibbons, Mr. Edward Cox, Mrs. Mary F. Sadler Le Blanc, Mrs. Emily Pye, Hon. Robert M. Douglas, Mr. William Fogerty, Mrs. Mary Quinlan, Mr. Max Schnurr, Mr. William Cassidy, Mrs. Thomas Nash, Mr. William Brady, Miss Appolonia Wiegiers, Mr. John B. Captain, Miss Cecilia Przybylski, Mr. R. A. Bloomfield, Miss Ellen Wade, Miss Elizabeth Redmond, Mr. James Fisher, Mrs. Jane A. McGrane, Miss Catherine Jordan, Mr. Joseph Halpin, Mrs. Mabel Curlin, Mr. H. B. Timmer, Mr. George Cass, Jr., Mrs. Jane Reidy, Miss Margaret Kearney, Mr. William Hartmann, Mr. Edward King, Mrs. Catherine Shanly, Mrs. Margaret Engert, Mrs. Thomas Morgan, Mr. Frederick Von Puhl, and Mr. John Dollard.

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 rescue of orphaned and abandoned children in China: Mrs. J. H. Z., \$1; “a poor religious community,” \$20; M. M. (Corpus Christi), \$5. For the Belgian children: Alice Sullivan, \$1. For the war sufferers: C. H. M., \$5.



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

VOL. V. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MARCH 3, 1917.

NO. 9

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On a Picture of the Blessed Virgin in the Temple.

BY S. M. M.

WITHIN the Temple's inner court she stands;
Soft arms and breathing breast
Pillow a tender Babe, whose little hands
To her still lips are pressed.

A lily chalice she, whose crystal cup
The Flower of Jessé's rod
Holds meetly, with the fair face lifted up
All blossoming to God.

The City of the Thessalonians.

BY A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE.

SALONIKA is now one of the war centres of Europe,—the central base of operations of an Allied Army of British and French, Serbians, Russians, and Italians, operating against the German and Bulgarian armies that are holding against it the mountain borders of Macedonia. The city has a long history of more than two thousand years. It is one of those places whose very position has always made it important. It was one of the gateways by which Christianity entered Europe, the scene of one of St. Paul's first missions after he had evangelized the greater part of Asia Minor. The journeys of the first missionaries of the Apostolic Age followed mainly the great lines of travel and commerce in the ancient world, and around the Mediterranean they found their way

first to the places where a Jewish community was settled. Then, as now, the Jews held a prominent place in all the great commercial centres; and Thessalonica, the Salonika of to-day, was one of the most prosperous of the Mediterranean seaports.

It has a splendid natural harbor at the head of the deep gulf between the promontories of Chalcidice and the mainland of Thessaly and Greece. From the plain that surrounds it, highways led into the interior of the Balkan lands by the valleys of the Vardar and the Struma, and the great Roman road to the East passed through it. This road started from the shores of the Adriatic at Dyracchium, the modern Durazzo. The Roman traveller to the East took ship at Brindisi (Brundisium), a short voyage bringing him to Durazzo. Thence the road, guarded at intervals by military posts, ran through Albania, and reached the Mediterranean shore at Thessalonica, and then went on between the Rhodope Mountains and the sea to Constantinople. The road was known as the Via Egnatia and was one of the great highways of the ancient world. It passed through Thessalonica, entering and leaving it by two gateways on the west and east,—one of which was demolished only a few years ago; the other remains, and is known as "the Arch of Constantine": the gateway of to-day having been erected by the first Christian Emperor. A modern tramway line passes under it, offering a sharp contrast between the ways of the past and the present.

In the days of the Macedonian kings

it had been a prosperous commercial city and the chief station of their navy. When the Romans divided Macedonia into districts, it became the capital of the most important of them; and when the country was made into a single province, it was the residence of the ruling Proconsul. In these Roman days it played a part in history. Cicero spent his exile there when he left Rome after the conspiracy of Catiline; and in the civil wars it was first the headquarters of the Pompeian party, and then of Octavius, the future Augustus Cæsar. Then, as now, to hold Salonika was to control one of the chief strategic centres of the Balkan lands.

When St. Paul arrived in Thessalonica, it was essentially a Greek trading city under Roman rule. The strength of the Roman Empire depended largely on the wise policy of conceding a considerable amount of local autonomy—or, as we now call it, Home Rule—to the great cities and provinces of the Empire. Thessalonica was a free city, ruled by its own magistrates. St. Luke tells us that their title was "Politarchoi,"—literally, "Rulers of the Citizens." The word is an unusual one. It was long suspected that there was here the error of an early transcriber, and that the word should be "Poliarchoi," or "City Magistrates." But this is one of the many instances where St. Luke shows accurate local knowledge in writing the Acts of the Apostles. The critics who suspected an error are now proved to have been wrong; for various inscriptions have been discovered at Salonika, in which the title occurs, one of them being actually on the Roman arch leading out to the Vardar Valley.

Professor Ramsay, who has done so much work in investigating the inscriptions of Asia Minor and the Greek lands of Eastern Europe, gives many other instances of the accuracy with which St. Luke has described the state of things that existed in the Greek cities in the first century,—the days of the first preaching of Christianity. Ramsay tells how when he went

to the East, nearly forty years ago, he was full of the theory, then popular at Oxford, where it had been imported from Germany, that the Gospels and Acts were not reliable contemporary documents, but works of the latter part of the second century, wrongly attributed to the Apostolic Age. He tells how, after his first researches, he took up the Acts of the Apostles, not in any hope of their throwing light on Apostolic times, but with the idea that he might glean from them some points as to the state of things in the Near East, about the year 200; his idea being that a writer of that time would naturally take his descriptions of local government and local customs in the various cities from the state of things with which he was familiar.

He was surprised to find that in point after point the evidence of the Acts of the Apostles coincided in a wonderful way with the state of things revealed by the inscriptions of the first century. He realized that it would have been quite impossible for the writer of a narrative composed more than a hundred years later, thus to restore a state of things which had then passed away; and he was convinced that St. Luke's narrative must be a contemporary document, giving reliable first-hand evidence as to the earliest years of Christianity. The theory of a late date for the New Testament writings has long since been rejected, even by the free-thinking critics of Germany itself; though it is still to be found in the writings of a class of anti-Christian propagandists, who display their ignorance by quoting, as the latest word of modern research, theories which were abandoned twenty or thirty years ago.

To come back from this digression to the days when St. Paul preached in Salonika. There was in the Greek city a prosperous Jewish colony, with the Synagogue as their religious and social centre. As was his custom, he first addressed himself to the Jewish community; and St. Luke tells how on three successive Sabbaths

he spoke in the Synagogue, making the prophecies the text for his announcement that the hoped-for Messiah had come, and that he was His messenger. There were a large number of conversions; and it is clear that these were not among the Jews only, for the Epistles to the Thessalonians are addressed largely to converts from paganism. The time had not yet come when there was any open rupture between the Roman power and Christianity. It was not until the persecution of Nero that the mere profession of the new religion was counted as a crime against the State.

Another line of evidence which proves that the Acts of the Apostles date from the middle years of the first century, before the persecution of Nero, is that nowhere in the Acts do we read that the mere charge of being a Christian was the accusation against the Apostles or their disciples. Wherever the opponents of the new religion stirred up a persecution against it, they had to find some special charge; and it usually took the form of describing its preachers as seditious men, who troubled public order and were disloyal to Cæsar.

Thus, at Salonika, we find the leaders of the Synagogue, alarmed at the number of converts made by Paul and his companion Silas, raising a tumult against them. St. Luke tells how they gathered a mob of worthless men, the scum of the population, and besieged the house of Jason, where the two missionaries had lodged; and, not finding them there, dragged Jason and some of his Christian friends before the Politarchs. These, they said, 'are the men who came here to disturb the city, and whom Jason received into his house. They are rebels against the decrees of Cæsar; for they say there is another king, Jesus.' The magistrates seem to have disbelieved the charge of disloyalty. St. Luke gives no account of the trial, but only of its result. One may well suppose that the Græco-Roman Politarchs regarded the whole thing as a religious quarrel among the Jews and

their Greek friends, and perhaps accepted Jason's explanation that it had nothing to do with politics. But in a Roman city to cause a disturbance of any kind was a legal offence. Order was the supreme interest of the Government. So we read that Jason and his friends were dismissed, but only on condition of giving security for good behavior.

Paul is next found preaching at Berea. But it is quite evident that his work was not seriously interrupted by the outbreak of persecution; for his letters tell of the flourishing state of the Church of Salonika, which soon became a centre of Christian influence for all Macedonia. Father Lattey, in his Introduction to his new version of the Epistles to the Thessalonians, suggests that St. Paul may have stayed in the city longer than the brief interval between three Sabbaths; and that there was some time in which, before proceeding to Berea, he remained in Salonika, no longer showing himself in the Synagogue, but staying in the houses of friends like Jason, and gathering many converts from among the Gentiles. But, however this may be, it is certain that Salonika was one of the first great centres of Christianity in Europe; and the letters addressed by St. Paul to the Christian flock in the city are among the earliest of the New Testament writings.

For some hundreds of years, Salonika was one of the most populous cities of the Roman East. It seems to have been at one time only by a chance that it did not become the Eastern centre of the Empire instead of Constantinople. It was almost entirely a Christian city, when, under the Emperor Theodosius, it was the scene of a terrible tragedy. The citizens had insulted his envoys, and in his anger the Emperor ordered a treacherous massacre of the inhabitants, of whom 7000 were put to the sword in the great Hippodrome, whose stately portico still remains. Theodosius was then holding his court at Milan; and a popular tradition, which has been embodied in more than one

great work of art, tells how its Bishop, the great St. Ambrose, closed the doors of the cathedral of Milan against the Emperor and refused to admit him until he had done penance for his crime. The actual fact is less dramatic; for the basis of the legend is that St. Ambrose wrote to the Emperor a touching letter, representing to him the heinousness of his act; and Theodosius, stripping himself of all the emblems of his rank, did penance in Milan cathedral, and received absolution from the saint.

Under Justinian, in the great cities of the East, numbers of splendid churches were erected. It was a period of church building on a vast scale, which can be compared only with the times before the Reformation, when the Gothic cathedrals were being built or rebuilt in half the cities of Western Europe. Salonika had its share in the imperial munificence; and the cathedral of Santa Sophia was erected there, modelled on, and almost equal in size to, the more famous Santa Sophia of Constantinople. Like so many of the other churches of the city, Santa Sophia became a mosque after the Turkish conquest. There is an older church, a circular building, with a dome adorned with mosaics, once dedicated to St. George, and believed to date from the days of Constantine. This, too, was converted into a mosque by the Mohammedan conquerors.

Before their coming in the fifteenth century, Salonika had had many masters. Under the Byzantine emperors, it had successfully resisted the attacks of the heathen Goths and Bulgars; but in the tenth century it was raided by the Arabs from Northern Africa, whose pirate fleet carried away thousands of its people into captivity. It was ruled for a while by the Normans from Southern Italy, and then passed to the Venetians. At last, in 1430, it was conquered by the Turks, who held it for nearly five centuries. Their rule ended only when the Greeks got possession of it, as the result of the Balkan War in 1912.

The city bears the traces of its changeful

history, and contains monuments of the various races that have been its rulers,—Greek and Roman, Norman and Venetian, Arab and Turk. It rises on the long slope of a hill from the quays of its harbor, with suburbs spreading out beyond the five-mile circuit of its Medieval walls. A huge castle is the chief monument of the days of Turkish rule; and tall minarets rise beside the churches that were so long used as mosques, but several of which have now been restored to Christian worship. It has a mixed population of about 120,000,—Turks, Greeks, Bulgars, Armenians, Jews, and a sprinkling of other nations attracted there by its commercial importance, which has grown enormously since the place became the terminus of the railway from Belgrade by the Vardar Valley, linking it with the railways of Central Europe.

We have seen that the city had a Jewish colony in the days of St. Paul: it is now, in proportion to its population, perhaps the most Jewish city in Europe. The lowest estimate of the number of Jews at Salonika is 60,000, or about half the total population. Other estimates make the proportion still higher. These Jews of Salonika are mostly, not descendants of the old Jewish colony of Apostolic times, but men of Spanish descent, with a dialect of their own—the Judæo-Spanish of Salonika. They are descended from the thousands of Jews who found refuge there after the expulsion of their race from Spain by Ferdinand and Isabella II. The sultans, anxious to diminish the influence of the Greeks in the city, invited the exiled Jews to Salonika, giving them special trading privileges, and allowing them, to a great extent, to govern themselves according to their own laws. Of the non-Jewish population, the Turkish element is the strongest, amounting to nearly one-fourth of the population. Salonika had always been one of the most important of the Turkish strongholds in the Balkan lands; and here it was that Enver Bey inaugurated a few years ago

the Young Turk revolt against the Sultan Abdul Hamid, which changed the whole course of recent history at Constantinople.

The Greeks number about 15,000, but are the most numerous of the Christian communities; and this fact, with the older history of Salonika, is the basis of the Greek claim upon the city. This claim is challenged by Bulgaria, on the alleged ground that whatever may be the numbers of the Greeks in Salonika, the Bulgar race is more numerous throughout Macedonia. The Catholics are a very small body. They number only about 3000. They have a mission under the care of the Vincentian Fathers, with schools directed by the Christian Brothers.

The Crest of the Bodkins.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON.

XII.—THE CAPITAL.

HARRY TALBOT had no adventure to relate, so Arthur Bodkin did the talking. At first he was absolutely reticent on the subject of Alice Nugent, but he was too anxious to speak about her to permit silence to hold his tongue. He told his friend all, denouncing her in unmeasured terms, and announcing an iron-bound resolution never to see or speak to her again. Harry Talbot was too much a man of the world to laugh in his chum's face, or to tell him that he was uttering arrant nonsense; so he remained gravely silent, while Arthur raved on, until the *sereno*, or night watchman, in a melancholy whine announced eleven o'clock from the street below.

"Come up to the Café Concordia, Arthur. We will meet everybody who is anybody there."

The Café Concordia was the Delmonico's of Mexico, and, as a consequence, the favorite lounge and trysting-place. After the music in the Alameda, or the opera, or when the curtain rang down at the

theatres, the "upper ten" strolled to the Concordia,—the ladies to indulge in light refreshment or ices, their cavaliers in *pulque compuesta*, which consisted of *pulque* flavored with raspberry, or in the stronger beverage of *tequila* or *mescal*. I do not wish it to be understood that the Mexican *señoras* or *señoritas* were to be seen at the Concordia. Far from it. They avoided this glittering rendezvous as they would a house that was plague-stricken. The "ladies of the invasion," as they were styled by the Mexicans, dearly loved the light and license of the Concordia, which was thronged day and night with the youth and beauty of foreign lands, and their swarthy, uniformed cavaliers,—for, during the Empire, army officers in full uniform were as thick as leaves in far-famed Vallombrosa.

Our two friends seated themselves at a small marble-topped table and called for *granazao*, a delicious lemonade made of the sweet lemon. The scene was very brilliant and very striking. On crimson velvet ottomans, in animated conversation, were coquettish Frenchwomen; each with her escort, some with two or three. Interspersed with the showy uniforms of the French officers appeared the *charro*, or full-dress of the Mexican: the jacket with rows of buttons, some of solid gold, the rest of silver; an open-fronted white shirt, a scarlet scarf twisted into a sailor's knot; a crimson sash; trousers very wide about the feet and ankles, adorned with gold and silver stripes, with the attendant buttons; and then the spurs, with their enormous rowels. Every *caballero* carried a revolver, and from more than one sash appeared the decorated hilt of a *machete*, a knife with a murderous blade. A few gentlemen appeared in plain clothes; but they, somehow, seemed out of place.

In a remote corner of the room—our friends occupied an inner room, the third from the street—a man was seated, wearing his *sombrero*, which, considering that ladies were present, and the other men uncovered, was somewhat remarkable.

"Who is that unmanly fellow in the corner over there?" asked Talbot.

The instant the man perceived that Arthur's gaze was coming in his direction, he bent his head so as totally to conceal his face by the broad brim of his hat.

"He won't give *you* a chance, at any rate," laughed Talbot.

Something almost familiar about this man struck Arthur, stimulating his curiosity. Who could he be? Assuredly there were no familiar forms for him in this strange land. He had met so few, and then so briefly.

The man saw that he was observed. Calling for his check, his head still bent low, he paid it. In order to reach the Calle San Francisco he must pass where our friends were seated. Tilting his *sombrero* over his left ear and inclining his head in the same direction, he strode past. Just as he reached the door, a *mozo*, or waiter, suddenly entered, balancing a large tray on the palm of his uplifted hand. This tray in some awkward way struck the *sombrero*, tilting it backward and off the wearer's head. The man swiftly stooped to pick it up, concealing his face in his hand; and, having replaced it, dashed out of the Café.

Arthur Bodkin, the moment he saw the face, recognized the man. Springing to his feet, he exclaimed:

"Mazazo! Follow me, Talbot!" And, flinging waiters and incomers who crossed his path aside as though they were so many light bales of goods, he sprang into the street. Few people were abroad. The Concordia had gathered in its complement of after-theatre guests. A *sereno* stood at the corner of every street. The moon shone gloriously,—a moon that stood high in the heavens and overhead. Arthur looked to the right and to the left. He could perceive no one. In the side street that ran by the window of the Café, he caught a glimpse of the retreating figure of a man. In an instant he was in a run, and a minute brought him beside the object of his pursuit. The height, the

square build, the stride, the grey *sombrero*,—all told him that the man, the spy Mazazo, was in front. Without a second's hesitation he leaped upon him, and, pinioning his arms from behind, plunged one knee in the other's back. The man uttered a cry of pain and began to call for help at the top of his lungs. The *sombrero* fell off; and Arthur, to his amazement and horror, found that he held in his grip not Mazazo, but an inoffensive citizen on his way to his virtuous home.

Two, three watchmen came running up, rapping for aid with their sticks. What was to be done? Run for it!

Arthur Bodkin at Stonyhurst had won every prize worth winning for running, leaping, and wrestling. He had kept up his paces ever since, and not many days "passed into the dark" that he did not take a ten-mile breather—fifteen being preferable. Here was his chance. To be arrested for violently assaulting a peaceful citizen, to be flung into jail, to have his name bandied from mouth to mouth until it reached the ears of Alice Nugent! Horror!

So he started down the street like a deer, and ere the astounded officers of the night had recovered their astonishment was round the corner, and spurting up a narrow, foul-smelling lane that led to the cathedral. Darting round the cathedral, still going the pace, he found himself opposite the National Palace. Here he pulled up, and, walking slowly and deliberately, arrived at the grand entrance, was admitted, and safely reached his room, where he flung himself on his bed, in order to cogitate on his lucky escape and the unexpected appearance of the spy Mazazo.

The papers next morning were full of a dastardly and cowardly assault upon Señor Don Ignacio Martinez Campos Echeverria, a distinguished lawyer, who, upon leaving the Café Concordia, was followed by a Frenchman well known to the police, who were upon his track.

Not wishing to be seen abroad, for fear of recognition by Señor Don Ignacio

Martinez Campos Echeverria, Arthur sent for Harry Talbot, who turned up, more or less bewildered. The name Mazazo signified very little to him, while his friend's acrobatic conduct and sudden disappearance savored of the mysterious, if not romantic. After he had listened to Arthur's description of the adventure of the preceding night, Talbot became very grave.

"These Mexicans are a revengeful race, Arthur," he said; "they are treacherous, too. This Mazazo evidently escaped by connivance. Somehow or other, I put your veiled lady and this brigand, or spy, in the same boat—aye, and that sly old fox Bazaine. There's a game being played in which you don't hold a trump. Up to this you have been down on your luck, old fellow! You have quarrelled with Miss Nugent, and—"

"It was *her* doing, not mine!" burst in Bodkin.

"You have made a deadly enemy in the spy Mazazo, and perhaps as formidable a foe in Count Von Kalksburg. You have been used by Bazaine in regard to this mysterious woman, and now you are in danger of arrest and imprisonment for assault and battery. And let me tell you that if a man, especially a foreigner, is clapped into jail here, he seems never to get out. He is as much forgotten as the Man with the Iron Mask."

"But what's the use of going over all this?" growled Arthur.

"Oh, bother!" laughed Talbot. "Let us look at the situation right between the eyes. You are an extra—what?"

"Staff officer."

"Good! You are a staff officer *pro tem.*, Arthur, with no pay that I know of, and—"

"What in the world are you driving at, Harry Talbot?"

"This. The two men with whom I am in company are shrewd, practical fellows. Corcoran has studied the situation till he has it off by heart. He tells me that there will be a desperate struggle by Juarez against Maximilian, and—"

"Pshaw! Haven't we French troops at our back?"

"They haven't done very much."

"Only taken every city they besieged and won every battle they fought."

"Not *every* battle. And now mind what I say. The French troops will, sooner or later, be withdrawn; and then—"

"The deluge!" laughed Arthur.

"Drop this military business, that can bring you nothing but possible disaster; and come into the mines with me."

"Oh, bosh!"

"It's not bosh: it's solid silver. Corcoran has got a mine at Santa Maria del Flor, that was worked by the Spaniards with enormous results till it became flooded. The miners of that day used to bring up the ore in baskets on their shoulders, climbing rude ladders. When the water came they had no pumps. Corcoran's title is absolute. He has capital, and has imported two Cornish pumps, such as are used in pumping out flooded mines in Cornwall. He will give me a share; and, by Jove, I will share with *you!* Think it over, Arthur. It is well worthy of consideration."

"Of course it is, Talbot; and you are a brick of the most adhesive quality, for bringing me in. But I want to see this thing out. If I were down in the bowels of the earth, I would never see Alice Nugent—not that I care," he hastily added,—"*not a thranceen.* But I want to spoil Count Ludwig von Kalksburg's little game. Then, the Baron is too good a soul to leave me in the lurch. He has taken me by the hand, and may be able to help me up the ladder. I mean to have a serious talk with him the moment we get settled,—after the imperial party has quieted down somewhat. I can't expect him to give me any satisfaction till then. If I see nothing in Bergheim, then, my dear Harry, I'm your man, to delve for silver or anything else."

"You will not be able to get at Baron Bergheim for some days. This place will be like Donnybrook Fair for weeks.

Deputations from each State will be coming in day after day, with all the pomp and panoply they can possibly manage. Now, I mean to clear out—to go up to the mine, which is scarcely a day's ride from here. And the scenery! O Arthur, it reminds me of Killarney! So deliciously fresh, so enchantingly green, so exquisitely lovely all round,—an emerald set in purple hills.”

Rody O'Flynn entered, to announce that Arthur was wanted in the Chamberlain's office.

“Dine here to-night, Harry,” he said. “Something tells me that I ought to turn miner. What is it? *Quien sabe!*”

XIII.—THE IMPERIAL COURT.

Arthur Bodkin of Ballyboden found a chance of speaking with Baron Berghheim sooner than he had hoped for. After the state entry of the Emperor and Empress into the capital, a *levée* was held in the National Palace, which was attended by every person of distinction friendly to the new Empire, the dark-eyed *señoras* and *señoritas* being in considerable force to pay homage to the charming and captivating Carlotta.

“Come to my quarters and, hey! we'll have a pipe,” said Baron Berghheim to Arthur, after the long and tedious ceremonial had been gone through. “Hey! but this is good!”—flinging off his coat encrusted with bullion, and dropping into an easy-chair. “Hey! but we were well received. Hey! but the Empress looked at her best, and our little Alice too. Hey! but we will be worked to death for the next six months. The etiquette of our court is the most drastic in the world, and their Imperial Majesties mean to enforce it to the hilt. Hey! but there will be wigs on the green when the question of precedence comes up, and the Marquis Hernando Cortez insists upon keeping his hat on in the imperial presence, or trotting in to dinner in front of Prince Salm Salm. Hey! we'll have some fun mixed up with our work too.” And the genial Baron

pulled half a dozen rapid and vigorous whiffs at his china-bowled student's pipe.

“What work shall I have to do, sir?” asked Arthur.

“Oh, everything, my son,—hey! From leading the cotillion to breaking in a *burro*.”

“On your staff, sir?”

“Not a bit of it. I mean to have you on the Emperor's staff, in the Household. I could have managed it before; but that confounded Von Kalksburg threw some obstacle in the way, and I had to back water. Hey! but it's all right now. I'll have you gazetted in the first gazette. Hey! whisper”—here he dropped his voice—“the Empress has been enlisted. Hey! it's all for the sake of our little Alice that I am so pleased. Hey! all for her sake.”

“Has—has Miss Nugent been interesting herself *of late* for me?” asked Arthur, hesitatingly.

“Not she indeed. Hey! it's not Miss Nugent's influence—although she has a great deal—that is shoving you up the ladder. Hey! it's the other woman. Hey!”

“The other—other woman!” gasped Arthur. “What other woman?”

The Baron nodded vigorously, puffing away at each nod.

“Why, the one you imported from Puebla,—Bazaine's mysterious woman. Hey!”

To say that Bodkin was astounded is saying very little. Who was this person? Why should she interest herself for him? There must be a mistake. A woman to whom he had uttered in all about two dozen words!

“It's all right!” cried the Baron. “Your fortune is assured. But, my lad, look out for the claws of fair Mistress Alice. Hey! we must keep it dark—dark as Erebus. Hey! Erebus!”

“But *who* is this woman?” insisted Arthur.

“If *you* can't tell, who can? Hey!” laughed the Baron.

Arthur Bodkin was silent for a moment; and then, with set and stern brow, he slowly exclaimed:

"Baron Bergheim, you are a gentleman. You have behaved to me like a father. To serve under you is a labor of love, whether it be in sunshine or in peril. To one woman I am indebted for your kind and generous friendship. To her I do not mind being in debt as deep as the Gulf of Mexico, for—I love her; but I will not owe anything to any other woman, high or low. Baron Bergheim, my career as regards my service to your Emperor must end here. I decline to accept favor from this woman of whom nobody seems to know anything."

Arthur's face was hot and flushed, and the honest fellow's heart was in every word he uttered.

"Hey! hey! Tut! tut!" laughed the Baron. "Think over the heroes of the world. Haven't they nearly to a man been made by a woman?"

"And unmade," interjected Bodkin.

"Granted," laughed the Baron. "Those who make can do the other thing. But, hey! you are all wrong over this—this—lady. I grant you there is a mystery; but you know that our Emperor wouldn't stand any nonsense from the French camp,—not from Napoleon himself. Take what the gods provide, Herr Bodkin, and don't growl."

"My mind is made up, sir," said Arthur. "I want to see Miss Nugent, say *adios*, and—"

"Stuff and nonsense! Hey! but you Irish *are* romantic. Go and see her by all means. You will find her"—here he consulted a sort of programme—"it is now a quarter-past twelve. Yes, go up to the cathedral. You will find her with the Empress, hearing one-o'clock Mass. Alice will talk to you. Hey! she'll set you right somehow. A little dose of jealousy is the best medicine for some women; but, mind you, the dose should be according to the constitution. I shall want you at Chapultepec by four o'clock. The court is going to live there during the warm weather. 'Till four o'clock, Herr Bodkin!"

(To be continued.)

A Little Bride and what Became of Her.

BY VALENTINE PARAISSO.

I.



LONG time ago there was a wedding, all arranged for the bride without her having anything to say to it—as was the custom of those days. And she was such a little creature, small and slight, extremely young and of a fair race, that she must have looked like a child dressed up.

Her holy mother had died only the year before, and the father was giving his two daughters to two knights of his own choice. So the country-house was busy. Its spinning wheels and looms had already made stores of linen, and woven fabrics for wearing apparel. The girls themselves helped in the brewing and the baking; and, when everything was ready, crowds assembled to see the cavalcades riding between the castles and the old home; rings were exchanged before the altar, and each marriage was blessed. There were knightly jousts and sports, dances and feasting.

The little bride, Birgitta, whose fortunes we are following, was now the wife of Ulf at Ulfasa. She had put on a white coif, a quaint linen cap over her hair, and wore long dresses with dignity; and began, like the "valiant woman" of the Book of Proverbs, to look well to the ways of her house. Her marriage was, to Birgitta, the will of God. She would have liked to stay at home, devoted to the poor; but she was meant for Ulf and the Castle of Ulfasa. And, even across the remote distance of centuries, it is perfectly clear that theirs was a marriage made in heaven.

Birgitta was the child of a good father and an unworldly mother, fervent in her religion. Those were the days when to be Christian was to be Catholic. The sixteenth century and its heresies had not come. By the fireside the child heard stories of the martyrs who first brought

the faith to Sweden. At four years old she went with her mother to attend daily Mass.

When she was about nine, a wonderful thing happened. One night she thought the Blessed Virgin held out a crown to her, and said, "Come!" It matters little whether it was a dream or a vision: the child "came."

A year or so later, there was a sermon, preached probably at the cathedral of Upsala; for its three glorious spires were within sight of the country-house. The Franciscans and Dominicans were then busy preaching for the instruction of the people, and this sermon was meant to make them realize the sufferings of Christ Crucified. All day afterwards Birgitta thought of it; and when she went to bed that night, she could not sleep, but lay awake sobbing. Before dawn she looked upon a vision of Christ Crucified. Stretched upon the cross, He complained to her: "See how I have been treated!"—"O my Lord," she said, "who has done this to Thee?" And the answer was: "Those who despise Me and forget My love." She certainly never forgot His love through a long life; and great things happened as a result.

At her marriage, this very young bride found herself something like a princess. She had immense wealth, broad domains, tenants, dependants, a circle of rich friends. Her home was one of the wood-built castles of Sweden, with moat and draw-bridge. If there were rush-strewn floors in those times, there was finely carved furniture; the meals could be luxurious; the clothing for high days and holidays was rich in color and texture. Beautiful embroidery was worn, and ornaments of gold and precious stones. Silver was abundant, not only for the table, but on the belts and armor of men. There must have been plenty of armor in the Castle of Ulfasa, with antlers on the walls, and hangings of tapestry woven at hand-loom, and embroidered to show pictures wrought in silk and wool.

The guests who filled the great hall never imagined that their young hostess

was really leading, in the midst of riches, a mortified life—a life of penance. Ulf discovered the secret that she wore prickly haircloth under her pretty dresses. He revered her, and loved her the more. If she said a hasty word in the busy household, she put bitter herbs in her mouth. She blamed herself for an inclination to pride and for her impetuous ways. Clearly, this was a human being making valiant efforts against defects; but we must not forget that the defects for which she did penance were the imperfections shown on a pure conscience like breath upon a mirror.

Every day, before sitting down to dine, she served twelve poor people at table. On Thursdays, she girded herself with a towel and washed and kissed their feet, in memory of her Lord. The hospitality of Ulfasa appeared to be boundless; but there was such good management of Ulf's possessions that a large share was kept for Christ and His poor. The husband and wife saw that the laborers on their lands did not want. Churches and schools were built. The hospices already existing were set in order for the poor and sick, and new hospitals were opened.

In all this work the little Birgitta was leading the way, full of energy and initiative; and the big descendant of the Vikings, the great-hearted Ulf, "trusted in her," and carried out her plans. He seems to have found his wealth increasing, the more he gave away with both hands to the Church and the poor. He must have prospered, for he rebuilt the Castle of Ulfasa in stone. While he looked after the estates, Birgitta was entrusted with the rebuilding and furnishing. We read that her tender heart reproached her when she saw the new bedding of wool and silk and fur. She thought of her Lord on the hard deathbed of the Cross; and made up her mind that, whenever she could, she would sleep upon the floor.

Ulfasa must have been a happy home, gay with the voices and footsteps of children. There were four sons and four daughters. The mother of the eight

children took care that, as in turn they grew old enough, they should get in touch with her beloved poor. As a privilege, she took them with her to the bedsides of the sick and even of the leprous. When officious friends spoke about prudence, she answered that the children of Ulf had to grow up to riches; and, as they were to be the treasurers of Christ, they should learn their work in good time.

We hear that she was an excellent house-keeper. The spinning wheels and looms went merrily. The hop-gardens, orchards and fields, were well cultivated. In all great country-houses of her day there was plenty to be done in brewing, storing the fruit, and baking. There was extensive dairy work in those times,—dovecots and poultry yards to be kept full; and large houses had many beehives to supply the honey that was the sugar of the Middle Ages. Under her roof no one wanted for anything. She must have been keenly interested in her garden, for she grew plants brought from Southern Europe.

When Ulf was raised to a high office of the State, and had the care of a whole province, Birgitta found time to study the Swedish and Roman law, so as to be able the better to help him and to share his life. Terrible civil wars swept over the country, making the history of Sweden a tangled story of struggle and bloodshed. The day came when Ulf had to take up arms. The brave wife with her own hands helped him to put on his armor. When he was gone, she turned to prayer and austerities, and took her short sleep on the floor beneath the crucifix.

It must have been a trial to such a lover of home to be called away to the Court of the King. Birgitta was about thirty-three when she was chosen to take charge of the royal household, and went to live, at the palace in Stockholm. There she had to wear robes of state and a jewelled coronet. Fortunately, one of her dresses is still preserved, enabling us to imagine something of her appearance; for it proves her to have been small and slender.

King Magnus and his Queen were newly-married,—as frivolous a young pair as ever amused themselves in a palace. The royal bride, just over from Holland, was like a spoiled child: the King was not much older or wiser. He let the people be crushed by taxes to pay for his extravagance. The money affairs of the kingdom were in confusion, and the poor were oppressed, while life at Stockholm was a wild whirl of feasting and pleasure. Birgitta had to retire from a hopeless task. There was nothing for her to rest her influence upon, though the King was her own cousin, and the Queen a grand-niece of St. Louis. But, like many failures, hers was to pave the way to a future success. The time was to come when she would return to the palace of Stockholm, and speak as one having power.

When Birgitta and Ulf had been about twenty-five years married, they left home for the pilgrimage to St. James of Compostella. We, who live in the days of railroads and steamers, have no idea of the hardships of a fourteenth-century pilgrimage. The journey to Spain and back took nearly three years. A crowd of laymen and women, with bishops, priests, and mendicant friars, crossed the sea in boats perhaps twice the size of a modern English canal barge, delayed by adverse wind and calm, and tossed by storm. Arrived on land, they travelled by slow stages, on horseback and on foot, sheltered in convents and monasteries, or at friendly castles and wayside inns. The pestilence called the Black Death was abroad at the time, adding a real danger to the troubles of the road.

On their homeward journey, when our pilgrims from Compostella were all wearing their scallop-shells, Ulf fell sick in France, at the town of Arras. He vowed that, if his life was spared, he would pass his remaining years in the seclusion of a religious house. He recovered, and kept his vow. Going back to Sweden, he was present for the last time at the council of state, and put all his affairs in order.

Then, commending the younger children to Birgitta, he went to Alvastra, a Cistercian abbey high on rocky ground. He was not a monk, but a guest of the cloister; for when he lay on his deathbed, three years after, we find him receiving the white habit, that he might die in the robe of St. Bernard.

An exception to the abbey rule was made for Birgitta: she was allowed to stay in the guest-house, so as to be with her husband during his last days. They talked of paradise. Ulf thanked her for leading him heavenward, and for all her helpfulness since she became his little bride, twenty-eight years before. Then, taking the ring from his finger, he gave it back to her. Birgitta closed the eyes of Ulf in peace, realizing that they were parted only for a while. Even in the records of that far-off time we can not help seeing the greatness of their love: it shines across five centuries.

And now strange things began to happen. Birgitta lingered at Alvastra, and was often in the abbey church. In some way never known before, she heard a voice speaking to her soul. In her humility, she thought it a delusion of the evil spirit, and fled to the Sacrament of Penance and to Communion. The voice came again; and again she dreaded some snare of the devil, and sought safety in the sacraments. When the voice spoke a third time, she was not allowed to fear any more. Christ was calling her soul to be His spouse. In speaking of a mystic espousal, He was using the imagery of the Canticle of Canticles,—the idea that has filled the cloisters of the Church in every age with virgins and contemplative saints: "I to my Beloved, and my Beloved to me, who feedeth among the lilies."

For Birgitta a new life of frequent ecstasy began. The veil between heaven and earth seems to have fallen away. Christ and His Mother, saints and angels, looked in upon her at any moment of the day or night.

(To be continued.)

For One Day.

BY MARY E. TARRANT-IRONSIDE.

KEEPER, Lord, into this dim heart of mine
 Let Thy light shine;
 And when I bow my knee to Thee each day,
 Let me not pray
 For riches, fame, for honors or great power;
 But in that hour
 Teach me to lift my heart and freely ask
 Strength for the task
 Of that one day: to live well and be kind,
 Leaving all else behind.

The Grafters.

BY JOSEPH CAREY.

SISTER SUPERIOR folded her tired hands in contentment. To tell the truth, as she sat there resting after her labors, she did not look like a "grafter"; but the Commissioner explained that later she became one, under American influence. Poor Superior was really tired; for she and Sister Dolores had been laboring for a week in making out the report of the work at the great leper hospital and colony of the Curion Island in the Philippines.

Only two weeks before, Sister Superior had received a letter announcing the coming of the American Commissioner, and she had been not a little frightened at the thought of making out a report for the great man. She had heard that these Americans were very businesslike people; and so she had prepared very carefully, with the invaluable aid of Sister Dolores, a long and detailed account of the moneys expended and the work done in the care of the many lepers committed to her charge.

With almost a sigh she thought of the rare visits of the Governor-General under the old Spanish régime. He always came, clothed like Solomon in all his glory, on the Government steamer. Salvos were

fired and a complimentary dinner was given him. He made nice speeches, looked around a bit, and then departed, professing himself deeply pleased with all he saw. In those days, of course, the Governor was always a good Catholic; and, besides his respect for the work they were doing, there was always a touch of reverence in his dealings with the Sisters, which showed that he appreciated their consecrated character.

The Governor knew that many of them were of the best people on the Islands and in Spain, and always asked especially for some of the Sisters with whose families he was acquainted in Manila. So, far from being an ordeal, the visit of the Governor-General, the representative of King Alfonso in the Philippine Islands, was rather, in their otherwise uneventful lives, an event to be looked forward to.

And so the Superior sighed a little as she thought of the days gone by; when there were no reports or statistics, when the visit of the Governor was largely a matter of form; and wondered how this coming representative of the President of the United States would treat them on his visit. But there was a certain contentment in the sigh, for the voluminous report and the statistics were ready. How fortunate that the assistant, Sister Dolores, had been trained in a business school before she had entered the Sisters of Charity! She understood all about these things, could do bookkeeping and typewriting, and even shorthand, as the Superior had heard some of the nuns say,—that is, she could write down all sorts of queer hieroglyphics as fast as one talked, and afterwards could read them. The old Superior, who had been with the lepers nearly forty years, had never before heard of such a marvel, and privately doubted whether it were possible.

Sister Dolores, however, had made out a wonderful report for her to hand to the Commissioner; and so the Superior, though tired, was contented. She had taken the paper reverently in her hands,

scanned the columns of figures which represented the very modest income and output; read the statistics of the sick and the dying, of the number of Sisters and nurses and doctors; and was amazed at the simplicity of it all on paper. All this she had always carried in her head. She knew just who was working, every cent that was spent and how it was spent; and she had been remembering it for years, without thinking of keeping books; but now that books were kept under the American régime, how simple it all was, and, really, how much better!

Yes, there were some good things about the American régime. For one thing, the Americans had been very generous. Sometimes, under Spanish rule, they would wait for months and months for the dole the Government gave to support the leper hospital; but with the Americans it was paid promptly and generously. The little improvements she had been suggesting to the old régime for years, to her surprise were granted immediately by the American Government, the first time she had petitioned. She only hoped that this important person, the representative of the President of the United States, would not be altogether too formidable; and her hands clasped and unclasped a little nervously till she took between her fingers the beads that hung from her girdle, and in the contemplation of the Sorrowful Mysteries forgot all about this terrible unknown, the Commissioner of the Philippine Islands.

Next day about noon, as the Superior was finishing her daily tour of inspection, the great bell tolled, and she knew that the steamer, with the Commissioner on board, had been sighted. In the old days this would have been the signal for Tomas, the faithful veteran who had charge of the garden, to fire a salute with the rusty cannon, mounted on the cliff overlooking the sea. The Superior put her hands to her ears, expecting the accustomed roar; and then smiled a little as she remembered that the old order had yielded to the new,

and that these things had passed away forever. To tell the truth, the omission of this part of the program pleased her immensely, as she always dreaded that some day the old cannon would explode and Tomas be seen no more.

She hurried along the path to the main building, where she found the Sisters clustered together awaiting her,—a subdued excitement evident, but all keeping silence according to rule. She gave them permission to speak; and, having formed a little procession, they went down to the stone pier to welcome his Excellency the Commissioner on his arrival.

The steamer had already entered the harbor when the Sisters arrived at the pier. Old Pablo, the fisherman, had rowed out in his boat at daybreak to fulfil his duty of pilot, and was guiding the Government vessel through the narrow, winding channel. The little steamer was built especially to navigate the shallow waters of the Philippines; but the tide would not permit her to dock, and so she anchored in mid-harbor.

The Commissioner, who was at table when the boat anchored, had no intention of going ashore immediately, and calmly finished his lunch, chatting meanwhile with his secretary. Then, after the coffee had been served, he lit a cigar and went up on deck to enjoy an after-dinner promenade under the pleasant shade of the canvas awning. He happened to glance shoreward, and saw the little sombre-colored group standing in the full blaze of the midday sun, awaiting him. There was something almost pathetic in their simplicity, and the Commissioner felt ashamed that even unconsciously he had kept them standing there waiting; and so he ordered the gig to be lowered at once, and was rowed ashore.

He was dressed in a gray business suit and wore a straw hat; and when he approached the shore, the Superior, who had been accustomed to the dignified pomp of gold-laced uniforms, could hardly

believe that this plainly-dressed man was really the representative of the President of the United States. She went forward as he landed, and, after making an old-fashioned courtesy, which amused and pleased the Commissioner, she offered her hand in American fashion, and welcomed the Commissioner in English, the language she had finally mastered in part after long study with Sister Dolores. The Commissioner was more pleased at this, and answered in Spanish; whereupon the good Superior felt a great load roll off her heart. The Commissioner was not so formidable, after all; for now he was smiling pleasantly, even cordially.

She introduced him to all the Sisters, and he had a pleasant word for each. Then, to the joy of the nuns, he asked the Superior if they might have a "free day" in his honor. An American Sister, whom he had met at Manila, had 'tipped him off' to do this, and the Superior gladly conceded the request of the illustrious Commissioner.

After the nuns were dismissed, the Superior and Sister Dolores accompanied the Commissioner to the main hospital building. It had a very pleasant shaded veranda, overlooking the sea; and there the Commissioner found some excellent Havanas, and was served with sherbet, which he found delightfully cool and refreshing. The Superior then presented her report, her hand trembling a little. She wanted to tie it up in some beautiful silk ribbon that she had preserved for that special purpose, but Sister Dolores had objected:

"It is not businesslike, Mother, and the Americans are great business people. No, we must not roll it or fold it. But see: place it in this big brown envelope,—flat,—so. That's the way the Commissioner will be glad to receive it."

In fact, the Commissioner was glad to get it so. It was the most businesslike report he had yet received on his visits; for, as a rule, both Spaniards and Filipinos did not have much conception of business methods. His practised eye ran

up and down the neat columns of figures, and to the Superior's delight he remarked:

"This is very satisfactory indeed, Sister. And now, if we have time, I'd like to make a little tour through the hospital and farms and workshops, and see what improvements we can make."

"The Commissioner is not afraid of leprosy?" asked the Superior, smiling.

"No," he answered. "Why should I? If you women aren't afraid, why should I fear?"

"Oh," said the Superior, simply, "it is our life! But, really, there is not much danger. I have been here forty years."

"Do the Sisters ever contract leprosy?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied. "There are three of them affected now, and our little cemetery contains many who have died of it; but it is all in the day's work, and recent science has greatly helped us. We take every precaution, use powerful disinfectants, and are careful about cuts or abrasions. So, you see," she said, smiling, "we escape very frequently. We are in God's hands."

By this time they had arrived at the door of the hospital where the more advanced cases were treated,—those who were unable to walk. Not even the powerful disinfectants and deodorizers that the Sisters used could take away the horrible smell of the rotting flesh of the lepers. The Commissioner hesitated a moment, but he followed the Sister.

Everything within was neat and clean. The Sister in charge of the room came to meet them as they entered; and, leading the way, explained everything in such a manner that the Commissioner was impressed with her scientific knowledge. The Superior explained that the Sister had made special studies in medicine at the University of Manila before she entered the Order, and had now been in charge of these advanced cases for many years.

The Commissioner, after the inspection here, was glad to get out into the open air

and sunshine, to look at the pleasant waters of the sea and the green grass and flowers. He was profoundly moved at the sight of the three Sisters in a little room by themselves, clothed in their habits, calmly awaiting the certain death that was coming; calm,—yes, even cheerful, because, as one of them said, they had been made to resemble Christ in their sufferings.

Then he saw the shops where those who were not too sick spent a few hours each day in manual labor; the schools for the children, the farms, and the cottages where the farm-laborers lived. He saw the roads the lepers built, and the little chapel which was the work of their hands; and he marvelled at the neatness and order of it all. He saw the gratitude and love of the sick for the Sisters; he saw the cheerful and patient heroism of the latter; and the more he saw the more he marvelled at their unconscious simplicity.

The tour of inspection over, he prepared to go aboard ship again; and the Superior accompanied him down to the pier, where Tomas signalled for the gig. If one thing more than another had impressed the Commissioner, it was the unconsciousness of the heroism of these women. They actually did not seem to realize that they were doing anything out of the ordinary. He found them so simple and so unsophisticated that it really amused him. So before getting into the gig he said to the Superior:

"Now, Sister, our tour is over, and I want to thank you for a very pleasant and instructive afternoon; and I want to congratulate you on the way everything is conducted."

"Thank you, Señor Commissioner!" said the Superior, a little flustered by his unstinted praise.

"Furthermore," he went on, "I would like to signalize my visit here by doing something for the community. You know," he added quizzingly, "that I represent the United States, a great and rich nation, and I have full powers to grant you anything you ask. Now, Sister, what

would you like for your community?"

The Superior thought for a moment.

"Señor Commissioner," she hesitated, "I should like to ask the advice of the community."

"Very well," answered the Commissioner, a little surprised. "I would like to have you come out to the ship in the morning, when the report will be signed and the instructions ready; and you can tell me then what the community needs most."

The Commissioner then took his leave. That night, as he walked up and down the deck, enjoying a smoke after supper, he began to wonder what the Sister would ask. He thought that, after all, she had shown a good deal more worldly wisdom in delaying her request than he had given her credit for possessing. Perhaps she was not quite so simple, after all; and he hoped that her request would not be for something beyond his power to grant, after the top-lofty way in which he had assured her of his plenipotentiary commission. He smiled a little to himself as he remembered that he had told her that he represented the rich and the great and the powerful American people, and sincerely hoped that the Sister would not count on getting too much. If she should ask for a new building, he thought it could be arranged; but suppose she asked for a whole set of buildings, or for an entirely new equipment, or for a large annual grant to help them in their work? The appropriation should be increased, he knew; but that was not so easily obtained, and he began to regret that he had talked as he had, and put himself at the mercy of the community. They had appeared to be very simple indeed, but appearances were often deceiving. As he looked across the harbor, he could see the convent lights burning, and could picture the Sisters in consultation with the Superior, drawing up a list of the things they needed.

Next morning he welcomed the Superior and Sister Dolores as they stepped aboard

from the gig which had gone to meet them. The time was now come to learn what his pompousness would cost him. He thought he might as well have it over, and so he asked the Superior:

"Well, Sister, what did the community think of asking for?"

The Superior looked embarrassed and turned to her companion:

"Tell him, Sister Dolores."

Sister Dolores answered beseechingly:

"Oh, you tell him, Mother!"

The Commissioner held his breath. Surely they were going to ask for something big. Sister Superior turned again to Sister Dolores, and this time said quite firmly:

"No: you tell him, Sister Dolores."

So Sister Dolores, compelled by obedience, told the Commissioner that, after due deliberation on the part of the community, all had come to the conclusion that what they needed most was—an alarm clock!

"A what?" gasped the Commissioner. He was not sure that he had heard aright.

"An alarm clock," repeated Sister Dolores, visibly embarrassed. "Ours has been broken for some time, and poor Sister Mercedes has been lying awake nights lest she ring the rising bell too late."

The Commissioner laughed with relief. The delicious simplicity of it all struck him as funny, and he laughed and laughed again; and the laughter was so infectious that the Sisters joined him, delighted that their request has been so well received.

"I'll send you a dozen," he exclaimed, "just as soon as I get to Manila!"—while under his breath he exclaimed, "The grafters!"

THERE are some vocations that are very hard to understand. I have not the least doubt that there are some people whose vocation—the highest of all—is to suffer. To many seems to be given that great vocation of Jesus Christ our Lord, to suffer for themselves and others.

—Father B. W. Maturin.

The Leaping Heart.

BY BLANCHE M. KELLY.

IT was not an unusual spectacle which had brought a London crowd to Tyburn Hill on a certain day in March in 1595. The spacious days of the reigning queen and those of her worthy father had afforded them too many such opportunities, and martyrdom had become a terrible commonplace. Nevertheless, the occasion was characterized by unusual incidents, and the crowd by an unwonted demeanor. It was common enough to see the victim dragged to the scene of execution as was this one, his head striking against the stones of the street as the hurdle jolted over them; to see the eyes, bleared by prison darkness, blinking against the sun; to see gaunt limbs endeavoring to support a wasted, torture-racked body for the short time the duty was required of them; and to hear a thin voice commending an unflinching soul to its God. But it was without precedent for the onlookers unanimously to forbid that the martyr be cut down alive; and, life having gone out of him, for the hangman to carry the body reverently in his arms to the place of its disembowelling.

It was at this juncture that the most startling circumstance of all occurred; for, as the heart was cut from the body, it leaped, throbbing, from the dissector's hand. Small wonder that a noble lord who stood by should have cried out, heretic though he was: "May my soul be with this man's soul!" This "leaping heart" was, in the words of a witness of his witnessing, later to share in his triumph,—the heart of "Christ's unconquered soldier, most faithful disciple, most valiant martyr, Robert Southwell, formerly my dearest companion and brother, now my lord, patron and king, reigning with Christ."

There was something eminently fitting in this leaping to a fiery death of a heart

which in life was so wrought upon by divine love as almost to overpass the restraints of the body. Robert Southwell was born into "calamity of times"; and it may have been merely worldly wisdom which prompted his elders to send the ardent, chivalrous boy overseas, out of harm's way, at so early an age that he was under the necessity of studying the English language as though it had been a foreign tongue. But his own bent was not worldly. All his poet's soul was enamored of the beauty of God's house, and he was eaten up with its zeal. This love was to pulse through his poems, and this zeal to glow through his prose; and that both overflowed into his spoken words is evident from the fruits of his sermons,—one of them in particular having been regarded as miraculous, as much owing to his own radiant appearance as to its effect on his hearers. The Society of Jesus, of which he became a member at the age of seventeen, was the object of an impassioned love. "If I forget thee," he apostrophizes the Company, "may my right hand be forgotten!"

It was natural that his soul should have yearned over his unhappy country. The six years of his missionary labors there make extraordinary reading; for it seems nothing short of marvellous that, at a time when Catholicism was a crime and priesthood treason, this priest, whom Topcliffe, after his capture, boasted to be "the weightiest man" he ever took, should have gone about England for so long a period,—disguised, it is true, and hunted and eventually caught; but carrying out to the letter the conditions of his vow, and conducting what amounted to a propaganda of publicity. From the great houses where he acted as chaplain, from his hiding-places, from his prison cell, his unfaltering heart sent out its messages to his faltering, sorely-trying brethren. The wretched story of his betrayal and capture has been often told; and that of the tortures devised for him by his captor's "bloody and butcherly mind" scarcely

bears repetition. His poems are fairly familiar to lovers of literature; but his prose writings are not so well known, and it is with some of these that this paper proposes to treat.

The most pathetic of them is the importunate Epistle "to the worshipful my very good father,"—the elder Southwell having conformed, at least outwardly, for the sake of his possessions. Very earnestly and tenderly Robert calls to his remembrance the titles in virtue of which he makes this remonstrance, urging his priesthood, and how "even from my infancy you were wont in merriment to call me Father Robert." And again: "He may be a father to the soul that is a son to the body." He reminds him of the inevitable and speedy coming of death and of the wisdom of a thrifty utilization of time. "Be not you, therefore," he entreats, "of those that begin not to live until they be ready to die; and then after a foe's deserts come to crave of God a friend's entertainment." He beats out clanging sentences with the hammer of logic on the anvil of irrefutable truth: "He can not have God for his Father that refuseth to profess the Catholic Church for his mother. Neither can he achieve the Church Triumphant in heaven that is not a member of the Church Militant here on earth." He becomes very eloquent when he dwells on the price which Christ paid for the purchase of our souls: "He made His body as a cloud to resolve into showers of innocent blood." And in a final burst of pleading: "Tender the pitiful estate of your poor soul; and hereafter be more fearful of hell than of persecution, and more eager of heaven than of worldly repose." It is comforting to have the assurance that this pleading was not in vain, and that the father "yielded his soul a happy captive" into the consecrated hands of his son.

There is less fire, as there is less occasion for it, in the Epistle entitled "Triumphs over Death," written to console Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel, for the death of

his half-sister, Lady Margaret Sackville. It is the production of a man to whom, as truly as ever to St. Francis, "our sister the death of the body" was familiar and friend. Its similes and periods resemble those of Sir Thomas Brown; and its quiet philosophy finds an echo in one of Southwell's own poems, "Content and Rich," which would be Horatian in its placidity were not this placidity grounded on the virile hope which inspired "The Imitation of Christ." It seems cold comfort to grief to be advised to "Make sorrow a sequel, not a superior, of reason"; and highly characteristic of his age is that play upon the lady's name which gives point to the observation: "The Jeweller that came into this world to seek good pearls, and gave not only all He had but Himself also to buy them, thought it now time to take her into His bargain, finding her grown to a margarite's full perfection."

But the chief of Southwell's prose works, in which his impetuous love for his captain Christ piles up palpitant words into sentences of exquisite beauty, is that known as "Marie Magdalen's Funerall Teares," now out of print, but fortunately soon to be issued in a new edition by the Encyclopedia Press, through whose courtesy I am able to make the citations which follow. In this work, which has well been called "a prose poem," Southwell once more descends on the strings of love and sorrow whence he drew such soul-reaching music in "St. Peter's Complaint." Surely never were the desolation and abandonment of grief more eloquently and accurately depicted than in the passages which describe Mary Magdalen confronted by the empty tomb, so wrought upon and undone by the realization of her loss that the words of the heavenly messengers carry no meaning to her mind nor comfort to her heart. And then, across the distraction of her grief, falls the voice of Christ Himself, uttering her name: "And as Mary signifieth no less what she was than what she is, so is this one word, by His virtue that speaketh it, a repetition of all her miseries,

an epitome of His mercies, and a memorial of all her better fortunes."

We are borne from rapture to rapture with her who was thus snatched from illimitable grief to be set upon the pinnacle of joy. We share her stupefaction as the fact of this uttermost miracle dawns upon her; we witness her faltering efforts to speak, her dismay and renewal of sorrow at being bidden to leave the feet of her newly-recovered Lord, and bear to His disciples the news of His Resurrection. As she departs "sometimes she forgetteth herself, and love carrieth her in a golden distraction . . . she dreameth that His feet are in her folded arms, and that He giveth her soul a full repast of His comforts." The book concludes with an eloquent outburst, in which Southwell appeals to the Christian soul to take Mary Magdalen for its mirror; and, in recapitulation of her experiences on that first Easter morning, he summarizes the whole of that spiritual experience which is a continual seeking for the Lord:

"Learn of Mary for Christ to fear no encounters, out of Christ to desire no comforts, and with love of Christ to overcome the love of all things. Rise early in the morning of thy good motions, and let them not sleep in sloth when diligence may perform them. Run with repentance to thy sinful heart, which should have been the temple, but, through thy fault, was no better than a tomb for Christ. . . . Roll away the stone of thy former hardness, . . . and look into thy soul whether thou canst find the Lord. . . . Seek Him and not His,—for Himself and not for His gifts. . . . Thus preparing thee with diligence, coming with speed, standing with high-lifted hopes, and stooping with reclined heart, if, with Mary, thou cravest no other solace of Jesus but Jesus Himself, He will answer thy tears with His presence, and assure thee of His presence with His own words; that, having seen Him thyself, thou mayest make Him known to others; saying with Mary, 'I have seen the Lord, and these things He said unto me.'"

If we Desire to be Heard.

SEVERAL years ago, recounts Father Bailly, Superior General of the Assumptionists, I was present in the Bureau of Verifications at Lourdes when there appeared before the Board of Physicians a poor woman who had been brought to Our Lady's favorite shrine by the leaders of the National Pilgrimage. The certificate she had brought with her stated that she had been suffering from "a purulent sore on the leg, an ulcer of large area, refractory to all methods employed, and apparently incurable." Now, in my presence the doctors declared that the sore, which had been unsuccessfully dressed the previous evening, had in the meantime become completely cicatrized. They questioned the recipient of Our Lady's favor.

"Sirs," said she, "all I know is that, in the first place, I went to the Grotto. I prayed there very hard, and I wasn't cured. Then I thought to myself that prayer wasn't enough."

"But," inquired one of the doctors, "how long had you been suffering from this ulcer?"

"Sirs, the certificate tells all that. But that wasn't what was bothering me. I said to myself: 'To prayer you must join the Sacraments.' Then I went to confession and received Communion—and I wasn't cured."

"Have you," asked another doctor, "been using your cane and crutch for a long time?"

"That, sirs, is certain; but I declare to you that I wasn't concerned about that. I said to myself: 'Since Communion hasn't cured me, I'm going to make an act of faith that will be hard for me.' So I had myself plunged into the bath—and I wasn't cured."

"But," insisted one of the Board, "it's about the ulcer, its nature, and its history, that we have to concern ourselves here. Tell us all about that."

"Sirs, I ask your pardon! But, as for me, my only concern was to have recourse to supernatural means. I saw only that: the rest didn't interest me. So, after the bath, I said to myself: 'You haven't made an act of penance or mortification.' Then I climbed up to the Calvary. The Lord knows with what suffering I reached it. At the foot of the Cross I hoped to be heard—but I wasn't cured."

"Yes, yes!" impatiently exclaimed one of the Board. "But all this is not what we are asking you. What did your home doctors say about your ulcer when you started to come to Lourdes?"

"Sirs, I didn't bother about the doctors. One sure thing is that it wasn't they who cured me. Here is what happened. At the foot of the Cross I saw two cents lying on the ground. I picked them up, but I hesitated about keeping them; although I came here like a beggar, those good ladies paying my way and giving me hospitality. While I hesitated I saw a blind man asking charity. I said to myself: 'Ah, you haven't given alms!' True, I had done the other acts of the Christian life!—prayer, the Sacraments, the acts of faith and mortification. It remained for me to give alms. So then I gave the two cents to the blind man. Hardly had I done so when I felt a queer sort of shudder and a great pain in my leg; and then, all at once, I didn't feel anything at all! I could walk easily, came down from the Calvary without trouble, looked at my leg—and *the ulcer wasn't there: I was cured!* The Blessed Virgin taught me in this way that one must do all the acts of the Christian life, and not merely some of them, if one wishes to be heard."

The poor woman's story may not have satisfied the physicians, but she guilelessly taught a valuable lesson to all Christians: if we desire to have our prayers answered, let us be Christians out and out, and not in a half-hearted fashion.

A LITTLE of the truth is all that most men care to know.

Realizing One's Limitations.

"MAN is not born," says Goethe, "to solve the problem of the universe, but to find out what he has to do—and to restrain himself within the limits of his comprehension." That is a suggestive thought, which the average individual in every class of society and every state in life would do well frequently to meditate, and by which he should habitually regulate his activities. Failure to recognize one's limitations and to confine one's exertions within their scope is a fertile source of wasted energy and misdirected zeal in politics, literature, business, and domestic economy.

In this democratic country of ours, where every man is supposed to be quite as good as every other, there is perhaps more temptation than in some other lands for ordinary citizens to forget their limitations in the matter of governmental polity, economic conditions, sociological questions, industrial legislation, and other subjects which postulate some specialized training; and the result is that they devote to such topics a considerable amount of time and attention which might well be devoted to matters of immediate concern to themselves and their families. The loquacious father, for instance, who declaims so volubly on the mistakes of the law in the regulations of what is known as, pre-eminently, the social evil, might much more profitably be engaged in seeing to it that his youthful sons and daughters are not left free to read at will all kinds of tainted literature, and frequent unchided the most questionable of "movies" and vaudeville entertainments.

The evils which "big business" is inflicting on the country at large may possibly be real; but the man who recognizes his limitations will not in consequence neglect his own small business for the sake of denouncing the said evils. "Whatsoever thy hand is able to do," says Ecclesiastes, "do it earnestly"; and the thorough regu-

lation of one's own concerns furnishes in most cases full scope for one's most energetic activities. It is sad, no doubt, that such and such a member of our parish is rather neglectful of his religious duties; but his delinquency in this respect is not a justifying reason for our indulging in the sin of detraction or calumny by discussing his faults with every gossip of our acquaintance. It would suit us far better to set him the example of a thoroughly consistent Catholic. "Turn thine eyes back upon thyself," says the author of "The Imitation," "and take heed thou judge not the doings of others. In judging others a man labors in vain, often errs, and easily sins; but in judging and looking into himself he always labors with fruit. . . . We would willingly have others perfect, and yet we mend not our own faults. We would have others strictly corrected, but will not be corrected ourselves."

One character who, more habitually than most others, fails "to restrain himself within the limits of his comprehension" is the unprofessional critic. Without having ever given evidence of any literary ability that might entitle him to some little prestige as a competent judge of books or journals, he magisterially passes on all sorts of volumes, denouncing this book or that periodical with an assurance and an aplomb calculated to impress the ignorant—and to amuse the judicious who perceive his shallowness. It is of course the privilege of any reader of any book to state his impressions thereof; but becoming modesty would impel a great many critics to preface the statement with the frank avowal: "I don't know literature, but I know what I like."

In the scheme of a truly Christian life, what one has to do is, first and foremost, to accomplish the everyday duties of his calling,—the comprehensive duties that regard Almighty God, himself, and his neighbor. Such accomplishment is not outside the limitations of any one, but it may well occupy to the full the energy of each.

The Horrors of War in Armenia.

A READING of the message cabled last week by the Foreign Secretary of England to the American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief should have the effect of making all who are praying for the restoration of peace do so more fervently, and of inducing many others to follow their good example. Lord Balfour says:

"The sufferings of the Armenians in the Ottoman Empire are known, but it is doubtful if their true horror is realized. Of the 1,800,000 Armenians who were in the Ottoman Empire two years ago, 1,200,000 have been either massacred or deported. Those who were massacred died under abominable tortures, but they escaped the longer agonies of the deported. Men, women, and children, without food or other provision for the journey, without protection from the climate, regardless of age or weakness or disease, were driven from their homes and made to march as long as their strength lasted, or until those who drove them drowned or massacred them in batches. Some died of exhaustion or fell by the way; some survived a journey of three months, and reached the deserts and swamps along the Middle Euphrates. There they have been abandoned, and are dying of starvation, disease, and exposure. . . .

"A miserable remnant of the race left behind in the Ottoman Empire were plundered and oppressed; women and children were forcibly converted to Mohammedanism. Some few (less than a tenth) of the Armenians who were in the Ottoman Empire in April, 1915, after sufferings and privations which caused a high mortality, fled across the frontier."

If the world were not war-crazed, the bare recital of facts like these would be enough to excite universal horror, and to inspire in every land under the sun so energetic a demand for the cessation of hostilities that no belligerent Power would dare to disregard it.

Notes and Remarks.

The passage of the Immigration Bill over the veto of the President is perhaps the most striking proof that could be afforded of a general revival of Know-Nothingism in the United States. The recrudescence of it in some sections of the country has been notorious for two or three years past. Now is a good time to recall the condemnation of this shameful intolerance by the ablest defender of the Declaration of Independence and the noblest champion of liberty among American statesmen. In a letter dated August 24, 1858, Lincoln wrote: "Our progress in degeneracy appears to me to be pretty rapid. As a nation, we began by declaring that 'All men are created equal.' We now, practically, read it, 'All men are created equal except Negroes.' When the Know-Nothings get control it will read, 'All men are created equal except Negroes, and foreigners and Catholics.' When it comes to this I should prefer emigrating to some country where they make no pretence of loving liberty,—to Russia, for instance, where despotism can be taken pure and without the base alloy of hypocrisy."

Again, in a speech delivered in Cincinnati, on Feb. 12, 1861, the same great American said: "Inasmuch as our country is extensive and new, and the countries of Europe are densely populated, if there are any abroad who desire to make this the land of their adoption, it is not in my heart to throw aught in their way to prevent them from coming to the United States."

Broad-minded, great-hearted Lincoln! Nature would seem to have taken a new mould for his formation, and not to have used it again.

The whirligig of Time certainly brought in one of his strangest revenges when the Spanish Ambassador who was diplomatically expelled from the United States in 1898 was put in charge of American

interests in Germany. It is unlikely that Count Von Bernstorff, who so ably and honorably represented his country here during the past two years and a half, will ever be returned to the United States; but it is by no means improbable that within a score of years he may find himself charged with American interests in, let us say, Tokyo. There is nothing so strange in the past that may not be matched in the future. International conflicts will cease only when there is an end of international jealousy and greed; and there will always be need of the services of men like Count Von Bernstorff. In taking leave of this country, he said to a group of newspaper men: 'I tried to do my duty. I have not always told you all the truth; still I never told you anything that wasn't true.' Such a man is sure to come to the front again. Let us hope that in the meantime the spirit of truth will have prevailed to the same extent that it is now overcome in nations whose Christianization is largely sham.

While we naturally deprecate the attendance of Catholic young men at Protestant or non-sectarian colleges and universities, we admit that there may be extenuating circumstances connected with such attendance. And, given that Catholics are present in such institutions, it is interesting as well as gratifying to learn that, sometimes at least, their religious interests are not overlooked by the educational authorities. We read, for instance, that in the Methodist Episcopal University at Denver, there were recently held "Days of Prayer," an echo of the spiritual retreat that has always been an annual affair in Catholic colleges. The interesting feature of the matter is that separate meetings were held for the Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish students, at which meetings the speakers were Protestant ministers, Catholic priests, and Jewish rabbis. Such action on the part of the faculty of the University is something of a guarantee that no unworthy

attempts at proselytizing are in vogue in the Denver institution; and, accordingly, the thirty-five young Catholics who attend its classes and lectures are less exposed to danger than they might easily be in some so-called non-sectarian State University where religion of any kind is flouted as out of date.

In a speech on the Naval Appropriation Bill, delivered in the House of Representatives, the Hon. Oscar Callaway, of Texas, read the following strange statement, which he declared had been written out and handed to him by a "man in a position to know":

In March, 1915, the J. P. Morgan interests, the steel, shipbuilding, and powder interests, and their subsidiary organizations, got together 12 men high up in the newspaper world, and employed them to select the most influential newspapers in the United States, and a sufficient number of them to control generally the policy of the daily press of the United States.

These 12 men worked the problem out by selecting 179 newspapers; and then began, by an elimination process, to retain only those necessary for the purpose of controlling the general policy of the daily press throughout the country. They found it was necessary to purchase the control of only 25 of the greatest papers. The 25 papers were agreed upon; emissaries were sent to purchase the policy, national and international, of these papers; an agreement was reached; the policy of the papers was bought, to be paid for by the month; an editor was furnished for each paper, properly to supervise and edit information regarding the questions of preparedness, militarism, financial policies, and other things of national and international nature considered vital to the interests of the purchasers.

This contract is in existence at the present time, and it accounts for the news columns of the daily press of the country being filled with all sorts of preparedness arguments and misrepresentations as to the present condition of the United States Army and Navy, and the possibility and probability of the United States' being attacked by foreign foes.

This policy also included the suppression of everything in opposition to the wishes of the interests served. The effectiveness of this scheme has been conclusively demonstrated by the character of stuff carried in the daily press throughout the country since March, 1915. They have resorted to anything necessary to

commercialize public sentiment, and sandbag the National Congress into making extravagant and wasteful appropriations for the Army and Navy under the false pretence that it was necessary. Their stock argument is that it is "patriotism." They are, playing on every prejudice and passion of the American people.

Unlike most Congressmen, Mr. Callaway (who describes himself as a "belligerent pacifist, ready to fight those of this country who want to drive us into war") cares nothing for newspaper reports himself, but his informant, he said, "would not allow his name disclosed unless he be brought before a proper tribunal, with power to summon witnesses, and put them on oath, and follow the investigation to a conclusion, because he feared he would be 'fired' from his job, and he knew he would be hounded to death by newspapers."

Observant readers throughout the country must have noticed that when it is a question of public improvements the metropolitan press shouts, "Pork barrel!" and that when opposition is raised to enormous expenditures for the Army and Navy, it shouts, "Treason!"

A serious objection to the Question Box department in some of our Catholic contemporaries is that attempts are often made to give adequate answers in as few words as the questions themselves. This is sometimes impossible, and the impression on the questioner's mind must frequently be that the difficulty has been dodged rather than cleared up. A good definition of Papal Infallibility, for instance, need not be a long one, though it should be long enough to make a distinction between "impeccability" and "infallibility," which are so often confounded. But when it is asked, "If St. Peter was infallible, why did he deny Our Lord?" other explanations as well are in order.

"Nothing is more remarkable," writes Mr. Shane Leslie in a communication to *America*, "than the way in which the Holy

See is now seeking not only peace between belligerents, but the accommodation of outstanding differences of her own. The East is being approached by the West. There seems some chance that the Russian will find a Catholic cathedral in Constantinople with the Greek Uniate Rite in possession. Diplomatic relations between England and the Holy See seem to be cemented, and France is likely to follow the example. Since 1870 the world has pretended it could get on very well without granting an official existence to the Holy See. A world now become slightly anxious as to its own prospect of existence holds out its hands to the one unloosened stake with which Providence seems to have pegged down the centuries."

Remarkable indeed, and a faithful saying.

We have seen no summary of Lenten resolutions more practical and complete than the following, which we find in the *New World* of Chicago:

Go to Mass every morning. Go to Holy Communion every morning,—at least go to Holy Communion every week. Make a visit to the Blessed Sacrament every day.

Make a sincere effort to keep the letter and the spirit of Lent. More people are killed by eating than by fasting. We all eat too much meat. The doctors say it is a prolific source of disease.

Buy a book of Catholic devotion. Read it for at least fifteen minutes a day. Get acquainted with yourself. Get chummy with your soul. A meditation of ten minutes a day will go very far to make you a thoughtful Catholic.

Attend the special devotions for Lent. Make the Stations of the Cross at least once a week. This practice will keep you in the spirit of Lent.

Set aside some of the money you save from little luxuries, for charity.

All of these suggestions are good, and each in its own way important; but the last is especially appropriate in these days, when there is so much misery and suffering in the world.

An old story that has had so long a rest as to appear new is now being told, with proper setting, of the new English Premier.

A Welsh deacon, who was acting as chairman of a political meeting at which Mr. Lloyd George was to speak, introduced him by saying: "Gentlemen, I haff the honor to introduce to you the honorable Member for Carnarvon Boroughs. He has come here on purpose to reply to the Bishop of St. Asaph. In my opinion, the Bishop is one of the biggest liars in creashon; but, thank Heaven, we haff got a match for him to-night!"

Some of the most interesting war letters that have come under our notice are from the pen of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Cleary, of Auckland, New Zealand, who is—or was until recently—serving as a chaplain. Being in England for his health, and hearing that the New Zealand troops in France, many of whom are Catholics, were deprived of priestly ministrations, he offered to fill the place himself until a regular chaplain could be provided, and hastened to join the brigade to which he was appointed. He has been on the firing line for the last three months. From his latest letter, dated Jan. 4, 1917, we are privileged to quote these passages:

For the Catholic chaplain, the period in the trenches is certainly, in some respects, much less toilsome than the period of so-called "rest." For during "rest" the men of his brigade are scattered through villages and farms over a wide area; and the only possible hours for getting into personal touch with them—in groups not larger than a Company—are from about 11.30 to 1.15, and from 5 p. m. onwards. But in the trenches, the chaplain finds his men concentrated in two lines,—with the exception of working parties, which are daily close to or within the lines; and reserves, which are in billets close behind. . . . In no case, however, near our lines is it possible to celebrate Mass or carry out any religious service in one of our churches on Sundays, because they have all been destroyed, over a wide area here.

A remarkable feature, however, of the destruction caused by incendiary fire and artillery high explosives is the extraordinary immunity from damage of the big crucifixes or Calvaries in town, village, and country, even amidst otherwise practically universal ruin all around. I frequently visit, in the course of duty here, a village where the church has been pounded to

atoms, the tombstones in many cases battered to fragments, two sets of graves opened and coffins exposed by high explosives, and a life-size crucifix only a few feet away perfectly intact. Two others only a little way off have not so much as a scratch upon either cross or life-size figure of the Crucified; while in the case of one, there is hopeless desolation all around; and, in the case of the other, all the adjacent houses have been heavily holed by fragments of flying shell. Many of our troops stop to view these strange sights, and with men of all faiths they are quite a common subject of comment and wonderment.

While our men are in the trenches, my "church" on Sundays is the large loft of a battered barn, the roof of which has been riddled by shell fire. It is near my billet in an adjoining farmhouse, and shells fall frequently all around about and along the adjacent roads. Six exploded near by in rapid succession last night. Every evening in my billet, and for an hour before Mass on Sundays, I carry out the loving ministry of reconciling penitents with their Creator. Each Sunday there is a crowd of communicants.

I spend the greater part of each day in the firing line; reserving, when possible, a short period, before dark, for a visit to one or two sectors of the support line. The roads leading to the trenches (near which I live) are all shelled from time to time by the enemy's guns; but some risk also arises from the almost daily firing of anti-aircraft artillery, right overhead, both by friend and foe. The fragments of bursting projectiles come buzzing at great velocity through the air with a musical note, and may inflict very ugly wounds. One of these dropped between me and a young Aucklander, failing to "get" me only by a fraction of an inch. The last part of the way into the front and support trenches is through one or other of a series of narrow winding saps, partly dug into the ground, partly built up on each side like earth fences, topped by sandbags (or more correctly earth-filled bags), and supported inside by wooden frames splayed outwards and covered with close-mesh wire-netting to sustain the soft clay and keep it from falling during damp or frosty weather. . . .

I make it my business each day to see personally every Catholic along the sectors visited, and to give him an opportunity of performing, there and then, the religious duty that may be the most urgent for men running the great risks of modern war. This duty is done in any condition that offers,—lying down in dug-outs, leaning against parapets, or, under heavy shell-fire, crouching low in the shelter of friendly walls of sandbags. . . . In the biggest "strafe"

against us, tens of thousands of all sorts of shells were poured in torrents over our lines, with, happily, comparatively little loss of life. But there were many very wonderful escapes, of the kind that one is tempted to refer to as miraculous.

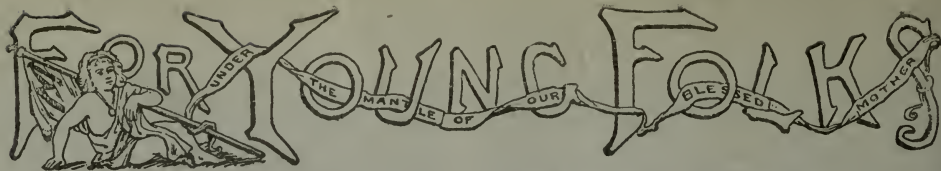
My own escape from a high-explosive five-point-nine (practically six-inch) German shell may, perhaps, present some point of interest to you. The shell exploded only eight feet from where three of us (one a young English artillery officer observer) were standing side by side, in the front line in the height of the bombardment. The shell explosion made a great hole in the fortunately soft earth. All three of us were thrown flat, with great force, and quantities of earth and mud were cast on and above us. Two of the three of us picked ourselves up as quickly as possible; the other—the young officer at my right—never rose again.

Bishop Cleary tells us that no mission with which he has ever been associated has produced so rich a harvest of spiritual good as the battle front from which he writes; and he declares that he will leave it with sincerest regret.

As an example of how truths of a timely character are expressed by Mr. John B. Stoll, of the *Editorial*, we quote this pregnant paragraph:

The less attention the people of the United States pay to the editorial utterances of most of the newspapers printed in the city of New York, the less misconception of matters discussed will take lodgment in their minds. Time was when it was reasonably safe to heed the teachings of the New York press, but that is a thing of the past. The judgment of those who fully understand the situation is that most of the New York papers are provincial, untrustworthy, unfair, and deplorably unscrupulous.

The *Editorial* is distinguished for honesty no less than for ability. Independent integrity is shown in every word that is original and in every line that is quoted. It is too much to expect that a periodical so solid and so superior should win popularity all at once; however, there is the gratifying assurance that the number of the *Editorial's* readers is steadily if slowly increasing. It is one of those rare publications that become almost a necessity to any one who attentively peruses a single issue.



Lessons of St. Joseph.

BY E. J. MERRYWEATHER.

YOUNG and old and high and low,
All may to St. Joseph go:

By example, not by speech,
Such sweet lessons did he teach.

Yes, dear children, even so;
All may to St. Joseph go,
Greater though on earth was none
Save God's Mother, peerless One!

Many a lesson you may learn,
Children, if to him you turn,—
Meek obedience, prompt and true,
Gentleness and kindness too;

In Jesus' company to live,
Reverence to Him and Mary give;
To love them, serve them, work and pray;
Above all, humbly to obey.

Con of Misty Mountain.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

IX.—THROUGH THE MIST.

CON and the dog started off,—Con strong in heart again, now that this faithful friend was at his side. They stopped for a while in the hollow beneath the green-wreathed rocks, but there was no sign of the "Mister" there to-day. The moss where Con had lain on Christmas Eve was dripping wet now, and the melting snows had made a little pool where he had battled with the boys. Everything seemed to have grown soft and warm, even Con's own heart, from which all the fighting spirit had fled. If he could but find the "Mister," and go with him to where people were good and gentle and kind!

So he and Dick kept on their way down the cloud-veiled steps to the log cabin,

which, Con felt after all the splendor of its decorations, the "Mister" must still be holding as his own. But when he reached the threshold, Con paused in dire dismay. All the glory of the Christmas night had vanished like a dream,—glittering candelabra, gleaming tapers, laces, broideries, rugs. The cabin stood rough and bare and deserted save for one figure—Con's late enemy, Pat Murphy,—busy tearing down the greens and berries, and sweeping them out to burn; Pat Murphy, who had flung the stone in the snowball, and whom Con had sworn to "lick" on sight. The blood boiled and then chilled as suddenly in the young outlaw's veins. He was stiff and sore still: could he dare an encounter with sturdy Pat to-day? He must, though it killed him; and then, as he stood nerving himself for the unequal fight that he felt had to come, Pat looked up and stared at the intruder for a moment doubtfully:

"What are ye doing down here?" he asked.

"Ready to fight you about that 'ere snowball," said Con, clenching a rather shaky fist.

"You needn't," replied Pat. "I gave my word to say I was sorry the first time I saw you. And I'll say more, too. You best skip out of this 'ere place quick as you can. Captain Gregory's put a price on you."

"A price!" echoed Con.

"Yes," continued Pat,— "twenty dollars to anybody that will bring you up to the Manse. I might try for it myself, but I won't. Father Phil give us all a talking to about you; said we were mean and coward and unchristian. Oh, he give it to us hot and hard! And we promised not to do it no more. And I won't, not even for old Gregory's twenty dollars. But you better skip quick, for all his men are looking out for you now."

"What do they want with me?" asked Con, in bewilderment.

"To shut you up," answered Pat. "Old Greg says it ain't safe to have you loose. He's going to put you in the Reform."

"What's that?" asked Con. "Jail?"

"Wuss," was the uncheering reply,—“a heap wuss. I'd ruther be in jail a dozen times. Old Greg says he is going to put you there. And if you don't skip far and fast, he will.”

Con listened in wonder. He had the wariness of the wild creatures, and he could not quite understand Pat's sudden change of heart; for the stone in the snowball rankled still. It would be well, he thought, to keep out of its flinger's way. He longed to ask some questions about the "Mister," but he did not dare to. Pat might trick, mislead him again.

"You'd best make for the Roost and stay there," cautioned this late enemy; "or old Greg will get you sure."

And Con turned and walked off, leaving Pat to clear away the Christmas débris with a sense of duty well done.

Back into the thickening mists went Con, with Dick at his side. All unconsciously, the boy had missed an opportunity he would never regain. A word about Father Phil and his offer would have stirred Pat into eager interest, and would have guided homeless Con straight to his good friend's side. But this the poor Con of Misty Mountain did not know. Still he resolved to heed Pat's warning: he would skip far and fast out of old Gregory's reach. He could travel, like the hunted fox and deer, by ways the old man could not follow; until he was far beyond his power or rule; and then he could show the paper in his pocket and find its writer without fear.

So Con planned as he took his way up the mountain, where the mists were growing whiter and thicker as the day wore to its close. The sun was setting, a red ball of fire in the Gap, and Con was very tired. Those two days and nights of pain in the smoky old cabin had taken away much of his fearless, boyish strength. He must

find a shelter for the night. But this was no new thing for Con. Misty Mountain, with its hollows and hiding-places, was familiar camping ground; and Mother Moll had filled his ragged pockets with bread and cheese; for Uncle Bill had come home laden with provender, and her larder was no longer empty. He knew of a fine place, not so very far up the mountain, where he could sleep. It was a sort of cave or *cache*, as Uncle Bill's boys called it, where they hid things—kegs and boxes and cans—that they did not want to carry up the steep climb to the Roost; then there was a lot of straw and heavy sacking that would make a warm bed for the night, and Dick would take care that no wild things came in to disturb their sleep. With Dick's keen nose and sharp teeth at his side, Con had no fear of wolf or wild-cat. But there would be worse things than wolves or wild-cats astir on Misty Mountain to-night, though Con did not know this yet.

He felt only that he must lie down somewhere and rest; for, though his sturdy young frame was cased in muscles that had the spring of steel, they still were strained and sore, and his head was not altogether clear yet. Perhaps that was why the mists rolling up thicker and whiter in the gathering dusk seemed to bewilder Con. It was well that Dick was at his side, or he might have lost his way. Sky and stars were blotted out; even the ground beneath his feet was a white blur. All around him was a cloudland, in which queer, fantastic shapes seemed to start out and vanish as he passed. Rocks, trees, thickets, all the landmarks he knew so well, were veiled and vague and strange to-night. He would be glad to reach the *cache* for which he was instinctively making, and lie down in the warm straw to sleep.

But Con felt, with something of the old spirit rising in his heart, it was good to be free even in this cloudland; good to be away from Uncle Bill forever; good he had met Pat Murphy and been warned of old Gregory's hunt for him; good that he

and Dick could go on their wild way, by paths that the old man in the Manse would never reach. Now that the ice had melted, the fierce grip of the frost broken, he and Dick could wander for days and weeks without fear. They could catch the rabbits and hares scurrying out for greens in the mountain; and there was wood to cook them,—Con knew how to strike fire from sticks and stones. There were roots and mosses quite as good to eat as potatoes and beans. And always there were warm nooks and hollows, carpeted with pine needles, where he could snuggle up close to big, fur-robed Dick, and sleep for the night. Then, when he and Dick were miles and miles away from Uncle Bill and old Gregory, he would go down where there were people and houses, and show the paper in his pocket, and with the two dollars Mother Moll had given him, find the "Mister" who would take him for his little pal and brother as he had said.

And, with this hope cheering him, Con kept on his way through a world of cloudy phantasms that might well have dismayed many an older and wiser traveller, until a sudden sound in the white stillness made him pause abruptly, and clap a silencing hand on Dick's jaw that was just opening for a bark. Dick knew the warning, and was suddenly motionless as a dog turned into stone. Voices—fierce, hoarse voices—were talking near. Con and Dick were close to the *cache* now, but—but—some one was there before them; some one—nay, two, three speakers were almost within touch. Con, in dire dismay, crouched down behind a clump of bushes that had started out of the blur beside him. He dared not move; for it was Uncle Bill's fierce, husky tone that came through the veiling mists.

"Take plenty of ile, fur this cussed fog is agin us,—plenty of ile and turpentine as well. And start the barns and stable fust: the hay and straw will catch quick."

"Aye, aye!" It was black-browed Wally's voice that answered. "We're on to the job all right, pap! And the fog is

not agin us. We'll have things roaring before they catch a glim of light. Dan stole down and cut all the wires at dusk; ye couldn't see an inch beyond yer nose then. We'll smoke the Gregorys out fur good, don't ye fear."

"Aye, we will, will, the—the—" Uncle Bill, hoarse with rage and hate, broke into a burst of profanity terrible to hear. "We'll larn them, my lads; we'll show them that Bill Gryce and his bold boys are not to be hunted down like wolves and catamounts. We'll show them that we can hit back,—can fight our own. Nat, my brave yellow-haired Nat,—think of him, my lads,—think of your bold brother locked up in the jail for mebbe twenty years, as old Gregory swears. Think of Nat, lads, and do your wurst!"

"We will, pap,—we will, don't ye fear!"

"Plenty of ile, plenty of turpentine," continued the fierce old voice; "and the hay and straw fust. But—but don't ye stop at that, lads, don't stop until that thar great house of his catches fire good. Don't stop till it's ablaze from roof to ground. Don't stop till everybody in it is choking or burning, or running out yelling and screaming into the night."

"We won't, pap,—we won't," came the fierce promise. "We'll make a blaze that will light Misty Mountain to its tip."

"I'd like well to help ye, lads, but I'm that stiff with the drubbing I gave that young whelp the other day that I can't hardly lift my arm. Lord, but he riled me, plotting and a-planning with them that's a-driving me and mine out of house and home, taking the bread out of our mouths, jailing my brave boy! I beat till I couldn't beat no more. Whether I killed him or not, I don't know."

"What was the good of killing the boy?" It was Dan who put the question rather gruffly. "Couldn't you jest have kicked him out and let him go?"

"No," answered his father savagely,— "not after all I've done and risked for him. Keeping that thar boy meant more for me than you all kuow. But when he

turned agin me, he stirred me up sure. Dead or alive, I've done with him now; for we'll all hev to be off from here before the first crack of day. But fust I'm a-going to hev my spite out full and free. I'm going to set right here and watch old Eben Gregory's house burn. I'm a-going to watch it smoke and crackle and blaze from ground to roof, till it lights the country around; and when it tumbles, when he hasn't roof or wall to call his own no more, when he is turned out like he's turned me and mine from home, I'm going to fling my curse on him, and go off from Misty Mountain forever. But I'll be even with old Gregory fust, boys,—we'll be even with old Gregory fust."

"Aye, we will!" said black-browed Wally, who was an echo of his old father. Nat and Dan had a touch in them of poor Mother Moll. "Jest you set here and watch us, pap! We hev to wait until that Irish Dennis and the rest of 'em get off to sleep before we start work."

"How about the dogs?" asked the old man, suddenly. "They loose them at night."

"I've got sausage for them," said Wally, grimly,—*"sausage that kills fust bite."*

"Fling it to them quick, lad!" warned his father. "There's a wolf hound thar that could tear ye to bits. Hev a shot ready for him, if the sausage don't work. Lie down within now and rest a bit. I'll call ye at ten."

"Better tumble in the shack yerself, pap," said Dan. "This 'ere fog will stiffen yer bones wuss than they are stiffened now."

"No!" growled Uncle Bill. "I've got to keep watch myself. I couldn't sleep nowhar or nohow to-night. I can't never sleep until I see that thar house a-blasting and a-burning as I want. And I feel—I feel sort of as if somebody war going to snatch that spite from me, do what I will. You don't hear nothing a-breathing or a-creeping round here, do ye, Dan?"

"Lord, no, pap," reassured Dan,—*"nothing at all!"*

"I thought I did," said the old man, doubtfully. "I sort of felt like thar was

something hiding and listening in the fog."

"Spooks mebbe?" suggested Dan. "Mother always said that the 'hants' walk out in the mists when no one can see."

"Your mother is a fool!" broke out Uncle Bill, fiercely. "She allus was. Thar ain't no such things as spooks. When you're dead, you're dead, and there ain't no more to you. Never believed in no preacher's talk, and never will. But I've been sort of shaky and upset, though, ever since I laid it on so hard to that thar young whelp of a Con. Wonder if I killed him or not? Durned, if I could tell!"

"Mother was sort of sot on him, but I guess he ain't much loss to ye, pap," remarked Dan, philosophically.

"Dunno 'bout that," muttered the old man,—*"dunno 'bout that at all. Now that it's over with, I don't mind telling ye I got a lot of money with that thar boy,—I got five hundred dollars down."*

(To be continued.)

St. Kadok and His Bell.

NEITHER on earth nor in heaven has St. Kadok his equal," was the refrain of an old war song sung by the victorious Bretons in the famous Combat of Thirty (1351).

Kadok was the son of a Breton chief named Gundliou. On the day of his birth, an Irish hermit, a disciple of St. Patrick, presented himself before the child's father and said to him: "My lord, I had two blue ring-doves and a black cow. My doves came to eat out of my hand; they played on the roof of my cabin, rejoicing my eyes with their plumage, and my ears with their song. My cow, a present from a noble whose son I had educated, fed with her milk me and the boys of the neighborhood whom God sent to my school. Now, a vulture carried off my doves, and your soldiers have stolen my cow, which is at present being served at your table. I have pardoned the bird of prey, and I forgive your men of war;

for it is written: 'Love your enemies; do good to those who do evil to you.' Accordingly I say, 'Happy day, and bright light to the newly born!'"

The baby was brought to him. The hermit took it in his arms, looked at it silently for some time, and then, taking water, baptized it, calling it Kadok, which means *bellicose*.

When he grew up, Kadok set sail for Ireland, and spent three years in the great Abbey of Lismor, studying the seven branches which in those days were held to constitute a liberal education,—grammar, rhetoric, dialectics, arithmetic, geometry, astronomy, and music.

When Kadok had been three years at Lismor he heard one day that a famous Breton rhetorician, named Bac'han, just from Italy, was teaching Latin in Brittany according to good Roman methods. Kadok immediately left Ireland to attend his countryman's new school. He remained there until he thought himself sufficiently instructed, and then resolved to become a monk.

Accompanied by Gabran, Mac-Moil, and Finnian, the last-named being a relative of the great Ossian, he set out on a journey through Brittany, seeking a suitable place for a monastery. Having found one, the men began work immediately, and soon had a chapel constructed. One thing only was wanting to its completion: they had no bell.

As they were talking one day about the means of supplying their want, they saw a man dressed like the Irish approaching their monastery. It was the monk Gildas, noted for his proficiency in working at metals. Kadok looked upon him as being sent from Heaven, and requested him to show them some of his masterpieces. Gildas opened his leathern sack and brought out a good-sized bell, wonderfully worked. Kadok took hold of it by the handle, looked at it admiringly for some time, and then gently rang it. The sound it gave forth was so harmonious that all the monks were delighted.

"Here is a beautiful bell," said Kadok, "and one which, it seems to me, would be quite at home in our chapel."

"I would willingly give it to you," answered Gildas, "were it not that it is intended for the Pope, and I am now on my way to give it to him."

Sure enough, Gildas proceeded to Rome, and presented the bell to the Holy Father. The latter admired it for some time and then rang it; but, after a moment, to his great surprise, it gave forth no sound whatever.

"What does this mean?" said the Pope. "It has a tongue, and doesn't speak."

"Holy Father," replied Gildas, "I shall tell you. As I was passing through Brittany, a holy man named Kadok, having rung my bell, exclaimed, 'Here is a beautiful bell, which, it seems to me, would be quite at home in our chapel.' I refused to let him have it, as I desired to offer it to your Holiness."

"You did wrong, my son," said the Pope. "I know the holiness of Kadok. I know, too, the Bretons: they have hard heads but tender hearts. Take the bell back to the man of God. May it be for the Bretons a preservative against misfortune; and, on hearing it, may they remember that they have a father in Rome as well as in heaven."

Gildas went back to Kadok's monastery and gave him the bell, which immediately regained its voice and rang out more melodiously than ever.

Small Beginnings.

A hole in a dyke so small that one might stop it with a handkerchief will widen into a gap as big as a church door in ten minutes by the pressure of the flood behind it. Hence the greatest care is exercised in protecting dykes wherever they exist. The proverb, *Obsta principiis*—"Resist beginnings," is as wise as it is old. As with openings in dykes, so with evil inclinations.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A book on "The Present Position and Power of the Press," by Mr. Hilaire Belloc, is announced for early publication by Messrs. Allen & Unwin, London.

—Nos. 251 and 252 of the Australian Catholic Truth Society's penny pamphlets are "Medically Unfit and Other Stories," by Miriam Agatha; and "St. Elizabeth of Hungary, Patroness of the Poor," by Thomas B. Reilly. Both are exceptionally good.

—The current issue of the "Catholic Educational Association Bulletin" announces that the next meeting of the Association will be held in Buffalo, June 25-28. Cardinal O'Connell's monumental address on Charity is reprinted in this number, also an excellent paper on "School Surveys," by the Rev. Albert Muntsch, S. J.

—The Paulist Press has issued "A Companion for Daily Communion," by a Sister of St. Joseph. It is, in form, a twenty-four of one hundred and forty pages, and in substance, a series of preparations for Holy Communion,—one for each day of the month. The meditations offered are characterized by solid piety. For sale by W. E. Blake & Son, Toronto. Price, 50 cts.

—"The Stars in Their Courses," by Hilda M. Sharp (G. P. Putnam's Sons), is a somewhat conventional novel of English life among the upper classes. The hero, against whom the "stars" of the title fought so persistently, is a gambler by inherited instinct, who took one gambler's chance that resulted most disastrously for his prospects. He is nevertheless a strong character, and the reader will be apt to rejoice that poetic justice is at last meted out to him and to the unconventional villain of the story. As usual in contemporary novels, the religious note is struck rarely, if at all.

—"The Progress of a Soul; or, Letters of a Convert," edited by Kate Ursula Brock, is a valuable addition to the growing body of the literature of conversion. These letters, in book form, were to have had an Introduction by the late Mgr. Benson, who thought very well of them, and gave it as his opinion that they would do great good. But they have a preface by Dom Bede Camm, O. S. B., besides full ecclesiastical approbation. Their appeal is less to the Anglican than to the Agnostic and the Nonconformist, and hence their range of usefulness is all the wider. They are written with the keenest insight into the difficulties of the minds and souls they would set at ease; and joined to this inerrant psychological penetration

they have a gentle wisdom and kindly sympathy which are the fruits of peace attained. Moreover, they have a grace of style quite uncommon. There are no "purple" passages; rather, as was said of the "Apologia," the book is a product of the "white art." For sale in the U. S. by Benziger Brothers.

—In a profusely illustrated pamphlet of some seventy odd pages, the Rev. E. Gouin, S. S. tells the interesting and edifying story of "The Good Shepherd and Its Works at Montreal." The devoted Sisters who conduct the thoroughly Catholic work associated with their name have been in Montreal since 1844, and have in the intervening decades established branch houses in different parts of Canada. They are appreciated by both Catholics and non-Catholics wherever they take up their habitation. The pamphlet is from the press of the Deaf and Dumb Institution, Montreal.

—A new edition of West's "Ancient World," with the improved title "The Ancient World from the Earliest Times to 800 A. D.," revised by the Rev. Francis S. Betten, S. J., is a welcome text-book for Catholic schools. The original work, excellent as it is in many respects, is saturated with materialism. The revision includes the maps and illustrations. General readers as well as teachers will welcome this improved edition of a book which has many advantages over its rivals. The index should be rendered more complete in the next edition. One looks in vain for "Ireland" in it, but finds under "St. Patrick" three lines on page 57 devoted to Ireland's share in the civilization of the West. Published by Allyn & Bacon, Boston and Chicago.

—"The Religious Poems of Lionel Johnson," with a preface by Mr. Wilfrid Meynell, is a volume of rare delight. To match the inner beauty of the poetry itself, it has an exquisite format, not of the pale paper boards variety, but solid and substantial cloth. The selection of poems has been made from the complete issue of the poet's works which came out in 1915. That volume, we venture to hope, is comparatively well known. At all events, there will now be no excuse for readers of poetry if they do not get acquainted with the smaller collection of religious poems just issued. With Francis Thompson, Lionel Johnson is a ranking Catholic poet, the two together having given the supreme expression of Catholic song in our day. These offer bread to our hunger for spiritual beauty; it is to be hoped that we shall not be

content with a stone from others. Published by the Macmillan Co.

—Readers of poetry are already familiar with the work of certain members of the "Irish Revolutionary Brotherhood," as it has been called; and will accordingly be prepared to welcome in separate issues "Poems," by Joseph Mary Plunkett, and "Poems," by Thomas MacDonagh. (Frederick A. Stokes Co.) Both of these young patriots wrote good poetry, as these volumes attest. Neither of them, however, had quite "found himself," when all writing stopped. A character of miscellaneousness marks much of the work presented in their collected editions. Plunkett, whose talent was perhaps the finer of the two, had more nearly realized his *métier*; MacDonagh wrote more, and on many themes, and with a freer hand. Time, which was denied them, would have seen their full formation as poets; though it could hardly have given them a more assured immortality than is already theirs. The sister of Plunkett writes a warm-hearted foreword to his poems, and Mr. James Stephens performs the same service for MacDonagh. Both books are well made, but their selling price seems unduly high. (Plunkett, \$1.50; MacDonagh, \$1.75.)

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. Publisher's prices generally include postage.

- "The Religious Poems of Lionel Johnson. \$1.
 "The Progress of a Soul; or, Letters of a Convert." \$1.10.
 "Letters of a Travelling Salesman." Charlie Jacobsen 75 cts.
 "The Sacraments.—Vol. III." Pohle-Preuss. \$1.50.
 "The Sacrament of Friendship." Rev. H. C. Schuyler. \$1.10.
 "God's Fairy Tales." Enid Dinnis. \$1.10.
 "Operative Ownership." James J. Finn. \$1.50.
 "Songs of Creelabeg." Rev. P. J. Carroll, C. S. C. \$1.40.
 "Sermons and Sermon Notes." Rev. B. W. Maturin. \$2.
 "Verses." Hilaire Belloc. \$1.10.
 "Tommy Travers." Mary T. Waggaman. 75 cts.

- "Letters to Jack." Rt. Rev. Francis Kelley, D. D. \$1.
 "The Interdependence of Literature." Georgina Pell Curtis. 60 cts.
 "Illustrations for Sermons and Instructions." Rev. Charles J. Callan, O. P. \$2.
 "Gerald de Lacey's Daughter." Anna T. Sadlier. \$1.35.
 "The Holiness of the Church in the Nineteenth Century." Rev. Constantine Kempf, S. J. \$1.75.
 "The Divine Master's Portrait." Rev. Joseph Degen. 50 cts.

Obituary.

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

Rev. Daniel Gartland, of the diocese of Sacramento; Rev. Peter Briody, diocese of La Crosse; Rev. Frederick Lohmann, diocese of Belleville; Rev. Thomas McNaboe, archdiocese of San Francisco; Rev. E. M. Bachmann, diocese of Louisville; Rev. Michael J. Fletcher, diocese of Trenton; Rev. Luigi Cappelli, Siena, Italy; and Very Rev. C. H. McKenna, O. P.

Sister M. Charity, of the Sisters of the Holy Names; Sister M. Regina, C. B. V. M.; and Sister M. Agnes, Order of the Visitation.

Mr. William Donaldson, Mrs. Josephine Schulte, Miss Mary Donahue, Mrs. J. J. Lucke, Mr. Patrick Ryan, Mr. Louis Steiner, Miss Margaret Hayes, Mr. Charles Woeltze, Mr. Desmond Finnegan, Mr. John Boggiano, Mr. J. P. Farrington, Mrs. Genevieve Magee, Mr. W. A. Elzer, Mr. William Cass, Mr. John Burke, Mrs. Elizabeth Redmond, Mrs. Ellen Wade, Mr. Joseph Alberding, Mr. Michael McNeil, Mr. J. R. Fennell, Mr. Preston Beckett, Mr. Henry Guerker, Mr. David Fitzgerald, Miss Anne Fitzgerald, Mr. John W. Lindsay, Mr. Eugene Leonard, Mr. F. W. Stevens, Mrs. Bridget Reynolds, Mr. Philip Schultz, Mrs. James Keenan, Mr. F. M. Roberts, Mr. Francis Nicolay, and Mr. John E. Minavio.

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: Friend, \$1; "in honor of the Holy Souls," \$5; Mabel, 25 cts. For the rescue of orphaned and abandoned children in China: Friend (Owasso), \$1; G. M., \$3; Friend, \$75; Michael Fitzgerald, \$1. For destitute children in the war zones: T. M., \$5. For the Bishop of Nueva Segovia: P. E. Z., O. S. B., \$10.



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

VOL. V. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MARCH 10, 1917.

NO. 10

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The Sorrowful Mysteries.

BY R. O'K.

THE AGONY IN THE GARDEN.

*If sins, O God, Thou wilt observe,
Lord, who will stand what sins deserve?*

GETHSEMANE! Gethsemane!
Thy midnight Wrestler's all blood-red
With ruby drops of royalty;
Wrestling a bonded rae to free,
And life eternal give the dead.
'Tis Mary's Son, and Mary sees,*—
Mother, I ask on bended knees,
Touch thou my inmost heart within,
And make me feel the guilt of sin.

THE SCOURGING AT THE PILLAR.

*Wash me from my iniquity:
A clean heart, Lord, create in me.*

At morn He stands condemned and bound,
Trembling in man's infirmity;
They scourge Him till blood slakes the ground,
And nought but one commingled sound
Is heard of lash and blasphemy.
'Tis Mary's Son, and Mary sees,—
I pray thee, Mother, on my knees,
Teach me, despite of scoffs or jeers,
To kiss His Wounds with sighs and tears.

THE CROWNING WITH THORNS.

*Go, daughters, see on Zion's mound
King Solomon in glory crowned.*

They don His robes of royalty,
Then in derision bend them down,—
An old red cloak for majesty,

An empty reed His sceptre be,
And on His head a thorny crown.
'Tis Mary's Son, and Mary sees,—
Grant me, O Mother, on my knees:
Ever the thorn-crowned Two revere,—
My Saviour and His Vear here!

THE CARRYING OF THE CROSS.

*With garments red, from Edom flown,
The wine-press dread He treads alone.*

Purple befits His royal state;
And, marching forth to Calvary,
With blood-drops gemmed, 'mid scorn and hate,
He passes kingly through the gate,
Bearing His cross to victory.

'Tis Mary's Son, and Mary's near,—
My humble prayer, O Mother, hear:
Daily to rise at morning dim,
Take up my cross and follow Him.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

*Better that One die on the cross
Than all our nation suffer loss.*

Not heaven above like contest saw,
Nor mortal eye beneath the sun,—
His bleeding wounds defending Law
Through earthquake's shock and gloom and awe,
With His last breath the fight is won.

'Tis Mary's Son, and Mary's near,—
Mother of Sorrows, deign to hear:
As He hath borne for me this strife,
Lead me for Him to spend my life.

MEDITATE frequently on the sorrows of the Mother of God,—sorrows inseparable from those of her beloved Son. If you go to the erucifix, you will there find the Mother; and on the other hand, wherever the Mother is, there also is her Son.—*St. Paul of the Cross.*

* Saints say that when Our Lord took the three disciples and went apart with them into the Garden, Our Lady took three of the holy women and went apart in the Cenaculum; and that she saw all that happened that night and next morning, and suffered in sympathy with Our Lord.—"Watches of the Passion." *Fr. Gallwey, S. J.*

Protestant Missionary Enterprise.

BY THE REV. J. B. CULEMANS.

A TRULY remarkable revival of interest in Protestant missionary work has taken place of late years. The churches at home may complain of ever-decreasing attendance and resort to spectacular methods to attract worshippers; but this lack of zeal in church-going has not dried up the fountains of generosity in the cause of missionary endeavors. Perhaps the slackers are compounding with their conscience when they bestow all the more liberally of their abundance upon the heathen. On the other hand, there has been waged a systematic and persistent campaign for the collection of mission funds outside the church walls. And the results to-day make an impressive total.

In 1906 some eight million dollars were contributed for the missionary cause. On November 15 of that year a series of resolutions was adopted, and a committee of representative laymen appointed by the Men and Religion Movement, to consult with the secretaries of the various missionary boards with reference, first, to the conduct of a campaign of education among laymen to interest them more largely in missions; second, to the devising of a comprehensive plan for the evangelizing of the world within the present generation; third, to endeavor to send a committee of fifty or more laymen to the mission field to report their findings to the church at home.

In 1907 sixty-six laymen were commissioned; and they visited various fields, at their own expense, to investigate religious conditions, needs and results. After their return many of them engaged actively in giving their testimony to the public, and are reported to have been most successful in stimulating greatly increased interest in missionary work. The annual totals began to climb by leaps

and bounds. In 1915 some seventeen million dollars were collected; in 1916 this was increased by more than two million, showing a total of \$19,250,000. In a decade the increase was 150 per cent.

The possession of such large and ever-increasing means, and the determination to evangelize the world in this generation, lead naturally to the inquiry: What success have Protestant missionary efforts met with in the past? And, consequently, what may reasonably be expected in the future? We may first investigate results in an entirely pagan country—China. Although Catholic missionaries had preached, suffered and died there for centuries past, no Protestant missionary had ever set foot in China from the Reformation to the beginning of the nineteenth century.

In 1807 the first Protestant missionary, Robert Morrison, landed at Canton. In 1830 the first American Protestant missionaries, Bridgeman and Abeel, began their work. On August 25, 1842, by the conclusion of the treaty of Nanking between Great Britain and China, the latter's ports were opened to foreigners; soon after decrees guaranteeing religious liberty were issued, and the missionaries obtained a free field for their work. The latest statistics to which I have had access, those of 1913, show that at present there are at work in China 104 Protestant missionary societies, divided as follows: 22 British and two colonial (Canada and New Zealand); 17 continental European, from Germany, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Finland; 40 American; 18 miscellaneous and 5 educational.

Of these 104 agencies, only seven claim over 10,000 adherents; they estimate their total Christian community at 370,114 adherents: 207,747 baptized Christians and 33,618 catechumens. These are divided among 4064 stations, and have 3046 primary schools, with 79,530 scholars; 760 intermediate, high schools and colleges, with 31,456 students; 64,012 Sunday-school scholars. This is the result of a century of evangelical work,—or, if we

reckon from 1842, when religious liberty was granted, of almost eighty years of preaching and teaching by a large number of missionaries, provided with the most ample funds. For these agencies have a foreign staff of 5171, and a Chinese staff of 15,953,—a grand total of 21,124 members.

A comparison with Catholic missionary work in China during the same period is interesting. At the beginning of the nineteenth century there were some 202,000 Christians left, the pitiable remnant of a once flourishing Church that at one time counted close to one million members. There were about eighty missionaries caring for them under two Vicars Apostolic, at Peking and at Nanking. At present there are 1462 foreign priests; 4500 male and 3000 female catechists; 300 foreign and native Brothers; 200 European and native Sisters; 7000 elementary and 160 higher schools; 900 charitable institutions; 54 seminaries, with 1600 native students preparing for the priesthood; 1,750,000 baptized Catholics, and about 1,000,000 catechumens.

The net result of a century's work stands as follows: A Protestant missionary staff of 21,124 workers, with ample money, has baptized converts to the number of 207,747. A Catholic missionary staff of 12,122, with a much smaller money allowance, has 1,548,000 baptized Catholics, exclusive of the 200,000 found in China at the beginning of the nineteenth century. An eloquent comparison, surely.

The tribute which Sir Robert Hart, a Protestant Irishman, once paid the Church in China—and, from his long residence in the Celestial Empire, he spoke with fullest authority—still holds true to-day: "The Roman Catholic missionaries have done a great work both in spreading the knowledge of one God and one Saviour, and more especially in their self-sacrifice in the case of deserted children and afflicted adults. Their organization as a society is far ahead of any other, and they are second to none

in personal zeal and self-sacrifice. One strong point in their arrangement is in the fact that there is never a break in continuity; while there is perfect unity in teaching and practice, and practical sympathy with their people in both the life of this world and the preparation for eternity. The Roman Catholics were the first in the field; they are the most widely spread and they have the largest number of followers."

But Protestant missionary propaganda is no longer confining itself to pagan countries. It has begun to invade Catholic lands in the most aggressive manner. The Panama Congress for Christian Work in Latin America, held in February, 1916, reports of which have just been published, has raised high hopes of certain success in this new field. If past performances are a safe index to future accomplishments, we have at hand in the reports of the Congress itself sufficient data upon which to base our judgment.

The Rev. William Keech, of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, reported as follows about the Republic of Salvador: "After twenty-five or more years we have hardly begun to occupy our field, although abundant work has been done with faithfulness. There are two principal reasons for this: first of all, Central America and especially Salvador has been afflicted with cranky religionists. There are to-day many people overrunning these republics who are spreading a type of Christianity which is not attractive, but rather repellent and even disgusting. Another reason is that, although a good deal of evangelization has been carried on, it has been so occasional and intermittent that nothing permanent has remained." In view of these facts he probably thought it useless and discouraging to give statistics of membership.

The Rev. Alexander M. Allen, a missionary of the Presbyterian Church in the United States, residing in Bogota, Colombia, states that his denomination has 325 communicants there after fifty years' work.

The country has six million inhabitants.

Buenos Aires has 1,484,000 inhabitants. A report to the Congress states: "After a half century of attention, this metropolis of the Southern Hemisphere has yet to see a church building for a Spanish speaking Protestant congregation that would dignify the conception of religion in the minds of cultured people. There are fourteen evangelical churches, none of which is yet affecting influentially any main current of Argentine thought or action." This spontaneous avowal is worth noting. With regard to the influence of evangelical schools on the Catholic pupils from the upper classes attending them, another report reads: "Converts to the evangelical churches are seldom made from these, even though they remain several years under school influence."

Admissions made at the Congress throw light on the methods used at times by evangelical missionaries to enable them to report a large number of converts, as a return undoubtedly for the money expended by the home societies supporting them: "A zealous evangelist once baptized within one month 200 people who had never before heard the Gospel message. Six months later not one of these remained, and all would seem to have been worse off than before." So runs one report. And another: "Many offer to connect themselves with the Evangelical Church, counting themselves already Protestants merely because of an antagonism they have conceived against Roman Catholicism. Such, however, are not given recognition by most evangelical churches."

In an endeavor to hide the signal failure of Protestant proselyting efforts in Latin-America, the Panama Congress makes the high-sounding claim: "Readers should remember that those who are reported as members are far from representing the entire strength of the Protestant churches. *Back of these tens of thousands stand double or triple their total of friends, sympathizers and adherents.*" (Italics mine.)

Fortunately, the published reports (Vol.

III., Appendix D.) enable us to subject this boastful assertion to the acid test of figures. The total number of "full communicants" for all South America is given at 93,337. This includes 24,029 members for British Guiana and 7786 for Dutch Guiana; which two colonies, being dependencies of Protestant countries, very naturally show a decidedly Protestant population. Subtracting them, since these colonies were never Roman Catholic in the sense in which the rest of South America is, we get a total Protestant membership of 61,522 for the rest of the continent. Even with this reduced and more favorable figure as a basis, let us look for "double or triple this total of adherents." The same table gives the "total number of adherents of all ages, baptized and unbaptized," as 29,792, when we were led to look for from 120,000 to 180,000.

As for "friends and sympathizers," they are easily disposed of as a negative quantity, since in another report of the same Congress we read: "There are many prominent public men who really wish well to the evangelical cause, but generally accomplish little for the cause they sympathize with because they will not commit themselves to any action."

Examination of the figures for the various countries furnishes even more interesting reading as to the success of the Protestant propaganda, especially when we consider the comparatively large number of workers engaged:

	Total of Foreign Missionaries	Total of Native Staff	Full Communicants	Christian Adherents, Baptized and Unbaptized, of all ages
Mexico.....	206	569	22282	7960
Canal Zone.....	134	183	10442	8122
Cuba.....	158	200	15639	9392
Porto Rico.....	132	233	12084	4094
Argentina.....	272	210	4932	1918
Bolivia.....	58	8	157	90
Brazil.....	337	398	49623	648
Chile.....	166	148	4247	2046
Colombia.....	18	45	326	58
Ecuador.....	12	7	40	19
Paraguay.....	30	20	293	28
Peru.....	50	60	781	1165
Uruguay.....	45	32	884	427
Venezuela.....	27	11	139	5

In no South American country, therefore, is there anywhere near the number of "Christian Adherents" claimed; and again the boast remains unsubstantiated,—nay, is totally exploded. These figures are the most scathing commentary on the high-sounding Protestant claim of "wonderful progress under the Southern Cross." One need not be a prophet to foretell that, if the new Protestant missionary campaign, launched with a great blare of trumpets and the most vicious attacks upon the "dominant Church," gains some new converts, the day that will witness the general apostasy of Latin-America is indeed far distant.

Considering, then, the Protestant missionary movement as a whole, in juxtaposition with the results obtained by Catholic effort, the conclusion forces itself even upon the most reluctant: it has been a dismal failure. As a collecting agency, it stands without a peer; but the millions invested have brought no proportionate returns. The one, all-explaining cause is perhaps not far to seek: truth is mighty and does prevail.

The Crest of the Bodkins.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON.

XIV.—MEXICO CITY.

THE capital of the United States of Mexico stands in the beautiful valley of Mexico, which measures 45 miles by 31 miles, and contains 500,000 inhabitants. Its climate is temperate, never being over 70 or under 50 degrees, although it is in the same latitude as Vera Cruz. But this comparatively low temperature is due to two causes,—viz., its altitude, 7600 feet above the level of the sea; and the vicinity of the Cordilleras, which encircle the valley, and of which two of the highest points, Popocatepetl and Iztaccihuatl, are covered with perpetual snow.

In the latter part of the afternoon—when the sun is declining majestically

and brilliantly toward the western Cordilleras, whose summits are lost in one dazzling blaze; when the snowy crests of Popocatepetl and Iztaccihuatl are clothed in rosy radiance, and Adjusco discovers ragged portions of its extinguished crater illuminated by the last rays of day, with immense shadows reflected by its salient masses of rock,—that is when a view should be taken of this wide and exquisite valley, especially from the heights of Chapultepec, or from the hills surrounding the plain where the small but dainty city of Tlalpan has its seat. Toward the eastern side is seen the crystalline surface of the lakes over which floats a vaporous mantle. To the north appear the naked eminences of Tepayac, whose deep yellow contrasts with the full, keen azure of the sky; and toward the south, agglomerated above the mountains that confine the valley, are various *cumuli* which, as the evening advances, lose their brilliant whiteness, and gradually assume the purple of the plum, or the heather that blooms on the hillside in the far-famed Killarney of old Ireland.

In the midst of the plain, where clusters of trees are mingled with a vapor as ethereal as the veil of a fairy bride, the city extends itself, slumbering, as it were, amidst the gentle breezes, guarded by the not inconsiderable heights of the *penon* on one side, and the lengthy, graceful aqueduct on the other. From the tower of Chapultepec groups of white buildings are distinguished in the distance, with a mantle of emerald verdure reaching to the pine-covered mountains on the south. On the western side are discovered the dry and barren hills of Santa Fé, patched with forest and adobe dwellings; while trees extend in all directions, with the venerable forest of the Aztecs for their centre.

The Calle Plateros is the Broadway of the city of Mexico. It stretches from the Alameda to the Plaza Mayor, and each block—there are at least twenty—possesses a distinct and separate nomenclature. From rosy morn to dewy eve it is full of

life, full of color. Fancy a long straight street, lined by irregular if not grotesque architecture, from the palatial mansion, blue-tiled, gilt-balconied, deep-eaved and scarlet-blinded, to the dingy, flat-roofed, two-storied store; a deep strip of shade as cool as a bath upon one side, and liquid sunshine on the other, with shafts of pale gold at the intersection of the cross streets; and at both ends the glories of tropical verdure! Some of the houses are magnificent. They are approached by large, superbly-sculptured gateways, the gates being closed only at night.

As you pass, you gain a glimpse of a deliciously cool interior, with its gallery and broad stone stairway, and its wealth of gorgeously-hued flowers. As a rule, half a dozen Indians are hanging about in picturesque attitude and in picturesque garments. The women wear the *rebozo*—a woven scarf of pale blue; this is wrapped artistically around the head, and serves as a frame for the blue-black hair, clear, swarthy complexion, and superbly soft brown or black eyes. A petticoat of white cotton or brown cloth completes the costume.

At the corners of the streets intersecting the Plateros are to be found Indians squatted before immense bouquets of violets. These violets are gathered in the Chinampas, or floating gardens on Lake Chalco, and brought up to the cities in canoes. To go out along the Viga Canal at early morn and meet the violet-laden canoe fleet is a favorite excursion of the æsthetic portion of the inhabitants of the city.

The Plateros is thronged during the day both by pedestrians and carriages, the latter being occupied by *señoras* and *señoritas* who go shopping. A Mexican lady is never seen on foot in the street, save at very early morn, going to or returning from Mass. The carriages, occasionally drawn by great long-eared mules, stop opposite the entrances to the French-looking stores; and dapper assistants, high as to shirt-collar—the collar almost conceals the back of the head,—high as to heels and slim as to waist,

emerge from the stores, laden with such commodities as the fair *doñas* may covet through their mind's eye; while a number of Indians stand gazing at the treasures so temptingly displayed beneath their very noses,—so near and yet so far.

The public conveyances are the most remarkable vehicles in the wide, wide world. I have ridden in a rickety drosky; in the old-fashioned covered car (I believe there is only one left in Ireland now); in a London growler; in a *voiture de place* of doubtful springs; in a *banquette*,—in almost every size, sort, shape, and description of coach; but anything to equal the jingling, rattling, jolting moldy-smelling, Mexican coach, I have never encountered in all my wanderings. The mules—*ay de mi!*—such sorry-looking brutes, with ears almost as long as the whips of the drivers, and bones as strongly developed as the ribs of a wrecked ship. They crawl along the ill-paved streets, and such is the slowness of their locomotion that the bells attached to their collars fail even so much as to jangle.

Everybody rides in the public coaches in Mexico. Your swell does not think of walking more than two blocks; therefore the streets are ever filled with these lumbering, ill-proportioned and unsightly vehicles.

Strange sights greeted Arthur's eyes as he strolled along the Plateros. *Haciendados* and *rancheros*, in their *sombreros* and leather *chaquetas* (jackets) and silver-frogged breeches, swaggering along the sidewalk, their great spurs jingling, their silver ornaments dangling. Indians trotting onward,—the man bearing live-stock and fruit in a wicker-frame case held to his back by means of a flat bandage attached to his forehead; the woman, her child slung in the folds of her blue *rebozo*, her arms engaged in carrying the day's or mayhap the week's provisions. Water-sellers, fruit-sellers; mules driven by half-naked men and boys, their feet baked white in the hot dust, the limbs bare, and seemingly cast in bronze;

muchachos bearing furniture upon their heads,—a piano will be carried twenty-five miles, by four men, in a day; a demure *señorita*, prayer-book in hand and clad in the picturesque *mantilla*; swells in short-tailed coats, high-heeled boots, and narrow-rimmed hats, languidly smoking cigarettes through silver holders; *chinas*, with black and green patches on their temples,—cures for the headache; *leperos*, or half-breeds, hawking toys or glazed crockeryware; companies of foot-soldiers attired in white, their uniforms sadly in need of the necessary offices of needle and thread, shuffling along on their *guachares*, or sandals,—they seldom wear shoes or stockings; civil guards trotting on thoroughbreds, in buff and steel, with sword and matchlock, recalling the days of Cromwell's Ironsides; and occasionally a troop of dare-devil cavalry. These were amongst the sights that met the gaze of our young Irishman as he moved along the *Plateros en route* to the cathedral.

The two churches—the cathedral and the *Sagrario*—are surrounded by chains supported by one hundred and twenty-five stone pillars. Hence the name *El Pasco de las Cadenas*—"the Promenade of the Chains,"—in which the Mexican population delighted to stroll on the moonlight nights from 8 p. m. till midnight, before *Carlotta* laid out the beautiful *Zocalo*, which is now their chief resort and their pride. At each corner is the representation of a human skull carved on the stone, and on the top a wooden cross seven feet in height, around the base of which a stone-carved serpent entwines itself. These effigies are emblematical,—the skull, of death; the serpent, of original sin; and the Cross, of Redemption. The gates of the basilica are of the Ionic and Doric orders, as are also the towers; while the cathedral itself is very majestic, crested as it is by a magnificent dome and two lofty and artistically worked twin towers. The effect of the sunlight upon the colored tiles of the dome is one of rare sheen and dazzle.

The façade of the *Sagrario* is very

singular. It exhibits numerous reliefs of the most *bizarre* sculpture, and is, as a whole, more elaborate than artistic, although some of the detail is admirably conceived. It is a very crust of adornment. Cemented in the wall on the west side of the cathedral is the circular calendar, which is of Toltec origin. It is of great antiquity, and sculptured on a monolith of basalt so rough and seemingly porous that at first sight it looks like lava. The stone—twelve feet six inches in diameter and weighing twenty-five tons—is let into the masonry of the church at a height of five feet nine inches from the pavement. From this calendar stone the ancient system of Toltec astronomy has been preserved to us. It proves the great degree of civilization to which the Toltecs had attained,—a civilization doubtless much superior to that of its successors, the Aztecs. Their year coincided almost exactly with that of the Julian Calendar. The stone was placed in its present site in 1790, and dates as far back as 1279.

Upon his arrival at the cathedral, where he learned, to his great disappointment, that the Masses for the day were over, Arthur Bodkin was approached by an emaciated monk, carrying a few coins, soliciting a contribution for the poor, and also offering to act as cicerone. Arthur accepted his services, and made a most conscientious tour of the five naves, fourteen chapels, and five grand altars.

"We used to have superb and costly altar furniture," observed the monk; "but the infamous liberals laid their sacrilegious hands upon crucifixes, chalices, and statues, and melted them into coin. I'll tell you the treasures the House of God possessed, and will again possess under our Catholic Emperor," cried the monk, who began to chaunt as though reciting a litany: "On the altar, the gifts of the devout faithful: 6 chandeliers of solid gold; a golden cup, the body and pedestal inlaid with precious stones; a golden filigree cross; 6 dazzling gold bouquets frosted with diamonds; 4 minor chande-

liers of gold; 20 gorgeous chalices of the same precious metal; 6 golden wine and water ewers with golden stands; a pyx weighing 104 ounces of gold and covered with 1676 diamonds; a chalice inlaid with 122 diamonds, 132 rubies, 143 emeralds, the whole mounted on 84 ounces of gold. Then we had 2 golden censers; a statue of the Conception in solid silver, weighing 38 marks; a censer, measuring one yard in height, studded on one side with 5872 diamonds, and on the other side with 2653 emeralds, 106 amethysts, 44 rubies, 8 sapphires, and weighing 704 ounces; 11 golden lustres, of 24 branches each; 2 pairs of large chandeliers; 3 silver statues, and a large number of gold and silver bouquets."

The eyes of the good *padre* assumed an indescribable sadness as he informed Bodkin that, save and except the silver-gilt altar requisites, there was not an article of intrinsic value in the cathedral at present; the sacrilegious liberals who plundered Holy Church, having stolen every article of value it contained.

"Here," exclaimed the monk, as the rusty hinges attached to the iron portals of the great, strong room creaked and groaned, "was our treasure vault! Once upon a time every shelf, every square inch of it, was occupied by the gold and silver ornaments that adorned the house where His glory dwelleth; but—" and the worthy priest was silent. Oh, there was eloquence in that silence,—a silence which Arthur did not dare to profane by word! "The statue of the Assumption was the very first to go," continued the *padre*. "It weighed 6984 *castelones* of gold, and was literally incrustated with precious stones. The censer used on great festivals and a large portion of the jewels and ornaments were bestowed on the cathedral by the Emperor Charles V., of Spain. In 1837 an earthquake caused such damage to the cathedral that the canons were compelled to dispose of some of its treasures to meet the expense of

repairs. On this occasion was sacrificed a magnificent silver lamp, which stood 23 feet high, was 9 feet in diameter, contained 54 branches, and cost \$71,343."

After adding a *peso* to the monk's impoverished exchequer, Arthur again turned into the glittering streets, and devoted himself to unmitigated staring. He stared at everything, from an Indian woman cooking a *tortilla* at the corner of a street to a regiment of cavalry. The streets of the capital are straight and rectangular, the buildings lofty and massive, and although all different in the details of execution, are pervaded by a harmonious unity of conception which imparts a sense of perfection and grandeur rarely met with in our own cities. The friendship for colors, so generally noticeable, prevails consistently in the capital; and some of the buildings flare with painted coatings of yellow, pink, pale green, or a blended mixture of all three. This custom, although *bizarre*, is eminently satisfying to the eye; particularly as it must not be forgotten that the sparkling rays of an unclouded sun and a lavish distribution of contrasting foliage are no mean contribution to the enhancement of the general effect.

Every line of streets has the mountains that surround the valley for a background; and in the early morning, or just when the sun has set behind the western range, these giant warders seem, in the clear atmosphere, as though they were at the very gates. The various public venders, muleteers, water-carriers, and domestics are commonly Indians or Mestizos. The *pordiosero*, or Mexican beggar, is not very strongly represented. He asks his alms in the name of God—*por Dios*,—hence his appellation. But the *lepero*, or ragged vagrant, is perpetually on hand. He is cheerful and light-hearted, with the gayety of a son of Naples and the drollery of an Irish peasant. The foreign element is numerically of no account in the capital, though its influence is paramount.

A Little Bride and what Became of Her.

BY VALENTINE PARAISO.

II.

BIRGITTA was amazed. Her Lord was speaking to her—even to her!—and saying the most wonderful things. She was afraid her unworthiness might drive Him away; so she plunged deep into humiliations and penances. One feels how real and how human she was when one reads how she blamed herself for not being able to keep her mind off the thought of food on fast-days. Taking bread and water, she remembered the good things that used to be on the table at Ulfasa, and sometimes “could think of nothing else.”

On Fridays she drank gall and dropped hot wax upon her hands from the candles at the shrines in the church. Her clothing was poor and coarse. She rose at night to recite the Psalms. Her sleeping place was often on the tiled pavement, where she lay with arms extended, as if still in prayer. Resolved to keep nothing back, she parted with the ring that Ulf had given her on his deathbed. She was too fond of it; it ‘kept her to the earth.’ Of all her sacrifices, she said this was the hardest.

The words the voice had spoken to her had been wonderful indeed. “You shall be My spouse. You shall see spiritual things, and look into heavenly secrets.” He who spoke was the Incarnate Word; and He showed her in vision the espousals of her soul. She wore a mystic wedding garment, and partook of a supernatural feast.

“I have opened your eyes to see the things of the spirit,” Christ said to her, “and the ears of your soul so that you may hear. . . . I will show you the image of My mortal body as it was before and during the Passion. I will show you also the image of My glorified body as it was seen by Magdalen, by Peter and the others, after My Resurrection.”

It is explained that what she saw of heaven, purgatory and hell was not the reality but a representation, just as her

visions of the Passion of Christ were a series of moving apparitions. Sometimes she looked upon angels “beautiful enough to make one die of joy.” At other times she saw and heard the evil spirits, that, long ago in childhood, had tried to frighten her by appearing in uncouth shapes, like the grotesque monsters carved on the cathedral of Upsala.

One day the Blessed Virgin said to her: “Come, my daughter, hide yourself under the cloak of my humility.” And, being drawn in under the blue mantle, she felt the warmth of mercy and compassion spreading from the person of Mary like heat from the sun. In one of her visions she saw the whole Church upon earth, as the City of God attacked by His enemies, while Mary interceded for sinners. “There is no depth from which she can not save them, no leprosy that she can not cure.”

All her visions were not consoling. She witnessed the judgment of souls that had gone without repentance; and there is one awful revelation of the vesting of an unworthy priest surrounded by demons, and the mockery of hell while he offers a real Mass with a real Consecration.

Her knowledge of the invisible world led her to pray for the dying and the souls in purgatory. She saw those she prayed for suffering and then delivered. “Lord God,” their voices came from paradise, “repay a hundredfold those who have labored to lead us up into the divine Light, and given us the vision of Thy Face!”

Her husband Ulf came back to ask for prayers and the Divine Sacrifice, and made it known that he was expiating such faults as his weak bringing up of their son Charles. And Ulf’s sister, who had loved the world and riches, appeared to her, begging for Masses and prayers, and asking especially for the gift of golden chalices to poor churches. At the time of her sister-in-law’s death, Birgitta had still some jewelry left. She sold the last of it to buy the chalices, and also had Masses offered. The apparition came again—this time from paradise.

And now the widow from Alvastra went once more to the palace of Stockholm. She was sent there by divine command to announce the anger of God. Her own brother had been one of the council of regency during the absence of the King, and he knew and deplored the oppression of the people. Her two sons were at Court,—Charles, fragile of health and weak of soul; and Birger, who was a far stronger character, and of the massive build of the Northern heroes. Birgitta had abundant knowledge of what was going on. Then came the divine inspiration, and she arrived before King Magnus with a new power. She was not in court robes now, but in the grey dress and black veil of a poor widow. She spoke like a prophetess. There had been a vision of ruin. She had seen the earth full of reptiles slaying men, and the sun and the moon had gone out.

This time Magnus listened to her; and there took place a reform from the smallest details of life at Court up to the taxes of the kingdom, and the administration of the law. The King was not to lead a careless life, but to respect ceremonial, so that he himself might be respected. He was to appear on great occasions as became a king. He was not to eat his meals alone, but to dine with his counsellors of State. He was to study the lives of the heroes of Sweden, and learn what others had done for the nation. In the dispensing of justice he was to allow of no delays, to permit no bribes, to respect no persons; witnesses were to be examined in each other's presence, and given a fair hearing; there was to be no regard for anything but the truth.

The money for the royal extravagance had been squeezed out of the poverty of the people. Vast tracts of country had become heath and common, because the laborers had lost heart, having to pay nearly all the harvest in taxes to the Crown. Under the influence of Birgitta King Magnus made restitution by granting freedom from taxes, for ten years to

come, to all who would take up the cultivation of waste land. At once the ploughing and sowing began. Famine was prevented. What may be called a Mediæval state of strike was brought to an end.

One can not read of this wonderful woman of the fourteenth century without admiring her splendid intelligence and energy. The Swedish nation of the twentieth century—alas! largely Lutheran, and with a Protestant government—still counts her as one of the great women of Sweden, and holds her name in honor for the public work she did. Even as the world reckons, she must have had great gifts—intellectual grasp of a situation, address and persuasion, and sound common-sense. We have seen her keeping house to perfection, managing a fortune, beloved of her husband, making Ulfasa a centre of light and bounty while she lived her busy home-life, "the joyful mother of children." And then we find her putting right the affairs of a King and his people, beginning with such small details as what the King is to wear and how he is to eat, and presently giving a fresh start to the agriculture of the country, and bringing down the taxes, and reforming the law-courts. There can not be a doubt that she was one of the clearest-minded women of her century; and, judging by the work for which her country still thanks her, she appears to have been as practical a person as ever lived.

We must not forget the soundness of her judgment, and the practical character of her mind, when we consider her ecstasies and revelations; for we shall now put aside the name by which she was known among her own people, and reveal the little bride of Ulf as the great St. Bridget of Sweden.

Her home name was Birgitta, signifying "bright." Yet her biographer tells us the Irish St. Bridget was one of her patron saints; and there was so much devotion in Sweden, in those Catholic days, to the virgin friend of St. Patrick that there were pilgrimages across the North Sea to Ire-

land. Raised to the altars of the Church, Birgitta's name is spelled in many ways.

We have abundant detail of this fourteenth-century life, because it was first written by two of her personal friends, a Cistercian and a Dominican; and one of them had taken down her visions and revelations from her own lips. It is one of the charms of her life that she is so simple and so human,—a real figure never lost in light, though her mystical experience is a marvel for all time.

She went back from the Court of the King and the public affairs of Sweden, to the bedside of her son Benedict, who was a schoolboy at the Abbey of Alvastra. The heartbroken mother heard mysterious music, and was told that she should not grieve, because this boy was better off than any of her other children.

Then came a tremendous vision, showing in symbolic imagery all the bishoprics of her country. It reads like a chapter of the Apocalypse. She was charged to write to the bishops, passing on warnings to all who had need to hear. Her letters are proofs of her unique position, and the weight attached to her revelations. "Priests," she said, "are doing what all the prophets and all the angels could not do." For the zealous amongst them she had words of encouragement from Our Lord Himself: "I have borne insults that I might preach the truth; do not fear to suffer insult when you bear witness to it." Then He added, speaking as the Good Shepherd: "I will go before those who are working with Me in carrying home My sheep. I will be their helper, and they shall have Myself for their reward."

In the abbey church, she saw upon the altar the Lamb surrounded by light; and one day, at the Consecration, the vision was of Jesus Risen, saying, "Blessed are they that have believed!"

Here, at Alvastra, Our Lord had already told her that He would make her to put forth blossom and fruit; and now He revealed to her the plan of a religious Order. The rule was taken partly from

existing Orders, but part was entirely new, and all came by direct inspiration. While Bridget was dictating it to Peter the prior, who wrote it down in Latin, she was in continual ecstasy, feeling her heart "ready to break with joy." Even the habit of the future Sisters and brethren was revealed. The Sisters were to wear coarse grey cloth, made warmer for the winter of the snowy North by being lined with common fur. White linen was to be about the face, and over this a black veil. The head was to be encircled by a narrow white band, or tape, with two strips crossing over the top. This "crown" was to bear five round spots of red cloth, in honor of the Five Wounds.

The Order of our Most Holy Saviour should be approved by the Pope, and he would be in Rome in the Jubilee year. "Go to Rome," was the next command, "where the streets are golden and the ground has been wet with the blood of martyrs."

(To be continued.)

My Trysting-Place.

BY JAMES J. X. SULLIVAN.

THERE is a trysting-place I know,
Where my Love and I are wont to go,
Where incense-laden zephyrs blow,
Where I tell my Love of my love.

Shafts of shadow, dark and tall,
Shroud us as they softly fall;
And silence spreads its spell o'er all
Where I whisper my love to my Love.

A single, slender gleam dares steal
From out the shadows, and reveal
My Love's throne at which I kneel
With my tribute of prayer and love.

He sits enshrined in loveliness,
He listens while I pray and bless,
He loads me with divine largesse,
His love consumes my love.

No knight had ever greater boast
Than keeping vigil at a post
Like mine—before the Sacred Host,—
Before my dearest Love.

A Hawser of Prayers.

BY E. L. DORSEY.

I.

IT was a bitter night in winter. The streets had been deserted at an early hour, and the wind that raged up from the sea tore at the shutters and banged at the doors, shrieking, whistling, and roaring, till the townsfolk turned in their beds and muttered: "God save the sailor lads this night!" But some of the nervous old women covered their ears and said: "The good-for-nothing vagabonds!" For they thought the banging and shouting came from some ship's crew just landed, and hurrying to the tavern.

Suddenly the wind veered to the north-west, and whirling down out of the low black clouds came one soft white flake, then another, and another, until the air was as white as the surf bursting and flying out on the harbor bar.

And all the time, in a side street of this water-end of the city, a man lay face down, a knife in his back, and death on his lips and in his heart. And the snow gathered and covered the red stain that crept like a scarlet snake from the small wound, and wrapt him in a winding-sheet whiter than any flax ever spun.

And a ship, drove safely into the harbor out of the storm, let go her anchor with a rattle and clank of chains, and a hearty "Yo heave-oh!" that rang merrily through the night; and one of the sailors, refusing with a laugh to wait for daybreak, sprang into a small boat, and struck out briskly for shore and home. Such a little box of a home, but neat as a pin, and an old mother in it dearer than all the world to the sturdy young fellow tramping through the snow.

"I told her I'd be there, and of course I will; for this here wind a-blowin', and the delay from the backin' and fillin' we had to do outside the bar thar, so's to git a good headway on th' old gal [the ship], ull have her that uneasy I know she won't

sleep a wink this blessed—hullo! what's here? Git along, old chap! 'Tain't safe for a feller to be takin' naps in this here temperatoor. Whew! if there's one thing I hate it's a feller a-makin' a beast of himself a-drinkin'. Mebbe, though, I'd been there myself if it hadn't been for Father Tom; so here goes to help 'the man and brother.' My Lord A'mighty, what's this here? It's a knife, and the man's dead as a door nail! Mur—"

But an iron arm had him round the neck, and an iron hand was clapped over his mouth, and he was dragged furiously here and there, while a stentorian voice rang out, "Murder, murder!"

In the mad struggle that followed, David Jameson's clothing was torn from his back, and his face bruised; though he defended himself so manfully that his assailant was put to it for breath wherewith to keep up his shouting.

The harbor-watch ran panting to the scene, and before Jameson—bewildered by the sudden attack, and exhausted by the violent tussle—could speak, the man who grappled him poured out a voluble story. He had been coming along the street after spending the evening at Moreno's *cabaret*, and had seen the two men struggling; this one had plunged a knife into the back of the other; he had fallen and died without a groan. Then this man stooped to—he supposed—rifled the dead man's pockets, and he had seized him.

"You lie!" shouted David. "The man must have been dead an hour when I saw him. He was covered with snow—"

"Shut up!" said the harbor-watch.

And David's captor, with an expressive shrug and a flinging out of his hands, said: "Behold the knife, signor."

The knife was a black clasp-knife, such as any sailor of any nation might carry; but the officers smiled contemptuously when Jameson declared it was not his, and told them his sheath was empty only because he had lost his knife that very night coming into port—that it had been knocked out of his hand while he was cutting away

some raffle tangled up by the gale. And they carried him off with every indignity to the station-house, treating with marked consideration the foreigner—an Italian—who had captured the desperate murderer at such risk and after such a fight, and thanking him with some effusion for his offer to be at their service day or night so long as he stayed in port, noting down the place of anchorage of his vessel; for of course he was the only witness for the prosecution.

Poor David! One hour before a free, light-hearted lad, springing home to his mother, his soul innocent of guile, and his heart at peace with all the world. Now disgraced, ironed at ankles and wrists, his heart a pit of rage, and every muscle aching to get at the man who had lied away his honesty, his integrity, his liberty, and—it might easily come to that—his life.

The jailer was a kind-hearted man, so when he came into the cell in the early morning he asked David if he had any friends he wished to see; and he, poor fellow, with a ray of hope striking across his passion of rage and despair, answered: "Let me see Father Fahey."

"Father Tom, is it?" asked the jailer.

"That's the one," said David, eagerly.

"Oh, I know *him!*" said the man, with a broad smile; "and it's himself always has his joke and his good word for everybody. I tell him sometimes, he's sent for so constant he'd better just live here. Him and me'd make a good pair, and trot well in double harness—me a-catchin' the *corpus delictissis*" (he had his little vanities of fine language, this jailer), "and him a-nabbin' the bad consciences."

And he rubbed his chin softly, and repeated his words with intense enjoyment of their neatness.

"When can I see him?" begged David.

"To-morrow maybe."

"To-morrow!" and his face fell back to its lines of misery. "Good Lord, man, my old mother'll hear it before that, and it'll kill her if it's broke too sudden to her! Father Tom's the only man that can do it."

"Well, well," said the jailer, "I'll send word to Father Tom for you; but—" with a sudden sense of responsibility—"that was a bad trick to play a comrade."

"I didn't," said David, simply, and he raised his honest eyes to the jailer's face. "I never saw him till—"

"There, there!" said the jailer, soothingly; "don't talk till your lawyer gits here." And off he went down the corridor, thinking as he did so: "He looks honest, but, great Scott! you never can tell. They'll look like cheraphs and serabims" (his Biblical knowledge was slight and very mixed), "and all the time they'll be up to any dodge on the p'lice docket. This feller's cut diff'rent from the heft of my birds, though."

An hour later Father Tom stood in the cell, and he welcomed David as if he had come home laden with honors instead of crushed under the charge of crime. Then he said, gently:

"Now, Davie, tell me all about it."

And David told the whole story, beginning with the start from the ship, and going circumstantially through the after-events, from the brief but terrific struggle over the dead man's body, to the prison. Father Tom listened intently, and David, as he warmed up to his story, concluded with "I am as innocent of that man's blood as you are, Father Tom; but if I had that Italian here I'd surely strangle him."

Father Tom's only answer was to pull out the crucifix from his girdle, hold it up, and point to the agonized figure on it.

David hung his head, and with the cry, "But think of my mother!" the tears burst from his dry and burning eyes.

Presently Father Tom said: "Now, Davie, let us kneel down and say a prayer together, and then we'll see what's to be done first."

But poor David's cry, as soon as the Amen was said, was again: "O Father Tom! my poor old mother!"

"Now look here, boy," said the priest, with some severity, "do you suppose such a good Catholic and such a devoted servant

of Our Lady as your mother is, is going to waste time mourning and weeping? If you had been guilty, *then* she might have broken her heart; but she'll have so many prayers to say for you, and so many things to do for you—and she can come every day to see you too,—that the time will go by almost before you know it. I'll go to her now and tell her all that has happened. And would you like me to send your skipper or any of your shipmates to see you?"

"Not yet," replied Davie; "tell 'em though. And, Father, tell 'em, too, I didn't do it."

"Ay, ay, lad, you may depend on that. Now, is there anything you want? Have you got some tobacoco, and have you got your—oh, yes, there are your beads!"

"Yes, sir," said Davie, "I've got them safe; but it's a wonder I didn't lose 'em last night. I s'pose I would if I hadn't strung 'em round my neck before I went aloft. The wind was tremenjis off the Cape, and when we was piped up to cut loose a broken yard and snug down, I didn't count much on seeing home-lights again. So's I run along the deck and began seramblin' up the shrouds, I slipped 'em over my head. I heerd a Breton sailor say once that our Blessed Lady'd lift us safe and sound out of even a ragin' sea into heaven by 'em. Of course I knew he didn't mean the real body of us, nor the real string of beads, nor the real seas; but it seemed to me the idee was about so—that she'd lift the souls of us out of the pit o' death and tow us into port by that there hawser of prayers we'd been a-makin' and a-makin' ever sence we could toddle."

"And she *would*," said Father Tom, heartily, laying his hand on David's shoulder.

"Keep up your heart, keep down your temper, and trust in God," were the priest's parting words. "I'll send you some papers to read, and I'll see you again to-morrow."

Then he went and had a little talk with the jailer, and asked such privileges as could be allowed the prisoner; and left the

jail with a heavy heart, to break the news to David's mother, to get good counsel for him, to see the judge of the criminal court, whom he had so often to interview on behalf of the prisoners, and to visit the ship to which the young sailor belonged. And the farther he went, the more depressed he got—the hour, the circumstances, the straight story told by the Italian, all tended to push David nearer and nearer the gallows.

There was a certain sort of good luck, though; for the court was in session, and a sudden lapse in the testimony in a long-drawn bank robbery case left a free day, which the counsel seized upon, asking the judge, in view of the peculiar circumstances, to call the trial; for the only actual witness, one Manuel Ignatius Pizarro, would have to sail with his brig—the "Maria di Napoli"—on the following Wednesday for Marseilles.

There was some demur about precedent and so on, but the point was carried, and the 20th of December saw the court-room filled to hear the trial of David Jameson, seaman, for the murder of an unknown man on the night of the 13th day of that same month, in the year of Our Lord 188—. The court was opened with the usual formalities, and the case presented by the counsel for the Government. Then, after a brief citation of the facts—"the terrible facts," they were called,—the Italian, "whose tongue alone could tell the truth," was put upon the stand.

He was a tall, well-formed man, but there was a furtive trick about his eyes; and the eyes themselves, though large and brilliant, were so near together that they seemed to cross at times; the eyebrows were heavy and met at the root of the nose, which gave a sinister look to his face; and his nostrils were thin as paper, and vibrated with every breath. For the rest, he was handsome enough; and his picturesque costume was becoming, from the scarlet Phrygian cap, and the wide gold rings in his ears, to the curiously embroidered top-boots, and the long Spanish cloak in which he draped

himself (as he entered and departed) in folds that would have done credit to an ancient Roman.

He told his story dramatically and with abundant gesture, and wound up by saying, "Doubtless, excellency, it was some secret foe; for he stabbed him with such force, such savagery; and a blow in the back—O treachery! O cruelty—"

"Stick to facts, sir," said the judge, impassively.

The Italian shrugged his shoulders and bowed, but his eyes seemed to leap toward each other, and their flash belied the wide smile that displayed his teeth, white and strong as a shark's.

Then the cross-examination began.

"At what time did you go to Moreno's?"

"At twenty-two hours (10 o'clock p. m.)."

"Where were you before that?"

"Aboard the 'Maria di Napoli.'"

"At what hour did you leave the ship?"

"At twenty-one hours and a half (9.30 p. m.)."

"Were you alone?"

"When?"

"When you left the ship?"

"No. My mate was with me."

"What is his name?"

"Pedro Maria Allegrini."

"Was he with you in the wine-shop?"

"All the time."

"Did you leave together?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Pedro's head was heavier than his legs."

"Where is Pedro Allegrini?"

"Here," and he waved his arm toward a heavy, stolid man among the audience.

His name was noted.

"When you saw the two men—the prisoner and the deceased,—what were they doing?"

"Struggling: this one actively, the other like a man heavy with wine."

And so on, and so on, with a circumstantiality of detail and a distinctness of outline that were appalling to Father Tom and David's other friends.

And when Moreno and Allegrini were called they confirmed all that Pizarro had said up to the hour of his leaving the tavern, at two o'clock.

The witness for the defence could do only negative service by testifying to David's previous good character, and this they did heartily; but the jury, after a half hour's deliberation, returned a verdict of murder,—commending the prisoner, however, to the mercy of the court.

When the foreman had spoken, a shrill, heartbroken cry rang through the room: "My son! my son! Spare him, your honor! Spare him! He is innocent!"

It was the old mother, who tore at her gray hair and beat her breast, while the slow tears of old age rolled down her cheeks.

"Poor soul!" said the judge kindly; "I can only let the law take its course."

Then she raised her tottering frame, and, with hands and arms uplifted, she cried: "God of Justice, defend us!"

It was a touching little scene, and many people in the court-room wiped their eyes; and the prisoner's drooping head, clenched fists, and laboring breath, bore witness to the anguish he endured.

Father Tom came to him, and spoke a few cheering words, then took the mother from the court-room; and the captain and some of David's shipmates followed him to the jail to see him; but, finding they could not enter, stood about and talked in low voices of him as one already dead. During the week they came back one by one, the captain to shake hands and wish him kindly but vaguely "well out of it"; the sailormen to shuffle their feet, shift their quids, and sit about awkwardly and silently, the very force of their sympathy making them as undemonstrative as wooden figureheads.

Then they sailed away, and the "Maria di Napoli" spread her canvas wings for the Mediterranean; and the world forgot David—all except Father Tom, and his mother, and his lawyer; the latter of whom had become so deeply interested in his

fate that, by incredible work and judicious appeal and presentment of the case in the right quarters (to say nothing of catching at every technical straw that could aid him), he secured a final sentence of "imprisonment for life at hard labor."

But all this took months, and it was not until the jail had blanched his face, and the confinement almost burst his heart, that David was taken to the penitentiary, and there, among forgers, murderers, and criminals of all degrees and grades, put to work out a life of misery.

II.

Again it was a night in winter, and again the wind blew and the snow flew—stinging like a swarm of white bees,—just as it had blown and flown that other night three years ago, when, in that Northern seaport town, a man had been stabbed in the street, and a young sailor was sent to the penitentiary for it;—sent to the penitentiary for life on circumstantial evidence, and the testimony of—of the man who is now, on this bitter winter evening, creeping along against the houses of that same town, glancing first over one shoulder, then over the other, with terror in his eyes and a shivering and racking of his body that made progress slow. Once or twice he stopped, panting for breath; but started up and hurried on again, looking back fearfully as if pursued.

Up the street a great block of carriages stopped the way. It was before the house of an old German merchant, who, forty years before, built his house in the then most fashionable quarter of the city; but business marched up and on, pushing the gay world farther and farther northward and westward, until now it was the only dwelling in the square. But the old merchant lived there contentedly, and on this night his youngest daughter, his golden-haired Elsa, came of age, and the birthday was celebrated by a great fancy ball.

This the Italian, of course, could not know; for he was a stranger, and was, moreover, half crazed with drink; but

what he did know was that at that point there were people, there was *life*, there was the sound of human voices, and above all there was light, beautiful light,—light that kept at bay the terrors that rent his soul when night and sleep fell on the world.

How he hated the dark! It swarmed with such ugly things; and a face—an awful face, with staring eyes and rigid lips—would start into such ghastly distinctness as soon as the sun was down. And it followed him like a shadow, hounding him from place to place, filling him with an unnatural vigor, and an activity that tired out the stoutest of his boon companions; and when they slept, exhausted, it still drove him on, tortured, agonized, panic-stricken, till the day broke, and the sight of the living helped him to regain strength and reason.

As he reached the awning, and crowded close to the steps, a carriage dashed up to the curb; the door of the house was flung open for some parting guests, and for a few minutes a dazzling vision was revealed—fairies, shepherdesses, arquebusiers, pages, halberdiers, kings, court ladies and queens in gorgeous colors and flashing jewels. But the Italian saw none of these; his staring eyes fastened on a stately figure that seemed to float down toward him between the rows of orange and palm trees that lined the staircase. On it came, tall, in flowing raiment, a cloud of golden hair rippling over its shoulders from under a crown of light; in one raised hand a pair of scales, in the other a gleaming sword, whose point seemed to mark him from the throng.

"God of Justice! That's His angel!" he shrieked; "yes, I did it—I did it! I murdered him! Take me—"

And he fell grovelling at the feet of the policemen, who had forgotten their official stolidity to stare, open-mouthed, at the lovely Angela von Henkeldyne, who in her costume of "Justice" had wrought such innocent vengeance.

On principle they seized the Italian for a

rowdy; but his repeated cry, "I did it—I murdered him!" soon attracted their attention, and as he struggled in a fit, they called up the patrol wagon, and bore him to headquarters. There the police surgeon took him in hand, until finally, at daybreak, he recovered consciousness. On being told that he could not live through the next night, he asked for a priest, and who but Father Tom was brought to shrive the poor wretch, and listen to the story he had to tell!

He had played, he said, in the wine shop *that* night until midnight with a stranger, who lost heavily to him, and drank deeply as he played. But his losses did not seem to depress him, and the wines did not confuse him, and Manuel said:

"You are a gallant man, signor. You lose with grace and courage."

And he had answered, with a laugh: "I can afford to. I have fifty thousand dollars here." And he touched his breast.

Manuel raised his eyebrows.

"Don't you believe me?" asked his companion with some heat.

Manuel bowed derisively.

"Hang it!" said the man; "I'm telling you the simple truth. Look here." And he drew out and opened a small doeskin bag slung around his neck, showing a diamond, the like of which Manuel had never beheld.

"It sent a madness to my head, Father, and I felt I must have it, if I had to wade to my eyes in blood to get it. But he tucked it away again, and rose. 'I must go,' he said; 'I have already stayed too long.' I pressed him to wait, but he got restless, and looked at me suspiciously. I asked where we might meet the next day, and drink our glass and play our little game of *mora*. But he answered he didn't know—he was here to-day, and there to-morrow, and far away the day after. I laid my hand on his arm. 'Come, crack another bottle,' I urged. But he shook me off roughly, and pushed out of the *cabaret*, saying, 'Enough's as good as a feast.'

"I knew the house. There was a cellar that gave on the street he must pass. I said:

'I must have a bottle of *lachryma*, the vintage of '73.' I went below—the landlord knows me,—and I opened the cellar door, and stole after him. In the dark I tracked him, and struck as I sprang on him. I wrenched the bag from his neck, and nearly shrieked as something soft and cold, like a dead finger, touched my cheek. It was a snow-flake, and I ran in hot-haste back to the *cabaret*, so no tracks could be left. I had struck well—the blood had not spattered, there was no struggle. It was the stroke of the Vendetta. The whole affair did not take twenty minutes, and I came back into the room, and drank and played. But the diamond in my breast burned like a coal, and I thought its rays of splendid fire must be seen; and in at the windows the dead man's face seemed to look—but that was only the snow flying past; and I felt drawn back to the spot, as if he had his hand at the sleeve of my jacket. But this I fought against, until suddenly I remembered with terror that I had left my knife sticking in the wound, and I knew I must have it at any risk. As I crept along I saw a sailor coming up the street. He stopped; he touched the body. Here was my chance. I sprang on him, and shouted, 'Murder, murder!' You know the rest: it all turned out as I had hoped and planned."

His face was distorted with emotion; and it was some moments before he was able to add:

"What a life it has been! I dreaded to be robbed, and yet I dared not sell for fear of detection; I could not drink for fear I might betray myself, and for months the diamond hung like lead on my breast. Then I went to South America and from there to Paris, where I sold it well, with a good story of how I found it at the mines, and smuggled it away.

"But bad luck followed me. The money went at play—I lost, lost, lost, at everything; *rouge-et-noir*, *vingt-un*, *roulette*, *mora*—all were alike against me. Everything I touched failed. My crew got the fever. My 'Maria' was lost off the Bahamas. My savings went in a bank. Then

I began to drink hard. And forever and forever God seemed to threaten me by night and the dead man to reproach me by day. The only prayer I ever said was an *Ave*."

He stopped, shuddering violently.

"My son," said Father Tom, "what you saw to-night was not the Angel of Justice." He then told him what had really taken place, closing with, "Now be a man and a true Christian. Come back to the manhood and the faith you have betrayed. That you repent truly of your crime I firmly believe, but prove it by confessing before the proper officers of the law; set free the innocent man who drags out his days under an unjust sentence in the penitentiary; and rest assured when you are weighed in the great scales of eternal justice, Our Lord's Cross will outweigh your sins, and Our Lady's hand will stay the sword."

Manuel nodded his head, and with a great effort raised his eyes to Father Tom's. They were still far too near together for honest dealing as the world understands it, but there was a new light in them.

"Father, I will, but—but—I fear I could not do this if I did not know I was going to die. I would not have the courage. I, who call myself a gallant man—I am a coward!" And the tears began to roll down his cheeks.

Father Tom felt a knot in his own throat at this confession, courageous in its weakness, pathetic in its faltering; and, although the words of St. Augustine* seemed to stand out before him in letters of fire, he thought of that hill on which once hung three crosses, and he heard a thief cry, "Lord, be merciful to me a sinner!" and the Voice that answered through the gathering darkness across the shuddering earth, "This day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise." And while he sent for the nearest magistrate, he said

* Beware of delayed repentance. A sick-bed repentance is too often a sickly repentance; and a death-bed repentance, alas! is in danger of being a dead repentance.

such words of hope as the Church alone can breathe to the penitent, teaching as he did it the meaning of true repentance, and filling the sinner's heart with humble hope.

After all was over, Manuel begged to see David. "I dread it, but I can not go until he forgives me," he said.

And somehow, in spite of technicalities, Father Tom managed it so the two men met on the third day; for Manuel spoke the truth when he said he could not go without forgiveness, and he lived on until then, to the amazement of the prison physician.

At first David refused outright to see him, for his heart was bitter with the load of anguish borne through those three frightful years. But Father Tom "talked to him," and his mother, handing him his rosary, "his hawser of prayers," gave the final stroke that determined him.

"Ye *must* go, Davie," she said, as she hung on his neck. "Ye must go, boy; ye must forgive, and I'll pray that it may be from the heart."

And, oh! the thoughts of the two men as they faced each other!

Where is David now? Well, his story got about, and there was quite a *furor* of sympathy. Some good soul started a purse, and big hearts and good incomes ran the money up to enough to buy him a half share in a schooner, of which he ultimately became owner and captain.

The old mother lived to dandle his children on her knee, and to take them on sunny Sundays, sometimes to Father Tom's, and sometimes to a quiet graveyard by the shore of the bay, where they would kneel by a small slab of gray granite, and pray for him who slept below. And, then, as they rested before starting home, small hands pulled the weeds from the grave, and picked the lichens from the letters of the inscription, sometimes spelling them out as they did so. And the spelling read: "Pray for the soul of Manuel Ignatius Pizarro."

An Answered "Memorare."

IT was in the early spring of 1861. Lowering clouds were ready to burst and deluge our country in the seething, maddening torrent of civil war. Fathers and husbands were at the front, drilling for the expectant struggle or guarding the strongholds of the Republic. Mrs. Anderson, then living in Baltimore, was the wife of the gallant Major Anderson, who defended Fort Sumter against the Confederate attack; and when conquered, left the Fort only on the condition that he and his men should march forth with flying colors and to the sound of martial music. Her eldest son, a comely little boy, had been attacked by a malignant fever; for days he had lingered on in delirium, wasted to a shadow. Alone with the nurse, for her husband could not leave his perilous post, the anxious mother watched day and night.

The doctor had told her that evening that the crisis would take place about midnight; there was small hope that the frail little creature would pass through it; all that human science could suggest had been done,—she must now put her trust in God alone. The doctor was kind, sympathetic; gave parting injunctions to the nurse, and left. Mrs. Anderson kept the early vigil of the night; but the nurse, seeing how exhausted she was, replaced her earlier than usual, and insisted that she should take some rest, promising to call her when the change would take place in the boy's condition. Reluctantly she consented; she pressed her lips to the flushed cheek of the child, breathed a prayer that God would spare him, then went into an adjoining room where there was a couch, and threw herself down upon it, exhausted and nervous.

It was impossible to sleep: her anxious thoughts dwelt lovingly on the gay little creature who had been the sunlight of her life since she had first clasped him to her heart over ten years ago; she recalled his

endearing ways, his thoughtfulness for her. What would life be without him! The thought was too harrowing to dwell upon. In the faint light her eyes fell upon an old painting of the Madonna, the last gift of a dear friend, who had presented it to her the previous year on returning from Italy. It brought her back to her early school-life, when, though a Protestant, she had been sent to a convent at Florissant, had spent two happy years there, and had received from the lips of the saintly Mother Duchesne instructions, freighted with golden counsels, precious advice that sunk into her heart, yet had not brought her the light of faith. The unfailing kindness and motherly interest, in a motherless child, of her dear friend and mistress, Mother Regis Hamilton, had left an impression that the gaities and pleasures of a happy life had never dimmed.

As she looked at the Madonna, and noted the Mother's joy and love in the eyes that gazed upon the Divine Babe, she recalled the beautiful instructions given on Our Lady at her convent school, the burning words of the sainted Philippine Duchesne, as she urged the children to have recourse to the Mother of God in every sorrow and trial; recalling St. Bernard's words: "It is unheard of that any one ever had recourse to thy protection, implored thy help or sought thy mediation without obtaining relief." Why had she not thought of this before? She arose from her couch, threw herself before the picture of the Madonna, and prayed as she had never prayed till then. She reminded Our Lady that she was a mother and knew what a mother's anguish was in giving up the precious charge that had been hers for years. Would she not help her now in her hour of need, listen to her prayer?

She knelt there pleading, until exhausted nature asserted itself. Sleep, that boon to weary minds and saddened hearts, came at last. How long she slept she did not know, but she awakened with a start. Her boy,—had God taken him! She arose hastily, and silently entered the sick-room,

almost afraid to glance towards the little white bed. Some one stirred. The nurse came towards her smiling; and, beckoning her to a recess, out of the patient's hearing, whispered: "The crisis is passed. At midnight he fell into a peaceful sleep. I'm sure the precious life is saved."

The next morning when the doctor returned, expecting to meet a heartbroken mother, he was surprised at her beaming smile; and, glancing towards his little patient, he met a look of full consciousness, and heard a feeble voice say, "I'm almost well now, doctor."

After days of careful nursing, the boy was able to sit up in the adjoining room, propped and supported by pillows, and then it was he said:

"I wonder, mother, who that beautiful lady was that came to me the night I was so ill?"

"What lady?" asked the mother. "You never told me anything about her."

"Well, it was this way. I thought I was in a desert place; the sun was scorching and I was burning up with thirst. In the distance I could see a spring of water, clear and cool, but I couldn't reach it. Then I tried to call you to help me, but I couldn't utter a sound. Just then there came towards me a lady all in white, with such a beautiful face! O mother, I've seen that face before! I knew it well, but I can't remember where I saw her. She took a shell and filled it with the cool, running water, and brought it to me. I drank it eagerly; and when I looked up to thank her, she smiled and placed her hand upon my head, and the burning heat left me, and I slept."

There was a pause. Mrs. Anderson remembered her earnest prayer that night. She looked instinctively towards the Madonna; and the boy, following her glance exclaimed:

"There it is,—the Madonna!"

Many years had passed when this story was told to me. Mrs. Anderson was then a very old lady—nearly eighty; her older children had married and had settled

far away, and she was living with her youngest son in a picturesque little cottage in Canada, near the church and college of the Basilian Fathers. Each morning she knelt before the altar at early Mass, received Holy Communion, and then went forth to a day of devotedness among the sick and poor. The light of faith that came to her and her family had never grown dim; and her loyalty to the Blessed Mother of God was the guiding star that led her safely at last to heaven, to receive the rich reward that Christ gives to those who confide in His Holy Mother.

Enemies of the Cause.

DURING the siege of Ladysmith in the Boer War a civilian was arrested, tried by court-martial, and sentenced to a year's imprisonment for being a "discourager." The man would go along the picket lines, saying disheartening words to the men on duty. He struck no blows for the enemy, but he was a discourager. It was a critical time. The fortunes of the town and its garrison were trembling in the balance. Instead of encouraging the men on whom the defence depended, he put faintness into their hearts, and made them less hopeful and less courageous. The court-martial adjudged it a crime to speak disheartening words at such a crisis.

The same thing is true of the Christian army. It is always a time of war. The Church is always being attacked by its enemies; yet there are men and women who are continually doing what this man did. They do not deny their religion, but they never defend it. They put a damper on everything by their coldness and indifference. They are always quick to find fault, never ready to give service. They are silent on the subject of their faith, no matter how incumbent upon them it may be to give a reason for it. We are all soldiers of Christ; and unless we are bravely confessing Him, we are discouragers, and injuring His cause.

Little Things in Lent.

ALTHOUGH the real importance of little things, trifles, details, is attested not only by the proverbial wisdom of the ages, but by Holy Writ itself, the major portion of mankind continues to flout them as of no consequence at all worth while. "Little and often fills the purse," "Little by little one goes far," "Many littles make a mickle," etc., are common-places in all languages; and "He that contemneth small things shall fall by little and little" is the assertion of Un-created Wisdom. Yet in our daily life most of us prove that we have not as yet taken the salutary lesson to heart.

In the spiritual life, still more perhaps than in our temporal affairs, we make the mistake of undervaluing the power and significance of little matters, if indeed anything directly affecting that life can truly be characterized as "little" at all. There is more of truth than perhaps Emerson himself was aware of in the familiar couplet,

There is no great and no small
To the Soul that maketh all;

and no one who has fathomed the lesson of the widow's mite, or that of the cup of cold water given in the name of Christ, can consistently flout or disregard the import of moral acts, however trivial and insignificant such acts may appear to be in themselves.

The present penitential season is a peculiarly timely one for the consideration of this subject, because, since the milder legislation of the Church in our day has relieved us from the bigger things in the matter of sacrifice and self-denial, it behooves us all to substitute therefor a multitude of little acts of mortification. There are a thousand and one opportunities daily offered to each of us for practising, at least on a small scale, that self-abnegation which on a larger scale is beyond the limit of our capacity, or, it may be, our courage.

We are, for instance, legitimately excused from the obligation of fasting, and may accordingly eat our three meals a day without scruple; but it is quite possible, even while doing so, to mortify our appetite in a variety of ways. We can give it less than it craves; can deprive it of the condiments, or some of them, to which it is accustomed; can choose the less, rather than the more, palatable dishes set before us; can abstain from desserts partially or altogether.

The habitual smoker would probably consider it a big rather than a little thing to break off the habit entirely during the time of Lent; but he also may perform worth-while acts of mortification without altogether renouncing his pipe or cigar.

So, too, young persons may mortify themselves a little by giving up, in part or entirely, the sweets of which they are all so fond. They may abstain from eating between regular meals; and may quite readily refrain from actually satiating their appetites even at those meals.

Another of the little things of Lent that young and old may accomplish much more frequently than they are in the habit of doing is intensified devotion, performing religious acts that are optional rather than obligatory; attending daily Mass, for instance, or "going around the Stations" several times a week, or at least every Friday; contributing to works of charity, giving personal service to the poor and the afflicted, taking a more active interest in Church societies of which they are members, and the like commendable works.

In brief, any word or act that costs an effort, that goes against our natural grain, that represents ever so small a victory over our passions and appetites,—this, if done for God's sake, and in a penitential spirit, is effective mortification; and, despite the sneers or scoffings of people who pride themselves on being "broad-minded," is eminently worth while, because meritorious in the sight of Heaven.

Notes and Remarks.

The ill wind of bigotry in Georgia has already blown some good in the magnificent pastoral letters it has drawn from the Rt. Rev. Benjamin Keiley, Bishop of Savannah. We do not now speak of the good effect which these letters are bound to have: we refer simply to the outstanding example of American patriotism and Catholic principle which they afford. If space permitted, we should be happy to reproduce entire Bishop Keiley's latest defence of true Americanism and Catholicism; but, as it is, we must content ourselves with quoting only the ringing sentences at its close:

Catholics are not asking any special privileges in the State or in the United States. We demand that no discrimination shall be made against us on account of our religion, or against any person on religious grounds. We will never oppose any one on account of his religious belief. We helped to make the country what it is—a land of freedom where no religious tests shall be exacted or applied,—and we propose doing everything in our power to keep it so. We want no union of State and Church. Protestant England and Protestant Germany have such. We do not wish to follow their example. We have nothing to conceal, and we will not ask to be left in peace while we obey the laws; but we will demand and secure equal freedom with others, and the same rights. Nothing more, nothing less.

Since the days of Archbishop Hughes, we can not recall a finer expression of the Catholic position than this.

That the motion-picture drama has an important educational mission, and is a feature of modern life calculated to furnish wholesome amusement for the people at a trifling cost, hardly admits of discussion. On the other hand, it is unquestionable that, with many producers or managers, the educative aspect of moving-picture exhibitions is of no consequence, and that an incalculable amount of harm is being done, especially to the young, by the suggestive situations flared out before them. Not a few of the films in use at present are to the

detriment of public and private morality. As to films that cause interior corruption while pretending to advance exterior virtue, they are all the more to be condemned on account of the insidiousness of the danger attached to them.

The public in general, and parents and guardians of youth in particular, have been repeatedly warned against this danger from the pulpit, in the press, and by police court Justices, one of whom lately urged the suppression by legislation of all scenes that depict crime. The importance of the subject is emphasized by the Bishop of Helena, who, in a Lenten letter to his clergy, writes: "Urge young and old to be very discriminate in patronizing moving-picture shows. This wonderful invention, by its nature intended to be an instrument of innocent recreation, of education and culture, has in too many instances of late become an agent of immorality. Unscrupulous managers, whose eyes are on the box receipts only, with a boldness unknown since the days of paganism, have put before the people on the canvas, on the billboards, and in the newspapers, the nude and the obscene—and called it art. If they persist in thus violating the canons of Christian morality and common decency, an outraged public will mete out to them the punishment now so generally inflicted on the low saloon."

Prof. Wm. Lyon Phelps, of Yale College, has a literary reputation based on writing little savoring of religious controversy. But recently he felt impelled to take part in a discussion, in the columns of the *New Haven Courier-Journal*, of the question why Protestantism is losing ground in this country. There is no doubt, to our mind, that he laid bare one fundamental reason for it,—namely, the weakening, or utter loss, of faith on the part of the ministers themselves. Prof. Phelps wrote (in part) as follows:

I believe that the majority of Catholic priests and Protestant ministers are the finest men we have in every community,—the most devoted,

the most unselfish, the best Americans. But there are a considerable number of Protestant ministers who are unsuccessful in persuading sinners to become Christians,—who, in fact, have very little religious influence of any kind. (I have no New Haven clergyman in mind.) In some cases I feel certain that the reason for this distressing inefficiency lies in the minister's lack of Christian faith. If all Christian ministers without exception believe in the divine power of Jesus Christ to transform sinful human nature, and make it into something nobler and happier, why should the late Dr. Horne (for example), in his Yale lectures on preaching, advise candidates who have no Christian faith that they had better choose some other sphere of usefulness?

. . . A prominent Congregational clergyman in Connecticut, who, according to his own secret belief, is now non-existent, asked me, a short time before his death, if I believed in the future life. Upon my replying heartily in the affirmative, he said: "Well, I never have believed in the future life. That may sound funny to you, as I have been an orthodox preacher so many years." He was mistaken: it did not sound funny at all. Only two weeks ago, a citizen of New Haven said to me: "I would go to church oftener, only I am afraid the minister will turn out to be one of these d—fakers who don't believe what they say."

Now, I have no quarrel with professed skeptics. I am a profound skeptic myself in many things. For example, I have as little faith in universal compulsory military training as many of my friends have in God. But suppose Captain Danford, whom I greatly admire, should say to me that he secretly agreed with my pacifist views, I should not have one particle of respect for him. Imagine a Christian minister reciting in public, "I am the Resurrection and the Life," while feeling certain in his own heart that the words are meaningless. It would be an impertinence for me to attempt to define Christianity to a man like Dr. Maurer; but I think a Christian is one who has even more faith in his Master than a soldier has in his general; more devotion to Him than a soldier has to his flag.

The Dr. Maurer alluded to is Prof. Phelps' pastor. His parishioner has given him and his ministerial confrères something to think about.

Advertising at the present day has become a well-recognized business, with its own set of principles, its own elaborate ramifications, and even its own press-equipment. The man who has something

to sell, the woman who has something to buy, the politician who desires election, the clerk who is looking for a position, even the professional man on the lookout for clients,—all have recourse to advertising. Educational institutions, not to be behind the rest of the world, pay no little heed to the same effective means of increasing the muster-roll of their students. It is a question, however, whether all or most of our Catholic institutions—universities, colleges, or convents—are investing their advertising fund to the best possible advantage. Not a few of them pay expensive rates for brief paragraphs in the secular magazines, and ignore Catholic periodicals with much lower rates, and, collectively, a much larger clientage likely to be interested in Catholic schools. Apart from any consideration of reciprocating the service so often rendered to our educational institutions by the Catholic press, it is probably the reverse of "good business" for the heads of these institutions to neglect what on the face of it should prove the best organs for their advertisements—the papers habitually read by practical Catholics.

There is evidence of an increased interest in the work of the Propagation of the Faith, as well as in missions to the Indians and Negroes, and in local charities, since Lent began. This is as it should be. Those who are not able to fast—a great many are not—are right in thinking that their almsdeeds should be more frequent and their prayers more fervent in this holy season. There are innumerable forms of penance, and one may gain greater merit by a charitable offering involving real self-sacrifice than by a rigorous fast. That the majority of Catholics are convinced of this truth is shown by the large number who act upon it. We are frequently in receipt of sums for the Foreign Missions, etc., that are princely, considering the comparative poverty of the contributors. On all sides we hear of benefactions that show the

most generous self-denial. One of our exchanges told last week of a family whose members, by a unanimous vote, decided to give \$1000, which they had been saving for the purchase of an automobile, for the support of the orphans of their diocese. A case of similar generosity was reported in another Catholic paper. The handsome sum of \$5000, representing three years of self-denial during Lent on the part of the young women (most of them have to work for their living) belonging to a Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, was turned over to the head of a Sisters' hospital for the endowment of a bed. Instances of this kind could doubtless be multiplied.

Those who can not give alms—who may even be objects of charity themselves—can contribute to all good works by their prayers. It was only 'by the poor lay-Brother's humble aid, who sat upon the pulpit stair and prayed,' that the eloquent preacher was enabled to stir hearts. So may charitable deeds be prompted by humble prayers.

Mr. Joseph Scott, of Los Angeles, is apparently proving to be an exception to the rule that "a prophet is not without honor save in his own country and in his own house." As a member of the Commission on Religious Prejudice, organized by the Knights of Columbus, and a lecturer on religious tolerance, he has won fame during the past year or two in many States of the Union, and assured his place among the really prominent Catholic laymen of our country. But the full stature of the man was scarcely realized in his home city until Lincoln's Day of the current year. On that occasion Mr. Scott told his own neighbors and fellow-townsmen what he has been telling the rest of the country for months past about tolerance and prejudice and patriotism and ideal American citizenship; and in the phraseology of the man in the street, he more than "made good." In a glowing tribute to the speaker and the speech,

Mr. Charles Lummis, who was prominent among the non-Catholic auditors, said: "Though I have known Los Angeles for a third of a century, I do not recall another time when six thousand people sat two hours to listen to one man,—a 'local' man at that. As for the Spirit of that vast audience—it came friendly, expectant, with a certain 'atmosphere' that would have warmed the cockles of the great Emancipator's heart. That audience came receptive: it went away full to overflowing with the very message it was awaiting,—a message stirring as the bugle-call of patriotism. No chairs creaked, no feet shuffled, no one coughed. For two hours and a half that great congregation forgot everything else but the occasion."

It is especially gratifying that, at a time when Know-Nothingism is rampant in various parts of the country, the lectures of a sterling Catholic layman like Mr. Scott should have so many appreciative attendants among our separated brethren. He can be counted upon to tell them much that they should know, and to tell it in a way calculated to make a lasting impression. Besides being one of the most earnest of speakers, he is thoroughly persuaded that in times like the present "straight talk" is golden, and suave silence leaden.

The Boston *Republic* thinks that Dr. James J. Walsh is inclined to stress too greatly the supposed Protestantism of the Massachusetts capital. Writing recently of Sargent's famous mural paintings in its Public Library, he expressed some wonder at finding the Madonna occupying so prominent a place in the collection. The *Republic's* comment thereon is interesting and illuminative:

The more rationalistic of the scions of the old Puritanism, whose stronghold Boston was, are now Unitarians. It was said, nearly three decades ago, that a Unitarian home might be known by the number of pictures of the Madonna adorning its walls. This, however, must be attributed rather to the artistic culture and travel of these Unitarians than to religious feeling on

their part. The other high-class element of non-Catholic Boston that would resent the descriptive term "Protestant" as applied to themselves are all High Church Anglican. These have statues of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph in their churches, and sing hymns in honor of Our Lady. The old-fashioned Protestant is now, numerically, a very small part of the population of Boston. But the Catholics are about sixty-five per cent. Then, statisticians must take account of the Jews.

And even the more cultured members of the Jewish body would not, we presume, raise any serious objection to the beautifying of their public buildings by placing therein artistic canvases or sculptures, even if an occasional one represented the Lily Maid of Israel, who, as everyone knows, has been the inspiration of genius throughout the ages.

The New York *Independent*, by the way, referred to the unveiling of Sargent's paintings as "the great event of the year in American art"; and a non-Catholic writer in a recent issue of the Boston *Herald* gives to the hall in the Public Library which enshrines them the name of "Boston's little Sistine Chapel."

A worthy appeal is that made by Father George Calavassy in behalf of the Greek Catholic Mission of Constantinople. He has come to this country with the highest authorization from Rome, and is supported in New York, where for the present he has taken up his station, by the approval of his Eminence Cardinal Farley. The reason of his appeal is thus clearly set forth by Father Calavassy:

The present occasion, I think, is the first on which a missionary has been sent, officially, by our Holy Father and the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda to make an appeal to the Catholics of the United States in behalf of the conversion of the Greeks and the union of the Eastern and Western Churches. The following is the reason of this extraordinary appeal.

Some years ago the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda worked out a new plan of bringing about the conversion of these peoples by founding among them missions of the Greek rite, which were to be entrusted to a native clergy in the very center of the schism, Constantinople. The results of this new method have proved more

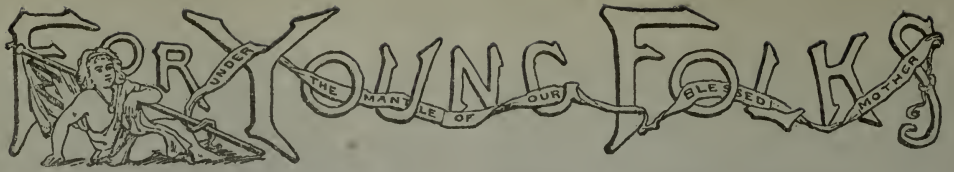
satisfactory than those of any of the attempts at reunion made during the past thousand years. In view of this, our late Holy Father, Pius X., in the year 1911, erected in Constantinople a Catholic See in union with the Vicar of Christ, and placed at its head Monsignor Papadopoulos, the first Catholic bishop of Greek rite in Constantinople since the break between the Eastern and Western Churches in the eleventh century.

Our present Holy Father, Pope Benedict XV., has this reunion of the Churches very much at heart; and, as a first step towards the goal of his desires, has undertaken the work of developing these missions, in order, if possible, to win back to Catholic unity our separated brethren, who to-day number over 100,000,000 souls. He intends fully to reorganize the Church as it existed in this land before the schism.

The magnitude of this project requires pecuniary assistance of almost similar proportions; and, no help being available from war-ridden Europe, America is the only hope. God grant that the same reason which has shut off European resources may not speedily apply in our own land as well!

When the Cornell Club of New England held their annual banquet recently, Dean Frank Thilly, of Cornell University, must have "sprung a surprise" on them in the matter of after-dinner oratory. Among other things, he said: "We have in the universities and colleges of to-day too many 'Charley boys,' who are not interested in anything fundamentally which the college stands for. A university should not spend its money on those who have no taste for education. We should not have institutions where men can spend four jolly years,—where they will learn habits which it will take them four years more in life to get rid of. Business men don't want to spend their money on idlers, cynics, and men who 'loaf on the job.' They don't want 'clock-watchers,' and that is the type you are turning out from your colleges."

If a Catholic critic had said as much, there would be plenty of our own people to cry, "Sh!" and wonder what was wrong with his digestion.



To a Little Girl Named Mary.

BY MARY H. KENNEDY.

WHAT a precious name you carry,
Little maid with eyes of blue!
Just to think dear Mother Mary
Shares her holy name with you!
Sweetest name in all the ages,
Loved of God and loved of man;
Honored by all saints and sages
Ever since the world began;
Praised by countless voices ringing
In the bright celestial choirs;
Blessed by little children singing
Hymns of thanks and fond desires;
Gracious with a grace supernal,
Lovely as a morn in May,
With a grace that is eternal,—
This the name you bear to-day.
'Tis a priceless jewel you carry,
Little girl with eyes of blue;
Yet I know dear Mother Mary
Gladly shares her name with you.

Con of Misty Mountain.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

X.—A YOUNG HERO.

"FIVE hundred dollars!" exclaimed Dan and Wally together. "Five hundred dollars fur Con! How, when, whar, pap?"

"I ain't a-telling," growled the old man, with returning caution,—*"I ain't a-telling no more yet. But ye don't think I'd been a-fooling with that thar boy all this time if I hadn't something fur it. Ten years I've had him on my hands,—ever since—Wally!"* the speaker broke off suddenly in his revelations. *"Wally, you listen! Durned if I don't hear something a-sneaking and stirring in the mists!"*

"It's—it's a dog," blurted out Wally, as Con loosened his hold, and Dick bounded in upon his old masters, barking cheerfully. "Blamed, if it ain't our own Dick! How in thunder did he hunt us out way off here?"

And, in the stir of surprise, Con was out of the thicket, unheard, and off into the saving mists,—off, reckless of ache or pain or weariness now,—off, where at first Con did not know or think. He only felt he was off from the cruel old man, whose grip would have been on him in another moment if Dick's friendly leap had not turned keen-eyed Wally from the search. They would not harm Dick. Nat had raised him from a pup; and even Uncle Bill took pride in his size and strength, and often flung him a bone.

With the quick instinct of the hunted thing, Con had saved himself by loosening Dick; and now, his heart beating madly, he sped on through the mists, growing thicker and heavier with the night, until, all danger of pursuit over, he sank down upon a rock beside his way, to take breath. He was safe now: they could never track him in this white cloudland. Besides, thoughts were beginning to press upon Con's terror and bewilderment. They had wicked work to do to-night: they were going—to—burn old Gregory's house,—to burn the Manse!

Slowly but clearly the conversation, only half comprehended in his breathless affright, came back to Con as he sat panting and trembling in the mist. Uncle Bill and the boys were going to burn the Manse. They were getting all things ready,—oil, turpentine to soak the hay and straw, poison and shot to kill the dogs. They would steal down in the misty darkness, when everybody was asleep, and fire the Manse; and it would smoke and crackle and kindle into a blaze that would light Misty Mountain from

base to peak. For a moment the horror of the thing held Con stunned, spell-bound. Uncle Bill and the boys seemed to rise to awful heights which his fancy could not reach. They were going to burn the Manse when everybody was asleep,—all the maids and the men; the “Irisher,” who had driven him from the Christmas altar; the red-faced Nora, who had called him a thief; the—the— Con’s beating heart seemed to leap and stand still at the next thought: *the little girl* who had been so good to him,—she would be there asleep, too, when the boys fired the house. And she would choke, perhaps, as Uncle Bill had said, and—and—burn up. And Con started up, himself choking as the picture of Susie, with her sweet young face, her golden hair, her pitying eyes, rose before him.

“Jing! She shan’t, she mustn’t! I—I won’t let her! I’ll—” Like a lightning flash the resolve burst upon Con’s bewildered brain: “I’ll stop it! I’ll go blow the whole durned thing! They’ll get me,” he continued, facing consequences with an unshaken soul. “They’ll lock me up, like Pat Murphy said. They’ll jail or hang me mebber. But I don’t—I don’t care what they do. I ain’t a-going to let that pretty little girl burn up.”

And, sore, stiff, breathless, our young hero—for surely he deserves no lesser name—bounded off through the blinding, bewildering mists, to warn and save. At any time, the white vapors billowing and surging about him would have been confusing even to Mountain Con; for tree, cliff, beetling rock, jutting peak,—all landmarks were lost in a blurring blank.

Con knew every turn and twist of the mountain; but to-night he was not his keen, clear-headed, sure-footed, strong-limbed self. That olden Con would have curled up under a sheltering rock and let Uncle Bill and the boys do their worst; but something better than the old self had now wakened in the boy’s breast and was driving him on. So, forcing his tired, aching limbs into fierce speed; bounding, leaping,

where he knew the way; pausing to grope for some guiding hold when the white cloud-veil was too thick to pierce; creeping on hands and feet around the edge of the cliff that he could not see; taking Injun Creek at one reckless spring; stumbling over hidden root and into sunken hollow; staggering, falling, scrambling to his feet and his path again,—Con kept his desperate way, no thought of safety or self turning him from his purpose: to reach the Manse before the boys could start the blaze that would mean danger, perhaps death, to the little girl who had been good to him. He was rushing, as he clearly realized, into old Gregory’s grasp. He would be held, bound, put into the Reform that was “wuss than jail”; for neither justice nor mercy had entered into poor Con’s sad experience. He would be locked up, beaten, starved, perhaps. Jing! he did not care fur that now: he must save the pretty little girl who had been good to him.

His fierce strength began to fail,—he found himself swaying on his feet, reeling forward dizzily. A sharp hurt roused him: he had stumbled against a projecting rock, and the blood was flowing from a cut on his forehead. He caught up a handful of melting snow and pressed it to the wound. Head and eyes seemed to clear, and he saw that he was down the mountain. Through the mists came the blurred glimmering of the lights in the Manse, and a sound—a fierce, threatening sound—that chilled Con’s bold young heart: the dogs,—the dogs that were loosened at night to guard the house; the dogs that old Bill had warned his boys would tear them into bits, the dogs that he, lawless, reckless intruder that he was, had neither shot nor poison to silence. Could he brave the dogs? Con thought of the huge wolf hound, “Boar,” that always tugged at his chain with a snarl whenever he and Dick passed near the Manse. Boar, with his fiery eyes and fierce fangs, was loosened and on guard.

A tremor came over the brave boy’s

sinking frame. Dared he brave the dogs even to save the pretty little girl? Con stood staring at the glimmering lights of the Manse, fairly shaking with such fear as he had never felt before.

The pleasant sitting-room of the great house was very cheerful and cosy to-night. The heavy damask curtains were drawn, and a big hickory fire leaped on the wide hearth. Aunt Aline was knitting by the pink-shaded lamp, while Susie and Uncle Greg were deep in a game of checkers that was trying even the old soldier's skill. For Susie, usually no match for her uncle, had withdrawn to a double corner, and was gleefully eluding his most skilful attacks.

"There, there," said Uncle Greg, testily. "What's the good of dodging like that? You're beaten, Susie. Give up like a man!"

"Not yet," twittered Susie, suddenly pouncing out upon Uncle Greg's king. "What do you say to that, and that?"—as she jumped another and another.

"That you're a woman, you little rogue!" he laughed,—“and women never give up. Take the game. I won't fight it out any longer. There will be a box of chocolates at your plate to-morrow, if I can get to town, to pay up.”

"Oh, I don't want any chocolates, Uncle Greg! I've got a big box upstairs now."

"Sugar almonds, then?" suggested the old gentleman. "I always liked them best myself."

"No, no sugar almonds either," said Susie, who, with her pretty face supported on her hands, was surveying the grim old face doubtfully. Uncle Greg seemed in rather a good-humor to-night.

"Well, what would you like?" he asked. "I don't know much about little girls, you see, but I want to put this Christmas business through right. I'm off to Pineville to-morrow to make sure that young Gryce rascal doesn't slip my hands by any lawyer's tricking. What shall I bring you back? A doll baby, or a ring for your pretty little finger, or a watch

maybe? By George, that's the very thing,—a nice little gold watch!"

But the soft dark eyes only studied the grim old face more wistfully.

"Oh, no, Uncle Greg! I don't need a watch. I have dear mamma's. Mother Benedicta is keeping it for me. If—if you would give me what I want most in the world, Uncle Greg—but," (the sweet young voice sank sorrowfully) "you couldn't, or you *wouldn't*, I'm sure."

"I wouldn't, eh? And why not, I'd like to know? Just try me!" answered Uncle Greg, his gruff tone softening. "Out with it, little girl! What do you want most in all the world?"

"Con!" ventured Susie, desperately.

"W-h-a-t?" roared Uncle Greg.

"Poor, poor Con!" continued Susie, bolder now that she had taken the first plunge into the storm.

"D'ye mean that wild, young mountain devil?" asked Uncle Greg, fairly gasping for breath.

"Oh, he isn't, Uncle Greg,—he isn't a devil at all!" Susie's spirit was up now, and she faced Uncle Greg fearlessly. "He is just a poor boy that has nobody to be kind to him. He told me so. He said he never had a father or mother or anybody; he had never been to church or school; he never had anything good or nice. And you're all hunting him down, as if he were not a boy at all, but a wolf or—or—a tiger. O Uncle Greg, I think you've been just too mean for anything to poor Con!"

"Oh, you do, do you?" said Uncle Greg, who was not used to such plain speech. "I'd like to know what you've got to do with it, Missy. I suppose this is some of your priest brother's meddling. Con,—indeed Con! You've been talking to him, you say,—talking to a wild young savage that is ready to burn the roof over our heads; talking to a dirty young vagabond that ought not to have dared come near you!" Uncle Greg had started up from the table, now fairly apoplectic with wrath. "Con indeed! Don't let me ever

hear his name upon your lips again while you are in this house. Con, forsooth! Con, thunderation!" Uncle Greg stamped out of the room; leaving poor little Susie, appalled at the storm she had roused, to fly into Aunt Aline's arms and burst into frightened tears.

"There, there, my dear!" soothed the good lady. "Your uncle can't stand crossing; he never could, young or old. And he is hard set on those people at the Roost; and with good cause, I must say. They're a bad lot, Susie dear, and ought to be driven off Misty Mountain."

"Driven where, Aunt Aline?" asked Susie, choking back a sob.

"Oh, I don't know," answered the lady, "but somewhere out of decent Christian people's way!"

"But if you drive all the bad people away you can never make them good, Aunt Aline." This was a problem that had never troubled Aunt Aline, who had walked only decent Christian paths, where "bad" people did not intrude.

"Of course not, Susie dear! But we can't help that."

"Brother Phil thinks *he* can," said Susie, softly. "He is going to have a mission church in the slums where all the people are dreadful, and try to make them good."

"A church in the slums!" exclaimed good Aunt Aline in dismay. "God bless me, what *will* that boy be doing next?"

"I don't know," replied Susie, plainly. "Maybe go to the Cannibal Islands and get eaten up. Then he would be a martyr; and Sister Mary Margaret says it would be a great thing to have a brother a martyr. But I'm not good enough to want anything like that."

"I—I never heard such talk!" said Aunt Aline, breathlessly. "The Cannibal Islands! Phil must be losing his mind,—though I saw no signs of it, I must say. Slums and Cannibal Islands! With money of his own to live comfortably and respectably!"

"Oh, but he can't!" Susie shook her golden head sagely. "Priests can't live

comfortably and respectably, Aunt Aline. They have to go in all sorts of dreadful places—jails and prisons and hospitals and leper islands,—making people good, just like Our Lord did, you know. He didn't drive bad people away; He wouldn't let them be stoned or hurt; and He took the good thief straight to heaven."

"Gracious!" exclaimed Aunt Aline, in fresh surprise. "The nuns must have taught you some Bible truths, after all, Susie. And Phil is one of the finest fellows I ever saw, if he *has* thrown all his chances in life away, as I was saying to your uncle to-night. But we all can't see alike; and I'd say nothing more to Uncle Greg about that wild boy in the mountain, Susie dear! It only angers him, as you see."

"Yes, I see," said Susan, sadly. "I was only going to ask him to send poor Con to brother Phil instead of the Reform. But it's no use in talking to Uncle Greg any more. O Aunt Aline" (Susie had turned away to the window and lifted the heavy curtain), "how funny it looks out to-night! We seem to be up in the clouds. I can't see the skies or stars or anything."

"It's the mist, dear!" replied Aunt Aline. "It always comes like this when winter begins to break."

"Oh, does it?" said the little girl, wonderingly. "You see, I never was up here when winter broke before. I—I don't think I like mists, Aunt Aline."

"Why not, dearie?" asked Aunt Aline, who was one of those plump, comfortable ladies who took things as they were, and did not worry.

"I—I don't know!" answered Susie, with a little shiver. "You feel so lost without the sky and the stars, and everything. I can't see the oaks or the garden hedge. It is as if we were in cloudland, where nothing is sure—and—and all sorts of things might be hiding,—dreadful things we can't see."

"Nonsense!" said Aunt Aline, cheerily. "What could possibly be hiding in mist that breaks at a touch, my dear? I am

afraid the nuns are making you fanciful, Susie. They must be fanciful, or they wouldn't think it right to wear such queer bonnets and shut themselves up behind locks and bars. Eh, God bless me!" Aunt Aline dropped her knitting and started to her feet, as Boar's thundering bark was echoed by half a dozen shriller yelps. "What can be the matter with the dogs?"

"O Aunt Aline, Aunt Aline, what is it?" cried Susie, flying from the window in terror, as loud shouts added to the clamor without, Uncle Greg's voice rising above all in its sternest soldier tone.

"Jim, Jerry, call off the dogs,—call off the dogs, or they'll eat the young rascal alive! Treed him, did they, as he was scrambling over the stable roof? Bring him in here,—bring the young scoundrel in here, and let me find out what devilment he was at."

And while Aunt Aline, Susie, cook, housemaid, and everybody flocked out into the wide hall in alarm, Irish Dennis appeared at the doorway, half dragging, half upholding the pale, shaking, bleeding, almost fainting figure of Mountain Con,—brave, bold, heroic Con, who had dared even the dogs—to face this!

(To be continued.)

A Fable of the Arabs.

The Arabs have a fable about a miller who was startled by seeing a camel's nose thrust in the opening of the tent where he was sleeping. "It is cold outside," said the camel. "I only want to put in my nose." In came the nose, then the neck, finally the whole body. The miller began to be incommoded by his ungainly companion; he felt that the tent was not large enough for both. "If you are inconvenienced, you may leave," said the camel. "As for myself, I shall stay where I am."

The moral of this fable is that whoever yields in the slightest degree to a bad habit is in danger of being entirely overcome by it. We must not allow even the camel's nose to come in.

The Little Stowaway.

Some years ago a boy of ten was found on a steamer from Liverpool to New York, hidden away among some casks. He was what is called a "stowaway," and was trying to get a free passage. The first mate questioned the little fellow, who told him that his stepfather had put him on board, giving him some food, and bidding him make his way to a relative in Halifax.

The sailors believed the story, but the mate would not be convinced. "Some of these men are in the secret," he said. "Point out this minute the one who stowed and fed you." The boy only answered: "I have told you the truth, sir. None of them knew." The mate turned angrily to the crew and gave this order, "Reeve a rope to the yard." Then, pointing to the cord which hung from the yardarm, he said to the little stowaway: "You see that rope, boy? I'll give you ten minutes to confess, and if you do not tell the truth before the time is up, I'll hang you like a dog."

The little fellow turned pale but never flinched, whilst the crew began to utter angry murmurs. "Eight minutes!" exclaimed the mate. "Better be quick."—"I won't tell a lie, if I die," answered the boy; "but you will let me say a prayer." The mate nodded, and the little stowaway knelt down and repeated a prayer his mother had taught him. Then rising, he said very quietly: "Now, I'm ready. I told you the truth." In a moment a change came over the stern mate's face. Tears sprang to his eyes, and he caught the boy in his arms and cried: "God bless you, my boy! You're a true Englishman, every inch of you. I believe your word. You would not tell a lie to save your life."

The mate had evidently been impressed, both by his reading and his experience throughout his life, with the wisdom and the morality embodied in the couplet:

Dare to be true: nothing is worth a lie:
A fault which needs it most grows two thereby.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Clients of St. Camillus of Lellis, "the hospital saint," in particular will welcome a Life of him by the Sisters of Mercy, Manchester, N. H. It is announced for immediate publication.

—"Grapes of Thorns" is the title of a new novel by Mary T. Waggaman, published by Benziger Brothers. A juvenile story by this popular author ("Tommy Travers"), reprinted from THE AVE MARIA, appeared in January.

—Of timely interest at the date of Ireland's festival is "The Lost Tribes of the Irish in the South," an address delivered by Mr. Irvin S. Cobb at the annual dinner (Jan. 6, 1917) of the American Irish Historical Society, in New York. It is a very readable and interesting address, well worth printing in this pamphlet form.

—"The Columbian," a patriotic march song, by Messrs. Gilday and McCarthy, dedicated to the Knights of Columbus, seems to be a child of the hour. The tripping muse has caught the martial measure and produced the required strain. "The Columbian" deserves popularity. It is issued by the Columbian Music Publishing Co., Boston, Mass., and sells for 12 cents.

—Dom Odo Blundell, O. S. B., F. S. A. (Scot.), already known as the author of "The Catholic Highlands of Scotland" (Central Highlands) and "Ancient Catholic Homes in Scotland," has produced another book of special interest to Catholic Scotsmen—"The Catholic Highlands of Scotland; the Western Highlands and Islands." Lovers of Gaelic literature, too, will welcome this work.

—We are glad to note that the third edition of a "First Communion Catechism" (Baltimore Text) is issued in leatherette cover, which permits of a lower selling price for this excellent manual. In lots of twenty-five (or more) it may be had for 15 cents a copy, "when cash accompanies order," as an accompanying circular states. Published by the Rt. Rev. Victor Day, Catholic Hill, Helena, Montana.

—Fairy tales nowadays appeal not only to the children who are always interested in the "once-upon-a-time" stories, but to the folklorists who bring their learning to bear on the legends that have come down to us from the most remote periods. A double welcome is thus assured for "East o' the Sun and West o' the Moon," by G. W. Dasent. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.) The title story is only one of thirty-seven typical Norse fairy tales—of witch and ogre

and Troll, those descendants of the frost giants who were supposed to be perpetually scheming mischief against the race of men. Generic resemblance there is, of course, with fairy tales of other regions; but the specific differences are safe to captivate the youthful reader, and interest such of his elders as like folklore.

—In good time for Passiontide, there comes to us from Longmans, Green & Co. "The Three Hours' Agony of Our Lord Jesus Christ," by the Rev. Peter Guilday. A slender sixteenmo of 71 pages, it contains nine sermons originally preached in New York on Good Friday of last year. They are fervently devotional, and practical as well. The average length is from fifteen to seventeen hundred words.

—Late issues of Bloud & Gay's "Pages Actuelles" pamphlets and brochures include three by Francis Marre: "La Chimie Meurtrière des Allemands," "Les Mitrailluses," and "Les Armes Déloyales des Allemands"; also "Le Service de Santé Pendant la Guerre," by Joseph Reinach. The last mentioned in particular is full of interest, and is sold, we may add, for the benefit of the French Red Cross organization.

—The Newman Club of the University of California is to be congratulated upon its two recent pamphlet issues—"The Influence of the Missions on Present-Day California," by Mary Pius Carroll; and "The Attitude of the Catholic Church toward Modern Science," by the Very Rev. Edward A. Pace, Ph. D., D. D. The former is the Newman Hall prize essay for 1915; the latter an address delivered some time ago before the Newman Club.

—Yet another refutation of a quasi-religious system comes to us in the form of a brochure of 128 pages: "Christian Science: An Apostasy from Science and Christianity," by the Rev. Cyril Buotich, O. F. M. It consists of a number of lectures delivered in a San Francisco church, and will prove interesting to such readers as have no distinct impression of the system denounced. Copies of this pamphlet may be procured at 133 Golden Gate Ave., San Francisco, Cal. Price, 15 cents.

—"The Prince of Peace," a sixteenmo of 143 pages, by the Rev. Alban Goodier, S. J. (Benziger Brothers), is a book of meditations for Advent and Christmas, thirty meditations being allotted to each season. Of the thoughts contained in the little volume its author advises: "Let them not be tested by reading only: let

them also be allowed to grow upon the mind and heart." The latter counsel is obviously impracticable for reviewing purposes; we can only certify that the considerations stand the reading test very well. We regret the delay in the publication of this excellent work.

—A solid brochure, small octavo size, of over 240 pages, represents the "Transactions of the Second Annual Meeting of the Catholic Hospital Association." We note, among a number of important contributions, a paper on "The Nature, Necessity, and Value of Team-Work in a Hospital," by Charles H. Mayo, M. D.; and another, "The Ethical Basis of Medical Practice in Hospitals," by Austin O'Malley, M. D., Ph. D. The latter should be issued in pamphlet form, as it is an invaluable synopsis of an entire department of pastoral medicine. This excellent volume is issued by the Modern Hospital Publishing Co., St. Louis, Mo.

—"The Ancient Journey," by A. M. Sholl (Longmans, Green & Co.), is a new variant of an old metaphor. The journey is along the way to God, and the book points out the provision made for the traveller by the Church. The volume is the thank-offering of a lady convert. Of its pages Father McSorley, in his interesting Introduction, says: "They are not a reasoned treatise, nor a critical analysis of arguments, nor a theological essay, nor a formal apologetic,—they are a song of thanksgiving, the glad cry of a soul that was troubled and is now at peace." And yet there will be found abundant instruction and not a little apologetics, as well as edification and devotional fervor, in this little volume. It deserves a wide welcome.

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. Publisher's prices generally include postage.

- "The Three Hours' Agony of Our Lord." Rev. Peter Guilday. 75 cts.
 "East o' the Sun and West o' the Moon." G. W. Dasent. \$1.25.
 "The Prince of Peace." Rev. Alban Goodier, S. J. 75 cts.
 "The Ancient Journey." A. M. Sholl. \$1.
 "God's Fairy Tales." Enid Dinnis. \$1.10.

- "The Progress of a Soul; or, Letters of a Convert." \$1.10.
 "Letters of a Travelling Salesman." Charlie Jacobsen. 75 cts.
 "The Sacraments.—Vol. III." Pohle-Preuss. \$1.50.
 "The Sacrament of Friendship." Rev. H. C. Schuyler. \$1.10.
 "Songs of Creelabeg." Rev. P. J. Carroll, C. S. C. \$1.40.
 "Sermons and Sermon Notes." Rev. B. W. Maturin. \$2.

Obituary.

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

Rev. William P. Smith, of the diocese of Newark; Rev. James Jordan, diocese of Scranton; Rt. Rev. Monsignor Alois Plut, archdiocese of St. Paul; Rt. Rev. Monsignor Bernard O'Connell, diocese of Trenton; Rev. Thomas Lamb, diocese of Cleveland; Rev. T. J. Loughran, diocese of Providence; Very Rev. Nicholas Murphy, O. S. A.; and Rev. Augustine Miller, S. J.

Mother M. Angela, of the Sisters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary; Sister M. Stella, Sisters of the Good Shepherd; Mother M. Hilda and Mother M. Josephine, Society of the Holy Child.

Mr. Charles F. Wood, Mr. Joseph P. Hird, Miss Elizabeth Morris, Mr. Michael Fitzgerald, Miss Catherine Fitzgerald, Mr. Thomas Wells, Mrs. Catherine McCue, Mr. John Dixon, Sr., Judge A. L. Morrison, Mrs. E. M. Shufeldt, Mr. Edward Dunn, Mr. James A. Fink, Miss Maria O'Grady, Mr. Francis P. Lockinger, Mrs. Mary A. Meyer, Mrs. Catherine Read, Mr. Patrick Brady, Mr. John Manning, Miss Rose Hayden, Mrs. Ellen Neyland, Mr. John R. Walsh, Mr. Lawrence Gerhart, Mrs. Nora Evans, Mr. Edward Westen, Mr. Philip J. Smith, Miss Elizabeth Reidy, Mr. Joseph Pappert, Mr. Edward Brown, Miss Mary Lafferty, Mr. Louis Heineman, Mr. Thomas Hassett, Mr. J. J. Rolfes, Mrs. Daniel Calnew, Mr. and Mrs. Mathias Wagner, Mr. George Ross, and Mr. John Ourada.

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: Charlie R., 10 cts.; Mrs. B. F., \$3; A. L., \$5. For the Bishop of Nueva Segovia: M. L., \$2; Friend, \$20. For the rescue of orphaned and abandoned children in China: Friends (Lowell), \$3; Baltimore, \$5; Child of Mary, \$1; Friend, \$5; Friend, \$10.



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

VOL. V. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MARCH 17, 1917.

NO. 11

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Our Lady of Poverty.

BY M. WOELLWARTH.

ALL flushed with hope and tender pride,

On lightly sandalled feet,
Our Lady went at close of day
Adown the village street.

The flower-soul shone sweetly through
Her eyes' dark mystery,
As on some still unfathomed pool
White lilies one may see.

Against the bleak and rising wind
A thin poor cloak she drew;
It fell in gracious folds, as if
Its office high it knew.

Within a slender hand she clasped
A little-used purse,—
Our Lady went a-purchasing
For Him she soon would nurse.

For Him, alas! no silken web,
No soft-hued broidery;
But linen coarse and homespun cloth
His swaddling clothes must be.

She entered in the dark bazaar,
Her humble wares she bought;
She held them close with love and awe,
But with half-wistful thought.

For self, she feared no poverty;
For Him who would be born,—
Ah, on the Mother's rose of hope
That was the piercing thorn!

THE heart that suffers with resignation
sees farther than the mind that reasons.

—Jean Quercy.

The Holiest Spot in Ireland.

BY JOSEPH MAY.



HERE is something so sacred about the soil of Ireland that one almost hesitates to speak of any particular portion of it as being holier than another; for does not the evergreen emblem of the Most Adorable Trinity grow all over the island, and has not its every sod been soaked with some martyr's blood? But when one thinks of St. Patrick, what his work in Ireland was, and the kind of man he is universally admitted to have been, it seems only natural that the place he selected for special prayer and meditation should be regarded with a particular veneration, not by the Irish people only, but by Catholics the world over.

Cardinal Manning went so far as to say that, with the exception of St. Paul, no other saint did so much for the Church as St. Patrick; and that, leaving out St. Peter, no other saint in heaven had so many children as St. Patrick. The great Dominican preacher, Father Burke, compared the career of the Apostle of Ireland more to the triumphant progress of a king than to that of a missionary struggling with obstacles and fighting against difficulties. "The Gospel," he says, "with its lessons and precepts of self-denial, prayer and purity,—in a word, of the violence which seizes on Heaven, is not congenial to fallen man. His pride, his passion, his blindness of intellect and hardness of

heart, all oppose the spread of the Gospel; so that the very fact that mankind has so universally accepted it is adduced as a proof that it must be from God. The work of the Catholic missionary has, therefore, ever been, and must continue to be, a work of great labor, with apparently small results. Such has it ever been among all the nations; and yet Ireland seems a grand exception. She is perhaps the only country in the world that entirely owes her conversion to the work of one man. He found her universally pagan: he left her universally Christian."

It was of this "one man" of whom Father Burke spoke so truly and so eloquently that St. Sechnall said: "For his good deeds he is compared with angels, and for his perfect life he is equalled to the Apostles." Indeed, the great St. Evin did not think it too much to declare St. Patrick to be "a true pilgrim, like Abraham; gentle and forgiving, like Moses; a praise-worthy psalmist, like David; an emulator of wisdom, like Solomon; a chosen vessel for proclaiming truth, like the Apostle Paul; a man full of grace and the knowledge of the Holy Ghost, like the beloved John; a fair flower garden to the children of grace; a faithful vine branch; a flashing fire, with force and warmth of heat, to the sons of life, for instituting and illustrating charity; a lion in strength and power; a dove in gentleness and humility; a serpent in wisdom and cunning to do good; gentle, humble and merciful to the sons of life; dark, ungentle toward the sons of death; a servant of labor and service of Christ; a king in dignity and power for binding and loosening, for liberating and convicting, for killing and giving life. So long as the sea girdeth Erin," he adds, "so long his name shall hang in splendor o'er it like the stars of God." And Ængus, in his celebrated "Félire" tells us that "the Apostle of the stainless Erin is as the blaze of a splendid sun."

If ever a man had the gift of prayer, St. Patrick had it; and in this probably more than in anything else lay the secret of his

miraculous success in Ireland. In his "Confessions" he says of himself: "I was every day frequent in prayer, and often in a single day I would say a hundred prayers; and in the night almost as many, in woods and mountains before daylight, in snow and frost and rain; and I felt no evil, nor was there any laziness in me." Every canonical hour of the day he made the Sign of the Cross, and said Mass every morning of his life. In short, St. Patrick appears to have obeyed to the letter the divine words telling us that we ought always to pray. But it is the mountain of Croaghpatrick, also called the Reek, that is associated with what may be called his longest prayer; for it was there that he once prayed and fasted during forty days and forty nights.

We have only to turn to the Sacred Scriptures to understand why the mountains, whose peaks point heavenward, have always had a sort of holy fascination for the saints. It was on the mountains of Armenia that the Ark rested as the waters of the Deluge subsided. It was on Mount Horeb that God's angel appeared to Moses in the burning bush. It was on a hilltop that Moses lifted his hands in prayer while Josue fought the enemy. It was on Mount Sinai that Moses received the Ten Commandments. It was on a mountain that Abraham erected an altar for the sacrifice he was not doomed to make,—the mountain to which he gave the name of "The Lord Seeth." It was on a mountain that our Divine Lord preached His Sermon, after the miracle of the loaves and fishes; and it was on a mountain that He again worked another miracle of a similar nature. It was on a mountain that He was transfigured in the presence of Peter and James and John. It was upon a mountain He was crucified; and it was from a mountain He ascended into heaven.

"Cruach Phadraic" means the "Mountain of Patrick" (hence Croaghpatrick); and the Rick, or Reek—the name it also goes by,—is but a literal translation of *cruach*, the Gaelic term for a conical-

shaped mountain. The cone of Croaghpatrick rises to 2600 feet above the level of the ocean, whose foam-flecked waves beat against its base; and a magnificent panoramic view of the whole Province of Connaught can be had from it. Like Moses of old, St. Patrick was commanded by God's angel to retire to the mountain solitudes for prayer. The place was at that time called Cruach-an-Aigle, or the "Eagles' Mountain"; and during the saint's long vigil it was haunted by evil spirits, that covered its slopes under the appearance of flocks of hideous blackbirds. To drive them away the saint rang his blessed bell; and, as they dispersed, he flung it among them to complete their rout.

The physical as well as the spiritual sufferings of St. Patrick during his long fast upon the mountain were very great; and we know that he had also to endure the severest cold, with only the rocks to shelter him against the snow and wind, and with only a bare flagstone for his pillow. But, his long agony over, heavenly consolations came to him, as they did to his Divine Master before him; and, the evil spirits gone, beautiful white birds descended in crowds upon the snow-capped summit, and sang so deliciously that the saint, like the Apostle of the Gentiles, seemed transported to Paradise.

When the celestial choristers had ceased their singing, an angel appeared to St. Patrick and said: "Now get thee gone. Thou hast suffered much, but thou hast been comforted. These white birds are God's saints and angels come to visit thee and console thee; and the spirits of all the saints of Erin are here, by God's high command, to visit their father and join him in blessing all this land, and to show him what a fruitful harvest his labors will reap for God in this land of Erin."

The legend adds that St. Patrick refused to leave the mountain, however, till the angel had obtained a promise from God that, though all the world were faith-

less, Ireland would still be true to the Church till the end of time. The promise was at first withheld; though Patrick was assured that as many souls would be saved as would fill all the space over land and sea, so far as his eye could reach, and be more numerous than all the flocks of birds he then saw; and that, till the end of time, every Thursday seven souls and every Saturday twelve souls should be released from purgatory. He was furthermore assured that whoever recited the last stanza of Patrick's own hymn, in a penitential spirit, should suffer no pains in the world to come. He was also promised that as many souls should be saved from torments as there were threads in his chasuble; and that the Saxons (the English) should not permanently conquer Ireland, but would be eventually driven from her shores; that seven days before the end of all things the sea would spread all over Ireland so as to save her people from the horrors of the short but terrible reign of Antichrist; and that St. Patrick himself would be appointed judge over the Irish on the Last Day, even as the Apostles should be judges over Israel.

According to the legend, St. Patrick pressed this point very strongly, asking that "on the day the twelve royal seats shall be on the mound, and when the four rivers of fire shall be about the mount, and when the three peoples shall be there—the people of heaven, the people of earth, and the people of hell"—he himself should be "the judge over the men of Erin on that day." The angel returned with the answer that God refused to grant so great a favor. Whereupon St. Patrick replied: "Unless this is obtained from Him, I will not consent to leave this Cruachan from this day forever; and even after my death there shall be a guardian for me here,"—in short, that when he could kneel on Mount Cruachan no longer, another should kneel there in his stead; and another after him again, if need be; and so on through the centuries till the prayer was granted. When the angel came back again from

the throne of God, it was with a smiling face. Patrick's prayers were all granted: he was to judge the people of Ireland on the Day of Doom; and, since (so it was also promised) they were to remain true to the Faith till the end of time, it is a favorite belief amongst the people that they will all be saved, and enter heaven in St. Patrick's train, their brows wreathed with the shamrock, the emblem of the Most Holy Trinity.

It was during this memorable sojourn upon Mount Cruachan that St. Patrick is said to have banished the serpents from Ireland by means of the *Baculus Jesu*, or Staff of Jesus, as his episcopal crosier is called in the ancient annals. According to tradition, it was carried by our Divine Lord Himself, and was brought by St. Patrick from Rome when he was appointed by Pope Celestine to evangelize Ireland.*

It was in the year 441 that St. Patrick ascended Croaghpatrick; and, while there, news was brought to him of the accession of St. Leo to the See of Peter. The moment he was made aware of the fact, the saint sent one of his followers to Rome, to bear his filial homage to the Pope, give him an account of the progress of his mission in Ireland, and ask his blessing on it, even as he had already received that of his predecessor. Pope Leo gladly complied, and the joy of Patrick was great indeed; for his particular devotions were to the See of Peter and to the Blessed Virgin.

The walk from the base to the summit of the historic mountain means a journey of about three miles; and as one nears the top all vegetation ceases, and huge boulders and rocks, nearly perpendicular, have to be clambered over before the end is reached. The summit, which viewed from below looks like a large cone, is in reality quite flat, and about an acre and a half in extent. The cup-shaped hollow in its centre was an active volcano many cen-

turies before St. Patrick's time. The little oratory close by is of comparatively recent date, and is built of concrete, in the Irish-Romanesque style. The difficulty of conveying the building materials up the rugged mountain slopes was, apparently, of so insurmountable a nature that when it was first spoken of the old men of the neighborhood used to shake their heads and say, as they looked at the cloud-capped summit so far above them: "When a chapel is built on the top of that, there will be eight wonders in the world!"

Another sacred hill connected with St. Patrick is the Hill of Saul, about two miles from Down, where stood the *sabhall*, or barn, which, with the adjoining land, Prince Dichu bestowed on the saint and his followers. It is to this gift St. Patrick alludes in the lines:

The blessing of God on Dichu,
Who gave me the sabhall!
May he be hereafter
Heavenly, joyous, glorious.

It was here that St. Patrick built his first church in Ulster; and the very altar-stone used by him when he said Mass there is preserved to this day in the parish church of Saul. Since 1782 it has served as the table of the high altar, being about ten feet long, four feet three inches broad, and five inches in thickness.

WHY did Our Lady not go to heaven with Our Lord? She was left behind in this vale of tears, for she had a work to do for the infant Church through fifteen long years; till at length her longing was satisfied, and angels bore her home to be crowned as Queen of Angels and of Saints. Beautiful and "all fair" to begin with, by her martyrdom she became more lovely still, the Mother of Mercy, the Mother of a pitying heart, the Mother of compassion for us her exiled children. If Mary had known no pain or desolation she would still be splendid in our eyes, but never could she be the mother, the friend and comfort to us that she now is.

—Rev. Robert Eaton.

* See "The Staff of St. Patrick," in THE AVE MARIA, Vol. lxxviii, p. 353.

The Crest of the Bodkins.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON.

XV.—IN THE PALACE GARDEN.



HAVE digressed a little from the adventures of my hero, in order to give the readers of THE AVE MARIA an opportunity to peep into the city of Mexico, which is still as picturesque as when poor Carlotta planted eucalyptus trees in the Zocalo, turning the bald, barren and sun-baked square into a veritable tropical bower. Some few changes have taken place since the ghastly tragedy of the "Hill of the Bells." A magnificent new street, Cinco Mayo, has been opened up; the Alameda built upon; the Iturbide Palace is now a hotel. Villas have been erected on the road to Chapultepec, and residences of a palatial character at the fashionable suburb of Tacubaya. The small stores in the Calle San Francisco disport plate-glass, and the trolley has replaced the mule car. Railways run from the capital in every direction, that known as the English Railway passing through the loveliest scenery that the sub-tropics produce. But the quaint, picturesque, *bizarre*, color-glorified capital is unchanged, and the scenes and sights are those which I have feebly endeavored to describe.

Arthur Bodkin failed to gain speech of Alice at the cathedral, albeit he was within touch of her. For Miss Nugent would recognize no one in the House of God; and, although she saw Bodkin, she veiled her eyes with her long, black lashes, and, reverently making the Sign of the Cross, swept out of the church into the glowing sunlight. Here she joined the Empress, and walked with her Imperial Majesty across the square to the National Palace. Arthur, taking a short cut, was in the *patio* of the Palace ere the imperial party arrived. But Carlotta, instead of passing up the grand stone stairway, entered by the small door adjoining the guard-room.

"How lovely she looked!" he thought. "How calm and holy and sanctified! Did she see me? I think so—and yet—I know her of old. She will never acknowledge any but the Real Presence in the House of God. I *must* speak with her. But how? To force a meeting is bad form. Berghheim spoke of Chapultepec. If I could meet her under Montezuma's cedars—pshaw! what good would that do *me*? All is over between us. I shall bid her a light *adios*, and disappear into the bowels of the earth with Talbot and his friend Corcoran. Yes, it is best so."

A blare of trumpets, the hoarse cry of the officer of the day turning out the guard, the rattle of arms, the sound of rushing of men, the clattering of horses' feet, the clinking of sabres—and the Emperor, Maréchal Bazaine beside him, rode into the *patio*, and almost over Arthur Bodkin, who had to spring aside to avoid being "bowled" by Maximilian's superb chestnut.

The Emperor flung a short, sharp, keen glance at him; returning his salute with that cold courtesy for which the Hapsburg was so famous. Bazaine touched the peak of his *kepi* with the first finger of his right hand.

"*Bonjour!*" he exclaimed. "Come to my quarters in an hour." And he followed the Emperor in the direction of the imperial stables.

"Oho!" laughed a joyous voice. "You are in luck, *mon brave!*"

Arthur turned, to recognize Capitaine Parabère, the officer who commanded the party of rescue at the adobe hut upon the night of the capture of Mazazo.

"It isn't every man whom a Marshal of France honors by word of mouth. You must say a good word for me. I want to be Chef d'Escadron."

"Jump off your horse and come to my quarters!" cried Arthur.

"Willingly. I am as dry as an adobe brick." And, flinging the reins to an orderly, the gallant captain leaped lightly to *terra firma*.

Bodkin's quarters in the National Palace were not of that description known as palatial. They were situated five flights up, and consisted of a single whitewashed room, with two windows giving upon the square. A bed adorned one corner, a set of drawers another; while a round pine table, tattooed like a Maori chief, stood in the centre. Three rickety chairs and a tumble-down sofa completed the furniture. In the cupboard, however, were a few bottles of genuine Château-Lafitte—a present from Mr. O'Connor, Talbot's friend,—an immense cold sausage, and a supply of bread.

The French officer ate as though he were not to see food again for at least a week,—ate like a famished man; and fully justified the remark he had made in regard to the strength of his thirst.

"*Bon! bon!*" smacking his lips. "This is wine. And how is the world going round with you, *mon ami*? The right way? Eh?"

Arthur replied in general terms.

"Why in blue fire don't you join us?" said Parabère. "We are the rulers of this country—of every country, except our next door neighbor, little England. Bazaine has evidently taken you up. See what he did for you! Cheated us all for *you*. Why, man, that trip to Puebla and *back*," he added, with a laugh, "would have made you Chef d'Escadron, as sure as there are cherries at Montmorency!"

"Perhaps you can tell me who my companion was on that occasion?"

Capitaine Parabère pushed away his chair from the table, and, gazing steadily into Arthur's eyes, exclaimed:

"And *you* don't know?"

"I do not."

"Neither do I."

Both men were speaking the truth.

"What *do* you know?" asked Bodkin, after a pause.

"I will tell you all,—it isn't much," replied the officer. "You know that the Maréchal is a very sly old fox, and that the sour grapes of this Empire business have disagreed with him most thoroughly. In fact"—here he lowered his voice to a

whisper,—“he was playing the cards for himself, and he still imagines that he can win the odd trick.”

"How, pray?"

"That is where this woman comes into the game,—at least that is what I learn. Of course everybody talked of your experience; and everybody was ready to swear that you had either sold yourself body and bones to Maréchal Bazaine, or that you had bolted, Irish fashion, with the *señorita*. The former opinion, however, prevailed; and—"

"Then I shall show every one of you that I am no creature of Monsieur Bazaine; and, Marshal of France though he be, he has played a very dangerous game in making a cat's-paw of an Irish gentleman. Excuse me now, Capitaine Parabère, I am going to seek Maréchal Bazaine."

"But—"

"By his order—sir."

My hero was in a white-heated anger when he presented himself at the quarters of the commander-in-chief; and was for bursting in upon that exalted official *bon gré, mal gré*.

"You are expected, sir," said one of the aids-de-camp. "See, here are my instructions: '*Monsieur Bodkin à trois heures*.' And until that clock strikes"—pointing to a superb Louis-Quatorze—"I really can not admit you. Orders, you know, Mr. Bodkin, are orders."

Arthur bowed; and, compressing his impatience into the smallest compass his will would admit of, turned to a window which gave upon the garden of the Palace. This *plaisance* was laid out with flowerbeds, all abloom with the glorious tints of the tropics; with long, shaded alleys and walks; with terraces, and with fountains flinging myriads of diamonds saucily toward the sun.

In a shaded alley, almost beneath the window at which Arthur stood, a man in the uniform of the Austrian Guard was slowly strolling by the side of a lady whose head and shoulders were completely hidden by a large blood-red parasol, or

umbrella. In the cavalier my hero instantly recognized Count Ludwig von Kalksburg. At the end of the alley the pair turned; and when the young Irishman beheld in the lady the lovely face and form of Alice Nugent, his pent-up anger almost caused him to turn giddy.

The Louis-Quatorze clock struck three.

"Now, Monsieur Bodkin, you can enter," said the courteous aid-de-camp.

"Never mind. Another time. Excuse me to the Maréchal. I—am not—well." And Arthur walked out of the room.

"My, he *does* look awful!" thought the aid-de-camp. "Heart disease, I should imagine. He ought to see Dr. Contant. I shall send for him." And, ringing a bell, he desired the orderly who responded to seek Dr. Contant, and bring him at once to the quarters of Mr. Bodkin, on the staff of General Berghheim.

In the meantime Alice was calmly walking in the Palace garden with the officer of the day, the Count being on duty. As a matter of fact, Miss Nugent was in the habit of repairing to the gardens every day for what is termed a "constitutional." Being very hard worked by her Imperial Mistress, she sought for her walk the hour when the Empress indulged in a *siesta*. If Arthur Bodkin had been crafty enough, he could easily have discovered this, and perhaps have made his peace. But instead of following method, he indulged in what was almost akin to madness.

"What a charming opportunity for me!" thought the Count, digging the steel scabbard of his sword into the sun-baked earthen walk. He was pale and agitated.

"Miss Nugent," he at length began, his voice hoarse and not his own, "I have awaited this—"

"Count," interposed Alice, jerking a tiny watch from its resting-place, "I must leave you."

"But—"

"Her Majesty is awaiting me. We start for Chapultepec at three, and it is five minutes past now. *Auf widerssehen!*"

And, without waiting for expostulation, Alice darted down the walk, and was lost behind a hedge of cactus.

Von Kalksburg dug his scabbard into the earth, drew his sword and began hacking at the beautiful, harmless flowers, muttering meanwhile between his teeth, and with his left hand tugging viciously at his mustache. So occupied was he with his thoughts that he did not hear a scuffling, scraping sound at the wall above him; nor did he perceive the hands first, then the spurred foot, then the half body of Arthur Bodkin, who, with pale, set face, now bestrode the wall, and sat gazing down in silence upon the man whom he regarded as his successful and unscrupulous rival.

What Arthur's next move might have been is more or less conjectural; for at the moment when he was about to act the sound of approaching voices came to him, and, almost before he could scramble into hiding, the Emperor, accompanied by Escobedo—the man who was to betray him later on—and Bazaine, turned into the alley.

"I shall reckon with him by and by," muttered Arthur. "Now for Chapultepec!"

(To be continued.)

At the Cross-Road.

BY THE REV. HUGH F. BLUNT.

THE road of life I went
Singing my song;
With living well content,
A man—and strong.
But after pleasure years
A grieving morn;
The travelled road appears
A way of thorn.
A flower path it seemed;
My heart now knows
How all its lifeblood streamed
To wet each rose.
Christ's road now let me go;
Though thick with thorn,
'Twill lead to joy, I know,
One blessed morn.

A Little Bride and what Became of Her.

BY VALENTINE PARAISSO.

III.

THE life of St. Bridget of Sweden covers almost exactly the same years as the exile of the Popes at Avignon. During seventy years, successive Popes (seven in all) were elected and reigned in a city of Southern France, under the power of the French King. The Papal Court became luxurious: religion suffered; the States of the Church in Italy were neglected; and before the end of the century such trial and storm swept over the Papacy as nothing merely human could have weathered. If the fourteenth century proves anything at all, it proves that the Church is divinely founded and divinely upheld. Neither kings nor luxury nor human weakness could prevent the divine guidance. In spite of everything, the Faith was preserved without fleck or flaw, and the succession from St. Peter was carried on in unbroken line.

Great saints arose in the fourteenth century, as in every other. Two of these, St. Catherine of Siena and St. Bridget of Sweden, had the same mission: they were to have a large share in bringing back the Pope to Rome. One was an Italian nun, who lived but thirty-three years; the other was the widow of Ulf, from the far North. Different in age, country, and temperament, they were both living lives of prayer and ecstasy. Both, being great lovers of Christ, were devoted to the interests of souls with that splendid sort of devotion that does not reckon difficulties at all, and that never gives up.

Bridget sent a letter on parchment to the Pope at Avignon, before her journey to Italy; and we hear that in Rome the confessor of the Pope consulted her as to the will of God. For thirteen years she wrote to the reigning Pontiff, to the Roman people, and to the kings of

England and France. Urban V. did come to Rome for the Jubilee year (1350); but he returned to Avignon, against the warning of Bridget—and died. Gregory XI. finally settled in Rome, three and a half years after the death of Bridget, and during the lifetime of Catherine of Siena, who had once journeyed from her cloister to see him at Avignon.

Pilgrims from all Christian Europe went to Rome for the half-century Jubilee. They approached, over the Campagna, in companies, "praying aloud in all languages." At her first sight of the towers and roofs among the hills, Bridget fell upon her knees, saluting St. Peter and St. Paul. "The vast and wondrous dome" was not there in those days. The old Basilica of Constantine was still standing, with Giotto's mosaic over the entrance, in all its first freshness of gold and color,—the ship of Peter on the waters: the Church on the waves of the world. The pavement was then on the same level as the present crypt. One had not to descend, as one does now, to the tomb of the Apostles and the hundred lamps. Seven porphyry steps went up at each side to the level of the apse and the high altar. Arrived at this marble-enclosed tomb, among the group of Swedish priests and people, Bridget passed into ecstasy. Coming back to earthly consciousness, she told the prior of Alvastra that St. Peter had promised she would hear the people of Rome cheering for his successor. Wherever she went, she had at heart the restoration of the Pope, and the founding of her new Order. For these two objects she must have prayed during at least twenty-five years.

Urban V. arrived, but only to stay for a time. He received Bridget in audience, with her two sons, Charles and Birger. Charles wore a cloak trimmed with ermine, under which appeared a broad belt of silver richly chased. The Pontiff fingered the heavy metal, and remarked that to wear such a weight must be a penance for his sins; whereupon Bridget, who had not

lived at the Court of Stockholm for nothing, said: "Holy Father, if you will see to the Jubilee indulgence for my son, I can see to the silver belt."

Her daughter Catherine joined Bridget in Rome. From that time the two never separated; and mother and daughter became canonized saints. St. Catherine of Sweden was remarkable not only for her loveliness, but for her choice of virginity. She and her husband, Edgard, had lived a cloistral life in their forest castle. To her great grief, he died during her absence in Rome. Then she was so beset by suitors for a second marriage that she thought of smearing her face with a destructive ointment, to spoil its beauty. Her wise mother stopped her, saying, "Do not destroy the work of the Creator." St. Catherine of Sweden is represented in pictures and on medals with a lily and a stag. There is a pretty legend of the wild deer taking refuge with her from the hunters, and her pleading for it and setting it free; and the beasts of the chase are said to have appeared in Italy when she wanted to pass unnoticed.

These two, humbly dressed and veiled—Bridget and her beautiful daughter,—were familiar figures among the pilgrims in Rome. The winter, beginning the Jubilee, was unusually hard. Shelter could not be found for everyone in the convents, hospices, and inns; crowds of all nations lay in the streets at night, about huge fires.

Wonderful things soon began to be whispered about the elder of the two Swedish ladies. She had healed people with blessed objects, or even with the touch of her hands. At St. John Lateran, she went among the sick, and they recovered. In the Coliseum, during the Way of the Cross, she had been observed kneeling—but not upon the ground; and afterwards it was known that she had a vision of the martyrs. People had seen her in the Basilica of St. Paul, in ecstasy before the life-size crucifix carved by Pietro Cavallini. And a marvellous thing had happened at Santa Croce. When the

pilgrims were venerating the large relic of the True Cross, all at once her face began to shine with light. Everyone followed her when she rose to go away, and two hermits of St. Augustine even went after her into her house. There they saw her in rapture, "breathing the love of God." Then, as the light went out, there was only the poorly-clad woman whom they all knew; and the familiar face was just as usual, under the shadow of her veil.

Her house at this time was close to the turning from the Corso into the open space called the Campo dei Fiori. The great building at the corner, the Cancellaria, was afterwards erected. Bridget's first house in Rome must have been on part of the site, next to the church of St. Laurence in Damaso. Here she received the Swedish pilgrims, the poor, the afflicted, and sinners. Her power of converting sinners had been looked upon in Stockholm as something like a miracle, bearing witness to her mission. In Rome, having quickly learned Italian during her first year, she put it to good use in attracting and saving the lost.

Her rule of life was to rise at four, to go to confession and hear Mass, receiving Holy Communion on Sundays and the frequent feasts, and hearing a Mass of thanksgiving. Then, if there was time, she went to St. Peter's or one of the other basilicas. At nine o'clock, the Swedish pilgrims breakfasted together at her house, taking simple food in silence; and assembled again for supper towards evening, and probably received shelter under her roof. We are told that she looked upon everything in her house as a divine gift,—her bed, her table, her cups and dishes. And before using anything she would say a prayer that had been specially taught her by Our Lord. We feel how real is the record, and how simple was her life, when we hear that she spent part of the day in mending the clothes of the other pilgrims. Manual work she loved, for she could do it in the thought of God;

and she liked the humblest tasks best.

Sometimes she sat on the steps of the basilica on the Esquiline, near the convent of the Poor Clares, and asked alms with the beggars, spending her share upon the poorest of the Swedish pilgrims; or she came among the destitute to the convent door, and gave away the food she received. We can hardly recognize in the beggar on the church steps, or the woman stitching at old clothes while the Italian sun shone outside, the little bride of Ulf who once reigned over rich Ulfasa, or the great lady who went in state robes and jewels to rule over the palace of the King.

Meanwhile the new Order of Our Saviour was always in her heart. Sometime she would have everything arranged, under the approval of the Holy See. Her own property of Wadstena, in Sweden, was waiting; she had already erected a large wooden church. The first abbey should be there.

One day, while she looked through an open window from her oratory into the church of St. Laurence in Damaso, she saw an angel in human form, who spoke to her in her own language, while he remained turned towards the altar. There is still preserved in Rome the manuscript of the "Words of the Angel" (*Sermo Angelicus*). Her own account of it was that the angel dictated a series of twenty-one lessons, to be read on different days of the week in the Office of the new Order. Every day she waited at the window, pen in hand; every evening she showed the manuscript to her confessor. Sometimes she would say, "To-day there is nothing; the angel did not come." Judging by the facsimile most generally known, the writing of St. Bridget was square and firm, the letters standing upright, remarkably even in size. The handwriting of the "Angel" manuscript is very large and irregular,—exactly as if it was written, without looking much at the paper, while her eyes were watching her visitant in the church beyond the window.

She learned Latin in Rome, beginning about the age of forty-six; and read the Scriptures in the Latin Vulgate, and the Fathers, especially St. Bernard.

Since her young married days in Sweden, she had been a Tertiary of St. Francis; and now the saint appeared to her, wearing his brown habit and cord, and inviting her to come and sup with him in his cell. The story is like an exquisite page of the "Fioretti." Staff in hand, she led out a pilgrimage from Rome to the wooded hills of Umbria. When they reached the Franciscan convent, and knelt at the shrine of the Poor Man of Assisi, Bridget, in ecstasy, heard St. Francis say to her, "That cell where you shall sup with me is in heaven."

(Conclusion next week.)

An Altarpiece.

BY C. I. MARTIN.

LITTLE PIERRE was deeply interested. Day after day he had watched the beautiful picture grow under the painter's hand. He was never tired of looking: there was always something fresh to admire. And now the centre panel was finished. There lay the smiling Burgundian landscape he had seen so often through the city gate,—the fertile plain and the low hills beyond. Above the pleasant earth one saw the Blessed Virgin herself, the Holy Babe in her arms, adoring angels around her. Below stood St. Pierre and St. Anne, each with a protecting arm outstretched towards the side panels, where knelt the donors of the altarpiece—his father and mother, in their habit as they lived.

The wonderful painting brought religion into the daily life of *le petit Pierre*, and gave a new meaning to fast-day and feast-day and to the great cathedral. It was all true; for his mother and the painter told him so. They explained the meaning of those protecting saints. The lovely Virgin floated in the clouds among the angels;

her Son lay a helpless Baby in her arms; but on the earth stood the good St. Pierre, a link between his little namesake and those high and holy ones.

Not only the donors appeared in the predellas: behind his mother knelt his two elder sisters; and in the yet unfilled space behind his father, he, little Pierre, was to kneel: a great honor, as his mother told him, to kneel so near the blessed saints; but he was not content. The great St. Pierre; with his flowing beard and his massive keys, was his patron saint as much as his father's. The child cherished a burning desire to kneel beside his saint within the centre panel. Divided from him by two gold frames and his father's burly figure, how should the good saint protect him or even see him? But if he knelt close beside him, where, if need arose, he could clutch his robe for protection, what evil could then befall him?

Le petit Pierre was standing for his portrait, and the painter and he were alone. The picture was very near completion. A few more hours' work, the painter said, on his little figure, where he knelt behind his father, and all would be done,—and his opportunity lost, as the child knew. He gathered up his courage and stammered out his request. The painter's gentle brown eyes grew wide with surprise.

"What! Put thee in the centre with the holy saints,—thee, little Peter?"

More low, stammered entreaties, and big eyes filling with tears of shame and disappointment.

"Thy father and mother in the predellas outside, and thee within?"

"Oh, I am so little, and sometimes so afraid in the dark night when I wake and there is no moon! And how shall the good St. Pierre see me behind my father?" wailed the little one.

The painter was young, in spite of his worn, lined face; also he had a small brother at home; and the wondering admiration of this child had been very sweet.

"See, little one, I can not do this thing that thou askest. It would be a scandal."

But the denial was gentle, and the shake of his head kind. *Le petit Pierre* stopped sobbing, and listened, with big eyes fixed on the speaker's face.

"Say, then, if I draw thee very, very small—as, in truth, thou art not large—down by the hem of the good St. Pierre's robe, would that content thee?"

Clasped hands, flushed, smiling face, and shining eyes thanked the gentle painter better than the child's stammering tongue.

"Now thou must keep very still; and be a little saint thyself, seeing thou shalt kneel with the blessed ones."

Little Pierre knelt like a small statue, scarcely winking in his fervent gratitude.

A few days later the painter and he stood alone before the finished picture.

"Lo, I have placed thee in heaven, little one! See thou to it that neither thy saint nor I repent. For if the good St. Pierre come to me and say, 'Take thou that little sinner from beside me,' then must I take thee away, and that would grieve us all."

So spoke the painter, half-earnest, half-smiling, his hand on the child's shoulder. And little Pierre nodded, and promised: "I will be good."

Inside the centre panel there knelt a tiny figure, the counterfeit of Pierre. So minute was he, however, with his garments the same color as the heavy folds of the saint's robe behind him, that at a short distance he was invisible, and it would need a careful scrutiny to detect the tiny detail when near. This the painter knew; but *le petit Pierre* was where he wished to be, and was utterly content. The great St. Pierre would not overlook him now; or if he did, he could tug his robe, as he did his mother's skirt when she did not attend quickly.

The beautiful picture was presented, and fixed in its place over the high altar in the great, dim cathedral. From that day the place and the services took on a warm personal interest for *le petit Pierre*. Was he not a part of it all himself, as he knelt close to the saint's robe in the painting above the shining high altar? The cathedral

came to be a second home. He was always there, left safe in the keeping of the blessed ones, when the services were over and he went away with the rest of the family.

After some childish naughtiness he would creep, repentant, to the altar foot in fear and trembling, to recognize with a throb of thankfulness that the great St. Pierre had once more proved forgiving. He was not yet blotted out from his place in the inner picture.

Since the painting had been finished he had not seen the gentle, worn face of his friend; but he was not forgotten. In his limited, tenacious child's heart he ranked after his father and mother, and before the elder sisters, who alternately teased and caressed him. Then one day he caught the painter's name. His father and mother spoke of him as painting beautiful pictures in a near and rival city.

"But he will not paint *them* the great St. Pierre?" asked his little namesake, with a beating heart.

"Hark to the little jealous one!" laughed the father. "It is our bishop over again." Then he turned to his little son: "Ay, look to thy city's honor and fame, my son! Shall any city but ours possess such a masterpiece?"

The mother looked down on the anxious, upturned face, and smiled.

"Nay, little heart, thy friend paints great lords and their ladies,—no St. Pierres there."

The father laughed harshly.

"Herods and Magdalens would better fit them," he began; but the mother sent her little son away to the cathedral to say two *Paters* and *Aves* for his friend.

A few weeks later little Pierre heard the painter's name again. His father's brows were overcast.

"The Lord of Valclairon has commanded an altarpiece, larger and more beautiful than ours. He, the Lord of Valclairon, is to kneel in the foreground; and she—his light-o'-love" (the speaker dropped his voice),—"her face is to serve for that of the Mother of God."

His wife raised eyes and hands in horror.

"Ah," she cried, "he will not paint it!"

"He—a reed," was the scornful answer, "*he* to strive against the will of Valclairon? 'Tis as the bishop said. We did wrong to let him go."

Little Pierre, listening with all his ears, felt rather than understood that his dear painter was doing wrong, and his father was angry with him. He pattered away to the cathedral. But a service was going on: he could not even comfort his heart by kneeling close to the high altar, and seeing himself safe by St. Peter's robe. Deeply disappointed, he turned into a side chapel, prayed to his saint to make his friend good again, and crept home with a heavy, sorrowful heart.

"No altarpiece for Valclairon!" cried the father in triumph next day. "He hath slipped through them all, our painter. We shall have him back among us. Valclairon tears his hair with rage, and vows he shall paint them, though he do it on the rack. Thou wast right, little wife, after all; but who would have thought that boy-face had a will behind it?"

"He hath a good heart, which is sometimes better," said the mother, her soft eyes shining. "Praised be the holy saints for this! St. Pierre be his guard! Little Pierre, thou and I will burn two candles for him."

"I, too, for that Valclairon has no altarpiece!" cried the father.

His little son thought: "It is the good St. Pierre. When I see him I will thank him, and I will be very good."

The three candles burned down before the altar, and others followed them; and still the painter came not, although little Pierre looked for him every day. Then came tidings. The poor painter had been seized by a band of robbers while crossing the hills which hid the two cities from each other. Now they kept him prisoner in a ruined hut a league beyond the city walls, while they treated with the Lord of Valclairon for his ransom. Little Pierre listened aghast.

The city fathers decided on rescuing him by force. But as the armed band issued from the gate, a paper in a cleft stick caught the eye of their leader. In it was written that half of the painter's dead body was all they should ever possess of him again, the other half going to the Lord of Valclairon. If they desired to obtain their share, they had only to march on; the next forward step would end his life. After a short debate they turned and re-entered the city. One sternly righteous soul wished to proceed. "Body or soul,—which is it better to kill?" asked he, but the rest shook their heads. A soul, even a saved soul, would paint no more masterpieces to adorn their city.

When he saw his father return without his friend, little Pierre wept and would not be comforted; and all the rest of that sad day he spent in the gatehouse with the gate-keeper, who was his friend, looking with tearful eyes towards the hut where his dear painter lay.

Early next morning he persuaded his mother to give him the money for two big candles of his own to burn before St. Pierre. She was busy, and could not go with him. He was not sorry. Now St. Pierre would know that the candles were his very own, and would give him what he asked, as he had done before. The candles were placed and lighted, and *le petit Pierre* was left alone. He knelt on the topmost step of the high altar, fixed his eyes on his protector, and prayed with all his little heart that St. Pierre would bring his friend back, safe inside the city. One of these big keys of his, thought the child, would surely open the city gate, and the other would do for the prison.

He prayed and gazed. His eyes were dazzled by the glimmer of the candles, but he still knelt on. Suddenly a gust of air made the candles flicker; and in that moment, so it seemed to the child, the good St. Pierre turned and smiled on him. He rose and turned to go. He knew his saint would bring his friend back safe.

Outside, he blinked in the noonday

sun as it blazed down on the open square. Not a creature was stirring. And then, quite suddenly, he felt a warm sense of comfort and protection (just as when he trotted to feast or service between his mother and father, with his sisters behind), and knew what he must do.

He made for the city gate. It was not locked, only pushed to. Beside it the gate-keeper drowsed in the shadow. He slipped through unchallenged. On he went over the open, uneven plain. The great sunlit space and emptiness were strange to the child, accustomed to the narrow, crowded streets of the city. He was very small, and the sun was very hot, and the way much longer than it looked from the gatehouse, but he trotted sturdily on, and at last drew near the hut. Then *le petit Pierre* halted, terribly afraid; for on each side of the hut door lounged armed men, fierce, horrible, with long, black locks and evil faces; and they were looking at *him*. He stared back, fascinated, trembling. Then somehow, in a way he could not explain, he was back in the cathedral, gazing at the altarpiece where he himself knelt safe beside St. Pierre's robe, and he went on. As he did so, the sense of protection grew so warm and real that he smiled and put his hand up. It was as if his mother walked beside him.

And now the fear which had left him descended on those evil men. They looked with starting eyes and white faces, not on little Pierre, but above and beyond him. He reached the door of the hut, and the men fell back before him. Standing on tiptoe, he could just reach the latch. He lifted it and went in.

There on a heap of straw crouched his friend, pale and despairing. *Le petit Pierre* flung himself upon him with a cry of joy, unheeding two more guards, who started scowling from the shadows.

"Come home,—come home! The good St. Pierre told me to bring you home!" cried the child.

The guards cowered against the wall, covering their eyes with their hands.

Still, with that sense of an enveloping protection round him, *le petit Pierre* led the dazed painter to the open door. They passed through it hand in hand, out into the free air and the blazing sunshine, none daring to hinder them. Within, one lay senseless on the floor; the rest shuddered and hid their faces; but the two outside walked on unhasting, their faces set towards the city gate.

"This is a dream," said the painter at length, looking round with unbelieving eyes.

"No, no: 'tis all true!" replied the little one, eagerly. "The good St. Pierre has done it all. I gave him two great, large candles, and he smiled at me; and I knew thou wouldst surely come home safe, and so I came to fetch thee."

It was all quite simple to *le petit Pierre*. The painter looked down on him wonderingly, and the child smiled back.

"In truth, I feel strangely secure and at peace," said the painter. "Thou art a blessed child, *petit Pierre*. Embrace me, little one; and the saints have thee in their holy keeping!"

They passed the gateway, where the keeper slumbered still; and all the streets were empty and very silent.

"We will go to the cathedral and thank the good St. Pierre," said the child, contentedly.

"Let us go," answered the other, softly.

There on the altar-steps they knelt together, before *le petit Pierre's* two candles, which still burned high and clear. The painter lifted the little one to kiss the hem of his saint's robe, but the good St. Pierre did not smile again.

The Price of Blood.

BY T. E. B.

THE shadows lead the Sun all-bleeding to the west,

The last drops of his lifeblood to outpour;
And Evening, Judas-like, remorse in her dark breast,

Flings down her silver stars on heaven's floor.

The Poets and St. Joseph.

BY FLORENCE GILMORE.



VERY true poet recognizes and deeply reveres all that is beautiful, heroic or holy. That sincerest flattery of imitation he may withhold, but his admiration never. He could not if he would. More surely than another man does he penetrate the hero's heart; and it is one of the alleviations of a lot proverbially hard that his awe and love and reverence need not be dumb: he can sing, if his heart is so deeply stirred that silence is pain. Nature's God-given loveliness and God's immensity, the sage's wisdom, the heroism of soldier and of saint, are his to praise; and it is his task to fix forever in the mind and heart of his duller fellows the memory of those poignant moments of history and of legend which are the richest part of our heritage from the past,—its explanation, its epitome.

All this being true, how strange it seems that, almost without exception, our poets have been silent about St. Joseph! Had his life, like that of many a saint of God, been to all appearance commonplace, this silence would be more easily understood. Even poets are but men; and men, always fleeing from that "inexorable ennui" from which there is no escape, are not easily attracted by seemingly everyday things and people. But why should a character so visibly strong and humble and beautiful have been overlooked by the seers? Why have they neglected a life so rarely sweet, so marvellously directed by angels,—one exalted to dizzy heights from the day when his rod blossomed into lilies until he breathed his last in the arms of Jesus and Mary?

There is hardly a Catholic poet and there are few Protestant poets who have not written, and written exquisitely, in praise of our Blessed Mother. In the most unlikely-seeming places we rejoice to find

her name exalted. We meet it enshrined on the pages of Poe, Longfellow, Rossetti; of Mrs. Browning, Scott, Kipling. George Herbert, child of the Reformation though he was, dared to laud her. Wordsworth forgot all his prejudice against Catholicity long enough to give us, perhaps, his loveliest sonnet. Many non-Catholic poets have written also in praise of some saint whose story stirred their hearts, or whose holiness awoke longings in their souls: St. Mary Magdalen and the "Poor Man of Assisi" being the best beloved. But we do not find poems from Protestant pens that laud the Foster-Father of Christ. The one exception, Keble's "St. Joseph," but proves how ironclad is the rule.

Among our Catholic singers the omission is marked, if not unbroken. Searching for some praise of him, our wonder grows that we so rarely find it. There is not one line about him in Dryden; not one in Crashaw, lover of St. Teresa though he was, and faithful watcher at the door of her "flaming heart"; not one line in Coventry Patmore, Lionel Johnson, Francis Thompson, or Mrs. Meynell. There is nothing about him in all of Newman's poetry,—not even in the "Dream of Gerontius," where the Patron of a happy death might seem to have deserved a place. Beautifully did the great convert write of our Blessed Lady; fervid was his praise of the Fathers of the Church; he was never weary singing his love for his own St. Philip. Why was he silent about St. Joseph, immeasurably exalted above St. Philip, St. Athanasius, St. Gregory?

Our two greatest hymns to the Nativity, Milton's of course, and Crashaw's, do not mention his name. Why is it? Father Matthew Russell's "St. Joseph's Anthology," not a very small book, would seem at first glance to show that much verse has been written about him; but on examination, part of it proves to have been composed for the "Anthology" at Father Russell's request, and more to have been translated for it from French, Italian and Latin sources—in desperation,

even from Coptic and Armenian! Its index boasts of but two great names: Southwell and Newman. Southwell's "St. Joseph's Espousals" is largely in praise of Our Lady; and Newman's "Joseph" refers to the Patriarch Joseph. It was included out of love for the Cardinal, and because Joseph was a type not only of Christ but of His Foster-Father.

Father Russell's own pen did not neglect St. Joseph, whom he hailed "Patron of all who work in humble ways," and to whom he spoke thus lovingly:

O Father of my Lord, most near and dear
To those whom I would fain hold nearest,
dearest!

My love is growing all too bold, I fear,

So kind and fatherly the face thou wearest.
Yet, great St. Joseph, let me, let me call thee
Father, and in a father's rights install thee.

Aubrey de Vere, who forgot no heavenly friend and no earthly one, wrote several little poems in St. Joseph's honor; so did Father Faber. Father Hill and Father Fitzpatrick, Eleanor Donnelly and Maurice Francis Egan have also remembered him. Among those who wrote for the "Anthology," at Father Russell's suggestion, was Rosa Mulholland, whose stanzas entitled "St. Joseph" are lovely,—both simple and loving, as is befitting:

O Foster-Father of the All-Divine!

Can He who rules in His high realm forget
The little hand that clung of old to thine?

And doth not the young Jesus love thee yet?

Oh, dost thou carry now a lovelier light

And wear a whiter lily than the rest

Of those irradiate souls who glad His sight?

No other bore that Babe upon his breast. . . .

Doth not thy God, remembering, turn on thee

An Eye of Light that shineth on thy face

With filial love that lives? Eternally,

By Jesus' side, O Joseph, is thy place!

Among the best, and the best known, poems in honor of St. Joseph is Katharine Tynan's "The Man of the House," which marvels reverently and lovingly over the saint's nearness to the Child Jesus:

There are little feet that are soft and slow
Follow you whithersoever you go.

There's a little face at your workshop door,
A little One sits down on your floor,

Holds His hands for the shavings curled,—
Soft little hands that have made the world.

But when they are counted, poems in praise of St. Joseph—who guarded “the Lily and the Child,” the “just man,” the “shadow of the Father,” exalted, loving, lovable—are strangely few,—so few that there must be some reason for their rareness. It is said that Protestants have never loved or appreciated St. Joseph; but how explain the seeming neglect of our own poets?

How explain it unless we remember that he lived and died “the man of silence”? The poets have but followed the example of Holy Writ, so sparing in its words about him, and recording not one syllable from his lips. At Bethlehem he effaced himself: the Wise Men found “the Child with Mary, His Mother.” Time has not changed him, nor has heaven; he still hides himself, humble under the stupendous honors showered upon him by the Most Blessed Trinity, awed by his nearness to Mary and to her Son. The poets have but done his will. Who can doubt it?

The Fallibility of Judgment.

EVERYONE has heard the story of Michelangelo's brushing the marble dust from the nose of his famous statue of David, that he had pretended to file down a little to suit the keen eye of Soderini. A similar story is related of Giovanni Duprè. He consented on one occasion, after much entreaty on the part of a certain lady, to make a portrait bust of one of her relatives whom he had never seen, and who had died in a foreign land. With the help of a mask in plaster and of an indifferent photograph, he moulded a portrait in clay; and then invited the lady, with any friends she might wish to bring with her, to come and pass judgment upon it. The friends, after looking at the portrait a moment, smiled, declared it a failure, and went away. The lady, however, remained,

and presently remarked that she was entirely satisfied with the work, excepting only one point.

“I should like to have a little alteration made in this part of the face” (pointing at it with her finger), “if you can do it.”

“But, *signora*, the features that I find in the mask are precisely these, and I should be sorry to make the face worse.”

“Pardon me! But I think the change I propose would make it very much better.”

Duprè reflected a moment, and then said: “Very well; I wish you to be satisfied. But be kind enough to give me two hours, and you will find it ready.”

The lady retired, and meantime Duprè occupied himself with some other work. At the appointed hour she returned.

“Now look at it,” said he. “What do you think of it now?”

She examined it again and again; and then with some hesitation replied:

“What shall I say? It seems to me now that the effect was better at first.”

“Really?”

“Really.”

“Well, then?”

“Should I be too unreasonable if I asked you to make it just as it was before?”

“No: I will restore it. But I must ask you again the favor of leaving me two hours at liberty.”

Duprè, of course, did nothing; and the lady returning, and examining the portrait once more, turned to him delighted, and exclaimed:

“Now it is right,—exactly right! I am perfectly satisfied. Just finish this in marble.”

Venturi, who relates this story, says that Duprè frequently laughed over it, recalling it also as an example to show how easily we are deceived in judging of the truth; and how it happens almost invariably that one and the same model, placed before several scholars, is seen by them with different eyes, and represented in their drawings with very different characteristics.

The Decadence of the Home.

THERE exists among a large number of non-Catholics, especially the cultured classes, an æsthetic interest in St. Francis of Assisi which, if it does not constitute a genuine devotion to that pre-eminent Knight of Our Lady Poverty, at least implies a sentimental fondness for his life and doctrine. It is supremely regrettable that, here in America more than in most other lands, there does not exist among our separated brethren a similar fondness for the foster-father of Jesus, St. Joseph, patron *par excellence* of the Christian family. Surely the lessons taught by the ruler and head of the Holy House of Nazareth, and the sentiments inspired by a study of the conditions therein prevailing, are sadly needed in our day and generation.

This is truly an age of wonders. Marvels upon which the fairies in the old nursery tales would look with incredulous surprise are of yearly invention. We have made of the lightning a willing and competent servant; we have arranged matters so that a trip around the world is possible in a summer's outing; we have multiplied printing-presses until all that we should read, and much that we should not, is easily accessible; we have brought heat and light from the bowels of the earth, and numbered the stars in the firmament; we have put an education within reach of the poorest, and we have dotted the land with philanthropic and reformatory institutions of every sort.

What are we doing with the home? There is no lack of houses. They spring up everywhere, like weeds after a spring shower; and among them—God be praised!—are many which are homes in the true sense of the word. But what shall we say of those which remain but heaps of building material, arranged in the form convention happens to smile upon, mere temporary shelters for few or many people?

Love of home is, or should be, one of

the strongest impulses of a well-rounded life. Thus it follows that in time of war the military bands of one European country are forbidden to play a certain air, because the sound of it would produce homesickness and cause a general panic in the ranks. In the lamentable civil war in our own country the dead wards of the hospitals contained many men who might have been saved but for nostalgia. An air of doubtful merit and words of halting rhythm are wedded in the immortal "Home, Sweet Home!" And when we think of heaven, it is of a place which will be the best of homes forever.

Why, then, are there presages that the homes of America are in peril? Because the power that fashion wields is great; because there exist numberless people in every community who follow certain leaders, and those leaders are looking with compassionate eyes upon the heroes of the divorce court, and rearranging social life so that the home continually counts for less; because multitudes find it cheaper and easier to dwell in "Furnished Rooms," and eat at restaurants,—and the one who invariably finds mischief for the idle to do is not slow in taking advantage of this; and because women, many of them, are more occupied with their own prospects as social and political leaders than with the portends of the revolution, that will surely come if the sacredness of the home life is permanently impaired. It is a perilous thing to help along this frightful crisis, even by failing to sound the alarm; and anyone who is active in precipitating such disaster is not only "the summer pilot of an empty heart unto the shores of nothing," but something far worse.

In the hands of Catholics lies the ounce of prevention which is better than the pound of cure. The conservative opinions of Mother Church, her firm stand in regard to the sundering of the marriage covenant, the example of her saints, her sweet traditions of the past, and her holy hopes for the future, make her the protector of the firesides of this country.

Notes and Remarks.

Just one hundred years ago Matthew Field, of New York, issued "The Laity's Directory to the Church Service," the prototype of the Official Catholic Directory which for some years past has been published by P. J. Kenedy & Sons. The latest issue of this important and valuable annual contains as usual a variety of information as to the status of Catholicism and things Catholic in this country and in our Island possessions. While the definite increase of the Catholic population of the country is placed at about half a million, the fact that such great archdioceses as New York, Chicago, and Boston have taken no new census since the figures for 1916 were given out, suggests that the real increase has been considerably larger. As compiled from the figures given by the various chancellors of the country, our population is something over 17,000,000; but the compiler has strong reasons for believing that it is in reality nearly 19,000,000. There has been during the past year an increase of 411 priests and 357 parishes. The priests number about 20,000, more than a fourth of them being members of religious Orders. The parishes are 15,520 in number, about two-thirds of them having resident priests. Other figures show that there are now 102 seminaries, 216 colleges for boys, 676 academies for girls, 293 orphan asylums, 106 homes for the aged; as well as 5687 parochial schools, with an enrollment of as many as 1,537,644 children.

One of the most impressive word-pictures of the Great War that have come under our notice is drawn by an Irish officer in a recent letter to the London *Daily Chronicle*. "In a village at a certain point at the front," he writes, "there is a church which is crowded each evening with soldiers. It is never lighted up. A few candles are burning on the altar of Our Lady of Dolours whilst the Rosary is recited. It is

a strange scene in this church at night. Entering it, all is dark save for the few fluttering candles on the altar before which the priest kneels to say the prayers. It is only when the men join in that one becomes aware that the church is really full; and it is solemn and appealing beyond words to describe when up from the darkness rises the great chorus from hundreds of voices in response to the prayers. The darkness seems to add impressiveness. From the outside are heard the rumble and roar of the guns, which, not so very far away, are dealing out death and agony to the comrades of the men who pray. . . . The writer has seen many an impressive spectacle of large congregations at prayer in great and spacious churches in many lands, but nothing more truly touching, impressive, and moving than that darkened church behind the lines, thronged with troops fervently invoking the intercession of the Mother of God under almost the very shadow of the wings of the Angel of Death."

What a subject for the brush of one like the painter of the "Roll Call" that scene would be!

Tertullian's dictum, "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church," is a generic truth, the specific aspect of which is perhaps best expressed in our day by the statement that the Church thrives on opposition. Many of our readers will be apt to comment: In that case there is no good reason why she should not be thriving nowadays; for there is enough of opposition to her and her tenets all through this country. The statement, however, is somewhat too broad, as is clear from an editorial in the *Pilot*. Discussing the power and the promise and the possibilities manifested by the Church in the archdiocese of Boston, and the prominence and prosperity enjoyed by the Catholics of that city, our contemporary affirms that opposition to Catholicism in the capital of New England is now practically negligible. It adds, however, a word of warning that

is eminently wise, and may well be taken to heart by other Catholic communities. "The danger in the future," it declares, "will come from within. The Church of the past was strengthened and prospered by struggle. Opposition gave her virility and power, and the longer it endured the more it welded together the elements of which she was composed. The Church of the future will have no such struggles to endure, nor such sacrifices to make. With peace and prosperity as her inheritance, it is to be feared that her children will grow indifferent and lose the warmth and sincerity of faith which was the secret of success in the past."

An excellent reason, we may be permitted to remark, why the Catholics of Massachusetts should take an active, energetic interest in extra-diocesan affairs of the Church, in the rights of their coreligionists in less favored States than their own, in the Foreign Missions, the home missions to the Negroes and Indians, etc. Fighting for others will keep them active enough; and the more prosperous they are, the greater the obligation of being zealous and charitable.

It is an age-old truth that genuine greatness is invariably simple; and an age-old fallacy that the nobility or aristocracy of monarchical countries are invariably haughty, ostentatious, or consequential. How little applicable to one nobleman, on whose passing we have already commented, were these epithets is shown in the following interesting paragraph borrowed from Mr. Shane Leslie's brief sketch of the Duke of Norfolk, contributed to *America*:

It required the combined influence of his father, Queen Victoria, and the Pope to prevent him at one time from entering the religious life. But he took up the most wearisome of duties instead—the perpetual patronage of Catholic charities and bazaars. His sense of duty held him to the wheel. He allowed himself no luxuries or pleasures out of his quarter of a million pounds of income. He raced neither horses nor yachts. His fortune was no temptation to him; for he despised it, as he despised the gorgeous livery which it was his alone to wear at Court. In

civil life he took pleasure in wearing shabby clothes and assuming a neglected aspect. In the Middle Ages he would have worn a hairshirt. In this age he wore the mockery of ill-fitting clothes. With quiet humor he once accepted a tip from a tourist to whom he had shown his grounds, and allowed himself while leading the English national pilgrimage to Rome to be mistaken for a cook's agent.

Nor will it do to assert that his Grace of Norfolk was simply an exception that proves the rule of aristocratic *hauteur* and ostentation: all travelled Americans know the contrary to be the case.

The reputation deservedly won by the Irish people between the fifth and the tenth century, that of being pre-eminently the missionaries of the world, has in greater or less degree been maintained through all the intervening centuries, and is in no danger of being forfeited in our own time. The latest manifestation of this apostolic spirit to come to our notice is the Maynooth Mission to China. A few months ago five Irish priests, with the approval and blessing of the Irish hierarchy, began to organize the Mission, preaching and collecting funds throughout Ireland. Thus far fourteen priests, forty or fifty nuns, and a large number of ecclesiastical students have volunteered for service in China, and some thirty-five thousand dollars have been contributed to the work. Ireland saved Europe to Christianity in the centuries immediately following the days of St. Patrick: who knows but she may convert China to Christ in our own day?

When the eighteenth-century English philanthropist, John Howard, took up the work of prison reform, there was undoubted need of amelioration in the condition of criminals in his own country and in all Europe as well. His volume, "State of Prisons in England and Wales, with . . . an Account of Some Foreign Prisons," published in 1777, may with little, if any, exaggeration be called an epoch-making book. Since Howard's day much has been done to eliminate the abuses which he con-

demned; and in our own time the pendulum seems to have swung from the extreme of severity to that of lenity in the treatment of the criminal class. Humane treatment of even the worst of men will be condemned by no Christian; but the exaggerated sentimentality which apparently considers the commission of crime a condition precedent to humoring and pampering is an economic as well as a psychological mistake. We rather sympathize, in consequence, with the Commissioner of a New York jail, who says:

The city of New York is not conducting penal institutions to please the inmates and to make them desire to come back to the institutions. Nothing makes me happier than to have some one go out feeling that it is a place to be avoided, provided he states the truth and says that the food is good, that the clothing is good, that the prison is sanitary, and the officers enlightened, trained, kindly and humane. Granted those things, I think prisons should be made as undesirable as possible.

The great majority of American citizens will probably agree that this is a common-sense view of the matter. All too many of our criminals never enter a prison at all; those who do should not find conditions there so uniformly pleasant as to be inclined to repeat their visits when once they are released.

A Mediæval scholar rather than a modern fighting man, Arthur Brandreth, M. A., would not seem to have been the stuff out of which soldiers are made in this the most murderous of all wars. But in her beautiful memoir of him in the February *Month*, Miss Louise Imogen Guiney makes such a reasoned study of his character that a reader must feel this "Oxford private" warred as logically as in days of peace he strove to revive certain graces of the Mediæval spirit. Brandreth was a convert. "He cared much," writes Miss Guiney, "very much, for the externals of the Faith, and the sole reason of that was because the inner spirit of it was the very stuff of his heart and conscience. Religion was not his sanctuary alone, but his play-

ground too. Everywhere, at home or abroad, in his University days or behind the firing line, his joy was to serve the altar, or lend a hand to any apostolic lay work a priest wanted to get done. Taking trouble, as it is called, was neither a phrase nor a thing to him: in the service of God it had no existence, nor had obstacles nor fatigues."

This recluse of a University town was "blown to pieces for justice' sake, on All Saints' Day, 1916." "He had kept," his friend concludes, "his soul so white during his five and thirty years that he had no need to fear the end. It is speaking in the language of this world, in the inadequate language of a quite discredited world, to call his an unfulfilled life. It was anything but that. A Christian death, *in osculo Domini* (to use the sweet phrase of old), reached and crowned him in the terrible moment, at the incredible post where God had willed him to be."

The wisdom of taking newspaper war reports with a grain of salt, and of suspending judgment regarding accusations of cruelty, injustice, etc., on the part of belligerents, is shown by the case of the American Consuls and Government agents who were said to have been detained by force in Germany, treated with much harshness, and subjected to all sorts of indignities on their departure from the country. It turns out that the detention was brief and wholly unavoidable, and that, according to the testimony of the officials themselves, there was nothing to complain of, the highest traditions usually followed in such cases being punctiliously respected. If some of these official persons were treated with less courtesy than others, it was because they showed themselves less deserving of courtesy.

An exceedingly interesting article on the subject of missions to non-Catholics is contributed to the current *Missionary* by the venerable Father Lindesmith, of the diocese of Cleveland. "Reminiscences

of a Veteran Convert Maker" covers the pioneer period in Ohio and reaches down to our own day. A good anecdote is told of his preaching in the Quaker meeting-houses. To quote:

I preached in churches of the following denominations: Methodist Episcopal, Presbyterian, Lutheran Reformed, and in the Friends (or Quaker) meeting-house. Some people twitted the Friends, saying: "I thought you did not believe in those educated preachers,—that you believed only in the inspired preachers: and why did you get that college educated priest to preach in your meeting-house?" The answer of the Friends was: "Why, that Catholic priest is always inspired." Then, too, I preached in court-houses, town-halls, high-school houses, temperance halls, and other society and club-halls. In one of my courses I preached in a different place every Sunday night for six weeks. I kept this work up during the Civil War.

Father Lindesmith, who is now in the sixty-second year of his priesthood, and nearer to ninety than to eighty years of age, writes a vigorous, unvarnished style, such as one might expect of a man sprung from a family of soldiers, one who is himself a veteran of the Cross.

Thirty years of missionary experience in Norway entitle the Rt. Rev. Bishop Fallize to speak with authority of the change of conditions through which that country has passed under his observation. The outstanding fact is the progress made by the Church, not only in its own development, but in the conquest which it has made of the sympathies of a vast body of non-Catholics. "When I came to Norway thirty years ago," writes the Bishop, "the great temptation that beset Catholics was human respect. Their standing in the community was lessened by their religion, and they were apt to conceal rather than proclaim their affiliations. To-day all that is changed. Our priests are honored, our nuns esteemed and loved; and old anti-Catholic legislation, which aimed at discouraging the growth of Catholicity, has given way to laws of the most lenient type,—all this, too, while our Catholics remain an infinitesimal part of

the population." Bishop Fallize further asseverates that "the development of our Holy Church is endangered neither by public opinion nor by legislation."

Catholics in our own land will rejoice to have this assurance, the more so when they reflect on a very different condition now manifest in too many parts of the United States.

We have often made the point that the most prominent object in every church [after the altar and the sanctuary lamp, if the Blessed Sacrament is present] should be the crucifix. An interesting confirmation of that contention comes, unexpectedly, from the latest literary offering of Mr. Howells. From his entrancing volume of reminiscences, entitled "Years of My Youth," the *Catholic News* cites this statement: "There were no services of our recondite faith [Swedenborgian] in Hamilton. Out of curiosity and a solemn joy in its ceremonial, I sometimes went to the Catholic Church, where my eyes clung fascinated to the life-large effigy of Christ on His Cross against the eastern wall."

He who runs may read the lesson of the crucifix: it speaks a language which young and old, lettered and unlettered, alike may understand. It is the supreme symbol of Christianity: hence the importance of making it stand out supreme.

The sixteenth annual convention of the American Federation of Catholic Societies is to be held in Kansas City, Mo., in the closing days of August. At a meeting of the executive board, recently held in Chicago, the new plan of organizing the Federation was discussed. In this plan the diocese, not the county or State, is the unit. This change in the organization methods was endorsed by the Federation Convention held in New York, and has thus far been approved by a large number of the hierarchy. Cardinals Farley and O'Connell have pronounced in its favor; and the Apostolic Delegate has also added his approbation.

Notable New Books.

Catholic Christianity; or, The Reasonableness of Our Religion. By the Rev. O. Vassall-Phillips, C. S. S. R. R. and T. Washbourne; Benziger Brothers.

This excellent work is partly apologetic and partly didactic. The answers to the inquiries, "Is Christianity True?" and "Is Catholicism True?"—the apologetic portion,—take up about two-thirds of the volume; while the remainder is devoted to the question, "What does Catholic Christianity Give?" Although a thoroughly Catholic work, it has not been written, primarily at least, for Catholic readers, but for a variety of persons whose mental attitude and requirements are widely different. The author says in his foreword that he "could only endeavor to bear in mind the questions which, as experience has taught him, are generally canvassed in the world to-day—whether by Catholics, Anglicans (of one type or another), Nonconformists, professed Agnostics, or men and women without as yet any definite creed, but sincerely desirous to find religious truth—if religious truth there be." This circumstance does not at all lessen the interest of the work for those who have the inestimable gift of the True Faith; on the contrary, it lends an added charm to the various chapters, especially as the author insists that the positive evidences of Christianity are abundantly sufficient to produce intellectual conviction of the claims of Christ quite independently of the presuppositions of belief.

One feature of the book, and to our mind an admirable one, is that, while the different chapters in each of the three parts are sufficiently co-ordinated to insure unity, each is also complete in itself, and may be "skipped" by a reader not interested in its particular subject without injury to the argument as a connected whole. At the present time, when there is in the press, in the secular universities, in the popular novel, and in club-room talk, so much reckless opposition to religion, the perusal of this important volume can scarcely fail to do good, even to the Catholic reader. We are glad to be able to say that it has an excellent table of contents and a good index.

Great Inspirers. By the Rev. J. A. Zahm, C. S. C., Ph. D. D. Appleton & Co.

No one at all familiar with biographical literature can have failed to notice in how many instances women were the inspirers and collaborators (often both) of eminent artists, authors, scientists, etc. The same is true in the case of men who have labored for the cause of religion. "Since the advent of Christianity," says Ozanam, "nothing great has been achieved in

the Church without the co-operation of woman.' Broadly speaking, this is unquestionably a true statement. As a rule, however, historians and biographers concern themselves rather with the outward manifestation of feminine influence than with the inspiration and silent support so often derived from woman.

In the present work stress is laid on the inward forces—encouragement, sympathy, and influence—of which women are the centre. Instead of presenting numerous examples, as he might easily have done, and producing a large volume which would probably have few readers, the author has wisely confined himself to the influence of Saints Paula and Eustochium on St. Jerome, and that of Beatrice on Dante. The illustrious Dalmatian and the immortal Italian were selected on account of their achievements, and because they are the chief representatives of two of the greatest turning-points of history. Dr. Zahm shows how strong and beneficial the influence was in each case, and how amiably it was exercised. Only a psychologist, and one capable of appreciating St. Jerome and Dante—what they were and what they did,—could have written such a book as this. It will be read with interest on account of its subject-matter, and with pleasure on account of its style.

A Manual of Modern Scholastic Philosophy.

By Cardinal Mercier and Professors of the Higher Institute of Philosophy, Louvain. Authorized Translation, and Eighth Edition, by T. L. Parker, M. A., and S. A. Parker, O. S. B., M. A. With a Preface by P. Coffey, Ph. D. Vol. I. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.; St. Louis: B. Herder.

In the course of his informative preface to this work, Dr. Coffey speaks of "the present little volume." The epithet is anything but happy. A bulky octavo of six hundred pages, it is clearly a big rather than a little book. Yet the student or the general reader interested in philosophical systems will find it not at all too ponderous; and, after a serious perusal of its different chapters, will be eager to welcome the publication of the promised second volume. The subject-matter of the present one comprises Cosmology, Psychology, Epistemology (Criteriology), and General Metaphysics (Ontology). With the exception of the second of these treatises (Cosmology, by D. Nys, S. T. B., Ph. D.), all are from the pen of Cardinal Mercier; and no better guarantee of their illuminative nature and authoritative weight could well be given. Not the least interesting portion of the work is the general introduction to Philosophy, in which the prelate-author discusses, among other things, the simplicity and universality of ideas, speculative and practical Philosophy, Scholastic and

modern philosophers, and Philosophy and the particular sciences. The absence of an index to the volume is partially, but only partially, supplied by an analytical contents table.

A Retrospect of Fifty Years. By James Cardinal Gibbons. 2 vols. John Murphy Co.

Instead of being what we think most persons would suppose from the title they bear, these volumes are selections from the venerable prelate's essays and sermons, with his famous Memorial on the Knights of Labor, and his interesting reminiscences of the Vatican Council. The essays are on "The Church and the Republic" and "The Claims of the Catholic Church in the Making of the Republic," "Irish Immigration to the United States," "Lynch Law," and "Patriotism and Politics." Most of the subjects here treated are as timely as ever, and we think his Eminence did well to present all that he has written upon them. The sermons, for the most part, were delivered on great anniversaries in the life of the American Church, and for this reason have a special interest.

In his Introduction to these volumes, Cardinal Gibbons expresses the hope that 'some of the selections may prove valuable for the history of the many years through which it has pleased God to spare his life.' For this reason the work should have been more carefully printed. In examining the index we noticed "Bismark," "Chaloner," "Vaughn," and "Victor Emanuel"; and the last index-page of each volume has a disfiguring advertisement on the back of it.

The Mass and Vestments of the Catholic Church. By the Rt. Rev. Monsignor John Walsh. Benziger Brothers.

This substantial volume is a liturgical, doctrinal, historical, and archeological exposition of the various topics embraced in its title, and will be found as comprehensive and as inclusive of recent decrees and rulings as can well be desired. The inspiration of the book, we are told in its preface, was a request from a convert, who asked the author to recommend a convenient handbook on the Mass and vestments that would be an aid in giving response to various questions about these matters proposed by non-Catholics. The present work aims to meet all such demands, and is accordingly meant for the laity as well as "the busy clergy who may wish to refresh the knowledge once imbibed from more authoritative sources no longer accessible." Several of the chapters, indeed—notably those on the sacrifice and the efficacy and fruits of the Mass,—will appeal to the clergy far more than to their flocks, unless the latter are fairly well versed in matters theological.

The volume's contents are cast in the cate-

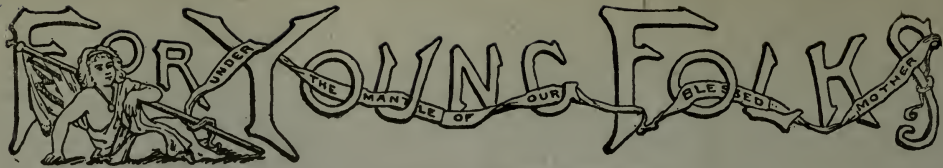
chetical form—that of question and answer,—a plan with which we are not inclined to quarrel, since it gives additional definiteness and precision to the author's views and teaching. But in so far as the plan's adoption has been due to the author's hope that his work may some day be accepted as a text-book for the advanced pupils in our Catholic schools, we fear the "some day" will be long deferred. In the first place, the book is too large (and, we opine, too expensive) for such a purpose; and, in the second, much of its material is beyond the most "advanced" of our school-children. For the children's teachers, however, as for their fathers and mothers, the volume is eminently worth while; and we are inclined to think that priests will welcome it among their books of reference. A bibliography is appended to several of the chapters; there are a number of helpful cuts scattered through the pages; and the index is satisfactorily full.

The History of Mother Seton's Daughters. The Sisters of Charity of Cincinnati, Ohio. 1809–1917. By Sister Mary Agnes McCann, M. A. Vols. I. and II. Longmans, Green & Co.

To speak first of the externals and the literary appurtenances of this somewhat ambitious work: we have two handsomely printed octavo volumes of 336 and 334 pages, each containing about a score of good illustrations, an adequate bibliography, and an excellent index, with copious supplementary footnotes on the majority of the pages. Typographically, the work can hardly fail to please.

As for the substance of the volumes, while much of it will prove of genuine interest to the general Catholic reader, and some of it is of real historical value, a good deal of the narrative will appeal rather to the special friends of the Sisters whose story is told than to the rank and file of American Catholics. This, however, is a drawback common to all histories of particular religious families, and an entirely natural one. Keen as should be, no doubt, our interest in everything relating to the growth of the Church and of religious education in this country, we are apt to prove more or less indifferent to detailed narratives of particular dioceses or religious communities with which we have no closer bond than that of our common Catholicity.

The present volumes (another one is promised) bring the story up to the year 1871. A summary of their contents is: Mother Seton's life and labors, 1774–1821; the history of the Daughters of Charity from the death of Mother Seton to the affiliation of the society with the French mother-house in 1851; and the story of Mother Seton's Daughters of Charity of Cincinnati during the past two decades.



Con of Misty Mountain.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XI.—PLOT AND COUNTERPLOT.

"**W**E'VE got him, sir!" cried Dennis in breathless triumph. "Got him on the stable roof, that he tuk to like a wild-cat when the dogs had nearly torn the clothes off his back. Why they didn't ate him up entirely, God only knows."

Aye, only God knew,—God and the good angels whom He sends to aid His helpless little ones; for Con had dared beasts as fierce as those the martyrs had fought of old. His ragged clothes had been torn into shreds; his sturdy limbs were scratched and bleeding; his blue eyes looked out in dull bewilderment from a pale, desperate young face.

Uncle Greg needed no drumhead court-martial to judge the case. He fixed his condemning gaze upon the prisoner.

"Coming to burn us up, as you said, ch?" he questioned grimly.

"Yes," gasped Con, catching confusedly at the words. "They're coming—to—to burn the house."

"To burn the house! God have mercy on us," gasped Aunt Aline.

"The murdering young divil!" rose the wrathful chorus from men and maids.

"Out with it all, afore I take the horse-whip to ye!" cried Dennis, fiercely. "Where was it ye were starting the blaze?"

"In—in the stable," went on Con, striving, in his bewilderment, for words of warning. "They're going to bring oil and turpentine, and poison for the dogs."

"Poison for the dogs—*my* dogs?" roared Uncle Greg. "Why, you—you—" (a string of old soldier words punctuated the wrathful outburst) "I'll have you in worse than the Reform for this! Lock him

up, Dennis,—lock him up until morning; and we'll have him behind bars, sure enough. Lock him up, and then search the place high and low. Oil and turpentine in the stables! Thunderation! Take that young villain away, Dennis, before I choke the life out of him."

"O Uncle Greg, Uncle Greg!" came a sweet, pleading little voice. "You don't understand at all, Uncle Greg. Con is telling you about some one else. He is warning you, Uncle Greg. He didn't come to burn the house himself,—oh, I know he didn't."

"Naw! naw!" panted Con, struggling in Dennis' wrathful hold, "I came to—to blow—to blow it all. Never blowed before, but had to do it now,—had to do it for *you*, little Missy."

"For me,—for me? O Uncle Greg, listen to what Con is saying! Please listen, Uncle Greg. He came to tell you some one was going to burn the house to-night."

"Arrah, don't be heeding the lies he's telling, Miss!" said Dennis. "What does the likes of him care whether we burn or not?"

"I didn't," blurted out Con, his dulled eyes beginning to flash. "I didn't care for you or him" (turning a glance at Uncle Greg), "or none of you. I'd let you all burn up to ashes, mebbe. But I couldn't let no hurt come to that thar little girl,—that pretty little girl, that was so good and nice to me. So—so when I heard Uncle Bill and the boys talking about what they were a-going to do down here to-night when you were all asleep, I just had to come and blow 'em, if it killed me. I couldn't see the way clear, and I run and tumbled; and had to jump Injun Creek, and cut my head agin the rocks, to get here before the boys could start the blaze. The dogs nigh scared me off. But I had to come agin them, too. I had to come

and blow it all, about the oil and the turpentine and the poison, so you could stave off Uncle Bill and the boys, and not let the little girl get choked or burned."

"O Uncle Greg, Uncle Greg!" sobbed Susie, imploringly. "He did it for me,—for me!"

"Brother, I believe every word that boy says," put in Aunt Aline, with unusual decision.

"I don't!" declared Uncle Greg, fiercely. "He is lying,—lying to get on our soft side, Madam,—lying, thinking he will slip out of a tight place. Take him off, Dennis! Lock him up in the smoking-room, where he can do no harm for the night. Turn out all the men to watch and guard. Shut up the dogs from harm. It will be ten dollars extra for every man to-morrow morning if we catch these scoundrels trying any devilment on us."

It was an exciting night that followed at the Manse,—a night that poor little Susie, used to the calm, untroubled ways of St. Joseph's, never forgot. When it was discovered that the telephone wires had been cut, Uncle Greg's wrath knew no bounds. A mounted messenger was sent out to give the alarm, and a band of sturdy and indignant neighbors gathered round the Manse for defence. The dogs were safely locked up out of reach of "poisoned sausage," and Uncle Greg himself took command of the ambush about stable and barns; while the women-folk gathered in the sitting-room, watching and trembling; and even Aunt Aline's calm nerves gave way.

"We ought to thank God for that poor boy's warning. We might all have been burned in our beds before day."

"Is it Buzzard Con, ma'am?" said Nora, indignantly. "Sure he is head devil of them all. Didn't ye hear him say as much?"

"No, we didn't,—we didn't," declared Susie. "Uncle Greg got it all wrong. Con came to tell,—just to tell and save us. Poor, poor Con! O Aunt Aline, can't we go in to the smoking-room and say a kind word to him?"

"No, my dear, we can't. Your uncle wouldn't hear of it," answered Aunt Aline, tearfully,—“though the poor boy may be dying in there alone, for all we know. He looked ready to drop at our feet when they dragged him in. Go to bed, Susie dear, or you will be down sick to-morrow, with all this trouble and turmoil. Nothing will harm you, darling! There are strong men all around us in watch.—You go up with her, Kathie,” said Aunt Aline to the little kitchen-maid, who had come up with the other servants and stood in wide-eyed terror by the door. “Lie down on the couch in Miss Susie's room, and both of you children go to sleep.”

"Oh, I couldn't sleep a wink to-night, Aunt Aline!" sobbed Susie.

"You must try," said the lady. "Go up to your room, like a good child, and try."

And, followed by the bewildered little Kathie, Susie obeyed.

There were no orphan asylums for miles around Misty Mountain, and Kathie was one of an orphaned brood that had been scattered among the charitable housewives of the neighborhood to "train" as best they could. Red-haired, wild-eyed Kathie had fallen into Aunt Aline's care, and was the trial of her well-ordered establishment. "Sure she hasn't the sinse to scour a pan!" cook and Nora declared; for, in her bewilderment at her new surroundings, Kathie aroused their ire a dozen times a day. For the last week she had been more breathless and stupid still; for Susie, with her dainty ways and dainty clothes, had held her dumb with admiration. Hitherto she had never dared approach this lovely being, for Nora had sternly bade her 'keep her place'; and now—now to be ordered upstairs with her! Fairly speechless with delight, she followed Susie up into the pretty, spacious room, where a bright fire was blazing on the hearth, house plants were in winter bloom, and the windows and dressing table gay with flowered draperies.

As Kathie stood dazed in the midst of these glories, their little mistress dropped

into the cushioned rocker and burst into tears.

"Don't — don't scare!" said Kathie, eagerly. "I'll set up here by the fire and take care of you. Nothing shan't hurt you,—nothing at all."

"Oh, I know, I know! I'm not afraid for myself at all. It's only for that poor boy downstairs. He just came to tell us, to save us,—to save *me*, he said; and now—now! O poor, poor Con!"

"Land!" Kathie's wide eyes popped wider at this broken explanation. "You ain't a-crying 'bout Buzzard Con! Why, he ain't no kin or 'count to you!"

"Yes, he is,—he is!" sobbed Susie. "O Kathie—is that your name?"

"It's whot some folks call me," answered Kathie, feeling her present position demanded something more high-sounding. "My real right christen name is Katherine Rosabelle."

"I like Kathie better," said Susie. "O Kathie, do you think poor Con is dying down there in the smoking-room all alone?"

"Whot would he be dying for?" asked Kathie, staring. "Nobody ain't shot or cut him. My pap was shot."

"Shot!" gasped her little hearer. "Who shot him?"

"Dunno," answered Kathie. "Mar she always 'spicioned Wally Gryce. She were a-laying for him when she got snake bite and died herself. That's why we wus all orfants and had to be divided round. But Con he ain't shot or got no snake bite to hurt him."

"Oh, but he was all fainting and bleed-ing!" said Susie.

"Just done out," Kathie nodded sagely,—“done out and had scratched legs. But he is going to get wus than that. I heern Nora and Dennis talking 'bout what the old Captain's a-going to do to him: how he is going to shet him up behind bolts and bars till he's a growed man. Buzzard Con won't stand for that sure. He'll go lunny and they'll have to chain him down."

"Chain him down!" echoed Susie, who

was hearing things to-night she had never heard before.

"Yes," went on Kathie, whose experience had been wider and more varied. "My Uncle Jim went lunny, and that's whot they did to him. And he bust loose and knocked his head against the wall, and kilt himself stone dead."

Susie gasped with horror, as she recalled the breathless, blood-stained boy struggling in the sturdy Irishman's grip. Kathie's forecast did not seem improbable. She clasped her hands despairingly.

"O Kathie, it's just breaking my heart!"

"Don't cry no more!" blurted Kathie, as there seemed evidence of another burst of tears. "I hate to see you cry. If you want me too, I'll—I'll get Buzzard Con out for you."

"You, Kathie!" exclaimed Susie.

"Yes," continued this new ally, breathlessly. "Cross your heart that you'll never tell, and I'll get him out."

"Oh, you can't, Kathie! I'll never, never tell on you; but you can't."

"Yes, I can," said Kathie, whose eyes had not been so wide-stretched all these weeks without seeing things. "Thar's a door opening in the covered porch of that thar smoking-room. They hez it locked up all the cold weather, but I know whar Nora keeps the key. I can get him out."

"O Kathie!" Susie jumped from her chair and flung her arms about the little kitchen-maid, "if you could, if you would, I'll—I'll love you forever, Kathie!"

That settled matters. Susie's conquest was complete. With arms still twined, the two small conspirators sank down on the softly cushioned divan before the fire, and made their plans to outwit all the grown-up powers combined against poor Con and set him free from Uncle Greg's relentless grip. It was an oddly contrasted pair: Susie with her pretty face, her golden hair, her dainty dress; and the wild-eyed, red-headed little kitchen-maid, ready to risk all things in her service; for Kathie was venturing more than Susie could understand.

"I dussent go yet," said Kathie, "'cause the men are all out watching, and everybody is awake. But when it comes nigh morning and the fog is thick over things, and folks is all asleep, then I can sneak down quiet and easy, and get the key of that back door, and turn the lock soft so no one can hear, and let Buzzard Con out."

"O Kathie," exclaimed Susie in breathless gratitude, "you are the bravest and kindest and dearest girl I ever saw! Even Milly Martin, who is my very best friend at St. Joseph's, wouldn't do as much for me, I know. She wouldn't dare. Milly is awfully scary. She almost faints when she sees a mouse."

"Whot for?" asked Kathie.

"Oh, I don't know! She is just that way,—not like you at all. But she sits beside me in class, and we've been best friends for nearly two years,—ever since we were confirmed together and took the same name. She gave me a lovely pin for Christmas, and I gave her a ring. Kathie, I'd like to give you something for Christmas, too."

"Me?" said Kathie, breathlessly.

"Yes, because you're so good and so kind to help poor Con. Let me see what I've got that you would like, Kathie." And Susie flung open her trunk and proceeded to pull over its pretty contents—handkerchiefs, collars, hair ribbons, stockings, and slippers; for there were gala days at St. Joseph's when such little vanities were in demand. "Choose anything you want," continued Susie, who was in a reckless mood to-night. "How would you like this collar? Sister Patricia's aunt made it. It's real Irish lace. Or these white silk stockings? They were all embroidered in forget-me-nots for the last May festival, when I carried our Blessed Mother's banner. Or this?" She shook out a shimmering thing of rose and silver, gorgeous to behold.

"Land!" gasped Kathie, quite incapable of further speech.

"It is the scarf I wore when I was Roman herald in the Christian martyrs'

play on Mother Benedicta's feast," explained Susie. "Would you like it, Kathie? You could wear it as a sash." And Susie draped the lustrous fold about Kathie's sturdy waist with a practised hand.

"You—you don't mean to give this here to—to me?" stammered Kathie.

"Yes, if you'd like it," was the smiling answer.

"Like it! Land, I'd love it! But it's too grand and too fine for me. And Nora and cook and Dennis would jeer and sneer at me for sure if they seen me tied up in a grand sash like this. But I won't let 'em see it. I'll put it away till I'm growed up and get merried."

Kathie hurriedly slipped her new splendor under her checked apron as Aunt Aline appeared in the doorway.

"You can go to your own bed, now, Kathie. I'll stay here with Susie until she goes to sleep. For there is no more danger, dear! Sheriff Mott and his men caught those two dreadful Gryce boys as they were stealing up to the barn to do their wicked work. They were so startled that they didn't even make a fight. The sheriff has taken them off to the lock-up in the Gap. Thank God we were warned in time, or no one can say what would have happened!"

"And Con—poor Con that warned us,—did they take him, too?" faltered Susie.

"No," answered Aunt Aline. "Your uncle told the sheriff he himself would settle with Con."

"O Aunt Aline!"

"There, there! Don't let us have any more trouble about Con to-night," said Aunt Aline, a little sharply. "My nerves are all on edge now. Your uncle must have his way; he always does, and neither you nor I can change him.—Go to bed, as I told you, Kathie. It's past midnight, and no time for little girls to be awake."

"Don't scare," whispered a low voice in Susie's ear, as Kathie paused for a second on her way to the door. "I'll get him out for you,—I'll get him out, sure!"

Blackie.

FEW men of our time have travelled more extensively or had a wider experience of mankind than General William Butler, of the British Army. Born in Ireland, this famous Catholic soldier saw service in India, Africa, Canada, and England. He was a brilliant writer as well as a brave soldier. In his book of travel and adventure in the Northwest of America he says: "I never yet knew a man, or, for that matter, a woman—worth much who did not like dogs and horses; and I would always feel inclined to suspect a man who was shunned by a dog." General Butler himself was a lover of horses and dogs, and tells many interesting stories about those that were his companions in different parts of the world. He would not tolerate cruelty to these benefactors of man, and used to say that any one who would needlessly inflict it must be a very cur in nature. Of "Blackie," a little horse that was a real benefactor to him in "the Great Lone Land," he writes:

* * *

My horse was a wonderful animal. Day after day would I fear that his game little limbs were growing weary, and that soon he must give out; but no, not a bit of it: his black coat roughened and his flanks grew a little leaner, but still he went on as gamely and as pluckily as ever. Often during the long day I would dismount and walk along, leading him by the bridle, while the other two men and the six horses jogged on far in advance.

When the camping place would be reached at nightfall, the first care went to the horse. To remove saddle, bridle, and saddlecloth, to untie the strip of soft buffalo leather from his neck and twist it well around his fore-legs, for the purpose of hobbling, was the work of only a few minutes; and then poor Blackie hobbled away, to find over the darkening expanse his night's provender.

My little Blackie seldom got a respite

from the saddle; he seemed so well up to his work, so much stronger and better than any of the others, that day after day I rode him, thinking each day, "Well, to-morrow I will let him run loose." But when to-morrow came he used to look so fresh and well, carrying his little head as high as ever, that again I put the saddle on his back, and another day's talk and companionship would still further cement our friendship. . . . As day after day went by in one long scene of true companionship, I came to feel for little Blackie a friendship not the less sincere because all the service was upon his side; and I was powerless to make his supper a better one, or give him a more cosy lodging for the night. He fed and lodged himself, and he carried me. All he asked in return was a water-hole in the frozen lake, and that I cut for him. Sometimes the night came down upon us still in the midst of a great, open, treeless plain, without shelter, water, or grass; and then we would continue on in the inky darkness as though our march was to last eternally; and poor Blackie would step out as if his natural state was one of perpetual motion.

On the 4th of November we rode over sixty miles; and when at length the camp was made in the lea of a little clump of bare willows, the snow was lying cold upon the prairies, and Blackie and his comrades went out to shiver through their supper in the bleakest scene my eyes had ever looked upon. . . .

When the morning of the 5th dawned we were covered deep in snow. A storm had burst in the night, and all around was hidden in a dense sheet of driving snowflakes. Not a vestige of our horses was to be seen; their tracks were obliterated by the fast-falling snow, and the surrounding objects close at hand showed dim and indistinct through the white cloud. After a fruitless search, Daniel returned to camp with the tidings that the horses were nowhere to be found. So, when breakfast had been finished, all three set out in different directions to look again for the

missing steeds. Keeping the snowstorm on my left shoulder, I went along through little clumps of stunted bushes, which frequently deceived me by their resemblance through the driving snow to horses grouped together.

After a while I bent round towards the wind, and, making a long sweep in that direction, bent again so as to bring the drift upon my right shoulder. No horses, no tracks anywhere,—nothing but a waste of white drifting flake and feathery snow-spray. At last I turned away from the wind, and soon struck full on our little camp; neither of the others had returned. I cut down some willows and made a blaze. After a while I got on to the top of the cart, and looked out again into the waste. Presently I heard a distant shout. Replying vigorously to it, several indistinct forms came into view; and Daniel soon emerged from the mist, driving before him the hobbled wanderers. They had been hidden under the lea of a thicket, all clustered together for shelter and warmth. . . .

During the greater portion of this day it snowed hard; but our track was distinctly marked across the plains, and we held on all day. I still rode Blackie; the little fellow had to keep his wits at work to avoid tumbling into the badger holes which the snow soon rendered invisible. These badger holes in this portion of the plains were very numerous; it is not always easy to avoid them when the ground is clear of snow, but riding becomes extremely difficult when once the winter has set in. The badger burrows straight down for two or three feet; and if a horse be travelling at any pace, his fall is so sudden and violent that a broken leg is too often the result. Once or twice Blackie went in nearly to the shoulder, but he invariably scrambled up again all right. Poor fellow! he was reserved for, a worse fate, and his long journey was near its end! . . .

Day dawned upon us on the 6th of November, camped in a little thicket of

poplars some seventy miles from the South Saskatchewan; the thermometer stood 3° below zero; and as I drew the girths tight on poor Blackie's ribs that morning, I felt happy in the thought that I had slept for the first time under the stars with 35° of frost lying on the blanket outside. Another long day's ride, and the last great treeless plain was crossed, and evening found us camped near the Minitchinass, or Solitary Hill, some sixteen miles southeast of the South Saskatchewan. . . .

About midday on the 7th of November, in a driving storm of snow, we suddenly emerged upon a high plateau. Before us, at a little distance, a great gap or valley seemed to open out suddenly; and farther off the white sides of hills and dark treetops rose into view. Riding to the edge of this steep valley, I beheld a magnificent river flowing, between great banks of ice and snow, 300 feet below the level on which we stood. Upon each side masses of ice stretched out far into the river; but in the centre, between these banks of ice, ran a swift, black-looking current, the sight of which for a moment filled us with dismay. We had counted upon the Saskatchewan being firmly locked in ice; and here was the river rolling along between its icy banks, forbidding all passage. . . .

It froze hard that night, and in the morning the great river had its waters altogether hidden opposite our camp by a covering of ice. Would it bear?—that was the question. We went on it early, testing with axe and sharp-pointed poles. In places it was very thin, but in other parts it rang hard and solid to the blows. The dangerous spot was in the very centre of the river, where the water had shown through in round holes on the previous day; but we hoped to avoid these bad places by taking a slanting course across the channel. After walking backwards and forwards several times, we determined to try a light horse. He was led out with a long piece of rope attached to his neck. In the centre of the stream the ice seemed to bend slightly as he passed over; but

no break occurred, and in safety he reached the opposite side. Now came Blackie's turn. . . . I followed close behind him, to drive him if necessary. He did not need much driving, but took the ice quite readily. We had got to the centre of the river, when the surface suddenly bent downwards, and, to my horror, the poor horse plunged deep into black, quick-running water! He was not three yards in front of me when the ice broke. I recoiled involuntarily from the black, seething chasm; the horse, though he plunged suddenly down, never let his head under water, but kept swimming bravely round and round the narrow hole, trying all he could to get upon the ice. All his efforts were useless: a cruel wall of sharp ice struck his knees as he tried to lift them on the surface; and the current, running with immense velocity, repeatedly carried him back underneath. As soon as the horse had broken through, the man who held the rope let it go, and the leather line flew back about poor Blackie's head. I got up almost to the edge of the hole, and, stretching out, took hold of the line again; but that could do no good nor give him any assistance in his struggles.

I shall never forget the way the poor brute looked at me. Even now, as I write these lines, the whole scene comes back in memory with all the vividness of a picture; and I feel again the horrible sensation of being utterly unable, though almost within touching distance, to give him help in his dire extremity. And if ever dumb animal spoke with unutterable eloquence, that horse called to me in his agony; he turned to me as to one from whom he had a right to expect assistance. I could not stand the scene any longer.

"Is there no help for him?" I cried to the other men.

"None whatever," was the reply: "the ice is dangerous all around."

Then I rushed back to the shore, and up to the camp where my rifle lay; then back again to the fatal spot where the poor beast still struggled against his fate.

As I raised the rifle he looked at me so imploringly that my hand shook and trembled. Another instant, and the deadly bullet crashed through his head, and, with one look never to be forgotten, he went down under the cold, unpitying ice!

Though a cruel necessity, it was, of course, a merciful kindness thus to put an end to the poor animal's misery, there being no hope of rescuing him. How sorry General Butler was to be obliged to kill his poor dumb friend may be judged from what he says in concluding his narrative: "It may have been very foolish, perhaps—for poor Blackie was only a horse,—but I went back to camp, and, sitting down in the snow, cried like a child. With my own hand I had taken my poor friend's life. But if there should exist somewhere in the regions of space that happy Indian paradise where horses are never hungry and never tired, Blackie will forgive the hand that sent him there, if he can but see the heart that long regretted him."

His Folly.

BY A. S.

A NAMELESS little lad one night,
Through lonely paths returning,
Took up, to guide his steps aright,
A lantern brightly burning.

And safe he travelled by its ray,
Until, before him glancing,
He saw, along the darksome way,
The sparkling fireflies dancing.

Then he discarded with disdain
His lantern, calmly beaming,
To follow this resplendent train,
In fitful radiance gleaming.

But ere a second step he took
He found his folly humbled:
The flying lights his path forsook,
And in a ditch he tumbled.

The blame remained with him alone;
For half the ills we reckon
Proceed from leaving lights well known,
For those that falsely beckon.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—We learn that the new edition of the "Catholic Dictionary," soon to appear, is much enlarged, and that the previous articles have been brought up to date. The work originally appeared in 1884.

—"The White People," by Frances Hodgson Burnett (Harper & Brothers), is a curious fiction of a Scotch girl gifted with the power of seeing ghosts—the "white people" of the title. We do not grasp "the deep spiritual significance" which the publishers attribute to this tale, except it be a reaching out to prove, somehow experimentally, survival after death. The vagueness of the author's "message" does not, however, attach to the art of her writing, which is of an iridescent loveliness.

—"Manly," a brochure of 170 pages, is the year-book of St. Patrick's (ecclesiastical) College at Manly, a few miles distant from Sydney, N. S. W. Its editors express the hope that it will develop into a genuine magazine; and if succeeding numbers prove even approximately as good as this first one, we trust their hope will be fulfilled. The interest of its contents, the neatness of its typography, and the unusual excellence of its illustrations combine to make it an annual of exceptional merit.

—In view of the claim made by agents of the Encyclopædia Britannica that it now contains nothing to which Catholics can reasonably take exception, it may be well to state once more that there are several articles in this work which grossly misrepresent Catholic teaching and practice. It is, as a whole, an admirable work of reference, and superior in many respects to any other encyclopædia in the language; but it is far from being reliable on some points, nor is it the highest authority on others.

—From Bloud & Gay, Paris, we have received five numbers of the "Homage Français" series: "L'Effort Canadien," by Gaston Deschamps; "L'Effort Britannique," by André Lebon; "L'Effort de l'Afrique du Nord," by A. Bernard; "L'Effort de l'Inde et de l'Union Sud-Africaine," by Joseph Chailley; and "L'Effort Colonial Français," by A. Lebrun. These pamphlets are tributes to such of the allies of France as are mentioned in the titles. From the same publishers comes "Notre Propagande," a lecture by Mgr. Baudrillart, of the Institute of Paris.

—Judging from the two splendid reports which have reached us, the Holy Name Society of St. Charles, Woonsocket, R. I., must be a body as actively zealous as it is manifestly enlightened

in matters Catholic. "The Holy Name Monitor" records their activities and witnesses to their zeal. Knowing as we do that organizations of this kind are kept active largely through the inspiration of some guiding genius, we can readily surmise back of this body a genuinely apostolic pastor, whose picture, however, does not appear in these pages, and whose name is not mentioned therein.

—"One of the saddest illusions to which men are prone is the notion that some high emotion, some mystic experience, can take the place of moral achievement," writes the Rev. Samuel McComb, D. D., in "The New Life," a little volume in which he investigates the familiar spiritual experience known as "conversion." There is much that is true and well-said in this inspirational treatise; though for the most part it is concerned with difficulties which, for Catholics at least, do not exist. It should, however, help outsiders, who are in earnest for their own betterment, on to resolution and determined action; and it should prove stimulating to all. Its intention is inspiring. Harper & Brothers.

—Reviewing the new translation of the Book of Ecclesiasticus (from the original Hebrew, by the Rev. Dr. W. O. E. Oesterley), published by the S. P. C. K., under the title "The Wisdom of Ben Sira," the London *Tablet* observes:

We may note that the discovery of the Hebrew text of Ecclesiasticus has a not unimportant bearing on the controverted question of the canon of Old Testament Scripture, at least from a historical standpoint. The fact that the deuterocanonical books of the Old Testament were not in Hebrew was an argument widely used by the oldtime Protestants for their rejection. It now appears, however, that the Hebrew text probably did not wholly disappear from human ken till about the eleventh century, A. D.; and that the ultimate reason of this was the rabbis' exclusion of it from their own post-Christian canon. So true is it that the Protestants took their canon from the Synagogue instead of from the Church of Christ.

—M. Gustave Lanson, a professor of the College of France, and a sometime lecturer at Columbia University, has recently published a book the translated title of which is "Three Months' Teaching in the United States." A Montreal journal regrets that in the course of the book the author speaks of the French-Canadians as being "enemies of modern ideas." The *Semaine Religieuse* of Quebec does not share its contemporary's regret. "For our own humble selves," it declares, "we should much more regret seeing M. Lanson, in either his books or his lectures, classify us as the friends of modern ideas." Just a few of those ideas—divorce, militant feminism, birth-control, socialistic in-

ternationalism, pornographic license in literature and on the stage—are commented on by the *Semaine* in terms which the French gentleman will, if he ever sees that issue of our contemporary, find decidedly interesting.

—The Rev. Michael V. McDonough, author of "Verses of Thirty Years Ago," just published by the Angel Guardian Press, would grant the title "poetry" only to the very best passages of the great classics; however, he frankly declares that he considers his verses "too good to throw away." Readers of his tiny volume, which sells for 30 cents, will be glad that he did not discard the "Dedicatory Verses," which we subjoin. "The St. Vincent de Paul of Belgium," it should be stated, was the high title given to the Very Rev. Pierre Joseph Triest (1760–1836), who founded the Brothers of Charity:

Brothers of Charity, yours are the verses here:
Take them or leave them, admire or disdain!
Little of moment the rhymester rehearses here;
Would it were much! For his spirit would fain
Prove you its gratitude, pay what it owes to you,
Sons of the Belgian Vincent de Paul,
Rich in the kindness and grace that e'er flows to you
Down from the Maker and Master of all.

Workers in silence for Christ and His dearest ones,
Love is your portion here, glory above.
Many profess; but the true and sincerest ones
Sacrifice, suffer and live for their love.
Thus speed your lives away: faith, regularity,
Self all forgotten—like drops in the sea—
God be your guerdon, ye Brothers of Charity,
Christ your rewarder, and heaven your feel!

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.

- "Catholic Christianity; or, The Reasonableness of Our Religion." Rev. O. Vassall-Phillips, C. SS. R. \$1.50.
- "A Retrospect of Fifty Years." Cardinal Gibbons. 2 vols. \$2.
- "A Manual of Modern Scholastic Philosophy." Cardinal Mercier, etc. Vol. I. \$3.50.
- "The Mass and Vestments of the Catholic Church." Rt. Rev. Monsignor John Walsh. \$1.75.
- "Great Inspirers." Rev. J. A. Zahm, C. S. C., Ph. D. \$1.50.
- "The White People." Frances H. Burnett. \$1.20.

- "The History of Mother Seton's Daughters. The Sisters of Charity of Cincinnati, Ohio. 1809–1917." Sister Mary Agnes McCann, M. A. Vols. I. and II. \$5.
- "The New Life." Rev. Samuel McComb, D. D. 50 cts.
- "The Ancient Journey." A. M. Sholl. \$1.
- "The Sacrament of Friendship." Rev. H. C. Schuyler. \$1.10.
- "Songs of Creelabeg." Rev. P. J. Carroll, C. S. C. \$1.40.
- "Sermons and Sermon Notes." Rev. B. W. Maturin. \$2.
- "Illustrations for Sermons and Instructions." Rev. Charles J. Callan, O. P. \$2.
- "The Holiness of the Church in the Nineteenth Century." Rev. Constantine Kempf, S. J. \$1.75.

Obituary.

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

Rev. William Barrington, of the archdiocese of Philadelphia; Rev. Patrick Muldoon, diocese of Albany; and Rev. L. J. Bohl, diocese of Newark.

Brother Liguori, of the Brothers of St. Francis.

Sister M. Joachim, of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd; and Sister M. Hermes, Sisters of the Holy Cross.

Mr. John Moffit, Mr. Nicholas Hirsch, Mr. John Plank, Mrs. Annic Devlin, Mr. Henry Cole, Mrs. Mary Moore, Miss Anna Smith, Mr. Donald M. Curry, Mrs. T. J. Butler, Miss Mary Godfrey, Mr. Philip Tally, Mrs. Theodosia Andrews, Mrs. Jeremiah Drennan, Mrs. Violet Steuber, Mr. Bernard McCaffrey, Mrs. S. S. Joslin, Mr. Richard Knox, Mr. F. J. Meyers, Miss Alice Sheehy, Mr. Thomas Hoffman, Miss Alice Reddin, Mr. F. W. Kaenter, Mrs. Mary Galligan, Mr. Jacob Schindler, Mr. M. J. Ament, Mrs. Amelia Derr, Mr. H. R. Fisher, Mrs. Benedict Quinn, Mr. Arthur Angerman, and Mr. John P. Griffith.

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.

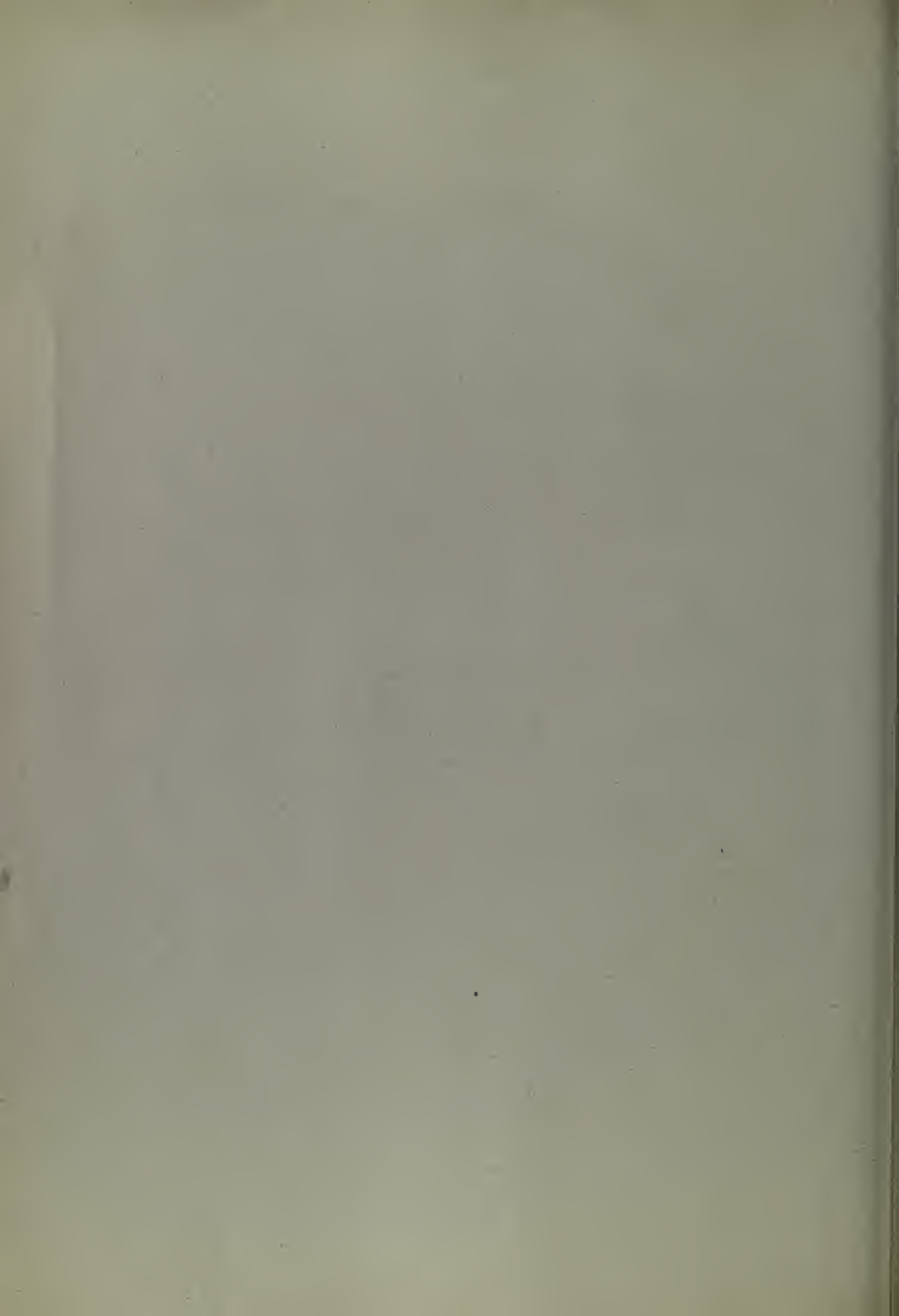
"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For the foreign missions: D. O., \$20; A. M., \$100; friend (Westfield), \$3; friend, \$2; friend (Cambridge), \$6. For the war sufferers in honor of St. Joseph: C. H. M., \$5. For the rescue of orphaned and abandoned children in China: friend (Louisville), \$10; friend, \$1. For the Belgian children: friend (Norfolk), \$5. For the home missions: friend, \$2.



LA PIETÀ.

(G. Reni.)





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

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Oblation and Promise.

FROM THE SPANISH OF FERNÁN-CORONAS, O. M. I.,
BY PAUL A. LEWIS, O. M. I.

THE Angel of Summer came on wingéd feet
And brought the Predilect an ear of wheat;
Emmanuel kissed the gold ear lovingly;
And kissing said, "Thou shalt My Body be."
The Angel of Autumn, ere its days were sped,
Brought Him a ripened branch of grapes wine-
red;
Emmanuel kissed them, fruit of the amber vine;
And kissing said, "Thou shalt be Blood of Mine."

The Annunciation.

BY DOM COLUMBA EDMONDS, O. S. B.

THE feast of the 25th of March has been known by various titles, probably owing to the fact that it commemorates a mystery common to Christ and His Blessed Mother. The Roman Church has always inscribed it in her calendar as the "Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin." And rightly so; for, as Suarez says, the gift of Christ to men was not perfectly accomplished till the moment of His birth; hence the Annunciation is to be regarded as a feast of Mary, and that of Christmas as a feast of our Blessed Lord.* Among the other names by which this festival has been known are the following: "the Conception of Christ," "the Lord's Annunciation," "the Beginning of Redemption."

An old German almanac designates it "Our Lady in Lent."* A Council of Toledo calls it simply but expressively, "the Festival of the Mother of God." In England, for many centuries, it has been popularly known as "Lady Day."

The importance of the mystery which is commemorated can not be overrated, when we reflect on the stupendous effects wrought thereby for the whole world. In truth, as Abbot Guéranger remarks, this is a great day not only to man, but to God Himself.† To St. Luke we are indebted for the account of the Annunciation, and it can not be doubted that the Evangelist learned the details from Mary herself. The greatness of the event and the simple surroundings of its accomplishment stand out in marked contrast. The lowly Virgin in her humble chamber was probably absorbed in prayer at the time when she received her heavenly visitant. The hour is uncertain; but a common tradition, which we find embodied in the writings of many learned and holy men, asserts that the angelic salutation took place about the hour of midnight,—that is, at the beginning of the natural day. At the same hour, nine months later, Our Lord was born at Bethlehem. This tradition seems to be corroborated by the mysterious words of the Book of Wisdom, which the Church adapts to the night of the Nativity, but which apply in a still more forcible manner to the night of the Annunciation: "For while all things were in quiet silence, and the night was in the midst of her course,

* Dictionnaire de Liturg., Migne.

* "Our Lady's Dowry," p. 227.

† "Liturgical Year," Lent.

Thy Almighty Word leapt down from heaven, from Thy royal throne."*

The dialogue between Mary and the Angel forms one of the most beautiful passages of St. Luke's Gospel. Gabriel begins with the salutation: "Hail, full of grace! The Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women." And after he has described the attributes of the Divine Word, Our Lady asks the question: "How shall this be done, because I know not man?"—a question, indeed, full of sublime faith. The Angel goes on to declare that this great work will be accomplished by the Holy Ghost, and then he awaits her consent. This was an awful moment; for Our Lady had it in her power to refuse. "Behold the handmaid of the Lord: be it done to me according to thy word." God was now free to act. "In that moment," says Father Faber, "a Godlike shadow fell upon Mary; and Gabriel disappeared; and, without shock or sound, or so much as a tingling stillness, God in a created nature sate in His immensity within her bosom; and the eternal will was done, and creation was complete. Far off a storm of jubilee swept far-flashing through the angelic world. But the Mother heard not, heeded not. Her head sank upon her bosom, and her soul lay down in a silence which was like the peace of God. The Word was made Flesh."†

It was because of this mystery, which we celebrate on the 25th of March, that Mary was adorned by God with those unspeakable privileges and graces peculiarly her own; they were all intended to prepare her for this great day.‡ St. Ambrose says: "At the Annunciation there was consummation of virginity and fulness of maternity."§ This day must be considered as the point of arrival and departure of all history; it is the pledge of all we have and all we hope for. Surely such a wondrous event is worthy of a most solemn annual commemoration.

The Bollandists state that the Annunciation festival is of such great antiquity that it is quite allowable to believe it originated with Mary herself. Doubtless she would recall, year by year, with special devotion the great benefits which the Incarnation conferred not only upon herself, but upon all mankind. The Apostles, aware of this holy custom of the Mother of God, would imitate the practice as far as they could, and finally would sanction it in the countries where they preached the Gospel. In support of this supposition—i. e., the Apostolic origin of the festival,—the words of St. Augustine are fittingly applied: "That which the Universal Church maintains, and which is not found to have been instituted by councils, but, on the contrary, has been uninterruptedly retained, is rightly believed to have been handed down with Apostolic authority."*

It is most probable that the public celebration of the Annunciation had a place in the East before its introduction into the West. Even now the Greeks keep before it a *pro-festum*, or vigil, which serves as a preparation;† this practice, however, is unknown in Rome, Lent being looked upon as one prolonged vigil.

Among the witnesses to the existence in the West of a commemoration of the Annunciation, the earliest extant is, perhaps, St. Augustine (A. D. 432), who makes mention of the anniversary in one of his sermons on the Trinity.‡ St. Gelasius (A. D. 492) is also an early witness;§ and the Council of Toledo (A. D. 656) has something to say on our present subject. The assembled Fathers speak of the Annunciation as of a feast of long standing; and they declare that, whereas the feast of the Holy Virgin is kept in Spain at different times in different places, and since it can

* Bened. XIV., De Festis B. M. V.; and Acta SS., March 25.

† Acta SS., March 25.

‡ De Trinit. Lib. iv, cap. v.

§ Butler's Lives of the Saints, March 25; and also Smith's Dict. Christian Antiquities.

* Wisdom, xviii, 14, 15. † "Bethlehem," p. 69.

‡ "Mother of the King," Coleridge, p. 83.

§ Ibid.

not be celebrated in Lent without transgressing traditional rule, it should be observed eight days before Christmas. The reference to tradition concerns the fifty-first canon of the Council of Laodicea (fourth century), which forbade the observance of the feasts of martyrs during Lent.* This practice, however, was not destined to endure; and we find in the year 692 the Council of Trullo allowing Lady Day to be kept in Lent, although other feasts were still excluded. A remnant of the Toledo legislation may be said to survive in the Feast of the Expectation of the Blessed Virgin, which in many countries is solemnized on the 18th of December, eight days before Our Lord's Nativity.

It is an immemorial custom of the Greek Church never to celebrate Mass during Lent, except on Saturdays and Sundays; and we read that it was ordained in a Council of Constantinople, in the year 692, that the Mass of the Presanctified should be celebrated on all the other days of Lent, with the exception of the Annunciation, when the usual festal Mass should be sung.† This rule is maintained among the Orientals at the present day.

A curious observance may be noted here. At the church of Puy, in France, there existed a custom of keeping the Annunciation even when it happened to fall on Good Friday.‡ It is said that when this coincidence occurred in 1842, a special papal indult was obtained to authorize the use of this unique privilege. It is not stated how the apparently conflicting celebrations were combined.

The Church of Milan, which still maintains much of the ancient severity regarding feasts in Lent, celebrates the Mass of the Presanctified every Friday during that season. This strictness has been somewhat relaxed lately, in favor of the two great feasts of St. Joseph and the Annunciation. Pope Leo XIII., in the year 1897, granted permission for both days to be kept during

Lent; and if either feast should fall on a Friday, Mass was to be celebrated. Originally the Ambrosian Liturgy commemorated the festival of the Annunciation on the Sunday preceding Christmas Day.*

In Rome, for many ages, according to the ordinance of Pope Sergius I. (687), it was customary on this feast, as on the other three ancient feasts of Our Lady, to make a procession from St. Adrian's Church, near the Capitol, to the Basilica of St. Mary Major, where the people assembled for Mass.

Some special rites in connection with this feast may now be noted. In Benedictine monasteries, when the festival was announced from the Martyrology at Prime, on the eve, it was the custom for all to kneel for a short space and salute Our Lady, in silence, with the *Ave Maria*. In the present Roman Liturgy it is ordered that at Solemn Mass, while the choir is chanting the words, *Et incarnatus est*, etc., of the *Credo*, the celebrant and his ministers should kneel at the altar steps. A similar ceremony is observed on Christmas Day.

Should the Annunciation happen to fall on Palm Sunday or during Holy Week, it is transferred, and Monday in Low Week becomes its proper day.†

While contrasting the manner in which this festival was kept in former times in England and the way in which it is celebrated now, Father Faber says: "Time was, in Ages of Faith, when the land would not have lain silent, as it lies now, on the eve of the 25th of March. The sweet religious music of countless bells would be ushering in the Vespers of the glorious Feast of the Incarnation. . . . If it were in Paschal-time, it would double men's Easter joys; and if it were in Lent, it would be a very foretaste of Easter."‡

As Vespers on the weekdays of Lent are sung before the midday meal, comparatively few of the faithful are able to assist at this solemn Office. The antiphons are taken from the Gospel of St. Luke, and

* "Liturgical Year," Lent, p. 25.

† Acta SS., vol. ix.

‡ Art. "Annunciation," Dict. Liturg., Migue.

* Acta SS., vol. ix. † Rubricæ Brev. Rom.

‡ "Bethlehem," p. 52.

recount the interview between Our Lady and St. Gabriel.

The Mass is almost identical with the Votive Mass of Advent (*Rorate*), except that the Introit—*Vultum tuum*: "All the rich among the people shall entreat thy countenance"—is from the Votive Mass of Our Lady for Christmastide. The Epistle, taken from the prophecy of Isaias, contains those remarkable words: "Behold a Virgin shall conceive and bear a Son, and His name shall be called Emmanuel." In the Offertory the Church addresses the Mother of God with the Angelic Salutation. The proper Preface of Our Lady supersedes the Preface of Lent. As a Post-Communion we have the familiar prayer, *Gratiam tuam*, which concludes the daily Angelus.

Frequently during the history of the Church, the Annunciation has furnished a title for religious congregations, military orders, and confraternities not to speak of numberless churches. A famous confraternity under this title was founded in Rome in 1470, by John of Turrecremata, with the object of furnishing marriage dowries for poor girls. One of the best known churches in Florence is dedicated to our Blessed Lady under the title of the Annunciation.

A venerable tradition, worthy of all reverence and mentioned by Tertullian,* St. Augustine,† and others, assigns the 25th of March as the actual anniversary of the creation of the first man, and also of the Passion of Our Lord.‡ The Roman Martyrology furnishes implicit approbation of the second fact by commemorating on this day the death of the Good Thief,§ who merited to hear from our Blessed Lord on His cross these comforting words: "This day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise." The Martyrology of Gorman (twelfth century), written in Irish Gaelic contains the following quaint sentence: "Jesus' conception on the same day as

His crucifixion, without respect; the mischief was pride."* And in several ancient martyrologies the same events are commemorated; but, in addition, others are inscribed as having taken place on March 25. These are so remarkable that it may be of interest to recount a few of them. In the first place comes the triumph of St. Michael the Archangel over the dragon; then follow the fall and death of Adam; the martyrdom of Abel the Just; the death of Melchisedec, king and priest; also of Isaac, son of Abraham; and lastly, the Passage of the Israelites over the Red Sea.† All these anniversaries, which have become attached to this festival, tend to prove how very sacred must have been this particular day in the estimation of our Catholic forefathers.

The Crest of the Bodkins.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON.

XVI.—THE CASTLE OF CHAPULTEPEC.

CHAPULTEPEC and other charming suburbs of Mexico are reached by horse (or rather mule) cars, which run on high wheels, and are first and second class. The first class has an armed guard and precedes the second, which is usually filled with Indians and half-breeds. The cars travel fast once they gain the outskirts; and it is a delightful sensation to stand behind the driver as the mules break into a swift gallop, a pace continued until the destination is reached. The uniform of the guard is intensely picturesque: a richly-laced *sombrero*, a white shirt open at the neck, a leather jacket with silver blazonry, a red sash, buff boots to the hips, and buff gloves. Each man carries a Remington.

Tacubaya is a "swell" suburb, and stands about six miles from the San Cosme gate. It numbers many beautiful villas

* Tert. adv. Judæos, cap. viii, Migne.

† De Trinit. Lib. iv, c. v, Migne.

‡ Acta SS., vol. ix. § Martyr. Rom., March 25.

* Ed. 1895 by Bradshaw Society. The "mischief" is evidently a reference to the Fall of Adam.

† Acta SS., vol. ix.

and mansions, mostly standing in their own grounds or parks, and planted in a princely manner. All the skill of modern gardening is here displayed to perfection. All American and European improvements have been pressed into the service of the proprietors,—in short, everything that art can supply has been secured; and thus a faint idea may be formed of the result in a climate where Nature yields so readily to the hand of man.

Arthur hailed a car and took his seat beside the driver. The ride was intensely picturesque and full of color. Passing through narrow streets, the line struck the arches of the Belem Aqueduct, passing the Tivoli de San Cosme, a first-class hotel situated in a magnificent pleasure-ground, but within the city limits. Here the mules began to gallop, and onward they sped, the driver yelling like mad, and cracking his whip; past maguey fields, adobe houses, and jealously walled-in *haciendas*; past quaint little churches and shrines; past great rows of eucalyptus trees; the old aqueduct still on the left, its arches literally wreathed in vivid greenery, and the graceful, drooping *heno* that hangs in festoons.

"Chapultepec!" called the conductor, as the car swung around a curve and halted opposite a guard-house, around which half a dozen soldiers, baked like bricks, lounged in listless *abandon*; their wives and sweethearts crouched in graceful attitudes, engaged in preparing the inevitable *torilla* for the midday meal of their dirty-looking heroes.

The Castle of Chapultepec stands at a distance of three miles from the city of Mexico, at the extremity of the fashionable drive, the Calzada de la Reforma. The soldiers stared hard at Arthur as he passed beneath the gates, embellished with the imperial monogram, and entered the *ahuehuete*-shadowed grounds so loved by the luckless Aztec monarch,—those grounds the marvellous beauty of which far exceeds their fame. High above him, clear-cut as a silhouette against the

keen blue sky, rose the white towers and galleries and terraces and colonnades and balconies of the palace, seated on its lofty bed of porphyry, tinted by the setting sun with lines of living fire. Gorgeous flowers glowed on all sides,—on the eaves of the picturesque guard-house, on terrace walks, on slopes and crags and balconies. In the many-tinted foliage appeared parasites resembling red, yellow and purple butterflies; while at the base of the beetling rock upon which the fortress is perched, stands the guard of cypresses whose arching boughs have cast protecting shade over the head of the ill-fated Montezuma, whose habit it was, arrayed in garments covered with the feathers of birds, to wander here for hours, musing on the destiny of his then happy and beautiful country.

Chapultepec is full of checkered historical associations. It is in fact, and not in name alone, a royal spot; the residence, during revolutionary and eventful centuries, of the leaders of the nation. The Castle is a long and narrow building, spreading along the summit of the porphyritic rock and necessarily following in form the outlines of its foundation. It stands on the exact site of the Royal Aztec palaces. The approach is by a zigzag and at times a winding roadway, broad and tree-lined. As you ascend, the view becomes every moment more enchanting, until you are compelled to pause at every turn of the path to linger over the enchanting panorama that gradually unfolds itself to your enraptured senses. The city of Mexico set like a glittering gem in its fertile valley; the lakes of Texcoco, Chalco and Xochimilco stretching away in the filmy blue; Guadalupe with its magnificent church; the quaint and many-arched aqueducts of Belem and San Cosme; and towering above all, in appalling yet watchful silence, the snow-peaked volcanoes of Iztaccihuatl and Popocatepetl.

The approach to the Castle is beneath a white marble archway. Banks of flowers

bordered the passage to the main doorway, and a terrace walk of colored tiles ran round the entire edifice. For some years previous to the brief reign of Maximilian, Chapultepec was used as a military school, until the Emperor ordered its thorough repair. The Castle is at present used for the purposes of the National Observatory, and the apartments that once echoed to the *frou-frou* of imperial trains are now given up to telescopes and the *impedimenta* of astronomers.

By far the most interesting and beautiful part of Chapultepec is the forest of *ahuehuetes*, or cypresses, by which it is embowered. These cypresses are mighty trees of extraordinary age, counting their years by centuries. The witnesses of Montezuma's daring and his ancestors' wild adventures, they were regarded even by his contemporaries as objects of wonder and renown, and are at present perhaps the most curious memorials in the world of trees. The gnarled trunk of the oldest and largest, called Montezuma's Tree, measures forty-eight feet in circumference and one hundred and sixty-five feet in height. Bodkin had never seen anything grander than the twisted stem of the *ahuehuete*, with its majestic pavilion of lofty branches, and its garlands of Spanish moss hanging down in delicate ribbons from every twig, with the grace of the drooping pennants of the weeping-willow. This moss—*barba Español*, or Spanish beard—is one of the strangest parasites imaginable. It is a tangle of pale green tendrils, in thickness like an ordinary string; and while one end is closely wound round the branch of the tree, the remainder drops in long straight festoons. It is called *heno*, or hay, by the natives, and at a distance imparts the idea that a hay shower has fallen upon the trees, leaving its traces in this singular and remarkable manner. The snow-white attire of the Indians as they glide silently in the embowered avenues imparts a ghostly atmosphere to the scene, and calls to the mind's eye the spirit of Malitizin's

daughter, moving like vapor through the drooping cypresses until it vanished in the transparent waters of the Albuca, in accordance with the pathetic Aztec legend.

At the time of the war with the United States, Chapultepec was heavily armed. Its frontage of nine hundred feet and its causeway bristled with cannon. In its rear stood the old powder-mill known as Molino del Rey. Santa Anna, with the greater portion of his army, occupied the city of Mexico, and was in communication with Chapultepec. On September 12, 1847, General Scott first stormed Molino del Rey; then, under cover of a demonstration against the city, brought four batteries to bear against the Castle from an opposite ridge; and, after a heavy fire of a day and a half, made the attack in two columns. The day after the fall of the Castle, the city of Mexico was occupied by the American forces.

Bodkin experienced no difficulty in finding his friend Bergheim; for the genial Baron, being *persona gratissima* at court, was invariably given the best suite of rooms wherever he was on duty,—or I should say invariably annexed them. He was seated in a wicker chair, on a terrace overlooking the beautiful valley of Mexico, his favorite china-bowled pipe in his mouth.

"Hey! but this is lovely. Hey! no wonder Montezuma liked to strut about here in his feather cloak. Hey! just look at the sunshine on the roof of the Church of Our Lady of Guadalupe. Hey! look at the old cathedral, and those purple mountains, and those two snow-capped volcanoes with the impossible names. Well, my young Irish friend, have you cooled down? Hasn't reason come to the rescue? Have you seen your friend? She's here. I was of the escort. The Empress means to live here as much as possible. No wonder. That Palace—see it over there to the right of the cathedral!—is a little bit fusty." And he rattled on, puffing away at his pipe.

The beauty of the scene produced but little effect upon our hero. He was sick at heart, and longing for one half minute wherein to tax Alice with being the falsest of her sex. Then he would resign his appointment, return to the city, and throw in his lot with Harry Talbot in the silver mine at Santa Maria del Flor.

"There's the Empress down below, admiring Montezuma's cedars. They are grand, marvellous! Why, you could camp the Guard under them as snugly as at Schönbrunn."

Arthur's gaze became riveted on a group consisting of two men—one in uniform—and two women directly beneath. In one of the ladies he recognized the Empress, in the other Alice.

"Have I your permission to retire, Baron?" he asked.

"Oh, I see! She's down below, sure enough. Hey! why, of course. After you have had your interview, come up here to me. Hey! no more quarrelling. I see that you are spoiling for a fight—and—pshaw!" added the Baron to himself. "This hot-headed, hot-hearted young Irishman will only make an idiot of himself. I should have kept him here. I'll recall him." And, shouting for an orderly, he gave the necessary instructions.

In the meantime Arthur Bodkin had reached the grove, and, utterly regardless of court etiquette, marched straight up to where Miss Nugent was standing engaged in conversation with the officer on duty, a very distinguished-looking man, covered with decorations, who stared in well-bred surprise at the utterly unexpected, unexampled intrusion.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Nugent!" said Arthur, in a cold, measured voice. "I do not wish to intrude, but I want to say one word to you."

Alice became deadly pale, then flushed up to her hair, then assumed a haughty look such as comes to the Nugents under certain conditions.

"Please, Mr. Bodkin, let it be very brief. It must be very urgent; for it must

be evident to you that this is neither the time nor the place!" The girl spoke in English and in a low tone.

"I admit that it is not the Palace garden, and that I am not Count Ludwig von Kalksburg," retorted Arthur.

The girl never blanched: made no sign.

"I am about to resign my appointment."

Her little hand which held her parasol closed with a clutch of desperate tightness.

"Really?" she said.

"Yes."

"I suppose you have good reasons for what you are about to do?"

"I have *one*."

"And that is—"

"I will not be indebted for promotion to a woman. I don't mean you, Alice," he added eagerly. "I mean that other woman—whom—"

"Good-day, Mr. Bodkin! Excuse my abruptness, but I am *en service*," and she turned from him.

The Empress, who saw that a tragedy of a mild form was being enacted under her very eyes—the *dramatis personæ* being white and agitated,—gracefully advanced.

"Who is this gentleman, Alice?" she asked in German.

"A countryman of mine, your Majesty," replied the Maid of Honor.

"In our service?"

"I—I—believe so."

"An old friend?"

"Ye—yes."

"Gently born?"

"The best blood in all Ireland," said the girl proudly, despite herself.

Seeing that her Maid of Honor was in no mood for replying save in monosyllables, Carlotta cut matters short by turning to Arthur, who remained rooted, as it were, to the spot.

"You are in our service, sir?"

"I have that honor, your Majesty," said Bodkin, instantly regaining complete self-control.

"In what capacity?"

"I am extra aid-de-camp on the staff of Baron Bergheim."

"And your name?"

"Arthur Bodkin."

The Empress searched his very soul with her beautiful eyes ere she asked, in a very low tone:

"And you are desperately in love with your sweet countrywoman?"

"I am," said honest Arthur,— "that is—I was—I—I really don't know, your Majesty."

"Perhaps I do. She has spoken about you in a way that made me suspect. Why have you angered her?"

There was something so sweetly sympathetic, so deliciously womanly about this young Empress, that Arthur, forgetting her exalted condition, plunged into confidences. In a few words he told her all, including his resolution of quitting the service sooner than be indebted for promotion to a woman whose very name he did not know.

The Empress remained silent for a few seconds, then:

"You must not leave our service, Mr. Bodkin. I will ask the Emperor to place you on the Household Staff,—that is," she archly added, "if my Maid of Honor does not object. You may now withdraw, sir."

The great cedar trees seemed to Arthur to go waltzing round as he retraced his steps toward the Castle. Here was a turn of the wheel. Leave the service, indeed! Never! Harry Talbot and Corcoran and O'Connor and the silver mine might all go to Hong-Kong together. He would never again speak to Alice Nugent: he would show her that she was as indifferent to him as the snow on the cap of Popocatepetl. Ha! ha! This was glorious. He would repay scorn for scorn, and he would settle scores with Ludwig von Kalksburg besides.

(To be continued.)

BE certain that when God wills that an undertaking succeed, delay never harms it; there is always more of Him in proportion as there is less of ourselves in it.

—*St. Vincent de Paul.*

To a "New" Poet.

BY SPEER STRAHAN.

LIKE some frail changeling child the faeries bring,

This lost young poet looks upon the land
With changeling eyes that find but sorrowing.

With what sad spirit walks he hand in hand,
Meeting no beauty in our common ways,

Nor in those proven tales the years have told,
Those dim, first loves of unforgotten days,

Nor in that ultimate city paved with gold?
He will but sing of the poor moths that glow

In death-fires only,—sin and loss and strife:
Christ, let Thy burning wind from heaven blow

And scourge him to the fountainhead of life.
Then when with Thy strong drink he shall wax
strong,

Anoint his singing lips with utter song.

A Little Bride and what Became of Her.

BY VALENTINE PARAISSO.

IV.

AFTER Bridget's death, there was largely circulated a portrait on velum showing her as she must have appeared in Rome towards the end of her life. The head is covered with a veil, such as Italian women wear,—short, thick, and white, with a narrow border. She bends slightly forward, the shoulders stooping a little. Possibly the old portrait has left out lines and wrinkles; but the face is rounded, and neither hollow-cheeked nor worn. The veil comes almost down to the arched eyebrows, lightly traced. The very large, mysterious eyes, with drooping lids, are full of patience and wisdom. The small mouth has perfect lips of great sweetness. She looks like a wise woman who could speak with common-sense and charm, with a soft voice and a smile. And yet the round chin is firm, and there is power in the breadth of the covered forehead. Her dress is neatly arranged; no doubt it was finely sewn by her own hands. From a

little neckband, close folds of gathered linen go straight down under a pleated apron or bodice. This seems to be grey with large shoulder-pieces, under which appear the sleeves of her coarse dark gown.

She was nearly seventy years old when a divine inspiration called her to visit the Holy Land. The pilgrims landed at Jaffa, and reached Jerusalem in the May of 1372. Bridget knelt in ecstasy in the church of the Holy Sepulchre. And next day, on the Via Dolorosa, during the Stations of the Cross, Christ appeared to her with His eyes full of tears, and His body covered with a sweat of agony. Then the scenes of the Passion began to pass before her. She saw it all, until the Mother of Sorrows closed the eyes of her Son taken down from the Cross; and His arms remained outstretched in death, as if to embrace and claim the souls of men. Bridget found herself following the sacred Burden, in the company of the Blessed Virgin and St. John, St. Mary Magdalen, the holy women, and a multitude of angels.

Everywhere in Palestine she saw visions and had the Gospel explained to her. In a colloquy with Joachim and Anna, she speaks of Mary conceived without sin—a clear reflection of the mind of the Church five centuries before Pius IX. defined the Immaculate Conception as an article of Faith. At Bethlehem she saw the stable-cave, and Joseph leading the ox and the ass to their place, and hanging up the lantern against the wall. Then the angels were singing; and she watched Mary folding her Child to her bosom, and wrapping Him in swaddling clothes. It is a beautiful touch in the revelation, that Joseph helped to make the little bed in the manger. After four months among the Holy Places, the pilgrims went back to Italy. The soul of Bridget was now literally saturated with devotion to the Passion of Christ.

After her death, some of her prayers were published in many languages. They ap-

peared at Antwerp for our Catholic forefathers, when no printing-press in England dared print a Catholic prayer. The first page, yellowed by time, begins: "O most sweet Lord Jesus Christ, eternal sweetness of those who love Thee!" There is knowledge in the word, "Thy solitary Passion"; and memories of contemplation and vision are translated in the quaint old English, "Remember . . . when Thy cruell enemies, with furious and dreadful looks, compassing Thee round about, did tare off Thy hair, spit upon Thy sacred face, scratch, beat and buffet Thee." And again: "When the perfidious Jews pierced Thy delicate and tender hands and feet with most rough and blunt nails, stretching them forth violently with cords to the holes which they had made in the cross; . . . all Thy bones being so disjointed that not one remained in its right place, not having from the crown of Thy head to the sole of Thy foot any part left whole."

After the visions in the Holy Land, Bridget returned to Rome to die. Her home was not far from the former house; it was at the southwest corner of the Piazza Farnese. There she appears to have also established a hospice for Swedish pilgrims; and certain rooms still shown are said to have been occupied by her and her daughter Catherine. There must have been much rebuilding since the fourteenth century, but "St. Bridget's house" was undoubtedly the place where she died.

Her last illness was a "real martyrdom." She ceased to have either ecstasy or consolation. Suffering in body and weary of soul, she went through a long period of temptation and darkness. Mass was said daily in her room, and daily she received Holy Communion. Remembering the abandonment of Our Lord on the cross, we are told she had the courage to prefer desolation to ecstasy.

This dark period did not last till the end. One day in July, just after the feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, the Blessed Virgin comforted her, saying: "You are beloved by my Son and me, and that is

why your sufferings are prolonged." It was revealed to her that in Jerusalem she had been given back her baptismal innocence, but that "the negligences and defects of life have to be expiated by patience under infirmities."

Next, she perceived in a mysterious manner the presence of Our Lord upon the altar. "Now is the hour of consolation," He said; "prepare for the fulfilment of My promise. Here, before My altar, you are to receive your habit and make your profession. Henceforth you are not only My spouse but a religious—the abbess of Wadstena." He told her she had now come to the end of her labors. In five days she was to assemble certain persons, and assign to them their duties in the new Order. Then she was to enter into "the cloisters of heaven." Her body would be carried to Wadstena.

She settled everything, even to the hour of the abbey Mass in winter; wrote a letter of advice to her son Birger, who was likely to fill a high office in the State; and then, calling her daughter Catherine, she said she was going to-morrow. This was the feast of St. Mary Magdalen.

With the dawn of a new day, Christ came to awake His servant, and let her look upon Him for the last time on earth. The sun was hardly risen beyond the hills; it was too early yet for heat. The room of Bridget was filled with kneeling people before Mass began. She was probably dressed in the brown robe and cord of a Tertiary of St. Francis. Out of humility, she asked to be lifted from her bed and laid upon the boards to die. After Communion and Extreme Unction, her strength revived, and she spoke to those about her, in ecstasy. Then another priest, just arrived from Jerusalem, began the Divine Sacrifice: it was her Mass of thanksgiving. Before it was ended, as she lay supported in the arms of Catherine, she raised her head and said in a loud voice: "Lord, into Thy hands I commend my spirit!"

It was Saturday, the 23d of July, 1373. Towards nightfall the precious body was

carried to the church adjoining the convent of the Poor Clares of Padisperna, on the Esquiline. This was the church where she used to sit on the steps as a beggar for the Swedish pilgrims. At every cross-street a new crowd had joined the funeral; and, singing hymns of praise, they arrived at the church doors, with cardinals, priests in great numbers, and the nobles of Rome. Bridget had humbly desired to be buried on the day of her death, according to the Italian custom. The feeling of the people was too strong: the remains had to be left before the altar, among lighted candles, while crowds filled the church.

Some believed themselves to be in direct communication with her in prayer. Others touched the bier and her garments, to obtain their cure. Marvels were happening. The whole concourse began to surge with excitement. The white-faced figure lay still, under the light of the tapers, and outbursts of thanksgiving began on every side. Instead of silence, there were the *Magnificat* and psalms of praise. Rumors spread all over Rome. Cures without number were reported, and some had many witnesses. A nun of the convent, who had been ill for two years and unable to keep the rule, was carried to the side of the bier the first night, and in the morning walked into the cloister, restored to health. A woman, whom every one in Rome knew to have an immense goitre in her neck, could be seen now in the church, and the goitre had disappeared.

Day after day a crushing crowd pressed about the portals of San Lorenzo. One had to wait a long time and move slowly, to advance to the upper end, where the lights shone and the people prayed aloud. The third night the relics were secretly taken away, and entombed in the second chapel on the right side of the basilica. A noble Roman lady gave her own white marble sepulchre; she was a kinswoman to the nun who had been cured. All Rome still flocked to San Lorenzo. Thanksgivings were inscribed in many languages; and in a short time the tomb was quite hidden

by *ex-voto* offerings bearing witness to answered prayers.

In the following year the relics of Bridget of Sweden were taken back to her own country. There was a triumphal procession to Wadstena. Bishops, priests and people came to meet her; it must have been a wonderful experience for her own son Birger, who was one of the bearers. At her coming, it is said that the blind saw, the lame walked, and the dumb spoke; mothers rejoiced in the healing of their children; sin and hatred ceased; and there were spiritual favors as marvellous as the visible cures. Several attested miracles are recorded in the Bull of her canonization.

St. Catherine of Sweden was abbess of Wadstena. The Bridgettine Order of "Our Most Holy Saviour" became one of the greatest Orders of the Middle Ages, and spread to England, France, Italy, Germany, Bavaria, Poland, Norway, Denmark, Finland, Holland, Belgium, Spain, Portugal, and Russia. To English-speaking nations, the most interesting abbey was at Isleworth, near London. There Henry V. laid the foundation stone in 1415. For nearly a century and a half, Syon Abbey, Isleworth, was a bright centre of prayer and charity, learning and sanctity. The two separate convents held monks and nuns "to the number of the disciples"; and between the two buildings was the abbey church, where, according to the plan of the foundress, on Sundays and feast-days the poor had the Gospel preached to them. It was a monk of Isleworth who composed the Jesus Psalter. In the days of persecution, the confessor of the nuns was one of the first martyrs at Tyburn for the authority of the Holy See. And while we honor this martyr-priest, Blessed Richard Reynolds, "the angel of Syon," we should not forget the humble lay-brother, Thomas Brownel, who, as the Syon obit book says, "in defence of ye Catholick Faith died in prison at Newgate." These are the glories of Syon Abbey. There is now a ducal house on the green and wooded

land by the Thames. Most of its stones were once built into that holy house of the Order of St. Bridget.

The religious were first driven out by Henry VIII., and again by Elizabeth. The exiled nuns wandered on the Continent, "in perils often." Yet the Syon foundation had a continuous community life, that was never broken; and they found their way back to England again—very few, very poor, but the Syon community still—in our own time. They are now in a little grey house at Chudleigh, among the Devonshire hills. Their "abbey" is more like a cottage; but they still have in their chapel the white marble statue of "our holy mother St. Bridget" which was once in the pre-Reformation abbey of Syon at Isleworth.

There is hope of a foundation of the Bridgettines again near the old ground. Simultaneously with this hope comes a sort of "stirring of the waters." The devotion to St. Bridget at Isleworth increases; favors are asked and granted; and it is quite possible that her altar in the local church may yet become a London pilgrimage. They say the nuns of "Our Saviour of Syon" are coming back; at least, such is the desire of the historic community at Chudleigh. In the meantime their foundress becomes an intercessor. Centuries are but short periods to the Church. Quite naturally we find a friend in heaven; and the twentieth century holds hands with the fourteenth.

(The End.)

THE "Hail Mary" is a prayer of which we never grow weary. When our hands have touched aromatic plants they perfume everything they come in contact with. Let us offer our prayers by the hands of the Blessed Virgin. She will perfume them. At the end of the world, I think Our Lady will rest; but as long as the world lasts she will be besieged on all sides. She is like a mother who has many children and is kept busy going from one to another.—*Blessed Curé of Ars.*

The String of Pearls.

BY GEORGINA PELL CURTIS.

I.

THE air outside was raw and chilly, but within the vast Auditorium all was brightness and gaiety as the crowds surged in,—some intent on satisfying their curiosity, others impressed by the deeper meaning that underlay the gay scene. Through the packed aisles a little woman in deep mourning went with the crowd; then suddenly she paused, and, separating herself from the stream, drew near one of the largest and handsomest of the many beautiful and attractive booths.

A pretty girl, standing in a conspicuous position, was holding up to view a marvelous string of shining pearls; the electric lights overhead caught and intensified its shimmering radiance until every pearl threw out its soft, moonlike beauty, dazzling the beholder. Truly, here was a necklace worth a king's ransom.

The pretty girl's voice was clear and penetrating.

"Only two dollars a share," she said. "Who will take a share in the ten thousand dollar necklace, to help the fatherless children of France?"

"I will," quietly answered the little woman in black.

She opened her slender purse as she spoke. Within were a two dollar bill and some silver, nor did the gay crowd of women inside the booth know that it was almost all the ready money she had left in the world. At home, safely tucked away, was a ten dollar bill. After that, unless she could find work, and find it soon, there was nothing for herself and her five fatherless children but starvation.

With a low "Thank you!" she received her ticket; and, putting it in her purse, she passed on her way. Everywhere she heard the same cry,—who would buy or take shares to help the fatherless children of France?

Presently she was out in the raw, cold air again; and, drawing her well-worn wraps closely around her, she made her way to a church farther up the avenue. She was soon inside the door; and, drawing the well-worn brown beads from her bag, she knelt at the Blessed Mother's altar,—that Mother who would understand her prayers and tears. It was not for beauty nor for adornment that she craved the wonderful string of shining pearls that numbered one hundred and fifty perfect and priceless gems, but so that she could, if she were the winner, sell them. "It's for a roof and four walls for my children!" was her cry; and the face of the Compassionate Mother above the altar seemed to smile upon her. Yes, surely from high heaven Blessed Mary heard and understood.

Presently she was out on the street again, had hailed a passing car; and as she rode out in the gathering dusk to the little house on the West Side, that she had been paying for on the instalment plan, her thoughts turned with anxiety to the five thousand dollars still to be paid. Unless she could meet these payments, she and her children must lose their home and be cast on the world without shelter.

It was only a little over a month since she had been left a widow. At that time her husband, John Morgan, a young architect, in going through an unfinished building, had taken a misstep and had slipped and plunged to the floor below. He had been picked up alive, and had been taken home, where it was found that, beside sustaining two fractures, he had been paralyzed by the fall. For two days he lived, perfectly conscious, and making repeated efforts to talk to his wife. That something was on his mind was plain; but the sounds he was able to make were so unintelligible that even his devoted wife, straining every nerve to comprehend, could not understand. He had had the last Sacraments and the ministrations of a priest who had known him since he was a boy; and, thus prepared, he died. Near relations there were, so far as she knew,

none. She had been an Irish girl, an orphan and governess in a family in Chicago when they had met and married.

All these thoughts and many others pressed upon her during the long ride, until finally the car stopped at San Francisco Avenue and she alighted. A walk of a few blocks brought her to the modest brick house, with its veranda and little garden, that had been their joy and pride ever since they had made their first payment on it five years ago. Here her two youngest children, Mary and Catherine, the twins, now four years old, had been born; and thinking of all the other anniversaries—the Christmases, the saints' days and birthdays—that had been so happily celebrated within its walls, her heart was nigh to breaking.

The door was flung open before she had time to unlock it. There was Agnes, the little house mother, with the twins clinging to her skirts; and behind them were Philip and James, sturdy boys of eight and ten.

"We have the kettle boiling and supper nearly ready, mother," they said.

Surely the world was not all sadness and pain. She had them still—her children, hers in anguish and loss,—to comfort her heart.

After the evening meal was over she gathered them all around her and told them what she had done. She had taken this one share in the pearls, hoping they might be hers, and that thus she could pay off the mortgage on their home and have something laid by for a rainy day. She looked around at the familiar little faces, each one so full of intelligent comprehension and love; and then she unfolded her plan.

"It's nine days yet before the Bazaar will close," she said, "and then the awards will be made. I've been thinking there are just one hundred and fifty pearls in the necklace, and one hundred and fifty 'Hail Marys' in the Rosary. So every day let us kneel down and say the Fifteen Mysteries,—the five Joyful ones in the

morning, the five Sorrowful ones at noon, and the five Glorious ones in the evening. It will be a bit of a prayer to say all in one day, and for the nine days; but each prayer will be for one pearl, that the whole hundred and fifty pearls may be ours."

No need to ask if they would do it. Even the little ones seemed to understand; and presently they were all kneeling, repeating the ever-old, ever-new "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us"; and it was the sweet child voices that seemed to take the lead.

II.

The nine days were over; the different awards had been made,—all but the pearl necklace, which was to be awarded last of all. With a beating heart Agnes Morgan unfolded the newspaper that she had sent Philip out to buy early that Saturday morning; and then she turned to the column that held the announcement of this the last and most important award. Suddenly a mist swam before her eyes and there was a singing in her ears—the pearl necklace had been won by one of the wealthiest women in the city.

The children were crowding around her, hope and expectation in each eager face.

"We have not got it," she said: "it has gone to some one else. But we must not despair."

"Perhaps God will send us something better," replied Agnes.

"Don't be afraid, mother," said Philip. "I will soon be a man and will take care of you."

She kissed them all passionately. Then, being a brave woman, she put away the thought of the pearl necklace. It was time now for her to go out and look for work again.

So after breakfast she left the house, with a number of advertisements cut from the newspaper in her bag. From one office to another she went, but from all she received some set-back. She had not been trained to work; she could not use a typewriter; she was, perhaps, not young enough. She had stopped in a cheap res-

taurant at noon for a cup of tea and a slice of bread, and while she stirred her tea she made her decision. One thing she knew how to do, and that was to teach. She would apply at some teachers' agency and try to get work.

It was about four o'clock when she was at last able to get home. She had registered at two agencies, had paid the fees from her fast vanishing store; and now, faithful to every instinct of her life, she was stopping at a church before going home. Entering a pew, she opened her bag, but her beads were not there. She felt in her coat pockets,—they were empty. Then she remembered: that morning after they had recited the Rosary she had laid them down on the mantelpiece in her own room. So she said her prayers without the beads, and in half an hour she was on her way home. Arrived there, she entered her room and walked up to the mantelpiece, but no beads were in sight.

"Where can I have put them?" she said.

Philip, who had followed her, and was looking over the mantelpiece, suddenly uttered an exclamation. At the same moment there was the sound of something striking the floor.

"Oh," he exclaimed, "they're gone!"

Then the boy turned to his mother.

"The Rosary has fallen in this crack," he said. "There were just two beads that were held in the narrow end of the crack; but when I tried to lift it out it slipped and fell down inside."

The boy was feeling the woodwork as he spoke, and a moment later he ran for a screw-driver.

"Look, mother!" he said. "I will take out this panel on the side. It is screwed in and can easily be put back."

Five minutes later Philip lifted out the panel, and then he uttered another exclamation.

"There's a letter here as well as the beads!" he said.

He bent down, picked them up, and brought them to his mother. She took the

Rosary and put it in her pocket, after first kissing the crucifix. To her the beads were as a friend,—something precious and intimate, and keenly missed if lost. Taking up the letter, she saw it was addressed to her husband and that it had been opened. Then in a flash she remembered. The night her husband had been brought home she had laid his watch, a bunch of keys and this letter on the mantelpiece. The watch and keys she had afterward put away; the letter she had never thought of again. Was it about this that he had tried so hard to talk to her?

As in a dream she opened it. It was from a solicitor in Wales, saying that a certain Mr. William Morgan had died and had left two thousand pounds to his grand-nephew, John Morgan of Chicago, the grandson of his late brother Alexander.

Slowly she turned the letter over. The date stamped on the back, showing when it was received at the Chicago office, was the very day her husband had died. It was addressed, not to his home, but to his place of business in the city. And then the tears rained from her eyes as she told her children the news. And the little room became a sanctuary, as down on their knees they fell with a great uplifting of fervent thanksgiving.

That night Agnes Morgan dreamed that she saw our Divine Lord; and before Him, with arms outstretched, was His Blessed Mother, in her hands a Rosary; and, lo! each bead was a lustrous, shimmering pearl; and on each pearl there was a tear; for of such had faith made the brown beads of her Rosary.

THE duty of perseverance on our part is made up of three things: of fidelity in following the Spirit of God; of fervor—that is, exactness, regularity, punctuality in the discharge of our duties toward God and our neighbor; and, lastly, of delicacy of conscience so that our ear is prompt to hear the voice of the Holy Spirit, and our eye is quick to see what He requires of us.—*Manning*.

Ville Marie.

BY CLIO MAMER.

VILLE MARIE! Have you ever heard of Ville Marie? It seemed to me that from my childhood I had known about Ville Marie, its Grotto, and its quaint French population. And yet I am sure it could not have been the Ville Marie upon the shores of Lake Temiskaming; for this little Ville Marie, with its comparatively recent Grotto, and its population of over twelve hundred people, has not found a place upon even the most recent maps. The Ville Marie I had dreamed about for years was at least a hundred years old, while the Ville Marie I found is no more than twenty-five or thirty years old at the most.

It was the clerk at the Mattabannick Hotel, in Haileybury, who brought back the memories of my childhood by asking us if we were going to Ville Marie. It was a short trip, and one well worth taking, he volunteered; and as we were sight-seers, "out for everything worth while," we immediately decided that we must go to Ville Marie. Little did the clerk at the Mattabannick dream when he suggested this excursion to us that he was losing two guests, but that was exactly what he was doing; for when we reached the little French village on the opposite shore, we forgot all about Haileybury, with its beautiful shore line, in which the Catholic cathedral and convent played a most prominent part, and the comfortable hotel at the water's edge; to say nothing of Cobalt, with its fascinating silver mines, its warm-hearted people, and its marvellous sunsets and cloud effects, all of which things had contrived to keep us at the Mattabannick for over a week.

It was almost six o'clock when the "Silverland" left the dock at Haileybury for her trip across Lake Temiskaming, in spite of the fact that the *Daily Nugget* advertised her time of leaving at five

o'clock. But when a boat the size of the "Silverland" constitutes the only means of communication between a village of twelve hundred souls and the more populous cities of New Liskeard, Cobalt and Haileybury, its captain is very apt to be indulgent and wait a bit over time for passengers and freight.

There were exactly fourteen passengers crowded into the tiny salon of the "Silverland," into which a good part of the freight and baggage carried upon this trip overflowed. Although it was the middle of August, we were glad to wrap ourselves up in sweaters and coats, and stay inside. We were the only Americans aboard; but there were two Englishwomen who, contrary to all precedent, spoke French better than their own language. Our other travelling companions were all Frenchmen, who spoke only broken English. There was a little French-Canadian priest, clad in his cassock, who, we found, understood English.

It was eight o'clock when we docked at Ville Marie; but it was still light, so that we had a good view of the town as we drove up to the hotel. Ville Marie is built upon what may have been at one time the bed of the Temiskaming. The exceeding richness of the soil between the village proper and the low-lying mountains, or high hills, which form the background to the landscape, incline the casual observer to this opinion. It is in this mountain range back of the village that the Grotto is found. The road from the dock to the Bay View Hotel led along the principal residence street of the town; past the "Point," a jut out into the Temiskaming which was at one time the trading post of the Hudson's Bay Company; past the boys' school; past the Bay View Hotel, where our drive ended, to the church and the hospital and the prettiest homes of the village.

It was with some misgiving that we dismounted from the bus when it drew up in front of the hotel. We were two women alone in a country where the first question asked by the women of the place is, "But where are your mens?" and the view which

unfolded before us was anything but reassuring. It was the side entrance to the hotel, and the porch was filled with cases of empty wine and beer bottles, and rough-looking men in sombreros and high boots. His reverence got out ahead of us and went in; so we decided that maybe the place was not so bad as it looked, after all, and were comforted. The porter took our grips with a bow, and we followed him quickly past the barroom into the office where we registered.

We were assigned a front room on the second floor, from the windows of which we could look out over Lake Temiskaming, with its seventy miles of clear ice-cold water, and its banks of gleaming birch and darkening spruce and pine trees. From our window we could see each night the sun go down between the hills like a ball of gold; and sometimes his rays made a purplish roadway through the water for the little "Silverland" as she came puffing into place. And then one memorable night we sat and watched the Northern Lights; and after that we envied the simple folk who lived year after year in this land, even if the temperature did fall to sixty below zero in the winter, and a frozen lake did cut them off from all communication with the world beyond.

On the 15th of August the church was well filled with both men and women at the seven-o'clock Mass which we attended the morning after our arrival. The church, which is far more imposing when seen from the lake, with its white front and golden spires gleaming through the trees, is well laid out inside, and is much larger than one would expect to find in so small a town. To the right of the main altar is a tiny replica of the Grotto of Lourdes, with little doll-like figures to represent the Blessed Virgin and Bernadette.

On one side of the church is the hospital, with a reputation for efficiency which many a larger city might well envy; and on the other side is the home of the Oblate Fathers, who are in charge of Ville Marie. It is a truly wonderful parish they have;

for everybody in Ville Marie seems to be a Catholic in the truest sense of the word. Here it is we find the descendants of those early French trappers and voyageurs,—those sturdy pioneers who brought with them from the shores of their native land scarcely anything but their religion and a strong love for the manners and customs of the country which they had forsaken. Unlike the refugees of many other nationalities, they were accompanied by priests who underwent with them innumerable hardships to keep them in the faith and to extend that faith with civilization to the Redmen who at one time abounded in this region. Shut off from all intercourse with the rest of the world, first at Fort Temiskaming and later at Ville Marie, these old settlers and their children and grandchildren—nay, their great-grandchildren—have clung to their religion as their most priceless gift.

I could not but ask myself, as I looked about, whether these conditions would persist under modern progress. Now that such large and prosperous cities as New Liskeard, Haileybury and Cobalt have grown up, and are, comparatively speaking, so accessible to these once secluded people, will their children and their children's children, who must inevitably be thrown into close contact with a people of an alien faith and an alien race, be able to keep their beautiful childlike faith and their nationality. I imagine that the Oblate Fathers, as they sit upon their front porch and watch an occasional automobile which has been purchased on the other side of the lake roll by, and as they gaze across the Temiskaming to where the New Ontario is springing into life by leaps and bounds, must often regret that, wide though this great body of water is, it is not many miles wider.

Behind the church and some distance from it is the convent of the Grey Nuns. It is a large red brick building, and, like the hospital, would be considered a very fine building in a much larger community. This convent accommodates boarders as

well as day pupils; and it is one of the sights of Ville Marie to see these students, dressed in their black uniforms, making a pilgrimage to the Grotto upon the hill. They march reverently, two by two, along the board walk which runs past their convent grounds up to their favorite shrine.

The approach to the Grotto runs up the hill and past the convent as far as the cemetery. Thereafter the road is merely a foot-path worn out of the hillside by the incessant tramping of many feet. It is a long, hot walk, as we found out the first morning we attempted it. It took us a good half hour to reach the Grotto from the foot of the hill, and we were well content to rest a while before pushing our explorations further.

The Grotto, so I was informed on what seemed good authority, is not entirely a natural grotto. Nature began the work, it seems, and the pious villagers finished it. In a recess at one side is a statue of the Blessed Virgin, and at her feet kneels Bernadette. The interior of the shrine is fitted out with an altar, which is used only once a year—on the Sunday within the Octave of the Assumption. On that day the High Mass is said outdoors at this Grotto, if the weather permits, and people come from all the neighboring towns to take part in the festival. For a number of years one of the greatest sights in the North Country was that of the Indians coming up the Temiskaming for many miles, in their canoes, to take part in this religious celebration. There is a platform built to one side of the Grotto, but it is far too small to accommodate all the worshippers who kneel about under the surrounding trees. The top of the Grotto presents, from the rear, the view of a fort. It is smooth, and looks as if it had been plastered. There are great boulders sticking up at intervals all over this smooth surface.

The view from the top of the Grotto was well worth the effort I had made to scale it. Pine trees flanked the edge of the knoll which formed a natural platform before the Grotto, and lined the path on either

side half way down the hill. Straight ahead stretched the walk down to the old town. On either side of the walk were fields of ripened grain. Almost hidden from view, the cemetery lay to the right, only its whitened tombstones visible among the treetops. Then came a cluster of white farm buildings, which belonged with the acres of golden wheat. Farther down appeared the Convent of Notre Dame, the only red structure in sight. Lower still stood the church and the hospital, with most of the village buildings to the left. And in front, or rather behind them all, flowed the great Temiskaming, with the low-lying hills which concealed the vast expanse of water on the other side of them; then to the right and to the left, hills upon hills. It was truly a vision of pine or birch-clad miniature mountains; and miles and miles of water, with acres and acres of the most fertile soil the most exacting farmer could long for, scattered in between; and through it all one could never for a moment lose sight of the church of the golden spire, with its hospital and its convent in close proximity.

From the summit of the Grotto, I picked my way down carefully; and if it had not been for the assistance kindly rendered to me by my less adventurous companion, I probably would have spent the night perched upon the top. There were still unexplored regions in the wilderness which lay behind us. A trail led through the bush, and finally brought up at a dairy farm, where young cattle were being raised, and milk was being handled in a most up-to-date and sanitary manner, even if the cows were not milked by electricity.

On our way down the hill we stopped to visit the cemetery where the dead of Ville Marie repose in tranquil peace. We could not but be struck with the fact that most of the graves were those of women. After a moment's consideration, the true significance of this curious phenomenon was borne in upon us. We remembered the tales we had heard of the treachery of the

Temiskaming, and we knew then why Ville Marie did not bury her men side by side with their wives and children. The times when men braved the rapids of the Temiskaming in fragile canoes, in their search for fish and game as a means of livelihood, have long since passed, although this region is still a mecca for sportsmen; and yet the courageous women of this quaint bit of old France can not have their husbands and brothers and sons with them in the little graveyard on the roadway to the Grotto. To-day their men lie in unnamed, unmarked graves scattered along the Somme, and other portions of that hideous inferno known as the war zone; for Ville Marie, small as it is, has sent her children to the sacrifice.

May the reward for what she considers doing her duty be, not the branch of the great Transcontinental Railway for which she prays daily, in her foolish desire to reach the outside world more easily; but the strength to continue in her present aloofness, and the ability to hand down to her children the faith of their fathers!

Meeting a Peripatetic Unawares.

CLERGYMAN (*on his way to a conference of the Ministerial Association*).—I'll not refuse you some assistance, though you appear to be an able-bodied man. Why don't you look for employment? I should think you would be ashamed to go about begging in this way. You give unmistakable evidence of being addicted to the use of—

PERIPATETIC.—Able-bodied,—yes, fairly so, indeed. But surely you would not have me go and break one of my legs for the sake of this dime you have given me. (Pardon the pleasantry.) I am not an idler, as you seem to suppose; but a peripatetic—a yogi, if you prefer,—travelling for the preservation of my health and the prolongation of my life. Ministers, you know, indulge once in a while in a rest from their arduous labors and engrossing cares.

I meet them wherever enjoyment is to be had, and there is "money to burn," as the common saying is. Their presence on the playgrounds of the world and at the fashionable health resorts must be exclusively for missionary endeavor. I can not otherwise explain it; for the clergy, I must say (broadly speaking, of course), do not impress me as being overworked or underfed. Their generally prosperous and comfortable condition may have some connection with the spread of Socialism. But I am not disposed to discuss that matter now. You are quite mistaken—excuse the correction—in thinking that I am begging: I am engaged in taking up a collection, so to speak. In my case it is more blessed to receive than to give, since I need all that I get so much more than many people need all they have got. Perhaps you have a bank account, doctor, like a large number of your reverend brethren. (I speak from hearsay, not being in the banking business myself.) Why not draw out some of your ready money and lend it to the Lord? Permit me to remind you of what the Good Book says further about—well, I must be moving on myself. Thank you, doctor! The rust shall not consume this coin you have bestowed upon me. Salute the brethren! I make no objection to your repeating anything I have said. It is the vocation of a peripatetic, you know, to scatter broadcast the seeds of sobering thought. With your permission, I will now proceed to slake my thirst.

CLERGYMAN (*to himself*).—I'm sorry I couldn't listen longer to that tramp. Instead of reading my paper ["The Ideals of the Christian Ministry" was the title], I think I'll just relate this experience of mine. It should give no offence, and will be sure to excite interest.

THERE is seldom a line of glory written upon the earth's face but a line of suffering runs parallel with it. They that read the lustrous syllables of the one and stoop not to decipher the other, get the least half of the lesson the earth has to give.—*Faber*.

A Virtue for Passiontide.

THE ever-memorable prayer of our Saviour on the Cross, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do!" exemplifies a peculiarly Christian precept, obedience to which is the distinctive mark of Christianity among all religions that have ever held sway over the minds and hearts of men. Thousands of years before the Incarnation, it is true, human reason had recognized the beauty of clemency; but it was reserved for the Man-God, Jesus Christ, to introduce upon earth a practice, and institute a command, so sublime that reason could never have soared to its conception; although once the precept was announced, reason readily perceived its wisdom and experienced its utility.

It is a far easier matter, however, to recognize the justice and wisdom of abstract theories and principles than to exemplify in our individual conduct the practical, concrete application of such principles. Many a man who professes Christianity and willingly acknowledges his obligation to obey the precepts of the Gospel, actually and persistently observes in his daily life, not the express command of Christ, "Love your enemies," but the oldtime law of retaliation—"An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth." Returning good for evil we all admit to be our duty—in the abstract; but some brief moments of self-examination, will probably make it clear to many of us that from day to day, in small matters if not in great, we frequently act upon the principle of "tit for tat."

To forgive our enemies, no matter how grievously they have offended or how considerably they have injured us, is undoubtedly an arduous duty; but it is just as undoubtedly an essential one. Love of God and hatred of our neighbor are sentiments that are absolutely incompatible, and it is the merest folly to endeavor to persuade ourselves that we are enjoying God's friendship, are united with Him, are in the state of grace, while we are con-

scious of harboring resentment against our enemy and deliberately entertaining projects of revenge upon him. St. John, the Beloved Disciple and the pre-eminent eulogist of love, puts the matter beyond all question. His doctrine is as unmistakable as it is trenchant: 'He who flatters himself that he loves God while he holds his neighbor in hatred' or aversion, is a liar and a hypocrite, unworthy the name of Christian.' 'To avow one's self a hypocrite is perhaps the last thing one is apt to do; but not a few Christians are, nevertheless, clearly guilty of the glaring inconsistency reprobated by St. John.

Self-deceit is as easy as breathing, as common as air; and on few points, perhaps, are people so adept at deluding themselves as on their observance of that difficult precept: "Love your enemies; do good to them that hate you; pray for them that persecute and calumniate you." Some seem to have determined that full and complete observance of the precept is purely and simply impossible; that while such observance would, no doubt, be beautiful and in every way advantageous, it is clearly impracticable to all save saints. This view is, of course, evidently false. God never commands—for that matter, He could not command—impossibilities; yet He very certainly prescribes forgiveness of all injuries and positive love of all enemies. He rejects all service that is not accompanied with a merciful, forgiving disposition. "If therefore," He tells us, "thou offerest thy gift at the altar, and there shalt remember that thy brother hath anything against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar, and first go to be reconciled to thy brother; and then come and offer thy gift."

A number of Christians deceive themselves in another fashion. They admit the practicability, with the assistance of God's grace, of pardoning their enemies, and are so far right; but they delude themselves as to their own actual forgiveness of this or that enemy in particular. It is not only possible but quite common for people to

profess a forgiveness which in sober reality has no existence. How many protestations of the most Christian sentiments are made by lips which, were they truthful interpreters of the heart, would speak in an utterly different strain. "Oh, yes! I forgive him; I don't wish him any evil!" This sounds well; but if the speaker, nevertheless, preserves in his inmost heart an unconquered feeling of resentment or hatred, an imperfectly repressed desire of revenge, an unmistakable disposition secretly to rejoice over the humiliation or downfall of his enemy, of what avail are his magnanimous words?

To declare, as still others do, that they forgive those who have injured them, but can never forget the injuries, is often to falsify their own statements. True, Christ's law does not prescribe the forgetting of injuries, and such forgetting may indeed be quite beyond one's power, in which case, of course, there is clearly no violation of charity; but the emphatic declaration that we will never forget what our enemies have done to us may easily enough mean that our asserted forgiveness is merely a shallow pretence.

There are, in fact, so many ways in which men and women who lead in all other respects excellent, nay, exemplary, lives, may deceive themselves as to the necessity and the fact of their forgiving all who have wronged them, that a searching examination of conscience on this particular point may well be advised. The present dolorous season is a peculiarly congruous time for such an examination. The sublime figure of our Blessed Lord receiving from His enemies so many and so monstrous injuries, yet calling on His Heavenly Father to pardon them, should impel all His professed followers to sound the very depths of their hearts in order to discover how they are really obeying the law of love. And not merely in Passiontide but throughout the year we can not too frequently reflect on the truth that the measure of mercy we deal unto others that same will be dealt unto us.

Notes and Remarks.

As was naturally to be expected, the Lenten Pastorals of the Catholic bishops of Great Britain lay considerable stress on the importance of prayer in the present conjuncture,—the most critical state of affairs perhaps that has ever confronted the Empire. Cardinal Bourne emphasizes the fact, proven time and time again in history, that only God can give success to human efforts, and does not hesitate to declare that never was earnest prayer more needed than now. So, too, Cardinal Logue, advising that Catholics should make the securing of a just, satisfactory, and permanent peace a leading object in the mortifications, devotions, and good works of Lent, adds: "It is right and necessary that human ability and resources should be used in the great struggle with the utmost skill and to the best advantage, but men should not forget that the final issue rests with God. To Him they should appeal with fervor for assistance, using this penitential season as a time of atonement for the sins of the past."

A gentleman from New York, visiting some of the Western States last week, expressed surprise at finding so little war sentiment in the West compared with what exists in the East. We are not sure of his having been thoroughly convinced that the whole nation was belligerent; but if so, he is now thoroughly convinced of the contrary. The people of the Western States do not want to have the country plunged into war, and they have expressed their feelings in no uncertain tones. In fact, the American people as a whole, by the ratio of possibly ten to one, are unequivocally opposed to what a Western editor describes as "the mix-up of crowned heads over in Europe." However, if war with Germany proves unavoidable, there will be as little lack of patriotism in the West as in the East. The Adjutant-General of the United States Army reports that fewer than one-quarter of the appli-

cants for enlistment throughout the country have proved acceptable. An urgent demand for soldiers, however, would be sure to send to the recruiting booths a class of men well fitted, mentally and physically, for warfare. They would gather from every part of the Union; and the largest percentage of them, we venture to assert, would be those who were most strongly opposed to war until it was shown that honorable peace was no longer a possibility.

No matter how much one may differ from the agnostic in his attitude towards God and the ultimate nature of things, there is no denying that in the sphere of human experience he may be an able and a righteous witness. Nor can there be any question that more than one agnostic has given valuable testimony in behalf of the Church. Huxley, who suggested the word "agnostic" in 1869, paid generous tribute to Catholic educators; Mallock has more than once vindicated the logic of the Church; and now Mr. Norman Murray, the Scottish-Canadian publicist classified as an agnostic, throws this mild bombshell into the camp of the ultra-Protestant preachers and writers who are continually maligning the French-Canadians:

Catholic Quebec is much more moral than any district of its size in the Protestant portion of the United States to the south of us. There are more divorces and wife deserters to the thousand in the United States in one year than in French Quebec since the time of Jacques Cartier. We have a great deal more liberty in Montreal than they have in Toronto. The overbearing intolerance of the Protestants there is a disgrace to a civilized nation.

Mr. Murray's statement as to divorces in this country does not make pleasant reading, but we regret to say that it is in accordance with truth.

The majority of Catholics in this country have read during the past few weeks the powerful and pathetic statement in which Archbishop Mundelein has told his people how "the great State of Illinois and the rich city of Chicago" refuse to give further

pecuniary aid to Catholic child-caring institutions, with the resulting fact that two thousand Catholic orphans of the city have to be supported, if supported at all, by additional Catholic charity. It is interesting, to say the least, to read in this connection a paragraph from a recent letter of Dr. Keating, Bishop of Northampton, England:

Especially considerate, and even generous, is the English method of dealing with those unfortunate classes towards which the State stands *in loco parentis*—poor-law children, deaf-mutes, cripples, the mentally deficient, and reformatory cases. We hear with indignation of the mean devices resorted to in some places to rob these helpless creatures of their one valuable possession—the Catholic Faith. Here, on the contrary, the bedrock of our national sentiment is that their tender years, poverty and misfortunes, so far from exposing them to proselytism and perversion, ought to insure them meticulous care for their religious heritage. Hence our civil authorities have adopted almost universally the plan of handing over these cases to the charge of their coreligionists. Every Catholic diocese possesses two or three, the larger dioceses a multitude of "homes," mostly under the care of nuns, where the adopted children of the State are brought up, chiefly at the State's expense, surrounded by a Catholic atmosphere, and all the loving and edifying influences that Catholic charity inspires.

We can not repress the comment that, whether or not we Americans have the "greatest" country, we unquestionably have some of the "smallest" people in the world.

Lincoln used to say that the world was in want of a good definition of the word liberty. The United States just at present is in need of a good definition of the word patriotism. We all profess to be patriots, but we do not all attach the same meaning to being patriotic. Shrill shouting about our honor and rights, and loud boasting about our readiness and resources, are no proof of national spirit. Love of the land of our birth or adoption can be demonstrated only by deeds. Profession of patriotism may be in inverse ratio to the possession of it. Enthusiasm is an admirable quality, of course, and it is to be

expected of youth; but there are other qualities, no less important, to be cultivated—respect for authority, regard for truth and justice. If, as Judge Taft, Senator Watson, and numerous other prominent citizens declare, the rising generation of American boys have little regard for authority, and are lacking in other qualities requisite for true citizenship, then by all means let us have military training. It is the surest remedy for the evil. The cultivation of a national spirit is our greatest need, in the opinion of Senator Watson; and his reasons for advocating military training are well worthy of careful consideration.

“A soldier is taught to obey, to respect authority. Sent to a post, he must remain there until another man takes his place. Disobedience is followed by punishment and disgrace. Reverence is becoming a lost virtue in this country. We complain of everybody,—judges and legislators, teachers and ministers. Each man is a free and independent republic in himself. He defies the authorities; and at home, in turn, he is with impunity defied himself. So I would put his sons into a military camp, where they would have to keep their chins out, their shoulders up, their shoes blacked, and their rebellious propensities in check, and to take off their hats whenever they see the flag broken to the breeze.”

This is what is called “straight talk,” and there was never greater need of it. There are trimmers and time-servers aplenty, whose greatest fear is to be quoted as saying anything to which anybody will not agree.

The Anglican Bishop Bury, who lately visited the German War Office, and claims to have “seen far deeper below the surface than it would have been possible for almost any one else to do,” thus refers to his meeting with the military authorities of Germany: “I call it a momentous conference, because all through its course the thought was never absent from my mind: ‘How strange it is to be here in our principal

enemy’s War Office, and in an atmosphere apparently so sincere, so sympathetic, and truly courteous!’ And that sense of strangeness is with me still.” The comment of the editor of the London *Times* on this passage is proof of how useless it is at the present time to try to make people “hear the other side.” After indulging in some sarcastic remarks at the expense of the bishop and the German officials, the *Times* continues: “Now, we are far from suggesting that the bishop meant any harm. It is a reasonable working hypothesis that bishops never mean any harm, and that any harm which they do is attributable either to accident or to lack of acumen. But writing of that sort, however sincerely inspired by the spirit of Christian charity, is, in effect, a very mischievous and misleading kind of propagandism.” There you have it!

Dr. James J. Walsh has reopened an engaging chapter of Mediæval history in his contribution, “Luther and Social Service,” to the current *Catholic World*. The Lutheran revolt destroyed the Mediæval agencies of social service, augmented the evils they were meant to meet, and left nothing in the place of these agencies of assistance and relief. This is the Doctor’s thoroughly well-established position. But it is the picture he makes of the guilds which we review with fresh pleasure. They were, he tells us,

the social centres of the town life. There is no doubt at all that they provided playgrounds for children, kept them in order, offered prizes for athletic contests, and in general took the place of our “playground societies.” Most of the guilds gave several banquets annually for the members of the guild and their wives and “sweethearts.” These occasions of jollity and innocent pleasure were usually followed by dancing on the village green and by games of various kinds. They financed, besides, such community entertainments as the Mystery and Morality plays, and the various celebrations throughout the year. . . .

In a word, the social life we are now trying to restore, the bringing together of people, so that they may know one another and have some relief from the monotony of work, was largely the care of the guilds in the older time. . . . As the

Rev. Dr. Jessopp says: "The ring of the miscreants who robbed the monasteries in the reign of Henry VIII. was bad enough, but the ring of the robbers who robbed the poor and the helpless in the reign of Edward VI. was ten times worse than the first. The universities only just escaped the general confiscation; the friendly societies and benefit clubs and the guilds did not escape. The accumulated wealth of centuries, their houses and their lands, their money, their vessels of silver and their vessels of gold, their ancient cups and goblets and salvers, even to their very chairs and tables, were all set down in inventories and catalogues, and all swept into the robbers' hoard."

"There were to be no more such religious societies under the new religious dispensation,"—it is the epitaph of "Merrie England."

In the Indian Ocean, east of Southern Africa, from which it is separated by the Mozambique Channel, is the island of Madagascar. It has been a French colony since 1896, and French missionaries have as a matter of course been evangelizing the natives, called Malagasy. One of these natives contributes to the *Missions Catholiques* a very interesting letter concerning a ceremony that recently took place in Antananarivo, the capital of the island. It was the taking of the cassock by ten Malagasy seminarists, the first to be thus advanced on the road to the priesthood; and the occasion was naturally a joyous one for the Vicar Apostolic, Mgr. de Saune, the missionaries, the relatives of the levites, and especially for these young men themselves.

It would seem, according to the testimony of Anglican chaplains themselves, that there is no great revival of religion at the Front, at least among soldiers belonging to the Church of England. They consent to attend services at the rear, but it is only in the trenches that they are willing to receive the chaplains' ministrations. "There is something wrong about our status," says the Rev. N. S. Talbot, himself a C. of E. chaplain. "We belong to what the author of 'A Student in Arms'

calls the 'super-world' of officers, which as such is separate from the men. As a class, we find it hard to penetrate the surface of the men,—that surface which we can almost see thrust out at us like a shield, in the suddenly assumed rigidity of men as they salute us. We are in an unchristian position, in the sense that we are in a position which Christ would not have occupied. He, I am sure, would have been a regimental stretcher-bearer, truly among and of the men."

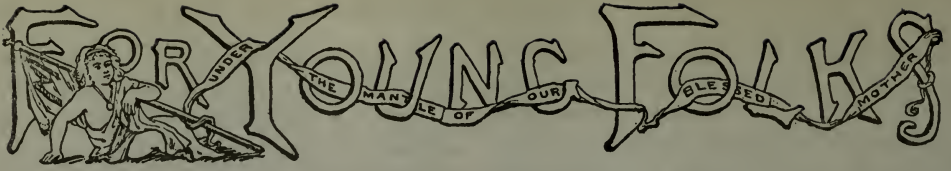
In being "truly among and of the men," the Catholic chaplains have an estimable advantage. They experience no difficulty, as a rule, in getting the soldiers to accept their ministrations; and in offering them they do not avoid the trenches, no matter how great the danger may be from the enemy's fire.

The Archbishop of Glasgow, in a Lenten pastoral in which he considers the influence of the Blessed Virgin in our lives, pays a high and well-deserved tribute to the virtues of the daughters of Mary, who are the mothers and daughters and wives of men. They have, he says, a share in Our Lady's own blessedness. To quote:

Blessed and blessing they have been to those who came under their influence,—good mothers, good wives, unselfish daughters, heads of motherless families, teachers, sisters of prayer, of mercy, of charity; nurses, society workers in public and private, in associations, on boards, for the common good, for the purifying of society. How many men owe their success in life to a wife or a mother! What good work is there which a woman's influence has not originated or helped? A foolish cynic has said, speaking of crimes and mishaps, "Seek for the woman." Those who know life as it is, not the picture of it in the shallow mind of a man of the world, will rather say, "Seek the woman" in every work of usefulness and well doing.

From the women who followed Our Lord, ministering to Him, to the women who are to-day in the slums, in the hospitals, on the battlefield, ministering to those whom He loved and died to redeem, history is full of the good deeds of those who have been worthy daughters of her who stood at the foot of the Cross.

The foolish "cynic" is here well rebuked, and not for the first time.



The Joyful Mysteries.

BY T. D. M.

WHO was the Angel came that day
To tell the Blessed Mother
Our Saviour should be born of her?
Gabriel, no other.

Where did the Blessed Virgin go
From her home' in Nazareth?
To John the Baptist's mother dear,
Her cousin Elizabeth.

Where was the Infant Jesus born?
Where did she lay Him down?
In a stable old, in the night, in the cold,
In Bethlehem, David's town.

What did they do the eighth day after?
Joseph and Mary trod
Their way to the Temple and offered Him,
God's only Son, to God.

When Jesus was lost at twelve years old,
Where did they find Him then?
In the Temple doing His Father's work,
Teaching the learned men.

These are the Joyful Mysteries,
The first of the Rosary:
To the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
All praise and glory be!

Amen.

The Mystery of the Giant's Tower.

BY NEAL E. MANN.

IN the midst of the Central Pyrenees there is a little valley which tapers off into a narrow ravine running between great rocks. In the cracks and crevices of these rocks all sorts of birds of prey build their nests. On the summit of one of the largest boulders rises a stone tower, age-worn and covered with ivy and moss. The mountain folk pretend that it is the work of a giant who once lived in the valley; and they declare that, ever since his death,

a mysterious hobgoblin resides there and prevents any audacious visitors from exploring the ruins. Accordingly, none of the boys of the valley hamlet dare to prowl around the Giant's Tower. At least they did not until last summer.

In July of last year, however, a Mr. Tremblay and his family came from Montreal to spend the hot season in this Pyrenean valley; and, as a result, the tradition about the Tower has been considerably discredited. The Tremblay family numbered six in all: the father and mother; Charlie and Fred, Maud and Nellie. There was just a year's difference in age between each two of the children,—the eldest, Charlie, being fifteen; and the youngest, Nellie, being twelve. All four of them spoke French and English with equal facility.

One of the greatest amusements of the young folks during the summer afternoons was to visit a neighboring stream and fish for crabs. On a certain day, as they were busy at this pastime, Fred uttered a cry of surprise. "Look at that big crab going under the great stone! We must catch it."

All four disposed themselves, with their nets around the stone, and anxiously awaited.

"I will come out," said Maud.

"I bet it won't!" replied Nellie.

"Keep still!" commanded Charlie.

In a few minutes the crab put out its head; but, after taking an observation, concluded there was danger ahead, and retired backwards into the hole again.

An "Oh!" of disappointment followed its disappearance.

"We must get it," said Fred. "Here, Charlie, catch hold."

Charlie took off his coat and laid it, with his hat, at the foot of a tree; Fred following suit. Then both of them took hold of the

stone and tried to move it aside. It was pretty heavy, however, and slippery, too; so, although the boys could move it a little, they could not overturn it.

"Pshaw!" cried Fred. "We might as well try to move a mountain."

"Wait till we help you," said Maud; and she and Nellie began rolling up their sleeves, preparatory to lending a hand.

"No, don't," counselled Charlie. "You'll only break your bracelets."

"Well, we'll take them off," rejoined Maud, suiting the action to the word. "We'll put them in your hat."

"That's it," added Nellie, following Maud's example. "Now you'll see how strong we are."

The additional strength proved sufficient to upset the stone; and in the hole thus laid open there were a number of good-sized crabs, all of which were soon made prisoners. The young folks were delighted with their victory. But when they went over to the tree, the girls were both surprised and dismayed to find that their bracelets had disappeared.

"Where did you put them?" inquired Charlie.

"Why, we laid them right down inside your hat. Whatever can have become of them?" replied Maud, with a half-sob in her voice.

Boys and girls looked about everywhere near the tree, and all around it; but nothing could be seen of the vanished bracelets. Yet nobody had come near the tree; one couldn't have done so without being seen. Well, then, the bracelets must be somewhere near. If they were, however, they couldn't be found. All looking and searching proved futile.

"It's mighty queer," said Fred.

"They couldn't have flown away, you know," remarked Charlie.

"Oh, we shall never see them again!" sobbed Maud and Nellie.

Just then there appeared in the meadow a young goatherd with several goats. He was an active and lively lad, whom the peasants called Georget.

"Good day, everybody!" said the newcomer.

"I say, Georget, come here and help us, will you?" said Charlie.

The goatherd approached, and was soon in possession of the facts regarding the strange disappearance of the bracelets. He had listened with a serious face; and, when the story was told, shook his head and answered:

"You won't ever find them. In this country all jewelry disappears, and nobody knows what becomes of it. Just a month ago, when old Uncle Jean's daughter Marie was married, three rings vanished like ghosts."

"Well, what about the police?" asked Fred.

The goatherd smiled as he replied:

"The police can't do anything. The thief, you see—well, I know one who knows; but—" Then, lowering his tones to a mysterious whisper, he added: "It's the goblin of the Giant's Tower."

"The goblin of the Tower!" exclaimed the children all at once.

"Not so loud!" urged Georget. "He might hear you. Yes, I know what I'm talking about. The goblin who lives in that old Tower up there,—he's the one that has stolen your bracelets for sure. I know it; for one night I went up as far as the foot of the Tower. As the moon was shining, I saw, away up on a sort of shelf of stone, a whole lot of gold. Oh, it was beautiful! There were rings and brooches—and everything. Then there was a noise like wings flapping. A black something passed and shut out the sight: it was the goblin coming to hide his treasure. Then I ran away. Oh, yes, your bracelets are up there in the Tower, fast enough!"

"Well, then, we'll just go up and get them," said Charlie.

"Get them? What are you talking about? Remember the goblin!" remonstrated Georget.

"Huh! I ain't afraid of any old goblin," rejoined Fred. "We don't have any in Canada, anyway."

At the brave words of their brothers, Maud and Nellie dried their tears; and Georget, not wishing to appear cowardly, said:

"Listen! I'll go with you. We'll start to-night; for it will be a fine moonlight one. I'll take you up to the foot of the Tower, so that you can see the gold shining on the stone shelf I told you about."

"That's the talk, Georget!" said Charlie. "You're a fine fellow. Here, take some of these firecrackers. To-morrow is one of your feast-days, they say; and you can set these crackers off in honor of our victory to-night."

So saying, he gave Georget about half of a big bunch of firecrackers he had bought in Paris a few weeks before.

After supper that evening, Charlie and Fred did not stay downstairs very long, but soon made an excuse to go up to their bedroom. About eight o'clock, however, they slipped quietly down again and stole outside. Hurrying to the other end of the village where Georget lived, they found him waiting for them, with a lantern. The moon had not yet risen.

"Are you still bent on going to the Tower?" inquired the goatherd.

"Of course we are," replied Fred. "We've promised Maud and Nellie that we'll bring back their bracelets; and you bet we will, or know the reason why."

"All right, then! Come on!"

They started accordingly, resolute enough, but with some vague apprehension notwithstanding. What was all this talk about the mysterious goblin that everybody in the village seemed to believe in,—the jewelry-robber who glided about invisibly? As they looked up at the great Tower, now becoming clear in the light of the rising moon, it must be admitted they trembled a little.

Finally, after a pretty long walk and some difficult climbing, they reached the base of the Tower, and stopped to recover their breath; but a mournful cry breaking the silence sent a fresh shiver of fright through the Tremblay boys.

"The goblin!" whispered Fred.

"Oh, that's nothing but an owl!" encouragingly remarked Georget. "See,—there he goes!" And he pointed to a dark form gliding from a neighboring tree. "Now, come on!" he continued. "It was from that mound over there that I saw the gold. Get down and crawl after me, and don't make any noise."

Down they got on all fours and made their way through the brush to the indicated place. Suddenly Georget stopped.

"Now," he whispered, "look up!"

Charlie and Fred looked. The Tower, flooded with moonlight, stood out clearly; and halfway up its height, sure enough, there was a big hole with a kind of shelf before it; and on the shelf a lot of gold and precious stones gleamed and sparkled like fire in the rays of the moon.

"The treasure!" said Georget. "The bracelets are there, I'll bet you!"

"All right! Then let's climb up and get them," said Charlie.

"But the goblin?"

"The goblin be blowed! Say three 'Hail Marys,' and our Blessed Mother will attend to the goblin, if there *is* such a being. Come on!"

Fortunately, Georget, who had thought these Canadian youngsters might insist on climbing the Tower, had brought with him a mountaineer's rope and hook. By fixing the hook here and there in cracks between the stones of the Tower, and supporting themselves with the rope, they made their way slowly upward. The moon shone brightly, and the goblin seemed to be absent. The treasure was only a few feet above them.

"There's the bracelets! I can see them!" cried Georget.

"So do I," said Charlie, who climbed just behind the goatherd.

Hardly had the words left their mouths, however, when a hideous clamor broke out all around them. From all sides, and from apparently every crevice in the Tower, birds of prey came darting and shrieking around the three boys. There were eagles

and hawks and kites and owls, their eyes gleaming with fury, and their cries threatening all sorts of dangers to the rash invaders of their stronghold.

"Good Lord!" ejaculated Georget, "what shall we do?"

"Beat them off for a minute, and you'll see," said Charlie.

Reaching into his pocket, he pulled out a big firecracker, lit it, and threw it into the flock of birds. It exploded with a bang that effectively scared the birds, which at once flew away.

"Hurrah!" shouted Georget and Fred.

"Now, then, up we go!" said Charlie.

In a few moments Georget was on a level with the shelf; and was just going to take a handful of the treasure when he suddenly turned pale and whispered to Charlie:

"The goblin is in the hole here."

Charlie drew himself up and looked in. He saw something black moving in the hole back of the shelf. Lighting the fuse of another cracker, he threw it in. Bang went the cracker, and out flew a bird.

"Why, it's a magpie!" cried Fred, with a burst of laughter.

"A magpie!" exclaimed Georget.

"Yes," said Charlie; "and that explains everything. The little thief has, like all its kind, been carrying to its nest here every bright thing it could find. Just look at the collection it has made! Here, put all these in your pockets!"

He handed out not only the bracelets but a collection of rings, pins, brooches, charms, necklaces, etc., that would have delighted a jeweller.

On their return to the village, Charlie and Fred restored the bracelets to their sisters; and the next day their father took the rest of the collection to the mayor of the hamlet, telling him that the famous goblin of the Giant's Tower was only a magpie. The mayor thanked him and lauded the bravery of the Canadian boys; but the older peasants only shrugged their shoulders, intimating that they had their own opinion about the Tower's goblin.

Con of Misty Mountain.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XII.—THE MORNING LIGHT.

IT had been a long night for Con. Just what had happened to him he was at first too dazed to know. Dennis had flung him into the smoking-room with no very gentle hand, turned the key and left him to himself. And, sinking down dully upon a rug that felt very soft and warm after the hard flight over the mountain, Con was glad to rest his bruised, aching limbs, his dizzy head, without any thought of what was to come upon him next.

Uncle Greg's smoking-room was not at all a bad place. There was no nonsense about it, it is true: everything was stiff and rigid and soldierly; even the rug on which Con had dropped half conscious was the skin of a big grizzly that had nearly worsted Uncle Greg one dark night on the Rockies fifty years ago. There were a few pictures on the dark wood walls—grim old Indian fighters, whose names Con would have known if he had ever been "let in" to school,—and a pair of huge antlers, bearing old-fashioned guns and pistols that had done their work and were rusting in honorable peace. There were jars of tobacco, and a pipe-rack that held almost everything that could be smoked.

But better than all these things, on which Con's eyes listlessly turned, there was a fire,—a big, roaring coal fire,—that filled the grim old soldier's room with warmth and glow, and seemed to wink in friendly fashion behind its iron bars, as if telling Con to cheer up. Con had never before seen so pleasant a fire; it seemed to charm the aches and pains out of his weary limbs, to set the young blood flowing through his chilled veins, to clear the clouds from his dizzy, throbbing head.

So comforting was the fire that, despite all his doubts and fears and dreads, Con, with his bruised and cut face pillowed on the old grizzly, fell fast asleep in the soothing warmth, to dream that he was

back again in the log cabin under the bowing greens, with the "Mister" in his shining robes smiling at him. "You saved her, Con,—you saved the pretty little girl who was good to you. You saved my little sister. I am waiting, watching for you, little pal. Come and be my brother. Come, come, come!" The words were in his ear, and there was a hand upon his shoulder. Con started up from his rough bearskin as if he had indeed heard the "Mister's" call. The grey light of the early winter dawn was struggling through a half-open door, and some one was shaking him desperately.

"Wake up!" came a gasping whisper. "Wake up, ye dumbhead! Wake up, Buzzard Con! Wake up, ef ye don't want to be locked and chained forever. Beat it, beat it quick!"

"How—what—who are ye?" said Con, staring at the small figure that was panting and trembling in the breaking shadows above him.

"I'm Kathie, and I promised—I promised her I'd let ye out. Don't stop to ax no more. The dogs is shet up and thar's the door. Get,—get!" As the bewildered boy started to his feet, the speaker clinched two sturdy little fists and delivered a double punch between Con's shoulders, that sent him spinning towards the open door. "Get, I tell ye,—quick, quick!" And Con stumbled out into the morning light, a free boy again.

Kathie, drawing a long, quivering breath, closed and locked the door on the outside. Stealing back into the kitchen hall, she put the key in its usual place, and softly crept upstairs again, into the little bed at the sleeping Nora's side, where, after a prudent interval, she began to snuffle loudly.

"What's the matter?" asked Nora, rousing. "After all the fuss we had last night, can't you let a body rest?"

"I'm—I'm skeered," whimpered Kathie,— "skeered about them Buzzards gitting loose agin and—and—"

"Arrah keep quiet!" said Nora, tartly. "It's only half sinse ye have, as everybody

knows. Go to sleep now, and don't be bothering me."

And so it was that when, a few hours later, the smoking-room, though still barred and locked from without, was found empty, and Uncle Greg's prisoner gone, no one thought for a moment of the little kitchen-maid who had been so "skeered" about the Buzzards and had only "half sinse."

"How the boy got out Heaven only knows," said Aunt Aline as she brought up Susie's breakfast; for, after her night of excitement, the little girl had slept late. "Every door and window was locked and bolted, just as Dennis left it last night. Really, it looks like witchcraft, as the servants all say."

"And—and" (the little "witch," sipping her morning cocoa, found it hard to steady her trembling voice) "will Uncle Greg try to catch Con again, Aunt Aline?"

"No," answered the lady. "Between you and me, Susie, I think he is rather glad the boy is gone. For your uncle would have had to lock him up, as he had sworn; and Con's warning saved us, without doubt. Now he is gone, Heaven knows where; but we'll never see or hear of him again, I am sure of that."

And Con, speeding over the mountain as fast as his bruised and wearied limbs would carry him, felt sure of it, too. He had "blowed"; he had turned against Uncle Bill and the boys; he had broken away from his captors at the Manse; he had left only enemies behind him. Now he must escape while he could, and put miles of distance between him and Misty Mountain forever. He dared not stop even for a word with Mother Moll; for he had turned against her boys, and she, too, was lost to him. Hungry, sore-limbed, homeless, he kept on his way, as only Mountain Con, hardened to pain and fatigue, could. Luckily, the rude heights over which he sped so desperately were no longer bleak and frost-bound. The mists breaking in the rising sun showed only paths softening to his tread; streamlets trickling through

mossy stretches from which the snows had vanished; pines, that had dropped their ice sheaths, rising green and feathery along his way. He felt he must keep off the usual trails, lest he should meet Uncle Bill or the boys, of whose fate he had not heard; he knew only that he had "blowed," and must avoid them. For poor Con had broken the only law which he had ever been taught,—fidelity to his kind,—and he realized that he was an outcast indeed forever.

But now the sun was up, and the white veil of the mist threaded with golden beams, and all the terrors of the night had passed. Con found himself far below the Roost; in an old trail that had long been abandoned for the new wagon roads that cut closer to the railroad. There were no "cuts" about the old trail. It wound in and out and around the mountain by slow, easy ways, which no modern traveller would stand; it circled all the rough climbs, and broadened into resting-places under sheltering rocks and by crystal springs. It forded Injun Creek as best it could, and edged cautiously around the landslide that a few years ago had tumbled down to block its way. There were places where it seemed to vanish entirely in young growth of underbrush and pines; but a little farther on it straggled out again, marked here and there by the blackened stones or charred logs of camp fires made by hunters or picnickers, or other wanderers from smoother ways. The Misty Mountaineers themselves had no use for the old trail: 'It was too durned snaky and slow.'

Con struck the old trail this morning just where it doubled about a clear spring, gushing, full-fed with melting snows, from a beetling cliff. Then he stopped stock-still on his hurried way; for beyond the bend of the old road tents, wagons, horses, loomed up through the breaking mists. Gypsies! Con realized at one glance,—gypsies who sometimes wandered, in the late winter or early spring, through the mountain passes, trading horses and dogs,

telling fortunes, and doing worse things in their often lawless way.

The camp upon which he had come was still sleeping, and the unseen intruder was about to beat a prudent retreat when the silence was broken by a sound that made his heart leap, and held him to the spot. It was a yelp of joyous welcome that he could not mistake,—Dick's yelp, followed by a full canine chorus, that roused the slumbering camp into life and voice. Men and women started from tent and wagon, to find a strange boy in their midst; and the great tawny wolf hound they had tied to the wagon leaping, as well as his rope would permit, to greet his master.

"After our horses, are you?" cried the black-bearded leader of the band, gripping Con fiercely.

"No, I wasn't,—I wasn't touching your horses," answered Con, shaking off the hand on his shoulder with something of his old strength. "But I want this dog you've got tied up here. He's mine."

"Yours, eh?" said the gypsy, scowling, as Dick made another frantic leap forward, while his deep bay rose in confirmation of Con's word. "Who says so?"

"I say so," replied Con, stoutly; "and Dick says so, too, as you can all hear—don't you, Dick?" And Dick made another lunge forward that nearly broke his rope, while his loud bark answered the question.

"Get out, you young beggar!" said the man, angrily. "I sell dogs and buy dogs and swap dogs, but I don't give dogs up for the asking, not much,—do we, Carita?" and he nodded towards a bright-eyed, brown-faced little woman who, with a babe in her arms, had come out of the tent to his side.

"Is it the dog you found last night, Pippo?" she asked.

"Aye," answered the gypsy,—"tied to a tree, left to starve and freeze. And now this here young thief is claiming him. But you don't get him,—no, not while I've got a rope or chain to hold him. You don't get that dog away from me if you holler for him all day."

"What are ye going to do with him?" blurted out Con.

"Sell him," answered the man, curtly.

Con's dulled eyes flashed into light.

"Jing! then I'll buy him, if you won't let him loose any other way. I'll buy him."

And the desperate speaker thrust his hand into the ragged pocket, where Mother Moll's parting gift had been secured through all his trials by a crooked pin. "I'll give you two dollars for him."

"Two dollars!" mocked the gypsy,— "two dollars! Ye young fool! Two dollars for that dog! I'd get twenty for him anywhere 'long my road,—twenty, and maybe twice twenty if I slick him up."

Twenty dollars! Con's brain whirled. Twenty dollars! He had never seen or even heard of such a sum. Twenty dollars! He clinched his hands in fierce despair; they were too weak and numb this morning to fight even for Dick,—Dick, who was waking the echoes of the old trail in fierce impatience to be at his young master's side; Dick, who would soon be taken away from him forever. Even the "Mister" and all his kind promises were forgotten. Con could think of nothing but Dick,—Dick, the old comrade, the four-footed friend, whom he was losing forever.

Carita's eyes rested pityingly on the boy. She was a mother herself, this little gypsy; and the pale despair of the young face, the quiver of the young lips touched her mother-heart.

"They will scold you, beat you perhaps, your father or mother, that you have lost the dog?" she said sympathetically.

"No," he answered. "I haven't any father or mother, I haven't no home, I haven't nothing or nobody, but—but just Dick. I'd fight you all, every one of you, for him" (he cast a defiant glance at the three men looking on), "if I could; but I—I can't. I can't even stand agin you no more." And, broken down at last by this final blow, Con staggered against a tree and sank down upon the ground at the little gypsy mother's feet.

"Ah, *Santa Maria!*" cried Carita; for,

with her Spanish name and birth, Pippo's brown-skinned little wife had retained faint memories of the olden Faith. "He is dying,—the poor boy is dying, Pippo!"

"Let him die!" growled her husband. "What is it to us?"

"Ah, much, very much! It will bring the curse upon us, Pippo," said the little woman, excitedly,— "the curse upon our child. To turn away from the dying and give no help brings death quick and fast to our own; so did my mother always tell me,—my mother, who could read the stars and knew."

"I tell you we can't wait now," answered Pippo. "Load up the wagons, strike the tents, mates. We must be across the pass before they stop us as they did last year. Foolish Carita! Come, come! Let the boy alone. Get into the wagon."

But Carita's eyes flashed defiantly.

"And bring the curse upon my child—*your* child!" she cried. "Brute that you are to ask it of me, Pippo,—to bring death upon our little babe! My mother, who read the stars, told me, and she knew. I will not turn from this dying boy and bring death to my own."

"Have it your way, then," said Pippo, with an oath. "Since she will have it so—the fool woman!—fling the boy into her wagon, men, and bring him along."

• (To be continued.)

How a Famous Bridge was Built.

The span of the Suspension Bridge below Niagara Falls is some 750 feet, and the height of the Bridge is 238 feet. The cables were stretched from pier to pier by the aid of a boy's kite, sent up on one side of the river and carried by the wind across to the other. To the string of the kite was attached a cord, and to the cord a rope. Thus a communication was established. So a single sin, even a small sin, may draw after it the most weighty consequences. Let us beware of the first sin,—the first oath or the first little theft or the first small lie.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"The New Freedom," President Wilson's new book, is recommended as "the work of a man who has had the most sensational opportunity of putting academic ideas to a practical test."

—We are glad to see the "Techny Series of Catholic Plays," whose first number is "Garcia Moreno's Death, a Modern Tragedy in 5 Acts," adapted by Frederick M. Lynk, S. V. D. We have already noticed this tragedy, when it appeared independently of the present series. Mission Press, Techny, Ill.

—J. Fischer & Bro. have just published two Masses that may be recommended. "Messa facile in Onore di S. Ciro," by Eduardo Bottigliero, is an easy composition and may be mastered by ordinary choirs. The Mass in honor of St. Catherine, by René L. Becker, will demand greater talent, and some "filing in the practice" besides.

—"Some Minor Poems of the Middle Ages," by Mary E. Segar, is complementary to her recent "Medieval Anthology." Some of the selections are widely known; others, and not the least interesting, are unfamiliar. All are intended to illustrate the mind and deeds of the time, and its manners and customs. Miss Segar writes an Introduction, and a glossary is furnished by Emmeline Paxton. Published by Longmans, Green & Co.

—It would be difficult to say what quality has escaped translation in "Catholic Christianity and the Modern World," a course of sermons by the Rev. K. Krogh-Tonning, D. D., rendered into English from the revised German edition, by A. M. Buchanan, M. A., and published by Mr. Joseph F. Wagner. We have the translator's word for it that this is the most widely known of the famous convert's apologetical works. As such, it should be welcome to readers of English, though it can hardly be said to enrich a literature to which men like Newman and Brownson contributed.

—The Rev. Dr. Thomas B. Scannell, whose death occurred last month in England, had fortunately completed his enlargement and revision of Addis and Arnold's "Catholic Dictionary," which will soon be published by Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co. In collaboration with Dr. Wilhelm, he also wrote "A Manual of Catholic Theology," another able work well known to Catholic students and much prized for its sound scholarship. Besides contributing many articles to reviews and magazines, Dr. Scannell

was the author of "The Priest's Studies." He was a member of the Commission on Anglican Orders appointed by Leo XIII. in 1896, and held important offices in the diocese of Southwark. His death, after long suffering, is much regretted by all who knew him.

—"Camillus de Lellis, the Hospital Saint," by a Sister of Mercy, comes to us from Benziger Brothers. A slender twelvemo of 165 pages, it contains a dozen very interesting chapters of a biography that can not but prove instructive as well as edifying to any reader over whom the hedonistic spirit of our age has not exerted too dominant sway. The author has made much use of the large Life of the saint included in the well-known Oratorian Series.

—An addition to the Early Church Classics Series, published by the S. P. C. K., is "St. Gregory of Nyssa: The Catechetical Oration," by the Rev. Dr. Srawley. The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, by the way, is so well known as the official publishing concern of the Church of England that its advertisements in English papers are always headed "S. P. C. K. Books." It was the hope of Cardinal Newman—a hope which bids fair to be realized some day—that the English Catholic Truth Society would become to the Church in England what the S. P. C. K. is to the Establishment.

—A second instalment of the autobiography of Mr. Safroni-Middleton, published last month in London under the title "A Vagabond's Odyssey," includes interesting particulars concerning Father Damien, the Apostle of Molokai; also some reminiscences of Robert Louis Stevenson, with whom the author became acquainted during a visit to Samoa. Mr. Safroni-Middleton will be remembered by many readers as the author of "Sailor and Beachcomber." In the present volume he presents some of his experiences and adventures in the United States, Japan, Australia, New Zealand, Spain, France, and other countries.

—Nobody knows whether he (and especially she) has made a "good retreat" until a year afterwards. It is the after-effects that count; the reformation which a retreat effects in one's life is the test of its value to the soul. To help render these fruits permanent, Father John Rickaby, S. J., has prepared a highly useful volume, which he calls "Enlargements upon Meditations Made in Time of Retreat." It deals with such fundamental matters as the

end of man, the use of creatures, sin, etc.,—just such subjects as form the staple considerations of a retreat. These the writer enlarges upon, from a wide acquaintance with sacred science and a deep knowledge of the human heart. The result of faithfully perusing such a work should be to extend the influence of the retreat and make its effects enduring. Fr. Rickaby writes with power, all the greater for his rejection of the artifices of style. A beautiful book, well worth the 60 cents for which it sells. Mr. Joseph F. Wagner, publisher.

—It has been well said that there is a sort of high compulsion, recognized by all lofty minds, to bear witness to the truth wherever found. That is how the best books get their circulation. A liberal-minded reader who has learned something to his advantage from a book is eager to make it known to others. Indeed, the best promoters of good literature everywhere are readers rather than reviewers, many of whom often fail to appreciate, even to examine thoroughly, the books which they criticise. It frequently happens that works of exceptional value, instead of being noticed as they deserve, are dismissed with a few perfunctory lines of mere mention. Hence the obligation of all readers to make known the good books that come in their way.

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.

- "Catholic Christianity and the Modern World." Dr. Krogh-Tonning. \$1.25.
 "Camillus de Lellis, the Hospital Saint." A Sister of Mercy. \$1.
 "Catholic Christianity; or, The Reasonableness of Our Religion." Rev. O. Vassall-Phillips, C. SS. R. \$1.50.
 "A Retrospect of Fifty Years." Cardinal Gibbons. 2 vols. \$2.
 "A Manual of Modern Scholastic Philosophy." Cardinal Mercier, etc. Vol. I. \$3.50.
 "The Mass and Vestments of the Catholic Church." Rt. Rev. Monsignor John Walsh. \$1.75.
 "The White People." Frances H. Burnett. \$1.20.

- "Great Inspirers." Rev. J. A. Zahm, C. S. C., Ph. D. \$1.50.
 "The History of Mother Seton's Daughters. The Sisters of Charity of Cincinnati, Ohio. 1809-1917." Sister Mary Agnes McCann, M. A. Vols. I. and II. \$5.
 "The New Life." Rev. Samuel McComb, D. D. 50 cts.
 "The Ancient Journey." A. M. Sholl. \$1.
 "The Sacrament of Friendship." Rev. H. C. Schuyler. \$1.10.
 "Songs of Creelabeg." Rev. P. J. Carroll, C. S. C. \$1.40.
 "Sermons and Sermon Notes." Rev. B. W. Maturin. \$2.
 "Illustrations for Sermons and Instructions." Rev. Charles J. Callan, O. P. \$2.
 "The Holiness of the Church in the Nineteenth Century." Rev. Constantine Kempf, S. J. \$1.75.
 "Gerald de Lacey's Daughter." Anna T. Sadlier. \$1.35.

Obituary.

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

Rev. Michael Becker, of the diocese of Cleveland; Rev. Paul Rosch, archdiocese of Chicago; and Rev. George Pettit, S. J.

Sister M. Rosarium, of the Sisters I. H. M.; and Sister M. Gertrude, Sisters of Mercy.

Mr. M. J. Petrie, Mr. George Shaw, Mr. M. S. Campbell, Mr. George McIntyre, Mrs. Michael O'Sullivan, Mr. James McAstocker, Mrs. Catherine M. Butler, Mr. Angus McLellan, Miss Elizabeth Lyons, Mr. Christopher Cavanaugh, Miss Ellen Fox, Mr. John Swehla, Mrs. James Kirby, Mr. Michael Conway, Mr. D. J. Befa, Mrs. Mary A. Donovan, Mr. Matthew Campbell, Mrs. Dora Minahan, Mr. Joseph Dugdale, Mr. Edward McLean, Mr. E. J. Condell, Mrs. J. C. Flynn, Mr. Thomas A. Rowe, Mr. H. J. Luecke, Mr. T. C. Green, Miss Bridget Riordan, Mr. Daniel Sullivan, Mr. Thomas F. Clarke, Mr. Edward Deenan, Mr. John Doud, and Miss Abbie Cremin.

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: J. L., \$5; Mrs. J. A. T., \$1; K. M. Griffin, \$2.10. For the rescue of orphaned and abandoned children in China: Child of Mary, \$1; Mrs. C. H. E., \$2; S. O. S., \$5. To supply good reading to prisons, hospitals, etc.: Camden, \$1; Friend, \$2; H. A. D., \$1.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 49.

VOL. V. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MARCH 31, 1917.

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Lenten Communion.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

REST in a friend's house, Dear, I pray:
The way is long to Good Friday,
And very chill and grey the way.

No crocus with its shining cup,
Nor the gold daffodil is up,—
Nothing is here save the snowdrop.

Sit down with me and have good cheer:
Too soon, too soon, Thy Passion's here;
The wind is keen and the skies drear.

Sit by my fire and break my bread.
Yea, from Thy dish may I be fed,
And under Thy feet my hair spread?

Lord, in the quiet, chill and sweet,
Let me pour water for Thy feet,
While the crowd goes by in the street.

Why wouldst Thou dream of spear or sword,
Or of the ingrate rabble, Lord?
There is no sound save the song of a bird.

Let us sit down and talk at ease
About Thy Father's business,
(What shouts were those borne on the breeze?)

Nay, Lord, it can not be for Thee
They raise the tallest cross of the three
On yon dark Mount of Calvary!

So soon, so soon, the hour's flown!
The glory's dying: Thou art gone
Out on Thy lonely way, alone.

THERE is a great difference between having temptations and yielding to them; for the sin consists, not in being attacked, but in surrendering.—Rodriguez.

If We are to Make Our Calling and Election Sure.

TRUE piety presupposes divine charity, requires that the state of sanctifying grace shall be at least the habitual state of the soul. True piety presupposes also a faithful endeavor to keep the Commandments of God and the Church, and to do God's will by carrying out the duties, secular as well as religious, that pertain to each one's state of life. But genuine devotion, the devout life, is something beyond these things,—it adds something to them: it adds to them a certain promptness, activity, industry, and readiness in the service of God our Father; a promptness, activity, and readiness that are due to divine charity working within us, and to our willing co-operation with the charity of God that is poured out in our hearts by the Holy Spirit. Thus, while charity is the fire, devotion is the bright active flame that bursts forth from it. Devotion, then, is charity, not left languid and unexercised, but carried to its proper perfection in action.

Now, piety, to endure, must have a strong and firm foundation. How often we see young people apparently full of a tender piety and devotion, frequenting the Sacraments, given to prayer, fond of the Church, eager to attend services,—and then, a year or two after they have left school, all has disappeared; there is not a vestige of their former piety left! Sometimes we see the same thing in converts after they have been a year or two in the

Church. This is a sure sign that in such cases piety was not built upon a solid foundation. It was built upon sentiment or natural feeling only, or on the desire for emotional sensations. These sensations were obtained from religion, and the desire for sensation was satisfied for a time by religion. But now the desire for sensation finds its satisfaction in things that are more exciting,—in the allurements of the world, and the pleasures of the natural man to which the world so abundantly ministers.

Emotion, of course, has its proper place in religion and in piety, but it will not do for a foundation. Piety that is to stand firm against the assaults of the world, the flesh and the devil, must rest on a solid foundation laid deep in the soul.

The foundation of true and solid piety is twofold, it comprises two elements, it is a concrete formed of two indispensable materials: they are a strong, living faith, and the fear of God. "We see many young people," says a modern saint, "after manifesting the most tender piety, allowing themselves to be drawn away by the pleasures of the world. The reason is that they chose to feed their souls with mere tender sentiments, *instead of rooting them deep in faith, and the fear of God, and the horror of sin, with its eternal consequences.*"

At present we will consider only faith, as one of the two elements of the foundation of true and lasting piety. Indeed, if faith be living and active, it can not but be that the fear of God will accompany it. Faith, according to the words of the Council of Trent, is the beginning, the foundation, and the root of our justification. These three words, "beginning," "foundation," "root," were not chosen at random by the holy Council. The second adds something to the first, and the third to the other two. Faith is, indeed, the beginning of everything. "Without faith it is impossible to please God." (Heb., xi, 6.) Without faith there can be neither hope nor charity nor supernatural virtue nor salvation itself. But faith is not merely a beginning: it

is the foundation. The foundation *is* the beginning of a building; but it is also that upon which the building securely rests,—which gives to the building all its firmness and stability. So, whether our religion, our piety, stands firm or not, depends upon whether or not it rests upon a deep faith that nothing can shake.

But faith is not *any* kind of foundation: it is the root. Now, the root is also the foundation of a tree, but a living foundation, from which the living sap passes into the tree. So also faith is the root from which the tree of the Christian life, with its flowers and fruits of virtue, rises and has its sustenance, drawn by faith from the rich soil of Catholic truth and doctrine. From this root of faith the living sap must go forth into the whole tree. In other words, as the basis of a truly Christian and pious life, there must be a strong, firm-rooted and living faith,—a faith that comes out in action,—a faith such that we can say of its possessor that he really and truly *lives* by faith, according to the words of the holy Apostle, "My just one liveth by faith

What does this mean? It means that faith and the teachings of faith are the standard by which the just man regulates his thoughts and his conduct, his opinions and his judgment and all his activities. Of worldly men we truly say that this one lives for money, that one for pleasure, another for ambition or social position, another for art, another for sport, another for some earthly love. This money or ambition or social success or pleasure or love is the very life of such people. The life of the true Christian, of the truly pious and devout Christian, is in none of these things; he does not live by them or for them: he lives by and for his religion; that is, he lives by a faith which makes his religion a living reality to him.

Of how many of us can it be truly said that we not merely *have* the faith, but that we *live* by our faith,—that faith and the things of faith take, as a motive power and a regulating power in our thoughts

and lives, that place which worldly considerations take in the lives of worldly-minded people? Unless it is so—unless we are truly living by and for our faith, putting it before every other consideration; taking, by faith, the supernatural view of things; striving to shape our thoughts, our characters, our conduct according to the teachings of faith,—we have no claim to be considered pious or devout; nay, more: we have no claim to any well-grounded *security* that we are even on the road to salvation. This is a very serious matter.

To conclude, let us take one test, which will show us in one particular whether our piety is founded on a living, active faith. We can find similar tests in other matters which will help us to conduct a useful and necessary examination of our lives as to this question of really *living by* our faith.

We went to school; we learned our catechism. When we left school we had presumably a good and full knowledge of our religion. What is our knowledge of the Catholic religion to-day? How many questions in the catechism could we now answer, and give an intelligent explanation of the meaning of our answers? Supposing a non-Catholic came and asked for an explanation of the doctrine of Indulgences, what should we be able to say to him? Does faith enter into our lives sufficiently to give us a living interest in our holy religion and its teachings—surely the most interesting subject upon which the human mind can exercise itself,—such an interest as leads us to feed our minds with Catholic literature, with good reading which will nourish and keep alive our faith?

Here is a test, in one particular only, as has been said: but an important one, by which we may find out whether our Christian life and devotion is founded and rooted in a faith that is not half-dead, but living, permeating and regulating thought and conduct, and producing its due fruit in works of genuine piety,—a piety that is at once due to God for all His goodness, and necessary to us if we are to 'make our calling and election sure.' (II. St. Pet.)

The Crest of the Bodkins.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON.

XVII.—VARIOUS INCIDENTS.

HARRY TALBOT was bitterly disappointed upon finding that Fate had cast the die in favor of the court against the mine. Now, Talbot, who was keen and shrewd—having learned a good deal while an employee in the Chief Secretary's office at Dublin Castle,—had no great faith in the stability of the "Napoleonic venture," as a caustic American lady very tersely put it; and his belief in the silver mine at Santa Maria del Flor was absolutely unbounded.

"Bedad, but it's too bad intirely, sir!" observed Rody, ruefully, after a conversation with Talbot, in which the latter had represented the enormous fortune to be gained by following the mine. "But sure there never was a Bodkin that did not make an *omadhaun*—axin' yer pardon, sir!—an *omadhaun* of himself for wan of the cutest, contrariest sex that ever lived. I'm no inimy to faymales meself, sir,—begorra it's the other way. Sojerin' is an illigant thrade for a gentleman if he's in the Faugh-a-Ballaghs or the Connaught Rangers, and on guard at the Bank of Ireland or the Castle, or at a review in the Phaynix Park; but for to be sojerin' in a furrin land, in a furrin army, in a furrin langwidge, and for to be Herr Bodekeen instead of Bodkin of Ballyboden, ain't worth a *thraneen*. And I'm hopin' that Masther Arthur will turn to the mine, dig out as much silver as will draw the sthrop off the ould place, then go back to Ireland, and take Miss Nugent wid him; and won't we have a royal ould Irish weddin'!"

And Rody dashed into a jig that would have done honor to the biggest "doore" at Punchestown.

There were such "life" in Rody's gyrations that Talbot was fired with emulation, and he leaped into the centre of the

apartment, faced Rody O'Flynn and commenced to "welt the flure" in so artistic a manner as to beget the wildest admiration of his partner.

While the two dancers were facing each other, the wooden floor resounding to the rappings of their toes and heels, Arthur Bodkin entered; and, finding that it was the Fox Hunters' Jig that was being danced, instantly joined in, cutting and capering as only an Irish jig-dancer *can* cut and caper. Finally Rody bolted; and Arthur, fanning himself with Talbot's *sombrero*, went out on the balcony to cool off.

"I do believe they have seen us from the imperial apartments!" cried Arthur. "Come out here, Harry. You see that line of windows with the crimson hangings?"

"Yes."

"That is the Empress' suite; and I'll swear that she and another lady were taking us in with opera-glasses. They jumped back as I came out."

"So much the better. They'll command us to dance it at the next Court Ball."

"Friday night. Would you like a card, Harry?"

"Not much. I have done with gentle dalliance of every description. I am here to dig money out of the bowels of the earth; and, with the blessing of God, I'll do it. See if I don't."

Some time later Harry Talbot took his departure for Santa Maria del Flor, a wild little place perched up in the Sierra Madre range, ten thousand feet above the level of the sea, and a day's ride by mule from the capital.

In due season Arthur Bodkin received his commission as extra aid-de-camp on the Imperial Staff, a position that kept him perpetually on the move; for, being the youngest aid, he was in the saddle from rosy morn to dewy eve, riding hard between the National Palace and Chapultepec, and *vice versa*. If he had hoped to see Alice Nugent by accepting this position, he was doomed to bitter disappointment; since his dispatches invariably

led him to the quarters of the Adjutant-General, on the Molino del Rey side of the Castle, while the apartments of the Empress and of her ladies were at the Guadalupe side. Once, indeed, he met Miss Nugent driving into the capital in one of the imperial victorias. She was alone, and her crimson parasol became instantly lowered as he approached. He was too proud to allow himself to be "cut dead"; so, putting spurs to his horse, he dashed madly toward Chapultepec. Had he but turned round, he might have taken a small dose of consolation from the fact that the occupant of the victoria, possibly fearing his horse had bolted, stood up in the carriage in order to ascertain if her fears were unhappily realized.

At the first Court Ball, a most magnificent and imposing function, our hero perceived Alice standing a little behind her imperial mistress, looking very pale and weary, but, oh, so beautiful, so *distingué!* Although his new appointment permitted him within the red silken ropes that railed the imperial court from the *hoi polloi*, he made no attempt to draw near; but from the music gallery and behind a gigantic fern, he watched her every movement. He saw Count Ludwig von Kalksburg approach her, bow low, and evidently ask her to dance. To his intense joy, she declined, shaking her head negatively as the Count courteously persisted. The Empress turned and said something to her, which caused her to plant her fan before her face, while Carlotta laughed. A strange instinct told Arthur that the Empress had alluded to himself, and he was right. Hearing Count Kalksburg pressing her Maid of honor to dance, the Empress laughingly observed: "She will dance only an Irish jig to-night, and is waiting for her partner."

Arthur Bodkin was correct when he surmised that the jig in his quarters had been witnessed by the Empress. The wild whoo-whoop of Rody attracted one of the ladies of the court, who not unnaturally imagined that somebody's throat was

being split. Seizing an opera-glass and stepping to the window, great was her astonishment upon perceiving two men dancing like dervishes. And when the Empress joined her, a third had cut joyously in; and all three kept silently watching for at least ten minutes. Inquiry showed that the apartment in which the wild dance was executed was the quarters of the Irish aid-de-camp, and the dance was naturally set down by Alice herself as the national jig.

One afternoon at Chapultepec, while Arthur awaited dispatches, a chamberlain came to him to announce that the Empress desired his presence. Carlotta was seated in a bower composed of myrtle intertwined with orange trees, still known as "Carlotta's Bower." The Countess von Gleichen was in waiting.

"How speeds your wooing?" demanded the Empress, without preface of any description; and, perceiving that he glanced askance at the lady in waiting, "Oh, never mind! She does not understand English. How runs the course of true love?"

Arthur was dumfounded.

"Not smoothly?" she went on. "Your lady is very obstinate. She is only a woman, you know. I am about to make a tour of our provinces. The Emperor can not leave the capital. I purpose going to Yucatan. I have named you on my personal staff, because you are brave—and in love. Miss Nugent shall be *en service*. Due notice shall be given—not a word. You may retire."

This excursion of the Empress had been canvassed in court circles for some time. Her personal charm was so great, she was so magnetic, that it was considered extremely advisable for her to show herself to her subjects, especially in the disaffected districts. In its strategic position and material resources, Yucatan was of uttermost importance to the interests of the Empire. Its inhabitants had not yielded a ready obedience to their new masters, and a general discontent threatened the traditional revolution, the curse

of Mexico. The Emperor could not leave his post of constant responsibility; and the Empress, after some hesitation, at length consented, with a few friends and a small escort, to pay a visit to the province, assure the Yucatanese of the government's interest in their welfare, allay their suspicions, and attach them to the policy and purposes of the Empire.

It was upon a glorious, sunshiny morning that the imperial cortege set forth from the National Palace *en route* to Merida. In an open carriage drawn by six white horses, and surrounded by the *élite* of the staff mounted on superb chargers, sat Carlotta, looking every inch a queen. Beside her was a lady of her court—the Countess von Könnigrätz; opposite, another court lady, a Mexican; and Baron Berghheim. Five imperial carriages followed, the coachmen and footmen in white and gold.

To his dismay, Arthur perceived that Alice was absent. Could she be ill? Was this the cause of her absence? He dared not ask the Empress: etiquette compelled him to remain silent until spoken to, and then merely to reply,—not to interrogate or even to make comment. Another twinge of misery assailed him, for Count Ludwig von Kalksburg was not of the party. Of course his absence was easily accounted for, since he was of the Emperor's household; but he was under the same roof with Alice, and would he not use every wile to win the beautiful Irish girl, whom he very sincerely and honestly loved?

Arthur being acquainted with the Countess von Könnigrätz, during the stoppage for luncheon contrived to ask her if Miss Nugent was not to have been *en service*.

"Oh, yes! But she was not feeling quite up to the mark, and Dr. Bochenbelst advised her to remain quietly at Chapultepec," said the Countess.

"Pray God it may be nothing serious!" exclaimed Arthur.

"Oh, nothing at all! She has been

very hard worked, and you know our Empress does not spare her. In fact, her Majesty was desirous of postponing this business because the *fräulein* could not come. Do not worry," added the Countess, with a laugh. "You Irish people have such suqerb constitutions, and all Miss Nugent needs is a little absolute rest."

With this Arthur had to rest contented, and it was but poor comfort at best.

The Empress visited the principal towns, and was received with the uttermost respect, the uttermost courtesy, and with considerable enthusiasm,—an enthusiasm that became stronger during her progress. For such was her earnestness, sincerity, charm of speech and manner, that she won hearts on every side, as she had done at Vera Cruz, Puebla, and in the court circles of the capital. It was upon her return from this trip that the Abbé Domenech exclaimed: "If this country had ever had a president with half the tact, energy, and honesty of the Empress, it would be in a truly prosperous condition."

It was at Merida that her mission culminated, and the story of her success is thus told in a letter of that date:

After receiving the congratulations of the delegations appointed to welcome her, her Majesty advanced into the city, in the midst of the liveliest acclamations; the cortege being swelled by various deputations and by a large number of distinguished persons. She was received upon the steps of the porch of the temple by the apostolic administrator of the diocese, the venerable ecclesiastical chapter, and all the clergy of the capital.

Kneeling upon a crimson velvet cushion, bordered with gold fringe and placed upon a rich carpet, her Majesty kissed the crucifix presented to her, and then entered the edifice under a canopy borne by the judges of the Superior Court and the members of the Government Council of the district.

In the chancel a rich canopy was prepared; and, after prayers customary upon the reception of sovereigns, and a chant accompanied by solemn music, worship was offered to Him through whose will all sovereigns reign; during which the Empress remained kneeling in a most devout attitude. A solemn *Te Deum*, expressly composed for the occasion, was then rendered.

The vast cathedral was filled with a numerous assemblage, comprising persons belonging to the highest as well as the lowest degrees of society, collected together to welcome the Empress.

Upon the conclusion of the religious ceremonies, her Majesty received the congratulations of the officials of the district, in a mansion specially arranged for the purpose; and a large number of military and civil officers and citizens paid their respects. In reply to the congratulatory address, she appeared on the balcony of her apartments, at the request of the multitude without, and expressed herself as follows:

"We have long wished to visit you, in order to study your necessities and learn your desires. The Emperor, being prevented from effecting this important object, has sent me to you to present to you his cordial greetings. I assure you from my heart that he deeply regrets that he can not be here with me, to tell you how great is his affection toward you. He will regret it still more when I inform him of the enthusiastic reception you have given me. He desires, and by all means will endeavor to secure, the prosperity and happiness of the people of Yucatan."

XVIII.—IN PERIL.

"Masther Arthur," observed Rody one evening, after Bodkin had inspected the stables in the Old-World hostlery in Merida, where the staff was quartered, "may I make bould for to spake up to ye, sir?"

"Go on, Rody."

"Well, sir, I'm pickin' up Jarmin as quick as I could pick up mushrooms beyant in ould Mickey Mulligan's field; an' I keep me ears wide open; an', mind what I tell ye, sir, there'll be a mighty bould attmpt for to carry off the Impress an' her crown."

"Ha!" said Arthur, all attention; for he recalled Rody's suspicions of Señor Gonzalez, *alias* Mazazo, and how well founded they proved to be.

"Yes, sir, there's somethin' in the wind. An' that little black, that sarvint of the ould lady, the Countess Can-you-scratch" (Rody's pronunciation of Könnigrätz), "is in it. I'm keepin' an eye like the Skib-beren aigle on him; but I think, sir, it would be the best for to have him well watched."

"Rody, this may be serious. You are no alarmist."

"Sorra a bit, sir; but I like for to take the bull be the horns. It's a way I have wid me. An' another thing I'll be afther tellin' ye. Mazazo or his fetch is here, sir, as sure as Sunda'."

"This *is* serious, Rody. Why didn't you speak of this before?"

"Bekase, Masther Arthur, it was yer own father—the heavens be his bed this night, amin!—that said to me: 'Rody, be always sure,' sez he, 'before ye take a step in aither love or war.' An' I'm the cautiouserest craytur ye ever met."

Arthur had the most implicit confidence in the shrewdness of his retainer, knowing him to possess a keen power of observation, and a faculty for putting two and two together. In addition, O'Flynn was no alarmist. He was as fearless as a Nubian lion, and would prefer being in a "scrimmage" any day to being out of one. A note of warning from Rody meant as much as "boots and saddles" from any other man.

"Go about as usual, Rody, and keep your ears and eyes open. We leave here to-night for Santa Ysabella, in order to allow the Empress to travel in the cool, and to enjoy the glories of the full moonlight. If danger is ahead, it ought to burst to-night, and on this trip. Leave me now, and report every hour. Be sure to keep your eyes and ears open."

Bodkin was seriously alarmed. Should any mishap come to the Empress, every member of the staff was doomed. It was a case of do or die. He wandered about the rambling old building in which the staff was quartered, and which had formerly been a convent, in the hope of seeing or hearing a *something* that might concern Rody's suspicions; but nothing came to him. Quitting the building, he strolled up the Alameda, and pulling out his briar-root pipe, "readied" it and began to smoke, seeking inspiration in the soothing weed.

An hour thus passed away, during which Arthur cogitated for the safety of the Empress; the image of Alice standing out

in boldest relief the while. But nothing came of his "cogitabundity of cogitation," save the opalescent smoke that curled from under his mustache and ascended the spreading arms of a gigantic cactus. The clock from the cathedral rang out six, and then came the sweet, prayer-inspiring sounds of the Angelus. Our hero removing his cap, placed it upon the seat beside him; and, bending his head reverently, repeated the familiar prayer. As he was about to replace his cap, to his astonishment he discovered a piece of paper lying in it folded strap-wise. Hastily opening it, he read the single word: "*Muerta!*" (Death!)

He sprang to his feet, flinging glances to the right and to the left; but the Alameda was absolutely empty. He leaped behind the cactus, that spread out like a hedge as a screen to the bench on which he had been sitting; but there was nobody in sight. He argued that no bird could have dropped that death-warrant into his cap. It must have been placed there while he was repeating the *Ave Maria*, and the person who deposited it must have been waiting for an opportunity. What did it all mean? Worried and mortified at being cozened after this fashion, Arthur retired to the hotel, to find Rody O'Flynn awaiting him.

"There's something up, Masther Arthur. They're giving a double dose of oats to some of the horses this minute, an' there's two of the men ready for to start. They're two that joined us at the place wid the quare name."

"Tlamplanixametecar, I think."

"Bedad, sir, if ye didn't hit it, ye made it lave *that*."

"Who took these men on?"

"Sorra a know I know, sir."

"Any more news?"

"No, sir."

"Well, *I* have news for you, Rody!" And Arthur told O'Flynn of the warning word, and the mysterious manner in which it came to him.

Rody gave a whistle.

"This bangs Banagher, Masther Arthur. Faix, we must do somethin', or somebody else will be doin' it for us."

Arthur sought Baron Bergheim. The Baron was at first inclined to laugh at the whole affair; but, seeing how very grave Bodkin was, and recalling the Mazazo episode, he resolved upon taking counsel of the military commander of the expedition, General Count Hoyos. After considerable discussion, it was eventually resolved to countermand the night journey; and, in addition, to secretly change the route for the next day,—sending Arthur and an orderly on the prepared road, so as to allay any suspicions.

"We're in for it, anyhow,—Masther Arthur. An' I've a notion that we ought for to take a couple of fine bastes,—not our own sir, for I'm thinkin' that my horse is doctored, for he's o' his oats an' yers is only dawney."

"By Jove, you are right, Rody! You're a perfect brick!"

"An' I've hid our revolvers, sir, till the time comes for startin'. Lave it all to me, Masther Arthur. If two Irishmen isn't aigual to forty Mexicos, may I never set foot agin on the ould sod!"

It was a glorious moonlight night, and moonlight in Mexico means that the "viceregent of the sky" bathes the earth in liquid pearl. Arthur Bodkin, accompanied by his orderly, rode out of the shadow of the old convent as the clocks were telling the hour of ten,—the start of the imperial cortege being named for eleven. Rody had picked out two superb chargers; being, like every country-bred Irishman, an expert in horse-flesh. He had also provided himself with three extra rounds of ammunition and a pair of extra revolvers.

Baron Bergheim seemed to realize danger when Arthur reported himself ready for the road.

"Hey! but it takes an Irishman to run this risk!" he cried. "There *is* something up; for Hoyos has got hold of some information that has startled him. It

is due to you, my dear boy. And if—if—you should come to grief, I'll take good care that you get all the credit due to you." And the old man turned away without another word, his voice a little thick.

The two horsemen had ridden about three miles, and now reined in on an open plain dotted with cactus.

"We can speak here without fear of being overheard," observed Arthur.

"Ye can, sir, if the Mexico behind that bush doesn't understand English."

"What Mexican?—what bush?"

"Just there, sir. I seen him dodgin' from clump to clump like a rabbit. But don't take heed of him, sir; there's more of thim, depind on *that!* See him, sir—ah! there he goes!"

A dark form was seen scurrying from bush to bush, almost bent double, and moving at considerable speed.

"Perhaps some poor peon frightened to death."

"I've me doubts, Masther Arthur. But whisht! I hear horses comin' toward us. Look to yer baste, sir, and out wid yer revolver. Let us hold up, sir, and take the middle of the road."

Rody's acute sense of hearing warned him of the approach of danger. A shrill whistle, thrice repeated, from the direction which the bounding figure had taken, proved that the scout had given the alarm; and in a few minutes four horsemen rode into sight,—riding slowly, two abreast.

"Make a dart for that big lump of a cactus, Masther Arthur. We'll back our horses agin it, and they can't surround us anyway."

This advice was instantly adopted; and our hero, with his orderly, reined in; their horses facing the roadway, their revolvers in their hands.

The approaching horsemen, either upon hearing the whistle or upon perceiving Arthur and his companion, broke into single file and came on at a light canter, which changed into a walk when within talking distance.

As they came up the leader halted, and, touching the rim of his *sombrero*, politely exclaimed:

“*Buenas noches!*”

“*Buenas noches, caballero!*” responded Bodkin, touching his cap after the military fashion.

The leader then asked if the imperial cortege was close at hand. To which Arthur gave a very ungrammatical and impossible reply.

“*Mucho gracias!*” said the other, as politely as though our hero had given him every possible detail; he then bowed low, and, putting his splendid barb into a canter, rode away, followed by his companions.

“I’m thinking that we were frightened without cause, Rody.”

“Mebbe so, yer honor; but I have me doubts. We’re not out of it yet; for here’s more of them,—whatever they are, frinds or foes.”

Another party of horsemen now rode into view, the moonlight flashing on the accoutrements of their steeds. This party numbered about ten, and were saluted by the same shrill whistle, thrice repeated.

“I thought so!” muttered Rody. “If we have for to fight now, sir, it’s not on the Fair Green of Ballynowlan wid *kippeens* we’ll be.” And as the cavalcade drew nearer: “We’re in for it, sir. Almighty God and the Blessed Virgin help us! I seen thim dhrawin’ their guns and soords.”

Backing their horses to another cactus bush, Arthur and Rody stood prepared, every nerve at its highest tension. Even while they executed this manœuvre, the four horsemen came up at a gallop. There was no mistaking their intentions, for both parties rode straight to the two Irishmen.

As Arthur raised his revolver a shot from behind rang out, and then another; and two saddles were instantly emptied: those of Arthur Bodkin of Ballyboden and Rody O’Flynn, his orderly.

(To be continued.)

Gethsemane.

BY THE REV. E. E. LAWS.

CHRIST strives in prayer on Olivet:
The moon peeps through the leafy clefts and sees

Her Maker bowed in agonies,
All bathed in bloody sweat.

Awhile, with awe-struck face,

She gazes on the place,

And then o’ershrouds

Her grief in clouds.

The stars, no longer twinkling bright,

Are dull and still;

For, lo! their Lord, the world’s Great Light,

Is in the depths of gloom this night

Upon that Olive Hill.

The wind is moaning low

To tree and plant and flower;

And they, in drooping silence, show

They keep with Christ the Holy Hour.

And from their nests the song birds peer;

They can not sleep;

With leaden tread, the beasts draw near

And vigil keep.

And Cedron’s torrent sobs

For Christ in pain.

Anon the Dead Sea throbs

With life again.

Sad Nature hovers near the tree,

And pours the balm of sympathy

Upon the midnight agony.

And there,

Eyes brimmed with dole,

An angel chants a mystic air

To soothe Christ’s aching soul.

But man, unfeeling, stands aloof

From Him who bleeds in man’s behoof.

Ah, kneel beside the Stricken One

And learn what sin can do,—

What love hath done

For you!

How great a good is fasting, how powerful a shield against our enemy the devil.—*St. Chrysostom.*

At the Scala Santa.

BY GABRIEL FRANCIS POWERS.

“WHAT should one do on Good Friday?”

“Think about one’s sins.”

“And suppose one has no sins?”

“I can’t imagine anything so blissful.”

“That’s because you are a morose Papist, imbued with Mediæval doctrines. Educated people don’t commit sin, Johnny. But, of course, if it would give you any pleasure, I could put on a long black dress and a very long black veil (like those frights the other day who were going *al Vaticano* to see the Pope), and spend the rest of the day weeping and wailing.”

“I don’t want you to weep and wail. But I wish you wouldn’t joke about Good Friday.”

“My dear boy, you are so unreasonable! I simply ask you, for my information and enlightenment, how people spend the day in Rome, and you begin to upbraid me for my sins, instead of telling me; and then you rebuke me for joking.”

“The day is a very sacred one; and Catholics don’t want it touched, even from afar.”

“Catholics, yes! But I am not a Catholic. I am an agnostic. That makes a difference. However, if you will just tell me where I can hear some good music, I will promise to leave the subject immediately.”

“I’m sorry, but I don’t think you will get *any* music. Even the church bells are silenced. And if there is any singing, it will be without accompaniment.”

“Sheer dreariness, insomnia? I don’t think I shall like it at all. But is there no service?”

“Only a short one in the morning, called the Mass of the Presanctified, and the Veneration of the Cross. In the afternoon, or rather beginning at noon, the Three Hours’ devotion is kept in a good many churches,—the three hours on the Cross, you know.”

“I know.... But, Johnny, I always thought it was three days.”

“No: three hours,—from twelve to three. He died at three o’clock.”

“And you fast, I suppose?”

“We do.”

“Is there no custom or observance special to Rome?”

“Most Romans go to the Scala Santa sometime during the day.”

“The place where they have to climb up on their knees?”

“Yes: the stairs from Pilate’s house in Jerusalem, brought over by the Empress Helena.”

“But why should you worship Pilate?”

“Great guns—I beg your pardon!—we don’t worship Pilate. We don’t worship anybody or anything but God,—and certainly not Pilate, who was an unjust judge, to say the least of it. But Our Lord went up and down those stairs in the early hours of the first Good Friday, and we do it for a remembrance of Him.”

“You don’t, Johnny, surely?”

“Indeed I do! I have never missed it as long as I have been in Rome. And I wouldn’t drop it now for anything. Five a. m. sees me under way.”

“Five a. m.! Oh, you martyr! But why so ungodly an hour?”

“Because I like to say my prayers in peace; and later on the crowd is so dense it is impossible to get even one knee onto the first step, much less to move.”

“It must be quite a spectacle. But five a. m.! Isn’t it dark still?”

“It’s growing light.”

The woman shivered slightly, drawing in her shoulders—“You Romanists are such *uncomfortable* people, Johnny!”—and leaned back to look at him laugh. She was very fond of the young sculptor, and, involuntarily, it touched her to think of the good-looking, life-loving boy going up on his knees in the bleak daybreak, ‘for a remembrance of Christ,’ that flight of steps which had looked so gloomy and terrible to her one day when, sight-seeing, she peeped in from the door.

After he had left she dined alone. It was not unusual for her to do this. But it was usual for some social engagement—the theatre or visitors—to follow; and this evening she was to be alone. “Maundy Thursday” he had called it. Were the good Romans all keeping the day? She would have had no objection to being left undisturbed over her fire, under ordinary circumstances; but to-night some weird mood of troublesome sadness, of mere physical depression, held her cowed and unhappy under its spell. Who can help the subtle, unreachable spirit when it undertakes to wander, twisting and turning upon itself in agony, from cave to cave in its secret places of dread and horror?

She had been a brilliant and courted girl at home; no need to roam. She had been the idol of a man who set her very high upon a pedestal. She could not care for him. Another came, whose eyes and lips had drawn her,—one who promised supreme things and gave them. She was his bride, the culmination of all dreams. And then, as the little years ebbed and waned—three or four of them only,—she had seen her flowers of life wither, and tasted the fruitage, ashes and wormwood, Dead Sea fruit. Through the splendid luxury of their outer life, a something hidden, a something icy and blasting, had crept to her and transfixed her. There came a night when she had seen clearly and understood. Yet he kissed her before he left her. It was that made her start up sometimes when she was alone, her hands and teeth clinched lest she cry out in the paroxysms of despair. Why had he done it? Why had he done it? He did not suffer.

She had heard. In the depths of the pinewoods, near the sea, was the new home he had made. Two handsome children—her dream which had never come true—were in the nursery. And the limousine, with that other woman who was so fair, waited for him every evening as he stepped off the train. He had not suffered; and the world cares little, forgives easily and

forgets. Her own people alone would not forgive, could not forget. It made her father’s house unendurable. Yet she would not leave. She stayed, head high, artificial bloom on her white cheeks, and said it made no difference,—until one day a chance meeting, a mere passing of that pale, sumptuous profile she knew so well, as a suburban train slid past her own, had sent her racing away tumultuously from home and friends. That was the one thing she could not endure. She would not own to herself the reason why, though it may be she knew it. She had fled across the sea, from country to country, from town to town, restless, unsatisfied everywhere.

In Rome she stopped. The city held her, fascinated her. It was Alma Roma, Cosmopolis, Sanctuary, the home of all the living and of some dead,—some four days dead who will reawaken there to life. She had begun to count the things for which she could be thankful. Open air, sunshine, health (except for insane nights like to-night, when she could not sleep, and hated every hour that struck); the Campagna, friends; the young sculptor in particular (she was most thankful for him); pictures, the flowers in the square. If one could only sleep every night! And then the pain stabbed again, deep probing, poisonous, bitter beyond words. Why had he done it? Why did he steal away like a thief? If he had grown to feel that no other issue was possible, why had he not talked it over as a friend with a friend? Why, with betrayal in his heart, and eyes averted,—why had he kissed her?

Fiercely she started up, the nails hurting the palms of her hands, so tightly did she clinch them. It was not indignation alone: it was more grievous than that,—a resentment that ate into the soul, corroding and never consuming it; a hidden torture that began again every day. The tip of her satin slipper struck viciously at the logs burning in the fireplace and scattered them; a chair overturned as she thrust it furiously aside. She did not ring for her maid. The sound of a voice would

be unendurable. She wanted to be alone, alone, alone. Alone? She sat upon the edge of her bed and laughed. It was a soundless laugh exceeding bitter. What else was she ever, by day, by night, whether she walked the streets or stayed at home?

It was absolutely of no use to go to bed to-night: she knew she would not sleep. And yet what was the use of sitting up? If she could only wipe it all out of her mind, make her memory a blank, find Nirvāna! What was Nirvāna? Could the East help her? Those mysterious cults of the Orient might prove a solace. Over there in the little enamelled chest were sleeping powders. They were sure. She knew them. How many sleeping powders would it take? Pshaw! the thought was contemptible. And, besides, she was still too much in love with life. Perhaps afterwards,—when she had exhausted Rome. But not yet. To-morrow would be Good Friday. And at dawn that poor, dear, foolish boy would be going up those dreary stairs on his knees. How much she would like to see him do it! And yet perhaps her presence might offend him, for he had said he liked to say his prayers in peace. Yet, why not? The place was a public one, even crowded at times; and she would keep in some dark corner. If she were awake in time, she would go. It would be delightful, quite an adventure. She would not let him see her; and when he came in for tea at five o'clock, as he had grown into the habit of doing every day as he left the studio, she would surprise him by telling him where she had been.

She did awaken early, but not quite early enough. The dim day was struggling in already at the windows. Hastily she dressed and stole out. The streets were singularly still in their emptiness, and the pale light lay wanly upon the house fronts and the uneven little cobble-stones. A sleepy cab-driver remembered what day it was when he received the order, "*Scala Santa*," and only wondered a little at the *bella signora* going out so early in the morning unattended. But she was evi-

dently a *forestiera*, so it did not matter. As they rattled past the Coliseum, where the Via S. Giovanni begins, the "fair lady" leaned far back under the hood, for she recognized the tall figure in the polo-coat returning. How annoying if he should see her! But he did not. With his collar up against the chill air, and his hands deep in his pockets, he seemed to be lost in thought. Just one glimpse of his face she caught, and marvelled; for it was unusually happy and peaceful, though with a certain air of intensity, as of spiritual gaze turned inward. Then he was gone.

The Piazza S. Giovanni in Laterano opened to view, and, with a jerk, the rolling cab stopped short. A few steps led into a marble vestibule; and opposite, in gloom, was the long flight of marble stairs, sheathed in wood, with groups of dusky figures kneeling here and there upon them. At the top, a dim fresco of the Crucifixion filled the wall-space. Very slowly, clambering step by step, and pausing upon each to pray, the dusky figures were going up. Occasionally they bent and touched the plane above them with their lips.

The stranger at the door stood watching. She had not the smallest intention of ascending the steps. She wanted only to see—and to understand if she could. Yet, somehow, the silence, the devotion of the people, and the hallowed twilight impressed her. The Passionist Father, sitting apart at his custodian's desk, glanced at her once or twice. Obviously, she was not a Catholic; yet she gazed with eyes intent and lips parted, wholly absorbed in the unfamiliar scene. She was growing colder, colder every minute with a dread numbness, and a feeling almost of physical sickness, because of her loneliness, her apartness, her weariness of life. She had no share with these people. Their worship was idolatrous. Neither had she with her own people, whose decorous temples were empty. She was not even sure she had a soul. Up there on the cross hung the dying Figure, with head bowed very low. This was the day on which He died. And what-

ever their ignorance, their blindness, their error, these people had a faith, a something to hold by, a something to love, since they were in this place and doing this act in remembrance of Him in whom they believed.

She moved forward a little, trying to spell out the inscription beneath the fresco; but it was too far away, and too dark to see. And her eyes fell instead, almost by surprise, upon one of the two groups of statuary at the foot of the stairs,—the one toward which she had unconsciously drawn. It was close beside her, she could almost touch it, and everything else seemed to fade away and disappear. Tall in his white majesty, the Galilean halted, as any man in like case would halt, to receive the proffered greeting. The divinely beautiful, mild countenance under the parted hair was full of gentleness, yet full of unspeakable sorrow, too; and the eyes, shadowed with a pain that seemed to reach back and touch past centuries, yet held, vividly, in the stab of their reproach, this other image, concrete before them, of the friend turned traitor who was delivering Him up in the very act of saluting Him.

Raised to this powerful and striking face—the face of one insulted and pierced to the heart, yet master of His pain, and too great to hate or curse even a traitor,—raised to this, with lips advanced, was another face full of craft and untruthfulness,—a low face, deceitful, degraded, venom in the eyes and at the corners of the drooping mouth; yet, though he kisses Him, approaching Him with a snake-like sinuousness of the body, his hands do not dare to touch Him, and trail backward outspread. Beneath the two figures are carved the words of the Victim, so tremendous in their arraignment of the betrayer's perfidy, in spite of their gentleness: "*Dost thou betray the Son of Man with a kiss?*"

The woman read the Latin through, and read it again. "*Osculo filium hominis tradis?*" She could not believe what she

saw. She had never heard this before. But she stood dumfounded, stunned by the knowledge she gathered of this unknown thing. Helpless, searching, she turned instinctively, as blind, to the nearest human presence.

"What is that?" her voice implored. "What does it mean?"

The Passionist Father, turning, saw the sweep of emotion, and the trouble in the stormy eyes.

"It is our Blessed Lord in the Garden of Olives when the soldiers and rabble come to seize Him, and Judas kisses Him as a sign to them that it is He whom they are to take. The inscription says: *Osculo filium hominis tradis?* ('Dost thou betray the Son of Man with a kiss?') the Redeemer's own words, you may remember, as we have them in the Gospel of St. Luke."

The questioner did not answer; neither did she thank. She had only wanted to be sure. Now she was. She had understood perfectly from the first, but could not believe the evidence of her own senses. And so slight was her knowledge of the Gospel story, she had never heard this detail of the Passion before. How appalling that one so noble, so gentle and so kingly as He who stood there in the austere purity of the marble should have been betrayed in the basest and most agonizing of ways! As she gazed, she found that a book was being put into her hands. She looked at it mechanically; the lines were blurred and indistinct; then, with a strong effort, she forced her mind to grapple with the open page.

"And when He rose up from prayer, and was come to His disciples, He found them sleeping for sorrow. And He said to them: Why sleep you? Arise, pray, lest you enter into temptation. As He was yet speaking, behold a multitude; and he that was called Judas, one of the twelve, went before them, and drew near to Jesus, to kiss Him. And Jesus said to him: Judas, dost thou betray the Son of Man with a kiss?"

The words stamped and branded them-

selves upon the reader's soul, the red-hot iron of their meaning torturing its very substance. Judas! She knew what Judas meant. It was the name of every treachery, of every betrayal, of every lie acted, of every selling of human souls and bodies, to the world's end. She returned the book, bending her head in acknowledgment. She could not speak. A bench lay at the end of the long vestibule, in shadow. Thither she went and sank upon it, covering her face with her hands in the vain effort to think, to control herself, to resist the terrific storm that was shaking her. Before her, from everywhere, that commanding face, silver-white in its majesty and pain, seemed to be looking; and the voice rang in her ears clearly sweet and compelling: "Dost thou betray the Son of Man with a kiss? Dost thou betray the Son of Man with a kiss?"

Why should she weep? This was no sorrow of hers. She did not know Him. She had never known Him. Those people on the stairs might, perhaps. The boy Williams seemed to know Him, but not she. Yet the sorrow flooding her swept her whole being in its irresistible tide. Long she wept, silently, in the merciful darkness. After all, between Him who suffered and herself there was a bond. One suffering had been common to both of them. And the awe with which His holiness inspired her was tempered by unspeakable compassion,—the compassion that must needs give tears. If the ascending of those stairs upon one's knees could be any compensation to Him, if there were any virtue of cleansing in the fulfilment of the lowly act, how gladly she would undertake it! Her sin was unforgiveness; but in the sculptured face, meek even in reproach, was a divine essence of pity that made her sure the one human emotion that would never mar its loveliness was the unsightliness of hate. A face like that could not hate; and mercy would be the breath upon its lips. How marvellous if one could see its beauty kindle in love!

Deliberately, she went over and knelt

upon the steps. She had no idea of any prayer to say,—she did not think she knew any. And then from some unused area of her mind a long-forgotten one came back to her from childhood: "Our Father, who art in heaven." A Catholic nurse had taught her, and she could remember it quite well. "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us." He who had made this petition and promise for His followers hung up there, dying, with His arms extended; forgiving, though in Him was no sin. As she ascended step by step, stumbling sometimes in her long wraps, she began to be able to distinguish the sentence beneath the Crucifixion fresco: "*Vulneratus est propter scelera nostra: propter iniquitates nostras attritus est.*" Here was something to think about! He had not suffered as we do, because we are powerless to escape and without purpose: He was 'wounded for our sins, and bruised—crushed—for our iniquities.' Was it for this, too, He had endured the lips of Judas? She tried to see His face, the look upon it; but the gloom gave her nothing save the pallor of it and the shell-like whiteness of the exhausted body.

Yet, as she ascended, feeling the full strangeness of the place and hour and of herself, so that she marvelled at it, and most of all at her own presence and acts, nevertheless she found a sort of jubilation rising in her,—a lightness of heart altogether unusual,—an unreasoned gladness for which she knew no cause. A girl beside her leaned over and kissed, upon the step above them, a disc of glass set in a brass cross. The stranger hesitated a moment, then asked very low: "Are those relics?" The answer came only after a pause, the speaker being unwilling in that hallowed spot: "No: drops of the Precious Blood." Once more shock and horror, a sense of unbelief and of the credulous superstition of these people, paralyzed the alien. This was too much. In this she could not participate. But as she lifted her protesting eyes, they fell upon the pallid body,

drained of life, upon the direct accusation of the *Vulneratus propter scelera nostra*; and again the awe of Him held her where she knelt. "It might be true," the new mind in her suggested; and she bent, shivering with the thought of it, to do as the girl had done.

She was quite near the top now. A few more steps and the long task was accomplished. With a low bending of the head, natural and instinctive, as she passed before the Christ, and a curious sense of some personal relation, bond, or fellowship established between them, she left the stairs, and, following the crowd, descended the lateral flight of egress. In the vestibule she paused for one last look at the group in marble and the haunting face of the One who was betrayed. Then she went forth into the sunshine. The day was young yet, a trace of rose still lingering behind the blue of the Alban hills; and the Campagna lay stretched in its beauty of brown and heather tones, turning to purple where the shadows deepened. Out of one heart rose the exulting prayer:

"Thank God!"

At five o'clock that evening she had her hand on the silver urn.

"Tea, Johnny?"

"No, thanks,—that is, yes, please, if I may have it without cream and nothing to eat."

"Whew! Such rigor!"

"Rome keeps a black fast to-day, you know."

"It sounds dreadful. Did you do the Scala Santa?"

"I did."

"All the way up on your knees?"

"All the way up."

"So did I."

He put down his cup and looked at her.

"Did you stop at the corner of the Via S. Giovanni to let a cab pass?" she asked.

"I—believe I did."

"I was in it."

"And you were going to the Scala Santa?"

"I was."

He picked up his cup again, shrugging his shoulders.

"I give you up!" he said.

"You give me up?"

"What else? Yesterday you were an agnostic, and to-day—"

"To-day what?"

"To-day—I don't know. I wouldn't dare to venture an opinion."

"To-day I am going to be a Catholic."

"You are joking."

"I was never more serious in my life."

"But you can't be a Catholic. You don't know anything about it."

"I *will* be a Catholic! Nobody shall stop me. I will learn what I don't know about it."

The boy only answered very low, his heart ringing in every word:

"Thank God for that!" Then, quite meekly: "May I ask how you happened to make up your mind so quickly?"

"I couldn't tell you, really, because I don't believe I know myself. It was this morning at the Scala Santa. I had never even thought of it before. And I came away perfectly sure."

"The Scala Santa seems to have been an inspiration for both of us."

"Johnny dear, don't tell me you, too, are going to turn Catholic!"

The young man smiled, scarce conscious that he did.

"I'm afraid I took that turn long before I was born. Did you notice this morning a Father with a black habit and a white emblem of a heart on it, sitting near the door?"

"Yes; he spoke to me. He had bare feet."

"He belongs to a religious Order specially dedicated to the remembrance of the sufferings of Christ and called the Passionists."

"Yes?"

"Well, you give me your confidence, so it's only fair I should give you mine. I made up my mind to become a Passionist."

SUSPICION is the poison of friendship.

—St. Augustine.

Another Answered "Memorare."

BY J. GODFREY RAUPERT, K. S. G.

IT was about six months before the outbreak of the Boer War. I had left the shop of Messrs. Burns & Oates, near Oxford Street, in London, and was wending my way in the homeward direction, when I heard a male voice loudly calling out my name. On turning back, I found myself face to face with a gentleman bearing the unmistakable marks of the British officer. He apologized for his very unconventional way of introducing himself; and then explained that he had entered the shop a moment after I had left it, in order to ascertain my private address; and that he had followed me, on being told that I had only just left the premises. I invited him to accompany me to the suburban station near by, and subsequently to my house to dinner, when I found that his story was an interesting and likely to be a long one. It was as follows.

He had been brought up a member of the Established Church of England; but, becoming dissatisfied with its contradictory schools of thought and with its manifest shallowness, he had, after conscientious study and investigation, submitted to the Catholic Church. A Carmelite Father, well known to me in London, had received him. In spite of strong disapproval on the part of his mother, and much hostile criticism on the part of his fellow-officers, he had remained loyal to the Catholic profession, and become quite a champion of the Faith. His Catholic life and practices had brought him very real happiness and satisfaction.

Two or three years subsequent to his submission, the publications of the Society for Psychical Research had awakened his interest in Spiritism,—a subject which had proved intensely fascinating to him, and respecting which he had acquired a vast amount of information. He told me that he was the possessor of an ex-

tensive occult library, that he had the acquaintance of a number of the leading spiritists in England, and that he had had some very striking experiences. In the course of time his Faith had become undermined. He had found it impossible to reconcile Catholic doctrine with the teaching of Spiritism: believing that some of the communications received emanated from departed friends of his and could be relied upon, he had abandoned the former and embraced the latter. One or two of these occult experiences, however, had caused him some disquietude; and seeing my book on "The Dangers of Spiritism" on the counter of Messrs. Burns & Oates' shop, he had bought a copy and studied it carefully. The reading of this book had brought about a violent reaction of thought and a desire to meet me, with a view to obtaining further information, and personally to discuss the matter.

Captain W—— remained with me that day till nearly midnight. I gave him the fullest possible information, and details of cases which, by reason of peculiar circumstances, have never been published. The consequence of this meeting was that he burned all his occult books and returned to his allegiance to the Church, resuming his Catholic practices with peculiar fervor and devotion.

As Captain W—— was on furlough in London, we saw a great deal of each other and became personal friends. He was never tired of expressing his thankfulness for the happy escape which he had had, and he seemed to realize that henceforth a grave responsibility rested upon him. And, as he was a man of very forceful character and of unique independence of mind, it was evident to me that he would loyally discharge that responsibility.

A few months later the Boer War broke out, and Captain W——'s regiment was under orders to proceed to South Africa. Although devoted to his profession and glad of the opportunity of gaining promotion, he seemed in some respects to regret

that the call had come to him. "I am glad and willing to go," he explained to me; "but I do not want to lose my life. I am anxious now to devote that life entirely to God, and to prove by my loyalty how sincerely I regret the slip which I made. I am longing, too, for opportunities to help others, and especially those who may be attracted by the fascinations of the occult. I want to help you in your difficult work." This thought seemed quite to possess him, and it was the main subject of our conversation at all our meetings. I did my best to cheer and comfort him, but evidently without any great success.

One afternoon he came unannounced into my study, and told me that he had a strong impression that if he could by any chance secure a relic of the True Cross and carry that relic on his body, he would go through the war unharmed and return home safe and sound. I was somewhat amused at the intensity of his conviction and the simple faith animating him; but expressed, of course, my doubt as to the possibility of securing the desired relic for the purpose indicated. I knew that such relics are jealously guarded, and that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to obtain the loan of one for personal use. Besides, neither he nor I knew anybody in London who possessed one. Having, however, at various critical times in the course of my Catholic life obtained favors by use of the *Memorare*, I proposed that we should both say the prayer daily, earnestly and devoutly; and that we should diligently and fervently apply ourselves to our Catholic duties. We parted with this very distinct understanding. Captain W—— returned that night to the town, not far from London, where his regiment was stationed, and we did not meet again for some days. The Captain was busy with his preparations for the departure for South Africa and with paying farewell visits to his friends and relatives; and I was busily engaged preparing a book for the press.

Some nine or ten days had passed when

I found amongst my letters one morning a very pressing invitation to dine with a lady who had for some time past taken a keen interest in my work, and through whose instrumentality I had been able to disillusion several ardent "seekers after truth in the sphere of the occult." I accepted the invitation; and met at the house of my hostess on this particular evening several persons well known in London Catholic circles, and apparently specially invited in order to discuss with me matters occult. The conversation thus turned almost exclusively on subjects connected with *Psychical Research* and the spiritistic movement, on the prominent scientific men then connected with it, and personally known to some of the guests present. We discussed the latest "findings" of the Society, and what the attitude of Catholics should be respecting them.

The ladies had left the dining room, and the gentlemen present were about to join them, when Lady E——, our hostess, returned and desired me to stay behind for a few moments, as she had several questions to ask me respecting an individual in whom we were both interested. We had thus been conversing for a few moments when she suddenly, and without anything in our conversation suggesting the idea, turned to me and said: "Do you know, Mr. Raupert, that we have a relic of the True Cross in our family?" I must confess that the remark, coming so very unexpectedly and having no sort of connection with our conversation, quite staggered me, and for a moment I did not know what to say. Then, as Mgr. Benson would express it, "I thought furiously," and finally asked permission of Lady E—— to reply to her question by telling her a story.

I gave her a detailed account of the circumstances of my contact with Captain W——, of his zeal and earnestness, of the *Memorare* daily going up from two loyal Catholic hearts. Her eyes filled with tears as she listened to my story, and then there followed a long silence, which she finally broke by exclaiming: "He shall have the

relic, and shall be free to retain it until the end of the war." Lady E—— herself could not in the least understand what could have moved her to convey this information to me in the midst of our talk on a subject having no earthly connection with relics. It was one of those "subliminal uprushes," as modern psychology would term it, the moving cause of which manifestly lies in that world of influences and forces of which we catch only occasional glimpses. In this case the moving cause clearly was our Blessed Lady.

I telegraphed late that night to Captain W——, telling him that the relic had been located, and that our prayers had been answered. He came to me the next day, full of joy and enthusiasm. Meanwhile Lady E—— had the relic taken from its diamond setting and had placed it in a simple locket. She sent it, by a special messenger, to my house, where Captain W—— attached it to a gold chain and fastened it round his neck.

The relic carried him safely through the Boer War. Although often in the thick of the fighting, with bullets whizzing around him, he came out of it all without a scratch, strong in faith, and loyally devoted to the service of Her who had shown him such signal favor. When he returned from South Africa, we spent at Lady E——'s house a delightful evening, in the course of which he told us of his experiences and his narrow escapes, and gratefully restored the precious relic to its gracious owner.

I do not in the least know where Captain (now Major) W—— is at present. The war has separated us. His regiment was one of the first ordered to France. I can but hope and pray that She to whose service he has so entirely consecrated himself will continue to extend to him Her powerful protection, and that he will remain Her loyal and faithful servant to life's end.

The Legend of the Tree of the Cross as Told in Palestine.

ADAM was at the point of death. Being afraid to die, he sent his son Seth to the gate of Paradise to beg of the cherub who guarded it for a single fruit from the Tree of Life. The angel replied that he could not grant this request; but he plucked a branch with three twigs, which he instructed Seth to take to his father's home; and, if he were still living, to bid him hope. Seth returned with all speed, but meantime Adam had died and been buried. Seth therefore planted the branch that he had brought with him at the head of his father's grave. There it took root, and year after year added to its size and foliage. It survived the flood, but was afterward forgotten by the race until the time of Lot.

This patriarch was so cast down by the remembrance of his great guilt that he despaired of his salvation. He fasted and prayed, yet found no peace. Finally, however, an angel appeared to him and instructed him to take a jar, fill it with water from the Jordan, carry it into the hill country, and water a sapling that he would find growing in a certain valley; assuring him that this little tree, a product of the large one growing at the grave of Adam, would be the means of procuring pardon, not only for him, but for all mankind.

Lot went joyfully on his errand, though the weather was very hot and a sirocco was blowing. He filled the jar from the rushing river and started for the hills. When, however, he drew near the place where the Inn of the Good Samaritan now stands, he found a man lying by the wayside, apparently dying of thirst. The patriarch's compassion being excited, he felt himself prompted to spare the perishing man a draught from his jar. He did not know that he was the Evil One, thus disguised for the purpose of rendering Lot's labors futile. When, therefore, the patriarch

ONE soul can, by its very presence, act strongly on another.—*Goethe*.

handed him the jar, he put it to his lips and drained it at a single draught.

Lot was deeply grieved; but, without saying a word, returned to the Jordan and filled the jar a second time; and again, when he was well on his way with it, Satan in the guise of a pilgrim, took advantage of his humanity and robbed him of the precious liquid. A third attempt to carry water to the thirsty tree was equally unsuccessful. Finally, the patriarch, wearied with his efforts and discouraged by their failure, threw himself upon the ground and bewailed his unhappy fate. "If I do not relieve the suffering whom I meet," he complained, "I shall add another to the sins with which I am already burdened. On the other hand, if I give drink to all the thirsty who appeal to me, I shall not be able to supply with needed moisture the tree on which my salvation depends."

At last he fell asleep; and while he slept an angel appeared and explained to him that he had encountered the enemy of man; but added that his unselfishness had been accepted by the Almighty and his sins forgiven; and that the tree had been watered by angelic hands.

Lot died in peace, and the sapling grew into a great tree. Still, the Evil One did not cease to intrigue for its destruction. Finally, in the days of Solomon, he persuaded Hiram that it would be useful in the building of the temple. It was therefore cut down and the trunk brought to Jerusalem. Then the architect discovered that it was of a sort of wood unsuited to his purpose, and it was thrown into the Valley of Jehoshaphat, where it served as a footbridge between the city and the Mount of Olives.

The once stately tree was thus used for some years, or until the Queen of Sheba paid her visit to Solomon. As she was approaching the city from the sacred Mount, the precious character of the bridge was revealed to her. When, therefore, she came to it, instead of crossing, as she was expected to do, she refused to tread on it, even fell down and venerated it. Solomon,

who had come forth to meet her, was greatly surprised on seeing her prostrate herself; but when she told him whence the trunk came and the purpose it was destined to serve, he had it removed, carefully cleaned, and preserved in one of the treasure chambers of the temple. There it remained until it was required for the cross of our Saviour.

Any one who will take the pains to examine the bridge across the Kidron, near Absalom's Tomb, can see some of the large stones from the first bridge with which Solomon replaced the trunk of the sacred tree.

A Wise Answer.

IN the great mosque (formerly a Christian church) called 'El-'Aksa there is a remarkable pulpit inlaid with ivory and mother-of-pearl; and near this pulpit, on the southern wall of the building, is a piece of ornamental Arabic in a gold frame. The guardians of the mosque say that it was a present from the famous Sultan Mahmud; that, in fact, it is his autograph.

The sultan, it seems, was very proud of his calligraphy. Once, on hearing that a certain scribe was the most expert penman living, he challenged him to a trial of skill. The challenge was accepted, and in due time the contest took place. The specimens produced were then sent by the sultan to various persons competent to judge in such matters, that they might decide who was the better artist. All but one, fearing to offend their master, voted in his favor. This one contrived, without offending him, to be just to his really more skilful rival. He wrote on the latter's specimen, "This is the handwriting of the best of scribes"; and on that of the royal penman, "This is the handwriting of the best of scribes and sultans."

The sultan was so pleased with the man's shrewdness and honesty that he sent him a handsome present. It is not so much what one says as the way in which one says it.

At the Supreme Moment.

IN St. John's account of the culmination of Good Friday's tragedy, we are told: "When Jesus, therefore, took the vinegar, He said: It is consummated. And, bowing His head, He gave up the ghost." A not unprofitable occupation for Christians during the closing hours of Lent is the attentive consideration of the significance and import of those three words, "It is consummated,"—their significance, first, on the lips of Him who originally enunciated them; and, secondly, in the mouth of each one of us individually when our turn comes, as come it inevitably will sooner or later, to bow our heads and give up the ghost.

What, then, is the meaning of this sentence as coming from Jesus Christ? What was it that was consummated, was finished, as He drew His last sigh, and breathed His mortal life away? Not merely His earthly career, not merely His dolorous Passiontide, not merely the cup of bitter degradation that He was pleased to drink to the very dregs,—no, but the whole magnificent scheme of the Redemption, the whole economy of that reparation to God's honor and glory which was necessitated by Adam's fall, and by the interminable chain of grievous sins of which that disobedience of our first parents was the initial link. What was consummated? Everything: the purpose of all the sacrifices of the Old Law, the object of all the prayers of all the patriarchs, the predictions of all the prophets.

At that supreme moment Jesus saw that He had left undone nothing of His appointed mission. He had given to mankind a doctrine which is the perfection of reason and wisdom and beauty. He had enforced that doctrine by displaying in His own conduct the absolute exemplification of the precepts He laid down and the counsels He proffered. He had discredited the false estimate which men had been making of the gifts of the world: had

dethroned wealth and honor and pleasure; and honored in their stead poverty, humiliation, and suffering. He had humbled the proud and exalted the humble,—censured the Pharisee and approved the Publican. He had testified to the efficacy of the repentant sinner's prayer,—had pardoned Magdalen and the woman taken in adultery. He had established on an immovable foundation the Church which was to continue His work throughout all coming ages. He had, in a word, accomplished all that the outraged justice of His Father could exact of reparation; all that charity to men could possibly demand; and, by the ineffable gift at the Last Supper, all that even the infinite love of a God could effect. And so He might well exclaim, "It is consummated."

Now, there will inevitably come to each of us a moment when we, too, shall pronounce those words, or when at least we may well pronounce them, as we breathe our last sigh and give up the ghost. What will then be their significance? What will then be consummated, accomplished, finished? It is for ourselves to determine now while we have health and strength,—now while it is still the acceptable time, the day of salvation. From the spiritual standpoint, each of us can shape our life as we will. Supposing it to be a worldly life, given up principally if not altogether to the acquisition of riches and fame and honor, or of creature comforts and the pleasures of sense. Supposing that we allow our temporal interests to outweigh our eternal welfare; prefer the plaudits of a corrupt and corrupting world to the testimony of an approving conscience; sacrifice God's grace and friendship to human respect or the gratification of sensual appetites; give all our care to the wants of our body and neglect the concerns of our soul,—what will be the import of our "It is consummated" as, lying on our deathbed, we gaze beyond the dwindling horizon of mortality into the infinite vistas of the other world?

Alas for the bitterness, the woe, the

surpassing misery of him in whose mouth the words will mean only this: "It is finished, the life which was given me to devote to God's service and which I have spent in an almost total neglect of that service. I have flattered my senses, pampered my body, satisfied my disordered appetites, gratified my passions, done homage to the world, living for its praise and grieving at its censure; have scoffed at piety and sneered at fervor; have neglected or profaned the sacraments; have prayed rarely if at all, and mechanically rather than truly; have abused God's grace month after month and year after year, and now—all is finished and there remains to me naught but remorse for my sins and terror of God's judgment. All is finished; and, having wasted the years of time in folly and wickedness, I go to spend the everlasting cycles of eternity in hopeless suffering and horrible anguish and woe."

If, on the other hand, we have thoroughly taken to heart the lessons of Lent, and especially of Passiontide, if we appreciate at its true worth the infinite love of Christ for men, and manifest in our future life our personal gratitude to our crucified Redeemer by steadfastly following in His footsteps throughout all the years that may still be left to us, how different will be our reflections at the supreme moment! If we look on life and its aims and purposes with the eyes of faith, if we reduce to habitual practice the system of living that we theoretically believe to be wisest and best, if we constantly regard our eternal salvation as our paramount business while we remain on earth, if God and our soul and death and judgment are subjects of our daily thought and meditation,—then we may confidently hope that the import of our "It is consummated" will be not unlike St. Paul's: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. As to the rest, there is laid up for me a crown of justice which the Lord, the just Judge, will render to me in that day."

Notes and Remarks.

Whatever may be the outcome of the revolution in Russia, it is evident that a new day has dawned for the Land of the Czars. At last the people have asserted themselves in sufficient numbers to compel the government to respond to what they demand. Their right to do this—the right of any people to shake off the existing government and form a new one that suits them better—is unquestionable; and the exercise of this right is likely to become more general when the Great War is over. As Lincoln said in a speech delivered in Congress many years ago: "It is a quality of revolutions not to go by old lines or old laws, but to break up both and make new ones." The day has passed when people could be made to believe that revolution and rebellion mean the same thing. The Russian revolutionists have not risen against the Czar, but against the politicians who were working against the interests of the country. New lines will now be established there, and new laws enacted. That a form of government just like our own will ever be adopted by the Russians is very unlikely; however, they will be sure not to relinquish the conviction that their country, with its institutions, belongs to themselves, and that it is for them to say how it shall be governed. It remains to be seen what effect the revolution will have on religion; but, with larger liberty, the Church is sure to make greater progress.

Not a few economic doctrines, political theories, and even governmental systems in Europe have gone by the board since the outbreak of the Great War; and their destruction has apparently not been without its influence on American statesmen. Only a few years ago, the very suggestion of an income tax was opposed in strenuous editorials of papers published in every State from Maine to California; and now we are told that the Administration is

considering plans for a new revenue act confiscating all personal incomes in excess of \$100,000 a year during the period of the war (seemingly inevitable) with Germany. Opponents of Socialism will doubtless deplore any such legislation as that proposed; but Social reformers will deny that it is essentially Socialistic, and will be able to give fairly plausible reasons for the passage of the contemplated act. For one thing, the confiscation of such exceptionally bloated incomes would do away with the argument that the war is to be waged for the benefit of the immensely rich. It would, in the second place, reduce the bonded debt which any war must place on future generations. In the third place, and principally important in the estimation of the man in the street, it would, to some extent at least, equalize, as between wealth and labor, the burden of carrying on the war. Not all the reforms advocated by professed Socialists merit the reprobation rightfully incurred by some of their principles; some of them, indeed, have been already adopted by modern States; and the generality of Americans, we opine, will not be found very strenuously opposed to this revenue act now under consideration.

The current "Bulletin of the Catholic Theatre Movement" will be found especially interesting because of its specialized study of the American drama. Considering the great popularity of the so-called "musical comedy," there is much point in this succinct advice:

Catholic theatre-goers would be less easy-going in their attitude toward these productions, and more careful in permitting or encouraging young people to see them, if they would remember the simple law of cause and effect. Nothing that takes hold upon our mind or our senses is ever wholly without effect on our conduct. Men who look daily upon death usually have rather clear, practical ideas about life. In this connection it is significant to read the judgment recently passed by General Lord H. L. Smith-Dorrien, of the British Army, upon the influence of such entertainments from a purely patriotic viewpoint. He says: "I am convinced that our

gallant sailors and soldiers themselves would be the first to admit that, if they were given the choice, they would prefer performances which, while cheerful and inspiring, appealed to the best side of their natures; and not exhibitions of scantily-dressed girls, and songs of a doubtful character. The whole nation's heart is at last set on winning this Great War; and an important factor undoubtedly is the cleanliness of mind and nobility of purpose of our heroes on sea and land. It seems entirely unnecessary and certainly wrong to put into their heads demoralizing thoughts such as they must obtain from many performances now appearing on the stage."

In view of the General's words, how criminal appear the neglect and indifference of many parents regarding the "shows" which are influencing their children's character!

By far the greatest difficulty which a champion of the Church experiences in dealing with a sectarian is to get him to state exactly what he believes. He is always ready to profess his denials, but is rarely disposed to profess his beliefs,—perhaps because so many of them are so hard to defend. For this reason we rejoice to learn (from a paper contributed to the current number of the *Constructive Quarterly*) that when the Anglican Archbishop of Melbourne presided over a joint conference of members of the Church of England and the Presbyterian Church in Australia, the method of proceeding was for each side to state the doctrines held according to the accepted formulæ of each denomination; and then, placing these side by side, to examine the points of difference. By thus excluding personal limitations and views, the members of the conference were enabled to judge of the extent of their agreement as witnesses to a common faith. It was a capital plan, worthy of being adopted by all sectarian bodies. And when they have ascertained how much and in how many ways they differ among themselves, may it occur to them to compare their teachings with those of the religious body which the Rev. William R. Alger once described as "the

most imposing organic symbol of Christendom"—the Church that has propagated and defended the teachings of Christ ever since the Day of Pentecost!

"To say that Christ did not institute a Church is on a par with saying that He did not take our flesh, or rise from the dead, or ascend into heaven," writes another contributor to the *Constructive Quarterly*, the Rev. Dr. William P. Du Bose. To this let us add: to deny that Christ's promise to abide with His Church has not always been kept is equivalent to denying that it ever was made; and to assert that His prayer at the Last Supper—that His followers might be one—is unrealized, is the same as to assert that it was never uttered.

Many a novelist has made use of the apparent economic paradox indicated in the advertising columns of great newspapers,—hundreds of employers continually asking for workers, and hundreds of workers just as ceaselessly asking for employment. Eight years ago British economists established a system of labor exchange for the purpose of increasing the means of communication between those seeking and those affording work. Actual results attained seem to justify the hopes with which the system was organized. In the year 1915, for instance, these labor exchanges received 3,186,137 applications (2,326,803 individual applicants), registered 1,797,646 vacancies, placed 1,058,336 persons in employment, and filled 1,308,137 vacancies. After the war, the system will no doubt be subjected to considerable modification in Great Britain; but it may well be operated to good advantage in other countries less likely to be affected by grave economic difficulties when peace is finally declared.

Much of the never-ending disputation about the supposititious conflict between the Church and Science is due to the fact that, occasionally, the Church is confounded with an individual theologian, and

that very often Science is confounded with scientific theories which are by no means solidly established. Truth is one; and no truths in the world of nature are, or can be, at variance with the dogmas of the Church which teaches with the authority of nature's God. The man in the street is all too prone to accept as proven fact whatever some more or less eminent specialist in a particular branch of science affirms to be fact, unaware that some other equally eminent specialist in the same branch holds a widely different opinion on the same point. Truth is one; but opinion, especially scientific opinion, is multiplied—and multiloquent. It is excellent advice, therefore, which is given by Sir Bertram Windle, a scientist worthy of the name, in an article on "Early Man and Geological Time," contributed to *America*. He says: "With such differences of opinion existing amongst the doctors, it would be well for the plain man to suspend his judgment, and to remember, when he reads, as he often may, in the daily paper, that such an ancient specimen of man is hundreds of thousands of years old, perhaps even millions, that the statement is based on pure imagination and has no real foundation of any kind."

It was a notable discourse that the Rt. Rev. Bishop Carroll delivered on the occasion of the reopening, recently, of the cathedral in Seattle, Washington. He spoke on "Christianity and the War; or, Is Christianity a Failure?" One salient point the Bishop made is worthy of especial notice, the increased prestige of the Papacy:

No one can fail to observe the position of authority and influence almost universally conceded to Benedict XV. during the present war. Nations, like Holland and England, have sent ambassadors to the Vatican,—a thing they had not done since the Reformation. Germany announced that a copy of its recent peace proposals had been sent to the neutral nations—and to the Holy See. The voice of the Pope pleading for the betterment of the wounded, for the immunity of non-combatants and of the monuments of relig-

ion and civilization, has been heard and respected throughout the world. The lesson which the Powers of Europe are now learning is not a new one. There is a maxim which has been accepted by all governments and all great statesmen for a thousand years—namely, that if the peace of the world would be preserved, the independence and moral leadership of the Papacy must be respected. This maxim the Congress of the Nations at Vienna in 1815 recognized. It was recognized again by the Congress of the Nations in Paris in 1856. The nations, assembled at the Congress of The Hague in 1899, refused to recognize it, and they are reading the handwriting of their error in the mad hatred and destruction of the present conflict. Happy will it be for Europe if the lesson is well learned before the close of hostilities. Then "justice and peace will have kissed"; for peace will then be founded on the basis of justice and Christian morality,—the only basis that can make it lasting.

Every Christian soul will breathe a prayer that God may speed the day which shall witness this consummation.

If the Lenten sermons in Rome this year were more profitable to natives and less diverting to foreigners than formerly, it is to be attributed to the Holy Father's stirring address to the parish priests and preachers on the Monday preceding Ash-Wednesday. As reported by the Rome correspondent of the London *Tablet*, his Holiness spoke very strongly against certain preachers who, in their oratorical affectation, succeeded only too completely in absolutely concealing from the people the word of God they are entrusted to reveal. "Preachers should guard against that excited delivery, those wild looks, that frenzied speech, those insane gestures, that would be out of place even on the stage. It has been a great sorrow to us recently to learn that such preachers do exist, who defend themselves by saying that the people like it. And even if this be true, such tastes should be condemned and not fostered or indulged by those who, with us all, should remember those words of St. Paul, the great master in preaching: 'And my speech and my preaching was not in the persuasive words of human wisdom,

but in showing of the spirit and power.'"

In reminding the preachers of the absolute necessity (if their efforts were to be of any avail) of practising what they preached, of illustrating in their own lives the virtues which they sought to instil into others, the Holy Father spoke words of more general application. Parents and all others who exercise authority are in duty bound to exemplify their counsels and commands. The superior who says, Do as I say, but don't do as I do, besides stultifying himself, undermines discipline, lowers standards, shatters ideals, and renders it almost impossible ever to be succeeded by any one unlike himself.

The Senate of Massachusetts having advanced to its third reading a Bill to prevent school committees in that State from questioning applicants for teachers' positions about their religious convictions, the Boston *Transcript* congratulates the legislators on their good sense, and advocates equal justice to all. The full measure of justice due to Catholics in this country in matters educational is not likely to be granted in the immediate future, as that measure would mean our being freed from the burden of an unfair double educational tax, which Boston's Cardinal has declared to be "nothing short of outrageous tyranny"; but meantime it can not too often be insisted on that the public schools, to whose support we contribute our full share of taxation, are in theory and in law no more distinctively Protestant than they are distinctively Jewish or distinctively Catholic. To question an applicant for a teacher's position as to his or her religious belief is an intolerable impertinence, and to refuse the application on the sole ground that the candidate is a Catholic is an infamous injustice.

It was natural that Bishop Keiley, of Savannah, should be a storm-centre of the latest outbreak of bigotry in the Southern States. He had given ultra-Protestants "furiously to think," as the French phrase

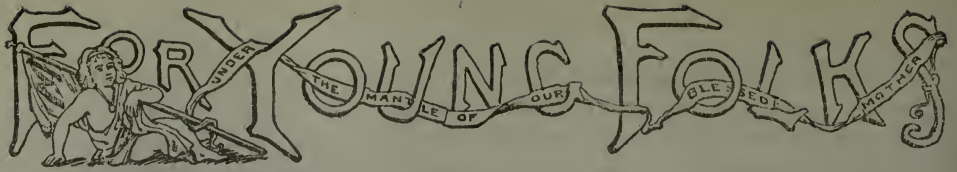
has it. The Daughters of the Confederacy, described as a non-sectarian organization, having invited the Bishop to be the speaker of the day at the Memorial Day exercises this year, some three-score Confederate veterans of Macon, Ga., gave notice that they would refuse to take part unless the invitation be recalled. It is not going to be recalled, however. The ladies refuse to stultify themselves, and so notable a journal as the *Atlanta Constitution* applauds their course. Its editor, Mr. Clark Howell, says, commenting on the affair: "What better vindication of the position of the Macon ladies could be afforded than by harking back to the records of half a century ago, when Bishop Keiley as a young stripling, radiant with patriotism, volunteered in defence of the Confederate cause, donned a gray uniform, and from the beginning to the end of the war rendered brilliant service to his country? He was a Roman Catholic then, just as he is now. That fact did not debar him from patriotic service then, nor should it now. The women of Macon showed the instincts of true womanhood and patriotism in their spunky response to the recalcitrant veterans, which reflects infinite credit upon them."

In spite of all that is being done, especially in large cities like Rome and New York, to corrupt and pervert the Italians by means of immoral literature and sectarian propaganda, the results are anything but successful. In the latter city, a merchant with an Italian name, who deals in anti-Catholic books, etc., evidently finds it hard to make both ends meet; for, along with shockingly irreligious publications, he advertises various objects of piety—crucifixes, statues, etc., hoping thus to attract customers that would otherwise be repelled. "It is hard to make a convert out of an Italian, but harder still to make one of them stay converted," was the frank admission of a sectarian missionary who had labored for many years to "spread the Gospel in Italy." Amusing

stories are related in illustration of this failure. One old woman, on receiving a generous alms from a minister, hurried off to the nearest church to engage a Mass for her deceased husband. Of another it is told that, coming out of a Methodist meeting-house in the Eternal City one cold day this winter, she explained to a friend who was passing and saw her: "It's so nice and warm in there. They always give me a *lira* as soon as I come in. And it's such a clean, quiet, comfortable place to say the Rosary."

Whether or not the "movie" has come to stay, there is no doubt that it is now with us—with all its powers for evil and for good. It is to utilize this modern invention in the latter way that there has been organized a "Catholic Truth Film" series, the first number of which, "A Dream of Empire," written by the Rt. Rev. Joseph G. Anderson, auxiliary to his Eminence Cardinal O'Connell, is soon to be produced. The second film projected is entitled "Christianity," by the Rt. Rev. Francis C. Kelley, of the Church Extension Society. Assuredly the enterprise is begun under benign auspices; and its avowed object, "to spread Christian truth," should win for it the strongest support of our people.

In conferring its *Lætare Medal* this year on Admiral William S. Benson, ranking-officer of the United States Navy, the University of Notre Dame not only honored a most worthy Catholic gentleman, whose long years of faithful service to his country entitled him to consideration, but accentuated the ideal of an American citizen, whose first thought in reference to patriotism is of God, and whose most cherished possession is the love of liberty. An American of the highest type, a patriot *sans peur et sans reproché*, a Catholic who illustrates his faith by the practice of it, Admiral Benson was eminently deserving of the *Lætare Medal*. "Honor to whom honor is due."



Palm Sunday for Any Child.


BY S. M. M.

DEAR child,
Hosannas are for thee to sing!
Dost hear glad Alleluias ring?
Dost see in thy heart undefiled
An Easter lily for the King,
Dear child?

Con of Misty Mountain.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XIII.—A SICK CALL.

N the same morning that Con was tumbled into the gypsy wagon, unable, as he truly said, to "stand agin them any more," Father Phil was just finishing his Mass at the church of St. Cyprian, whither he had been suddenly called by the illness of the pastor, his old friend and preceptor, Father Timothy Burke.

"It's a shame to break up your holiday like this," said Father Tim, when his "boy" arrived and found him bound hand and foot with a bad attack of rheumatism. "But I waded knee-deep in the snow to a sick call on Christmas Eve; and that, with being up the rest of the Holy Night, finished me. I'm forgetting that I was seventy last St. Patrick's Day, and am overstaying my time."

"Not at all!" was the cheery answer, as Father Phil sat down by the old priest and gently smoothed his crippled hand. "You are worth a dozen of us youngsters yet. All you want is a rest that will set you back twenty years—to the time you taught me my first catechism."

"And you were the distraction of the class," laughed Father Tim. "Little did I guess where the Lord was leading you,

you little curly-haired rogue! But God loves the light of heart, I think, He so often chooses them for His own: maybe because He knows the weight that is before them,—the sorrows and the sins it will be theirs to lift, the dark ways they must tread to help and save. It's no easy work you have taken up, my boy."

"It's only a case of 'follow my leader,'" answered the young priest, smiling. "I have you to show me the way,—wading knee-deep in winter snows after your lost sheep. No wonder you are laid up."

"And little good I did, after all," sighed Father Tim, whose usual cheer had deserted him to-day; for an attack of rheumatism like this was enough to make the sturdiest of shepherds lose heart. "It was old Biddy Foran that sent her grandson for me, with the word that, in the next room to her, there was a sick man crying that there was that in his soul he must tell before he died. Biddy, who says her Beads all day over her apple stand, knew only one man for such business, and so she sent for me. When the dying man saw my Roman collar, he nearly frothed at the mouth with rage and wanted to kick me out."

"To kick you out!" echoed Father Phil, indignantly.

"Yes," replied the old priest. "That is not altogether an unusual sentiment with lost sheep, my boy, as you will find. But, as he was quite unable to do any kicking, I stood my ground, while he cursed me as volubly as his failing breath would permit. The poor chap was in sore need. The tenement where Biddy lives is one of those wretched, ramshackle things that I've been trying for years to have pulled down, and this man was in its very worst hole. I saw to it that he had food and fire at least before I went; knelt down by his bed and said an 'Our Father,' while he glared

breathlessly at me; then sent a message to Dr. Jack Wilson, who is looking after the poor this winter, to drop in upon Biddy and her neighbors and see what could be done. What has become of the patient, I can't say, for this rheumatism got me that night as soon as I finished Midnight Mass. I suppose he has gone, poor man! God have mercy on his soul!"

So, after this pious conclusion of the incident, it was with some surprise that Father Phil, as he finished his Mass this special morning, found the old apple woman waiting for him in the sacristy.

"Your reverence—" she began, dropping a respectful curtsy; for this tall, handsome young priest was a much more awe-inspiring figure than rosy, white-haired Father Tim. "Axing yer pardon for troubling you so airly, is there any chance of Father Tim being out to-day?"

"None in the world," was the decided answer. "He won't be out for another week (if I can keep him in)," the speaker added mentally. "But I am here in his place; so if there is anything I can do for you this morning—"

"Sure and—and I don't know, yer reverence." Biddy twisted her worn hands in perplexity. "It was Father Tim the man wanted. He is far gone and won't live the day out."

"Oh, a sick call! Then I'll come at once," said Father Phil, briskly.

"And I'm not sure he will talk to you at all, yer reverence," replied Biddy, anxiously. "It's no Catholic he is, poor man! When Father Tim came to him the other night the evil spirit himself couldn't have gone on worse."

"Oh, it's that fellow!" said Father Phil, recognizing the "sick call" that had laid his good old friend up. "So he is living yet, and wants a priest at last, does he?"

"No, yer reverence,—no, it's not the priest he wants: it's Father Tim. You see, Father Tim is old and soft and has a way with him; and whin he just nodded sort of friendly at all the poor sinner's mad talk, and ordered my Patsy out to get fire-

wood and soup and wine, and sint the doctor to him, and said the prayer at his side, it somehow touched him, yer reverence; and he says that he has a story to tell afore he dies, and he'll tell it to no one but Father Tim."

"That's bad," answered the young priest, briefly. "But, since Father Tim can't go, I must. So lead the way, my good woman; and I'll see what I can do in Father Tim's place."

"I'm fearing it won't be much, yer reverence," said Biddy, despondently. "You see, Father Tim—"

"Is a dear old Irish saint," concluded the young priest, warmly. "I can't come anywhere near him in doing God's work, I know. But still I'm here to make a try at it. So we'll go at once."

And, buttoning himself into his heavy great-coat, Father Phil started out without further hesitation.

It was a gloomy way that the honest old Irishwoman led. St. Cyprian's was the church in the Slums, of which little Susie had told Aunt Aline. It caught the tide of homeless, friendless strangers eddying in this floodgate of the New World at the darkest and worst. It held up its cross-crowned spire as a beacon in labyrinths choked with sin and suffering and sorrow in every form. Father Phil found himself following through narrow, high-built streets, into which even the bright morning sunbeams could not make their way; through alleys where the snow he had left white and spotless on the mountain-side was only filthy mire; into courts where even the pure winter air had grown heavy and foul. It was some ten minutes before Biddy reached the broken steps of the tottering old tenement she called her home. She paused at the doorway.

"I'll be going up and spake to him first," she said. "You'd best not go in, yer reverence, until I see whether the Evil One will rouse in him again."

"Let him rouse!" returned Father Phil. "It's my business to face him, my good woman, when a soul is in need of help."

And Biddy led on up flights of broken stairs, where every step was a pitfall, into the cobwebbed attic where the sick man lay. The door stood half open, to give him air. Biddy pushed forward without ceremony into the low-roofed room, to which, bare and wretched as it was, good old Father Tim's late visit had given some poor comfort. A fire burned in the rusty stove, where a pot of broth was simmering; there was a coarse blanket on the cot; wine and biscuits were on the table beside it; while several vials of medicine told that Dr. Jack Wilson had not been unmindful of his charge. The patient, a man of about five and forty, lay with closed eyes, seemingly asleep. The gaunt, sunken, ashen face already bore the stamp of Death.

"Arrah, and it's gone he is! God have mercy on him!" murmured Biddy as she bent over him.

"No!" came the gasping answer, and the eyes opened in a blank, sightless stare. "I—I can't see. Is the priest here?"

"He is," faltered Biddy.

Father Phil knelt down by the wretched bedside and took the icy hand in his own.

"I am here, my poor friend, in God's name to save you, help you."

But the dulling ear seemed only to half catch the kindly whisper.

"You're a man," came the husky answer,—“a man to trust. You gave me help for hate, blessing for cursing. Under my pillow is a paper that I have kept for ten years. It was a bargain of devils—of devils—to—to—rob a child.”

"Ah, God pity him! His poor wits are wandering," murmured Biddy.

But Father Phil pressed the cold hand encouragingly. He knew that the soul, however darkened, often rouses at the last to remorse, contrition, desire to atone.

"The child," repeated the dying man, huskily,—“the child may be living—still,—the child we flung out of the way—long ago. The child may be alive,—the child that—that—” the speaker struggled pitifully for utterance. “Will you—try—to

find the child, and—and give him—back to—to—his own? Grip my hand closer—if you promise in the name of God, in whom you believe. Will you promise to find the child—we robbed—of all—all? Find the child and do justice.”

And Father Phil gripped the icy hand with a pressure felt even through the numbing chill, and spoke the promise solemnly:

“In God's name, I will, if possible, do justice.”

An hour later, after doing all in his power for the poor parting soul, Father Phil closed the eyes of the dead man and breathed over him a fervent prayer to the Father of Mercies. Then, with the folded paper that he took from under the pillow, he returned to Father Tim, who heard the story of his sick call with pitying interest.

“Ah, God rest the poor soul! He was sore tempted into evil ways, I am sure; and the Lord is merciful to them that are not taught rightly to love and serve Him. Open the bit of paper and read it, Phil. Let us see what was troubling the poor man's last hour.”

And Father Phil unfolded the paper, that had been indited, so it seemed, recently, in a trembling scrawl. It held a smaller sheet, yellowed and stained, within. On this last was written in a clearer, steadier hand: “Charles Owens Nesbitt, the son of Charles Nesbitt, and Elinor Owens, his wife. Saved from the wreck of the P. & B. Limited on the night of October 16, 19—. Taken by me, Wilmot Elkins, from his cousin, Arthur Bell Nesbitt, according to agreement. Money paid . . .”

Then followed a list of dates and sums extending over a period of more than eight years.

“God bless us!” exclaimed good Father Tim in perplexity. “There's money enough marked down there to roof a church. What do you suppose it all means, Phil?”

“Rascality of some sort,” answered Father Phil, briefly.

“Ah! do you think so, lad?” sighed

Father Tim. "God have mercy on the poor man that was trying to confess it at the last! Was there any sign of sorrow in his heart, Phil?"

"I think there was," said Father Phil. "You had reached it somehow. He said you had given him help for hate, blessing for cursing."

"Listen to that now!" said Father Tim, his old face kindling. "When all I did was to send out Patsy for an armful of wood and a few biscuits and some soup. Is there anything like the grace and mercy of God to sinners? I'll say Mass for that poor soul as soon as I can get up on my feet. There's many a good thief that gets to heaven at last."

Father Phil did not hear: he was closely studying the yellowed paper before him.

"Five, six, eight thousand dollars," he counted. "'Paid according to agreement.' For what? Some sort of scoundrelly work is behind this, Father Tim. It means blackmail or 'hush money.'"

"Now, now, now, don't be judging rashly, Phil!" pleaded Father Tim, still tender to his "black sheep." "And Nesbitt is a decent Catholic name, lad. I've been saying Mass for the dead Nesbitts this many a year. Every Christmas there comes an offering to St. Cyprian's. We don't know what all this means. Read the other bit of paper, and maybe it will tell us more."

(To be continued.)

A King's Golden Deed.

When Louis XII. ascended the throne of France he caused a list to be made of all those enemies who had plotted against him; and he placed a cross against the name of each one. When this became known, they all fled in terror, believing they would be condemned to death. The King, however, sent for them, and gave them assurance of pardon, saying he had put a cross against their names only to remind him of our Saviour, who, on the Cross, forgave His murderers.

A Singer of the Olden Times.

WHEN poets nowadays talk about not getting "inspiration" for a projected piece of work, they mean simply that the desired ideas do not come to them as readily as they would wish. When theologians talk about the "inspired" writings, they mean that the Bible was written under the direct action or influence of the Holy Spirit. Now, one poet at least enjoyed this real inspiration; and he has been called "the father of English poetry."

Away back in the seventh century, thirteen hundred years ago, St. Hilda ruled the famous monastery of Whitby, in Northumberland, England. Adjoining the monastery—or convent, as it would now be called—there was a farmhouse in which lived the laborers who did the work on the lands belonging to the Sisters, looked after the horses, attended the cows, and so on. Among these workmen was one named Cædmon, who was even more ignorant than his fellow-laborers, the most of whom could sing and play the harp,—accomplishments that were not at all uncommon in the England of that day, even among the unlettered.

Well, one night when the workers were gathered about the table for good-fellowship, the harp was as usual passed from hand to hand. Cædmon, ashamed of knowing nothing of poetry or music, left the others and went to the stables, as he was assigned that night to the care of the cattle. After a while he fell asleep, and then he had a vision. A voice called to him:

"Cædmon, sing me something."

"I can't sing," he replied; "that's why I left the table."

"Still, you must sing for me."

"And what shall I sing?"

"Sing about the origin of things,—the creation of the world."

Forthwith Cædmon began to sing verses in honor of the Creator,—verses that he had never heard before, and the sense of

which was something like this: "Now must we chant the glory and the power of the Creator, author of all wonders, Father of the human race. He has given men the heavens for a roof and the earth for a dwelling." There were many more verses to his song; and, a very unusual thing in mere dreams, he remembered them all when he awoke the next morning. He went to the head farmer and related what had occurred, and the farmer thought it important enough to be told to St. Hilda.

As a result, Cædmon was brought into the presence of the holy Abbess and some learned monks from a neighboring monastery, and was asked to recite his verses. He did so, and all agreed that he had received a divine gift. Then some sacred stories and some doctrinal truths were told to him, and he was requested to turn them into verse. Cædmon went back to his stable, and the next day he recited to his examiners an admirable poetic version of all that he had heard.

Thoroughly convinced that God had granted a signal favor to this poor laborer, St. Hilda persuaded him to become a monk; and she ordered that the whole series of sacred history should be taught to him. Cædmon listened to the history, thought it all over, and then turned it into poems that charmed all who heard them, and that still continue to delight those who love poetry in which are combined majesty, simplicity, and sweetness. St. Bede (the Venerable Bede) lived only a few years after Cædmon; and in his "Ecclesiastical History" he has this to say of the Whitby monk's subjects:

"Thus sang he of the creation of the world, and the beginning of the race of men, and all the history of Genesis; of the exodus of Israel from Egypt, and the entrance into the Promised Land; of many other stories of the Holy Scriptures; of the Incarnation of the Lord, His passion, resurrection, and ascension; of the coming of the Holy Ghost, and the teachings of the Apostles; also of the terrors of the future judgment, the horror of hell-

punishment, and the sweetness of the heavenly kingdom."

Cædmon never composed any poems on frivolous or worldly subjects: all his work was intended to do good. When he had lived for a number of years in the monastery, he one day felt his end drawing near, and accordingly ordered his bed to be made in that part of the infirmary in which the dead were laid out. The infirmarian obeyed him, though he did not think that the poet was very ill, as he was up and around as usual. After midnight, while conversing with several of the monks who had decided to sit up with him, Cædmon suddenly asked whether the Blessed Sacrament was reserved in the little chapel of the infirmary. On being told that it was, he asked that it be brought to him.

"Why do you want to communicate now?" asked one of the brethren. "You are not at the point of death, judging by the joyousness of your conversation."

"Bring it to me all the same," he said.

They complied with his request. Before receiving he asked those around him if any one had anything against him, or any complaints to make of his conduct. They all answered in the negative.

"No more have I of you," was his comment. "My soul is at peace with all the servants of God."

He then received the Sacred Host; and shortly afterwards inquired whether the hour for waking the monks for the Office was at hand. On being told that it was about to strike, he said:

"Very well, Let us await that moment."

Then, making the Sign of the Cross, he laid his head upon his pillow and quietly sank into his eternal sleep.

THE palace and monastery of the Escorial in Spain, in memory of St. Lawrence, who, in the year 258, was put to death on a heated iron grate, or gridiron, is one of the most magnificent memorials ever erected to a martyr. It is built in the shape of a gridiron, upside down, the towers representing the feet.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Another history of the Holy House of Loreto, by the Rev. G. E. Phillips, is a recent publication by Messrs Washbourne. The author has been engaged on this work for several years.

—New romances by John Ayscough and Kathleen Norris are announced for early publication. The former's book of war impressions and sketches, under the title of "French Windows," is also promised.

—"The New York Apostolate," an account of twenty years' missionary activity, by the Rev. John E. Wickham, is now reprinted in pamphlet form from the March number of the *Catholic World*. It makes inspiring reading, and should have wide dissemination.

—Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. have just published "The Life of the Grasshopper," by J. Henri Fabre. It forms the seventh volume in the series of translations by Mr. Teixeira de Mattos from the great French naturalist's "Souvenirs Entomologiques."

—"The Catholic Faith," by the Rev. J. B. Harney, C. S. P., and "Why I am a Catholic," by Patrick John O'Hurley, form Nos. 253 and 254 of the Australian Catholic Truth Society's penny pamphlets. In the latter, the miracle of Peter de Rudder, familiar to all our readers, is put to good use.

—There will be many, we feel sure, to welcome a large-type edition of the Way of the Cross according to the method of St. Alphonsus Liguori, just issued by Benziger Brothers. It is clearly printed on good white paper, and durably bound in cloth. (Price, 15 cents.) A devotional page-picture accompanies each of the Stations; and at the end of the book will be found the *Stabat Mater* in Latin and English, on opposite pages. This is a capital feature, as it is the custom in numerous places to say or sing a verse of that wondrously beautiful sequence between the Stations.

—True to its purpose—which is "to create an atmosphere of mutual confidence and to induce a better understanding and a truer sense of fellowship among the isolated communions of Christendom,"—the *Constructive Quarterly* continues to publish articles by Catholic as well as non-Catholic Christian writers, "presenting the Faith and Work and Thought of each Communion." Two conditions are imposed—that absolute integrity, including and not avoiding differences, be maintained; and that no attack with polemical animus shall be made on others. It is gratifying to find in the current number of

the *Quarterly* a presentation, by Mgr. Batiffole, of St. Augustine's thought on Catholic unity, on the conditions of that unity, and the duty of being within it. Other papers are of great interest, though naturally of far less importance than this, to Catholic readers.

—It is interesting to note that in "Golden Rules for Adolescent Purity," by J. Dengen (Walter Scott Publishing Co.), stress is laid upon piety; and "reception of the sacraments and devotion to Our Lady" are insisted upon as necessary safeguards.

—No reader familiar with Hibernian poetry will need to be told that "Dark Rosaleen" (P. J. Kenedy & Sons) is an Irish story, or that the title designates Ireland herself rather than the heroine of the tale. And few readers who have perused any of her former works will need our assurance that this latest novel of M. E. Francis (Mrs. Francis Blundell) is thoroughly charming. True, it is a story of Ireland of to-day; and, accordingly, the tear is perhaps more in evidence than the proverbial smile; but the narrative is permeated with a spirit of sane realism combined with genuine Irish otherworldliness that grips one's sympathetic interest and holds it in thrall even to the artistic, if somewhat tragic, conclusion.

*—"Prolegomena to an Edition of the Works of Decimus Magnus Ausonius," written as a dissertation for the doctor's degree at Columbia University, by Sister Marie José Byrne, Ph. D., professor of Latin in the College of St. Elizabeth, is the production of a philologically trained mind. It is divided into five sections: I. Life of Ausonius; II. Friends and Correspondence; III. The Poet and His Works; IV. History of the Text; V. Metre and Prosody. An extensive bibliography follows. These prolegomena are remarkable, in the first place, for the thoroughness of the investigation, which is evinced on every page. The discussion throughout is original, nothing being taken for granted: the text furnishes the proof for the results obtained. The judgment of other critics has not unduly influenced the writer—neither the too flattering encomiums of some, nor the too censorious criticisms of others. On disputed points she expresses and defends only such opinions as are sane and conservative. This monograph has been approved by the Department of Classical Philology of Columbia University as a contribution to knowledge worthy of publication, and is included among the University's publications. It is one of the most creditable fruits of convent

scholarship in the United States, and does honor both to its author and the institution of which she is a member.

—The name of the late Edmund Bishop has long been familiar to us as that of a great Catholic scholar (in early manhood a secretary to Carlyle), whose writings on historical and liturgical subjects were of the highest value; but it was only last week, from a tribute in the London *Tablet* by Dom Hugh Connolly, O. S. B., that we learned something about Mr. Bishop's personality. A convert to the Church, his faith and piety were no less remarkable than his rare gifts of mind. As generous as he was humble, his knowledge and time were always at the disposal of others; and the greater part of his work lies hidden in books that do not bear his name. The loss of this eminent scholar, writes Dom Connolly, "will be felt far beyond the pale of the Church in this country; and in the domain of historical research it will perhaps be realized even more keenly on the Continent than in England. Indeed, his own countrymen have been on the whole first somewhat tardy, and then somewhat sparing, in their appreciation of one whose signal services to the *Monumenta Germaniae* had already before 1879 won the personal recognition of Mommsen, Waitz, Wattenbach, and the whole group of distinguished men then associated in the production of that great work."

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

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

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

- "Prolegomena to an Edition of the Works of Decimus Magnus Ausonius." Sister Marie José Byrne, Ph. D. \$1.25.
- "Dark Rosaleen." M. E. Francis. \$1.35.
- "Catholic Christianity and the Modern World." Dr. Krogh-Tonning. \$1.25.
- "Camillus de Lellis, the Hospital Saint." A Sister of Mercy. \$1.
- "Catholic Christianity; or, The Reasonableness of Our Religion." Rev. O. Vassall-Phillips, C. S. S. R. \$1.50.
- "The Mass and Vestments of the Catholic Church." Rt. Rev. Monsignor John Walsh. \$1.75.

- "A Retrospect of Fifty Years." Cardinal Gibbons. 2 vols. \$2.
- "A Manual of Modern Scholastic Philosophy." Cardinal Mercier, etc. Vol. I. \$3.50.
- "The White People." Frances H. Burnett. \$1.20.
- "Great Inspirers." Rev. J. A. Zahm, C. S. C., Ph. D. \$1.50.
- "The History of Mother Seton's Daughters. The Sisters of Charity of Cincinnati, Ohio. 1809-1917." Sister Mary Agnes McCann, M. A. Vols. I. and II. \$5.
- "The New Life." Rev. Samuel McComb, D. D. 50 cts.
- "The Ancient Journey." A. M. Sholl. \$1.
- "The Sacrament of Friendship." Rev. H. C. Schuyler. \$1.10.
- "Songs of Creelabeg." Rev. P. J. Carroll, C. S. C. \$1.40.
- "Sermons and Sermon Notes." Rev. B. W. Maturin. \$2.
- "Illustrations for Sermons and Instructions." Rev. Charles J. Callan, O. P. \$2.

Obituary.

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

Rev. Francis Doppke, of the diocese of Cleveland; Rev. Thomas Hayes, archdiocese of St. Paul; and Rev. Victor Rodondo, C. M. F.

Sister M. Mancini, of the Sisters of St. Dominic; Sister M. Marcelline and Sister M. Dosithea, Sisters of St. Joseph.

Mr. Frank Misner, Mr. Edmund Bishop, Miss Ellen Looney, Mr. Alexander Cameron, Mr. William Nearing, Mr. Charles McFadden, Mr. Daniel Hall, Mrs. Neil McDonald, Mr. John W. Sacarry, Mr. Angus Cameron, Mrs. M. Claffey, Mr. H. J. Wessels, Mr. Henry Runge, Miss Eleanor O'Kain, Mrs. G. W. Costello, Mr. Jacob Staudor, Mrs. T. McInerney, Mr. Andrew Migl, Mr. Charles Legg, Mr. Philip Tally, Miss Barbara Lynch, Mrs. Mary Lynch, Mr. Joseph Menard, Mr. William Casey, Mr. Stephen Mersmann, Mr. Maurice Walsh, Miss Alice Armstrong, Mrs. Julia Shanahan, Mr. Thomas Cox, Mr. John Burney, and Mr. J. A. George.

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 Bishop of Nueva Segovia: Mrs. K. B., \$1. For the rescue of orphaned and abandoned children in China: J. M. K., \$5; Nora, \$1; M. F. R., \$1. For the Foreign Missions: E. M. N., \$3; Rev. T. F., \$5. For the war sufferers: G. E. B., in honor of St. Joseph, \$1.



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

[Published every Saturday. Copyright, 1917: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

Peace.

BY THEODORE MAYNARD.

WHOSE lives are bound
 By sleep and custom and tranquillity
 Have never found
 That peace which is a riven mystery.
 Who only share
 The calm that doth this stream, these orchards
 bless,
 Breathe but the air
 Of unimpassioned pagan quietness.
 Initiate,
 Pain burns about your head an aureole,
 Who hold in state
 The utter joy which wounds and heals the soul.
 You kiss the Rod
 With dumb, glad lips, and bear to worlds apart
 The peace of God,
 Which passeth all understanding, in your heart.

The Feast of Gladness.

BY ST. GREGORY THE GREAT.*

THE holy women who followed Our Lord brought sweet spices to His sepulchre; having loved Him while He was alive, they still followed Him with careful tenderness now that He was dead. It behooves us to attend well to what they did, that we may afterwards consider with ourselves what we must do after their example. We also, believing in Him who is dead, come

to His sepulchre bearing sweet spices, if we seek Him with the savor of pious living and the fragrant odor of good works. These women, when they brought spices, saw a vision of angels; and those souls who are moved by the pious desire to seek the Lord with the good odor of holy lives, will see the inhabitants of our Fatherland that is above.

If we inquire about the mystery contained in the fact of the angel who, appearing to the holy women, sat on the "right side," we shall find that by the left side is meant the life which now is, and life everlasting by the right side. Since, therefore, our Redeemer had passed from the corruption of this life, the angel who told that His eternal life was come, sat becomingly on the right side. The angel was clothed with a white robe; for he announced the joy of this great solemnity, and the shining whiteness of his raiment told of the brightness of this holy festival. The Resurrection of Our Lord is a festival of gladness for us, since we now know that we shall not die forever; and for the angels also it is a festival of joy, for they now know that we are called to complete their number in heaven.

What is the meaning of these words spoken by the angel to the women who had come to the sepulchre, "Be not affrighted"? Is it not as though he had said openly: Let them fear who love not the coming of the heavenly citizens; let them be affrighted who are so burdened by the flesh, that they despair ever to be joined to their company. But as to you, why do ye fear, since seeing us you see

* Adapted from a homily on the Gospels. Translated by the Rev. D. G. Hubert.

only your fellow-citizens? St. Matthew, describing the appearance of the angel, says: "His countenance was as lightning, and his raiment as snow." The lightning speaks of fear and terror; the snow, of the brilliant whiteness of rejoicing. Since God the Almighty shows Himself terrible to sinners, but at the same time well pleased with good and pious souls, it was but right that the angel, who had been sent by Him to give testimony to His resurrection, should inspire some with fear and terror by the lightning, and others with confidence and hope by his garment. God Himself wished to convey to us this meaning; for He guided the Israelites through the desert by a pillar of fire in the night and a cloud during the day. For the life of the just may be compared to daylight, and that of the sinner to a dark night. Thus the pillar of fire is to inspire sinners with fear; whilst the just, wandering in the light of the day, see a cloud which fills them with hope and security. St. Paul, writing to converted sinners, says: "You were heretofore darkness, but now light in the Lord." Lastly, all this will be accomplished by the Lord on the day of His wrath, when His loving countenance will shine on the just, while the terror of His justice will crush the wicked.

"You seek Jesus of Nazareth, who was crucified," said the angel. This holy name belongs in reality only to the Redeemer of the world, who was crucified. The angel said: "He is risen, He is not here." He is no longer here in His humanity, though His divinity is present everywhere. "But go tell His disciples and Peter that He goeth before you into Galilee." When we consider that St. Peter, after the great misfortune of denying his Master, would probably not have dared to accompany the other disciples to seek and meet Jesus, you will easily understand why he was specially invited and his name mentioned,—that is, that he should have no motive to doubt that his faithlessness was forgiven him. Acknowledge the infinite goodness of God! He had

permitted that disciple, chosen by Him to be the visible head of His Church, to be so frightened by the words of a maidservant as to deny his Redeemer, so that the remembrance of his own weakness and sin might teach him patience and forbearance with other people's misery, and with the failings of the great flock that was to be entrusted to him.

Not without a special reason did Our Lord send word to His disciples that He expected them in Galilee, where they would find Him. The word "Galilee" means "change," and this was entirely conformable with the state of our Saviour; for He had now passed from suffering to the glory of the resurrection, from death to life. He showed Himself in Galilee, glorious and risen from the dead, to manifest Himself to them by the place He had chosen; and to give us to understand that one day we shall have the joy and happiness of seeing Him in the glory of His resurrection, if now we pass from the state of sin to the heights of Christian virtues. Notice also that our Redeemer had Himself announced to the disciples near the place of His sepulchre, but appeared to them only after changing His dwelling-place; because, according to His example, the mortification of the flesh must precede in this life if we wish for the beatific contemplation in the life to come.

There are two kinds of life: the one we now lead in this world, the other of which we have no knowledge. The life we now know is mortal, the other is immortal; by the one we are subject to corruption, by the other we obtain incorruptibility. Death will be the end of the first, and our resurrection will be the beginning of the second. Jesus Christ, who came as the Mediator between God and man, lived the one and the other life; for He suffered the death of the first, and He rose from the dead to give us some knowledge of the second. Had He only promised that one day we shall rise again, without giving us in His own flesh an example of that resurrection, no one perhaps would have

referred to His testimony. But by taking our human nature, and becoming like ourselves, He willingly gave up His body to death; then, by His infinite power, He rose again, and gave us in His own person a pledge of the resurrection He had promised.

In order to enlighten our ignorance and strengthen our faith in a future resurrection, Our Lord wished us to be convinced not by the example of His resurrection only. For, notice, though He was the only one who died at that moment, yet Holy Scripture tells us that many bodies of the saints that had slept arose at that time, thus destroying any doubts still remaining in the minds of unbelievers. Providence willed people of the same nature as ours to rise with Jesus Christ. Being members of the Redeemer, we have no doubt that what is seen in the Head will be fulfilled in the members; that what happened to those who, as the first members of the Saviour, rose from the dead, will also happen to us, though the last.

The Jews blasphemed the crucified Redeemer, and said: "If He be the King of Israel, let Him now come down from the cross, and we will believe in Him." Had Jesus yielded to these insults and mockery He would not have given us the beautiful example of His astonishing patience. However, He waited; He accepted and bore insults and blasphemies; He persevered in that wonderful patience, and put off the time for giving a sign of His almighty power, that would then have caused a momentary amazement only, in order to show a greater miracle—namely, the glory of His resurrection. It was a more glorious triumph to leave the sepulchre, full of renewed life, than to come down from the cross. By His resurrection He triumphed over death, whilst by descending from the cross He would only have saved His life. Meanwhile the Jews were jubilant; for, in spite of their insults, Our Lord was still hanging on the cross; and they presumed that, after His death, His name would be

forgotten forever. Yet out of the bosom of the earth His name was spread abroad all over the world; and with such glory that this perfidious nation, so eager to punish Him with an ignominious death, was quite confounded, when seeing that the torments inflicted on Him had become the cause of His triumph.

It was thought of Samson by the Philistines that, being enclosed within the walls of the city of Gaza, and surrounded by guards, he would soon be overcome and bound with the chains they had prepared; but during the night he took the doors of the gate, and, laying them on his shoulders, carried them up to the top of the hill. Thus the all-powerful Saviour, the strong God typified by Samson, burst the bonds of the sepulchre, surrounded by the Jews with guards, whilst they fancied that the Author of life, whom they had killed and enclosed in the grave, would be forever buried therein. And this all-powerful God, more terrible after His death than Samson in his life, came out, after descending into Limbo; and, triumphing over His enemies, ascended into heaven.

Let us abide by this glorious resurrection, which, announced by the Prophets, was so happily accomplished. Let us desire to die, that we may be partakers of that resurrection. And since we have heard that the angels who announced the resurrection of Christ are inhabitants of the eternal dwelling for which we are longing, let us endeavor to reach them, and thus celebrate this festival with them. Though we are not just now able to enjoy a glorious resurrection with these heavenly spirits we will, nevertheless, join them with the ardor of our desires. Let us forsake sin and practise virtue, and by this change be able to see the face of our Redeemer.

No one can ever be better regulated in his actions than he who is more disposed to do what the divine will commands than to do what his own will suggests.

—*St. Augustine.*

The Crest of the Bodkins.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON.

XIX.—A FIGHTING CHANCE.



IN a small room in an adobe hut, on a neat little bed, lay Arthur Bodkin of Ballyboden. A man, a surgeon, was stooping over him, probing for a bullet which had entered at the back of the shoulder blade, and had plowed its way upward. The pain of the operation was almost unendurable; but the wounded man closed his teeth tight, clenched his hands, and, murmuring an *Ave Maria*, made no moan. The surgeon came upon the bullet, and, after what appeared to the sufferer an eternity of pain, succeeded in cutting it out over the collar-bone. A drink of *tequila* was administered to Arthur by a tender-eyed Indian woman, the wound dressed, and the patient advised to go to sleep. Wearied with torture, he was visited by "tired nature's sweet restorer"; he slept like a child, and until the sun was high in the heavens. When he awoke, a twinge of pain caused his memory to leap back to the moment when the cowardly bullet hurled him into unconsciousness, and a red-hot flame of anger lit up his heart as he thought of the treachery that had laid him low.

And Rody? What of good, faithful Rody? Had he been shot down too—assassinated? A deep groan escaped from Arthur,—so deep, so prolonged, as to bring the Indian woman noiselessly to his side. In broken Spanish he interrogated her; but she failed to comprehend him, replying to his agonized utterances by placing her finger to her closed lips, as though to impose silence.

Presently a heavy step was heard, the door was flung open, and a man entered. He did not remove his *sombrero*. Advancing to the bedside, he gazed down at Bodkin, and chuckled as he spoke in English:

"So it's *you*, is it?"

It was Mazazo, *alias* Don Manuel Gonzalez.

Stupefied, dazed, dumfounded, Arthur Bodkin did not reply. He knew well that his death sentence had been pronounced. Why contend now with this miserable cheat and spy?

"So it's *you*, is it?"

And the man chuckled again, showing teeth like fangs.

"It is my turn *now*," said Mazazo. And, in order to gratify his lust of revenge, he moved to the end of the bed, so as to obtain a better view of the wounded man. "Oho! but this *is* juicy,—this *is* delicious! You had *me* hard and fast; but I was too slippery for you. Bah! all the ropes that were ever made of maguey could not hold *me*. But I will hold you, *amigo mio*! I will have a nice fat rat in the trap. I will see that you regain health and strength; and then, when life will be as precious to you as that Irish girl who is with the Austrian woman, I'll have you brought and—no, not shot: that is a soldier's death,—I'll have you *garroted*—strangled. Do you hear?"

Arthur made no sign.

"It's not a nice way to die. It's about the very worst. You are placed in a chair, strapped tight into it. Behind you is a post"—Mazazo spoke slowly and impressively, and in almost perfect English,— "and on this post is an iron collar; this collar will be fastened round your miserable neck, and the executioners will twist a screw that will tighten it until your tongue darts out like a snake's."

Arthur did not move a muscle, but he devoutly murmured *Ave Marias*. He had heard of the horrors of the *garrote*, and knew of its hideous processes. To reply to this rascal could avail Arthur nothing. If he asked news of Rody, Mazazo would undoubtedly lie to him; and the very questioning might turn the relentless villain's attention to poor O'Flynn. Silence was surer than speech, and in this extremity also a necessity.

"Oho!" laughed Mazazo. "You won't

speak? You'll find your tongue for Señor Garrote, I'll warrant. *Adios!*"

And, with a horrid laugh at this ghastly joke, this human fiend left the apartment.

It was after nightfall; but a young moon was up in the heavens, and peeping in at Arthur Bodkin of Ballyboden. The *criada*, or woman servant attached to the dwelling, had brought him his supper,—composed of eggs dashed with garlic done in a brown earthen bowl, the inimitable *tortilla*, and black coffee. She also, by direction of the *medico*, placed some *tequila* beside him, and a cooling unguent to be applied to his wounds.

He thought of his piteous plight, and could not, and would not, realize that he was now almost face to face with death. The idea of escape never for an instant left his mind; and he resolved, cost what it would, to make the attempt. Should he fail, it was only to lose his life by a bullet instead of by an iron collar, with all its gruesome details. His shoulder had ceased to pain, and a few hours ought to enable him to try the hazard of the die.

"I never yet asked anything of the Blessed Virgin," he exclaimed aloud, "that she did not grant; and now, O sacred Mother, take me under your glorious protection!"

A slight cough close at hand caused him to be silent. He could hear the beating of his own heart. Was this a response to his soul-uplifted prayer? Again a cough. This time it had a sort of warning in its sound. It seemed to mean: "Whisper, if you want to know who I am."

"Who's there?" asked Arthur, feebly.

"It's *me*, sir!"

"Merciful God!—Rody!"

"Whisht! I'm creepin' over to the bed."

Soon Rody's hand was in his, and the two men were sobbing for absolute joy.

"Where am I, Rody?" asked Arthur.

"Ye're twenty miles from everywhere, sir; ye're up in the mountains, no less; ye're in the hands of the bloodiest villyan unhung—Mazazo."

"I've seen him."

"But, plaze God and His Blessed Mother, we'll give thim all the shlip afther a while, Masther Arthur. Never fear. Couldn't ye ride, sir?"

"I can."

"More power to ye! And walk and run a bit?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Well, sir, I have it all made out. The minute that moon is hid be that hill, ye'll have to lave this place as soft as ould Mrs. Malowney's cat. We'll have to creep in the shadow of the walls and cactuses for about a mile and a bit more, where I have an iligant pair of horses ready to fly away wid us. Of course, sir, we're not in Sackville Sthreet nor on the Donnybrook Road, and we'll have mebbe for to fight our way. Here is a revolver loaded up to the eye. I have a cupple myself. Mazazo'll have for to dale wid a pair of corpses if he wants for to ketch thim alive."

"But how did you arrange it all, Rody?"

"It's the ould story, sir: be manes of the ladies,—but I'll tell ye all about it whin we're safe, sir."

"Weren't you shot down too, Rody?"

"I was, sir; but that's all the harm it done me. I was only scrotched. Whisht!"

The sound of footsteps approached. Rody shrank behind the bed. The *criada* appeared in the doorway, shading a small lighted nut in her hand,—the oil of the nut giving a strong light for about two minutes. Luckily the back of her hand was in Rody's direction, the light being poured upon the recumbent form of his master, who pretended to be asleep. The woman, after gazing pityingly upon him for a moment, shook her head, muttering, "*Madre de Dios!*" and moved away.

"Now for it, sir,—up wid ye! The moon is just turnin' in. Which is the bad side? The right? Aisy now,—aisy! If ye get wake I can carry ye. Now, thim, ye're on yer feet!"

Arthur felt faint and dizzy. He stretched out his hand, and, raising the bottle of

tequila (a very strong spirit) to his lips took a long draught. He offered the bottle to Rody.

"I'll take a sketch by and by, sir, and thank ye kindly. Now couldn't ye go on all-fours a bit—follin' me?"

"No, I can't. My shoulder feels a ton weight when I stoop."

"Well, never mind. We'll get to the corner of the house, and thin we'll have to give thim leg-bail if they discover us. Don't be mindin' *me*, Masther Arthur. Remimber that ye're Bodkin of Ballyboden. They can't replace the likes of you, sir, but they could find a thousand O'Flynnns."

"Not one like *you*, Rody."

"Now, thin, sir! Rouse the griddle! Remimber ye keep to the road till ye come to a wood on yer left. Whin ye get there call out, and a boy will ride to ye wid the horses. Take the best, and ride for dear life down the hill and on to safety."

"God bless you, my faithful friend!" said Arthur. "We will live or die together. I am ready."

As Bodkin uttered this last word the moon hid her fair young face, leaving a soft, warm veil of darkness over the *hacienda*. Rody led the way, walking as noiselessly as the cat of which he had made such honorable mention, Arthur following. The *patio* was paved with red brick, which gave back no sound. As they emerged into the open a dog growled; but Rody "soothered" it with some talismanic expression in the Irish language, so powerful as to turn hostility into friendship; the intelligent animal insisting upon being their escort along the road. Arthur's shoulder commenced to pain to such a degree that he could hardly refrain from crying out. Rody made the pace, ever and anon glancing back to see that his master was following. Each large cactus bush was utilized, and more than once they stopped to breathe.

"How is the shouldher now, sir?" Rody would ask.

"All right," was the reply, the effort to make it costing throbs of excruciating agony.

The dog, who had been gambolling ahead, suddenly gave a joyous bark.

"Down, sir,—down! There's some of the people comin'. That dog knows thim." And poor Rody, forgetting Arthur's wound, flung his face downward behind a cactus bush. It took all the pressure of Bodkin's will power to refrain from yelling, so unendurable was the agony caused by the shock. The fall reopened the wound, and the hot blood came soaking through his clothes.

The dog, barking joyously, led the way, two men following on foot.

"There's only two, sir. Be ready for to fire, and don't miss!" hoarsely whispered Rody.

The men were close upon them, the cactus barely serving as a screen. Arthur, despite his grievous condition, firmly grasped his revolver, resolving to die hard. The dog bounded up, sniffed at Bodkin's body, made a playful snap at Rody, and bounded on, the men following.

"That *was* hapes, as Mrs. Murphy remarked whin she swallied the crab. Whew! Masther Arthur, but the breath wint clane out of me body. Sorra a closer shave Lanty O'Toole ever made wid his Sunda' razor. Now we must be stirrin'."

"Rody," gasped Arthur, "I'm afraid I'm done for. The wound has opened,—I am bleeding to death."

"Oh, murdher! murdher!" groaned O'Flynn, gently removing the clothes from Bodkin's shoulder, and tightly compressing the orifice by means of a scarf which he wore around his waist. "If it's God's will ye're to die, sir—and His holy will be done,—ye'll die in the saddle makin' a dash for liberty"; adding, with a ring of fire and pride in his rich, mellow voice: "A Bodkin of Ballyboden knows how for to die,—but not in a ditch, sir."

There was something so inspiring in the man's tone, so strong an appeal to his

manhood and to his pride of race, that Arthur resolved upon a supreme effort; and, aided by his servant, ran stumbling and tottering, in the direction of a clump of trees, beneath which the pair arrived exhausted, but in safety.

"Take a *golligogue* now, Masther dear!" exclaimed O'Flynn, producing the bottle which contained the *tequila*, and which he had with great forethought thrust into a pocket as they left the *hacienda*.

The stimulant so revived Arthur that he was enabled, with the help of his companion, to mount the horse that was in waiting; and Rody, leaping upon the other, they started across the plain, avoiding the highway. As good luck would have it, the young moon was in the sulks, and did not reappear. That the ride was an awful ordeal for our hero, it is needless to say. Now racked with pain, now numb with torture, every bound of his powerful horse seemed as though it were the last agony; and were it not for a judicious use of the *tequila*, he would have fallen to mother earth. Twice did he faint, to be revived by the almost womanly tenderness of his faithful follower. And when at length, the grey dawn breaking, they rode into the little town of Calientas, and into safety, poor Arthur fell, limp and motionless, into Rody's arms.

"Mother of God, he's dead entirely!" And a despairing cry came from the very bottom of the honest fellow's breaking heart.

(To be continued.)

For a Church Bell.

BY SHANE LESLIE.

3 CHIME at eve and morn,
 I peal the happy wed,
 I ring for mortals born,
 I toll the blessed dead.
 But I am busy most
 When all my work is done,
 In silence praising Son,
 And Father, Holy Ghost.

Spanish Footprints in California.

BY THE REV. T. J. BRENNAN, S. T. L.

FAMILY names as a rule are very uncommunicative. They simply indicate the presence of some person, and no more. They are almost as nondescriptive as the number on a house or on an auto license. I hear the name Johnson, for example; but whether it refers to the great lexicographer or the Governor of California or the local grocer I can not tell. I hear the name Pope, but whether it stands for the poet or the maker of automobiles I have yet to learn. Of course when the names were given first they were chosen for a reason found in the individuals so named. The first Johnson was the son of John; the first Pope was so called because of his pretensions to some attribute of the Sovereign Pontiff. Then these names became family names, and have been borne by all the numerous progeny of the first bearers, no matter what their characters or offices in life; so that to-day when Mr. Johnson or Mr. Pope sends up his card, I know no more than if I were told that 'man No. 46 or man No. 54 desires to see you.'

It is different with place-names. They are given to individual places, and remain faithful to their partner till death. Besides, they are, as a rule, given with a reason. The reason may be geographical, historical or sentimental; but there nearly always is a reason; and hence the study of the origin of place-names is often a key to problems in history and ethnology,—is often an illuminating comment on those who gave them.

This was more so in former times than now; for most of our modern place-names are invented and affixed by real estate men. They are part of the advertising scheme, and nearly always end in "Terrace" or "Park" or "View." They are meant for people who want a nice name

for their suburban residence and for their visiting cards, and who pay more attention to sound than to appropriateness. Formerly it was otherwise. Names were given, not with a view to enhance market value, but rather to describe the location, to commemorate the day or the circumstance of discovery, or to honor the discoverer; and there they will remain forever, a spontaneous tribute of disinterestedness or gratitude. We can illustrate this from the Spanish place-names of California, using as our basis the valuable work of Nellie Van de Grift Sanchez.

The present State of California was explored, and its early settlements named, by the Spaniards; and a glance at the map of the State will tell us more about that people than an article in a first-class encyclopedia. It will tell us that the old romances of the days of chivalry still influenced them; it will tell us that they reckoned dates not by the civil but by the ecclesiastical calendar; and it will bring before us a list of Spanish family names either famous in sunny Spain or famous in this epoch of discovery. "In these names the spirit of our romantic past lives and breathes, and their sound is like an echo coming down the years to tell of that other day when the savage built his beehive huts on the river banks, and the Spanish *caballero* jingled his spurs along the Camino Real."*

Naturally, the names reflect many moods and many sentiments. They were not bestowed at a council table, nor after deliberating on the characteristics of the place to be named. They sprang almost spontaneously to the lips of these pioneers as a description of some local peculiarity, or a commemoration of some incident, or as a tribute of love to some favorite saint or personality. The christening was a very rapid and very informal ceremony; and in that way all the more valuable as an indication of the character of those responsible for the fact.

Of these names the great majority are

* Introduction, p. 1.

religious,—that is to say, they commemorate the name of some saint or festival or doctrine of the Church. For the voyage of discovery was religious rather than commercial. Though there were tales of golden treasure, and the ambition to enlarge the empire of the Spanish monarch, yet the spiritual needs of the Gentiles were the motive and the explanation of these heroic exploits. The missionaries were the leaders,—if not in fact, at least in zeal and initiative. Their first thought was to erect the standard of the Cross; their first ministrations were to the souls of the heathens. And wherever they halted or wherever their eyes rested, they called to mind some saint or some Christian mystery, and marked by a Christian name the places thus brought for the first time under the influence of the Gospel.

There is scarcely a saint in the calendar whose name you will not find on the map of California; there is scarcely a mystery or festival which has not been wedded to one of its lakes or rivers or mountains. To illustrate this I need only mention our three great cities—San Francisco, Los Angeles, and Sacramento,—all so well beloved by tourists, and speaking of men whose language was the language of Spain and whose ideals were those of the Church. Indeed California is one of the sacramentals of the Church. Its place-names speak to us of apostles and confessors, as well as of martyrs and virgins. They were written by men to whom saints and angels were familiar and daily influences; and though other races and religions have entered into possession, from end to end of the State we find footprints of holy *Padres*, and we hear the echoes of the heavenly names which they invoked in hours of peril, or thanked in the hour of triumph.

We must not think, however, that name-making in California was simply a matter of running down an alphabetical list of the saints, or of perpetual recourse to the calendar of the Church. That would have been easy; but, for the sprightly Spanish

mind, it would have been too monotonous. Sometimes the process was much more simple and prosaic, and we come on quite a big list of names which are nothing more than a literal description of some local or geographical characteristic. For example, they call a place *Agua Caliente*, which sounds very nice and sweet and mysterious until you know that it means simply "warm water," and is merely a description of a fact. They meet a dry, treeless, dusty plain, and call it *Soledad* ("Loneliness"). They come on a *dry creek* and designate it *Arroyo Seco*. They encounter a pretty piece of scenery, cry out, "Beautiful sight!" (*Bella Vista*), and the name is given and will remain forever.

Indeed, it is fortunate that the present settlers are so ignorant of the language of the pioneers; otherwise, many of these names would surely be discarded as too common and obvious. Imagine, for instance, calling a place in English "Round" or "White" or "Swamp"; and yet to the average ear these names sound quite agreeable in Spanish: *Redondo*, *Blanco*, *Laguna*. However, that is the advantage of Spanish: it seems to lend beauty and poetry to the common and ordinary things of life; or at least it covers ugliness in words not "understood of the people."

This tendency to be realistic has often preserved characteristics of places which doubtless the present inhabitants would willingly forget or conceal. Who, for example, would tolerate such a name as "The Fleas" on his visiting card or as his post-office address? And yet we have the name *Las Pulgas* occurring twice on the map of California. Father Crespi tells us how it arose at least on one occasion. The soldiers having arrived at a certain Indian village, and some of them having rashly taken refuge in the huts for the night, they rushed out with the cry, "*Las pulgas! Las pulgas!*" For this reason the soldiers called it the *Rancheria de las Pulgas* ("The Village of the Fleas"),—a name borne by the ranch to this day. With equal indifference to the feeling of posterity,

they called another place by the name of *Buchon* ("The Big Crow"); another by the humorous title of *Sal si Puedes* ("Get Out if You Can"); and still another as *Rancheria del Cojo* ("The Lame Man's Village").

Many strange adventures were, of course, experienced by these hardy explorers. Some of them have found their way into diaries and official reports, and some also have been commemorated in the names of the places where they occurred. The island of *Santa Cruz* is an instance. "By some chance, the *Padres* lost there a staff which bore a cross on the end. They gave it up as irretrievably lost, so were the more pleased when the Indians appeared the following day to restore it. From this they gave the island the name of *Santa Cruz* ('Holy Cross')." The *Canyon of La Salud* ("Health") records the cure of some soldiers who had sickened on the journey; *La Espada* ("The Sword") records the return of a sword that had been stolen by some Indians; and *La Canada de los Osos* ("The Glen of the Bears") testifies to the number of bears found in the place still designated by their name.

Thus California place-names tell us much of the early Spanish settlers. They fix forever the faith and the ideals of those who ventured into those hitherto unexplored regions. They are landmarks set by those who came from afar off, speaking the sweet Castilian tongue, and treasuring in their hearts the names of the saints and mysteries and festivals of the Church in which they had been nurtured. Their descendants, as well as the children of the later comers, owe a debt of gratitude to Miss Nellie Van de Grift Sanchez for having brought together in such pleasing form the lore and legends hidden away under the Spanish and Indian place-names of California.

BELIEF is not a thing material,
 But of the spirit so ethereal;
 It grows from many acts, and still
 A single act its life may kill.

—Anon.

Two Easter Eves.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

I.

THE sun of Easter Saturday was setting over the Common,* with that joyous brightness which seems peculiar to Easter. It symbolized the rising of Christ from the tomb; for Nature, too, had seemed to rise from the grave of Winter, and to bring gladness in her train, like some merry, laughing child.

Gabriel Carpsey, the herdsman, moved around amongst his cattle. They were of all sorts,—brown, black, brindled, and snow-white. Their fat, sleek sides gave evidence of the care which had been bestowed upon them. As they raised their heads from grazing or meditatively chewed the cud, their large eyes regarded, with peaceful indifference, the herdsman passing to and fro in their midst. To them he was a part of the landscape, and no more. They took no note of his high steeple-hat, his low shoes with brass buckles, and his gray hose.

The herdsman's thoughts, as he walked about the Common, had been fixed upon the great Mystery which was to be commemorated upon the morrow, and which appealed to his naturally religious mind. "The Lord is risen indeed!" he repeated over to himself. "This is the day the Lord hath made,—a beautiful day, in truth." And as he pondered, his eyes took in the fair landscape,—the East River flowing placidly, its surface brilliant with sunlight, save where it was shadowed by the cliffs of Iphitomaza. Nearer was the burg of New Amsterdam, which had grown daily, under the prosperous Dutch rule; its quaint houses, with crow-stepped chimneys and gables turned towards the tree-shaded streets; and the gardens, already showing signs (for Easter was late

* The Common in Colonial New York was the site of the present City Hall.

that year) of the resurrection that should presently fill them with *pans bloemies* of all sorts; and the embryo orchards that barely a month later would revel in blossoms, as a sign of the autumnal fruition. He walked back and forth, deep in thought, over that vast field, which none but prophetic vision could have discerned as the future centre of civic life in the great metropolis.

He sighed, though he could scarcely have told why, as, taking the horn from his shoulders and putting its silver mouth-piece to his lips, he gave forth a few melodious notes. Instantly the cattle were at attention, their heads turned towards him, and their large eyes fixed upon the man who thus announced his will to them. Soon, they were all in motion, their warm breath clouding the still air, filled as it was with the thousand and one intimations of approaching spring. Gabriel Carpsey walked at the head of the cattle as they streamed forth from the Common on to the Broadway, and thence into the heart of the town, where, for the night, he left each animal at the barn of its owner. When the weather grew warmer, he often remained all night upon the Common, with his peaceful charges sleeping about him. Occasionally, as the herd moved along, Gabriel played upon the horn,—a warning to those who might be inclined to stray and who instantly fell into step; or he called this or that animal by name.

Bregji, the brindled cow of the Widow Glover, was restless at times, and apt to incite to rebellion Antie, the black cow of Jans Wendel. The herdsman addressed these mildly insubordinate animals in precisely the same terms as one might have employed to wilful children: "You Bregji, the cow of Widow Glover,—are you not ashamed to be so unruly, seeking to disturb the peace of the streets on Easter Eve? It is well you have no horns with which to work mischief, so wilful are you!" One would have thought the animal knew she was being reprov'd; for her long, silky ears drooped and she turned her head

uneasily from side to side. "And you black one, have a care that you be not deprived of the warm bran mash that is being prepared for you!" He blew a few admonitory notes almost into the ears of the delinquents; and, as he returned to his place at the head of the bovine company, he patted the sleek sides of the staid brown cows that pursued their peaceful way, without any disposition to stray. "Good ones!" he said softly. "You are the herdsman's pride." And the animals so addressed bowed their heads and swung their tails as if in recognition of the compliment.

Besides the Easter joy, there was another joy in the heart of Gabriel Carpsay. "Now that I have my position secured to me," he said, "I will go to-morrow to ask for the hand of Marje Janse. Her father, Jans, will have no objection to offer, since my pay is good and on my name there rests no shadow."

II.

If the sun did not dance on that Easter morning, the heart of Gabriel Carpsay danced as he reflected that before it went down again he should call Marje Janse his betrothed wife. He had seen but little of the girl lately, because his position of official herdsman had only of late been confirmed, with a correspondingly good salary. Until that was assured, he had avoided compromising Marje by his attentions. In the meantime the daughter of Jans Wendel had changed considerably. A new influence had come into her life. She had formed a close intimacy with a young Irish girl named Nancy O'Hagan, who, though merry and light-hearted to a degree, was, nevertheless, a devout Catholic. Though her religion was under a ban in the colony, there had as yet been no active persecution of members of the true Church; but all public worship on their part was forbidden, and the priests who visited New Amsterdam did so in secret.

On more than one occasion Marje had been taken by this friend, with strict in-

junctions to secrecy, to the house of a Spaniard, where Mass was sometimes celebrated by missionaries, who came from some near-by colony. On Marje's sensitive and impressionable nature, the secrecy, the very necessity for caution, added to the attraction which she felt to the sacred rites, the liturgy, and the figure of the venerable priest in habit of brown serge or in rich vestments. The missionary had looked grave when, on the occasion of her first visit, he had learned that Marje was a Protestant. Since then he had steadily put aside her expressed desire to join the Church, saying that it was a matter which required much consideration. Only at the earnest request of Nancy had he even consented to give her a Catechism and other books of instruction. "She is young," he said, "and her character—a fine one I grant you—is but imperfectly developed. We must test her before it will be possible to admit her to the Church." Nancy, herself ardent and impulsive, could not understand his hesitation; and as for Marje, it only whetted her desire to receive without delay the Sacrament of Baptism.

On that Easter morn she had stolen out at sunrise, when all the earth seemed bathed in a pure gold, which lay quivering and shimmering over the landscape. In company with her friend Nancy, Marje had entered those mysterious precincts, where the smell of the Easter lilies upon the altar was strong, where the small congregation knelt in rapt devotion, where the Franciscan, Father Polycarp, clad in gold vestments, celebrated the divine mysteries, and poured forth his soul in a few burning words on the great truth of the Resurrection. Marje, like the disciples of old, felt her heart burn within her as she listened; and she said to herself that she would brave all things, and, as soon as the Mass was over, insist upon being admitted into the society of those favored few. She wept to see Nancy advance with the others to receive Holy Communion; and her pulses leaped and her heart beat

fast when the exultant strains of the old hymn came forth from the improvised choir:

O filii et filiae!
Rex caelestis, Rex gloriae.

It seemed to her that all the gladness of heart experienced by the first disciples was hers that day; and it was reflected on the faces of those around her, as they saluted each other after Mass with the greeting: "The Lord is risen!" To which came the reply: "He is risen indeed, Alleluia!"

Marje besought Nancy to remain afterwards, that she might beg of Father Polycarp to receive her, upon that blessed Easter Day, into the company of the faithful, and to prepare her forthwith, so that before he left Manhattán, and before the Eastertide was over, she might receive the Body of Our Lord. The priest studied her face for a few moments, after which he bent his head as if in prayer. Then he gave his decision,—too cold and cautious, as it seemed to Nancy; absolutely cruel, as it appeared to Marje. And it was that she should wait a week longer, lest the beauty and the joy and the brightness of that Easter morning might have carried her away. "For you are young, child," he said, "and your character has not yet stood a test." As the girl went away weeping, in company with her disappointed friend, the missionary added mentally: "A fine character, I make no doubt, if once it had been tried 'so as by fire.'"

III.

As the two girls pursued their homeward way, Marje was at first petulant and disposed to rail at the over-caution of the missionary. Though Nancy sympathized deeply with her, she refused to join in her strictures upon the priest, who had a high reputation for wisdom and sanctity. She made a determined effort to change the conversation just as the friends were passing the Common, where neither Gabriel Carpsey nor his herd was at that moment visible.

Marje, in the midst of her other perturbation, sighed involuntarily at the

deserted aspect of the place. It would have been so pleasant to see the figure of the herdsman there amongst his cattle, as she had so often seen him. Had not Nancy been with her, she would have lingered a few moments to survey that scene, which in her mind was associated with him who she had fondly, but somewhat vaguely, hoped might be her lover. Of late he had made no attempt to single her out from the other maidens at merry-makings; nor had he even so much as cast a glance at her during the long service in the Dutch church, to which of late she had given but a perfunctory attention. Marje had never said a word to her friend of the keen interest she had long taken in the herdsman, nor of the doubt, strong and poignant, which had begun to replace a long-cherished, though apparently ill-founded, hope. Nancy, unconscious of the trend of her companion's thoughts, remarked as they passed the Common:

"The herdsman, they say, is to wed very soon."

"With whom?" inquired Marje,—her heart suddenly chilled as though it had been grasped by an icy hand.

"Ah! that I know not," answered Nancy; "though I have heard, in truth, such idle surmises as that it be the daughter of a rich farmer in the Jerseys, or the only child of Jacob Kip, the baker."

The brightness of the April day and the joy of the Easter morn were suddenly obscured for Marje; while the lively Nancy, intent only on amusing her friend, rattled on.

"If the former speculation be true," she said, "then, alack-a-day! Master Gabriel Carpsey shows no mark of partiality for us of Manhattán,—nor for me, for that matter, since he hates, or so men say, all who are of the Roman Catholic Faith. To him we are as the spawn of the Evil One."

There was something in this speech which raised a strange tumult in the heart of Marje Janse. It occurred to her that, had her own intuitions been correct in spite of

this idle gossip, and should the herdsman one day ask her to be his wife, how could she dare to tell him that she belonged to that accursed sect which, as Nancy had declared, he hated and despised? Her desire (which had been so strong in the Spaniard's room that morning, and in presence of the altar) to embrace the ancient Faith seemed suddenly to grow weak. The Easter hymns that had been sounding in her ears became faint. It was now a distinct relief that the friar had not taken her at her word and baptized her on the spot. What had been a grievance became a joy, since that obstacle, at least, did not arise between her and Gabriel. From that time on, Nancy had no difficulty in keeping her friend's thoughts away from the cruelty of Father Polycarp in refusing to receive so ardent a neophyte. Instead, Marje returned presently to the subject of Gabriel Carpsey, with the inquiry: "How heard you that the herdsman bethought himself of marrying after these many years of bachelorhood?"

"It was his own saying," replied Nancy, wondering at her friend's persistence, "repeated to me by our neighbor, Claes Groen, of the Sheep Pasture."

"Claes Groen told you that?" exclaimed Marje, her heart sinking still lower; for she knew that the keeper of the Schaafe's Waytie was Gabriel's closest friend.

"Aye," said Nancy, "Master Carpsey declared to him that he meant to marry, now that he had been made official herdsman of the city."

"You are sure that he named not the maid?" Marje asked.

"Neither maid nor widow!" laughed Nancy. "And so that it were not myself I care not."

"You might do worse, my Nancy!" cried Marje, with some heat. "There be worse swains in New Amsterdam than Gabriel Carpsey."

"Much worse, in truth," replied Nancy, eyeing her friend curiously. "But I have given you my reason in advance. 'Tis because of the herdsman's hatred of

Popery, which would prevent him from marrying a Catholic wife,—not that, in truth, Master Carpsey has ever cast a glance in my direction."

As they conversed in this fashion, there were heard the notes of a horn which sent strange thrills of gladness through Marje's veins. For a moment all else was forgotten, save that she was to see and look into the face of Gabriel Carpsey, who within the last half hour—because of the fear of losing him irrevocably—had become inexpressibly dear and precious to her.

The two girls moved inside the boxwood hedge enclosing the garden of Arendt Schuyler, to allow the herd to pass,—Marje, watching with eager eyes the agile figure of the herdsman, who sounded at intervals a few melodious notes upon his horn. The notes were clear and joyous, with all the gladness of the Easter in their sound; and for a moment Marje, with leaping heart, seemed to hear again the Alleluias of the Easter choir. But she closed her ears to the voices of the spirit, and awaited with glowing countenance the moment when Gabriel Carpsey's eyes should meet her own; for she fancied she could read in their depths the truth or falsehood of her intuitions.

But at the very moment when the herd was passing the Schuyler garden, the brindled cow of the Widow Glover and the black cow belonging to her father began, as was frequently the case, to show signs of restiveness; so that the herdsman, hastening to their side, turned his back upon Marje's expectant face. She went the rest of the homeward way in almost complete silence, broken by an occasional and quite irrelevant remark from Nancy, who had begun to perceive the true state of affairs. When she parted from the girl at Jans Wendel's door, she said within herself: "Perchance, after all, Father Polycarp was right."

IV.

Marje went home in deep depression. All the joy of that glorious festival had faded from her mind, where impressions

succeeded each other as clouds upon the surface of a lake. Only that morning she had wept when the priest in moving terms had recalled the sad story of the Passion, only to intensify the glory of the Resurrection, which had burst through the darkness with a splendor that illumined all the centuries. She had thrilled to his graphic portrayal of the meeting in the garden, that first Easter morning, between Mary and the divine Lover of her soul. The Alleluias had filled her with a keen delight, and her spirit had leaped for joy to the words of the Easter hymn,

O filii et filiae!
Rex cœlestis, Rex gloriae.

That "glorious King of Heaven" had seemed to call her to Him with compelling force; and now this earthly love had come to dispute that sovereignty and to occupy her mind and heart to the exclusion of all else. The doubt which her friend's words had awakened in her, the fear of losing what she had always fondly hoped would be her own, overwhelmed her, and drove away all idea of heroic sacrifice which she had fancied herself strong enough to make. There was agony in the thought that Gabriel Carpsey should choose another and be lost to her forever. She went about her wonted tasks mechanically. But, at her father's somewhat stern command to be ready in time for church, she arrayed herself with care in her new Easter gown and went down to await her father in the living room.

It was while there that she became aware of voices in the best parlor, into which, during her absence upstairs, her father had evidently been called. The circumstance, indeed, excited her curiosity, which she could not gratify because the door had been shut fast. Sitting down to wait for her father with such patience as she might, she saw all at once that the parlor door had opened and that some one—not her father—was coming out. She had barely time to recognize the visitor when he advanced towards her, and, taking her hand, inquired in a tremulous voice:

"Will you walk to church with me this Easter morning, Marje?"

And as, knowing full well the significance of the question, she bowed her head in assent, Gabriel Carpsey added:

"And on all the blessed Sabbath morns that we shall spend together?"

A tumultuous joy, a sense of triumph and exultation, filled the girl as she gave that promise:

"Yes, I will walk with you willingly, Gabriel Carpsey, on this Easter morn and every other Sabbath while we both shall live."

Her voice sounded so loud, with a note almost of defiance in it, that the lover looked at her in surprise. For he did not know that her words meant an apostasy, and that she was seeking to drown a voice within her,—the voice of the Risen Lord Himself.

"Then you know," said Gabriel, in tender tones, "that we are betrothed, Marje, and long before another Easter you shall be my wife. Your father has given his consent, and I but waited for yours."

"I have given it," replied Marje, with an emphasis that once more sounded somewhat harsh to the sensitive ear of love. For the girl was denying that other solemn pledge taken at the dawn of the Resurrection morning.

As the two went forth together, some vague perturbation in Marje's mind clouded ever so slightly the blue of the sky, and rendered less delectable the delicious balminess of the air, and the upswelling pæan of gladness with which reviving Nature celebrated the central mystery of faith. The church service seemed vague and meaningless to her; and instead of the voice of the minister preaching, she heard the tones of her lover asking her to be his wife. Once or twice, indeed, that bare and mean interior seemed to fade from her view; she lost sight of the minister in white Geneva bands, and saw only the worn, ascetic figure of the Franciscan in his vestments of gold, listened to his exhortation, inhaled the fragrance of the Easter

lilies, or heard the hymns of spiritual rejoicing. But the next instant she was noting with keen satisfaction the envious glances of the various damsels, who fully understood the significance of her appearance there with Gabriel Carpsey. Outside the church, the two received more or less sincere congratulations from their acquaintances, and at her own gate the herdsman said:

"Before the *pans bloemies* are in blossom, you must be my bride."

Again she gave her promise, and extended her hand that he might put upon it a ring of quaint workmanship, with a motto upon the inside,—a ring which had been worn by another hand than hers, that of Gabriel's mother. He left her, promising to come again at evening; and she waited, with her hands at times pressed over her heart in an ecstasy of happiness.

When twilight had come she heard the sound of his horn, and knew that he was gathering in his troop for the night. She stole to the corner of the street to watch for him, and beheld his agile form coming in the midst of the herd. She hid herself from view with a new kind of shyness. That evening found him at her side, seated in the best parlor, which had been opened for this special occasion. Gabriel, diverging from the one absorbing topic of themselves, touched upon the significance of that day, and in the course of his remarks incidentally declared that he hated the Papists.

"You could never have married one, my love?" asked Marje, in a muffled whisper.

"What a strange question you ask, my dear one!" answered Gabriel. "Why, not if no other woman trod this green earth! Those Romanists are an accursed sect."

From that moment Marje's apostasy was final. She could never give her lover up, and she shuddered at the thought that he might discover how near she had been to professing the hated creed.

VI.

When the year sped round again, and another Easter dawned, Marje had been for many months the wife of Gabriel Carpsey. Her happiness had been great at first. The herdsman made a tender and affectionate husband; but, to the eyes of the girl, between them stood a shadow, now grim and menacing, now compassionate and sorrowful. It was the figure of the Christ whom she had forsaken. She grew pale and thin. In her eyes was a haunting look that dimmed their brightness; and in her heart, a nameless fear that stilled the laugh on her lips and seemed to poison all her joys. She was conscious of an intense loneliness, so that she often went out upon the Common to be near her husband, though between him and her had grown up a strange reserve. She wandered in and out amongst the herds, finding a certain comfort in their silent companionship, as she stroked their smooth, shining coats. The society of those dumb creatures seemed now to suit her best. Their homely companionship attracted her, since she dared not turn toward the sky which she had forsaken. She never said a prayer. It was part of her punishment that she who had forsaken the things of heaven must sink lower and lower, seeking comfort from the earth.

When Easter Saturday drew near, having finished, in a mechanical, half-hearted way her preparations for the morrow, she hurried forth to the Common, where Gabriel greeted her with a coldness that had become marked of late. She wandered away from him with relief, losing herself amongst his bovine dependents, and particularly addressing those two that were her special favorites,—Bregji, the brindled cow of the Widow Glover; and her father's black cow, Antie. They lowed at her approach, bending back their ears and swinging their tails as if in greeting.

All of a sudden Marje started; for she saw pausing at the edge of the Common, with a light in her eyes and the Easter hymn upon her lips, Nancy O'Hagan.

Marje felt cold and faint; for she had so rudely repelled Nancy's overtures of friendliness that an estrangement had sprung up between them. Nancy, perceiving her, now advanced, holding out her hand, with a bright smile and the greeting:

"Happy Easter, Marje!"

But the girl so addressed recoiling as though she had been struck, and with a cry upon her lips, fled to a hiding-place amongst the animals. Nancy, spurred on by the advice of the Franciscan, was not so easily repulsed; and, following her, exclaimed:

"Why do you turn your back upon me, Marje? And why are you unhappy?"

"Because," the girl answered in a hollow voice, "like Peter, I have denied the Lord."

"But Peter was forgiven," said Nancy, softly. And she added, as she turned to walk away: "Father Polycarp will be in the town for a week."

That was a lovely evening, with an opaline clearness in all the wide heavens; and light, subtly beautiful and delicate, falling over the cliffs of Iphitomaza upon the Breukelen shore; upon the East River, hastening on its way to the sea, as a life hastens towards eternity; over the Common, and the sleek backs of the cattle. Marje stood there alone, as one stricken to the heart; for she had heard once more the call of the Risen Lord. Presently she saw Gabriel approaching, blowing a few notes upon the horn to the cattle as a signal for their departure. With a wild impulse, Marje ran towards him and clung to him.

"Gabriel," she cried, "before another Easter morn has dawned for us, I must confess all!"

The startled herdsman looked at her in wonder.

"Marje," he exclaimed, "what have you done?"

Scarce heeding the question, she began to pour forth that story which a year before would have roused him to fury. But Gabriel was strangely silent, his arms folded tightly about the drooping form of his wife. And, so standing, he told her

in turn how he, too, had been drawn towards that Church, which here in these Colonies worshipped like those of old in the Catacombs, in lowliness and obscurity. When the brindled cow of the Widow Glover had been ill, he had been a good deal about the house, only to discover that the widow and her invalid daughter were Catholics. Impressed by the saintlike demeanor of the latter, who was a great sufferer, he had been led to inquire into the Catholic Faith; and had met there, too, the Franciscan missionary. He was reading even then books which the latter had given him, and he hoped that on Easter morning he should be baptized.

The two stood thus for many moments, feeling, for the first time in months, one in heart and soul. For they knew that when on the morrow the Easter bells rang out from the Dutch church, where they so long had worshipped; from the Huguenot church of the French, or from the newly erected English temple of Trinity, it would be to none of those that they should go, but to the altar of God erected in the house of the Spaniard, where alone the great mystery of the Resurrection would be celebrated by the clean Oblation of the New Law.

The bovine company, grazing or chewing the cud, looked towards them in mild-eyed surprise, till the herdsman, rousing himself, raised to his lips the silver mouth-piece of his horn and gave forth notes summoning them for the homeward march. Those notes were of such piercing joy and sweetness that they thrilled Marje's heart and set her pulses throbbing with a new joy—that of the penitent Magdalen on the first Easter morning.

THE Church does not stop with opposing to the errors of the age or nation the truth that condemns them; but embodies that truth in institutions, and founds in its honor and for its preservation feasts and associations, which render it practical, and cause it to enter into the life of the faithful.—*Dr. Brownson.*

Tales of Brother Bozon.

(Translated from a Norman-French MS. of the Fourteenth Century, by J. R., of the Honorable Society of Gray's Inn.)

THERE was a rich man who was very charitable, but too content with bodily ease; for he would hardly fast on any Friday; he would not get up in the morning, nor undertake anything that he ought to vex the flesh, but wholly relied on almsgiving. This man caught an illness so that he thought to die. And as he lay in a trance he deemed that Our Lord asked of many of the souls which passed at the time what they had done in this world for Him. "Aha!" thought the rich man, "I have a good answer."

When Our Lord came to him He did not ask at all "What hast thou done?" but what he had suffered for Him. The other was silent, and then replied: "I have suffered nothing for you, Lord. I crave your pardon, but I gave a little for you. . . ." "Verily!" said Our Lord, "what you gave I lent to you. But you never thought of rendering to Me in your own flesh that which I endured for you in My flesh, but I will do this much for you on account of your charities: I will give you time to amend yourself."

When this man came out of his trance he praised God for this vision.

* * *

It happened on a cold winter night that a wolf said to the fox: "I have found a good and fine cheese as shining as gold; if I could have it I should be glad."—"Good!" said the fox. "Show me the cheese and you shall have it." The other went and showed him the moon shining in a reservoir. "Now look," said the wolf; "what a fine large cheese!"—"Do you wish to have it?" said the fox.—"Yes," said the other, "more than to have any thing."—"Put your tail in the water," said the fox, "and I will go to the other side to make it come to you; and when it is fixed to your tail you will draw it up."

The other did as the fox said; his tail began to freeze, and the fox asked: "How is it with you?"—"Well," said he, "I feel heavy at the tail."—"It is well," said the other; "now it begins to fasten." When the fox understood that the ice was well hardened, he said to the wolf that he should draw the cheese to him. And the other drew, and his tail remained in the water. "Alas!" said the wolf, "now have I lost my tail and the cheese, and am shamed. At an evil hour did I wish for a thing that was not for me."

So many folk desire wisdom and knowledge of this world that is like the moon, and the shadow of the moon, which shines in the water, for when you think to snatch it you will fail. While they are for gain, the fox asks them: "How is it with you?"—"Well," say they, "we feel our purse somewhat big and heavy."—"Truly," says the other, "yet hearken to such and such a method and you shall have the whole cheese; that is to say, all the town with the manor." But when they think to snap up the better, then they go without the tail of earthly possessions. As to which there is naught save grief and mourning and sadness, as says the Scripture that those will say after their days: Alas! we chose that which was worth nothing, and we did not see the sun of right understanding. "Therefore have we erred from the way of truth, and the light of righteousness hath not shined unto us, and the sun of righteousness rose not upon us." (Wisdom.)

* * *

A lion once wished to rest, and a mouse came and waked him. Then said the lion to the mouse: "Away, lest I kill you!"—"That," said the other, "would be little prowess in you."—"True," said the lion; "go away from here then; be off." The mouse went away, and the lion slept. The following day it so happened that the lion was taken in a pit; the mouse came and found him groaning and complaining piteously. Then said the mouse: "You did me kindness, and I will save your

life." And he gathered together his companions and gnawed the cords of the net with which the pit was covered that the lion should break the cords and escape.

So it is with great lords, prelates, and officers who have rule on earth. If they spare others while their power and their office lasts they will, through this, be helped when they shall have need. Wherefore says Our Lord, "Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy."

The nature of the hare is such that he sees better and more clearly aside than before him; and the more firmly he fixes his sight sideways, so much the sooner mishap meets him. So it is with many folk. They have a clear sidesight to see the misdeeds of another, but they do not see at all in front of them their own bad deeds that they have done, of which they take no heed. Wherefore says Solomon: "A false balance and weight is despised by God." This causes one to err, and make light of his own act, who takes more care of the acts of another than of his own.

Wherefore I would that each one did as did once the brothers who compiled concordances. Each took charge of the letter that was committed to him. He who had A had nothing to do with B, and he who had charge of B did not intermeddle with C; and so each letter of the A B C was delivered to different men, and each took his letter, and no one wished to interfere with the act of the other. Thereby they arrived at the noble book with which the Holy Church is much comforted. So would I that every one, clerk and lay, out of religion or in religion, might take care of the letter delivered to him, so that Adam and Alice might not intermeddle with Bartholomew nor Beatrice, nor Colin nor Colette with others, only each with his own.

Three companions went on a pilgrimage, on which they came into a town where there was no bread for sale, but only wheat, of which they made a cake. And

they made a certain agreement among them that he who, when asleep, should have the most wonderful dream might take the whole cake to himself. And, while two slept, the third went off to the cake, and ate every bit of it and then lay down to sleep. The others arose, and told two dreams. One said that he thought that two angels took him and carried him to heaven; and the other said that he thought that two devils took him and carried him to hell. When they came to their companion and began to awaken him he showed signs of great fright, and did not cease to cry out. "What is this?" they said; "are you mad?"—"No," said he, "but I am wonderstruck that you have come back from so far: I thought that I saw two angels carry one of you towards heaven, and two devils carry the other towards hell, and I did not know what better to do, but took comfort to myself and ate all our cake." Whereon said the others: "It is indeed true, who covets all loses all."

The philosopher Pliny says that if the tongue of a goat touches an olive tree, however well it may flourish, it becomes barren; and this is a great wonder. So is it with fools, who through their tongue spoil many virtues, as St. Paul witnesses: "Evil communications corrupt good manners." And this example may be taken otherwise. The well flourishing olive tree is the man of fair life who can easily lose the merit of his good deeds if he yields to the tongue of the goat,—that is to say, to foolish flatterers. Wherefore Solomon teaches us and says: "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not." Here one may tell about the crow. The crow carried cheese in her mouth, whom the fox met and said: "What a fine bird you are! And you would be indeed precious if you sang as clearly as your father formerly did." The crow was joyful at the praise, and opened her mouth to sing, and lost her cheese. "Be off!" said the fox. "I have enough of your song."

A Legend of Eastertide.

Our Individual Easter.

AS King Robert of Sicily was in church he heard the words of the *Magnificat* chanted by the clergy, "He hath put down the mighty"; and in the insolence of his pride declared, "No power can shake *me* from my throne!" Full of this haughty confidence, he fell asleep in his stall; and when he awoke all was dark and still in the sanctuary. He walked to the door, and demanded that it should be opened. The gatekeeper regarded him with wonder and asked who he was. His gorgeous clothing had become rags, his noble mien was changed to the appearance of a half-mad jester, whilst an angel bearing his likeness took his place on the throne. Wildly, passionately, he demanded his position, his sceptre, but none recognized him; all treated him as the mad jester, and drove him from the palace gates. Often the angel would ask him, "Art thou the king?" and in his obstinate pride he would answer, "I am! I am the king!"

And so three years went by under the beneficent sway of the angel in disguise. Then came a journey to Rome at Eastertide, and the hard and wilful heart of Robert was softened, as all around rejoiced on that holy festival; and when the angel perceived that better thoughts were driving out the pride and haughtiness of the degraded monarch, he summoned him to an interview, and once more the angelic semblance of himself inquired, "Art thou the king?" Subdued at last, Robert replied:

"Thou knowest best;

My sins as scarlet are, let me go hence!"

The angel smiled, and through the open window came the chant, "He hath put down the mighty from their seat, and hath exalted the humble." And lo! King Robert was alone (the angel having departed); he was arrayed once more in royal apparel, and found praying on his knees when his courtiers entered.

EASTER is a festival of jubilation and triumph. Its annually recurring watchword is "Alleluia! Alleluia! This is the day that the Lord has made, let us be glad and rejoice therein." The rejoicing counselled is, of course, a spiritual sentiment, and not the mere satisfaction engendered by the thought that the season of penance has come to an end. Is our individual rejoicing truly spiritual? A good touchstone by which to test the genuineness of our Easter gladness is St. Paul's word to the Colossians, so often repeated by Holy Church at this season: "Therefore, if you be risen with Christ, seek the things that are above."

It is eminently worth while to ask ourselves whether, as a matter of fact, the Alleluias of the Church find a perfect echo in our hearts and souls, or merely fall from our lips as sterile formulas that hold for us no true significance,—futile expressions of a fictive gladness that is not warranted by our inner consciousness. It behooves each of us, indeed, to inquire seriously whether our joy in the Eastertide is real or counterfeit,—real, in that we have "risen with Christ" from the sepulchre of sin; or counterfeit, because we have either not risen at all, or have not risen "with Christ," and are consequently disinclined to "seek the things that are above."

What is the import of the phrase "rising with Christ"? It means to take, with Him, a new life. Now, as the sign of life is action, so the signs of a new life are new actions, new thoughts, new desires, new works,—a life of faith and hope and charity, of humility and meekness and patience. To rise with Christ is to pass from the death of sin to the life of grace, or from the simple state of grace to a more perfect state,—from lukewarmness to fervor, from lassitude to activity, from a lower to a higher degree of justice and holiness.

Our true spiritual resurrection is mani-

fested by our so ordering our lives that their record henceforth shall be the direct opposite of the sad and guilty and shameful tale which of late, perhaps, we confided to God's minister in the tribunal of penance. The spiritually risen give to the paramount business of their earthly sojournment, the salvation of their immortal souls; that prominence which it unquestionably merits. They give to it, not merely on Sundays, in theory, or in the abstract, but in daily practice, in very deed and truth, the attention which they have heretofore devoted almost, if not quite, exclusively to their temporal welfare: a matter which may well claim our consideration no doubt, but which is, nevertheless, clearly secondary to our one necessary work in life—our sanctification. This is the one thing absolutely important for us.

A prominent characteristic of our Saviour's rising was that it was visible and manifest. Now, if we have really risen with Him, our spiritual resurrection should likewise be apparent to all, should be exemplary and edifying. God's honor demands not only that we rise, but that we be known to have risen. If hitherto we have openly violated His law, our lives, says St. Chrysostom, should henceforth be a public apology for our innumerable transgressions. And not God's honor only, but our duty to our neighbor, necessitates the publicity of our rising. That neighbor has, it may be, been disedified, scandalized, induced to evil by our bad example: it behoves us now to repair our scandals by edifying him, encouraging him in well-doing, leading him to the practice of virtue by the potent force of our good example. It is essential that those who have been the injured witnesses of our backsliding shall henceforward behold us steadfast in our faith and devoted to good works.

If, for instance, through human respect, through a deplorable indifference, or through a supremely silly conceit in our intellectual depth and broad-mindedness,

we have neglected our palpable religious obligations, have absented ourselves from the tribunal of penance and the Eucharistic banquet, have not scrupled to neglect Sunday Mass for insufficient reasons or for none, have spoken with reprehensible flippancy or disrespect of the ordinances of the Church and her hierarchy, have partially justified by word or deed or omission the belief that we are nominal rather than practical Catholics,—all the world must now be made aware that the belief is unwarranted, that we are genuinely Catholic, convinced of the infallible truth of all the Church's doctrines, and possessed of that full courage of our convictions which habitually shows itself in truly Catholic action.

If, as heads of families, we have been derelict in the important duty of properly training our children; if the example we have set them in words and actions has been pernicious rather than beneficent; if we have neglected to foster virtue in their youthful hearts by frequent counsels and by a judicious choice, not only of the living companions with whom we allow them to associate, but of those oft-times more dangerous companions, the books and papers to which they have free access; if we have been so criminally negligent as to allow them unchecked license in swallowing the poison of sensualism and indifferentism and downright infidelity that makes so much of the periodical literature of the day a veritable curse,—let our spiritual rising be manifested by our awakening to a sense of our responsibility, and our immediate turning over of a new leaf.

And so of scores of other duties. Our repetition of the Church's Alleluias throughout the Paschal Time will, in a word, be a fitting expression of our genuine sentiments only inasmuch as, shaking from our souls the grave-clothes of sinful habits and criminal affections, we have risen with the triumphant Christ, thoroughly resolved to seek for evermore "the things that are above."

Notes and Remarks.

Even the extremists among those who are opposed to war must rejoice at the present military array of their country, since it inspires confidence of what may be done should war be inevitable; however, they may still express the hope of Lincoln, before the outbreak of our Civil War, that in the shedding of blood the services of no citizen may be needed. "It shall be my endeavor," he said, in a speech delivered on Feb. 22, 1861, "to preserve the peace of this country so far as it can possibly be done consistently with the maintenance of the institutions of the country." It will occur to some to ask, What institutions have as yet been threatened? In circumstances not unlike the present Lincoln himself asked: "At what point shall we expect the approach of danger? By what means shall we fortify against it? Shall we expect some transatlantic military giant to step the ocean and crush us at a blow?" And he answered: "Never! All the armies of Europe, Asia and Africa combined, with all the treasure of the earth (our own excepted) in their military chest, with a Bonaparte for a commander, could not by force take a drink from the Ohio or make a track on the Blue Ridge in a trial of a thousand years. At what point, then, is the approach of danger to be expected? I answer, If it ever reach us, it must spring up among us; it can not come from abroad. If destruction be our lot, we must ourselves be its author and finisher."

* * *

Convinced that at the present moment it is a patriotic service to recall every word of warning that ever fell from the lips or flowed from the pen of Lincoln, let us repeat what he said in reference to a danger far more grave than the one upon which the attention of the nation is now centered. The Civil War was drawing to a close, but the great President saw approaching another crisis, that, as he declared, "causes me to tremble for the

safety of my country. As a result of the war, corporations have been enthroned and an era of corruption in high places will follow; and the money power of the country will endeavor to prolong its reign by working upon the prejudices of the people until all wealth is aggregated in a few hands, and the Republic is destroyed. I feel at this moment more anxiety for the safety of my country than ever before, even in the midst of war. God grant that my suspicions may prove groundless!"

The money power of the country constitutes its greatest danger. Not the capitalists, but the workingmen are the basis of government, on account of being more numerous. No power can withstand them when they rise in their might to put an end to oppression.

The alarming increase in the criminal population of this country is impressing practical sociologists with the necessity of the State's taking a more active part than it has hitherto done in the matter of preventing crime. The Board of Prison Directors for California, for instance, filed with the Governor of the State the other day a report in which it is declared that "it should be the imperative legal as well as moral duty of the parents to rear children properly. If the moral training of children is neglected, if they are not taught self-control, if no rules of home conduct are promulgated, or, being promulgated, children are permitted to disregard or evade them, it may be expected that such children, as children, or when grown, will not give due attention to rules of organized society."

Obviously, one comment on the Board's recommendation will be the stereotyped, "You can't make people moral by statute"; but statutes may, nevertheless, lessen immorality by prescribing condign punishment of those who are guilty thereof. In the meantime we may be permitted to suggest that the legislators of California, as of all other States, will have taken a long step forward in the prevention of

crime when they decree that the education provided at public expense for the children shall include the only basis of genuine morality in child or adult—religious training. If our present system of schools without God is the last word in American statesmanship, then our statesmen have very little reason to be proud of themselves.

Germany is seen in a new rôle by the Countess of Warwick,—as the remedy by which a desperate disease may be healed. "The disease," she says (writing in the *Bookman*), "is the pursuit of riches and power at any price. To this end millions of men in Germany and Austria had been dragooned out of all proper semblance of humanity; they had become the brute force by which autocracy, with the aid of prostituted science, sought to register its evil decrees. In England the pursuit of power and riches took another form. Of Militarism we had little or none; but from ten thousand factories and workshops, from a thousand slums the cry of the worker uprose to God. 'The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto Me from the ground.' In the midst of seeming prosperity, Europe was rotten to the core. The nations have been chastened because of their iniquities."

We do not believe that Europe was "rotten to the core," or we should have less hope of the cure. However, there is more truth than poetry in what the Countess says; and the disease of which she speaks has been spreading rapidly in our own country.

Spiritism is apparently a much more timely topic on the other side of the Atlantic than on ours. Our British exchanges not infrequently contain editorial references to the subject, and their correspondence columns still oftener manifest the interest felt in the matter by their contributors. One such contributor to the London Catholic *Times* recently took issue with a writer who attempted to ex-

plain all the phenomena of spiritism by "the surrounding ether's becoming electrically charged," the "thought and wish of the inquirer being focussed and thrown on the screen of the ether," and similar fanciful statements,—the purpose being to deny the existence in the phenomena of anything preternatural. Now, the mere denial that spiritism has aught to do with diabolical intelligences, however oracularly such denials may be made, does not settle the question, any more than the discovery of fraud in ninety phenomena disproves the genuineness of ten others inexplicable by any theory of fraudulent practice on the part of mediums. As the contributor to the *Times* puts it: "For instance, no amount of hypothetical ether hypothetically charged with imaginary electricity can explain the extraordinary levitation of D. D. Home; nor the communication of knowledge that is not in the mind of any of the sitters; nor how a medium comes to speak strange languages of which he is ignorant in a normal state."

The scoffers at any connection between spiritism and diabolism need to be reminded that, in a revised version of Shakespeare's dictum, 'there are more things in heaven and earth—and *hell* than are dreamt of in their philosophy.'

We take from the published report of the "Mission Work among the Negroes and Indians," an excerpt showing what conditions are in one parish such as the annual collection is meant to relieve. The pastor of St. Bridget's Church, Indianapolis, Ind.—to which last year \$250 were apportioned,—writes as follows, under the endorsement of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Chartrand:

My church is located in the midst of the colored population, of which there are about 40,000 in this city. It was not so thirty-seven years ago, when the church was built. Since that time the increase in the colored population pressed it on every side, and drove out the white residents, and with them went not fewer than sixty families of Catholics. At present most of my white congregation is bordering on the colored district. My

people are all hard working and looking for lower rent rates. The receipts of my church last year fell short of expenses over \$400; the year before, \$500. I have no revenue for schools. The school for the colored Catholics is in a separate building, a block away from the white school. At the expense of the congregation I have paid for repairs and supplies, but can not pay the teacher's salary. Her salary in the past has been \$300 a year. She is manager, janitor and teacher. Her salary for two years has not been paid. If the salary of the teacher can not be paid, there is nothing left but to close the school. In the State of Indiana there is no church exclusively for colored Catholics, and no school for colored Catholics except this one which I have been maintaining.

The overthrow of Russian autocracy, and the recognized possibility that similar dynastic changes may occur in other European realms before the echoes of the Great War have ceased to reverberate, give the quality of timeliness to the following paragraph from a recent issue of the *Brooklyn Tablet*:

The "Divine Right of Kings" does not mean that a king considers himself divine; that he can do no wrong, nor that he, personally, is divinely appointed. It means that the right of a king to rule is divine in its origin; for "all authority comes from God." Authority comes to a king, sometimes through the people by suffrage or acclamation, or again through inheritance. However, it comes primarily from God. Thus all authority is grounded; and we can speak with equal truth of the Divine Right of the President of the United States.

As for the principle "the king can do no wrong," in modern monarchical countries it has come to mean simply that to the sovereign's constitutional ministers, not the king himself, is to be imputed any wrong or injustice of which the people are at any time the victims.

Not a few historical works published of late years, even by non-Catholic authors, give rise to the hope that the oldtime statement, "History for a thousand years has been nothing but a conspiracy against the truth," and Sir Robert Walpole's briefer dictum, "All history is a lie," are in a fair way of becoming obsolete. No reader of these columns needs to be told

that the Church's action throughout the ages on the question of slavery has been uniformly beneficent; but a large number of non-Catholics in this and many another land would probably read with surprise the following extract from a new book by Agnes Wergeland, former professor of history in the University of Wyoming:

Another stronghold of hope for the slave was the power of the Roman Catholic Church. What the king represented within the political sphere, the bishop represented within the moral. There is no doubt that, but for the constant good offices of the Church through her ministers, the improvement in the condition of the slave would have been of far slower growth. The bishop, of course, could, as little as the king, interfere with the actual ownership, or abolish slavery; but he tried to exercise a religious as well as a practical pressure upon the slaveholder. On the one side, mild treatment of the slave was always spoken of as one of the important evidences of a Christian spirit; on the other side, the churches and monasteries were recognized places of refuge for the fugitive or abused slave: the priest or the abbot, before giving the slave over, exacting an oath or promise from the slaveowner to do the refugee no further harm.

The work from which we quote is "Slavery in Germanic Society during the Middle Ages"; and it contains many other tributes to the stand taken by the Church on the question that disrupted our own country little more than half a century ago.

Yet another instance of the perennially potent and beneficent influence of quiet, unobtrusive good example is mentioned in a lady convert's interesting account of her journey to the Church. Chief among the contributive causes of her conversion was the example of a young Catholic woman—who, by the way, has modestly forbidden the use of her name in the sketch published in the *Providence Visitor*. The portrait drawn of her in the following paragraph is a true likeness of many a daughter of the Church:

To see her soothing the last moments of the dying, counselling the wayward to keep on the path of righteousness, bringing peace to families that had lived in discord, fitting like an angel of charity from house to house whenever

an accident, sickness or any other cause became the source of sorrow and affliction, everywhere pouring sunshine by her very presence on rich and poor alike—and this not once or twice but almost daily for so many years,—would bring home to the most inveterate free-thinker the conviction that the religion she professed must be divine. I am confident that God has prepared for her a throne in heaven in recompense for the thousand and one kindnesses she has performed, and, not the least of these, for that of removing my difficulties against her Church.

'Tis the old, old story, "words move but example drags." A Catholic life, however inconspicuously lived, inevitably exerts an influence for good on all that come within its sphere; and an intensely Catholic life can not fail to draw many a non-Catholic to the door of the Church.

Between the devil and the deep sea is the position of the English Government in regard to Home Rule for Ireland. Having declared that it had decided, on its own responsibility, to effect a settlement of the question, the Government is now called upon to take action, and warned (by Mr. John Dillon) that if it does not do so soon, serious results will follow. But serious results are likely to follow in any case. Northeast Ulster has repudiated Home Rule; and the Prime Minister does not see his way to impose it, fearing that, with a small district of the country under the protection of the Parliament at Westminster, the situation might become even worse than it is at present. It was hoped that the opposition of the Ulsterites would be overcome as the war progressed; however, little seems to have been effected in this direction. The outlook is indeed dreary. The crux of the question is the recalcitrancy of Ulster.

According to a recent cable dispatch from London to the *New York Sun*, there is a universal discussion through England and France of the proposal that, in view of the Russian revolution, the close of the present war must be followed by the

promulgation of peace terms which will bring an end to autocratic institutions anywhere in the world. It is urged that, as China, now a republic, has entered the war, Russia has become a democracy, and the United States is practically certain to enter the conflict, the world's democracies will be pitted against the last remnants of autocracy; and it will be possible, by pushing the war to a decisive finish, to place the entire world upon a permanent democratic basis. With that accomplished, it would be possible to effect a world-wide federation of democratic governments, safeguarding future peace and promoting the general welfare of mankind.

Such a programme would undoubtedly command the support of Anarchists as well as Socialists everywhere. The latter are more numerous in Germany than any other country; but the Great War has had the effect of pacifying them to a large extent, and they have less ground now for opposition to the Government. As for the Anarchists, they refuse to recognize the fact that uncontrolled authority is well-nigh a thing of the past. "The Autocrat of all the Russias" had ceased to be a title of the Czar long before the revolution. It is significant that, whereas Anarchists do not care to be called by any other name—it would not matter if they were,—present-day Socialists do not like to be called Anarchists.

There could hardly be a better answer for those who say, as many do, that there is no sense in sending missionaries to pagan lands when there are so many pagans at home, than to quote the words which the Duke of Wellington once addressed to a young parson who complained because so much money was being expended for foreign missions, and so many good men were required to equip them. The Iron Duke turned to him and said briefly and sternly: "You forget your marching orders, sir!"—in allusion to Our Lord's words, "Go ye into the whole world, and preach the Gospel to every creature."

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

Easter Songs.

BY S. M. R.

THE very heart of Earth is glad
And Alleluia sings,
For every note of love's glad scale
A fragrant flower springs.

A thousand happy birds take up
The Earth's glad Easter song,
And in a shower of melody
The ecstasy prolong.

But flower and bird songs do not reach
Beyond the arching skies,
While Easter songs of grateful hearts
To Heaven's portals rise;

Where, joining with the angels' songs,
Through heavenly choirs they ring,
And holy praise and grateful love
They offer to the King.

Con of Misty Mountain.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XIV.—A STRANGE STORY.

FATHER PHIL took up the outer paper. It was a long sheet, written on both sides, and rather illegibly, by a trembling hand. The lines were irregular, broken by dashes and blots. It was dated only ten days before, on Christmas Eve, when Father Phil had said Mass in the log cabin.

"I am dying," it began,—"left to die like a dog that can bite and hunt no more. I am telling the truth, to which I will swear with my last breath,—the truth about the child, Charles Owens Nesbitt,—the truth and nothing but the truth. I was coming East from California on the P. & B. Limited, on October 16, 19—. At Colorado Springs, Arthur Nesbitt boarded

the train. He had with him a colored nurse and a child of less than three years old. I had known Arthur Nesbitt before when we were in Frisco. We had been room-mates for a while when we were both 'down and out,' as I was still on this night that we met again. But he had struck luck since, had been taken up by rich relations in the East, while I had gone down lower every year. He would have cut me dead, but I thought I might touch him for a few dollars, so put myself in his way. 'Married, I see?' I asked after we had spoken to each other.

"No," he said. 'That is my cousin, Charlie Nesbitt's kid. The mother and father are dead. I am bringing him home.'

"Then, as we drank and smoked together, he warmed up a bit, and let out the grouch that I could see was in him. The kid meant tough luck for him. Its grandmother (his aunt) had quarrelled with the child's father about his marriage, and taken her nephew Arthur up in his place. But now the 'young squaller,' as he called the little Nesbitt in the Pullman behind us, had cut him out clean. The old lady had sent for the child at once when she heard of its mother's death. The father had died more than a year ago. This youngster would step into everything, and the Nesbitts had millions.

"And you've been counting ahead," I said knowingly. His face blackened with a look that showed me I had struck the truth. 'The kid is in your way sure,' I went on, trying to keep on his right side; for he had plenty of money still, and I was down to my last dollar. 'Pity you couldn't chuck him out of the window,' I tried to joke.

"I'd like to," he said, his face blackening still more; and then, though he tried to laugh the words off, I knew that I had struck another truth, and that, with

all his pockets full as they were, Arthur Nesbitt was desperate.

"I now began to tell him something of my own troubles. I had got into a scrape gambling in Frisco, and had to leave quick or be pinched. He heard me, chilly as an iceberg; but lent me the five dollars I asked, and told me good-night. It was a dirty shake off, as I felt; for I had stood by him in many a tighter place years ago. Then Arthur Nesbitt went to his own berth in the Pullman sleeper, done with me, as I knew he meant to be, forever. And I was sitting in the smoker, still thinking of what he had said, and wondering how I could get more out of him, when the crash came.

"There is no need to tell about that: the papers were filled with it for days,—the worst railroad wreck that had happened for years; and in a wild stretch of mountain, far from help. I was knocked dizzy for a few moments; but, when I came to, found I was not hurt. I groped my way out of the derailed car into the horrors without, of which I can not tell. One-half the train had plunged through a broken trestle. There was some human pity still in my heart, and I went around, dragging victims from the wrecked and burning cars, and helping where I could. It was then I came upon the child and its nurse. The poor woman, caught in the wreckage of the Pullman, had thrust the child through a broken window of the car, and was crying piteously for help. 'Take the baby some one,—take the baby! He is little Charlie Nesbitt, and he has rich folks in N—— that will pay you to be good to him. Save my baby, please sir,—please!'

"I took the child from the poor creature (she herself was pinned helplessly in the ruined car), and, turning around, faced Arthur Nesbitt. He had saved himself somehow, though with a broken arm, and stood there in the light of the blazing car like one dazed.

"'Here is the child,' I said hurriedly, for I meant to keep on with my work among the victims. 'I'm afraid it's all up

with the nurse. Hold the kid while I try what I can do.'

"'Curse your meddling!' he murmured.

"Then I understood. The burning car seemed to flash its light upon me. It was the chance of my life to hold this man, devil that he was, in my power,—the chance of my life, and I took it.

"'It's not too late,' I said quickly.

"'For what?' he asked.

"'To chuck the kid,' I answered. 'Give me that wallet in your pocket and I'll do it for you.'

"'You mean—you mean?' His voice shook.

"'No,' I said bluntly: 'I'm no baby-killer. Talk quick before the crowd comes down. That wallet in your pocket and all it holds, and I'll take the child where you will never see it or hear from it again. It will pass for dead with the rest. The wallet, and I'll make off with the kid that is in your way! Quick! Is it a bargain?'

"He stared at me bewildered like for a moment. I think he was half mad with the shock and the fright, or the thought of the chance he had missed when I showed him the child safe. Then he thrust the wallet into my hands. 'There's fifteen hundred dollars in it. Take it,' he said with a curse, 'and do as you say.' And I took it, and made off with the child."

There was a blot here; the lines were growing more and more illegible, as if some false strength that had sustained the writer was giving way.

"Put—with some Negroes until morning; then—kept on; found a trail across the mountain—moonshiner's cabin,—said wife would take care of child if I would pay. Gave him what he asked,—an old rascal; jailed next year, I heard; set him up a while—then struck Arthur Nesbitt again—hush money—hush money till—till—" The story broke off here in a hopeless scrawl.

"And is that the end, Phil?" asked Father Tim, who had been listening with breathless interest.

"Yes," was the answer. "And a scoun-

drely end it is. A precious piece of villainy it shows up—if it is true.”

“If it’s true, as you say, lad,” remarked Father Tim, pityingly. “I’m misdoubting it myself, Phil. It may all be a fever dream. The dying have queer fancies sometimes. There was poor Dan Devlin crying out to me that he had killed his wife, when the good woman was safe at his side that minute, praying the Lord to save his soul.”

“Maybe he had tried the killing,” said Father Phil, grimly.

“Ah, no, no! Dan wouldn’t do the like of that,” replied his old pastor, assuredly; “though he might have struck her a blow now and then, when he had taken a drop too much, and that was troubling his mind. It’s the Lord’s own teaching that we mustn’t judge, Phil. I’m thinking that all this queer story is a sick man’s dream.”

“Perhaps,” answered the young priest; “though the first part of the story runs rascal clear for a dream. A cold-blooded rascal he must have been.”

“Ah, that we can’t tell, Phil!” replied his old friend,—“we can’t tell till we know the temptation. But for the grace of God you and I, put in his place, might have done the same. When you’ve been dealing with sin and sorrow as I have for nigh fifty years, lad, you’ll understand better those words of the Holy Book: ‘For He knoweth our frame: He remembereth we are but dust.’ I was a dull chap at school, Phil; and it was only my poor old mother’s prayers, I believe, that ever got me into the seminary at all. I never had the head for deep book-learning, though I did my best. ‘Never mind, Tim,’ said good old Father Earl when I floundered in my philosophy; ‘you can get to human hearts and souls without all this. There is a wisdom that isn’t taught in schools.’ And I believe there is,” added Father Tim, simply. “And, though you’re fitted maybe for other things, Phil, you’ll learn more of the Lord’s mercy around St. Cyprian’s than any book can teach.”

“I’m sure I shall,” answered Father

Phil, with a meaning his old friend was too humble to catch. “But in this case we must not forget that there may be justice as well as mercy involved. And so, if you will allow me to keep this paper for a while, I will put its truth to the test.”

“Then do it, lad!” said Father Tim, heartily. “You are younger and cleverer than I am, Phil. Do it, in God’s name.”

And, with this permission, Father Phil set forth to investigate as best he could, after all these years, the truth of Wilmot Elkins’ startling confession. That it might all be the delirious fancy of one given to drink or drugs, the young priest knew; and, from the dying man’s appearance, it did not seem unlikely that he had been addicted to one or both of these soul-destroying habits. His story, written intelligently at first, as if under some unnatural stimulant, had broken down at the end, as if powers quickened by that stimulant had failed.

Although Father Phil felt doubtful of the whole business, his promise to the poor dying wretch remained: he must try to do *justice*. And, with this promise in mind, he turned back to the wretched tenement in which Wilmot Elkins had died, thinking that perhaps from some of those who had rendered the last duties to the dead man he might learn something of his past. But good old Bidley Malone met him at the door with a warning:

“I was to put a letter he gave me in the box as soon as he died; and there’s a saycret society sworn to bury him. They are upstairs now. Ye’d best have nothing to do with them, yer riverence.”

And, knowing a Catholic priest’s standing with “saycret societies,” Father Phil felt that Bidley was right; and, instead, went on his way to the city library to consult the files of old newspapers, that were in such orderly array he found without difficulty the date October 16, 19—.

There indeed, in black headlines that had not faded with years, was the story of a railroad wreck terrible in its destruc-

tion and loss of human life. Father Phil, who had at first given only a casual glance at the column, dropped into one of the library chairs and read with breathless interest. The newspaper narration corroborated Wilmot Elkins' story in every detail,—the broken trestle, the derailed cars in the mountain wild, the burning wreckage, the piteous cries for help rising in the darkness, the aid that came too late to help or save. Beneath was the long, harrowing list of dead, injured, missing,—the last explained sadly by the charred ruins of half a dozen cars, in which many bodies were absolutely beyond recognition. Among the injured Father Phil's quick eye caught the name, "Arthur J. Nesbitt, arm broken, and suffering seriously from shock"; while the list of "missing" held the sadder items: "Charles Owen Nesbitt, two years; and his nurse, Caroline Jackson, colored; both in the Pullman sleeper, and supposed to be among the unrecognized dead."

(To be continued.)

Little Angelica.

BY AUBERTINE WOODWARD MOORE.



IT was Easter Day in the year of Our Lord 1790. The bells were ringing for Mass in the beautiful chapel of the convent of Santa Lucia, not far from Rome. A long train of worshippers, clad in picturesque garb, moved toward the cloister gates. Above them glowed and sparkled the blue sky and the golden sunshine of Italy.

The windows of the chapel were ablaze with glorious radiance. Within the sacred edifice there prevailed the "dim religious light," amid which the statue of Santa Lucia, hung with a profusion of garlands and flowers, stood out in bold relief. When the priest ascended the altar, every knee was bent, every head bowed. From the elevated, invisible choir burst forth the *Kyrie eleison* of Maestro Palestrina. The noble strains were borne to the hearts of

the faithful by the sweet voices of the nuns.

In the *Gloria in excelsis*, there suddenly rang out a silvery-toned soprano that soared far above all the other voices. Its tones were of a totally different quality from those of the other singers, and they aroused a little wave of excitement that surged through every heart in the congregation. In the *Credo* the marvellous voice was hushed; it was heard again, however, in the noble *Agnus Dei*, darting through the incense-laden air like a victory-bearing arrow.

As the worshippers wended their way homeward, the wonderful voice afforded the main topic of conversation. No one had ascertained the name of the invisible songstress. That there was some mystery about the voice, there could be no doubt, it was thought; and it was unanimously agreed to solve it.

The following morning—a glorious, joyous Italian morning—an eager throng once more pressed through the portals of Santa Lucia. Expectation was depicted on every countenance. Once more the vibrations of the glorious voice throbbed and thrilled through the chapel. Once more hearts fluttered with excitement. Once more curiosity mingled with devotion. At the conclusion of the service those who silently and thankfully accepted the voice as a blessed gift from Heaven were in the minority. The greater number were beside themselves with excitement.

"It is, after all, a child whose voice we have heard!" cried one woman, who, having lingered for a moment in the chapel, finally joined her companions. "I chanced to catch a glimpse of her as she passed behind the grating. She is as beautiful as an angel, and—"

"Nonsense!" interrupted another voice. "The singing we heard was that of no child."

"Some one told me," said another, "that a famous *prima donna* was visiting the Sisters of Santa Lucia. I'll warrant you it was she who sang."

"No, no!" came from yet another. "It

was one of the younger Sisters,—some novice perhaps. The child behind the grating belongs to the school.”

“It was neither child nor woman,” here broke in an agitated speaker. “An angel has been sent by Our Lord to bring honor to this house of piety and good deeds, over which Mother Teresa presides.”

“What childish prattle!” interposed a tall, sharp-visaged man. “The whole affair is but a bit of deception.”

At once the people thronged about the last speaker, who thus continued:

“The convent is poor. Santa Lucia needs a new velvet robe. The mysterious voice came from a cleverly constructed music box, in human form. It is nothing but a wax puppet, with machinery inside that can be wound up like a clock.”

“Such miserable trickery is a disgrace to Santa Lucia,” stormed a loud, coarse voice. “It shall be borne no longer.”

Everyone now spoke at once. The woman who had caught a glimpse of the child remembered that its eyes had a glassy stare. Moreover, she had noticed that there was something waxlike about the face. Another woman was even positive she had heard a curious whirring sound at the end of the *Gloria*.

“That was the clockwork running down,” explained several in one breath.

The long and short of it all was that before many hours had passed, a noisy, heedless, wrangling mob came thundering against the ivy-framed portal of Santa Lucia, demanding admission. The abbess, Mother Teresa, appeared at the grating,—a tall, commanding form, whose noble countenance and dignified bearing combined with the garb of her sacred calling to calm the turbulent peace-breakers. It was some moments before one of the intruders found courage to explain the suspicions and demands of the assembled people.

“Is it possible,” she said, “that you believe me guilty of such base deceit? The voice that has so bewildered you is that of a little maiden of ten who is gaining

an education in this convent. Her name is Angelica Catalani.”

“Show us the child!” cried a shrill voice, whose tones excited the mob anew.

“Be patient, then, for a moment,” said Mother Teresa; and the calm dignity of her voice and manner cast a hush over the agitation of the intruders.

But a few moments elapsed from the time she turned from the grating until she stood at the wide-open portal, clasping the hand of a slender, pale, shrinking child. With startled eyes, the little girl surveyed the seething mass of humanity before her. The delicately moulded features and white skin beneath the black hair might well have been those of a wax image, so lifeless did they seem.

“Be of good courage, Angelica,” whispered Mother Teresa. “There is nothing to fear. Uplift your voice, dear, and sing the *Regina Cali*.”

Unhesitatingly, little Angelica parted her lips and soon the air was ringing with the joyous strains of the Easter anthem to Our Lady. The child began simply; but there was a purity, a power in her tones that increased to so overwhelming a climax that the multitude, swayed by one impulse, knelt in humble devotion. The face of Mother Teresa glowed with pleasure.

When the last note had died away, men and women gathered about the child, sobbing and laughing. They kissed her hands, the hem of her garment, and blessed her, amid tears of rapture. Then all present united in a ringing *Evviva Angelica Catalani!*

The life of a nun had been planned for Angelica by her father; but she was destined to be borne beyond the cloister by her superb voice, with its exquisite quality, and its compass of nearly three octaves, and her wonderful gift of song. Mother Teresa herself sent the young songstress forth into the world, convinced that it was her vocation to spread abroad the benign influences of music.

Angelica Catalani is described by her contemporaries as a tall, majestic-looking

woman, with a beautiful complexion, large blue eyes, features of perfect symmetry, and a bright, engaging smile. Her early religious training exercised a power over her entire life, which was as exemplary as her public career was dazzling.

It was Angelica Catalani who presented the boy Chopin with a watch as a reward of merit, affording him his first encouragement. To her, in 1849, came Jenny Lind, offering and receiving congratulations. A few days later, in her sixty-ninth year, Angelica fell a victim to cholera, then raging in Paris, where she was staying. Her name and the results of her work were bequeathed to the world.

His Recommendations.

A merchant in one of our large cities had advertised in an evening paper for a boy to run errands; and early next day his office was crowded with little fellows of various nationalities, all anxious to secure the position. Many of them had letters of recommendation from former teachers, friends, etc., which the merchant merely glanced over and then handed back. His choice fell on a boy who had no letter and who said nothing until he was addressed. To all the questions put to him he answered in such a way as to impress his future employer.

When the other boys had all left and the "new boy" had been put to work, a gentleman who was present at the interview expressed surprise that an applicant without a single recommendation should have been preferred to any of the others. "But he did have a number of recommendations," replied the merchant. "In the first place, he held his head up and showed a bright face and steady eyes. My attention was attracted to him the moment I saw him. He wiped his feet and closed the door after him, showing that he was careful. He took off his cap when he came in, and answered all my questions without hesitation. He waited

quietly for his turn, instead of pushing and crowding, showing that he was honorable and orderly. While I talked to him, I noticed that his clothes were brushed, his hair in order, and when he wrote his name I observed that his finger-nails were clean. Don't you call those things letters of recommendation? I certainly do; and I would give more for what I can learn about a boy by observing him closely for a while, than by all the letters he can bring me."

The Feast of Lights.

In ancient times there used to be a celebration of what was called the "Feast of Lights," in honor of the Light of the World, a name often given to our Saviour. It was held at night, because until His coming the world was in spiritual darkness. The people flocked to the church with unlighted tapers in their hands,—the tapers signifying the soul in darkness. After the Gospel, twelve priests, representing the Apostles, lighted a taper from a candle on the altar, and then went through the church lighting the tapers held by the people. In a little while the whole church was a sea of glittering lights. The angel who announced the resurrection of Christ was clothed in light, because light inspires hope and signifies guidance. Our Risen Lord, being the hope and guide of all who follow Him, is, therefore, called the Light of the World, the glorious title which is His alone.

An Easter Custom.

In the beautiful island of Capri, in the Bay of Naples, a very touching custom is observed on Easter Day. The people bring caged birds to the church, and while the choir is singing about our Risen Saviour's work of freeing "the souls in prison," the imprisoned songsters are set at liberty.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Whatever else "Some Defects in English Religion and Other Sermons," by Dr. John Neville Figgis, may be, it is a sincere and candid book. The defects especially indicated are sentimentalism, legalism, cowardice, and complacency.

—"Devotion to the Holy Face," by E. Seton (Benziger Brothers), is a sixteenmo of 128 pages. The author discusses the significance and fruits of the devotion, and appends a number of prayers and devout practices. It is neatly printed and bound, but lacks a table of contents. No price is given.

—Some weeks too late to ensure any timeliness in our notice of it, there comes to our table "The Chief Evils of the Times," a brochure containing a Lenten course of seven sermons by the Rev. H. Nagelschmidt. (J. F. Wagner.) The subjects are well chosen, and are treated with force and adequacy. Price, 40 cents.

—Presumably, it is the musical setting of the three songs which conclude the three acts of "Creighton Hall" that makes the libretto of the play so expensive. It is paper-bound, 24 pages quarto, yet it sells for a dollar. One can not but regret the necessity of so prohibitive a price for work so adaptable to presentation by convent schools, church societies, and girls' clubs. The text is by a member of the Presentation Order (St. Michael's Convent, New York) and displays a practised hand.

—From the Archabbey Press, Beatty, Pa., comes a new "Manuale Ordinandorum," which is by far the best that we know of. It contains everything that could be desired in such a work, and the presentation is perfect. We feel sure all who examine this book will agree that it would be hard to improve upon it. The preparation of it was evidently a labor of love to the Rev. Aurelius Stehle, O. S. B., who is to be congratulated on his performance. The externals of the book reflect credit on the Archabbey Press. There are two editions, in paper cover and cloth; and they are sold at the low price of twenty-five and fifty cents.

—An ideal pamphlet for the church book-rack is "Words of Encouragement," by the Rev. John E. Mullett. (The Good Counsel Press, Fredonia, N. Y.) It is a kindly approach made by a wise pastor to careless and fallen-away Catholics. So wise a management of zeal is here that, we are sure, the effects desired ought readily to follow. At the end of his discourse, the writer offers this excellent sum-

mary of "truths to live by": "I have a soul to save"; "Life is short"; "Sin is punished"; "God is my Judge"; "Jesus Christ loved me"; "The Son of Man came not to destroy souls but to save"; and "God pardons the penitent." Full Scriptural warrant is given for each of these truths.

—A recent issue of the Angelus Series is "On Good Will," translated from the French of Joseph Schrijvers, C. SS. R., by Francesca Glazier. It contains excellent reading for souls striving to attain any degree of perfection. The Angelus Series is published by R. and T. Washbourne, London. For sale in this country by Benziger Brothers. Price, 50 cents.

—Readers of that charming book, "Aunt Sarah and the War," published anonymously, but now known to have been written by Mr. Wilfrid Meynell, will be interested in the statement, made in the *Book News Monthly*, that a copy of the work is often sent by King George and Queen Alexandra with the letters of condolence which they have so frequent occasion nowadays to forward to their friends.

—In good season for the coming Maytime is "Thirty-One Days with Our Blessed Lady," by Margaret M. Kennedy. It is a book compiled, says its author, for a little girl; and as such will instruct as well as charm all young clients of our Blessed Mother. The interest of some of the chapters is enhanced by illustrations. This new May book is a 16mo of 200 pages, and is for sale by Benzigers. The price is not stated.

—"Antichrist: An Historical Review," by James J. L. Ratton, M. D. (Burns & Oates; Benziger Brothers), a twelvemo of 162 pages, is the third work dealing with the Apocalypse and kindred subjects published by this septuagenarian Catholic layman within the past decade. The fact that all three of the volumes bear the Westminster *imprimatur* is a guarantee of their orthodoxy; and even a cursory examination of the present book suffices to assure one of its genuine interest. Price, 3s, 6d.

—A beautiful memoir of Mother Mary Patricia Waldron, first superior of the Sisters of Mercy (Dublin foundation) in the archdiocese of Philadelphia, is issued by the Dolphin Press. Its author modestly indicates his identity only through the initials "H. J. H.," to be found on the last page. The story of this exemplary religious life is told in lucid style and orderly sequence, entirely devoid of exaggerated emphasis. An altogether convincing portrait is the

result. We should like to see this memoir, in internal realization and in external format, made a model for all similar writing.

—Few year-books have a greater attraction than the various "Who's Whos." They are better than fiction, because of being concerned with realities; stranger than fiction, on account of the extraordinary facts which the records contain, and the remarkable characters that they portray. But if those who seize upon such an opportunity to exploit themselves could only read the bit of autobiography once furnished by "A. Lincoln," and prefaced by the statement, "There is not much of it, for the reason, I suppose, that there is not much of me"! The Great Emancipator wrote:

I was born February 12, 1809, in Hardin county, Kentucky. My parents were both born in Virginia, of undistinguished families,—second families, perhaps I should say. My mother, who died in my tenth year, was of a family of the name of Hanks, some of whom now reside in Adams, and others in Macon county, Illinois. My paternal grandfather, Abraham Lincoln, emigrated from Rockingham county, Virginia, to Kentucky about 1781 or 1782, where a year or two later he was killed by the Indians, not in battle, but by stealth, when he was laboring to open a farm in the forest. His ancestors, who were Quakers, went to Virginia from Berks county, Pennsylvania. An effort to identify them with the New England family of the same name ended in nothing more definite than a similarity of Christian names in both families,—such as Enoch, Levi, Mordecai, Solomon, Abraham, and the like. . . . If any personal description of me is thought desirable, it may be said I am, in height, six feet four inches—nearly; lean in flesh, weighing on an average one hundred and eighty pounds; dark complexion, with coarse black hair and gray eyes. No other marks or brands recollected.

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.

- "Prolegomena to an Edition of the Works of Decimus Magnus Ausonius." Sister Marie José Byrne, Ph. D. \$1.25.
- "Dark Rosaleen." M. E. Francis. \$1.35.
- "Catholic Christianity and the Modern World." Dr. Krogh-Tonning. \$1.25.
- "Camillus de Lellis, the Hospital Saint." A Sister of Mercy. \$1.
- "Catholic Christianity; or, The Reasonableness of Our Religion." Rev. O. Vassall-Phillips, C. SS. R. \$1.50.
- "The White People." Frances H. Burnett. \$1.20.

- "The Mass and Vestments of the Catholic Church." Rt. Rev. Monsignor John Walsh. \$1.75.
- "A Retrospect of Fifty Years." Cardinal Gibbons. 2 vols. \$2.
- "A Manual of Modern Scholastic Philosophy." Cardinal Mercier, etc. Vol. I. \$3.50.
- "Great Inspirers." Rev. J. A. Zahm, C. S. C., Ph. D. \$1.50.
- "The History of Mother Seton's Daughters. The Sisters of Charity of Cincinnati, Ohio. 1809-1917." Sister Mary Agnes McCann, M. A. Vols. I. and II. \$5.
- "The New Life." Rev. Samuel McComb, D. D. 50 cts.
- "The Ancient Journey." A. M. Sholl. \$1.
- "The Sacrament of Friendship." Rev. H. C. Schuyler. \$1.10.
- "Songs of Creelabeg." Rev. P. J. Carroll, C. S. C. \$1.40.
- "Sermons and Sermon Notes." Rev. B. W. Maturin. \$2.

Obituary.

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

Rev. William Donaldson, of the diocese of Brooklyn; Rev. John P. Gadiant, archdiocese of St. Paul; Rev. Pius Schmid, diocese of Winona; Rev. Bernard Murray, archdiocese of Chicago; and Rt. Rev. Mgr. E. Doyle, diocese of St. John.

Sister M. Theodora, of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd; Sister M. Clement and Sister M. Carmel, I. H. M.

Mr. Frederick Richardson, Mrs. Agnes H. Staniforth, Mr. William Canty, Mrs. Catherine Chambers, Mr. John Maguire, Mr. Patrick Maguire, Mr. William Masterson, Miss Josie Sanders, Mr. Michael Walsh, Mrs. Mary Sloan, Mr. J. G. Dean, Mr. August Fechter, Miss Katherine Hoyne, Miss Agnes Coby, Mr. Richard Harris, Mrs. Ann Cahill, Miss Isabel Cameron, Mr. R. S. McDougall, Mr. George Kranz, Jr., Mr. John Mokwa, Mr. Michael Murphy, Mr. Stephen Murphy, Mr. James Leddin, Mr. J. H. Reynolds, Mr. Henry Stolte, Miss Mary McCollins, and Mr. Louis Winter.

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 Bishop of Nueva Segovia: F. J. Daveluy, \$5. For the Chinese missions: in behalf of Mr. and Mrs. O. C., \$1. To supply good reading to prisons, hospitals, etc.; Friend, \$5.



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

VOL. V. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, APRIL 14, 1917.

NO. 15

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Notre Dame des Neiges.

BY ANNE HIGGINSON SPICER.

THE good priest asks: "Why must you always weep?

Four still are left to play about your door."

I can not answer him. My heart is sore

For one who on the hillside lies asleep.

When summer comes, the hurt is not so deep.

Through the green woods I wander with my four,

To pick anemones he loved of yore,

And violets on his little shrine to heap.

But, oh, those winter nights I lie awake,

When drifts lie deep and the cold north wind blows,

My bitter tears fall slowly for his sake

Who sleeps alone beneath that hill of snows.

I pray, "O Mary Mother, heed my prayer:

Keep thou my baby in thy tender care!"

A Layman's Thoughts on the Mixed-Marriage Problem.

BY FRANK H. SPEARMAN.



HE subject of mixed marriages is, for the Church and for intelligent Catholics, always a difficult one. Perhaps, after all, it is only convictions that really cost. In any case, however, for those Catholics to whom the mixed marriage is brought closely home, whether they be intelligent or otherwise, the results are almost invariably painful. If I can have anything to suggest on the question it will be based on

the conditions, as I see them, surrounding the subject in our own day and our own country.

I remark, then, that outside the Church we are surrounded in our country to-day with an atmosphere of almost complete religious indifference; and this is more noticeable, if we may particularize, among our younger people. Beginning with the currents of thought to which the national mind turned after the excitement of our Civil War, all foundations of dogmatic Christianity among the sects have been gradually but persistently undermined; and this chiefly, it should be noted, by the religious leaders themselves. It has seemed the fashion in the pulpit—with but few exceptions, and these stubborn clergymen found their views most unpopular—to meet the enemies of Christianity rather more than half way in their attack, and to concede pretty much everything that loose infidel thought asserted. The preachers have seemed to think that, by making an agnostic view their own, they could strengthen their hold on the pews. Acting in this belief, when the foes of Christianity have wrenched one stone from the arch of Christian faith, the minister, without being asked, has usually handed them two more.

In addition to this factor in disintegrating the Evangelical creeds, those leaders of the sects who have sought to defend their dogmatic positions, and keep intact the older Protestant disciplines, have now for twenty years had to contend, in holding the congregations to their Christian traditions, with an unexampled

increase in the wealth and prosperity of our country. And since the sectarian discipline is in itself necessarily feeble—e. g., in the proper observance of Sunday,—each whim and desire of the church-going people has searched out defects in it and found reasons for abating it. The congregations have, in point of fact, taken the law into their own hands and adapted church discipline to about what they were willing to accept. The Protestant minister has become the mere *roi fainéant* of the pews. If he has stood staunchly for the older order, he has been more or less discourteously “deposed” by the influential pew members; if he has compromised, he has been tolerated, provided he was clever; and only clever men without deep convictions have survived the inevitable but unhappy situation.

This brings us to a generation of our young men and young women of to-day whose parents have, for the most part, been affiliated more or less vaguely with some church. But the atmosphere of indifference in the home as well as in the church has, of course, reflected itself in still greater degree in the mental attitude of the younger generation: these are, all of them, much farther from the Rock of Ages than their parents feel, even though they themselves rarely go to church. The religious views of the young people are so nebulous as no longer to be entitled to the designation of faith: they are virtually agnostic, and their conduct is governed solely by the dictates of natural prudence and the usages of society. Nevertheless, they are the same happy, care-free youths that the rising generation always has been, and always will be. For the most part, they mean to do about what is right; they are naturally decent and not depraved, but they are certainly without strong convictions on any subject, except perhaps that they should have a good time.

Coinciding with the demoralizing attitude of the pulpit, we have, as concerns Christianity, a correspondingly demoral-

izing attitude in practically all non-Catholic schools. Here the great aim seems to be to harmonize all possible views of life—good and bad, and the more the better,—and to square with these in a nebulous blend life’s duties and responsibilities. No philosophy in this atmosphere need despair of recognition, provided it is urged with sufficient clamor and assurance by pagan or Christian, skeptic or sensualist. Walt Whitman and Saint Francis are in equally good standing in these halls of learning. And the name of the gentle saint, taken in vain, is found in non-Catholic sermons, lectures and essays of the day, frequently coupled with that of Luther, Mahomet, Nietzsche, and Tolstoi; together with that of the Saviour of men.

In conditions and environments such as these, we need be at no loss to appraise the mental attitude of the American young person of to-day concerning Christianity and its claims. It is one of innocent, if not quite complete, ignorance. And to the young person all variations of the Christian Faith look much alike. The Church, it is true, is much farther aloof from their vision than the sects. With the latter they have a degree of familiarity; with the Church, little or none. We live, too, in a period of urban and suburban life. But, broadly speaking, one must get down to the small towns and the country districts to find Evangelical religion still taken with the seriousness to which any variation of Christianity, no matter how mutilated, should be entitled at the hands of any youth. It is also especially true that the urban population of our country includes the greater number of our own young men and women, and it is with the fortunes of these that we have to deal. In view, then, of the conditions I have briefly outlined, I have become convinced that mixed marriages for our young people are, for the greater part, wholly unnecessary, and that many of them now take place solely because of the lack of a little reasonable effort on the part of those directly and indirectly concerned.

The attitude to-day of the average non-Catholic young man and woman toward the question of embracing the Catholic Faith in view of marriage is merely one of being asked to undertake something about which they know practically nothing, and concerning which they have very little feeling either one way or the other. The older generation, that spent its evenings at home, read seriously, and filled itself with the historical falsehoods which for three hundred years have marked the non-Catholic attitude toward the Church, has passed—at least, so far as the marriage question is concerned. Youth to-day is almost universally as free as a March wind from any very deep-seated prejudice in any direction. It is a sad thing to contemplate the decay and passing of Evangelical faith; but in this decay prejudice likewise has lessened, and the young mind of our country is largely indifferent on all serious subjects.

There is still, however, one subject on which the mind of youth never is indifferent, and I hope never will be indifferent,—that is, the subject of human love and the desire for conjugal happiness. Outside the heroic virtues of the religious life, there is no motive in human conduct so moving and so compelling as this; and young people filled with hope and happiness will continue to mate until the end of time. What remains for their fathers and mothers is to urge that, for the happiness of their future, they take into account the experience and observation of those who have seen one full generation come and go, have noted the pitfalls of the mixed marriage, and who realize better than their children that the mixed marriage is not, after all, so hard to escape.

Let us examine for a moment the attitude of the Catholic youth who becomes interested in one outside his or her Faith. Unhappily, some of these young Catholics also, not soundly trained in their religion, have imbibed the atmosphere of indifferentism with which they are surrounded in the world. Such are in themselves

responsible for a good many mixed marriages,—more responsible than the non-Catholic partner. The primary fault in such cases lies, of course, with the Catholic parents who have neglected the proper training of their children. The result is that many of our young people contract mixed marriages when there is no urgent reason for so doing. They are simply guilty of a complete lack of effort to bring the non-Catholic into the Church, and this I characterize as the responsibility of the slothful Catholic for entering into a mixed union.

More than once I have personally known non-Catholic young men and young women who were absolutely indifferent on the question of coming into the Church. I have known them to assert that the question of their becoming Catholic was “up” to the Catholic prospective partner; and it has been at times an amazement to me that young Catholics, naturally ignorant of the pitfalls ahead, could be too indifferent even to ask a prospective life partner to look into the claims of the Church. I have seen this even when children have been reared in homes of mixed marriages and themselves been made familiar with something of the distresses they mean to a sensitive Catholic partner.

Young Catholics of the class I am considering are hyper-sensitive on the question of their Faith. They conceive it as viewed with a sort of abhorrence by the non-Catholic, whereas it is usually viewed with nothing more than an innocent ignorance of its claims on all well-disposed men and women. In reality, the Catholic often needs but to stretch out his or her hand to bring the partner into the Church. They make little or no attempt to do this, because their own conception of the subject makes it a bugbear for them. They invest, in their thoughts, the mind of their non-Catholic friend with a body of views to which it is quite likely to be a complete stranger. Far from being viewed with serious suspicion or distrust by intelligent non-Catholics, the Church is secretly re-

spected and looked up to by them. It is often defended from the best Protestant pulpits. The high esteem in which it is held by the best of our jurists, editors, educators, and public men, alone constitutes a stamp of approval to the informed non-Catholic mind.

I do no more than to note an exception among uninformed and extremely provincial people who openly or covertly sympathize with vulgar propagandas, such as those conducted by the *Menace* and similar anti-Catholic publications. When the Catholic youth in the humbler walks of life comes in contact with a possible mate imbued with these stupid falsehoods, a course of treatment is needed that must begin with a mental fumigation. If the human love of such a person is not strong enough to open his or her heart to the truth, then let the Catholic partner beware. No earthly happiness lies in that direction.

We have also a large number of conscientious Catholic youth who, facing the prospect of a mixed marriage, are imbued with the same undue timidity of the comparatively indifferent young Catholic. For such of our young people, there exists an urgent need of guidance and counsel on this subject of timidity. To be effective, such counsel needs to be given not after our youth are facing the marriage question, but before. They should be calmly and quietly grounded while their minds are still open—not after they are obsessed with an idea of the danger of offending a loved one—in the understanding that they possess in the Catholic religion the solitary earthly and heavenly treasure in the whole religious world; that they are ignorantly rich yet amazingly fortunate in their birthright as Catholics,—in that they have been born into the only Church to which all intelligent men of the world, whether they are Catholic or non-Catholic, pay their meed of praise. Point out to such young Catholics, unwearingly and in ample time, that the sects are praised by their own leaders solely; but the Church is

praised by infidels, agnostics, sectarians—by everyone, religious or irreligious, that possesses the great intelligence to which the world looks up.

Frequent, short altar talks are needed along these lines of reassuring Catholic youth while they still may easily be reassured,—of making them in advance, not only confident but proud of the religious ground they occupy. Every pastor may well occupy his thoughts, year in and year out, with the mixed-marriage problem. He should not wait until an engagement is announced to him before he begins to work,—it is frequently too late. He should fortify his youth by telling them over and over that they are heirs to the strongest, highest and best Christianity in the world; that it has stood the "acid test" of all the centuries; proved the best protection for woman and the noblest restraint for man ever brought into the world, and affords in its practice and discipline the surest guarantee of wedded happiness. He should correct the idea lodging in their minds that it is a fearful and impossible thing to present Catholic claims to the one brave boy or fair girl in whose hands they believe their future happiness rests. He should, years ahead, tell them what folly it is to raise imaginary mountains of difficulty where none really exist, and counsel them to be courageous and to take at the outset of an acquaintanceship high and firm ground on the subject of *one Faith* for a really happy home.

Clergymen who have done this in some parts of our country—I recall La Crosse and Denver—have almost eliminated mixed marriages from their parishes. Less of good is accomplished by the hammering process, gone into at the last moment; its results being only confusing and usually frightening to the Catholic youth. The dark side, the prospective unhappiness, is properly to be dwelt on in the advance counselling; but the point with which to clinch the argument is that in more than ninety cases out of a hundred the mixed marriage is wholly unnecessary; that the

proper effort put forth in the beginning by the Catholic will result in an enlightening of view and a conversion for which the loved one will never afterward cease to return thanks to the Catholic partner.

During more than two generations a great and increasingly important body of Catholic schools have been making their educational influence felt in our country. Here again a consensus of the best non-Catholic opinion is that this body of schools makes for the highest and best in the education of American youth. The greater part of the students of these schools are, naturally, Catholic; but their halls of learning are likewise sought by a considerable body of non-Catholic youth, purely for the advantages they afford in training and discipline.

I remark that these schools are conducted by religious societies and Orders that have had their beginnings, as a rule, in Europe. They have brought to our American life many valuable social traditions and much social and educational discipline, and these have proved of inestimable value to us. It is quite natural, however, that not all of these traditions and disciplines are precisely fitted to our American needs. The primary object of every religious teacher, that for which our religious have sacrificed the allurements of the world and to which they have devoted their lives, is to implant and guard the Christian Faith in the heart of the pupil. But when we consider what our Catholic schools are doing in preserving European customs, we find that they are guarding with the utmost strictness against every possibility of the school acquaintanceship between, let us say, a body of convent girls and a corresponding body of Catholic college men. We behold our devoted teachers preparing our young women and our young men in institutions strictly separate (as such institutions should be) for the duties and responsibilities of life, and leading them in their youthful training as far as the matrimonial age (and to matrimony the greater number of their

students must look forward); and, having painstakingly done this, leaving them to plunge unaided into the social life in which marriage originates.

I have sometimes thought that an article should be written to be entitled, "Wanted: Among Our Catholic Schools: Matrimonial Agencies"! Consider a moment the attitude and the tradition of the religious, as teachers, on the subject of matrimony for their pupils. They have brought with them on this subject the European traditions of the convent and the college. But for us these are absolutely valueless. In the European countries, marriages have been arranged by parents; they charge themselves with finding a life-mate for their son or daughter. In America, an attempt of this sort, if it were made by a solicitous parent, would not be regarded seriously, even by a good Catholic boy or girl; and would, in any case, be likely to end in confusion and failure for the parent. I do not say whether this is for better or for worse, but I do say that, as a rule, our children make their own matches.

Shall not the schools, then, within perfectly legitimate bounds, undertake to be of some assistance in bringing into acquaintanceship bodies of Catholic young men and Catholic young women? I have seen academies for our girls and colleges for our young men, situated within a few blocks of each other, where the respective student bodies never cross each other's thresholds. What, in the name of common-sense, is gained by this sort of tradition-worn seclusion? I am not advocating the letting down of the proper bars that should segregate the sexes in their school work. What I am urging is that our schools must also have their social side: that open doors and open days are needed in the convent régime for college student bodies; and that, at certain times, colleges should open their doors in the same way, and during periods of social activities prudently to be developed.

Why are we not to give Catholic young

men and women at our convents and colleges a chance to get acquainted? Why may not tea be drunk in convent and college reception rooms at student gatherings of young men and women? Why may not even afternoon parlor dancing be encouraged under such circumstances? Athletic games, too, should be made social occasions. Could real or fancied dangers from such innovations produce any worse results than those we see daily about us in mixed marriages? Already the teaching Orders have been forced to drop many of their Old-World traditions, and find themselves none the losers through the fact. I remember the time when day scholars were taken into the convent at eight o'clock in the morning and kept until five in the afternoon. To-day, I venture to say, such hours would be looked on as an absurdity in an American convent as well as outside it. Such hours prevail in Europe to this day; but if they have not been done away with here in all of our schools, the end must be fast approaching.

I recall a time when even the parents of certain bodies of convent girls were not allowed to be present at the graduating exercises. This may have been an excellent rule in some other country, at some other time; it is too exotic to find any place in our life; it is, to put it bluntly, absurd. So, too, I believe, it will sometime be looked back on as an absurdity that our devoted body of teachers should carefully conduct the boy and girl, complete strangers, to that period of life when they face the matrimonial whirlpool, and leave them to jump into non-Catholic society without having given them a single chance to know other young people of their own Faith in school days. I need do no more than point out how, with all the defects of discipline in non-Catholic schools, undeniably successful they are in, not let us say, encouraging matrimony between their young men and young women, but in affording them the chance of acquaintanceship and the breaking of the social ice before they leave the school.

Details of such suggestions as I have made must be worked out by the teaching bodies, but they present no insuperable difficulties. It is for the idea itself that I contend, because it seems to me sane and practical to meet our needs. If I were a teacher in a Catholic school and had given my life to the training of youthful pupils, I should esteem my most devoted effort a partial failure—sometimes a very sad failure—if I saw my Catholic girl or Catholic young man walk out in the world into a mixed marriage, knowing in my own heart that I had failed to do what I could have done to give them a chance to know and meet other Catholic youth in their school and college days.

Shall we not, then—clergy, teachers and parents,—take advantage of the chaotic conditions all about us and try to render it easier for our young people to make converts of their prospective life partners, and also to know their Catholic fellow-students? There can be no exaggeration in asserting that the responsibility of a large proportion of the unnecessary mixed marriages rests with us as well as with the youth who enter into them.

NOTHING is too high for her to whom God owes His human life; no exuberance of grace, no excess of glory, but is becoming, but is to be expected there where God has lodged Himself, whence God has issued. Let her "be clad in the king's apparel,"—that is, let the fulness of the Godhead so flow into her that she may be a figure of the incommunicable sanctity and beauty and glory of God Himself. . . . Let her "receive the king's diadem upon her head" as the Queen of heaven, the Mother of all living, the Health of the weak, the Refuge of sinners, the Comforter of the afflicted. And "let the first amongst the kings and princes walk before her"; and let angels and prophets and apostles and martyrs and all saints kiss the hem of her garment and rejoice under the shadow of her throne.

—Cardinal Newman.

The Crest of the Bodkins.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON.

XX.—“THE BLACK DECREE.”

HE admirable success of Maximilian's early administration of affairs is attributable to two causes: first, to the energy and dogged perseverance of the Emperor himself, to his undeniable executive qualities, and to the manner in which his plans were frequently devised and his efforts seconded by his kind and able Empress; secondly, to the fact that he had gathered round him a number of Mexicans, both in and out of the Cabinet, who were absolutely devoted to their country, and loyal to any and every plan that might insure its prosperity and, above all, its peace. The high financial officials sent out to Maximilian by Napoleon III., and the Mexicans of position and ability selected by the Emperor as advisers, formed a Council of State entitled to respect and calculated to inspire confidence.

The two vital questions demanding immediate attention were the military operations and the finances of the country. In the year succeeding the capture of Mexico by General Forey, and the defeat and dispersion of the Republican army, the French forces had been actively and remorselessly engaged in pursuing the remnants of the Republican troops, who, broken up into small detachments, roamed all over the country, robbing and murdering travellers, plundering and burning houses, and sacking and desolating villages. To suppress these atrocities became the burning question of the hour; since suppressed they must be, and at any cost.

After grave deliberation, the Emperor issued a proclamation which wound up as follows:

“Hereafter the contest will only be between the honorable men of the nation and the gangs of criminals and robbers. Clemency will cease now; for it would

only profit the mob, who burn villages, rob and murder peaceful citizens, poor old men, and defenceless women. The Government, resting on its power, from this day will be inflexible in its punishments; since the laws of civilization, the rights of humanity, and the exigencies of morality demand it.”

Carlotta was vehement in her opposition to this decree, however necessary it might be, and opposed it both at the Council and in private; entreating the leading Ministers of State to use their influence to prevent its being issued, and imploring her husband to stay his hand. Her agitation was so violent—as though she had been permitted to lift the veil that enshrouds the future—that Alice Nugent feared a reaction; and she remained as much as possible with her Imperial Mistress, to whom she was now most lovingly attached.

The Empress *incognita*, with Alice, repaired to Tlalpan, a wondrously picturesque village some ten miles distant from the city, where Monseñor Labistada, the Archbishop of Mexico, was then sojourning in a convent dating almost from the time of Cortez. His Grace received them with that sweet yet stately courtesy for which he was so distinguished, and promised Carlotta to use his influence, not only with the Emperor, but with certain members of the Council whom he thought he could impress. This visit produced a soothing effect upon the Empress.

But, despite many entreaties, prayers, and tears, Maximilian was induced to issue the proclamation, and—O the pity of it!—to sign his own death-warrant in the decree which at the last closed the ears of Juarez and the victorious Liberals to all appeals for mercy and pardon, and which will ever be known in history as “the Black Decree.” These are its articles:

“Article I.—All persons belonging to armed bands or corps not legally organized, whether or not they proclaim any political principles, and whatever be

the number of those who compose the said bands, their organization, character, and denomination, shall be tried militarily by the courts-martial; and if found guilty only of the fact of belonging to the band, they shall be condemned to capital punishment within the twenty-four hours following the sentence.

"Article II.—Those who, belonging to the bands mentioned in the previous article, may be captured with arms in their hands, shall be tried by the officer of the force which has captured them; and he shall, within a period never extending over twenty-four hours after the said capture, make a verbal inquest of the offence, hearing the defence of the prisoner. Of this inquest he will draw an act, closing with the sentence, which must be capital punishment, if the accused is found guilty only of the fact of belonging to the band. The officer shall have the sentence executed within the twenty-four hours aforesaid, seeing that the criminal receive spiritual assistance. The sentence having been executed, the officer shall forward the act of inquest to the Minister of War."

It is but just to the memory of Maximilian to say that he refused on three occasions to sign the fatal document; and it was only when the French and Mexican generals, who were called into the fourth sitting of the Council, argued that the decree ought to be issued as a mere menace to the rebels, that it was a military necessity, and that the sentence of the courts-martial could be revoked or suspended, that the Emperor reluctantly assented,—the protestations of his beloved wife ringing in his ears.

The distress of the Empress was simply appalling. Every morning, after a sleepless night, found her at the shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe, prone upon the ground, praying with her whole soul that the terrible results which she so sagaciously foresaw, might be spared her unhappy people and her adopted country. Every day found her visiting hospitals and the resorts of the poor. At times she

would go absolutely unattended save by Alice; at others, she would proceed in state, in order to show her subjects that she was both Empress and woman.

Ten days after the Black Decree was issued came a swift and horrible answer from Tacambaro. The Imperialists, commanded by Mendez, defeated the Liberals; and General Artiaga, General Salazar, Governor of the Department, and four colonels were selected from the prisoners of war and shot, pursuant to the letter of the fatal decree.

When the news reached Chapultepec, the Empress swooned and for some considerable time lay insensible. The Emperor was telegraphed for to the National Palace, and rode out in hottest haste. The imperial couple were left alone; nor did they emerge from their private apartments until the moon was high in the heavens, both looking the very incarnation of human misery. Carlotta wept during the entire night, while Alice mingled her tears with those of her Imperial Mistress out of sheer and womanly sympathy. The shadow of the great tragedy had fallen.

XXI.—RODY TELLS HIS STORY.

Many weeks elapsed ere Arthur Bodkin, nursed with the most tender care by his faithful follower, could be pronounced out of danger. In addition to the inflammation in his severe wounds, brought on by the hardship of the ride for life, a fever set in that kept him within shadow of the grave, reducing him to a living skeleton. At one time the doctor, a very pious, earnest man, advocated the amputation of the arm; but Rody, ever on the watch, uttered so fearful a threat should the physician "put a knife into the Masther" that the operation was happily deferred, and the limb eventually spared.

It was during convalescence that Arthur learned from O'Flynn how the latter had contrived the escape.

"Ye see, sir, whin the both of us fell, I only got a scotch on the neck; the bullet—bad cess to it!—just rubbed me up

enough for to sind me off me horse. And whin I seen that ye were kilt, I sez to meself mebbe he's *not* kilt, and I can do him more harm nor good be attimptin' a rescue. So I lay as quiet as Corney Rooney's ould tom-cat foreninst a turf fire; while Mazazo come up, and sez: 'Don't kill him off,' sez the villyan. 'I want him. I owe him a debt that I want to pay wid intherest.' At laste, that is what I guessed the old scoundrel was sayin'. And lucky it was for him; for I had me revolver ready. Well, sir,—would ye believe it?—they were so much tuk up wid ye, Masther Arthur, that sorra a happorth they cared about me. 'Dead,' sez wan. 'As a herrin',' sez another. And while they were talkin', I shuffled along a little ways on me stomach, and nearer to me horse, that was standin' enjoyin' the whole thing. I prayed to the Holy Virgin for to guide me. And she did, sir; for instead of killin' a couple or mebbe six, and being kilt meself, and you hung, sir, we're all together, glory be to God and to His Holy Mother, alive and well, no less!"

"But—"

"Aisy, sir; aisy! I'll tell ye the whole thing. Well, I crep' up to me horse, and I med ready for to lep on his back the minute I seen a chance. They all gother round ye; and whin I seen this, and heerd wan of thim say that you was only hurted a little, be me song, I med wan lep into the saddle, and before ye could say Jack Robison I was a mile down the road, the iligant baste knowin' as well as I did that I was ridin' for your life and mine. They sint a couple of shots ather me; and wan of thim darted to purshue me, but I gev thim a clane pair o' heels, and got back to the ould convint, and gev the alarm. Och *wirra, wirra!* but thin was the rale whulabilloo when I tould thim ye was kilt. The Baron ordhered out all of our forces; but Count Hoyos held thim back, and him and the Baron was to fight a juel over it. But the darlint Impress threatened thim that she would hang thim both if they didn't give over."

"Bravo, dear old Bergheim!" cried Arthur.

"He's an iligant ould gintleman, sorra a lie in it. He'll have the best of it with ould Hoyos, now that yer Honor's alive. Well, Masther Arthur, who sends for me but herself?"

"Herself!"

"The Impress of Mexico, no less; and of all the darlinest ladies I ever come across, she bates thim."

"Yer name, me good man?" sez she.

"Rody O'Flynn, yer Majesty's honor."

"So yer masther sacrificed hissself for to save me?" sez she.

"He did, ma'am," sez I. 'And we'd do it agin and agin for such a good and beautiful lady as your Highness,' sez I.

"'Tell me all that happened,' sez she, in a sorrowful tone, cryin' like."

"And, did you?"

"Did I, sir! Bedad I med ye out the finest hayro that ever wint to wars. I tould her that ye knew ye wor in for it as sure as if ye wor in the dock afore Judge Keogh wid his black cap on him. I up and tould her that ye fought tin of thim—wan ather the other, and that ye left a half a dozen to me. I tould her—she listenin' wid big, mournful eyes, and her mouth drawed down like a child that's goin' to whimper—that ye kilt thim all—"

"You never did that, Rody!" interrupted Arthur.

"I did, sir. Hould on, Masther Arthur. I'll tell ye why I done it. Lord forgive me for tellin' a lie!—but ye see, sir, it was me only chance for gettin' ye and me promotion. They'll never know the differ; and ye and me, sir, is sure of iligant preferment. I tuk the chance, Masther Arthur; and begob I knew I'd never talk to a queen again, and I resolved that she should remember what I said to her."

Arthur groaned.

"Ye can say that I med a mistake in regard to what ye done, sir, and set it all to rights. I done it for the best; and if Father Edward was here this blessed minute, that's what I'd say to him."

Poor Rody seemed deeply distressed. Arthur knew very well that, intoxicated by being spoken to by the Empress, and in the glamour of her presence the honest fellow had lost his head; but in doing so his one thought was to make his master a very prodigy of valor.

"Never mind, Rody. I'll set it to rights when we get back to Mexico."

"Sure ye won't deny it *all*, sir?" asked Rody, eagerly.

"Every word."

"Sure ye'll kill a couple of thim, anyway?"

"Not one."

There was a pause.

"Well, Masther Arthur, won't ye lave a couple to *me*, anyhow?"

"A dozen if you wish it, Rody." And Arthur, for the first time in many weeks, laughed until the tears came coursing down his cheeks,—a laugh in which honest Rody heartily joined.

After this burst of merriment was over, Rody continued:

"Well, sir, the darlint Impress ordhered the whole army out for to scour the country; but ould Hoyos wouldn't have it at no price, because he was afeared the Mexicos was for risin' and takin' her Majesty a presner. He spoke so powerful that the Impress gev a sigh that would burst Mick Casey's best bellows.

"'Is he dead?' sez she.

"'Sorra a dead, yer Honor,' sez I. 'The Bodkins of Ballyboden never die like that.'

"'What's for to be done?' sez she.

"'Will ye lave it to me, plaze yer Royal Highness?' sez I.

"'Of coorse,' sez she. 'I'll be said be ye.'

"Well, sir, I knew, from all I heerd, that it would be like lookin' for a needle in a bundle of hay for to thry and find ye wid the army; for it's to the mountain they'd be afther takin' ye, up among the goats and the crows. So I sez to the Impress:

"'If yer Majesty will lave it to me, I'd ax this.'

"'Ax and have,' sez she.

"'I want a lind of a few pounds, and three good horses, to be choosed be meself.'

"'Ye can have all the money ye want for this purpose,' sez she, 'and lashin's for yerself if ye save yer masther. 'Tell him,' sez she—and this is the truth, Masther Arthur,—'tell him that he done a noble deed; and,' sez she, 'that he has won me gratitude forever and a day, no less. And tell him,' sez she, 'that if he's dead I'll have the vinerable Archbishop say a Mass for his sowl every mornin' regular.' And I think, Masther Arthur, she was goin' for to say somethin' in regard to the Pope, but in comes a lord wid ordhers for her to start on the minute.

"'Misther O'Flynn,' sez her Majesty, sez she, 'I have for to lave ye now, and I'm heart-scalded for havin' to do the same; but save yer brave masther,' sez she, 'and come to me—to *me*,' she said it twict, sir, 'for yer reward.' And she disappeared like a comet."

This startling simile caused Arthur to smile, as well it might.

"I got what was aigual to a hundhred pounds from the Baron, and I seen the whole coortage off, and wid a sorrowful heart wint to work to thry and get at ye, sir. Me neck, be raison of the bullet, was as stiff as ould Count Gleichen's, and as sore as a toothache, and me head was splittin'. Down below in the valley there was a mighty nate little *colleen*, that put me in mind of Judy Murphy of Clonabate. So, sick and sore as I was, I gev her the time o' day and a soft word or two. What do ye think, sir, but I med out be her that she could tell me about ye; and she med out a map for me as well as the county surveyor could have done it; and I winnowed a grate dale of information. That night I hired the horses, and her brother into the bargain, who come wid me—he was the gossoon that waited for us in the wood beyant,—and thravelled to the wood, where I had all day been circumspectin' the place where ye wor laid. In the evenin' I med me preparations, and the minute it was dark started

for ye. And now, sir, ye know the rest."

"Was there no attempt at pursuit?"

"There *was*, sure enough; but the Impress—God be good to her!—sint back a shtrong guard when she heerd the news—and begorra it's here they are still, wid ordhers for to stay till they escort ye to Mexico."

"I am able to go now."

"Sorra a stir ye'll stir for another week. Why, Masther Arthur, ye never wor nearer seein' the glory of heaven. Ye must stay where ye are, sir, till the coort Docthor tells ye to move on. It was he that was for cuttin' off yer arm. I wondher I wasn't put in jail for the way I talked to him. I called him all the names in Irish that I could think of."

Bodkin was eager to ask if Rody had any tidings of Alice Nugent, but he feared to put the question. At last, however, his anxiety got the upper hand.

"Rody, have you—did you hear how Miss Nugent was?"

Rody's face, always cheerful, always smiling, always full of sunshine, suddenly assumed a dark if not a menacing expression, the features hardening.

"Well—I heerd she was all right, sir," he answered.

"Anything more?"

For a moment Rody was silent; then, as if animated by desperate resolve:

"Yes, sir: a grate dale more. I heerd that she is goin' to be married to Count Kalksburg. And may she—"

"Not another word, Rody!" interposed Arthur, pale as death.

Upon the following day Dr. Basch, the Emperor's private physician, arrived with a strong escort. The worthy Doctor, who proved so stanch and true to his Imperial Master up to the last, after a careful examination, ordered Arthur to remain where he was for another week, and then set out by easy stages for the capital.

"When I say 'easy stages,' I *mean* 'easy stages.' Ten miles a day, and the mules to go at a walk."

Dr. Basch imparted one piece of infor-

mation to Arthur that caused his heart to leap with pride and joy,—leap as it had never leaped before; for an order had been made in council conferring upon "Arthur Bodkin of Ballyboden, Aid-de-camp to His Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Mexico," for distinguished valor, the Order of Our Lady of Guadalupe.

"Alice must know of this," he thought; "and won't they all be glad at home!"

Within a fortnight from that date Arthur Bodkin, still in a very feeble condition, but on the high road to substantial recovery, reached his old quarters in the National Palace.

"If the Impress is aigual to the occasion," thought Rody, "I'm a med man—perhaps a corporal. But sorra a care I care. Sure the Masther's safe and nearly sound, and Ballyboden foriver!"

(To be continued.)

The East Window.

BY GEORGE BENSON HEWETSON.

(The east window of the cathedral at Carlisle, England, is the most beautiful and largest colored window in the world. At the Reformation so-called, the cathedral suffered the loss of many things sacred and beautiful; but it was not until the days of Cromwell and General Leslie that the nave, consisting of eight Norman bays, was destroyed. The stonework of this famous window remains practically as its fourteenth-century builders left it, the design of the stonework of the upper part being absolutely unique. The original fourteenth-century glass is in this portion of the window, and represents a "Doom," or "The Second Coming of Our Lord.")

A MONK I see paint thee in cell of stone,
 From many dawns to sunsets; his keen eyes
 Lustrous with wonders of the opened skies,
 Visioning God upon His burning throne,
 And shout, angelic voice, and trumpet blown,
 And happy resurrection of the wise;
 Then silence; then a hurricane of cries
 From lost souls who in outer darkness moan.

And, lest the vision from his sight should pass,
 He deftly paints it on the ready glass,
 Making its glory permanent with fire;
 That, set in tracery of stone unique,
 Erected it may through the ages speak
 Of coming Judgment to both nave and choir.

The Historian of the Reformation.*

JOHANNES JANSSEN led a quiet and retired life. It was seldom that he appeared in public, being rarely seen at popular or learned assemblies; only for a short time was he engaged as a parliamentarian; and in his latter years he could not be persuaded to speak even on scientific matters. He was a closet scholar, but this is exactly what was required for the great work we owe to him. The external course of his life is, therefore, told in a few words.

Born on April 10, 1829, of a well-to-do tradesman in the Rhenish town of Xanten, he received from his virtuous parents a good but simple education. Of his mother, whom he lost at an early age, he always retained a loving remembrance. His father, after the death of his second wife, removed to Frankfort to spend the remainder of his days with his son, who had meanwhile become a famous man. The two doubtless often enjoyed a laugh together, when they called to mind the time when the elder Janssen apprenticed his son to a copper-smith. Happily, old Lahaye, father-in-law of Janssen senior, was a man of solid sense, who soon perceived that the apprentice was capable of something higher than his trade. Thus at the age of thirteen we find him in the preparatory school at Xanten, two and a half years later at the gymnasium in Recklinghausen, and after three years more he was a student of theology in Münster. It is an agreeable trait in Dr. Janssen's character that in subsequent years he was not ashamed of the time spent in trying to master a trade, and he often spoke of having forged one good nail in his life. In the first volume of his "History of the German People," he has devoted to German trades a section which is one of the most beautiful monuments ever raised to the industrial arts.

While pursuing his theological studies

in Münster and Löwen, Janssen did not lose his taste for history, which he had already displayed as a boy. For a time ill health prevented him from assuming the priestly office. In 1850 he entered the course of philosophy; and in Berlin and Bonn, whither he was promoted in 1853, he completed his academical course. After a short time spent as a tutor of history in Münster, he accepted, in 1854, the position of teacher of history to the Catholic pupils of the gymnasium in Frankfort. Here he remained till his death. In that city he found excellent archives, of great importance for the history of the country in the Middle Ages.

At this time Janssen formed a number of friendships that ended only with death. Johann Friedrich Böhmer was to him a fatherly friend and teacher, who had a decided influence on his future career. Although Böhmer lived and died a Protestant, the intimate relations between the two men did not suffer in consequence of Janssen's ordination, which took place in the Limburger Dom, March 26, 1860. When Böhmer died in 1863, his young friend was one of the heirs of his literary treasures; and he raised to his teacher a biographical monument such as few German literary characters can boast of.*

Seldom was Janssen's life at Frankfort interrupted by a journey of any length; but we may mention a long stay which he made in Rome, December, 1863; where, being already well known as a learned man, he was the object of special attentions, even on the part of Pius IX. In later years his feeble health obliged him to spend a part of each year in the country. Outside of a few excursions, he was not easily coaxed from Frankfort, especially in his latter years. He received many invitations for scientific lectures and discourses at Catholic assemblies; at times he let himself be persuaded, but as a general rule he refused. And on such occasions it was usually said: "He is right; for he has better work to do at home."

* H. Kerner, in the *Hausschatz*. Translated and adapted for THE AVE MARIA, by J. M. T.

* Böhmer's Life, Letters, and Shorter Works.

The professor of a gymnasium had become a celebrity. Even before he moved to Frankfort he had won for himself consideration as a learned man. His studies on the "Cologne Sources of History in the Middle Age," and his work on Abbot Wilbald of Stablo and Corvey, the great statesman of the twelfth century, show the method and grasp of a first-class investigator. There appeared, in 1861, his work, "Frankreichs Rheingelüste und Deutschfeindliche Politik in Früheren Jahrhunderten,"* in which he answered by anticipation the attacks of many a peddler in patriotism. In 1863 came his criticism of Schiller's historical poems—"Schiller as a Historian." Soon after appeared the first part of the "Frankfurter Reichsrespondenz,"† which he finished in 1873, and which is important as furnishing a key to the documentary treasures of Germany in the latter part of the Middle Ages. This he continued on a larger scale five years later in the "Deutsche Reichstagsacten." In 1869 he wrote a shorter "Biography of Böhmer," which was preceded by a documentary work, "Zur Genesis der ersten Theilung Polens." And with this we have reached the culminating point of the first period of his literary labors.

But the foundations of the real work of his life were in place long before. The length of time that he devoted to laying this foundation gives us an insight into Janssen's character and his method of working. We know that the plan of a history of the German people was laid out in the first half of the Fifties; it was only at a later period that he resolved to limit himself to the time subsequent to the close of the Middle Ages. He was free from that hasty *cacoethes scribendi*, which makes the victim of the malady restless till he sees his first pages in print. For two

long decades he was gathering together, from archives and libraries, thousands of documents, books, and papers; sketching, changing, improving, before he made up his mind to issue the first half volume. This was in 1876. Slowly but steadily after that time the immense work grew until, when he was putting the final touches to his seventh volume before giving it to the printer, death overtook him.

This, of course, is not the place to give a summary of this history. Janssen, with full deliberation, considered this as his life work, to which everything else, as far as possible, must give way. In 1879 he was mentioned for the chair of history in Bonn, and at the same time for a high position in the Church. "I at once declared," he writes, "that I was not to be considered; my mind being fully made up to accept no other work and to aspire to nothing higher. My only aim is, with the help of God, to continue my history, and to finish it if it be His holy will." At another time he wrote: "I must continue to live on in my usual plain surroundings in Germany as long as it is the will of God."

To succeed in his object, he shrank from no labor. From the very outset he aimed at a history of the German *people*, in which, of course—not always in perfect harmony with Böhmer,—he would give a leading place to the history of *culture* in the widest sense. It is hardly necessary to remark that for this purpose he was obliged to make himself thoroughly familiar with all sorts of matters, most of which at first he knew but slightly.

On March 10, 1877, he writes: "You must have received the fourth part—which cost me much, much labor. In the *domestic* surroundings of the time which the fifth part will reveal, is an important *cardo rerum*,* even for the apostasy from the Church,—that is to say, from her maxims of domestic life in particular. I have, therefore, studied with special care the domestic relations, making use of two hundred documents." On December 29, 1888,

* "The Lust of France after the Rhine Country, and Her Anti-German Policy of Former Centuries."

† The official correspondence of the kingdom from 1367 to 1519.

* Hinge of events.

he writes further: "I have placed more than twenty libraries under contribution [for the sixth volume], in order to be able to use the rarest writings and pamphlets. I have paid particular attention to dramatic literature and the stage in their influence on the people. In the last two parts I hope to have laid pretty solidly the foundations for a correct explanation of witchcraft and of the persecution of witches."

He understood thoroughly how to secure and employ the help of others. The skilful hands of women were employed in making extracts and quotations; whole divisions were discussed beforehand with specialists; and many of his friends, in looking over his letters, will find repeated invitations to visit him for a length of time, and confer with him on portions of his manuscript. How many a day, for instance, did August Reichensperger spend with him in his room in the Cronberg Castle, to help him in the preparation of the history of the fine arts! All his correspondence is full of questions on important points of history; he took counsel with all those on whose ability and good-will he could rely.

This exchange of views often turned on the very pith of the work—namely, whether at the bottom of the "History of the German People" there was not a preconceived theory, which more or less influenced its entire complexion. On the publication of the first volume, some such idea was entertained even by those who in the essential points agreed with him in their historical views; and the reproach was repeatedly made against him that the comparatively bright picture of the culture of the fifteenth century was somewhat of a riddle, as not affording a full explanation of the catastrophe of the sixteenth century. I merely mention those friendly criticisms here as a matter of fact, in order to add what was Janssen's own view. He was always most decidedly opposed to any conscious partiality in the choice, presentation, and combination of facts. His only aim was to attain the truth; and

in attaining it, to tear down those legends of the Reformation which had been repeated for centuries, and which threw all the shades on the departing Middle Ages, and all the lights on the beginning of the change of religion.

And he has torn them down effectually and forever. The proof of this is found not so much in the financial success (although the sale of tens of thousands of copies of a learned work in several volumes, not to speak of the translations, is something almost unprecedented), as in the manifold literary disputes that arose from his German History. Fortunately, it was not necessary to go in search of a champion to meet the opponents on the field. The very first half volume was attacked fiercely; and with the progress of the work the attacks continued, though the assailants were by no means exclusively those competent to judge. To the attempts at silencing him by declamation we are indebted for the splendid supplements to his History, in which Janssen explains matters to a number of opponents who were earnest, or were at least so considered. The pages "To my Critics," and "A Second Word to My Critics," are genuine masterpieces of scientific polemics: short, to the point, incisive, and yet courteous even to such opponents as had forfeited all claims to polite treatment. That Janssen won a complete victory is now hardly questioned; his superiority in learning is acknowledged, at least tacitly, by men who had heretofore shrugged their shoulders at his method.

The great success of Janssen's work is not due solely to its solidity and the life that he infused into the materials, or to the opening up of sources hitherto unknown: it was in a great measure the reward of his special gift of presenting facts in a clear light. Dr. Döllinger, who went so sadly astray in his old age, has often been mentioned as his forerunner, and with reason; especially is the likeness between the two men strongly marked in the domain of Church history. Döllinger, in his lofty style, pointed out that the usual theory as

to the change of faith was a splendid delusion, which is not supported by historical documents; but his immense work on the Reformation is rather a collection of quotations, which beyond a doubt prove his thesis, but which in their dry presentation are not calculated for a wide circle of readers. That attractive style, of which Döllinger was unquestionably a master, is altogether wanting here. Far otherwise is it with Janssen. His matter is more extensive and varied. Whilst Döllinger pays attention almost exclusively to the theological literature of the period of the revölt, Janssen introduces us, as far as practicable, to the entire range of our intellectual heritage: theological science and diplomatic correspondence, polemics and ecclesiastical song, ascetical and secular writings.

How easy would it have been for him, with this superabundance of matter, to lose sight of his object, and to give us a collection of curiosities instead of a work of history! But it was precisely in knowing how to handle this material that he showed himself the master. With an art that sometimes borders on excess, he marshalled his lines of quotation; and out of thousands of little stones formed mosaics, whose harmony is really bewitching, and which leave on us the impression that as he states it so it *must* have been. Carefully have the traces of the hard work been removed; the transition to a new subject is so gradual as to be unnoticed; and, what is surely no reproach, the whole often reads like a romance. The question whether Janssen was a genius has been answered in the negative; perhaps justly, if the word be taken in its highest sense; but the attractiveness of his style, the perfect grace of his language, is beyond question. This appears the more remarkable in the "History of the German People"; because, although the work was of the hardest, the material to be used was of the driest and most intricate. Yet in their way his pictures of times and personages are complete and perfect.

Janssen's works, in the perfection of

their form, are the reflections of his own clear, tranquil, harmonious personality. His birthplace lies in the Rhineland, but also in the Westphalian diocese of Münster; and one might perhaps say that his nature is a happy blending of the qualities attributed to the inhabitants of the two sister provinces. He possessed the positiveness, the steady perseverance, of the Saxon; but also the jovial temperament and the quickness of the Rhenish Frank. A more incorrect picture could hardly be formed than to represent him as the dry, surly bookworm and religious fanatic. When at work, it is true, he disliked being disturbed, but otherwise he was very sociable. He took great pleasure in his intercourse with some families of Frankfort; and he had a large circle of friends, with whom he kept up a regular correspondence.

He was no bigot. Witness his friendship with Böhmer, as well as his relations with Gerlach and Arnold. Those good people who in resolutions and newspaper articles held him up to reproach on account of his "abuse of the Protestant church," and on other charges, the offspring of their own imagination, would be greatly surprised if they caught a glimpse of his correspondence with members of their own sects; and many a time would they doubtless be shocked by the confessions of earnest Protestants as to the impressions produced by the reading of his work.

That the Catholic priest had his most intimate friends amongst Catholics is a matter of course. With many who bore eminent names he stood on a friendly footing, as with Cardinal Reisach, August Reichensperger, Stolz, Alzog, Herder, and many others. Windthorst, we all know, thought a great deal of him. It is true that Janssen once played a trick on him by accepting the nomination to the Prussian Chamber of Deputies in 1875, but he withdrew the following year. It may be said with truth that as a legislator his place could easily be filled, but as a historian it could not; and when Windthorst somewhat testily remarked that in public life

nothing could be made of Janssen, he himself was of quite the same opinion. When Windthorst made the closing speech at the Catholic assembly on September 14, 1882, he expressed his high appreciation of the historian, and was heartily applauded. "The service that Janssen has rendered by his German History is so great that I can not find words to express it. My only desire would be that this man, freed from all other cares, could devote himself exclusively to the completion of his work; for when he has finished it, he will have to give us an abridgment which can be read in every household." Janssen himself often spoke of such an abridgment, at least of certain portions of his History, which he would have others make for him.

If Janssen gradually withdrew from the public gaze, if he was "not at home" to mere inquisitive callers, and spent most of the summer in the country, the explanation is found not only in his attention to his life work, but also in a regard for his health. Observing the well-built, fine-looking man, no one would think that he had been an invalid all his life. In his childhood he was delicate, often suffering from bleeding of the nose, with which trouble indeed his last illness began; and as a young man he often had hemorrhages, which sometimes brought him to the verge of the grave. We can only wonder that besides attending to his duties in the gymnasium, which were sometimes a heavy tax to him, he had strength and time for literary work of such extent and importance. It was most trying; and from his correspondence we can see how little his strength equalled his will. Sleeplessness was one of his troubles. "In consequence of obstinate sleeplessness," he writes in 1879, "from which I have been suffering for weeks, I am unable to do any mental work; to guard against worse, the physician recommends me not even to write letters. . . . My nerves are so unstrung from sleeplessness that I can hardly write." In 1889: "The heat affected me greatly. I was much grieved at not being able to be

present at the last meeting of the Görres Society. I had prepared to set out, when a rush of blood to the head obliged me to follow the doctor's order: 'You must remain perfectly quiet.'"

His last summer was spent in the little town of Ober-Ursel, where I visited him last August (1891). In the Sisters' house he had a small and very simple bedroom near the sacristy, besides a large but equally plain workroom at some distance off. The principal article of furniture in this room was a long table covered with manuscripts. I found him in the best of spirits. The three hours' interview flew by rapidly and pleasantly. Besides myself, Professor Pastor, of Innsbruck, his favorite pupil, was present. Without monopolizing the conversation, he spoke of all conceivable things, both ancient and modern. To his literary opponents he referred very calmly; and he was cheerful in regard to his health, which allowed him to be out for several hours in the afternoon. He was dissatisfied with no one but himself. Being the universal heir (or, more properly, the executor of the will) of his valued friend, Münzenberger, he had already spent fifty days in settling the property, and he was not yet through; for he had only just discovered that he was the owner of a house in Düsseldorf. Were it not for this, he would probably have been able to publish his seventh volume by Christmas. When I bade him good-bye at the little station, I did not for a moment think that before the end of the year he would have followed Münzenberger to the grave.

He suffered very little in his last illness, except for a few days, when his breathing was difficult. He was a quiet patient, entirely resigned. He received Holy Communion daily; he took an affectionate leave of the few friends that were admitted to see him; and the countless testimonials of regard that were sent him from all directions, even from the Holy Father and from many German bishops, pleased and touched him deeply. During the night of the 23d and 24th of December he calmly

fell asleep in the Lord, without a struggle.

Leading a very simple life, and having a considerable income, mostly from his writings, Janssen might have amassed what would be a fortune for a literary man; but in the same spirit in which he rejected one proffered honor after another (without, however, undervaluing these distinctions), he also renounced wealth. During life he gave away a good deal in charity; amongst other objects of his benefactions were poor students, and an asylum for destitute children in Frankfort. In this last work he took great interest. What remained to him at death he bequeathed mostly to scientific and charitable objects. He had no near relatives. His papers and the continuation of his German History he left to Professor Pastor.

Little Easter.

BY M. M. TAYLOR.

I.

IT was a stormy night when Sergeant Rouzon was passing along the hilly road which led from the town of Asier to his village. Everyone called him "Sergeant," though he had long since retired from the army, and dwelt in a little cottage in the mountain village of Bébelé. He lived all alone, and his wife and two children rested in the pretty graveyard beside the Church of St. Joseph.

As the Sergeant walked on, anxious to get home to his well-earned supper, he heard behind him the patter of tiny feet. He turned and waited till a little girl, breathless from running, came up to him. She was about six years old, bareheaded and barefooted, and all in rags, carrying in her hand an old tambourine.

"Where do you come from all alone, little one?" asked the Sergeant, kindly.

"I don't know," sighed the child.

"You *don't* know?"

"No. They buried my mother this morning; she died in a shed belonging to

a farmer. He was angry because she died there. We were always travelling. She sang and I danced and beat my tambourine. Now she is gone, and I am all alone. I don't know where to go, and I am frightened."

"Very well. Walk beside me, and give me your hand. What is your name?"

"Kita," answered the little girl.

"What a name!" murmured the soldier.

"Why, it's not Christian!"

At last they reached the village. The Sergeant stood still and scratched his head.

"Where will you go now?" he asked.

"I don't know," said Kita, sadly.

"How strange! You belong to no one in this world, really?"

"To no one," she replied.

"Goodness me! Well, suppose you stop with me? I'll be your father. I'm as lonely as a cuckoo, and it's dull enough."

"You look so good and I am so miserable!" answered Kita. "If you only would take me!"

"I will, child; I will. And how can I help it? I can't leave you alone in the night—turn to the left. Here we are,—here's my cottage. Now God be with us! This is His business. He won't let us die of hunger."

"I know He won't."

They entered the cottage of two small rooms, with scanty furniture. Dry, black bread was all the Sergeant could give his little guest; and that seemed delicious to the starving child, who was soon asleep on some straw in a corner.

Next day the Sergeant remarked to Kita:

"I can't have you go by that heathen name. Where were you baptized?"

"I don't know what you mean, sir."

"Don't you know about the good God, and Jesus Christ our Lord?"

"No, sir. Where do they live, please?"

The Sergeant struck his head. "The poor child!" he exclaimed, under his breath,—*"poor in everything. My God, I will guard her for Thee!"*

There was soon great talk in the village; and Monsieur le Curé heard the news from his housekeeper, who had heard it from

the baker, who had it from the road-menders. Tongues wagged fast. It was seldom anything novel happened in the neighborhood, and so the Sergeant was laughed at and criticised. He did not care, however; but soon took the little girl to the Curé. Before doing so, he bought a pretty kerchief and a hat for her. Ready-made clothes were not sold at Bébelé, but a good girl who took in needlework kindly consented to make a frock for the child.

"Monsieur le Curé," said the Sergeant, "will you baptize this morsel of a child? She has neither father nor mother, nor house nor bread, nor any mortal thing. God has sent her to me, though I have not much more than she has. But two poor creatures together may perhaps trust more to His good providence. I want her to be made a Christian first of all. I'll be her godfather; and I'm sure your housekeeper, in charity, will be godmother."

"You are a good man, Sergeant," answered the priest, shaking his hand warmly. "God will reward you a hundredfold."

"Bless me, Monsieur le Curé, I'm not doing much,—only just a bit of a child! If God sent me a hundred, I should try to feed them for Him."

The Curé laughed.

Kita was taught her catechism. She was very bright, and learned rapidly; and before long she was baptized, and given the name of Rose.

II.

A new life opened for little Rose. When the Sergeant questioned her more fully about her past life, he doubted whether the person she called mother had really been her parent. She had been hard and cruel to the child, and Rose soon forgot her and the misery of her wandering life. Her godfather was very poor, but always kind and good; and Rose grew to love him with her whole heart, and was bent on pleasing him. She spent half the day at school; she kept the little cottage clean and tidy, and gained a few pence by gathering violets and other wild flowers to be sold to the chemists in Asier.

Sergeant Rouzon had a small pension, which kept him in clothes and tobacco. His cottage belonged to him: it had been his wife's dowry. In its little yard he had a few hens, and on Sundays and feast-days eggs were cooked for dinner. For the rest, the Sergeant lived by his "days," as the French say. He was clever at most things,—could doctor a sick horse or cow, do a nice bit of carpentry, mend a lock; transact a little business, as he could write and keep accounts; and was so perfectly trustworthy that he was employed whenever any one was in a difficulty. But difficulties did not often arise in Bébelé, and then his services were poorly paid; so the Sergeant had had a hard time, and now it was harder still to keep little Rose. Tobacco had to be dispensed with by the old man, and bread often was their only food for days; and if a morsel of something better came along, Rose usually had to eat it all, by the will of her kind-hearted godfather.

The industry of the village was lacemaking; and the little girl soon learned it, and in the winter was busy with her fingers on her cushion. In the summer the Sergeant took a long journey to sell all the lace of his neighbors; and Rose staid with Élise the seamstress, whose sight was not good enough for lacemaking. On Sunday afternoons she amused herself with the other children, and to their delight played the tambourine while they danced.

Rose grew up into a charming girl, and meanwhile her godfather was growing old. One day he said: "How good a cup of buttermilk would taste in the mornings! But I am as likely to get it as is one of our hens to lay eggs in Monsieur le Curé's hat." Rose said nothing but smiled.

In these mountain villages it is customary on Low Sunday, which is called "Little Easter," for the young people to go round begging for eggs, and of these eggs an immense omelet is made for a general supper that night. One Little Easter the questing party was about to set out, when Rose with her tambourine passed by.

"O Rose," cried one of them, "If you come along with your tambourine, we shall get ever so much more."

"Oh, yes," called out the others; "do come, Rose! You shall have your share."

"I'll come," answered Rose, "if each of you will give me an egg to do as I like with."

"Agreed,—agreed!" they cried.

So Rose went with them, and came back at night with fourteen eggs, all of which she put for her hens to sit on. After a while she had chickens to sell; and so well did she dispose of them in Asier that she brought back a lamb. The lamb grew into a sheep, gave its wool, and was finally sold to give way to a pig. And the pig flourished and had a famous litter. And one day Rose took the "great pigs and the little pigs to the market," and returned with a cow. The Sergeant could not believe his eyes. To possess a cow! His fondest dream was surpassed. Rose had never forgotten his words about butter-milk; and as she led the pretty red cow up to the Sergeant she said:

"Godfather, the hen has laid eggs in Monsieur le Curé's hat."

It was a happy, a delightful moment. The old man felt the sweetness of the girl's gratitude, and she felt the joy known only to the grateful of heart. The cow was called "Little Easter," and she brought prosperity. Rose became renowned for her cream-cheeses, and one comfort after another came to the good old soldier in his declining days.

Rose's skill and industry were known in all the country around, and she had plenty of suitors. She told the one she liked she would never marry any one who would not welcome her godfather to his home. "An easy condition," said Philip Creze.

So Rose and Philip were married; and when last we heard of them the old Sergeant was still living, the slave and the playfellow of two bonny children, who called him "Grandpapa." Little Easter is always a day of rejoicing in the household, and Sergeant Rouzon says the grace at dinner with special fervor.

Not Every Change an Improvement.

THE story of the rebellious citizens in Capua will bear retelling. Pacuvius Calavius, ascertaining that his townspeople were up in arms against their magistrates, undertook to cure them of their discontent. He had great power in the city, and found means to shut the senators safely up in prison,—the first step toward carrying out his plans. Then he called the people together in the market-place, and informed them of what he had just done.

"Now," he said, "you have your tyrants at your mercy. They are unarmed and helpless, and you can have your revenge. One by one they will be brought before you, that you may accuse and judge them. I will undertake to carry out your sentences. There is but one condition: as you condemn each one, some better man must be chosen in his place; for, of course, their work must go on."

The populace cheered; and, at the bidding of Pacuvius, one called out the name of a senator toward whom he had a special grievance, and said: "Let — take his place." At that the rest began to protest, and at least a hundred charges were alleged against the one chosen to fill the position of the condemned. The second and the third accusations were attended with the same confusion, until it became evident that the matter, as Pacuvius had shrewdly guessed, could never be settled in such a way as he had proposed.

One by one the people stole away from the market-place, until there was not one left. Each decided in his own mind that the people were used to the old magistrates, and that probably the better way was to stop complaining, and not run the risk of doing worse by making a change. Truly, for the sake of peace of mind—even if there were no higher reason,—it is very much better to—

bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of.

The Multiplicity of Devotions.

THE many pious projects to which a Catholic editor is asked to give his support, and the innumerable devotions which he is urged to recommend and propagate, may be taken as proof of the piety of Catholics, as well as of the zeal of many persons for the spread of every pious work and devotion that has been approved by ecclesiastical authority. But we are often in doubt as to how such approval is to be understood. We feel certain that many devotions which have become popular were never intended to be propagated or practised as they are, and there are a few which we confess we do not comprehend. Some that of their nature should be subordinate are unduly prominent; others that seem to be suited to a particular season are made perennial; still others have the unquestionable effect of uprooting devotions planted in the garden of the Church by saints, and productive of rich fruit in generations of devout souls. The result is the confounding in many minds of essentials with non-essentials, of obligations with matters of mere recommendation, of duties with affairs of supererogation, of things absolutely important with matters of comparatively little consequence. When devotions thus lose their bearings, the danger is that sooner or later the very dogmatic truths from which they spring will become obscured. St. Bernard, we know, scented danger in every pious practice that had not received the formal sanction of the Holy See.

The Church does not intend that all her children shall practise all the devotions to which she gives her approval; indeed, this would not be possible. So many devout persons, however, attempt the impossible, that pietism is on the increase, while genuine piety, which is always well ordered, seems to be steadily decreasing. This is a great evil. Another deplorable result of ill-regulated piety is the misrep-

resentation of the Church to inquiring non-Catholics, to so many of whom Christianity is one thing and Catholicity quite another.

We hazard the assertion that the multiplicity of devotions so industriously propagated on all sides is of no advantage to the faithful, and positively bewildering to those not of the household of the faith. We should like to express ourselves more fully and still more freely on this subject, but we must not forget that our bishops and parish priests are the best judges of what is to the spiritual profit of their flocks. What we have said is only by way of explanation of our lack of sympathy with many pious projects to which we are so frequently asked to lend our support, and our seeming indifference to certain devotions, which, in our opinion, are both unwisely propagated and unprofitably practised.

The Baron's Retort.

AN irreligious young man met one of the Barons Rothschild in a Parisian *café*, and began boasting to him, and to a number of others who sat at the table, of his extensive travels. He was most enthusiastic in his description of the island of Tahiti, and mentioned certain attractions of that favored spot which the Baron evidently considered rather beneath the notice of a sensible man.

"My dear sir," asked the Baron, in a polite tone, "did you not see other things worthy of note on the island?"

"I observed," replied the young man, indignantly, "that it was fortunate enough to possess neither pigs nor Jews."

"Indeed!" said the Baron, blandly, not losing his temper in the least. "What do you say to accompanying me to that privileged spot? In the absence of others of our sort we should be very sure soon to make our fortunes."

The young man suddenly remembered an engagement that he had elsewhere, and left the *café*.

Notes and Remarks.

It is somewhat surprising to be asked by presumably intelligent Catholics, "What books should I put into the hands of a Protestant friend whom I am trying to get interested in the Church, and who politely avoids the subject of religion?" Until such a person *does* become interested, no book would be of the slightest use. Prayer is the means by which to rouse such interest. "Do you know the first thing a Catholic should do when he meets with an unbeliever for whose conversion he intends to labor?" asks Balmes. "No doubt you will say he should look over the apologetics of religion, examine quotations on the more serious questions, consult learned men of the first order; in a word, supply himself with arguments as a soldier with arms. It is right, indeed, not to neglect preparing for every phase of the discussion; but above all, before beginning to reason with the unbeliever, what he should do is to pray for him. Tell me, which class made more conversions, the learned or the holy? St. Francis of Sales composed no work which, under the polemical aspect, can vie with Bossuet's 'History of the Variations'; and yet I doubt whether the conversions the latter work effected, though they were many, are to be compared with those which are due to the angelical unction of the holy Bishop of Geneva."

Even in the case of those who are convinced of the truth of our religion, there is needed for the embracing of it what theologians call *pia motio voluntatis* (the pious stirring of the will); and for this grace is necessary. "It were much to be desired," says the author just quoted, "that those who imagine it is a mere question of science, and the goodness of God does not enter into it, should become persuaded of this truth."

The widely circulated statement that in one of the Western States where Prohi-

bition is in force the importation of wine for sacramental purposes is proscribed turns out to be an exaggeration. An amendment advocating such proscription was indeed proffered to the legislators; but, to their credit be it said, they rejected the proposal. It is difficult to understand how any men blessed with intelligence enough to warrant their selection as lawmakers could so stultify themselves as to uphold the amendment. If it is ever placed on the statute book of an American commonwealth, it is tolerably safe to predict that the Supreme Court of the country will declare it to be unconstitutional, as representing unjustifiable interference with the religion of the State's citizens.

As a remedy for the unruliness of children, a learned professor in a Western university suggests concrete school work, well-cooked food in variety, plenty of physical exercise, recreation in the open air, the maximum of sleep, regular baths, etc. The correction of an unruly child must begin and be continued in the home. Parental direction is what boys and girls need most for their physical, mental, and especially their moral development. There is no training ground to compare with the well-regulated home. Children who are insubordinate to their fathers and mothers are unlikely ever to hold any other authority in much respect. Those psychological educationists who scent so much that is wrong with the younger generation, and attach so great an importance to physical exercise and food remedies, lose sight of certain very common things of which any ordinarily sensible parent might remind them.

Those who account for many of the spiritistic phenomena of our day by "unconscious cerebration" should know that this is one of the explanations that do not explain. According to an eminent medical scientist, "all the facts, incidents, and associations of our lives are kept in

the records of memory. All our loves, hatreds, and emotions are written there in characters that are never effaced. We sit with a medium and ask certain questions; they are answered—to us in a mysterious manner. We are told things that we had apparently entirely forgotten; the answer revives our recollection, and we know that they are true. The clerk of our memory office gives the records to the medium, who reads therefrom." So far, so good. But in cases where any fact related was unknown to the medium, the sitter, or to any other living being on earth, this theory will not hold. One such case is related by no less distinguished a scientist than Sir William Crookes in his "Researches" (page 96):

"A lady was writing automatically by means of a planchette, . . . which insisted that, although it was moved by the hand and arm of the lady, the *intelligence* was that of an invisible being who was playing with her brain as on a musical instrument, and thus moving her muscles. I therefore said to this intelligence: 'Can you see to read this newspaper?'—putting my finger on a copy of the *Times* which was on the table behind me, but without looking at it.—'Yes,' was the reply of the planchette.—'Well,' I said, 'if you can see that, write the word which is now covered by my finger, and I will believe you.' The planchette commenced to move. Slowly and with great difficulty the word 'however' was written. I turned round and saw that the word 'however' was covered by the tip of my finger. I had purposely avoided looking at the newspaper when I tried this experiment, and it was impossible for the lady, had she tried, to have seen any printed words; for she was sitting at the table, and the paper was on another table behind, my body intervening."

* * *

The attempt to explain the phenomenon commonly known as "slate-writing" by odic force, legerdemain, etc., is no less unsatisfactory. A new double slate en-

closing a tiny bit of pencil, held vertically and never for an instant out of the owner's hands, is found, after a few moments, to contain an intelligent message or letter in the identical handwriting of a person long since dead and utterly unknown to the medium,—this is a common phenomenon, which professional conjurers as well as scientific investigators declare to be inexplicable. Many of the latter assert, in the exact language of Prof. de Morgan: "I have both seen and heard, in a manner which would make unbelief impossible, things called spiritual, which can not be taken by a rational being to be capable of explanation by imposture, coincidence, or mistake. *So far I feel the ground firm under me*; but when it comes to what is the cause of these phenomena, I find I can not adopt any explanation which has yet been suggested. The physical explanations which I have seen are easy, but miserably insufficient; the spiritual hypothesis is *sufficient*, but ponderously difficult."

One thing of which every Catholic should be thoroughly convinced is that nothing whatever which it would benefit his soul to know is likely to be learned through spiritistic practices.

Mr. Lucian Lamar Knight, who describes himself as a "blue-stocking Presbyterian," in a communication to the Atlanta (Ga.) *Constitution* denouncing the veteran bigots of Macon who objected to the selection of Bishop Keiley as Memorial Day orator, has much to say that is well deserving of the serious attention and lasting remembrance of all Southern patriots. We quote two passages of more general interest:

It seems to me that the Macon veterans in accentuating the feudal fires of the Protestant Reformation, have ignored the events of a period much more recent, and have shown an indifference to matters much more relevant. In the first place, they are seemingly forgetful of the fact that one who has done more than all others to put the Confederate cause into the literature of song was an Irish Catholic. Who of us has not thrilled to the music of Father Ryan's "Conquered Banner"? What war-poem, born

amid the throes of our great sectional conflict, is more widely known or more frequently quoted? Long after we are dead the memory of this gentle singer will be cherished by our descendants. His renowned poem will be recited by our children's children for ages to come. In one of the great hotels of Richmond, Va., there hangs a magnificent oil painting of the beloved poet-priest. It is admired by all the guests; and even Northern tourists each year stand with uncovered head before this portrait of one whose fame is indissolubly associated with "The Conquered Banner." To know what Father Ryan thought of his illustrious chief, one needs only to read "The Sword of Lee."

Two famous Confederate war-songs "Ashes of Glory," by Augustus J. Requier, and "Somebody's Darling," by Marie LaCoste, were both written by Catholics. Was not Theodore O'Hara, who wrote the "Bivouac of the Dead," a member of the Church of Rome? He was a Confederate soldier; but his renowned elegy, inspired by an episode of the Mexican War, is to-day found in all the Federal cemeteries of the land, engraved upon tablets of iron. It is the only American poem to which the United States Government has ever given official recognition.

In an editorial, under the caption "Catholics and the Lost Cause," the editor of the *Constitution* commends Mr. Knight's card to the attention of his readers. Southern Catholics should see that it is widely circulated, especially throughout the States of Georgia and Florida, where bigotry has been rampant for many moons.

In the course of an illuminating paper on "Industry and Education," contributed to a recent issue of *America*, Mr. A. Hilliard Atteridge quotes a significant passage from the words of a great English "captain of industry." The truth embodied in it is not novel by any means, but, we must say, it is freshly put. This man of affairs writes:

What we want to assure ourselves of when we take a boy is that he has stability and moral strength of character. I submit that the true function of education is to teach him how to learn and how to live—not how to make a living, which is a very different thing. We are interested naturally to know if a boy has an aptitude for languages or mathematics, or a mechanical turn of mind. But it is immaterial to us whether he has acquired this aptitude, say for languages,

through learning Latin and Greek, or French and German.

The specific problems of the schoolmen do not concern this employer of men. "Educate while you are educating," he asserts broadly; "and let the boys have practical training afterwards." Nobody who is conversant with present educational problems will question this writer's fear that our "education" is being commercialized "to make it a paying proposition, to make it subservient to the god of wealth, and thus to convert us into a money-making mob." This was said of education in England; but it is, if possible, even more true as applied to the same matter in the United States.

Other persons than eugenists may find food for thought in the very interesting paper, "The Problem of Feeble-Mindedness" contributed to the *Missionary* by the Rev. Thomas V. Moore, C. S. P. There is, for example, this decidedly excellent point with regard to teaching religion to the feeble-minded:

"Let them go to the State institutions," I hear some say: "they can not learn anything, anyhow: why try to teach them religion?" It is precisely here that you are mistaken. How simple and beautiful is the religion of a little child! And no matter how old these poor unfortunates become, they always remain children. It is perfectly possible for them to have a child's appreciation of religious truths with all the simple faith of children, and be ideally happy in their religious surroundings. Religion is the only thing that can give them true peace and contentment; and may God grant them the consolation of their religion, and keep their souls from starving in the barren halls of a State institution!

God has a way of "coming home" to His own, and these least of His children certainly ought not to be deprived of their opportunity of knowing Him. Strange as the statement may seem, there are, according to Dr. Moore, only two Catholic institutions in this great country of ours for the feeble-minded.

There passed away in Cincinnati, on the 13th ult., a gentle spirit who had made

life mean self-sacrifice and service to God and fellowman. Miss Margaret McCabe it was who in 1882 founded the Sacred Heart Home for Girls, and in 1885 was co-foundress of the Boys' Home, remaining as its guiding destiny for thirty years. Her qualities were a rare combination,—acute business sense, unflinching humor, and the faith, the patience, and the affection of a mother for her charges. The good she did is incalculable. Her funeral witnessed the gathering of the great and the lowly,—men and women from all walks of life, who held her name in benediction. The Archbishop of Cincinnati, in his sermon at the Solemn Requiem Mass, paid a noble tribute to Miss McCabe's worth. She was a valiant woman, who spent her life doing good. May she rest in peace!

The Fourth Degree Knights of Columbus of Long Island are to be congratulated on the action taken at a recent meeting of their assembly. Recognizing the benefits likely to accrue from the cultivation of a better knowledge of the history of the Church in this country, and convinced that interest in the study of that history will promote a loftier loyalty and a more intelligent devotion to both Church and Republic, they resolved "to facilitate the realization of these patriotic purposes by the establishment of a library of Catholic 'Americana,' containing the best historical and biographical works by Catholic American authors, with particular reference to local history." The multiplication of such libraries in different parts of the country would be a veritable blessing, not only stimulating present-day Catholics by the story of zealous pioneers of the Faith, but providing abundant material for the future historian of the Church in America.

* * *

Apropos of the Knights, our readers outside their ranks will be gratified to learn that the nation-wide celebration of

Washington's Birthday carried out by them this year proved a genuine success. The press of all parts of the country paid warm tributes to the spirit manifested and the principles approved. So representative a paper as the *Springfield Republican*, for instance, in the course of a lengthy editorial, declared:

It is not too late to say that the series of meetings organized by the Knights of Columbus throughout the country on Washington's Birthday, at which capable speakers set forth the patriotic duty of Americans, constituted a fine service to the nation at this time. So far as we have observed, the speakers were temperate and broad in their treatment of the national situation and its possibilities, and so were calculated to be effective in inspiring patriotism. . . . Any who seek to introduce racial antagonisms or social differences at such a time as this are in bad business, and either their judgment or their motives are at fault. In either case they are blameworthy, though differing in degree. By contrast with any such offence, the service which the Knights of Columbus performed on the 22d shines with clear and reassuring light.

As a contrast to the rabid utterances of the Guardians of Liberty and similar anti-Catholic fanatics, the sane and sober declarations of the Knights of Columbus can not but impress all fair-minded American citizens. The patriotic observance of Washington's birthday more than justified itself.

The little girl's definition of repentance is worth recalling at this time when every one feels the necessity of being a more fervent Christian,—of rising from the grave of sin and "walking in newness of life," as St. Paul says. Having explained at some length what repentance consists in, the teacher called upon each one of the class to give a definition in his or her own words. A little boy answered that to repent meant "to be sorry for all the sins you have done"; which a little girl quickly amended by saying, "Being sorry enough for your sins to stop doing them." St. Thomas Aquinas himself, who was a master of definitions, would undoubtedly have admired this one.

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

War in the North.

BY MICHAEL EARLS, S. J.

NOT from Mars and not from Thor
 Comes the war, the welcome war,
 Many months we waited for
 To free us from the bondage
 Of Winter's gloomy reign:
 Valor to our hope is bound,
 Songs of courage loud resound,
 Vowed is Spring to win her ground
 Through all our northern country,
 From Oregon to Maine.

All our loyal brave allies
 In the Southlands mobilize,
 Faith is sworn to our emprise,
 The' scouting breezes whisper
 That help is sure to-day:
 Vanguard of the springtime rains
 Cannonade the hills and plains,
 Freeing them from Winter's chains,
 So birds and buds may flourish
 Around the throne of May.

Hark, and hear the clarion call
 Bluebirds give by fence and wall!
 Look! The darts of sunlight fall,
 And red shields of the robins
 Ride boldly down the leas:
 Hail! The cherry banners shine,
 Onward comes the battle line,—
 On! White dogwoods wave the sign,
 And exile troops of blossoms
 Are sailing meadow seas.

Winter's tyrant king retires;
 Spring leads on her legion choirs
 Where the hedges sound their lyres;
 The victor hills and valleys
 Ring merrily the tune:
 April cohorts guard the way
 For the great enthroning day,
 When the Princess of the May
 Shall wed within our northlands
 The charming Prince of June.

Con of Misty Mountain.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XV.—SUSIE GUIDES.

FATHER PHIL read the newspaper article twice; then he took Wilmot Elkins' paper from his pocket and reread it carefully. That they agreed in every particular even to Arthur Nesbitt's broken arm, he could not deny. And if the child had been stolen, robbed of name, home, and heritage, and flung away into rough, cruel, evil hands by these two dastards, it was plainly his duty to unmask the evil-doers, reveal the crime,—to do "justice," as he had promised the dying miner.

But how and where? He next turned to the City Directory. There were three columns of Nesbitts, from a major-general in the United States Army to dealers in shoe-leather and bacon, hardware and eggs. There was a John A. and a Henry A. and a Francis A. Nesbitt, but no Arthur Nesbitt at all. And if there had been, how could Father Phil confront an absolute stranger with this wild accusation of a dying, perhaps a delirious man? So he put aside newspaper and Directory, pocketed the scrawled effusion of Wilmot Elkins, and returned to St. Cyprian's to report the result of his investigation to Father Tim.

"Ah, well, well!" said the old priest, nodding. "It's a queer business from first to last,—the man that was no Catholic sending for me, and you going to him when he was too blind to see, and the strange story that he tells,—a story that, as we have learned, must be more than half true. I'm thinking the finger of God is here somewhere, pointing us to ways we can't see. It's time to pray, lad,—pray for the light. And if it is the Lord's will

that we should do anything more, that light will come to us somehow, Phil. And the poor fellow was buried by a secret society, you say. God have mercy on him that was never taught His holy ways! There's no telling what grace touched his soul at last."

There was a letter waiting for Father Phil when he went to his room that same evening. A tender smile lit his grave face as he recognized the little schoolgirl hand. He opened it and read this somewhat lengthy communication:

"THE MANSE, January 3.

"DEAR, DEAR BROTHER PHIL!—Such dreadful, dreadful things have happened since you left! The Buzzards tried to burn the house the other night, and poison the dogs so they couldn't bark, and, Aunt Aline says, to *murder* us all. And Con—your Con, *my* Con, brother Phil,—heard them talking about it; and he ran through the dark night, when all the mountain was in clouds of mist, and let the dogs nearly tear his clothes off him, and climbed the stable roof, and was hunted down like a wild Indian by Dennis and everybody, just to tell for my sake, he said, brother Phil, so I wouldn't be burned up,—*to tell* and save us. But Uncle Greg nor Dennis nor anybody would believe this. They thought he was bad as the rest, because they caught him on the stable roof; and so they locked him up in the smoking-room all night. And the neighbors came with guns and pistols, to help Uncle Greg to watch for the other Buzzards; and they caught them with oil and turpentine and everything ready to burn the barn.

"The men carried the other Buzzards off to the lock-up; but they left Con to Uncle Greg, who said he would put him in the Reform next day. And, oh, that nearly broke my heart! For I thought that poor Con would go crazy at being locked up; and so—so—oh, I haven't dared tell anybody this, brother Phil—I coaxed Kathie, the kitchen-maid, who knew where Nora kept the key of the outer door of the

smoking-room, to steal down early in the morning and let poor Con out. Oh, was it such a bad thing to do, brother Phil? I don't know. The Sisters never taught us about dreadful things like these. We never heard of Buzzards burning houses, or of locking up poor boys that come to tell you and save you. So I don't know whether it was wicked or not; and I can't ask anybody, because it would be telling on Kathie and breaking my word. And, oh, it's all made me feel so queer and nervous and shaky that I am almost sick!

"And Dr. Grayson—he is Lil Grayson's father—says it is 'nervous shock.' He is going to take Lil to N—to spend a week with her grandmother; and he will take me, too, for a change. So I will be in N—on Tuesday, brother Phil; and won't you please come to see me right away, and tell me whether I did anything very bad in letting poor Con out?

"Your own little sister,
"SUSIE.

"P. S.—Lil's grandmother lives in a lovely place in Riverdale. It is called—something about a tree—Oakwood or Elmwood, I forget which. Oh, please come right away, brother Phil! I want to see you so much,—*so much!*"

"My poor little girl!" thought Susie's brother, anxiously. "No wonder she has nervous shock. Let the boy out, eh! The little witch has more pluck than I thought. I must go see her, as she says, right away. Riverdale? I can get there in an hour. And I suppose the old lady's name is Grayson. Though, Susie is a little vague, no doubt I can find the place,—named after a tree."

And Father Phil set out hurriedly; for he was somewhat troubled at his little sister's tidings. She was not very strong, as he knew; and the excitement at the Manse must have been a shock, indeed, to one whose sweet young life had been hitherto so safely sheltered. And Con, poor Con,—Con who had risked everything to save her, as Father Phil well understood! And as he recalled the look in the boy's

blue eyes at their last meeting, Susie's brother felt his heart turn towards his young "pal" with a tender compassion, that banished all thoughts of Mr. Wilmot Elkins' story from his mind. He must track Con somehow. He must find, help, save his poor little mountain friend.

Meanwhile the trolley was bearing him far from St. Cyprian's, into wider, brighter ways than those he had chosen to tread with Father Tim. Riverdale was an old-fashioned suburb of the great city, that had held its own against time and change. The old homes still stood back, amid groves and gardens whose high stone walls gave them an almost cloistral seclusion from the busy world without. As Father Phil looked down the wide, quiet roadway where the trolley had left him, he realized that Susie's directions had been by no means clear. Fully a dozen fine old homes, any one of which might have been occupied by "Lil's grandmother," lifted their gabled roofs and dormer windows and ivied walls in sight.

"I am looking for a family named Grayson," he said to a schoolboy who, with his skates slung over his shoulder, came hurrying by.

"Don't know 'em," was the brief response.

"They live out here somewhere, at a place called Elmwood or Oakwood," said Father Phil.

"Oh, Elmwood! That's right across there," replied the would-be skater, who had been "kept in" and had no time to waste. "You'll see the name on the gate."

And, with a friendly "thanks!" Father Phil now turned across the street to the iron gate that bore, indeed, in tarnished letters the name "Elmwood." It swung open at his touch, admitting him into the broad carriageway that led to a fine old mansion, pillared and porticoed in the spacious fashion of a century ago. But there was no sign of decay or neglect. Box-bordered paths, garden beds, hedges, showed trim and neat even in their wintry snow wreaths,—a wide conservatory

stretching on the south side of the house. There was a bronze knocker bearing a crest—Elmwood evidently disdained any modern substitute. "Lil's grandmother must be an old lady of importance," thought Father Phil, as his knock resounded from the oak-panelled door. It was opened, after something of a pause, by an old Negro in faded livery.

"Yes, sah,—yes," he answered, putting his hand to his ear. "Who is it you wish to see? I's a little hard ob hearing dese days. Miss Rayson? Yes, sah; she is at home, sah,—she is at home."

"My little sister is visiting here," Father Phil tried to explain, as he handed his card.

"Yes, sah,—yes," nodded the old butler, who evidently felt he had heard enough; and he flung aside the damask portières of an arched doorway and ushered the visitor into a suite of stately rooms, terminating in the glowing beauty of the spacious conservatory. "Miss Rayson, she's at home, sah, to-day."

And, finding further explanation to this deaf old personage impossible, Father Phil decided to await the appearance of "Lil's grandmother" to introduce himself as Susie's brother. His little sister was evidently in more splendid surroundings than her simple life had ever known. All around were evidences not only of great wealth, but of the cultured taste that can use wealth fittingly: old furniture, old tapestries, pictures mellowed into fuller beauty by the touch of time; farther in, the white gleam of marble busts, the stretch of richly fitted bookcases, an open piano, a shrouded harp; beyond these, the splash of a fountain under the crystal roof of the conservatory. Yet what a strange, deathlike hush there was in all this splendor. Not a voice, not a laugh to break the stillness,—and with two little girls in the house!

"Can Susie be ill?" thought Father Phil, anxiously. And then, as "Lil's grandmother" still delayed, he began to pace the room restlessly; for there seemed something oppressive in the stillness that

"got on" even his steady nerves. Susie must be ill, he felt; and in his anxiety he paced farther in through the arched doorway of the library—when suddenly he paused, startled breathless almost, as if he had received an electric shock. Facing him on the opposite wall was the life-size portrait of a boy, who seemed to be parting the richly colored draperies about him and stepping into the silent room,—a rosy, radiant, smiling boy, whose eyes looked up into Father Phil's with a glance that he *knew*. For, despite the smoothed ripple of the yellow hair, the buckled shoes, the picturesque, princely dress, it was Father Phil's little "pal" that looked out from that wondrous canvas,—it was Con of Misty Mountain to the very life!

"I beg your pardon!" a gentle voice broke in upon his bewilderment. "You—you—asked for me, I think. I am Eunice Rayson."

And Father Phil turned his startled eyes from the picture to meet the questioning gaze of a slender, graceful woman of about thirty, who was looking at him with evident surprise.

"Miss Rayson," he echoed,—"*Miss Eunice Rayson!* I thought—I believed—it is for me to beg pardon; for I must have made a stupid mistake. I came here thinking this was Mrs. Grayson's residence. My little sister is visiting her granddaughter."

"Poor Uncle Joe probably did not understand you. But I think there are two little girls visiting at Oakwood, Mrs. Burnett's place, just beyond."

"Burnett!" repeated Father Phil. "The little girl is named Grayson."

"Mrs. Burnett is her mother's mother, perhaps," said the lady, smiling. "We all must have two grandmothers, you know."

"Of course! What a very stupid person I must seem! Pardon me again! You see, we priests get dull in the ways of the world, from which we are shut out so long."

"Father Philip Doane could not possibly be dull in anything," said the lady, archly; "at least so I have heard from my cousin,

Jack Fenton, who was his classmate and friend."

"Jack Fenton!" Father Phil's face kindled at the name. "God bless him! Is dear old Jack your cousin? I left him in Rome with the Jesuits, where he has a long road to travel yet. And dear old Jack is your cousin, and this your home?"

"Not exactly," she laughed; "only my abiding place, Father Doane. I am here—in service, perhaps you might call it."

"A very good name," he assented cheerfully. "We are all in service, or should be, Miss Rayson."

"That is true," she answered. "And mine is as light and sweet and well rewarded as I could ask. I am secretary, companion, and, I hope, friend, to the dear old mistress of this beautiful home, Mrs. Lavinia Nesbitt."

(To be continued.)

The Life of a Mourning-Cloak.

BY MARY KELLEY DUNNE.



HAVE you scraped acquaintance with butterflies yet? I don't mean this season, exactly; although those who are on intimate terms with the "frail children of the air," as some one has called them, know that some of them are on the wing much earlier than the date on which you are reading my question. The skunk cabbage, which is usually the earliest of our spring flowers, and the Mourning-Cloak appear about the same date. Neither is dismayed by the most frowning weather.

In my neighborhood, if I am venturesome enough to take advantage of a sunny day in early March or even in late February to go for a walk, I am likely to be startled by the sight of a large dark butterfly fluttering about as if spring were actually at hand. It's a heartening sight, for butterflies suggest warmth and sunshine and fragrant blossoms. The trees are bare, and the ground is hard where the hot sun has not turned it to sticky

mud. There are drifts of snow piled up in the fence corners and along the paths in the woods. The pink arbutus is still a mere bud under its rusty covering of last year's leaves, and yet here is summer on the wing. One wonders what a butterfly can possibly find to live on, when there are no flowers of any kind to furnish its usual food of nectar and honey. Nobody has ever heard of butterflies laying up a store of food, like the bees and squirrels. And yet a good many of the butterflies hibernate through the winter and come out early in the spring.

Butterflies have such attractive names! You would think, if only for that reason, everybody would want to get acquainted with them. There are the Painted Lady, the Red Admiral, the Tiger Swallowtail, the Indian Hesperid, the Hop Merchant, the Least Skipper, the Monarch, American Copper. These are just a few samples of common American butterflies, which anybody may know by keeping his eyes open when he goes outdoors in summer. If you include the night-flying "children of the air," the moths, there are literally thousands of species. If you could gather a collection, including a specimen of each variety, it would be very valuable indeed, and not merely from a financial point of view. Not only could you get a large sum of money for it, but you would win fame, and add a mite to human knowledge, which is something well worth doing.

The Mourning-Cloak is familiar to nearly everybody who observes butterflies at all. If nothing else, its unexpected appearance so early emphasizes it. If you happen not to be sufficiently intimate to know it by name, although you know it by sight, you can bring the two items together by looking for purplish brown wings about three inches across, edged with a broad buff-yellow band. Near the inner edge of the band and on the darkest part of the wings you will see a row of pale blue spots. These spots do not go all the way through the butterfly's dress. The underside of the wings are crossed and

interwoven with a fine lacework of minute black lines, while the yellow trimming is much paler than on the upper surface.

Before I go any further I may as well tell you the unpleasant fact that the Mourning-Cloak belongs to the Vanessini family, and that its scientific name is *Euvanessa Antiopa*. This is unpleasant, however, only because it is so much harder to remember than its everyday picture name of Mourning-Cloak. But, then, as some wise person remarked ages ago, we have to take the bitter with the sweet, the pleasant with the unpleasant; and, if you will take the trouble to remember the scientific as well as the familiar names of butterflies and flowers and birds, you will be that much ahead in more ways than one.

Winter seems a pretty treacherous time for such frail creatures as butterflies to be abroad; but there are a good many varieties which live over the cold season, hiding themselves in crannies of one sort or another. Sometimes you will find them deep in the wood-pile. After your store of fuel has been nearly consumed, and you have got down to the second or third row from the bottom, you are likely to meet with a butterfly or two, quite slow and sleepy. Sometimes they come into the cellars of houses or barns; and again they fly into open drains and suspend themselves from the walls. No doubt they are often drowned in these dangerous hiding-places. But mostly you will find them in the woods, where they have crawled into crevices in the trees. They prefer hollow places down near the roots. Under a pile of rocks is another favorite hiding-place. If you look closely enough, you can probably find a few specimens of Vanessini in winter in almost any Northern State, and, for that matter, much farther north, in Canada. There is just one portion of the United States where it is rarely found, summer or winter, and that is the central and southern plateau region.

When the Mourning-Cloak comes out of its winter quarters on the first sunny days

of March or late February, it must have some trouble breaking its winter fast. Its usual food is the honey of flowers; but it always arrives ahead of the most venturesome swamp maple, and that is one of the earliest of spring blossoms. But it is probably a member of the maple family which saves the situation for it. You know, some of the winter birds are fond of maple sap; and before the farmer gets around with his little spout and buckets and begins to tap his sugar bush, some of the woodpeckers are pretty sure to have drilled holes and started little fountains of sweets for themselves. The butterflies take advantage of these little pools. And sometimes there are accidental breaks in the bark of sugar maples, through which the sap oozes on warm days in spring. Perhaps they prefer these. A butterfly might instinctively avoid the holes made by the woodpeckers, for of course birds are the principal enemies of insect life.

After flying about in the leafless woods for several weeks, the butterflies mate, and after another week or two the female begins to lay her eggs around the tips of the twigs of the elm or willow or poplar. Usually you begin to find these butterfly eggs about the middle of May. They hatch in twelve or fifteen days, depending upon the season. If the weather is very warm they are hastened, and if the season is uncommonly cold it takes longer. If you happen to be on hand at the right moment, you will see the caterpillars bite their way through the top of the tiny eggs, and then hasten at once to the nearest leaf, where they arrange themselves in rows side by side and proceed to eat voraciously. They remain in company nearly all their lives; although, as they grow larger, they spread out over more space, instead of huddling together as they do at first. It is because of this habit of remaining in a group and always eating the next leaves, that a whole branch may be eaten quite clean of its leaves, while the rest of the tree has entirely escaped ravages.

They grow to about two inches in length;

are black, minutely dotted with white, having eight large bright red spots down the middle of the back, and bristle with long black spines. About the last of June you may see them scurrying along, fat and full-fed, and seemingly in a great hurry to get somewhere. And that is just their mission. For the first time they are journeying alone, without companions. Each one on his own hook is looking for a substantial place where he may hang himself and turn into a chrysalis, which is the next stage ordained for him on his way to becoming a Mourning-Cloak.

The chrysalis is an angular, short-spined object, usually about the color of the weather-worn board underneath which it hangs. A rail fence seems to be a favorite spot for this Mourning-Cloak chrysalis. There it hangs for nearly two weeks, and then some bright morning you may see it open and the butterfly emerge, with wet wings. It poises for a minute on the fence, spreads its wings to dry, and then soars up in the air and away. This part of the performance happens along in July, just after the last of the ragged and battered Vanessini, which lived over the winter, have disappeared. Their life-work finished, they crawled away somewhere and died. History repeats itself with the new and bright-looking Mourning-Cloaks. By the middle of July eggs are being laid, and about the first of September there is still another lot of gay children of the air afloat. They remain on the wing until sometime in November, when they seek hiding-places and stow themselves away to hibernate until spring.

So you see that the life history of even an ugly caterpillar, as you've probably called it, has some thrilling chapters if you only know how to read it.

THE red, white, and blue of the flag of England are said to have been originally chosen in honor of the Blessed Trinity,—white to represent the holiness of God; blue, the love of Christ; and red, the fire of the Holy Ghost.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"St. Bridget of Sweden," by Sven Magnus Gronberger, a study in Mediæval Church History that has already appeared in the *American Catholic Quarterly Review*, is now reprinted in pamphlet form. It is an interesting essay in itself; and the interest is enhanced by a brief sketch of the author by the editor, Dr. James J. Walsh.

—B. Herder has brought out a second edition, revised and enlarged, of "An Eight Days' Retreat for Religious," by the Rev. Henry A. Gabriel, S. J. We need not supplement our favorable notice of the first edition further than to say that the work may be used profitably by the secular as well as the religious clergy, and even by educated laymen.

—Visitors to Sante Fe, New Mexico, and all who are interested in the early missionary history of the far Southwest, will do well to provide themselves with the illuminating brochure descriptive of San Miguel Church prepared by Brother David, F. S. D., and published by St. Michael's College, of that city. From the same source may be had a series of attractive post-cards affording views of the locality and its unique relics.

—The tremendous theme of the Passion of Our Lord is the subject matter of a three-act play entitled "On the Slopes of Calvary," by the Rev. Aurelio Palmieri, D. D., O. S. A., translated from the Italian by Henry Grattan Doyle, A. M., formerly Instructor in Romance Languages in Harvard University. We have the author's word for it that this drama has already been presented with conspicuous success; and we have no doubt that, given due religious dispositions on the part both of performers and audience, it would lend itself to effective representation. On page 13 we note this characteristic example of what has come to be known as "Harvard English": "That man whom we know now is called Peter, had the daring to say to me, etc." The text is published by Our Lady of Good Counsel Printing School, Philadelphia. No price is stated.

—"St. Bernard," Abbot of Clairvaux (1090-1153), with seven illustrations, is the latest addition to the excellent Notre Dame Series of Lives of the Saints. (Sands & Co.; B. Herder.) Like previous volumes, it is instructive as well as edifying. The anonymous author has studied the period in which St. Bernard lived, and is thus enabled to give a portrait of him that is both faithful and attractive. The chapter

dealing with the miracles of the Thaumaturgus of the West is especially interesting. We hope that this series of Lives of the Saints will have many readers everywhere. The previous volumes are: "St. Patrick," "St. Margaret of Scotland," "St. Anselm," "St. Augustine of Hippo," "St. Gertrude the Great," "St. Gilbert of Sempringham," and "St. Louis of France." The books are 12mos of about 240 pages, and are well produced. All things considered, \$1.25 is a very fair price for them.

—The many friends and admirers of the late Canon Sheehan will be glad to hear that an adequate biography of him by one who knew him intimately will soon be ready for publication. His pastoral as well as his literary life, his wide correspondence, etc., will be in the nature of a surprise to most readers. While wondering how the parish priest of Doneraile could accomplish so much, they will admire the spirit in which he labored, and be edified by the example of his many Christian and sacerdotal virtues.

—"Our Anniversaries," adapted from the French of Abbé Gaduel by the Rev. Joseph V. Nevins, S. S. (B. Herder), is a little book for priests. It offers appropriate meditation material for such anniversaries as that of baptism and the early sacraments, Tonsure and all the Orders up to the priesthood, and first Holy Mass. The considerations set for these various occasions are exceedingly happy. For the priest who piously makes use of them, they should result in that renewal of spirit which is their aim and justification. Neatly bound in cloth; price, 35 cents.

—"The Love of God and of the Neighbor," by the Rev. J. V. Schubert (Joseph F. Wagner), is a twelvemo of some 160 pages, wherein, to quote the sub-title, "the fundamental principle of the Divine Law is demonstrated to children by means of a thorough explanation of the Commandments." Twelve of the twenty-five instructions are devoted to such Commandments as specifically relate to our love of God; the remaining thirteen deal with the different subdivisions of the general precept "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." It is a work that may be of genuine help to the catechist of our young people.

—With nine pages of analytical table of contents and fourteen pages of index, "Philosophy of Education" (Volume V. in the Catholic University Pedagogical Series), by the Rev.

Thomas Edward Shields, Ph. D., LL. D., is such a "Summa" of Catholic pedagogical theory and practice as will be welcomed by all workers in the field, be they writers, students, teachers, or in any more general way interested in education. The immense scope of the work is indicated by its threefold main division: "The Nature of the Educative Process," "Educational Aims," and "Educative Agencies." The last of these three, in which the author discusses, in their bearing on education, the home and the Church, and such other outstanding questions as "State School Systems," "The Catholic School System," and "The Teacher and his Training," will be of the most practical aid to the pastor, necessarily interested in matters of the school; and they deserve as well the attention of our Catholic laity. It is not to be expected—the author frankly disavows such a hope—that all the ideas advanced in these pages will meet with universal acceptance. Certain it is, however, that his book will prove stimulating and inspiring; and both for what it is and for what it is destined to accomplish puts the Catholic public in debt to its zealous and indefatigable author. Published, under the *imprimatur* of Cardinal Gibbons, by the Catholic Education Press, Washington. Price, \$2.25.

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.

"An Eight Days' Retreat for Religious." Rev.

Henry A. Gabriel, S. J. \$1.50.

"The Love of God and the Neighbor." Rev. J. V. Schubert. \$1.25.

"Prolegomena to an Edition of the Works of Decimus Magnus Ausonius." Sister Marie José Byrne, Ph. D. \$1.25.

"Dark Rosaleen." M. E. Francis. \$1.35.

"Catholic Christianity and the Modern World." Dr. Krogh-Tonning. \$1.25.

"Camillus de Lellis, the Hospital Saint." A Sister of Mercy. \$1.

"Catholic Christianity; or, The Reasonableness of Our Religion." Rev. O. Vassall-Phillips, C. SS. R. \$1.50.

"A Retrospect of Fifty Years." Cardinal Gibbons. 2 vols. \$2.

"The White People." Frances H. Burnett. \$1.20.

"The Mass and Vestments of the Catholic Church." Rt. Rev. Monsignor John Walsh. \$1.75.

"A Manual of Modern Scholastic Philosophy." Cardinal Mercier, etc. Vol. I. \$3.50.

"Great Inspirers." Rev. J. A. Zahm, C. S. C., Ph. D. \$1.50.

"The History of Mother Seton's Daughters. The Sisters of Charity of Cincinnati, Ohio, 1809-1917." Sister Mary Agnes McCann, M. A. Vols. I. and II. \$5.

"The New Life." Rev. Samuel McComb, D. D. 50 cts.

"The Ancient Journey." A. M. Sholl. \$1.

"The Sacrament of Friendship." Rev. H. C. Schuyler. \$1.10.

"Songs of Creelabeg." Rev. P. J. Carroll, C. S. C. \$1.40.

"Sermons and Sermon Notes." Rev. B. W. Maturin. \$2.

"Gerald de Lacey's Daughter." Anna T. Sadlier. \$1.35.

Obituary.

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

Rev. Augustine Adam, of the diocese of Fort Wayne; Rev. Joseph Altan, diocese of Toledo; and Rev. John Weinhoff, archdiocese of Milwaukee.

Mother M. Gertrude, of the Sisters of Mercy (Perth, Aus.); Sister M. Charles, Sisters I. H. M.; Sister M. Theophila, Sisters of St. Dominic; and Sister M. Paschasia, Sisters of the Holy Cross.

Mr. Joseph Colison, Mrs. Charles McKenzie, Mr. Thomas Nevills, Miss Margaret Owens, Mr. J. F. Goss, Mr. John Genard, Mr. John Murray, Mr. D. F. Fennell, Mr. Thomas Dobbins, Mr. W. F. Dixon, Mr. Peter McEully, Mrs. Margaret Doyle, Mr. John J. Huscman, Mr. Joseph Pauly, Dr. John Cassidy, Mr. Frank Rustige, Mr. Philip Farrell, Mr. Thomas McPhee, Mr. John Petrie, and Mr. Richard Wilson.

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: R. E. R., \$2. For the Foreign Missions: N. N., \$5. For the rescue of orphaned and abandoned children in China: Friend (Baltimore), \$2; a club, \$6.50; Mrs. M. B., in honor of St. Anthony, \$2; Child of Mary, \$1; "a pupil of St. Mary's," \$5. For the Belgian war children: A husband and wife, \$40. For the Chinese Missions: Friend (Milwaukee), \$5.



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

VOL. V. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, APRIL 21, 1917.

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Cloister.

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

"Show me your cloister," asks the Lady Poverty of the friars. And they, leading her to the summit of a hill, showed her the wide world, saying: "This is our cloister, O Lady Poverty!"

WELL, that were a cloister; for its bars
Long strips of sunset, and its roof the stars.

Four walls of sky, with corridors of air
Leading to chapel, and God everywhere.

Earth beauteous and bare to lie upon,
Lit by the little candle of the sun.

The winds gone daily sweeping like a broom,—
For these vast hearts it was a narrow room.

Dr. Brownson on Devotion to the Blessed Virgin.

DR. BROWNSON was among the strongest defenders of the honor of the Mother of God. Before he was a Catholic, he tells us in his "Convert," he invoked her intercession; and after his conversion he was most earnest in urging on Catholics the importance of soliciting her intercession and imitating her virtues. Among his contributions to *THE AVE MARIA* were many devoted to this purpose.

In an essay on the "Moral and Social Influence of Devotion to Mary," Dr. Brownson dwells especially on the humility, maternity, and purity of the Blessed Virgin as the virtues most opposed to the corruptions of the age, and the most characteristic of Christians. "Humility,"

he says, "is the root of all the virtues, without which there is and can be no real virtue. Humility is not servility, meanness of spirit, but is real greatness of soul, and the basis of all generosity and disinterestedness. Pride, the vice opposed to humility, has no magnanimity, no generosity; is always cold, narrow, selfish, cruel." Heathen morals were based on pride. The Gentiles taught self-denial, contempt of riches and honors, detachment from the world, and superiority to all the accidents of fortune, and the acceptance of death itself as a welcome refuge from defeat or disgrace. But their motive was pride: they regarded the evils and mishaps of life as trifles to be despised; they esteemed themselves too superior to the world and its accidents to admit that anything had power to affect or move them against their will. They isolated themselves from humanity, and found their strength to fail, and not seldom sought death at their own hand while asserting their superiority to fortune.

The Christian overcomes the evils of life by regarding them as loving chastisements of his Heavenly Father, and he makes them the means of his spiritual progress. He observes the moral law from love and a profound sense of its sacredness, and of the justice and love of the Author of the Law. He confesses his weakness, and seeks strength in Him who is ready to help and mighty to succor those who cast their burdens on Him. He unites himself by love with all men and with God, and has with Him and for Him all that is great and good in heaven and on earth, and is powerful

in his humility and invincible in his love.

"Now, the history of the human race," Dr. Brownson continues, "presents us no example of humility so striking, so perfect, so lovely as that of the Blessed Virgin. Lowliest of Jewish maidens, though exalted to the dignity of Bride of Heaven and Mother of God, not a thought or a movement of pride or vainglory ever assails her. She magnifies not herself, but in the joy of her humility exclaims: 'My soul doth magnify the Lord, and My spirit hath rejoiced in God My Saviour; because He hath regarded the humility of His hand-maid; for behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed. For He that is mighty hath done great things to me, and holy is His name.' Not a word in glory of herself; her whole soul is filled with the greatness and goodness of God, to whom she gives all the glory of the great things done to her."

"Who can say how much the study and meditation of her example, of her perfect humility, to which the honors paid her by the faithful constantly lead, have done to destroy that pagan pride, and to change the pagan idolatry of self into the worship of the Living God, and to promote that meekness and sweetness of temper, that respect for the poor and lowly, and that tenderness and compassion so different from anything we find in the heathen world, and so characteristic of Christian nations? How greatly has her example helped to realize 'the truth of what she continues to chant: 'His mercy is from generation to generation, to them that fear Him. He hath showed might in His arm; He hath scattered the proud in the conceit of their heart; He hath put down the mighty from their seat, and hath exalted the humble. He hath filled the hungry with good things, and the rich He hath sent empty away'!"

Under Christianity marriage is made holy and elevated to a Sacrament; woman's rights are recognized, and motherhood is invested with a significance, a sacredness, an awe even, never before

conceived of as belonging to it. Before the establishment of the Church, (as still outside of it), marriage is a mere contract, like any other bargain and sale; woman is a drudge or a luxury, man's accomplice in pleasure or ambition; and child-murder is legalized or connived at. The difference is due to the homage Catholics pay to Mary. "When God Himself condescends to be born of woman, and woman becomes the mother of Him who is the Creator of heaven and earth, and the Redeemer and Saviour of mankind, motherhood becomes almost a divine function, and something to be treated with reverence and awe; for not only did Mary bring forth Him who is Christ the Lord, but every human mother brings forth a child destined, if true to the law of his Maker, to be one with Christ, one with God.

"It is a great and sacred thing to be the mother of a child, if we look to the destiny to which every child may aspire. The mother who feels it, feels the sacredness of her relation as mother, the high duty it imposes, and studies diligently to train up her child in the fear of the Lord, in sole reference to his lofty destiny. This estimate of her own dignity and sacred function reacts on the father, and compels him to think seriously on his relation and solemn duties and responsibilities.

"Now, devotion to Mary, the honor we pay to her in motherhood, brings all these great and solemn truths home to our minds and our hearts. We are led to reflect on the great mysteries of the Incarnation, regeneration, and glorification, and thence on the awful dignity of motherhood, the sacredness and worth of every child born of woman, and the obligation to reverence the mother, to provide for the child's present and future welfare, and to conform society itself, so far as may be, to the virtues honored in the maternity of Mary. From this it is easy to see that devotion to Mary has, and must have, a most salutary influence on all domestic relations, on the manners and morals, and therefore on the progress, of society itself."

"Mary is the Mother of chaste love," Dr. Brownson writes in another place; "and chaste love is that which in our age is most rare. The predominating sin of our times is that of impurity, at once the cause and the effect of the modern sentimental philosophy. All the popular literature of the day is unchaste and impure, and it boldly denounces marriage as slavery, and demands that loose reins be given to the passions. Catholic morality is scouted as impracticable and absurd; law is regarded as fallen into desuetude; intellect is derided; reason is looked upon as superfluous, if not tyrannical; and the heart is extolled as the representative of God on earth. Feeling is honored as the voice of the Most High, and whatever tends to restrain or control it is held to be a direct violation of the will of our Creator.

"Hence passion is deified, and nothing is held to be sacred but our transitory feelings. Hence everywhere we find an impatience of restraint, a loud and indignant protest against all rule and measure in our affections and all those usages and customs of past times intended as safeguards of manners and morals, and a universal demand for liberty, which simply means unbounded license to follow our impure or perverted instincts, and to indulge our most turbulent and unchaste passions without shame or remorse.

"The last, perhaps the only remedy for this fearful state of things is to be sought in promoting and extending the worship of Mary. Society is lapsing, if it has not already lapsed, into the state in which Christianity found it some eighteen hundred years ago, and a new conversion of the Gentiles has become necessary. Christian society can be restored only by the same faith and worship which originally created it. Jesus and Mary are now, as then, the only hope of the world, and their power and their good-will remain undiminished. The worship of Mary as Mother of God redeemed the pagan world from its horrible corruptions, introduced and sustained the Christian family, and

secured the fruits of the Sacrament of Marriage. It will do no less, if cultivated, for our modern world; and if we regard as one of the favorable signs that better times are at hand, the increasing devotion to Mary. . . .

"Nowhere is the change in regard to devotion to Mary as the Mother of God more striking than among the Catholics of Great Britain and of our own country. This devotion is peculiarly Catholic, and any increase of it is an indication of reviving life and fervor among Catholics; and if Catholics had only the life and fervor they should have, the whole world would soon bow in humble reverence at the foot of the Cross. It is owing to our deadness, our lack of zeal, our lack of true fervor in our devotions, that so many nations and such multitudes of souls are still held in the chains of darkness, under the dominion of Satan.

"There are two ways in which the love and service of Mary will contribute to redeem society and restore Christian purity: the one the natural influence of such love and service on the heart of her worshippers, and the other the graces which in requital she obtains from her Son and bestows on her clients. Mary is the Mother of chaste love. The nature of love is always to unite the heart to the object loved—to become one with it, and, as far as possible, to become it. Love always makes us like the beloved, and we always become like the object we really and sincerely worship. If we may say, 'Like worshippers, like gods,' we may with equal truth say, 'Like gods, like worshippers.' The love of Mary tends naturally, from the nature of all love, to unite us to her by a virtue kindred to her own. We can not love her, dwell constantly on her merits, on her excellences, her glories, without being constantly led to imitate her virtues, to love and strive after her perfect purity, her deep humility, her profound submission, and her unreserved obedience. Her love checks all lawlessness of the affections, all turbulence of the

passions, all perturbation of the senses; fills the heart with sweet peace and a serene joy, restores to the soul its self-command, and maintains perfect order and tranquillity within.

"Something of this effect is produced whenever we love any truly virtuous person. Our novelists have marked it, and on the strength of it seek to reform the wild and graceless youth by inspiring in his heart a sincere love for a pure and virtuous woman; and the most dissolute are restrained, their turbulence is calmed, their impure desires are repressed in the presence of true virtue. If this is so when the beloved is but an ordinary mortal, how much more when the beloved, the one with whom we commune, and whose virtues we reverence and long to possess, is Mary the Mother of God, the simplest and lowliest of handmaidens, but surpassing in true beauty, loveliness, and worth all the other creatures of God!

"When the type of female worth and excellence, the ideal of woman, is Mary, society is not only in some degree virtuous, but must be continually rising to sublimer excellence, to more heroic sanctity. The advantage of having Mary always before the minds and hearts of our daughters, as their model in humility, purity, sweetness, and obedience, in simplicity, modesty, and love, is not easily estimated. Trained up in the love and imitation of her virtues, they are trained to be wives and mothers, or holy virgins, spouses of Jesus Christ, sisters of the afflicted, and mothers of the poor.

"But I should be wanting to my own faith, and do far less honor to Our Lady than I would, if I stopped here, and limited the effects of devotion to the natural effects of her example. This influence is great, and we can not hold intimate, loving, and reverent intercourse with the wise, the great, and the good, without assimilating something to our own minds, hearts, and life. . . . But I do not believe that meditation on her virtues could alone suffice to produce and sustain

the effects I have adduced, any more than the simple example of Our Lord Himself would have sufficed to redeem the world, and elevate souls to union with God. . . . What we most need is not simply instruction or precept, but strength. We are weak, and our appetites, passions, propensities are too strong for us, and enslave us. We feel ourselves sinking; the waves are closing over us, and in fear and agony we cry out: 'Lord, save us: we perish! Holy Mother of God, pray for us, or we are lost!' The soul oppressed with a deep sense of its weakness, of its inability to conquer by its own strength in the battle of life, calls out for supernatural aid; and it is precisely this aid, so much needed, and which enables us to resist and overcome our enemies, that I dare believe, and avow that I believe, the Blessed Mary can and does obtain for those who fly to her protection.

"In conclusion, I will say that efforts to increase devotion to the Blessed Virgin are, to me, among the most encouraging signs that God has not forgotten us; that there are still faith and love on the earth, and that there is still a recuperative principle in Christian society. I thank God for society itself, that there are still those who delight to call themselves children of Mary, and to keep alive in our cold, heartless world the memory of her virtues. While she is loved and revered there is hope for society; and most grateful am I to God that the hard reasonings of this reasonless age, and the chilling sneers of the proud, the conceited, the worldly, the corrupt, have not frightened all out of their deep, ardent, and simple devotion to her who is 'blessed among women.'

"If I have not been able to speak fit words in honor of Our Lady, as I fear I have not, let me at least avow that I honor and cherish in my heart of hearts all who honor her, and show their devotion to her by imitating her virtues. They are the real philanthropists; they are the real moral, the true social reformers, and are doing more for society, for the progress of

virtue, intelligence, wisdom, than all our statesmen and philosophers put together. They love and honor God in loving and honoring His Mother, and I love and honor them; and, all unworthy as I am, I pray them to have the charity to pray her to bestow on me a Mother's blessing, and to obtain for me the grace, when my life's pilgrimage is ended, to behold the face of her Divine Son, my Lord and my God."

Much more has Dr. Brownson written on the devotion to the Mother of God, and particularly on the principles which underlie it, and on its relation to the Incarnation, that central mystery, from which spring all the dogmas and practices of the Church. But further extracts would extend this article beyond our limits, though we may hereafter recur to the subject, and present some extracts on the reasonableness of the worship of Mary, as well as some of his answers to the arguments of non-Catholics against it. The extracts we have here made sufficiently attest the importance he attached to this devotion, and show how earnest he was in his effort to extend and increase it. We may well trust that he now beholds the face of Mary's Divine Son, his Lord and his God, as he so humbly prayed; for St. Bernard and others assure us that the most certain marks of predestination is sincere devotion to the Mother of our Redeemer.

O MARY, we also have to suffer in this world, and no one can tell what trials will be ours! Perhaps one day we shall suffer alone, far from those dear to us. Come then, O Mary, O Mother,—come when we appeal to you! Place on our lips the name so often invoked from our earliest years,—the name which calms, which purifies all who hear it. O Mary, who wast found worthy to console and strengthen the Man-God on the road to Calvary, regard man's weakness,—behold our weakness, and turn on us that motherly look which lightens the weight of the cross!

—Abbé Perreye.

The Crest of the Bodkins.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON.

XXII.—CUERNAVACA.

ARTHUR BODKIN was commanded to Cuernavaca, a charming spot in the Tierras Calientes, about fifty miles south of the capital. This retreat was discovered by Carlotta upon one of her journeys through the country; and she was so taken with it that she sent for Maximilian, who became equally enthusiastic. It was indeed a very garden in the heart of a valley embosomed in the richest flowers, foliage, and greenery of the tropics. At first their Majesties resided in an ancient building formerly occupied by Cortez; but so enchanted were the imperial couple with their surroundings that a tract of land of about six acres, at Acapanizingo close by, was purchased, and a house containing but five rooms and a swimming bath erected. To be "commanded" to Cuernavaca was one of the highest honors; since it was here that the Emperor and Empress played at being common, ordinary working people, and were as simple and unassuming in their mode of life as any of the *hacendados* around them.

Long before Arthur had reached this delightful spot his eye had been feasted by the grand and beautiful scenery. Beneath him, deep ravines seemingly fathomless; above him, massive rocks standing like sentinels guarding the entrance to this Adamless Eden; while flowers of gorgeous hue flaunted their color glories,—their exquisite perfumes stealing into the senses, accompanied by the delicious melody of birds.

"Be the mortal, but this bates the Dargle, Masther Arthur,—aye, bedad, wid Powerscoort Watherfall thrown in!" was Rody O'Flynn's observation, as, open-mouthed and lost in admiration, he gazed around him.

Bodkin, who was still weak and pale,

fairly quivered with excitement as the mules rattled past the guard house at the entrance to the avenue; and he felt sick and faint when, upon turning a clump of brilliant blossoming shrubs, he beheld the Emperor grubbing up a flower root, the Empress beside him. Maximilian was attired in a grey short jacket, with a green cloth collar, and trimmed with green, the buttons being of gold. He wore no vest. His trousers were dove colored, turned up, after the fashion of our American *jeunesse doré* of to-day when it rains in London. His hat was of pure white felt. The Empress wore a soft, flowing white dress and a shawl. She it was who first turned to the newcomers, and, saying something to her husband, advanced to meet them.

Arthur leaped from the carriage—a very painful effort,—and, removing his hat, bowed low.

Carlotta extended her hand, which he respectfully raised, pressing her finger tips to his lips.

"I am so delighted to find that you are convalescent, Herr von Bodkin!" she exclaimed.

"I can never sufficiently thank you, sir," added Maximilian, coming up at that moment.

"And you, too!" cried the Empress to Rody, who stood grinning from ear to ear, and touching a wisp of hair that festooned his forehead every half minute.

"This way, Herr von Bodkin. There is a seat here with a charming view of the valley."

Her Majesty led the way, Arthur walking beside the Emperor. In an embowered nook were three or four cane chairs with hoods. Seating herself, she motioned Arthur to do the same; while Maximilian offered him a cigar from an ivory case adorned with the Mexican arms in gold.

"You come, too!" exclaimed Carlotta, beckoning and smiling to Rody, who shuffled up as though his feet were actually shod with lead.

"Now, Herr von Bodkin, let me thank you once more ere I hear the story of your escape from the hands of that terrible man, Mazazo. And to think," she said with a shudder, "that my husband trusted him! Max," she added, gaily, "you seem to me to trust the wrong man—always."

"But never the wrong woman," replied the Emperor, gallantly.

Arthur Bodkin very briefly told his story,—Rody meantime nodding silent approval, and following his master's words with his lips.

"It was gallantly done, sir," said the Emperor; "and we have since learned that there was a force of one thousand men concealed in a wood about two miles farther down the road. My God!" he added, "it was a fearfully narrow escape. And were it not for your vigilance and chivalry—"

"O sire! I did almost nothing," interposed Arthur. "All the credit is due to my faithful friend, O'Flynn here. It was *he* who discovered that there was something wrong, and it is to his sagacity that we owe the safety of our beloved Empress."

"Oh, it's dhramin' he is, yer Majesty," burst in Rody. "It's the faver that's still workin' at him. Sure I only done as he bid me. He's not responsible, yer Royal Majesties; but he'll be all right in a few days. *Me*, indeed! He's Bodkin of Ballyboden, no less; and I'm plain Rody O'Flynn."

Rody, after a few questions, was dismissed to the house, where, as he afterward told Arthur, he was "thrated like a lord, and had lashin's and lavin's."

Luncheon having been announced, Bodkin was for leaving.

"Not at all, Mr. Bodkin!" cried the Empress. "You will lunch with us. We have a very small household—one gentleman and one lady."

That *one* lady must be Alice, and poor Arthur almost felt inclined to bolt; although his most eager desire was to see her, even if only for one moment. The

news of her engagement to Count von Kalksburg was accepted by Bodkin as a brave man receives his death sentence. He made no moan; he bowed to his Kismet. Questions he would not ask, and her name never passed his lips. During his illness Count Nugent had arrived from Austria; but Arthur had not met him, being compelled to remain very quiet, and to live at Tacubaya on account of the baths. He was now about to meet Alice, the *fiancée* of another. It was a cruel jest of fate. Gladly would he have avoided her; and even now he would plead illness, but the inexorable hand was at work, and the ordeal must be gone through. He must tread the red-hot ploughshares of his misery.

How should he behave? How address her? Ought he to congratulate her upon the joyous news?

"Let us show Herr von Bodkin the *manito*," said the Empress, turning into a narrow path, and stopping opposite a tree about twenty feet high. This tree was covered with flesh-colored blossoms in the shape of a bird's claw,—hence *manito*, or little hand. "This is the only *manito* in Mexico," said Carlotta; "and we are very proud of it. Now for luncheon. I trust that you have a good appetite; but are you on any diet?"

"No, your Majesty: I can eat anything," said Arthur.

They were met at the entrance by Count Zichy, one of the grand chamberlains, who led the way to the dinner room backward, bowing repeatedly. He wore no uniform or court dress of any description. Awaiting them was a lady. The sudden change from the fierce sunlight of Mexico into the semi-darkness of the *salon* almost blinded Bodkin; but so soon as his eyes had become accustomed to the partial obscurity, he found that the lady was—the Countess Zichy, and not Alice Nugent.

Etiquette compelled the Emperor and Empress to eat at a separate table, so Arthur sat down with the Count and

Countess; and, after the first fierce pang of bitter disappointment, he felt rather relieved at the absence of the woman who had held his heart. The conversation was carried on in English, and as the Countess was a very genial gossip, Arthur learned a great deal of what had been going on during his enforced absence.

"Have you met Count Nugent?" asked the Countess.

"In Ireland—yes."

"Miss Nugent seems greatly delighted."

"Ah!"

"She has plucked up wonderfully since his arrival."

"Really!"

"You have not seen her since your return?"

"I have not had the honor."

"She ought to have been here to-day, but she left yesterday for Chapultepec. You must have met her on the road. She had an escort of the Hussars of the Empress."

Arthur could have groaned aloud. He *had* met the carriage drawn by sixteen mules; he *had* met the escort of the Empress' Hussars, conspicuous by the crimson jackets and gold facings. And, knowing that *he* was coming to Cuernavaca, Alice Nugent had taken a hurried departure! This was as bitter as death.

The Empress smoked a cigarette, Arthur having the honor of presenting her with a light. He remarked that the imperial lady never made mention of Alice or inquired of the course of true love, as she had graciously done at Chapultepec.

"Mr. Bodkin," said the Emperor, "you want change of air and scene, and I shall commission you to go to the United States, to Washington, on a matter requiring absolute secrecy. I know that I can rely upon *you*. Can I not, Carlo?" turning to the beautiful woman who shared his destiny.

"Most assuredly," she said; "and to the death."

"This, happily, is not a mission fraught with any danger; but it requires tact and

a thorough knowledge of the English language. You will receive your instructions at the Palace. Take your own time. Do not endanger your health by any rapid travel. You shall go down to Vera Cruz by easy stages, and a war-ship will land you under the Stars and Stripes. The nature of your mission will be explained to you by Señor Iglesias. And now, sir," rising, "permit me once again to thank you. Wear this as a token that will ever bring you to me wherever I may be, and ever remind me of my debt of gratitude." And removing from his left hand a large gold ring engraved with the Mexican arms, he placed it on Arthur's finger.

Too deeply moved to utter a word, Bodkin bowed.

"And this from *me!*" exclaimed the Empress, hastily, and not without difficulty removing a small gold locket set in diamonds from the chatelaine she always wore dangling from her belt. "It contains a portrait," she added; "but you are not to open it until I give you special permission; then my motives will speak for themselves. One word, Herr von Bodkin," lowering her voice: "I have not spoken of the lady you love for—a reason. Do not despair. All is not lost that is in danger. A pleasant and prosperous voyage to you!" And she tendered him her hand, which he reverently kissed.

The Emperor and Empress both saw Arthur to his carriage, Maximilian personally assisting him.

"I shall send you a friendly introduction to the Austrian Minister at Washington," said the Emperor. "Start when you feel well enough. And mind—no hurry!"

At this juncture Rody O'Flynn sidled up to the carriage from behind the house bowing and scraping and shuffling with persistent vigor. But he could manage to say only: "God be good to yer Royal Majesties!"

As Bodkin turned to take a last look, the Empress had placed her hand upon her husband's shoulder, while with the

other she waved an adieu, the Emperor lifting his hat.

"Masther Arthur," said Rody from beside the driver, after they had cleared the guard house, "would ye mind sindin' this home, sir, as a present from yerself to yer darlint mother and the young ladies? It's not a haporth of use to me, and would be sure for to bring me into mischief. Don't refuse me, sir; and I know ye wouldn't like me for to get into thrubble." And he handed Arthur a warrant upon the Privy Purse signed by the Empress for five thousand dollars.

(To be continued.)

April in Ireland.

BY P. J. COLEMAN.

INTO the woods of Arnaree young April came
unseen,
Her hair a flame of fairy gold, her gown a misty
green.
She breathed upon the mossy banks and left a
primrose scent,
And all the little amorous winds ran after as
she went.
She breathed upon the whitethorn bush and left
a fragrance sweet,
And little golden buttercups laughed up about
her feet;
And where she touched the tender grass and
where her steps were set
She left a trail of daisies white and purple violet.
She crossed the orchard's dusky floor, and
branches that were bare
Broke into foamy bloom and flung their snow-
flakes on her hair;
She glimmered o'er the garden mold, and at the
fountain's brink
The crocus held its cup of gold unto her lips to
drink.
But who hath seen her winsome face, though
all of her be fain?
Though all men love her airy grace, none may
her steps detain.
A fleeting glimpse, a vision brief is all she deigns
to give,

Her dryad smile 'twixt flower and leaf half-hid
and fugitive.

She trembles on the mountain tops, she twinkles
o'er the plain,

But round her form in field and copse she draws
a mist of rain;

And often in the winds of eve you hear her sing
or sigh,

Or in the twilight shadows grieve, but none to
her come nigh.

Ah, does she sigh for faces gone, or grieve in
rain and mist

For tender maids who keep alone their tearful
'twilight tryst?

Or does she share the hopeless tears of broken
hearts that mourn

And watch for those who through the years shall
nevermore return,—

Who nevermore to troth or tryst shall come at
evening's hour

To rosy lips of love they kissed when fields were
last in flower?

Or does she sob for Erin's sons who crossed the
waters grey

And fell amid the roaring guns in Flanders far
away?

Ah, lonely love will pine in grief, though April's
flowers return,

Nor April's smile may bring relief to hearts that
wail and mourn.

For memory will wake and sting when April's in
the lane;

But, oh, may Christ sweet comfort bring to all
who watch in vain!

A Manor-House with a Tragic Memory.

BY THE COUNTESS DE COURSON.

NEAR the dense forest of La Hunau-
daye, on the confines of Brittany,
stands the manor-house of La Guyomarais.
It is a long, one-storied building, with a
square tower at one end. In front is a
courtyard, into which open the stables
and outhouses; at the rear, a large
kitchen-garden, separated by a moat from
a small wood called the "Vieux Semis."
The place is even now difficult of access;
the roads that lead to it lie between high
banks, and a century ago they were almost
impassable during the winter months.

At the time of the Revolution of 1790
the proprietor of the manor was Messire
Joseph de la Motte de la Guyomarais, a
gentleman of good fortune and position.
His wife, Marie Jeanne de Micault de
Mainville, was unusually intelligent and
handsome, and seems to have been an
ideal chatelaine, kind-hearted, and most
hospitable. Of their nine children only
two sons—Amaury and Casimir—and two
daughters—Agathe and Hyacinthe—sur-
vived. The family led an uneventful and
prosperous existence, spending the summer
at their country-house, and the winter in
the neighboring town of Lamballe.

In 1793, however, contrary to his usual
habits, Monsieur de la Guyomarais was
still living in the country in January. The
state of France was alarming enough.
The King and his family were prisoners;
anarchy and terror reigned throughout
the kingdom. The Breton gentleman probably
imagined that at a time when gentle birth
was a heinous crime he was safer in his
lonely manor-house than at Lamballe,
where it was more difficult to escape notice.
Besides, he had grave reasons to expect
that the Royalists of Brittany would soon
rise in arms against the Revolutionary
government; and it was easier to make
the necessary preparations in the com-
parative solitude of La Guyomarais.

SCIENCE, without the idea of God as
the beginning and end of knowledge, is
as the empty and withered slough of the
snake; and the man, however "wise and
learned" and "well conducted," who has
freed himself in thought from the happy
bondage of that idea, is among the most
sordid of slaves, and viler and more
miserable than the most abandoned
profligate who is still vexed by a con-
science or even a superstition. The latter,
though miserable, is still alive; but the
former is dead, and feels "no bonds in
his death."—*Coventry Patmore.*

The progress of the Revolution had been viewed with peculiar horror and irritation in Brittany, the classic land of fidelity to God and the King; and it was with enthusiasm that nobles and peasants alike were preparing to shake off its detested yoke. The moving spirit of the conspiracy was one whose name, down to this day, is a household word in the homesteads and manors of Northern Brittany. Armand Marquis de la Rouërie possessed the gifts of a leader of men; and the mission which the King's brother had entrusted to him was eminently suited to his ardent and adventurous spirit.

He was born in 1750, and thus was forty-three when our story opens. He had lost his father when a child, and at the age of seventeen had entered the Gardes Françaises. After a turbulent and dissipated youth, he went to America and served in the War of Independence, distinguishing himself by his extraordinary courage and enterprising spirit. In 1783 he returned to France and married; but his wife died six months afterward.

Armand de la Rouërie was at a loss how to employ his restless activity when the Revolution broke out; he stifled in a calm and regular life: danger and warfare seemed his natural element. Not regularly handsome, but irresistibly fascinating; bright, witty, with the careless gaiety of his race; revelling in wild adventures and hairbreadth escapes, he was one of those men whom we can not picture to ourselves leading the ordinary life of a country gentleman. The excesses of the Revolution had roused his hatred and indignation, and he resolved to devote his life to stemming the rising tide of anarchy.

In 1791 he went to London, then to Coblenz, where he informed the King's brothers of the plan he had conceived. He wished to establish throughout the western provinces a vast military organization, the members of which should be recruited among nobles and peasants alike; and, when fully armed and ready, he and his men were to rise in a body, march toward

Paris, deliver the King and re-establish the ancient monarchy. In order to do this more effectually, he resolved to combine the rising in the west with the march of the allied armies under Brunswick through the eastern provinces. He fondly imagined that the Revolutionary government, threatened in two opposite directions at the same moment, must necessarily succumb.

On returning to Brittany, he began to organize his partisans. His activity had at last found a congenial employment; and his project was adopted with enthusiasm by the Bretons, whose religious sentiments were daily wounded by the persecution of all they loved and revered. Nobles, peasants, aged men, mere boys, offered their services to the leader with touching self-forgetfulness. In every town and village he established a committee, to whom he transmitted his instructions; and in an incredibly short time the military organization of which he was the head had spread far and wide. Now and then, at night, the Marquis assembled his followers in his ancestral home of La Rouërie; faithful retainers guarded the avenues of the park, while within the chateau the chief addressed burning words to his men. In those early days all seemed bright and hopeful; no prophetic visions of the hideous guillotine flashed before the ardent spirits of the Breton Royalists as they eagerly drank in their leader's impassioned words.

Although every effort was made to keep these preparations secret, soon the Revolutionary government learned that a vast conspiracy had been set on foot to deliver the King. La Rouërie was a soldier rather than a politician, and he imprudently gave his views to a young doctor, a friend of his early days, whom he believed to be sincerely attached to him. This doctor, named Chêvetel—in reality a traitor of the deepest dye,—basely betrayed his confidences to the government, and diligent efforts were made to seize upon the Royalist chief. La Rouërie, while he never discovered Chêvetel's teachery, was aware that the government had set a price on

his head, and his life became one of continual adventures.

On one occasion the famous peasant leader, Jean Cottereau, better known as Jean Chonau, one of La Rouërie's most devoted auxiliaries, had attacked a party of Republican soldiers near Laval. Suddenly a man appeared, dressed as a peasant, but whose hands, manners and language betrayed his rank; he took the lead, and, having routed the enemy, disappeared as suddenly as he had come. Deeds like this kept up the prestige of the Marquis among his partisans, and his very name had a magical effect throughout the castles and cottages of Brittany and Maine.

It had been agreed between La Rouërie and his followers that as soon as the army under Brunswick entered Châlons, the general rising should begin; and it was with sickening disappointment that the anxious Royalists learned how the army on whose success they counted was hastily retreating toward the Rhine. They remained uncertain how to act; while the government, freed from immediate anxiety as to the eastern provinces, resolved to spare no means to crush the impending rebellion in the west, and in the first place to take possession of the Marquis la Rouërie, living or dead.

Among the friendly houses where the outlawed chief knew he would receive a cordial welcome was the manor of La Guyomarais. Its isolation and the character of its inhabitants made it a comparatively safe refuge. In November and December, 1792, the Marquis had passed some hours under its roof. Toward one o'clock in the morning on the 12th of January, 1793, suddenly the watch-dogs of the manor-house began to bark furiously. It was dark and a rainy night; and when he peered into the darkness, Monsieur de la Guyomarais perceived three horsemen in the court. "It is I—Gasselin!" exclaimed one. Immediately the master of the house went down; the horses were speedily led to the stables; and "Gasselin," in whom Monsieur de la Guyomarais

instantly recognized La Rouërie, was taken to the best bedroom,—a room that to this day, after the lapse of more than a century, has remained as it was on that fatal January night.

The Marquis, who knew that his presence was a cause of grave peril to his hosts, seldom remained more than one night in the same place. He was detained, however, at La Guyomarais, first by the sudden illness of his faithful valet, St. Pierre; then, when his servant was better, by a severe attack of fever that laid him prostrate. His state became so alarming that Monsieur de la Guyomarais sent at once to Lamballe for a physician to visit the supposed "Gasselin," whose real identity was unsuspected even by the servants. After a few days the invalid seemed out of danger. Late one evening Monsieur and Madame de la Guyomarais, with their daughter Agathe, were sitting in the salon on the ground-floor and rejoicing at their visitor's improved condition, when a loud knock made them start to their feet. An unknown voice called to them: "If you have any one whom you wish to conceal, make haste: your house will be searched to-night."

When the chief heard of the warning, he implored his hosts to carry him to the neighboring forest; but Monsieur de la Guyomarais was resolved that, if possible, he would save the life of his guest. He immediately wrapped him in thick blankets, placed him on a horse, which his son Casimir led along the dark and muddy roads, while he himself and St. Pierre supported the sick man. Thus they succeeded in bringing him to a neighboring farmhouse, where he was laid in one of those high Breton beds, made like cupboards, and with only a small aperture at the top.

Toward four o'clock in the morning the search party arrived at the chateau; but Monsieur de la Guyomarais had taken all possible precautions, and no trace was found of the outlaw's presence. On their way back to Lamballe, the gendarmes

entered the farmhouse where La Rouërie lay, and asked for a drink. The farmer's wife, apparently in deep distress, was kneeling on a high stool in front of a Breton bed. "Take all you want," she answered; "I can not leave my poor brother, who is dying." No one thought of inspecting the supposed brother, and again La Rouërie was saved. Next night he was taken back to La Guyomarais, and, in spite of his midnight ride, seemed better; his mind was as active as ever, and full of the King's trial, which was, he thought, still going on in Paris.

On the 26th of January, at nightfall, two mysterious visitors arrived at the manor-house: they were Fontevieux, one of the chief's messengers; and Chafner, an American, who had followed his fortunes since the American campaign. The news they brought made Monsieur de la Guyomarais start and his wife weep and tremble. The King had been beheaded five days before, on the 21st of January; La Rouërie's hiding-place was suspected, a traitor having betrayed his whereabouts to the government.

It was spontaneously agreed among the four that both items of news should be kept from the Marquis; in his weak state he was unfit to bear a shock, and it was impossible to send him adrift to seek another hiding-place. Monsieur de la Guyomarais carefully instructed St. Pierre, who was in the habit of reading the newspaper to his master, that he must suppress next day all the passages relating to the King's execution.

The valet promised to do so; but something in his manner when he began his usual reading must have roused the chief's suspicions. He suddenly interrupted the man, sent him downstairs on a trifling errand, and a few minutes later the sound of a heavy fall brought the terrified servant back to his master's room. The Marquis, who had risen from his bed to seize the newspaper, where he read the fatal news, now lay on the ground raving,—calling out in frantic

excitement that the murdered King was imploring his assistance. With great difficulty he was raised, carried to his bed and held there by main force. During two days he raved unceasingly; his hosts never left him; and Doctor le Masson, who had been sent for in hot haste from St. Servan, helped them to nurse him. But no care could avail, and on the 30th of January the outlaw breathed his last.

His death caused his hosts as much terror as sorrow. It was impossible to make it known to the authorities, as the mere fact of his presence at La Guyomarais meant death to those who had received him under their roof. The house was suspected, probably watched, and might be searched any moment. It was impossible, therefore, to carry the body far; and yet, on account of the precious lives that were at stake, it was imperative to bury it without delay.

Monsieur de la Guyomarais, his wife and their friends held a council; and it was decided that the Marquis should be buried close by, in the little wood called the *Vieux Semis*.

The next night the dead man, wrapped in a sheet, was cautiously carried from his room, across the garden, to the wood, where Thébault de la Chauvinais, tutor to the La Guyomarais boys, and Perrin the gardener had dug the grave. These two, with the doctor, the valet, and La Rouërie's American follower, alone were present at the ghastly scene. The grave had been filled with quicklime to hasten the destruction of the corpse; and, to mark the spot, a holly bush was planted over the grave.

Next day Madame de la Guyomarais called Perrin the gardener, the only one of her servants who had been present at the burial, and solemnly cautioned him never to allude to the subject in the presence of others. Then Monsieur de la Guyomarais drew up a document in which the death of the Marquis was formally attested, and the place of his burial minutely described. This paper was signed

by his two friends, and by the doctor; it was enclosed in a sealed bottle and buried under an oak-tree, where it was accidentally discovered in 1835. La Rouërie's companions and the doctor then left the manor-house, where, after these days of keen anxiety, life apparently resumed its even course.

Alas! this period of calm lasted less than a month. The death of their chief had naturally been communicated to his partisans throughout the country, and the intelligence reached the government in Paris. Its representatives decided to crush any attempt at rebellion by an example that should effectually terrify the Breton Royalists. On the 25th of February, at daybreak, a body of officials and soldiers surrounded the manor. At their head was a man named Lalligaud, commissioned by the government to search the house. This he did minutely, but no sign of La Rouërie's presence was discovered.

Then Lalligaud established a species of tribunal in the room where the Marquis died. The La Guyomarais, their children and servants were placed under arrest, and prevented from speaking to one another; and later, one by one, they were brought before the tribunal and cross-examined. This lasted one day and one night, but only from the gardener Perrin could Lalligaud draw the least information. Perrin was given to drink, and after drinking became dangerously loquacious. He began by confessing that an "unknown guest" had died in the house; then he related the circumstances of the secret burial; finally, after having been promised a hundred gold pieces, he undertook to point out the place where the mysterious stranger was buried. At last Lalligaud had triumphed; he knew that if once he discovered the chief's dead body, there would be no difficulty in proving his identity, and, as a consequence, the guilt of those who had given him shelter.

After that long day and night of anguish, during which Monsieur de la

Guyomarais knew that his own life and the lives of his loved ones trembled in the balance, the prisoners were brought to the salon on the ground-floor, and locked in together; while Lalligaud and his men, guided by Perrin, proceeded to the little wood. Here the miserable man pointed out the grave. It was now late in the afternoon, and in the dull grey light the half-decomposed body of the Royalist chief was dragged from its resting-place. A minute description of the corpse was drawn up and signed by the officials present; and, by Lalligaud's orders, the head was cut off.

These proceedings had occupied three long hours, during which Madame de la Guyomarais, her husband and children, in mortal anguish, waited the result of the search. They did not know that Perrin had spoken, and fondly hoped that their guest's grave might escape discovery; if so, no proof existed of his presence under their roof, and their lives were saved.

The shades of evening were gathering round the house when they heard the party return. Soon Lalligaud entered the room; and at the same moment the window was opened, so that the men who had assembled in the court outside could see and hear what passed within. Then, advancing toward Madame de la Guyomarais, Lalligaud addressed her: "*Citoyenne*, my mission is ended. Do you still deny that the Marquis de la Rouërie found a refuge in this house?" The lady hesitated; and before she had time to speak a hideous object, covered with mud and blood, was thrown in from the court. It struck her dress and rolled on the floor. The unhappy woman's shriek echoed through the old house: she had recognized the disfigured head of the Royalist leader! Monsieur de la Guyomarais hastened to his wife's side, and with a dignity that the horror of the scene rendered still more striking he said: "Yes, it is useless to deny it: that is the noble head of the man who made you tremble."

On the following day the lord and

lady of the manor, with their two boys, Amaury and Casimir, and their servants, were taken to Lamballe and subjected to a most severe trial. Only the eldest daughter Agathe, a beautiful, fair girl, and her little sister Hyacinthe remained in their old home. In a corner of the garden they found the head of their father's honored guest; and, to save it from further insult, they laid it under a slab in the chapel. It was sought for in vain after the Revolution; but in 1877 it was discovered by the present possessor of the manor.

In April Monsieur de la Guyomarais, his wife and sons, with other friends and relatives, all of whom had been more or less connected with La Rouërie, were removed from Lamballe to Paris. Their journey was a long *via dolorosa*. They were exposed to the insults of the people in the towns through which they passed; and at Versailles, where they arrived on April 21, they were paraded through the streets and avenues,—the men in chains, the women arm in arm with a republican official.

Some weeks later, on June 3, 1793, they appeared before the Revolutionary tribunal. Monsieur de la Guyomarais, his wife, his two sons, and servants, sat together; close to them was Thérèse de Moëlien, a cousin of La Rouërie, who had shared many of the perils of his adventurous career.

The trial lasted fifteen days. Monsieur de la Guyomarais generously endeavored to screen his wife and dependents by asserting that he alone in the house knew that the mysterious visitor was the Marquis de la Rouërie. Mademoiselle de Moëlien also showed great courage. She did not attempt to deny that she had served her cousin.

On the 18th of June the verdict was given: twelve among the twenty-five prisoners were condemned to death, and among them were Monsieur and Madame de la Guyomarais; Fontevieux, who had been present at the death of the Marquis;

Thébaault de la Chauvinais, the tutor; and Thérèse de Moëlien. The tender years of Amaury and Casimir de la Guyomarais saved their lives.

The execution took place the same afternoon, in presence of an immense crowd. The calmness and courage of the Breton Royalists impressed even the bloodthirsty multitude that surrounded the guillotine. The fine countenance of Madame de la Guyomarais preserved its expression of quiet dignity in spite of the agonizing thoughts that must have tortured her spirit when she remembered her young daughters alone in their desolate home, and the boys she had left in prison.

More than a hundred years have now gone by since the drama we have just related, and yet the Breton manor-house is much the same as it was when the Marquis La Rouërie found a refuge under its hospitable roof. Its present possessor is Mademoiselle Mathilde de la Guyomarais, the daughter of the boy Casimir who was an eye-witness of the tragic episode. She heard from his lips the incidents that had impressed themselves in letters of fire on his youthful memory, and she has spent her long life in silent devotion to the past. Within the manor-house she has left things as they were in 1793. The room where the Marquis died and his bed are untouched; the wide, wooden staircase is the one down which the dead Royalist chief was carried on that terrible January night; the salon, where, in her black dress, the venerable chatelaine sits under the portrait of the Marquis, is the same room where her grandmother shrank in horror from the ghastly head of her late guest.

Outside, under the green trees of the Vieux Semis, a small monument, bearing the lilies of France and the ermines of Brittany, marks the grave of him whose noble name is still a household word throughout Western France.

A GRIEVOUS sickness maketh the soul sober.—*Eccles.*

A Case in Equity.

BY DAVID A. DRISCOLL.

LAWRENCE O'SULLIVAN, M. D.,—honor man of his class, winner of the internship prize in the big St. Anthony's Hospital, undeniably successful as a general practitioner,—was, nevertheless, rapidly approaching the conclusion that his life was dominated by too many "ifs." If his sympathetic temperament had permitted him to seek a field in a more financially remunerative section of the city; if he were not quite so easy with the non-paying class of patients; if he turned over to charity those who depended upon charity for the rest of their sustenance; if he had not had the misfortune not only to fall in love with a girl afflicted with a wealthy parent, but to feel that that love was about to be reciprocated; if there were not the disparity of a religious faith,—the lack of any one of these "ifs" would have permitted a sure and swift material advancement along the lines of his profession.

He was young, good-looking, clever, fond of the comforts of life, of course; yet virtually wasting all in his scrupulous devotion to that vast, voiceless, crushed section of society generally abandoned to the tender mercies of the City Poor Laws. He had resigned himself stoically to his fate until the advent of pretty Abbie Eversole; then the crudities of a bachelor career rather made his gorge rise within him, and the placid, lazy abnegation of the past melted into a fretful introspection, during which he scathingly arraigned himself for the implied renunciation of the charms of Miss Abbie—who, he felt sure, took particular pains in flaunting those charms before his supposed-to-be love-blind eyes. Perhaps none put the matter so neatly and incisively as Miss Hayden, trained nurse, and oldtime friend and admirer of the brilliant M. D.

"You're a fool!" she declared one day in his office.

He smiled forlornly.

"Which remark, if not gracious, at least sounds practical,"—with an amused smile.

"These people for whom you are squandering your substance could get good enough treatment from the District Physician, Dr. Bascom, who receives his stipend regularly from the city—which *you* do not."

Dr. Lawrence ran his hand through his thick mass of brown hair reflectively.

"Only in thanks. But, then, there's the consciousness—"

"Nonsense!"

"They accord me that last fragment of gratitude not crushed out of them by the injustice of society—"

"More nonsense!"

"Briefly, I haven't the nerve—that's it—to resist a call."

"But these people have no *right* to call on you. Bascom is for that: he gives them the same service he might give his patient on the Boulevard,—not so good as yours perhaps."

"Thank you!"—in vague humility.

"Never mind!"—tartly. "I didn't say that to hear myself talk, but I must object to your wasting—actually wasting—your existence and talents on this sort. How are you going to live?"—which, oddly enough, was the uppermost thought in his own mind just then. "Moreover, you are unjust to another—a woman" (at which he winced, flushed, and sought to evade her accusing eyes). "What right have you to permit a woman, a millionaire's daughter at that, to reciprocate your affections?" (She waved aside his feeble repudiation of that honor.) "Don't tell *me!* I know you love her, and I feel sure—" (with a tantalizing pause as he read her eyes hungrily) "that *she* loves *you*."

He smiled grimly, as he stuck his elbow on his desk and hid his face in his hand.

"The one disturbing thought in my career," he acknowledged abjectly.

"And the easiest remedied. Anyhow, I'm glad that something has aroused you from your Quixotic dreams—"

Just then the office door slowly opened,

and there insinuated itself a form that gradually resolved into a very small and very cold-looking boy, just big enough to reach the door knob. He was miserably clad against the rigor of this January day; his face pinched and purple, speckled with tears forced from his eyes by the keen air; while his arms were crooked at the elbows in a futile effort to warm (by drawing into the shelter of frayed coat sleeves) the reddened and stiffened hands.

"Mudder says," as he dragged off his shapeless cap, "can you come an' give our Tommy the 'wanst over'?" And, emboldened by the kindly looks, he sidled across the room to the inviting gas fire.

"Hem!" coughed the astute and confounded Miss Hayden, secretly stricken to the heart by this pitiable apparition, and vainly striving to outface the derision shining out of the eyes of the tickled O'Sullivan.

"Now then," he jeered, "put your iron theory into practice!"

"What's the matter with Dr. Bascom?" she meekly ventured, at which the shivering child gave a look that set the pair laughing.

"Aw—aw," with a drawn-out scorn unbelievable in so short a syllable, "give us Dr. O'Sullivan!" And then the discomfited censor melted from the office.

"All right!"—to the lad. "After you're well warmed, tell your mother that I'll be over there directly." And then, to ease the misgivings stirred by his other visitor, "I'll have to go past the neighborhood anyway. I'll just drop in."

An hour later, he was standing at the junction of Lumly Terrace and Railroad Lane, gazing down the one line of dwellings in this latter toward the home of the Downeys, to which the boy had summoned him; and the ever-swelling tide of anger and bitterness over this daily vision of misery overcame for a moment all thoughts of his own precarious prospects.

"And still we insist that these people be clean, physically and morally!" he moaned, as he viewed the surroundings.

Stopping at 5156, he took his way around the house, over a treacherous board walk,

knowing too well the uselessness of trying to attract attention from the front through the intervening depth of sepulchral rooms that effectually shut off the one living room (the kitchen) necessary to be heated. He looked up at the thin, dispirited wisps of smoke oozing lazily from battered chimney tops; and then back across the fields at the lines of fat, tempting cars of coal; and, despite his religious training, caught himself wondering bitterly: "Were my wife and children freezing, how long would I keep my hands off that coal?"

After a sharp tap at the door, he entered,—greeted abruptly by a gush of soapy steam that poured out of the wash boiler on the stove. Mrs. Downey, behind the tub, looked up in mild welcome, dried her hands on the already well-spattered apron, and stood regarding the angel of the tenement with an anxious smile.

"Tommy's been complaining for a couple of days now, Doctor," she explained, in her soft, caressing voice,—indicating the patient (a boy of about eight) hunched in a chair in a corner of the room, staring in fevered patience with that dumb acquiescence to his fate so early implanted in the poor; and all in an atmosphere that would have balked a coal trimmer in an ocean liner. Over from him played two others; while in a basket behind the stove tranquilly reposed the latest sociological problem.

Setting down his medicine case, after a few murmured words of greeting, Dr. O'Sullivan made a swift, practised examination; then uttered an exclamation that bordered on a blistering expletive.

"We'll have to get this little man by himself," he temporized, while she hung on his words and looks. "I don't like to have him near the rest."

She sought to read his face, an inquiry to which the Doctor had never quite accustomed himself.

"Oh," with a quick catch in her voice,— "oh, there's been diphtheria in school!" And she twisted her hands in her damp apron, her soft eyes beseeching,

"All right!" said the Doctor, recovering himself. "Let us get him in the next room; then we'll decide for sure. No fire there of course?"

She shook her head.

"We can hardly spare the extra coal," she began timidly.

"We'll fix that all right,"—with a cheeriness giving no indication of the fact that extra coal meant extra waiting for his fee; and, gathering scraps of kindling and bits of coal, he piled them on a base of paper in the sooty grate, to be rewarded in a moment by a burst of flame up the chimney. This done, he fixed a screen of blankets about the fire to hem in the precious heat; and, taking the sufferer in his arms, laid him tenderly on an improvised couch. Then he swabbed out the angry throat, for a test by the city bacteriologist; and, after administering the needed remedies, left to get a supply of anti-toxin.

In the presence of the trembling mother, it had all been done with a forced calm; but, once by himself, skirting the uncertain footing of frozen garbage and washtub emptyings, Dr. O'Sullivan broke out in denunciation of the owner of the flats, vowing swift and sure vengeance on the rascal who was too callous, too impervious to the promptings of humanity, to look beyond his agent's reports of income.

Suddenly he checked himself, and halted in blank amazement; for directly in his way, smiling at him with all that winsomeness that made her such a favorite, stood Miss Abbie Eversole. Instantly, he became the courtly, suave physician, and extended the greetings of the day.

"A trifle early to be leaving cards, isn't it?" He laughed as he held her hand—unrebuked.

"Not in this informal neighborhood," she replied gaily. Then, to dispel the evident mystery: "I—I have started out to do something,—something different. I have grown heart-sick and weary of the affected study of Greek art and mythology.

I believe there is something nearer our times and our consciences."

She saw a frown slowly overspread his usually cheery features.

"God knows there is!" he answered wearily. "And I congratulate you on your decision. May I proffer my advice?"—which, indeed, she was just about to ask; then balked timidly, realizing the fact that *his* devotion to the unremunerative poor had been a determining factor in her renunciation of the club studies.

"Where shall I begin?"

"Not on this street. I have just taken a case of diphtheria, and goodness only knows what this promiscuous neighborhood may yet show up."

She winced visibly at that—then a fighting look crept into her eyes.

"You and Miss Hayden take this risk: why shouldn't I?"

Her simple question brought to life the true Gael within him, and settled the fate of Dr. Larry O'Sullivan.

"Because—well, while two castaways, such as Miss Hayden and I, are risking ourselves in this business, it is our own risk solely; but to have *you* thus exposed is different. I prize you too highly to permit it."

For a second her eyes closed, as if a gleam of the sun had struck them; her face paled, then flushed; her eyes opened again to look, in all their splendor, into his eager ones. Then she placed her hand in his.

"My reward of unselfishness!"—with a near approach to a cry; while he strove to maintain the proprieties in the presence of two gaping boys and three sniffing dogs, and not sweep her into his arms. "I feared you never would be bold enough to make that confession to a rich man's daughter. And I have awaited it so patiently!" she added with a tender smile.

After a few more exchanges to assure themselves that they were not dreaming, they parted,—she, despite her demure air of submission, to seek counsel that she might go intelligently into the very haunts against which he had warned her.

A Memory of Bruges.

SEVEN o'clock had rung out from the belfry of Bruges. Twilight was creeping over the city, the shops closed, and everyone hastened homeward; for in the fifteenth century no one dreamed of being out after nightfall.

At St. John's Hospital the Sister portress was locking up for the night, when a loud knock was heard at the door.

"How extraordinary!" said she. "Who can be coming so late?" She opened the wicket and asked: "Who is there?"

A pale face appeared, and a man's voice, in trembling tones, said:

"Open to me for the love of God! I am a poor soldier, and I am very ill."

"Can you not wait till to-morrow?" said the Sister. "Our rule is not to admit any one after sunset."

The only answer was a groan, and the man fell to the ground.

The terrified Sister ran to the superior, and the latter immediately called two of the male attendants from the men's ward and went to the door.

"Take care, Mother!" said the Sister. "Perhaps it is a bad man or a lunatic."

"We must run the risk for charity's sake," answered the Mother Superior.

The poor man was brought in and put to bed, and for a fortnight hung between life and death with a severe fever. When he began to recover, he told the kind superior that he was born in Bruges, but had been for many years in Italy studying art. On his return home he had enrolled himself in the army of the Duke of Burgundy, and had been grievously wounded at the battle of Nancy. Returning to his native place, weary and wounded, he found all his relatives scattered or dead, and the hospital was his only refuge.

"It was your Good Angel who brought you here," observed the superior, kindly; "and you are not unknown to me, poor Hans Hemling."

The sick man looked astonished.

"Who told you my name, Mother?" he asked.

"You mentioned it often in your delirium," replied the good Mother; "but no one recognized it save myself. Your mother was my childhood's companion, and dear to me as a sister. She married about the same time that I entered the convent. Poor Ursula! She died soon after your birth. Be of good courage; if you are not imprudent, you will soon be well, our doctor says. He will be here in a little while; and to-day his wife and daughter will come with him. Other noble ladies sometimes accompany them, and bring all sorts of good things for the sick."

Soon afterward these ladies appeared, bringing with them baskets filled with cakes, preserves, flowers, and linen. They went round to all the sick, greeting each patient with pleasant words and smiles.

Madame Van Osten and her young daughter Martha stood by the bedside of Hans, and Martha said to him:

"What can we bring you that you would like, next time we come?"

Hans raised his eyes to the sweetest face he had ever seen, and replied:

"Pencils, if you please; a sheet of vellum, some colors and brushes. But perhaps I am asking too much?"

"Oh, no!" rejoined Martha. "I shall be delighted to bring these articles to you. I have plenty of them at home."

The ladies returned in a few days, and found Hans able to rise. They brought him all he had asked for; and as soon as he had gained a little strength the Sisters gave him a room in which he could paint. His chief desire was to repay as best he could the kindness that had been shown him in the hospital; and he soon began to paint on wood that wonderful *châsse* containing the relics of St. Ursula, which is to this day the pride of the Hospital of St. John. Hans Hemling spent three years at this exquisite painting.

One day while he was engaged in his work, Sister Aldegonde and the superior came into the studio.

"O Mother," said the Sister, "how beautiful St. Ursula's face is! Don't you think it is very like our dear little Martha Van Osten?"

"It is like what I hope she will be in heaven," replied the superior; "but certainly no human face, save that of the Blessed Virgin, was ever so beautiful."

"I think," said Sister Aldegonde, "if Master Hans were to sell his pictures he would soon be rich."

"Indeed he would," was the reply; "and when this *châsse* is finished he must think about himself."

At this moment some one came to call Sister Aldegonde away, and the Mother was left alone with the artist. He turned toward her and said:

"Will you send me away then, Mother? Where shall I go? I have neither friends nor family. In the world I met with nothing but ingratitude and treachery. I have seen its pleasures and pomps, and found them hollow. Here alone I have found true peace. Let me stay here and paint the angels and saints. Are you tired of me?"

"No, my son. But I am old, and shall not live long. Others may not take the same interest in you. I think you ought to take a studio and settle down as a citizen in Bruges."

Ten years later a well-dressed traveller visited the Hospital of St. John. A Sister opened the wicket.

"I wish to see the Reverend Mother Angelica," said the stranger.

"Alas! sir, we lost her five years ago. Mother Gertrude is now superior."

"Can I see the chapel, Sister?"

"Certainly, sir; but if you wish to see the work of Master Hemling, I beg to say that a small fee is expected. The hospital is mainly supported by this means."

He was admitted into a room where several of the artist's paintings were displayed. He looked at them in silence.

"Well, sir," said the Sister, "what do you think of them?"

"They are not so bad," he answered.

"Where is the *châsse* of St. Ursula?"

"In a chapel at the end of the cloister."

Many persons were praying in the chapel, and many lights were burning round the reliquary. The traveller knelt down and fixed his eyes upon the *châsse*. His face shone with joy and admiration.

Soon after Hans Hemling—for it was he—left Bruges, and this time it was for good. No one knows where he found his last resting-place; but in the Hospital of St. John of Bruges his memory will live forever.

Fashion versus Modesty.

THE English dramatist who first said, "As good be out of the world as out of the fashion," furnished mankind in general, and womankind in particular, with an epigrammatic fallacy that has, ever since his day, been as popular as it is specious. The dominion of fashion over women especially is another proof, if any were wanting, that human nature is much the same in all ages of the world. Sixteen hundred years ago, St. John Chrysostom, denouncing the woman who apparently went to Mass to attract attention and show off her fine clothes, exclaimed: "Thou popinjay, is this finery befitting a contrite sinner who comes to entreat pardon? Such garments are more suitable for the ballroom than the church." And, only a while ago, an American archbishop, of a city prevalingly Catholic, fulminated in much the same language against the irreverence and immodesty of Catholic women who ventured even to approach the Communion rails attired in gowns of questionable decency in any public place, and of unquestionable impropriety in the house of God.

Neither the Church nor her recognized representative in this or that city or town is an extremist. Archbishops, bishops, and parish priests may be counted on to ignore styles of dress that are merely fantastic or artistically extravagant. It is only when deference to the decrees of

Fashion results in patent indecency that any of them feel called upon to protest; and, accordingly, the fact that they do protest should be sufficient to convince any Catholic matron or maiden that, in obeying the dictates of Fashion, she has overstepped the boundary line which divides the respectable from the equivocal, if not the downright improper.

Those who object to offensive styles in woman's dress, be they clergymen or other moralists, do not accuse the women who wear them of premeditated immodesty, of evil intent; but evil all too frequently follows, none the less. Fashion is assuredly not the criterion of morality; the most imperious of its decrees can not abrogate the law of God, or alter the innate sense of right and wrong possessed by the average Christian; and hence women and girls who bow to Fashion in this matter need to be warned occasionally that "those who dress immodestly are the devil's instruments for the ruin of souls." Unconscious instruments, no doubt, for the most part; but when their attention is called to the consequences of their wearing such attire, they can no longer plead ignorance as an excuse for the scandal they give.

Catholic women, above all others, should not only eschew toilets of questionable decency, but should exert their influence to ban such toilets in the circle of their friends and acquaintance. If there is one incongruous spectacle in present-day Catholic life, it is a Catholic maiden who calls herself a Child of Mary, yet dresses as the worst form of fashion prescribes. St. Paul declared: "Let women adorn themselves with modesty and sobriety, not with plaited hair, or gold or pearls or costly attire." Heeding his counsel, it is scarcely necessary to say, does not entail on any woman the duty of making herself odd or singular among others; but it does entail such a modification of prevailing styles as will give no offence to the claims of modesty, no scandal to the innocent, and no temptation to even the weakest among men.

Notes and Remarks.

Very plain reasons may be assigned to explain the lack of general enthusiasm or extraordinary excitement over the entrance of our country into the great World War. The opposition to this action on the part of our Government was strong and widespread; and no intelligent citizen was unaware of the fact that we had been antagonistic to the Central Powers from the very start. An official declaration of our alliance with the English Government and those siding with it will occasion no surprise either. We have been virtually allied with them all along, for reasons which it is unprofitable at this time to recall. What is not known to everybody now will be plain to everybody later on. The important fact to be borne in mind is that at last our country is in open conflict with a powerful foe, whose efforts to injure us in any way possible will be all the more energetic and persevering on account of being so much provoked.

It is too late now to talk of what might have been done "to keep us out of war," and it is quite useless to berate those Members of Congress who voted in favor of a resolution to which they were secretly opposed. The die is cast. The imperative duty of every American citizen is to show as much patriotism as he can, and to refrain from any word or act that would impair the patriotism of his fellows. Though it may prove impossible to render this war popular, it may be rendered less calamitous by concerted effort and patriotic devotedness. In justice, however, those most responsible for the present situation should be made to bear the larger share of the burdens that will be imposed and the sacrifices that will be entailed. If they are wise, our legislators will see to this.

Those Congressmen who effected the passage of the new immigration law can not now be felicitating themselves on

their wisdom and foresight. As one satirist remarks, they showed themselves narrow-minded enough, however, to be able to see into a gimblet hole with both eyes at the same time. By erecting new barriers against the very class of labor to which the farming sections of the country were already looking for relief, agriculture has been restricted, and the cost of living increased. War was almost inevitable when the Bill was passed, and it should have been realized that immigrants of the peasant type would be needed to till the soil as well as to make ammunition. The lure of high wages has drawn large numbers of American workmen to all manufacturing centres at a time when it is essential to the welfare of the nation that more land should be cultivated, and cultivated more intensively. Prices are high, and in all probability will become still higher. For this reason the increased wages which workmen receive are of no benefit to them, and they know this full well.

Any capitalist who contemplates taking advantage of the present situation to increase his wealth had better beware. Those food riots in New York and Chicago a while ago were portends to which no citizen should close his eyes. They were strange occurrences in a land of plenty, and they may be the forerunners of others far more serious. The cry of hungry mobs, frenzied by real or imagined injustice, is an awful menace.

Approved by the Archbishop, there has been organized in Chicago a central body for the management of Catholic charities. "The special purpose of the new movement," we read in the *New World*, "will be to collect all the funds for Catholic charities and distribute them from a headquarters that will be the clearing house for any approved Catholic institution doing charitable work. Most of our institutions, both large and small, depend to some extent for their support upon alms collected principally by personal appeal or letter, each working in its own

individual way to do its part most effectively. The business man to-day, however, complains of this constant source of annoyance both as humiliating and time-consuming; and very often the contributor has no idea for what specific purpose the donation is used. This same man would much prefer to give a single donation at one time to some central Catholic charity which would apportion this among the approved organizations."

The fundamental idea would seem to be an excellent one; and the method where it has been tried has, we believe, met with most satisfactory results. It is to be hoped that the Chicago venture may attain the "maximum of efficiency," and also that it may employ the very minimum of red tape.

Actual disasters ought not to be needed in order to make ordinarily prudent persons realize grave dangers; however, there seems to be no other way by which many people can be induced to adopt necessary precautions. The recent destruction of a large building in one of our Western cities was undoubtedly caused by defective electric wiring. The blame for this has not yet been determined. The work may have been well done according to original specifications, but spoiled by additional wiring undertaken by inexperienced workmen, who, while doing what they may have considered a good job, all unconsciously to themselves, made a fire trap at the same time. Property owners should see that electric wiring is done by experts, who should always be consulted for extra attachments. Cheap service for electrical work is apt to prove very expensive in the long run. There is a great deal of ignorant carelessness in regard to the mode of lighting that has become so common. For instance, it is generally supposed that there is no danger from electric wiring unless the lights are turned on; such is not the case, however, if the lamp is controlled by a switch attached to the lamp itself, because the current is at

the switch at all times, and can be short circuited anywhere on the wire. It should be known that lamps with drop cords leading through woodwork, or in contact with other inflammable material, are a source of constant danger if the wiring is not what it should be. Electricians are all agreed that in much wiring there is much danger.

The report from St. Louis, Mo., last week of a distinct earthquake shock, with after-vibrations continuing for eight minutes, goes to show that the United States is not immune from seismic disturbances. The shock was so violent that some windows were broken and several chimneys knocked down. There were earthquakes in the same region in 1811-12, when the course of the Mississippi is said to have been changed, and vast areas of land uplifted. The Rev. Daniel Barber, A. M., an early convert to the Church in New Hampshire, in his "History of My Own Times," a copy of which has just come into our possession, refers to a "great earthquake" in 1756, "which shook all New England." An account of a still more violent, widespread, and continuous disturbance of the area of North America resting upon rock of the Laurentian period, which occurred on Feb. 5, 1663, is given in a letter of one of the Jesuit missionaries, preserved in the archives of Georgetown College. We quote the more striking passages:

Thunder reverberated and lightning flashed in the heavens. The earth rolled to and fro under foot, as a boat is restlessly buffeted about by the waves. The violence of the first shock subsided after about an half hour. Towards nine o'clock in the evening the earth again began to shake, and that alternation of shocks lasted until the 9th of September. During this period there was a great variety of dissimilar shocks. Some were longer, others shorter; some were frequent but moderate; others after a long intermission were more violent. These occurrences seemed to be more frequent by night than by day. Here and there, wide gaps appeared in the earth and frequent fissures. New torrents swept their way, and new springs of very limpid

water gushed forth in full streams. On level ground, new hills have arisen; mountains, on the other hand, have been depressed and flattened. Chasins of wonderful depth, exhaling a foul stench, have been hollowed out in many places. Plains lie open, far and wide, where there were formerly very dense and lofty forests. Cliffs, although not quite levelled with the soil, have been scattered and overthrown. The earth is furrowed, but more deeply than can be done with a plow or hoe. Trees are partly uprooted, partly buried even to the ends of their branches. Two rivers have returned to the bowels of the earth whence they have issued. Others resemble in color streams of milk or blood. The River St. Lawrence changed its color, not for a brief space, but for eight entire days,—put on a sulphurous one. . . . From various circumstances we are forced to believe that all America was shaken by the earthquake. . . .

There is no record of the number of lives lost; in all probability, many hundreds of Indians perished. If the region had been one-tenth as thickly populated then as now, the earthquake of 1663 would doubtless be memorable as the most destructive in history.

As gruesome a description of a battlefield as could possibly be desired is given in a dispatch to one of the London papers by Mr. Philip Gibbs. "The war continues to go well on the Western front" is the editor's introduction to it:

All north of Courcellette, up by Miraumont and Pys, and below Loupart Wood, this wild chaos all so upturned by shell fire that one's gorge rises at the sight of such obscene mangling of our mother earth—is strewn with bodies of dead German soldiers. They lie, grey wet lumps of death, over a great stretch of ground, many of them half buried by their comrades or by high explosives. Most of them are stark above the soil, with their eye-sockets to the sky. I stood to-day in a ravine to which the Regina trench leads, between Pys and Miraumont; and not any morbid vision of an absinthe-maddened dream of hell could be more fearful than what I stared at standing there, with the rain beating on me across the battlefield, and the roar of guns on every side, and the long, rushing whistles of heavy shells in flight over Loupart Wood. The place was a shambles of German troops. They had had machine-gun emplacements here, and deep dugouts under cover of earthbanks. But our guns had found

them out and poured fire upon them. Some of our dead lay among them; but out of 850 lying hereabouts, 700 were German soldiers. This gun fire of ours leaves nothing alive or whole when it is concentrated on a place like this, deliberate in smashing it. Here it had flung up machine-gun emplacements and made rubbish heaps of their casemates and guns. It had broken hundreds of rifles into matchwood, and flung up the kit of men from deep dugouts, littering earth with their pouches and helmets and bits of clothing. Where I stood was only one patch of ground on a great battlefield. It is all like that, though elsewhere the dead are not so thickly clustered. For miles it is all pitted with 10 ft. craters intermingling, and leaving not a yard of earth untouched. . . .

The wonder is that, with pictures like this before it, the world is not filled with horror of warfare. If it were more Christianized, it surely would be astounded at the butchery and destruction now going on, and far more likely to be increased than diminished.

It is only in France, of all the belligerent countries, that priests are to be found in the fighting ranks, a new law of the Government having abolished the regulation allotting mobilized clergy to hospital and prison work. The rulers of Lutheran Germany and non-Catholic England exempted ministers of religion from military service at the outbreak of the war. This was done, as was stated, "in the interests of the country." If they do not know already, it would be useless to tell Frenchmen why their Government has done the very opposite. In congratulating President Wilson upon the entrance of the United States into the World War, M. Poincaré prates of a "revolt of the conscience of humanity" which it has succeeded in bringing about; of "outraged laws and a menaced civilization." In acknowledging the congratulations of France, our President wrote: "We stand as partners of the noble democracies whose aims and acts make for the perpetuation of the rights and freedom of man and for the safeguarding of the true principles of human liberties."

It will be remembered that during the

Franco-Prussian War the sympathies of the United States were not with France, and that we helped England to crush the Boers. In the first case, religion figured more than politics; in the second, commercial interests were well safeguarded, while the principles of human liberty were entirely ignored.

Lapsing into a moralizing mood, as all editors are apt to do betimes, the editor of *Catholic Light* proffers his readers this suggestive paragraph:

A wit that is unkind is not a gift to be proud of. It usually belongs to a discontented and spiteful person, who, apart from these failings, would be a very nice friend; but the biting wit on which he prides himself keeps everybody at a distance. While one dislikes the person who is ready to agree to anything one may say, it is rather better to have that than continual disagreement and stinging wit.

Few will contest the justice of these observations. Witticisms are never agreeable when they are injurious to others. As Sheridan put it long ago, "Wit loses its respect with the good when seen in company with malice; and to smile at the jest which places a thorn in another's breast is to become a principal in the mischief." Unfortunately, however, comparatively few clever persons fully deserve the tribute once paid to Sheridan himself by his friend Moore:

Whose wit in the combat, as gentle as bright,
Ne'er carried a heart-stain away on its blade.

The desire to shine by delivering himself of a crushing repartee all too often leads the witty individual into excesses that seriously offend charity, and, not rarely, justice as well.

During the past year, the churches of the Vicariate of Hawaii contributed to the Propagation of the Faith the sum of nearly \$700. Of this amount the lepers of Molokai gave \$118.65,—an offering which, as *Catholic Missions* observes, was larger than that contributed by many a large parish in the United States. We refrain from comment.



April Song.

BY M. H. K.

LET'S sing a song of daffodils,
Of crocuses and greening hills;
Of cowslips and of violets blue,
Of sunshine and of stars and dew;
Of wild geese sailing through the skies,
Of little children's laughing eyes;
Of flashing blue birds home again,
Of sparrows scolding in the rain;
Of hermit thrush and stirring bee,
Of happy *you* and happy *me!*
Let's sing of Spring and flowering hills,—
Let's sing a song of daffodils!

How Yu-Yu Got Even with the Mandarin.

BY FATHER CHERHEART.



AI-TAO, viceroy of the province of Hou-Pe in China, was a civilian mandarin of the highest class, a dignity which permitted him to wear a cluster of rubies on his hat. He was an upright man, but was very proud and subject to violent fits of temper. One of his servants, his fly-chaser, was an old man named Kou-Si, whom the mandarin esteemed very much on account of his honesty.

For his part, Kou-Si liked his master very much also; and he thought a great deal of his office of fly-chaser, since the wages he received allowed him to support in fair comfort his good wife and his thirteen-year-old son, Yu-Yu, who had received the nickname Smooth-as-Amber because he possessed an ingenious mind.

Now, as the mandarin and his servant were mutually pleased with each other, there seemed to be no reason why they should not have remained together all

their lives. Last spring, however, there occurred an incident which threatened to separate them forever. It was on the occasion of the festival of the goddess of agriculture, and an immense crowd of people had gathered together in the city where the viceroy Tai-Tao held his state.

On the day set apart for the ceremony, all this multitude assembled in a large square, in the centre of which a platform was erected. Fastened to red and white masts, great streamers floated to the breeze; an orchestra—of four hundred and twenty trumpets, an equal number of accordions, and three dozen mechanical pianos—was grouped in a kiosk. Behind the pianos, one could see a three-story pyramid of fruit. The school-children waved palm branches, and the halberds of the soldiers were decorated with bouquets of mimosa flowers. It was all very fine.

About nine o'clock a furious beating of gongs announced the arrival of the viceroy. He came forward in great majesty. The rubies on his hat sparkled in the sunlight; figures of birds of all kinds were embroidered on his magnificent robes of state; and after him followed a whole train of servants,—a private secretary, a train-bearer for his robes, a queue-bearer for his pigtail, an umbrella-bearer, a pipe-bearer, a fan-bearer, an inkstand-bearer, and a pen-bearer. Close to his left side walked good old Kou-Si, who carried a horse's tail adjusted to a long handle, for the purpose of keeping the flies from his master's face.

The coming of the mandarin was greeted with tumultuous roars of applause from the crowd. Followed by his attendants, with Kou-Si close at his heels, he mounted the platform, and, perfect silence being established, he began his address:

"Venerable, most venerable Chinese brethren, the elect of the yellow race and

of this middle empire, which is situated at the end of the world—"

Just at that point a wasp appeared from goodness knows where, and began circling about the orator's head. Kou-Si saw it and said to himself: "Careful, now! I must keep my eyes open, and if it comes too near—bang!"

Tai-Tao did not see the insect, and continued his speech:

"Before pronouncing the eulogy of agriculture, my good friends of the Hou-Pe province, let me proffer you my heartfelt gratitude for the splendid reception you have given me. Your ovation has moved me. I applaud the respect you thus show to your magistrates. It is easy to see that you have received a sound education, and that you approve the maxim which says—"

The wasp was growing more and more indiscreet. It had come down to the neighborhood of the viceroy's head, and was flying around it with a menacing air. With an unsteady hand, Kou-Si swung his horse's tail.

"Which says," continued Tai-Tao, "*thou shalt not brush the face of a mandarin even with a peacock's feather.*"

Bang! Just as he finished the sentence, the horse's tail struck him full in the face. His spectacles flew a rod or more away, his hat fell on the pipe-bearer's head, and the cluster of rubies rolled down to the feet of the orchestra's leader. A shiver ran through the crowd, and cries of horror arose. Tai-Tao, however, took up the thread of his speech as best he could; but he was as red as a tomato; he gnashed his teeth as he lauded agriculture, and it was with a furious voice that he wished the auditors a fine crop of rice and tea.

Once the ceremony was over and the crowd had dispersed, the mandarin turned on Kou-Si, and yelled indignantly:

"Away with you, miserable wretch! You're discharged. And if you don't want to receive a hundred lashes, keep out of my sight for the future."

"But the wasp was almost touching your honorable nose."

"It was not the nose—it was the wasp you should have struck."

"But you shoved your respectable head forward, and then—"

"Then, you deserve to be skinned alive! I content myself with discharging you. Profit by my clemency."

Trembling and dumfounded, Kou-Si retired. On reaching his home, he told of his disgrace, and added:

"There's nothing left for us now but to starve to death. In vain would I ply my trade of fly-chaser among ordinary folks: I wouldn't earn my salt."

And the poor man walked up and down the room, groaning piteously; and his wife, Kou-Sa, shed bitter tears; and little Yu-Yu cried, too. All the same, this last-mentioned member of the family was less discouraged than his parents, and he was already seeking some method (you remember he was nicknamed "Smooth-as-Amber") by which this unfortunate tangle could be smoothed out. But the more he thought the less he succeeded in discovering a plan, and the day passed without anything's being done.

The next morning, as soon as he was up, Yu-Yu went for a walk through the fields, and chance led him to the border of a very pretty little lake. "I'll go," he told himself, "and sit down under that willow that is mirrored in the water." It was a superb tree. Its roots, like interlaced serpents, straggled along the bank; and its branches, drooping from all sides, formed a sort of pavilion. The boy went quickly forward, and then suddenly stopped, considerably surprised. There was some one under the tree already, and who should it be but the mandarin himself. With his back leaning against the trunk of the willow, the viceroy was quietly fishing.

Yu-Yu retired without making the least noise, and betook himself citywards. On his way thither he met old Madam Pie, an acquaintance of his, who was returning from the market,—a loquacious old lady and an inveterate gossip.

"Where are you going, my lad, at that rate?" she inquired.

"I'm going home. Say, Madam Pie—"

"Well, what is it?"

"Did you know, you who know everything, that our viceroy likes to tickle the fish?"

"Know it? Of course I know it. And if you have just heard of it you're the only ignorant one around here. Why, for years the viceroy has been going every morning, rain or shine, to the lake over there, to install himself with pole and line at the foot of the big willow. He loves that seat, and never has he been seen occupying any other while fishing."

"That's rather strange, Madam Pie."

"Every one, O Smooth-as-Amber, has his peculiarities! The big guns have theirs like other folks; and now you know the viceroy's. It isn't likely to make you any richer, though."

"Who knows?" said the boy to himself; and he continued his walk.

All that day Yu-Yu spent in his home. He was in a musing mood, sometimes talking to himself in a low tone. "What are you dreaming about?" inquired his mother; but he gave her only a vague answer. When the first star made its appearance that evening, he stretched himself on his sleeping mat and was soon fast asleep. Hardly had the last star disappeared the next morning, however, when he was up, wide awake and stirring. He went out, cut down a long and slender bamboo, tied a silk thread about twenty feet long to the end of it, and proceeded to the lake. Arriving there, he attached a small stone to the end of his line, threw it into the water, and, seating himself just in the place beloved of the mandarin, awaited developments.

A quarter of an hour later, the viceroy appeared, his pole over his shoulder. At sight of the boy, he let the pole fall and frowned very much. His first impulse was to take the lad by the ear and oust him violently from his seat. Tai-Tao, however, was an upright man, as we have already

said; and, accordingly, refrained from so summary a treatment of the intruder. "After all," he mused, "the lake and its shore are common property. I have no right to oust this boy. I'll give up my fishing for this morning, and be on hand earlier to-morrow."

Turning around, he went back home. The next morning he set out for the lake much ahead of his usual hour, and made his way to the willow, quite sure of finding his favorite seat unoccupied. False hope! Motionless as a statue, and gripping his bamboo pole between his hands, the obstinate little fellow was again seated under the old tree.

"Ah," growled Tai-Tao to himself, "this is no joke! Patience, however,—patience! It will be my turn to-morrow."

Sure enough, at cockcrow the next morning the mandarin quietly let himself out of his palace, and started for the lake. With the exception of a few dogs, everyone in the city was asleep; the stars were just disappearing, and a soft glow of color marked the eastern sky. "Well, this time," mused Tai-Tao,— "this time it is I who have the advantage. That little scoundrel surely isn't up at this hour; and when he comes along with his pole and line, I'll have the satisfaction of crying out: 'Too-late!'"

It was a case, however, of "sold again." The same boy was fishing away in the same coveted seat. This time Tai-Tao did not retreat: he was too much vexed. He approached the lad and said:

"You seem to like fishing, my young friend."

"Enormously."

"And this seat pleases you?"

"Very much, indeed."

"Do you intend coming here often?"

"Every morning the whole year round."

There was silence for a moment, broken by the flight of a swallow over the tranquil waters of the lake. The mandarin looked at the boy severely and inquired:

"Do you know to whom you are speaking?"

"Yes, your Highness."

"And you have the audacity to—"

"Yes, your Highness."

"Give me my place, you young rascal,— give me my place!"

"Then you give my father *his* place. I am Yu-Yu, nicknamed (at your service) Smooth-as-Amber; and it is on account of Kou-Si, your fly-catcher, that I am here. Give him back his position, and I promise you that nobody will ever again see me in this seat, nor shall I interfere with your honorable fishing."

While the clever lad proposed this settlement, the viceroy hesitated between anger and mirth. At last mirth got the upperhand.

"All right!" he said with a laugh. "I accept. Off with you now to inform your father that from this moment he is re-established in his office as fly-chaser, but only on condition that he promises never more to chase wasps."

Con of Misty Mountain.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XVI.—FOLLOWING THE LIGHT.

"**M**RS. LAVINIA NESBITT! Nesbitt! Nesbitt!" Father Phil caught his breath as he repeated the name Miss Rayson mentioned. He surely had misunderstood "I beg your pardon! Did you say—"

"Mrs. Lavinia Nesbitt," repeated Miss Rayson, simply. "Perhaps you know the family. They have lived here a long time—sixty or seventy years,—and the 'old Madam,' as we call her, is the last of her immediate line. She is lonely and childless, and needs love and care; for her life has been very sad. So I am here" (there was something very bright and pleasant in the lady's voice and smile) "to take, so far as I can, a daughter's place."

"And—and—" (Father Phil's usually clear head was in a bewildering whirl) "she has no one but you,—no family, I mean?"

"She has relations," answered Miss Rayson, guardedly, "but no one very near or dear. Years ago she had a great sorrow that has darkened all her life. Since then she has lived apart from all the outer world, in her old home with her old servants. For the last three years, at the suggestion of her pastor, Father Brooke, she has had *me*."

"A wise addition to her household, I am sure." Father Phil felt as if he were talking in a dream.

"Well, perhaps," smiled the lady. "I do my best to brighten things; but—but that is not much. It is rather a sad and silent house, as you see. I was watching the little girls playing in Mrs. Burnett's ground this morning, and wishing I could bring some young life here."

"You have it portrayed at least most beautifully," said Father Phil, turning to the picture that had so startled him. "That is really a wonderful canvas. A portrait, I suppose?"

"Yes," replied Miss Rayson. "That is—the old Madam's only son. The picture was painted by a great French artist when the boy was only twelve years of age, and is, I have heard the old servants say, a remarkable likeness. He died young. It was all very, very sad."

They stood silent for a moment before the picture,—the picture whose blue eyes seemed to meet Father Phil's in an appeal he could not resist. He should be going to find Susie. Really, there was no excuse for him to linger, to wonder, to—to question. But, but perhaps because "Jack's" cousin was so friendly, the words burst forth almost against the speaker's will:

"It is a most startling likeness! Miss Rayson, would it be intrusive to ask you how, when, where that boy lived—and died?"

"He lived here" (Miss Rayson seemed to think nothing strange in the question, for the portrait awoke a vivid interest in all who saw it),—"the idol, the spoiled darling of this beautiful home; he was his

widowed mother's all. He died—ah, that is the sad part of it!—exiled from her heart, her home, her life. It is the old story, Father: a marriage that displeased, disappointed, angered the mother into words the son could not forgive. And so he died, and her heart broke, and her life was darkened forever. Poor old Madam—there is her bell calling me now!" Miss Rayson started as a silvery sound came from the hall without. "She can not spare me very long, you see. But I am glad to have met you, Father Doane, even if it is by mistake. You will find Mrs. Burnett without any difficulty now. Oakwood is just three places beyond this."

"Thank you!" said Father Phil, realizing he could not question further. "I, too, am glad to have met Jack's cousin so pleasantly. God bless you and 'your service,' my dear young lady! May it bring its own reward!"

He shook hands with her and left, feeling as if he were groping through the illusive ways of Misty Mountain when its white cloud-veil was threaded with the light of a sun he could not see. Was he being guided as Father Tim had said,—guided as no worldly wisdom or foresight could guide? The picture, the name, the broken-hearted old woman! Father Phil felt quite dazed by the bewildering light shimmering upon him. It would have been rude, intrusive, unpardonable to question Miss Rayson further, and yet he must know more.

Susie's brother was by no means his usual calm, clever self when he rang the bell at Oakwood, and the door was opened by a plump, comfortable old lady—Lil's grandmother herself.

"Father Doane, I am sure!" she said. "I saw you coming in the gate, and knew you at once. Susie will be so glad! She and Lil have gone off for a little skate in Colonel Bigsby's ice pond,—quite safe, not deep enough to drown a kitten. But they will be back for a twelve-o'clock luncheon. My daughters-in-law all declare it shocking, but I have twelve-o'clock

luncheon yet, and make the gingerbread myself."

"And I am sure it is good!" laughed Father Phil, as the lady led the way into a big homey parlor, where the open piano was strewn with music, and the center table with books and games. A great tabby was sunning herself among the red geraniums in the south window, and grandmother's gingerbread was in the air.

Father Phil took the cushioned chair his hostess pushed forward to the glowing grate, and accepted her invitation to lunch without hesitation.

"You are very kind to take my little motherless sister in like this," he said.

"Not at all,—not at all," replied the old lady, heartily. "Susie is a little darling, and I am only too glad to have her here with Lil. As Lil's father said she needed a change: she was all upset with those wild doings up at the Manse, and could neither eat nor sleep. She would have been down with nervous fever in another week. But we are fixing that all right," laughed Lil's grandmother. "If you could have heard the crowd of them in here last night! It's well we're not next door to that poor Nesbitt woman. We'd drive her into the madhouse outright."

"Oh, not so bad as that, I hope!" said Father Phil.

"I don't know," answered the old lady, nodding. "I've had twelve years of them, you see, and am used to hullabaloo from morning to night. But when you've had neither chick nor child about you for twenty years or more, and sorrow enough for three women besides (though she can't blame the good Lord for that: it was her own doing from first to last, as I've always said), it's no wonder that children's voices and children's laughter are more than she can bear."

That Lil's grandmother was a kindly old gossip, Father Phil could see.

"I went into your neighbor's house through mistake," he said. "Susie's direction was not very clear. It does seem a sadly quiet place compared to this."

"Quiet?" echoed the old lady. "It's like a morgue! There's a chill comes over me as soon as I cross the threshold,—which I do every now and then, as I believe all good neighbors ought. Sometimes the old Madam will see me, and sometimes she won't, though we were friendly enough twenty years ago. But I said my say when she turned against her boy for loving and marrying to suit himself, as every man and woman should. They tell me she spends half her days sitting before his picture and talking to it as if it had life. But you can't harden your heart against your own and not suffer sooner or later. When my Dick ran off at nineteen and married a chorus girl, I felt sore enough, too. A pair of young fools they were; but we took them in, and there isn't a better wife or mother in all the country than that girl has made. Her boy is out with Lil and Susie now. I always have half a dozen or so of them round the house. It keeps things cheerful for me, now that father is gone. Ah, I often think what a different place Elmwood would have been if the grandchild had lived."

"The grandchild!" echoed Father Phil, breathlessly. "You mean that the dead son—that boy in the picture—left a child?"

"Aye, a fine child!" went on Lil's grandmother, now in the full tide of friendly gossip. "And that seemed where the judgment of God fell, indeed. For, though Lavinia Nesbitt's heart was cold and hard to the last to the poor young mother, when she died it turned to the child, the son of her son, the boy that had his father's name, that she would have taken to her heart and home in his father's place. So she sent for him; but on the way back to her, child and nurse were killed in a railroad wreck—and—"

The gentle, droning voice went on in dread detail. But her listener was spell-bound: the light had burst upon him in dazzling radiance, revealing the truth that he could no longer doubt. The tangled

thread of Wilmot Elkins' story straightened into clear, unbroken lines. The child snatched by evil hands from his dying nurse's arms, sold like a chattel near the flaming wreck in the mountain; robbed of name, home, birthright; consigned to wild, rude, cruel care,—that child, Father Phil felt and knew, was Con of Misty Mountain, the little pal who 'didn't belong to nobody,'—Con who had saved his little sister, and whose blue eyes had looked out at him from his dead father's picture! Con was Charles Owen Nesbitt, heir and master of the splendid home he had just left!

And it was for him, Father Philip Doane, to show, declare, prove it; for him to "do justice," as he had promised the dying wretch who had wrought this evil; for him to denounce and unmask the villain who bore the guilt of all. It was well that long years of training had given Father Phil stern self-control: he needed it now, to conceal the emotion thrilling heart and soul; to meet Susie, who came flying in, rosy and breathless, to greet him; to shake hands with Lil and Dick and Fred, and half a dozen more "cousins"; to hear about the coasting frolics and taffy pulls and matinées that were on his little sister's programme for the week.

For Susie was having the "grandest time" of her life, as she openly declared. Lil's grandmother could be trusted for that, as Susie's brother plainly saw, when he was drawn in to the twelve-o'clock luncheon and said grace for a table full of rosy, happy youngsters, with appetites which had been sharpened to razor edge by a morning on Colonel Bigsby's pond. Such a good, old-fashioned luncheon as it was! For there were no frills or folderols at Lil's grandmother's. Even Gladys, whose mother kept a butler and a chef, passed her plate three times for creamed chicken; and Fred, who was kept strictly on Graham bread at home, piled in hot biscuits in a way that would have made his mother faint; and Susie—well,—it was evident that the doctor's tonic was no

longer needed, as Lil's grandmother said. Only Father Phil sipped his tea absently, and, to that good lady's disappointment, could not eat at all.

"You're not sick, brother Phil?" asked Susie, anxiously, as, the luncheon over, grandmother scattered the others and left brother and sister in the big parlor to have a talk to themselves.

"Not a bit!" he answered cheerily. "Come sit down beside me on this cushiony old sofa, and let me hear all about the trouble at the Manse."

And, nestling happily at dear brother Phil's side, Susie told all about the dreadful night, and how Con—brave, bold Con—had come to warn and save, "so that I—I wouldn't burn up. And I believe that; don't you, brother Phil?"

"Yes, I believe it, Susie," was the answer.

"Oh, you ought to have seen him, brother Phil!" continued Susie, her voice faltering at the remembrance. "Dennis pulled him in the Manse, all pale and bleeding and scarcely able to speak; and his clothes were nearly torn off by the dogs, and—and everybody scolding and blaming and raging at him. Oh, it makes me cry to think of it! And Kathie—Kathie is Aunt Aline's new kitchen maid, brother Phil, and the nicest, dearest girl you ever saw,—Kathie said she knew that if Uncle Greg locked Con up he'd go crazy and burst his head against the wall, like her Uncle Jim. And it just broke my heart to think of that, brother Phil." Again Susie's voice quavered very close to a sob.

"Yes, I understand, Susie. So you and Kathie let Con out?"

"*She* did," went on Susie. "But I made her. I coaxed her to do it, brother Phil. Oh, was it wrong, brother Phil, when everybody was so hard, so cruel to him?"

"No, Susie: you did what you thought was right and kind,"—even though brother Phil hesitated. (He could not tell Susie how glad he would have been just now to find Con safe within his reach.) "So don't worry any more about it. And you or Kathie can't say where poor Con went?"

"No," answered Susie. "Kathie says she just pushed him out into the mist. He has gone—nobody knows where, and will never, never come back." Susie was sobbing outright now. "We will never see poor Con again, brother Phil,—never again!"

And when brother Phil thought of the hunted boy fleeing over the wild ways of Misty Mountain, he felt with a sinking heart that perhaps Susie was right.

(To be continued.)

As Pious as Brave.

THE celebrated Austrian General Radetzky was as pious as he was brave. Once, whilst resting in his park near the imperial residence in Vienna, his Rosary fell out of his pocket unperceived. Some soldiers to whom he had given the freedom of his premises found it. The General happened to pass near the bench soon afterwards, and, seeing them showing some object among themselves, asked what they had. "Father" (such was the affectionate title given the old General by the soldiers), they replied, "we have found a pair of beads on this bench, and were wondering what soldier it is that is simple enough to say them." "Give them to me," said the old man; "it is I who left them there. They are mine, and I am simple enough to say them."

Before going into battle, General Radetzky always exhorted his soldiers to place their confidence in God. On account of his great age (he was more than eighty years old when he won his most splendid victories), he was obliged to drive in a carriage when the army was in motion. On one of these occasions, when all was in readiness for the order to march, the old chieftain was missing. He was discovered asleep in his carriage, with his Rosary, which he had been reciting, beside him. How God blessed the arms of this great military leader is well known to the student of history.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A good reprint from the *Catholic World* is "The Greek Schism and Benedict XV.," by George Calavassy, to whose important mission in the United States THE AVE MARIA has already called attention.

—The Australian C. T. Society's latest penny pamphlets (Nos. 255 and 256) are "The Literature of the Liturgy," a reprint of an interesting lecture by Mrs. M. Goulter; and "The Holy Angels of God," a series of considerations by the Rev. M. J. Watson, S. J.

—Many of our readers, especially among the clergy, will be grieved to learn of the death of Monsignor O'Kelly, late editor of that unique Catholic weekly, *Rome*. Under the pen-name of "Vox Urbis," he furnished for a number of years valuable Rome correspondence to journals in this country and England. He was also the official English translator of Papal Encyclicals and other important documents. *R. I. P.*

—In the London *Fortnightly Review*, Mr. Edmund Gosse writes interestingly of the late Lord Cromer, not as diplomatist, or Consul-General of Egypt for a quarter of a century, but as a man of letters. The following quatrain, from an unpublished translation of a fragment of Euripides, Mr. Gosse reproduces as being a favorite of Lord Cromer himself:

I learn what may be sought;
I seek what may be sought;
My other wants I dare
To ask from Heaven in prayer.

—Harper's Centennial Edition of "Crabb's English Synonyms" is a publication that is sure of a wide welcome. Like Roget's "Thesaurus," it is a standard work of reference. This new edition has been thoroughly revised and amplified by the addition of more than twenty-five hundred new keywords with synonyms and cross references. The entire body of the original work and explanations is, of course, retained, and has been supplemented by a large number of words and their applications that have grown into the language within recent years,—terms relating to war, science, sports, etc.

—"The Master's Word," in two volumes, by the Rev. Thomas Flynn, C. C., is heralded by the publishers, Benziger Brothers, as "a new sermon work which is a unique departure in the realm of sacred oratory." The work contains sixty sermons for all the Sundays and the principal feasts of the year; and such justice as lies in the publishers' claim is consequent upon the author's plan of utilizing both the Epistle and the Gospel of each Sunday or feast in the

composition of his discourse. The sermons are not unduly long, averaging about ten small octavo pages; and their structure will at least interest the clerical lover of anything new in the line of sermon books. One excellent feature of the work is a good index.

—From Loyola University Press, Chicago, comes a new edition (for use in English classes) of "The Dream of Gerontius," by Cardinal Newman. Father John J. Clifford, S. J., has done the task of editing, with a view to meet actual class-room conditions. It is a splendid piece of work, offering remarkable value at ten cents the copy. By the same press is issued "The Master Key in the Hand of Joseph," by the Rev. Joseph P. Conroy, S. J., a character study of St. Joseph, reprinted from the *Ecclesiastical Review*.

—Persons who refrain from taking books from the public libraries because of the presumed danger that bacteria lurk in their pages are unduly timid. A bacteriologist of Johns Hopkins University some time ago examined seventy-five public library books that had been in circulation for many years. They were soiled and dog-eared and uninviting enough. He also examined a hundred and fifty schoolbooks from homes in which diphtheria was known to have existed. And he did not find a solitary deadly germ of any kind on one of the two hundred and twenty-five books.

—"History of the Sinn Fein Movement and the Irish Rebellion of 1916," by Francis P. Jones, with an Introduction by the Hon. John W. Goff, is a well-printed and substantially bound 12mo of 462 pages. It contains sixty-three chapters, with an appendix and a fairly adequate index. Written in a spirit of uncompromising opposition to everything English and to the Irish Parliamentary Party, the book will doubtless be admired by readers of the same political preferences, and it will prove not uninteresting even to those who believe that the Easter "rebels" of 1916 loved Ireland "not wisely but too well." Published by P. J. Kenedy & Sons.

—Objection having been raised to the use of the French word *format* in a wider sense than by the French themselves—among whom it signifies simply the size of a book as distinguished from the *forme*, not the "get-up,"—a correspondent of the London *Times Literary Supplement* declares that "format" supplies a felt want, which is sufficient justification for

its use. "Living and still growing languages," he adds, "like English, are not made by grammarians and scholars, but by the 'ignorant and vulgar masses,' to whom we owe that South-western Europe is enriched not only with its Latin literature, but with Italian, Spanish, French, and English literatures."

—A handsome, not to say sumptuous, volume entitled "Blessed Art Thou Among Women," compiled by William Frederick Butler, and having a foreword from Archbishop Ireland, has just been published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago. It may be described as a devotional work of art for Christian homes. It comprises the "Life of the Virgin Mother" portrayed, in sepia reproductions of one hundred and fifty pictures, by sixty-five of the great masters; and the "Story of the Saviour" as told in Isaias, the Sibylline Oracles, Vergil, Alexander Pope, the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Luke, and the "Paradise Regained" of Milton. The work is a large volume of 350 pages, printed on artist's enamel paper, and bound in full cloth, with ornamented cover and gilt edges. The illustrations in sepia are particularly good, and the book will prove an ornament to any library shelf or parlor-table. The compiler, to whom the preparation of this beautiful work was evidently a labor of love, is to be congratulated on his painstaking industry and excellent taste, although the inclusion of so much of Milton may subject him to some criticism.

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.

- "Blessed Art Thou Among Women." William F. Butler. \$3.50.
 "History of the Sinn Fein Movement." Francis P. Jones. \$2.00.
 "The Master's Word." 2 vols. Rev. Thomas Flynn, C. C. \$3.00.
 "An Eight Days' Retreat for Religious," Rev. Henry A. Gabriel, S. J. \$1.50.
 "The Love of God and the Neighbor." Rev. J. V. Schubert. \$1.25.
 "Prolegomena to an Edition of the Works of Decimus Magnus Ausonius." Sister Marie Jos6e Byrne, Ph. D. \$1.25.

- "Dark Rosaleen." M. E. Francis. \$1.35.
 "Catholic Christianity and the Modern World." Dr. Krogh-Tonning. \$1.25.
 "Camillus de Lellis, the Hospital Saint." A Sister of Mercy. \$1.
 "Catholic Christianity; or, The Reasonableness of Our Religion." Rev. O. Vassall-Phillips, C. SS. R. \$1.50.
 "A Retrospect of Fifty Years." Cardinal Gibbons. 2 vols. \$2.
 "The White People." Frances H. Burnett. \$1.20.
 "The Mass and Vestments of the Catholic Church." Rt. Rev. Monsignor John Walsh. \$1.75.
 "A Manual of Modern Scholastic Philosophy." Cardinal Mercier, etc. Vol. I. \$3.50.
 "Great Inspirers." Rev. J. A. Zahm, C. S. C., Ph. D. \$1.50.
 "The History of Mother Seton's Daughters. The Sisters of Charity of Cincinnati, Ohio. 1809-1917." Sister Mary Agnes McCann, M. A. Vols. I. and II. \$5.
 "The New Life." Rev. Samuel McComb, D. D. 50 cts.

Obituary.

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

Rev. M. J. Mertian, of the archdiocese of Cincinnati; Rev. Louis Ohle, diocese of Louisville; and Rev. Mathias Heizmann, C. S. Sp. Brother Cassian, C. S. C.

Sister M. Petronilla, of the Order of the Visitation; and Sister M. Amanda, Sisters of Mercy.

Mr. Colon Campbell, Mrs. Catherine Davison, Mr. Alexander Handley, Mrs. James Summers, Mr. J. A. McDonald, Miss Ruth Farrell, Mr. James Heron, Miss Teresa Heron, Mr. Dougal McPhee, Mrs. M. H. Ormsby, Miss Mary McCullough, Mr. John Watson, Mr. E. J. King, Mr. William Nagle, Mrs. Mary Giger, Mr. W. F. Smith, Mr. James Summer, Mr. J. F. Bell, and Mr. Michael Egan.

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 Bishop of Nueva Segovia: M. I. A. H., \$2; Mrs. G. S. G., \$20. For the rescue of orphaned and abandoned children in China: M. F. R., \$1; M. I. A. H., \$1; "in honor of the Blessed Virgin," \$5. For the Foreign Missions: J. V. S. (Asheville) \$1; T. F., \$3; M. I. A. H., \$1. For the war sufferers: M. I. A. H., \$1; T. F. G., \$1; W. H. S., \$1.



S. MARIA IN VALLICELLA.
(A Favorite Madonna of St. Philip Neri.)



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

VOL. V. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, APRIL 28, 1917.

NO. 17

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"Sequentia" of an Old Priest.

BY R. O'K.

GLORY to God for the Paschal Time,
Alleluia!
Blessèd be Christ for the joyous rhyme
At Mass and Matins, at Lauds and Prime,
Alleluia! Alleluia!
I have been young, and am now grown old,
Alleluia!
The days of my pilgrimage soon are told;
The Shepherd is calling me home to the fold,
Alleluia! Alleluia!
When I have breathèd my latest sigh,
Alleluia!
East or west 'neath the bending sky,
Where shall my motionless body lie?
Alleluia! Alleluia!
It matters not, so 'tis Paschal Time,
Alleluia!
And the Church is singing the blessèd rhyme
At Mass and Matins, at Lauds and Prime,
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Simple and plain bid them lay me down,
Alleluia!
Far from the noise and glare of the town,
In my old biretta and college gown,
Alleluia! Alleluia!
A belfry nigh, and the Mass bell rings,
Alleluia!
And its heavenly breath the censer swings;
Perhaps I may hear the choir as it sings,
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Set my head to the sunny west,
Alleluia!
My feet by the morning dawn caressed,
Anear the place where my Lord doth rest,—
Oh, near the place where my Lord doth rest,
Alleluia! Alleluia!

Women in War Time.—17 Mulberry Walk.

BY MARTIN HAILE.



MUCH has been written and said of late of the part the women of England have played during the war. It may interest the readers of THE AVE MARIA to know something more in detail of one of the centres of work in London, with which the writer has been associated since its modest beginning.

After the first stunning shock and thrill which seemed to stir the very groundwork of English life and habit, Englishwomen were not slow in organizing, and, so to speak, drilling themselves into an army of succor behind the army of men: upholding and helping them, seconding their every effort with a valor different indeed from, but in no way inferior to, that displayed in the field. Led by Queen Mary, who lost not a day in placing herself at the head of the chief and most urgently necessary of the many works which sprang into life at the shock of arms, a vast number of women began their labors in the hospitals, canteens, and Red Cross work of every kind for the wounded and the prisoners of war.

When universal service for the men came into being, the services of the women became universal, too; and, with an adaptability which took the world by surprise—and themselves no less,—they stepped into the empty places of their men; and it is almost safe to say that, except

those incapacitated by illness or infirmity, or prevented by their duties to the children, hardly an idle woman is to be found throughout the land. In a greater or less degree, all are playing their part in the grim and terrible Game of War. From the highly trained woman surgeon and physician, through every office and service directly or indirectly interested in the war—to the women guiding the plough, hoeing the potato field and gathering in the harvest,—women and girls and even children are doing the work of men; haltingly at first perhaps, but keenly and intelligently serving a quick apprenticeship.

The poet shows us Pity in the shape of a woman standing by the side of War,—

Dejected Pity at his side
Her soul-subduing voice applied.

Had Collins been writing to-day, he might have substituted the word "courageous" for "dejected"; for nothing in this great trial which so suddenly came upon us, and has lasted so long, has been more marked than the calm courage and endurance of the women: tenderly-nurtured girls engaged for long hours in the humblest tasks in hospital kitchens, in canteens and workshops; young wives sending off with a smile the bridegrooms of a few days, sometimes even of a few hours; the mother who, on being congratulated on the heroic conduct of one of her five sons on active service, quietly replied: "If I had twenty sons, I should want them all to go."

When the English Government, in the first days of the war, offered the hospitality of its shores to the unhappy Belgians flying before the invader, one of the finest pages of England's domestic history was repeated at an interval of more than a hundred years. As the heart of the Nation was stirred, as her hand was stretched out to welcome the *émigrés* from the French Revolution of the eighteenth century, so at the beginning of the twentieth did she pour out with the utmost generosity her gifts and her sympathy to the stricken multitudes of helpless people swept to her shores.

In the dire emergency and stress, as shipload after shipload of the dazed and horror-stricken refugees arrived—some stripped of their all, some with hastily tied-up bundles, pathetic in their evidence of sudden flight from modest homes; a few, more fortunate, with old-fashioned trunks and boxes,—the labors and difficulties of the reception and organizing committees may be more easily imagined than described. These were heroically overcome, and it is pleasant to remember that it was the Catholic Women's League that conceived the happy scheme, soon universally adopted, of distributing the Belgians in the towns and country places of the three kingdoms; keeping the families together, and inviting offers from the various places according to their size and importance.

The response was extraordinary, and beyond all expectation. The lord mayor of a Northern town (the first Catholic to hold the office) received invitations for 5000 guests, in answer to his announcement that 3000 refugees had been allotted to his borough. Twice or thrice a week the refugee trains brought their consignment of human beings, ticketed and numbered. Wearing his gold chain and jewelled badge of office, the mayor received his honored guests at the door of the great banqueting room in the town-hall; while, outside, the serried crowds cheered (as North country crowds know how to cheer) in loud welcome as the long line of motor cars which brought the exiles from the railway station filed past. Modest refectories of coffee and plain food were spread where, in former times, the solemn aldermanic banquets, famous for their luxury, were held.

Speedily the medical examinations are gone through; for they are a robust and healthy race, and the sturdy children obediently put out their rosy tongues. Lists are made, and the various families are handed over to their hosts or hostesses, and whirled off on their last motor drive to the homes provided for them, and where they will enjoy the first quiet night's rest

since they fled from their bombarded towns. "Louvain," "Malines," "Antwerp," come from their weary lips in response to the questions of their new friends. And there the conversation generally ends, if there is no interpreter at hand; for the language difficulty is great, the Flemish-speaking Belgians being in the majority.

If the organization in its business details was chiefly directed by men, the women on the central and local committees undertook the domestic work, for which they were best fitted,—the finding and furnishing of houses and hostels, the catering, the clothing (the latter a vast work of collection and distribution), the depths of their pity inspiring them with a tender regard for the feelings and sentiments as well as for the physical needs of their guests; pious pictures hung on the walls, and portraits of their soldier-king,—“the bravest man in the whole world,” as a little English urchin explained in showing King Albert’s head on a matchbox, in those early days, when the hearts of all men melted to learn the woes of a peaceful people.

The sudden influx of a large Catholic population into the midst of a Protestant country presented its own difficulties; and, to the honor of the latter, it must be said that, with very few exceptions, the religion of its guests was scrupulously respected and safeguarded; the nearest parish priest being placed on the local committees, as well as several lay members. A Quaker lady, at the head of a perfectly appointed hostel supported by the Society of Friends, anxiously inquired from a Catholic friend if she must send the convalescent soldiers *fasting* to the eleven o’clock Mass on Sundays; only one or two of her “dear Belgies,” as she called them, could speak a little French, and she could not make them understand her questions, as she had forgotten the French word for fasting.

The whole attitude of the nation was summed up in a poor woman’s terse and

emphatic “We can never do enough for the Belgians”; and no one was too poor, no hamlet too small or obscure to contribute a share in the general effort. Their cause appealed as much to the laborers and their wives, who saw in them a multitude of outcasts from hearth and home, as to the governing and military authorities, who recognized to the full the importance of that gallant stand which bore and broke the first shock of the German Goliath. When an ancient Buckinghamshire village decided to provide a home for one Belgian family (all it could afford to do), the lady of the manor invited loans of furniture and equipment for the cottage that had been secured. She went next day to see how her invitation had been responded to, and found the place so full that several things had to be returned, and from bedsteads to teacups the house was practically ready. The whole village trooped to meet the train and to shake hands with its guests; the women regarding the bare head of the blond-haired peasant with her newborn babe in her arms, as the climax of her sufferings, unaware that it was the custom of her country. That baby died, as so many of its fellows did; and another has been born to its parents, who are so entirely acclimatized to their new home and work that it seems probable they will stay on, and make no effort to return to their desolated birthplace.

The benefits have not been all on one side, and bid fair to be enduring and far-reaching. The frugal habits of the women, their excellence in cooking, the strong, intelligent industry of the men, can not but exercise a certain influence upon their neighbors. It is perhaps too much to hope that their sobriety and economy may prove catching to their British fellow-workmen. More than seventy-five per cent of the refugees in our midst are now earning their own living.

In an emergency so sudden and unexpected that it taxed and strained the great organizing powers of the community,

it was inevitable that some mistakes and blunders should arise, and over-zeal bring its own penalties. On the other hand, in the great upheaval which had flung them on an alien shore, some of the more ignorant among our guests were led into odd errors and conjectures, and countless rumors thrived in the mixed companies,—such as that their exodus had been planned by the Germans in concert with the English; that the hospitality they were receiving needed no thanks, because it was well paid in hard cash by their own Government.

The very lavishness of their welcome was calculated to mislead. "I like our women to be nicely dressed," remarked a member of the house committee of a hostel; "but I do not see why three of them were provided with black satin coats down to their heels to go to the Cinema." "Half my time is spent," the harassed Belgian Consul in a large district complained, "in going from place to place, bringing our people to order. You are spoiling them and giving them 'swelled heads,'" he continued to a member of a Catholic ladies' committee who had come to ask his intervention. "You give them chickens and pheasants to eat, and more pocket money than they have seen in their lives. You say your men refuse to conform to the rule that they shall pay fifteen shillings out of their weekly wages of one pound towards their own support and that of their families. Your mistake was in giving them so much: two shillings would have been enough."

Led by a voluble cobbler, the men in that particular hostel had, in fact, struck work rather than give up any part of their earnings—chiefly, it may be supposed, with the purpose of making a little purse ready for the longed-for day of expatriation. But effervescence died down, and matters quickly righted themselves; so that the chief magistrate of a great town could declare: "In all my dealings with the Belgians, I have learned to respect and admire them." The calmness, the absence of all invective, that characterized their

rare allusions to what they had gone through—and this was as marked in the wounded soldiers as in the refugees,—were traits which commanded the homage of all who had to do with them.

Their very calmness and reticence held an element of danger, and it soon became apparent that a tendency to great despondency was spreading among the men, especially in the first period of enforced idleness. The women, with their children and husbands to look after, were less liable to depression. Having provided for the physical needs of the moment, the women of England, as was fitting, took up the new task of entertaining and amusing their guests,—to provide mirth as an antidote to melancholy; to divert into less gloomy channels, even for an hour, the thoughts of an afflicted people. How necessary and how greatly appreciated were these opportunities of intercourse and amusement was strikingly proved by the thunders of applause, again and again repeated, which greeted the name (almost the last on the list) of the young lady who, during the two years of their exile, had arranged the weekly concerts and coffee parties for the Belgians at Crosby Hall, Chelsea.

The occasion was an interesting one,—the presentation of a banner (subscribed for by the pennies of the Chelsea refugees) to the committee of that historic borough. As the Belgian Minister, at the close of his speech, read out the names of the persons to whom he offered the thanks of his Government, the presidents, vice-presidents, and officials of the various departments, were of course received with cheers by the enthusiastic audience; but it was when he read, "Miss N—," that the applause burst out again and again, as if it never meant to cease. It welled forth as a striking proof that "not by bread alone doth man live." It recalled many a homely scene during those two long years. The refugee families from different parts of London met together round the little tables, drinking coffee

or knitting, exchanging their views and apprehensions, their hopes and their condolences, or listening in wrapt attention to the songs of their country, the verses of their poets, or the stringed instruments which they loved, under the famous vaulted roof of the great hall, which had belonged to Blessed Thomas More before its purchase from him by the rich merchant Crosby, in the days of King Henry VIII.

When the city of London found that a beautiful old building, one of the few remaining gems of English domestic architecture, stood in the way of its improvements, it was fitting that its stones should be carried to Chelsea, and respectfully set upon the river bank, almost under the shadow of the old parish church, where More's headless body lies buried in the chancel, and within a stone's throw of the convent of nuns established in his garden, who cherish with reverent care the mulberry tree which, tradition says, grew there in his day. A few hundred yards up Church Street, and we arrive at Mulberry Walk, and at No. 17, the title of this article. Rising up out of a recently demolished quarter, it is a quaint and pretty street where every man has built his house very much according to his fancy, under the watchful, not to say suspicious, eyes of the borough inspectors; and where trees and bits of garden have been jealously preserved wherever it was possible.

Like several inhabitants of the street, the owner of No. 17, Major A——, was an amateur artist; and a studio, opening on a paved garden with a stately chestnut tree in its midst, was one of the chief features of his beautiful house. The war broke out before the house was finished, and its owner went to serve his country. White, bare and empty, the house was an ideal place for a surgical requisite depot. Happily, its owner was easily converted to the same view; and his as yet uninhabited dwelling was handed over to his country's service. On the 8th of June,

1915, Cardinal Bourne, Archbishop of Westminster, came and blessed it. The lady who had obtained the house and started the whole concern is a Catholic. One of the sisters of the late Duke of Norfolk is on the Committee, and the proportion of Catholics among the workers and the staff is unusually large.

In order that no soreness might arise in the minds of the Protestants, the vicar of the parish church was invited to the opening; and harmony has always reigned, even when our Catholic treasurer placed a fine replica of a Luca della Robbia Madonna and Child over the door of a new annex opening from the paved garden. The most evangelical of the workers, a native of Scotland, opined that it was "very pretty"; while the High Church people were almost as glad as their Catholic sisters to see the Mother of Compassion serenely presiding over the busy scene of their life-saving work.

The Surgical Requisites Association is a branch of Queen Mary's Needlework Guild, of which her Majesty is the head, and which has its chief offices in Friary Court, within the royal palace of St. James. Q. M. N. G. is therefore inscribed in gold and white enamel on the badge, bearing the Crown above the Rose of Lancaster, superimposed on the White Rose of York, which the workers have the privilege to wear when they have been members a certain length of time. Mulberry Walk stands first, with Cavendish Square, among the depots; and in two branches of its work stands alone: the arm baths of *papier-maché* for the saline and iodine treatment which is in so many cases superseding all bandages, and the arm and hand slings for "hand-drop," the boot for "foot-drop" invented by two of its members. The stretcher quilt, made of two layers of wadding between khaki water-proofed casement-cloth, making a covering both light and warm for stretcher and ambulance, was first thought of at Mulberry Walk, and has been adopted far and wide.

As no part of the human frame is immune from injury in battle, so no wound from scalp to the poor toes, which have suffered so cruelly from trench foot and frost bite, but has its proper bandage, specially devised by some surgeon, nurse or worker; and great is the interest shown when some new pattern arrives. But no part of the work is more useful than that done in the "sphagnum-moss" room,—that wonderful healing plant, used for hundreds of years by old women in Scotland and Ireland for the treatment of wounds, and ignored by the medical profession until an accident brought it, and pine-dust dressing, to the notice of some doctors in Germany a few years before the war. They adopted it, and imported quantities from the moors of Scotland (where it grows among the heather) and the bogs of Ireland. To-day, thousands of tons, made up in little muslin bags weighing a few ounces, are sent to the front, and to hospitals at home; so great are its antiseptic and deodorizing qualities that surgeons say they can tell, on going into a ward, if it is in use. It prevents gangrene, and, in its coolness and fresh fragrance, it advantageously replaces cotton-wool.

The *doyenne* of English women of letters, Lady Ritchie, in describing a visit to Mulberry Walk, notes the air of "quiet absorption everywhere, . . . the workers all equally interested and assiduous, losing no time; for they have much to do."* Well may it be so; for it would be difficult to find among them one who is not the wife or mother, sister or daughter of an officer at the front, and whose mind is not fixed in its inner recesses on the sense of peril to its beloved; and under the snowy linen of the regulation overdress on many (too many) may be seen the black garment of mourning. There is no depression visible: the high courage of the women of England stands them in good stead here as elsewhere. The talk, as they

bend over their work, is of the war, the last news, the latest rumors,—some of the latter prodigious enough; and there are always one or two humorists with the happy talent of evolving mirth, and persistently looking at the bright and hopeful side of things. It generally needs a direct question, or expression of concern, to draw out any betrayal of the torturing anxiety heroically concealed, even when it is the acutest of all in its poignant uncertainty of hope and dread, at the tidings: "Missing, believed to be killed."

Lady Ritchie compares the white coiffes worn by the workers as they move gracefully about, to the seagulls hovering over the barges in the Thames close by; and the whole scene in the white rooms is so picturesque that painters have been tempted to reproduce it, but in vain; for within its limits, it is an ever-shifting scene, and the grouping changes. The old women, in their white coiffes, look as if they had stepped out of Holbein's portraits, or those of Philippe de Champaigne; and the young ones look like novices, or youthful dames of days gone by.

A carpentry branch is established in premises close by, where the husbands of several of our workers, and other excellent amateur carpenters, turn out crutches, bed-rests, bed tables and every variety of splint and adjustment; the latter padded and covered in the splint-room at Mulberry Walk,—for loving ingenuity has devised the means to minimize pain and hasten recovery in every form of injury, from a broken finger to a shattered leg.

Under the great chestnut tree in the paved garden, the bath-makers often sit, pasting, moulding and drying the baths, which need not be guarded from the touch of the London atmosphere as does the other work. And in fine weather, at four o'clock, the pretty scene changes; for tea is served there, and the groups of white-clad women make pictures as they stand about chatting and sipping tea, glad of the half hour's rest and change of position.

* "Seagulls and White Coiffes at Chelsea," by Anne Thackeray Ritchie. *Spectator*, August 26, 1916.

The great tree shades other scenes as well,—wounded officers and men come to have their specially devised splints or boots fitted. A young naval officer, wounded in the Jutland battle, sat there one fine summer afternoon, and before him knelt the maker of the boot. Never, in ball-dress and diamonds, could she have looked more fair; never could the exquisite face have worn a lovelier expression,—watching carefully to see if the light touch of her fingers on the wounded foot brought any wince of pain on the youthful bronzed face.

Another day an accident happened. A young officer, his leg in plaster-of-Paris, had had a boot fitted on, and, in crossing the garden (it was his first outing after ten weeks in the hospital), anxious to show his prowess, pirouetted on his crutches, which slipped, and he fell, face downwards, full-length on the stone pavement. Fortunately, the plaster-of-Paris held good. When brandy was brought (for he was half fainting), he muttered that he was a teetotaler. "It will do you all the more good. Drink it!" was the imperious answer. It brought the color to his face and loosened his tongue, to utter a shame-faced apology for having nearly fainted in the presence of ladies. He hoped they 'would not think him a coward.'

The eldest worker at Mulberry Walk is a lady of more than fourscore, who has worked for the wounded of every war since the Crimean. Her daughter and her two granddaughters, in their holiday time, come also. The youngest worker is a little maid of six, a French-Canadian, habited in the regulation costume, a coiffe on her curly head, who, with a delightful, conscientious seriousness, helps her aunt to fill rag cushions for wounded limbs. But a graver interest held the attention on another half-holiday. A beautiful girl in her thirteenth year had come to help her mother, who had given her a strange task. Before her lay a mass of white linen, which she was measuring with outstretched arms. A worker, passing her with an armful of

bandages, quietly asked: "Shrouds?" A grave little inclination of the golden head was the answer, and the child continued her task,—no faintest sign of distaste or repugnance on her face, but a look of sweet seriousness and compassion. At first sight it seemed incongruous; but, after all, it was only fitting that she should be occupied in the last work of mercy towards the men who had guarded her slumbers as surely, though indirectly, as if they had stood before her threshold.

When Mulberry Walk was blessed by the Cardinal in June, 1915, it mustered some eighty workers, and its fortune consisted of forty pounds sterling. To-day it has overflowed into another house in the next street; its members are 500; its expenditure, almost since the opening, has averaged fifty pounds a week; and the balance at the bank is more than one thousand pounds. It has also twenty sub-depots, in different parts of England, Ireland, and Wales, whose members send their work weekly or fortnightly to be inspected, stamped, packed, and dispatched, with the work done at Mulberry Walk, every Wednesday morning in the royal *fourgon*, which comes to take the week's work to St. James' Palace, whence it goes to the ambulances and hospitals at the front and at home. The average number of articles sent out weekly is some 20,000; at moments of great "push," when urgent messages are telephoned from the palace, and work has gone on throughout Saturday and Sunday, the number has reached 32,000.

The happy financial result has not been achieved without some ingenuity and labor. The weekly shilling paid by the members had been supplemented by generous gifts in money and kind; and a Bridge tournament, an auction, an "American tea," above all a revived "Old Chelsea Fair" in the Royal Hospital Gardens, have, at different times, when funds were getting low, replenished our coffers. The stream of charity seems inexhaustible, and it flows to us from across

the Atlantic as well. Great cases of cotton-wool (far superior to what can be procured in England), of gauze and dressings come from the United States; and it sufficed for one of our workers to write to a friend in Massachusetts that safety-pins were getting scarce, having been monopolized by the War Office, to obtain a regularly repeated supply which has practically satisfied the great demand for that useful little article. A gracious American is at the head of the chief workroom, and several of our best and hardest workers are Americans.

Queen Mary has not contented herself with sending her commands to Mulberry Walk, and her thanks for the work done: she has come, attended by one lady-in-waiting, and carefully inspected every part of the house with a business-like thoroughness acquired by much practice. In the kitchen, her Majesty chanced upon an American lady engaged in ironing bandages, who exclaimed afterwards, with comic pathos: "To think that my presentation dress to the Queen of England was a clean overall, bought at John Barker's for three shillings and sixpence!"

And so the work goes on. Far from there being any abatement in the demands upon Mulberry Walk and its countless fellows under the Queen's Guild and the Red Cross, spread like a beneficent and delicate white network over the face of these islands, the cry is still for more. But as each day brings its fresh burden, so each day is lightened by the knowledge that the morning's news from the seat of war has been good. Bought at a great price, the belief in final victory is no longer the "act of faith" it was in the dark days of last year, but a blessed and ever-brightening hope and certainty.

WE learn wisdom from failure much more than we do from success. We often discover what will do, by finding out what will not do; and probably he who never made a mistake never made a discovery.

—Smiles.

The Crest of the Bodkins.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON.

XXIII.—GATHERING CLOUDS.

EARLY in the January of 1866 the Empress received the sorrowful tidings of the death of her father, King Leopold, whom she loved with an intense love. In all her lifetime she had leaned upon him for counsel, for confidence, for guidance. An "audience of grief" was held in the National Palace, at which all the diplomatic corps attended in deepest mourning. And it was at this audience that the whisper went around on all sides: "The French army will be withdrawn."

To the Liberals the departure of the French meant the opportunity for a general uprising; and to the majority of the Conservatives and Imperialists it was synonymous with the overthrow of the Empire, the repudiation of the national debt, and the inauguration of an era of reprisals. Mexican bonds fell at once in France; in Mexico the news created a panic, which Maréchal Bazaine in vain endeavored to avert by pointing out that even if the French troops were withdrawn, the Austrian and Belgian legions would remain, and serve as a nucleus for the native army.

The Mexicans, however, took a different view of the case. The withdrawal of the French troops meant a loss of 30,000 men—the trained, experienced soldiers of "a nation of warriors." Then it became very evident that the sympathy of the United States was becoming more pronounced in favor of the Republican party. On the Rio Grande, General Sheridan was understood to be in active sympathy, if not in touch, with the Juarists; while Santa Anna was projecting a descent upon Mexican soil, and Ortega planning a filibustering expedition.

"A little later," says Mr. Head, "and in answer to a petition for more men and

money, the French government repudiated the treaty of Miramar." The "guarantees of peace," so readily promised in the treaty at Paris in 1863, had proved worthless in the march of events, when France was arming for intervention or defence in a new struggle. The imperial treasury was empty; no further loans could be made in the European exchanges; and conspiracy and revolution, with Bazaine as the central figure, were ripening even in the Cabinet and Council. The Emperor was unequal to the occasion. He was, says one writer, better fitted for a scholarly life than the rugged discipline of the camp and the battlefield, or the perils of political agitation; for the triumphs of peace than the storms of war. He was vacillating where decision alone could save, and led hither and thither by the last plausible scheme of his counsellors of state, or the device of some trusted but visionary friend.

There was but one solution of the problem, and that was to secure money and men to support the government. There was but one tribunal to which an appeal could be made—the honor of Napoleon. Who was to make this appeal? Not Bazaine; for the *Maréchal*, seeing that the game was up so far as his hand was concerned, became feverishly anxious to withdraw the French troops; and kept urging on his imperial master, by every mail, the uselessness of keeping 30,000 first-class men to prop up a cause that was simply odious to the people, and in daily danger of jeopardizing the friendship of the United States. Napoleon, in reply to the counsel of Bazaine, wrote to him:

"You have from twelve to eighteen months at the outside to prop up Maximilian so that he can stand alone; or to organize some responsible republican government in the place of the Empire. I leave the decision to your judgment."

The death-struggle of the Mexican Empire began as soon as it became known that a date had been set for the withdrawal of the French troops; and it is

characteristic of the man that Maximilian alone refused to believe in the adoption of this course, imposed upon Napoleon far more by the pressure of circumstances than by his own will.

Arthur Bodkin, of Ballyboden, in compliance with the instructions of the Emperor, proceeded to Washington, where he was received by the Austrian Legation with all possible ceremony. He was lodged at the Legation, and treated with all the deference due to a special envoy, if not ambassador extraordinary. His instructions being of the most confidential character, the Minister freely unbosomed himself; and Arthur could readily perceive from the drift of the current that Austria feared it was the intention of Napoleon III. to leave Mexico and Maximilian in the lurch.

During the continuance of a prolonged diplomatic correspondence, Bodkin was compelled to remain in Washington, where he made many friends, and met half a dozen from the "ould counthry," one of whom, Mr. "Tim" Blake, of Auchnacloy, who had run over on a ranch-searching expedition, was full of Galway and Dublin news. And, oh, how grateful gossip is to us when we are three thousand miles away!

Arthur received a very long letter from Father Edward, which contained the following passage:

"I send you the Galway *Vindicator*, in which you will read of your wonderful doings; for Rody O'Flynn's letter was so graphic, I dressed it up a little and sent it to the editor. I modified, however, the news of your engagement until I heard it from yourself; also of your duel. I suppose, my dear son, that this was forced upon you; but I *know*, from the teaching you received from my humble self, you would never take the life of a human being; and I rejoice sincerely that you spared the *Maréchal's*."

It was lucky for Rody, who had been sent back to Mexico with dispatches a

week before the receipt of this letter, that he was out of the way; for Arthur's anger rose to flood-tide as he recognized the handiwork of his all too faithful friend. "Engaged to an archduchess!"—"A duel with Bazaine!" Oh, it was too much—the horrible position he was in! For, of course, the article would be sent over to Austria and France and Mexico, to reappear perhaps in the official journals.

He sought Mr. Tim Blake.

"Did I see the *Vindicator*? Did I! Didn't we yell over it at the Club, and drink your health and the archduchess',—aye, and old Bazaine's!"

"But, hang it all, Blake, you never believed it?—never believed such trash?"

"Well, I don't know about that, Bodkin," retorted Blake, with a droll twinkle in his eye.

"It is enough to drive one mad! If Rody were here, I'd break every bone in his body."

"Well, it may ease your mind a little to know that the letter was signed Rody O'Flynn, and that not a man in the Club believed that *you* had any hand in it."

Arthur felt somewhat relieved at this, and proceeded to explain Rody's love for him, and the honest fellow's frantic desire to make him a hero above all men.

"He would stop at nothing, Blake. He actually told the Empress that I had killed half a dozen Mexicans in a skirmish we had *en route* to Santa Ysabella; whereas I was knocked over by a bullet myself, without firing a single shot. What action shall I take in the matter?"

"None. Why, man, the *Vindicator* hasn't the circulation of the *London Times*, and it's only the 'boys' who know anything about Rody."

"I *must* do something, Blake. I shall write to the *Vindicator*. How long is it since this screed appeared?"

"Let me see! I left Galway on the 8th. About a week before that,—say six weeks ago. Perhaps a line to the editor *would* be well."

"I know it."

This conversation took place in the reading-room of the Club, so Arthur went over to a desk and wrote as follows:

Mr. Arthur Bodkin, of Ballyboden, presents his compliments to the editor of the *Galway Vindicator*, and begs to say that the letter signed Rody O'Flynn, published in the *Vindicator* some six weeks ago, having been called to Mr. Bodkin's attention, Mr. Bodkin hastens to state that there is not a *scintilla* of truth in the statement that he is engaged to an archduchess, or that he fought a duel with Maréchal Bazaine. Mr. Bodkin would take no notice of such obviously preposterous statements, save that, from the well-known character and respectability of the *Vindicator*, this letter may be copied into foreign journals, in which case Mr. Bodkin will appear in a pitifully ridiculous light.

Lucky, indeed, was it for honest Rody that he was out of reach of Arthur's strong right hand. Bodkin wrote a long letter to Father Edward, imploring of him to take any information respecting his (Arthur's) doings in Mexico or elsewhere with a very big pinch of salt, if said information came from that well-intentioned but dangerously imaginative person, Rody O'Flynn.

After a sojourn of some five months in Washington, Bodkin returned to Mexico. During those long months he had no "tale or tidings" of Alice Nugent, save what he read in the Mexican papers, where her name appeared as lady-in-waiting at some of the many court functions of which the Empress never seemed to tire, and in which she took the keenest interest and pleasure. Miss Nugent's engagement to Count Ludwig von Kalksburg being an accomplished fact—albeit he had seen no official announcement of it,—placed her so far away from him that she might as well be a resident of Mars as at the court, whither he had now returned.

Baron Bergheim received him with his honest open-heartedness.

"Hey! but we look well and handsome. Hey! but we stand high with great and mighty personages. Hey! but we are ordered to Cuernavaca, an honor bestowed upon few. You are to start for Cuernavaca to-morrow, Herr Bodkin," added the

Baron. "You will find their Majesties rather gloomy, as *you* may well suppose,— *you* who are inside the sealing-wax. Napoleon will withdraw his troops before the end of the year,—that *I* know! I also know that the United States don't want *us*; they are Republicans, and want a republic here. *I* don't blame them,—not a bit of it! They know what they want, and hey! they must have it. Hey! keep your head cool and your heart on ice."

When Arthur arrived at the secluded and exquisitely beautiful Cuernavaca, the adjutant *en service* informed him that their Imperial Majesties would not be visible for at least an hour.

"Perhaps you would like a stroll in the grounds, or come to my quarters," he suggested.

"Thanks! I shall take a stroll in the grounds."

"Do not go too far. Please do not get lost in the woods. Be sure to return in about an hour."

Assuring the official that he would remain within close proximity to the *château*, Arthur passed out by the path that led to the *manito* (the tree of which the Empress was so proud, and which she had taken him to see on the occasion of his last visit), and on toward a bower,—a veritable bower of roses, that overhung a deep ravine clothed with the glorious coloring of the rarest orchids. As he passed slowly along he wondered if Alice were in waiting, or had she, on learning of his coming, made up her mind to quit the imperial residence?

"It was not necessary," he bitterly thought. "She is now to *me* as though she were the wife of another. It would be rather funny, however, to have to congratulate her."

He arrived at the rose-bower and entered; thrusting aside great, hanging clusters of roses in order to pass in,—roses that flung themselves back into his arms, and thrust their perfumed petals into his face.

The interior was all rose-color, and in deep, cool shade. In a rustic chair sat Alice Nugent! She flushed and then became deadly pale, clutching the arms of the chair as though to prevent herself from falling. Arthur stood stock-still, staring at her, hardly realizing that all this could be real.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Nugent!" he blurted. "Upon my honor, I did not know that you were here—at Cuernavaca." And, bowing low, he turned away.

"Mr. Bodkin!"

Alice stood in the entrance, enshrined in roses. A fairer picture never came to Arthur's eyes.

"Mr. Bodkin, I—I want to speak to you, if you please."

There was something in her tone that seemed to say: 'I want to speak with you on business. There is nothing between us now. What I have to say might be said in the Zocalo or the Alameda or on the hill at Chapultepec.'

"Pray step in out of the sunshine," she added. "A *coup de soleil* is to be avoided in this country."

She led the way, Arthur followed. He sat down on a low stool near the entrance, while she reseated herself in the chair she had just quitted. Alice Nugent never looked more beautiful than at this bright particular moment,—a moment never to be forgotten by Arthur.

"Mr. Bodkin," she said, "things are becoming very critical with us. That Black Decree which the Emperor was deluded—yes, cheated—into signing is bearing black, black fruit. Napoleon is about to withdraw his army; we have no money in the treasury; the United States is against us, and there is but one hope—an appeal to a man who will not help us—Napoleon III." She spoke rapidly, and, oh, so earnestly! "That appeal is our last hope; and that appeal, we are told, is to be made in person by the Empress."

Arthur started.

"No one knows this but *you* and

ine and the Empress. I know that I can trust you."

"You *can* trust me," said Arthur, very slowly and very calmly. She had thrust aside his love, and was there facing him as her friend.

"I know the Empress well; and I tell you, Arthur—Mr. Bodkin, that she is not fit for this fearful ordeal. She loves—*adores* the Emperor. Separation from him now, under existing conditions, may prove worse than death itself. The strain would be too great, too awful. The suspense would sap her courage, and failure would turn her brain. Oh, it is dreadful,—it is dreadful!"

"Has her Majesty resolved upon going to see the Emperor Napoleon?"

"Yes, and to see his Holiness the Pope. My God, to leave her husband with his people in revolt, his allies about to desert him, and assassins and traitors in every corner,—why—why, any true woman would go mad under such a strain! I tell you, Arthur, there are traitors close to the throne,—vile wretches; and Lopez is one of them."

"What does the Emperor say?" asked Bodkin.

"Oh, he is weak, weak, weak! He is too amiable, if such a thing be possible. The Empress has a soldier's heart and a statesman's head, and she is about to face the situation with the courage of one and the wisdom of the other. It is her dream, her ambition, her very life, to wear a crown; and the loss to it would be unendurable. Not a man in the court—courtier, soldier, politician, statesman—has the qualities to serve in this emergency. You, of course," she quietly added, "are not of them, but you are greatly admired and fully trusted by her. You shall see her in a few minutes. She will possibly ask your opinion. *Go dead against her!* It may cause her to swerve. Mgr. Labistada is against it; Almonte has failed. How could she hope to succeed—and, oh, my God, the price"—here she lowered her voice—"it may be at the price of her

reason! So glad to meet you again, Herr Bodkin!" she added in a louder tone. "Your description of American life is most diverting."

Arthur was dumfounded. The sudden change from deepest tragedy to this sweet, light vein astonished him. Not so, however, when the voice of the adjutant exclaimed:

"His Majesty the Emperor will now receive Mr. Bodkin."

Arthur followed the official to the *château*, and was ushered into the presence of the Emperor, who received him with extreme cordiality. The interview lasted about half an hour, during which Maximilian kept asking questions, and putting down Bodkin's answers in a sort of shorthand.

(To be continued.)

Respice Finem.

BY KATHERINE RYAN.

DEAR heart!

If I were dead,

From life of striving gone to endless gain,
Passed unto God, where Joy shall ever reign;
And you, moist-eyed, should touch my forehead
cold,

Or press your lips there, as you did of old,
I know you would forgive the bitter pain
Of *all I cost you*, all you did in vain
(Oft on your soul a burden I had lain),—

Dear heart, If I were dead!

But, God! If *you* were dead,

Your eyelids sealed, hands crossed upon your
breast,
Your long, hard conflict o'er, your soul at rest;
Could I, with broken heart, all bravely stand
To kiss your lips or press your icy hand,
I think your eyes, though closed, would some-
how see,

Your *heart would feel* my endless agony
For all the pain that you have known through
me—

Dear God!— If you were dead!

A Case in Equity.

BY DAVID A. DRISCOLL.

(CONCLUSION.)

DR. O'SULLIVAN bore down on the city hall like an avalanche, to submit the result of the throat swab to the city bacteriologist. He strode into the inner sanctuary of official incompetency and neglect in the health department, where he dropped on the leeches, as they lolled with feet on desks and chairs.

Before the idlers could get their bearings, they found themselves the target of the fierce wrath of an honest-hearted Irishman, who soon succeeded in convincing them that, owing to their neglect, a disease-spreading spot had, in defiance of specific laws and regulations, asserted its real form. That was merely the prelude to the symphony of the denunciation, as the quiet newspaper man in the corner noted with delight; for he comprehended the assertion that some one had been paid by the rich owner of the property in Railroad Lane (under cover of the agent) to shunt aside improvements until he was ready to make them. Continuing, the irate Doctor made it patent that he had but one consuming desire—to have the official scalps of the whole crowd ornamenting the walls of his office. Then he hurried off to consult the city solicitor.

It was dusk when he again approached Railroad Lane, not a whit more inviting, with its ugly shadows accentuated by the listless electric light hissing on the corner. He was glad enough to get away from the harsh screams of the newsboys carrying all over the city the cry: "All about the City Hall Scandal! Dr. O'Sullivan Rips up the Health Board!" He had gathered enough to know that when the city extended its connections to this part of the town, some one had had influence enough at the "Hall" to divert the attention of the inspector from the Lane and postpone the improvements to his property. The

answer was a glaring red card on the house of an innocent member of society, powerless to help himself. "And I'll go to the floor once, if it's my last fight, with the scoundrel that did it!"—through clenched teeth. And he knew what his officiousness meant.

No use to look to the Hall during this administration for any crumbs that might fall for a struggling physician. Never mind,—never mind! No well-paid visits to the county infirmary. All,—all right! No part of the appropriation for lectures in the new city hospital. Let it go,—let it go! he was satisfied with other hopes and aspirations; for did she not love him? No matter what his pecuniary situation, did she not know of it? And did she not practically agree to chase his bachelorhood into the shadows, and share the lot of a struggling practitioner, one without sense enough to "lie down" in the face of municipal corruption? Ho, what of the fury of the officials and their dirty influence! *She* made him bold as a lion.

The Downey kitchen, lighted by a coal oil-lamp bracketed to a door frame, and shutting out the bleak night behind drawn curtains, was a different place from what it had been in the moist morning. With the washing done and drying in a front room, the atmosphere was fresh and sweet over a floor that "you could eat off." There were mingled savory odors of bacon and liver, with onions, while a pot of fragrant coffee was on the stove. Downey himself, smoking his pipe, sat with chair reversed to permit his back to greet the grateful heat coming from the open oven door. He took the heirloom from his mouth as the Doctor entered.

"Howdy, Doc!" he cried, with easy but inoffensive familiarity; while O'Sullivan noted with pleasure the altered appearance of the room. No, these people were not paupers. They did not ask charity; they did think they were entitled to the same protection to their bodies as the rich, and were willing to pay for it when possible,—types of that large class that, justly

handled and not insulted by flaunting charity, can, outside of sickness and accident, keep its head above the poverty line. Is it any wonder that the more he saw of them the more the Doctor loved them and studied them?

"He seems easier," the mother said happily.

"That's good. The bacteriologist thinks it indicates a gentle case."

"Thank God and His Blessed Mother!" and the poor woman turned to the table to hide her tears.

The Doctor stepped into the patient's room—to be confronted by Miss Eversole! Her hair was enclosed in a rubber cap; she wore regulation rubber gloves, together with a rough gown that might be burned after use. He stood speechless for a moment—to seek a solution after a good examination of his gentle little patient, whom indeed he found much better. His brain was in a whirl, he turned to her chidingly.

"You shouldn't have done this."

"I thought you might require some assurance of my sincerity—under the circumstances. One in my station of life can not be expected to develop all at once the qualities necessary to be the wife of a poor physician. I have to furnish an alibi, don't you think?" she said smilingly.

Then he told her of his efforts to run down the owner of the property, finding his indignation shared, far more volubly, by herself. But suddenly there came the murmur of a strange voice in the kitchen; and soon Downey, gulping down a bite of supper, beckoned him to the room.

The newcomer was an officer of the Board, wearing a more worried look than is usual in his happy-go-lucky fraternity. He regarded the black-browed Doctor with an appealing, scared expression, that was a virtual acknowledgment of guilt. At any other time it would have melted the impetuous Doctor; but, in the very midst of the destruction caused, he was as flint-hearted as Miss Hayden pretended to be.

"Good-evening, Doctor!" he quavered

weakly, nervously; then, at sight of Miss Eversole following out into the kitchen, he ejaculated fervently: "Good Lord!"

The frying-pan odors mingled in a dramatic atmosphere that evening in the humble Downey kitchen.

"What's the fresh dope?" said the Doctor, irascibly, while he strove with Christian fortitude not to break loose in a gale of County Cork vituperation.

"I'd like a word with you in private, Doctor,"—nodding in a dazed way over his shoulder, with frightened glances at Miss Abbie; but the Doctor was obdurate.

"Hem! How much have you to salve my palms?"—sourly.

The officer colored, and again entreated with his eyes for privacy outside.

"Nothing like that, Doctor! Only give me a chance."

"As much of a chance as you gave these people."

"I'm straight, I tell you, Doctor."

But the latter broke out impetuously:

"You, with the rest, are so crooked you couldn't sleep in a roundhouse."

The officer mopped his perspiring forehead.

"Well, Blake's run down the owner all right."

"Aha!"

"Yes, and they're only waiting for you to swear to the affidavit."

"I won't detain them. I wish I could do it over the phone."

The officer shifted from one foot to the other, very ill at ease.

"So" (with another look of agony about the room) "the chief kind o' thought I ought to see you in private and give you a tip. He's a friend of yours, I reckon,"—with a beseeching look at Miss Abbie.

O'Sullivan came at him again.

"So that's the idea, hey?"—with a bite in his words that presaged fresh trouble. "Wants to buy *me* off, too, the miserable cur! Not a bit worse than the scoundrel that put him up to it."

"Cut it out, Doctor,"—in hoarse entreaty. "This line o' talk ain't getting us

nowhere. I'm on the level now,"—with another look that none could fathom.

Abbie laid a restraining hand on the Doctor's arm.

"Let it go until morning, Larry. It won't hurt to sleep on it."

"Sure!" interposed the officer, tickled at the hint of a reprieve. "Let's wait."

"I'll see Blake before supper," said the Doctor.

The officer turned to go.

"All right! Blast it all, go see him!" he snarled back from the door,—“only when you get your hide pickled and tanned don't blame me. I guess” (with a malicious look at Miss Eversole) “she'll be proud of you when you drag her parent to court. Good-night!”

There ensued a tense, bewildered, awkward silence. To all came the thought: it was Stanley Eversole (her stepfather), too rich, it would seem, to descend to such paltry villainy, who had prevailed on the city officials to forswear their oaths,—the stepfather of the woman who but a few hours before had told O'Sullivan she loved him! And he turned to note the effect of his officiousness.

She was too stunned, apparently, to digest the import of the words hurled back by the officer; and for a moment her face gave no indication of the clash of affections. Downey and his wife, with horrified gasps, turned back to their supper in a crude delicacy. O'Sullivan's lips moved mechanically, but the usual ready flow was stopped. He gazed in mute appeal.

"It is horrible!" she finally whispered as if to herself, with a glance into the sick room that might yet harbor a corpse. She shivered as she spoke. "I'm sorry I came into your thoughts at such a time," she added sadly, after a painful pause.

He smiled bitterly.

"I'm only sorry for the test it imposes on you. I am used to it. You see," he said gently, "it is the old, interminable tangle of self-interest and common decency. That man was sent to me conveying a hidden threat—"

"And received his proper answer," she answered admiringly.

"I can't be expected to prosecute the stepfather of the woman I love."

"Forget that,"—and her eyes fairly flamed. "If I had come here with money to throw about, with no sacrifice to myself, if I had come with a fad to exploit, this revelation would have been a calamity; but I have volunteered as your other self."

"You share, then, my notions of right?" he asked eagerly.

She nodded emphatically.

"I could marry (provided I loved him) a pauper, but not a coward."

And at the something he read in her eyes he forgot prudence.

Whereat Downey signified his neutrality by making a diversion in their favor in slapping the back of one of the children who had gulped down a mouthful of boiling coffee.

The Hunger for Romance.

BY FLORENCE GILMORE.

THE world is hungry for romance. Men, women, and even children find life prosaic and monotonous, which accounts for the fact that novels and moving pictures have become, if not their daily bread, at least their daily cake. The writers of to-day, essayists and poets as well as story-tellers, strive without rest to satisfy their own and others' craving; the greater number of them admitting all the while that romance and the twentieth century have little in common. We need not conclude, however, that our day is grayer than yesterday or the day before; that never before was life "weary, stale, flat and unprofitable"; for thus wailed men in the Elizabethan gala day; thus fretted the pampered court dames of pre-Revolutionary France; and, if we accept Francis Thompson's explanation of the meaning of Don Quixote, Cervantes, pet child of romance in a romantic age, grieved

that romance was dying out of Spain.

Since "Cadmus, the Phœnicians, or whoever it was," invented books, the romanticist has been assured of an audience,—attentive, loving and grateful. No folk tale ever blushed under the eye of criticism; no "Chanson de Gestes" was too long, or Arthurian legend too wonderful. The mass of Defoe's work sleeps undisturbed on the shelves of old libraries; but "Robinson Crusoe," as romantic as a fairy tale, is cherished by each succeeding generation. Scott's novels quickly won world-wide popularity by feeding the hungry of his day; and such different men as Robert Louis Stevenson, James Fenimore Cooper, Sir Conan Doyle, and Henry Harland are loved because they have power to carry their readers from everyday surroundings to worlds more exciting, picturesque or charming.

It seems to be a kind of homesickness, this hunger for sweeter, brighter, fairer things than men find in their daily routine. It is the inexorable *ennui* of Bossuet. People are weary,—weary of noisy streets and hurrying crowds in congested cities; of prosaic work, of greed and selfishness. That there is no poetry in present-day customs and institutions, but that the past was sweet with it, is considered not to need proof. None suspect—or, at any rate, will admit—that armor, which looks so well in pictures of the knights of old, was burdensome and hardly comfortable; that shepherdesses, so happy in poems, must have had their unpleasant times when it rained, and many a tedious hour when the sun shone brightly; that beautiful, old, turreted stone castles superinduced chilblains; that the wit of court jesters was often lame; that life may not have been all love and music for troubadours and minnesingers, nor all beauty in the eyes of Mediæval painters.

But the hunger is very real, and must be satisfied. It is on writers that the burden falls heaviest; and they are laboring to satisfy this craving for romance, day by day suggesting new expedients.

To go far from the beaten track and to do things now considered a little wild is the central idea of many of their plans, some of which are proposed seriously, some laughingly. They are built on the satisfaction to be found in getting away from to-day's conditions, however comfortable and attractive in themselves.

Belloc's "Four Men" wander through Sussex in a happy-go-lucky way that is unconventional, very romantic, and possibly, attractive—in moderation. Gilbert Chesterton, with a love of romance as big as himself, suggests a return to the pageants of the Middle Ages to "enliven our dull lives." It is in search of romance, far more often than of health, that people eat and sleep out of doors. Writers are wont to recommend doing both. They talk rapturously of the nearness of Nature, of the songs of birds and the perfumes of wild flowers; and we joyfully carry out their suggestions, with heroic disregard for rain and snow, mosquitoes, and the sun's trying summer habit of early rising. A few years ago Zephine Humphrey jeopardized her popularity by lamenting "the passing of indoors." She confessed (humbly, as was fitting) that she prefers a comfortable bed within a room to a cot on a sleeping porch, or even—so degenerate is she—to a mattress on the veranda floor.

Some poets, novelists and essayists, with more or less difficulty, discover romance in commonplace, conventional, twentieth-century surroundings. May their tribe increase! They find it in street cars and in trains. A few find it without seeking. At the head of this class stands O. Henry. Nature gave him rose-colored glasses, and through all the accidents of life he wore them unbroken. Cheap lunch counters he found interesting; cheap lodging houses were to him enchanted palaces; every jaded, ill-dressed factory girl was a human being, with a heart and a story worth knowing. Joyce Kilmer is happy enough to see without effort the poetry in many seemingly prosaic things. "The House with Nobody in It" proves this, as do

many of his poems and each essay in "The Circus." Alfred Noyes, after recording the wonders to be seen from a London tram, "while the world goes gallantly by," marvels that, interesting as the ride is—a very panorama of life in its noblest and most sordid aspects,—“they call it only riding on a tram.”

Two classes of people have always escaped this hunger for romance: those too hungry for bread and butter to be deeply interested in anything less tangible, and all who have their fill of truest, deepest romance. There are many such in every age. By way of illustration, take the Apostle of the Pottawatomies, L'Abbé Petit, hardly better known in his own day than in ours. A Breton, he began life as a barrister in Rennes. Soon he studied for the priesthood at St. Sulpice; and in 1836, immediately after his ordination, was sent to Vincennes, Indiana, to take charge of an Indian tribe. On the day he said his first Mass he wrote to his family: "To go from Mass to Mass, and then to heaven! Did I not tell you that I was born in a lucky hour? You see that, in my first mission, God is treating me like a spoiled child. I always wished for a mission among the savages. We have only one such in Indiana, and it falls to my happy lot to be the Father—the Black-robe—of the Pottawatomies." Three years, with *ennui* unknown; three years overflowing with happiness and crowded with hardship and disappointment, and then from Mass to Mass he went to heaven.

As health is a gift of God, so also is sickness; and God sends it to try and to correct us,—to make us sensible of our weakness, of our dependence upon Him; to detach us from the world and what perishes with it; to check the impetuosity and diminish the strength of our greatest enemy, the flesh; to remind us that we are here in a place of exile, and that heaven is our true home.

—Rodriguez.

The Doctor's Scapular.

NOBODY doubted that Professor Marechal would have scaled the summits of medical science, had he taken up his residence in Paris instead of in the second-rate city of X. He possessed in an unusual degree three talents, one alone of which would suffice to secure celebrity. He had practical skill, erudition, and eloquence. I have known him in the course of the same day to perform a difficult operation, learnedly to discuss a medical theory, and to rise in magnificent language to the highest physiological and philosophical considerations.

His heart was as kindly as his intellect was profound. At the age of sixty, when he had attained all the honors that lie within reach of a provincial doctor, he would get up at midnight to attend the poorest peasant. How often did it happen that with the prescription he would slip into the hand of an attendant the money necessary to have the prescription filled at the apothecary's! In him was realized the old adage: The true doctor cures sometimes, helps many times, and consoles at all times.

There were twenty of us students following his course of pathology. Had we all been his own sons, he could not have treated us with more kindness, or looked after our interests with more devotion. He spurred on the idle, encouraged the timid, cheered the dull, and by his counsel, as firm as it was affectionate, brought back to the path of duty the frivolous among us of whose escapades he had heard.

The medical school at X. had for its director an old doctor whose appointment was the result of intrigue rather than merit. He prided himself on and often paraded his infidelity. Doctor Marechal did not scruple on occasion to stigmatize these baleful doctrines. "A doctor who is an unbeliever," said he, "is not a true doctor, but a veterinary surgeon." He was very fond of repeating that saying

of Ambroise Paré: "I attended him, God cured him."

Although a practical Catholic, Doctor Marechal did not pose for what we called a devotee; and consequently we were not a little surprised and edified at an incident which occurred during one of his lectures.

He was seated at his table, and was speaking with his customary animation, when my right-hand neighbor nudged me and whispered:

"Look at that queer thing the Doctor has around his neck!"

I looked; but, being near-sighted, could perceive nothing unusual. The other students were more successful; for soon smiles and chuckles began to circulate among our little group. Evidently there was something wrong with the Professor's dress. Thanks to an eyeglass which was passed to me, I discovered what it was. A little piece of brown cloth attached to a grey string was hanging outside his collar and resting on his shirt-front.

"What a singular cravat!" whispered my right-hand companion.

"It is not a cravat at all," I replied; "it's a Scapular."

"A Scapular!"

"Yes, a Scapular of the Blessed Virgin, such as is worn by our mothers and our sisters."

I was too cowardly at the time to add: "Such as I myself wore until I was twenty-one."

All the students soon verified the existence of the Scapular, and the mirth increased to such a degree that the Professor became disturbed.

"Come, come, young gentlemen!" he exclaimed. "Attention!"

We endeavored to become more sedate; but the disturbance continued.

Doctor Marechal was surprised and pained by a line of conduct to which he was quite unaccustomed, his lectures having always been listened to with perfect attention.

"Gentlemen," he said, with some heat,

"what is the matter? Are you medical students or mere schoolboys?"

Renewed efforts on our part to recover our accustomed gravity having failed, the amiable Professor was growing really angry, when one of the older students came to our rescue.

"Professor Marechal," said he, passing his hand about his neck as he spoke, "it is that object that you have there."

The Professor turned his head toward his right shoulder and saw the little piece of brown cloth.

"Thank you!" he said simply. Then, opening his vest, he slowly replaced his Scapular in its proper position, and resumed his lecture.

Two days later my companion and I were in the Doctor's study.

"Confess, young gentlemen," said he, "that you were surprised to see me wearing a Scapular."

Our silence spoke more significantly than words.

"I have worn it," the Doctor went on, "ever since my First Communion. My mother made me promise on that day never to lay it aside, and such a promise was too sacred for me to break. I should add, however, that a rather extraordinary circumstance which happened years ago contributed not a little in making me persevere in wearing this little badge of Our Lady.

"We studied hard in my college days, and the examiners were much more severe than they are at present. I spent so many nights preparing for my third-year examination that I fell seriously ill. When the crisis was over, I was sent for recruiting purposes to an uncle of mine, who lived in the country. I had been ordered to ride on horseback for an hour a day. As an equestrian I was only a middling success, not to say a dismal failure. Fortunately, Betsy, my uncle's mare, was so gentle that a child could have ridden her with safety. One day, however, when the good beast happened to be lame, the stableboy said to me:

"You will have to go without your ride to-day. Jolicœur is too spirited for you."

"I was hurt by this observation, in which there was just a tinge of raillery, and answered:

"Why can't I ride a horse that my cousin uses daily? After all, he is a year younger than I am. Must one be a member of the Jockey Club to take a ride on a level and well-known road? Saddle Jolicœur for me."

"Pierre did so, and I mounted. Everything went well for about twenty minutes. Master Pierre was trying to frighten me, thought I: Jolicœur is not a bit harder to ride than Betsy.

"I had hardly made this reflection when the horse took fright at a peasant who, stick in hand, suddenly broke through the hedge that lined the road. In the twinkling of an eye Jolicœur turned about and made for the stable on a gallop. He soon took the bit in his teeth; and, one of my spurs having accidentally pricked him, he became utterly furious. The terrified animal no longer ran—he flew.

"I reassured myself with the thought that he would stop on reaching the stable. Unfortunately, however, the stable door was open. It was quite low—no higher, in fact, than was necessary to allow the horses to go in or out, and that too with their heads bent. Toward this opening I was being carried at full speed. I fully expected that I should have my head broken; but, instinctively lying as low as possible on the horse's back, I closed my eyes and recommended my soul to God.

"Jolicœur, foam-covered and trembling in every limb, came to a standstill in his stall. Pierre ran to me and lifted me from the saddle. My coat, waistcoat, even my underclothing had been torn from me by the stonework just over the door; but my Scapular was intact, and I had not received even a scratch.

"My uncle and cousin, the servants, and all the villagers declared that my escape was miraculous. I myself was then, and am

still, of the opinion that they were right, and that my life had been preserved by invoking the Blessed Virgin, whose livery I wore.

"So you need not be surprised that I have always worn the Scapular. I have often had to face epidemics and contagions. The Scapular has not been a detriment in such cases. In short, I love my Scapular, and should never feel at ease were it not about my neck."

I went to the Carmelite Convent that same day, procured a Scapular, and put it around my neck, where it has remained ever since.

X. Y. Z.

An Old Story Recalled.

ONCE a rich man had three friends,—one whom he valued beyond measure, and for whom he could not do enough; one whom he treated well or ill, as he felt inclined; a third whom he positively disliked and frequently slighted. Finally, it happened one day that the man got a message from the king of the country where he lived, commanding him to appear at Court without delay. Not wishing to do so, and afraid that for some reason the king was angry with him, he tried to find excuses, pleading ill health, advanced age, and so forth. But it was of no use: go he must. Then he thought of his friends. One of them surely would accompany him, and see that no evil came to him. He went first, naturally, to the one upon whom he had long lavished so much affection.

"I am summoned to the king," he said. "Pray come with me; I greatly fear to go alone."

But the friend said: "I can not go, and I would not if I could."

Surprised, mortified, and discouraged, the man turned away, and sought the one to whom he had been kind when in the humor.

"Come with me, I pray," he pleaded, as he had begged of the other.

"I would if it were in my power," cheerfully said that friend; "but whither you are going I am not prepared to accompany you. Besides, one should not appear before the king without a summons. However, I will go as far as the palace gate; there I shall be obliged to leave you. You must meet the king alone."

The man became more and more frightened. Only the other friend was left; and since the two had failed him, what could he expect of this one, whom he had so ill-treated? With faltering voice and humble mein he made his request. "I have no right to ask, but will you go with me to meet the king?"

"I will,—I will go and plead your cause; and I will stay by your side until the king has pardoned you, as I am sure he will, whatever your offence may be."

So the rich man took heart and, with confidence and hope, went to Court.

And the friends? The first, says the old story, is worldly goods, which no man can take when he enters the presence of the King of kings. The second is the group of friends, who can go but to the portal of the grave; and the third is our Blessed Lord, who, though so often unthought of and denied, is always ready to pass beyond the gate of Death with the poor sinner, who, no matter how late, calls upon His blessed name. He is the Friend of friends.

The Catholic, however, should not allow his course to run on the lines of this allegory. If he be thoroughly practical in his religious life, he will rather reverse the order in which the friends ranked in the rich man's esteem. Worldly goods, far from commanding his greatest respect and fondest love, will be valued at their true worth, and so take the lowest place in his affection; while our Blessed Lord, who has titles so incomparable to the supreme dominion of his heart, will be habitually regarded as the one true Friend, always to be trusted and loved.

Notes and Remarks.

There are predictions enough about the Great War to enable everyone to make a choice. For ourselves, we prefer those that are least gloomy, especially if they have a basis. Two solid premises are assigned for the prediction that peace will be restored before the summer is past. The warring nations are nearing the end of their resources of men, money, and supplies; and the spirit of liberty is abroad among all peoples as never before. It can not be supposed that any ruler will continue to wage war when it becomes evident that the ruin of his country is a probability. Then, too, within the last three years every able-bodied man in Europe has been turned into a soldier. Standing armies to put down rebellion are a thing of the past in most countries. And the people, as well as the soldiers themselves, are tiring of bloodshed and destruction. Much as many of them may reverence their rulers, they no longer fear them. Any abuse of authority or disregard of the demands of the majority of the people on the part of no matter how strong a government would result in revolt more quickly now than ever before. For these reasons we credit the prediction that peace is on the way.

In his proclamation to the American people calling for their support in war, President Wilson says: "This is the time for America to correct her unpardonable fault of wastefulness and extravagance." It certainly is. Conservation of what we have been wasting and deprivation of what we don't need are now plainly nothing short of an obligation, a dictate of prudence as well as of patriotism. Wastefulness is always more than a fault, however; and at present it amounts to a crime. Extravagance is the forerunner of want. The practice of economy and retrenchment has become a duty. It should begin in the homes of the land and

be taught to the children, the rising generation of whom are even more wasteful and extravagant than the present one. Great wealth constitutes a danger to individuals, families, and nations. Luxury and lavishness are its wonted attendants, and decay an unfailing follower. The War will be worth its cost if it convinces the world that poverty of spirit constitutes true blessedness.

A chapel in the home may not be within the means of the average American family, but there is no doubt that some sort of sanctum should there be dedicated to God. A Philadelphia lawyer, having recently provided himself with such a "luxury" in a new house which he built, a secular newspaper, the *Newark Evening News*, commented upon the fact in the following well-considered words:

Modern homes have garages; bath rooms for family, guest and maid; pool rooms for son; nurseries and play rooms for the "kiddies," and sewing rooms for mother. Mr. Wilson believes that the old-time custom of having a place for prayer and meditation is to be revived in the modern home. He has such a chapel in his own home. How could he help it? When he entered the house, there was just the place, six feet square, and with a stained-glass window in it.

It may be safe to assume that fewer families offer grace before meals than formerly, that fewer families gather together for prayer, that fewer read the Bible. Time? There is not time enough for the recreations of the age, not time enough for fashion's demands, not time enough to do one-thousandth part of the things we think we ought to do. . . .

The little chapel, if built, would be a curious invasion of the ultra-modern home. There it would stand, peaceful, uncomplaining, a place for our sorrows and a place for our joys,—that is, if we gave it our confidence. The tiny boy of to-day might there say his evening prayer to mother, and maybe its influence would wrap him up for years. Who knows what the little home chapel might do? When we read the columns of divorce cases, the little chapel appeals peculiarly. Surely though angry voices were raised in all of the rooms of the house, the little chapel would be a place of repose.

The young girl who slips into the house at the hour when the sun threatens to reveal her—what effect would the little chapel have upon her as it interrupts with its presence her journey

upstairs? Would it not bring families into more loving relationship—husbands and wives, brothers and sisters?

The month of May, we are led to observe, would be an appropriate time for Catholics to introduce—or reintroduce—the custom of family prayers into their homes, in so many of which a little sanctuary might be made.

Of course one can not be sure as to what the Anglican bishop of London meant by saying that all our sacrifices will be in vain unless we have "a new country, a new Church, a new Empire, and a new world." (We quote from the foreword which he contributes to a new book whose thesis is that the most urgent need of the hour is for woman, by the power of the spirit of God, to take her place in the regeneration of the world. Unless she does, it is very unlikely that there will be any regeneration to speak of. But let that pass.) Since the bishop is so firmly convinced that a new Church is needed it ought to be plain to him that there is no need of the one he has. And there isn't and there never was and there never will be. What the world sorely needs is the Old Church, whose authority has been disowned, and whose teachings are so sinfully disregarded.

Gov. Cox of Ohio must have felt at home with his audience when, in a speech to the farmers of Butler Co. last week, he declared that what the United States needed most now was "patriotism and potatoes." There is shouting enough on all sides, but the recruiting is decidedly in arrears. The number of young men applying for marriage licenses in order to be exempted from military duty has increased tremendously all over the country since the beginning of open hostilities with Germany. In order to "round up" these "slackers," as they are called, a bill has been introduced in Congress proposing that exemption from compulsory service shall not apply to those married

after April 1, except under a special order of the Secretary of War. It was asserted, and the vote of the Senate and House cited to prove the assertion, that the vast majority of American citizens were in favor of war at any cost and at any sacrifice. The recruiting does not prove that such was the case. But, whether it was or not, now every true patriot should be ready to defend the flag, and with his life, if need be. The time has come to give practical proof of personal patriotism. Foreign-born citizens have set the example. In a list of recent recruits that came under our notice, almost every name indicated adoption. The very class whose loyalty was under suspicion, and who, for reasons easily explained, were strongly opposed to the entry of the United States into the great international conflict, were among the first to show their loyalty.

Gov. Cox was right about potatoes as well as patriotism. The officers of the Government realize that the production and conservation of staple foods is one of the most serious problems that now confront the nation. The potato supply is said to be in the worst condition of all. Experts assert that the reduction of food reserves—bread, meat and potatoes—all over the world as a result of the war threatens famine.

We had occasion, at the time of its first appearance, to comment favorably on a volume of essays published in England under the title "Duty and Discipline," and to reproduce in our columns more than one or two apt paragraphs therefrom. That the efforts of the authors of the various papers in that book are still being continued is made evident by Sir Dyce Duckworth's contribution on the subject to the current issue of the London *Fortnightly Review*. The mere substitution of President for "Sovereign," and Republic for "Empire," in the following excerpt will make his remarks fully as applicable to our country as they are to his:

Our efforts are directed to call attention to the

neglect of public duties and private responsibilities in regard to home and school training of the young. We appeal especially to young parents to foster an instinctive obedience to lawful authority, loyalty to the Sovereign, devotion to their country and the needs of the Empire. We urge them to cultivate in their children self-respect and respect for the aged. We seek to improve the virility and bodily development of the rising generation, now more than ever imperative; and to enforce the necessity for self-effacement and self-sacrifice. Our movement endeavors to check the prevalent general slackness, sentimentality, self-indulgence and pleasure-seeking which have been destroying character and debasing young people.

In default of a widespread Duty and Discipline movement in our land, the proposed universal military training may prove of some positive worth. Discipline, at least, is inculcated in any system having to do with war or preparation for war; and no judicious observer of young Americans will deny that there is urgent need of its inculcation.

As showing the difficulty of getting at the facts about many things nowadays, and the wisdom of receiving war reports, whether to our liking or not, with the proverbial grain of salt, we may cite two letters from Catholic chaplains serving in the British Army. Both of these communications appear in the same number of an English Catholic paper. One writer complains of a shortage of Catholic chaplains, while the other draws attention to the extraordinarily high percentage of priests at the Front. The explanation is that the number of Catholic chaplains is small for the number of Catholic troops, and large considering that the soldiers classed as belonging to the Church of England, who form the great bulk of the Army, have only twice as many. The vast difference in the work of the Catholic and Protestant chaplains, which needs no explanation for any one, is also to be remembered.

An anonymous correspondent of the Brooklyn *Tablet* requests the editor of that paper to perform for him a service

which Catholic editors are always willing to render,—that of distributing alms among worthy missionary enterprises. The alms in question are worth while noticing because of the way in which they were collected. Briefly, on Good Friday of 1916, the correspondent made a resolution that he would save a dime a day for the missionaries, and as a result three hundred and sixty-five dimes were ready for distribution on Good Friday of this year. Every little counts in any enterprise; and this modest Catholic's savings are already bringing joy to necessitous toilers in the vineyard of the Lord. Would that his praiseworthy example were far more generally followed.

The publication of President Wilson's wise economic message to the people of this country gives special timeliness to the leading article in our present number. Our women readers in particular—mothers, wives, and daughters—will find "Women in War Time" of exceptional interest, as supplementing in concrete fashion the general principles laid down by the President. While the optimists among us may hope that, even though we are at war, such activities as are described in the article in question may not soon be demanded of American women, judicious preparedness is far better than negligent optimism. Even if American women are not called on to imitate the work of their English sisters at "17 Mulberry Walk," they owe it to their country to practise at present the utmost thrift and saving. As President Wilson truly and tersely puts it, "every housewife who practises strict economy places herself in the ranks of those who serve the nation."

A Methodist organ, the *Western Christian Advocate*, having asserted that the future of America lies in the path of Democracy, and that the only security must be found in Protestantism, "for in it rests the spirit of free thought and

speech and free institutions," the *Chicago Israelite* takes occasion to dissent. Premising that the leaders of the various religious sects are not unlike political leaders in their practice of claiming everything and conceding nothing, our Jewish contemporary thus neatly confutes the reverend Methodist editor:

The writer has evidently forgotten that it was France first, then Italy and next Portugal, all Roman Catholic countries, which threw off the imperial yoke and became democracies. In Russia, in which Protestantism plays a most insignificant rôle, we have a triumph of democracy in our own day. The Church of England, with its hierarchy and governmental support, can hardly be called Protestant. In fact, the only great nation in Europe which is really Protestant is Germany; and, singularly enough, it is the one among them which is furthest from being a democracy. The editor of the *Advocate* should be more careful in what he claims for his sect.

This salutary advice will not, however, be followed. The Methodist organ, like its contemporaries of every other denomination, will continue to identify all progressive civilization with the legitimate outcome of Protestant principles; whereas, in reality, those principles underlie all social retrogression, the present World War not excepted.

Nothing could be more natural than the blame which attaches to the British Government for its delay in granting Home Rule to Ireland. The reason for this is the opposition of a minority of Protestants in Ulster. The majority of Irishmen are demanding that this opposition be overruled: that all cries of Coercion be ignored, as they undoubtedly would be—and would deserve to be—if raised by a handful of Catholics against a political measure favored by a vast majority of non-Catholics. It can not be doubted that if all Irishmen were Protestant, the boon of Home Rule would have been theirs long ago. The Ulsterites dread harsh treatment by an Irish Parliament, because they know it would be well deserved. But if they behave themselves

they will have nothing at all to fear—any more than the Jews in Ireland.

One thing is certain: Home Rule is sure to come in spite of all opposition to it. The entry of this country into the Great War and its sympathy with the cause of the Allies will undoubtedly further the national aspirations of the Irish people. English statesmen must be well aware that the political situation in Ireland is a very weak joint in their armor when they undertake to discuss such matters as the right of small countries to such a form of government as the inhabitants of them as a whole desiderate and are capable of supporting.

It was inevitable that a book by so eminent a scientist as Sir Oliver Lodge, recording alleged communications from his dead son, should provoke comment and criticism. One of the most prominent critics, Dr. J. Beattie Crozier, discusses the matter at much length in a recent issue of the London *Fortnightly Review*, and says among other things:

My main object in this article is seriously to warn the public to think twice, and again twice, before they embark on these perilous spiritualistic seas of speculation. . . . Let them beware; for three of my friends, men of eminence who really believe in Spiritualism, have told me that they have forbidden the very name of it, or any allusion to it, to be mentioned in their homes; have forbidden their wives and children to touch it, as if it were a thing accursed. And why? Because, not being really known and explainable, it puts their minds on the rack; and by the "black magic," which is always a part of it, so often leads to insanity and death.

Pooh-poohing the idea that there is anything else than human fraud and trickery in Spiritualism is a convenient way of disposing of the subject; but it is so far a dangerous way that it may lead the unwary to meddle with spiritistic practices, a course that can not fail to affect them injuriously sooner or later, somehow or other.

If you *will* talk about the war, reader—there is nothing to prevent you, and no

reason why you shouldn't,—pray do not insist that others coincide with all your views. They may not think or feel as you do on some points and yet be quite right in the main. Don't try to draw everyone out. At all times, and especially in times like these, the wisest have least to say, and speak with most restraint. Be patient with those who a while ago, without ceasing to be patriots, identified themselves with the cause of peace. Be forbearing with those who, though having foreign names, have helped to make the country what it is. The former can not become belligerent all at once; and the hearts of many of the latter are still bleeding for kith and kin who have fallen in the war or are left to endure its grinding miseries. We are all Americans, much as many of us may abhor warfare and sympathize with one or another of the foreign nations closely engaged in it. If it continues, and we are called upon to bear full part, the discredited pacifist will see where his duty lies and not fail in its performance; nor will the citizen of foreign birth be wanting in whole-hearted devotion to the land where his fortunes are cast, where he has toiled and endured, and to which, as no professional patriot need remind him, his allegiance is due at all times and in whatever circumstances.

The appearance of a book on "The Psychology of Sound," by a lecturer in the University of Glasgow, emphasizes the need of a work on the psychology of silence. There is the silence of forests, the silence of plains; the silence of sleep, of wakefulness, of dread and hope, of weakness and strength, of love and death. To those perceptive of what is called "atmosphere," there is a subtle difference in these. Silences are as unlike as sounds. In all probability, Prof. Watt is canny in the sense that is not contemptuous, and could tell us as much about the psychology of silence as about the psychology of sound.

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

Con of Misty Mountain.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XVII.—BACK TO MISTY MOUNTAIN.

SUSIE'S brother could only soothe the sorrowing little girl in his own tender, cheery way, and promise her he would try to find her lost friend. Not even to little Susie could he tell how strong was this purpose,—what new reason he had for his interest in the homeless, outcast boy.

"You must pray, Susie," he said gently,—“pray to the good God, to our Blessed Mother to guide me; for, if Father Tim can spare me, I am off to-morrow morning to find your Mountain Con.”

"Oh, if you *could*, brother Phil!" said Susie, clasping her little hands. "Kathie said he would hide and starve and fight like a wild-cat before he would be caught again. But he wouldn't hide from *you*. He knows you would be good to him."

"Yes, he knows that, Susie," answered her brother, wondering at the mysterious Providence that had made him the one, the only friend that outcast Con had ever known. "So pray, little girl, that the good angels will guide me in my search; for it won't be an easy one."

It was only to good old Father Tim that the young priest told the full story of all he had heard and learned on this bewildering day. His old friend listened with breathless interest, all his doubts vanishing into convictions that the finger of God was here.

"There is a fight before us, lad," said Father Tim, his eyes flashing into Irish fire,—“a fight to down the villain that has done this work. Did you hear aught of him?”

"Yes," answered Father Phil, who had

made some cautious inquiries at the little post office in Riverdale. "Arthur Nesbitt is abroad. He spends most of his time in London and Paris. He has an income from his aunt and will inherit all that she has."

"Not if that boy steps out of the picture," said Father Tim, nodding. "Go look for him, lad. I'm on my feet again—thank God!—and don't need you. Go find that boy and bring him here. What is to be done then I don't know. It is never wise to look too far into God's guiding. Bring the boy here, and He will show us what we are to do next."

And so it was that two days later, Father Phil found himself once more in the familiar ways of Misty Mountain, in a search for his little pal. It must be a cautious, guarded search; for as yet he had no direct proof of the boy's identity; and to set this strange story of evil-doing afloat might do incalculable harm. But in his own mind there was no doubt: the picture of Con's dead father had filled all the broken gaps in Wilmot Elkins' story,—had spoken to him almost as if it had life. There would be denial, dispute, contention,—legal fight perhaps, as Father Tim had said; but he would not as yet look to that: he must first find the lost, hunted, desperate boy, and then stand up for him as best he could.

So, giving only as excuse for his return the mission work that he was in truth doing, in his way, through these shepherdless mountains, Father Phil stopped for a brief visit at the Manse. Uncle Greg was still in a "hot scotch" fury at the remembrance of the attack on his home, and gave his nephew full details, punctuated with profanity, which Aunt Aline gently reproved.

"Brother dear, you forget Phil is a clergyman now!"

"No, I don't, Madam,—I don't! Clergyman or not, I've got to blow out when I talk of this business,—blow out or burst. Coming to burn my house, poison my dogs, cut my wires to keep off all help! Caught them in the act, sir,—caught them in the act, loaded down with oil and turpentine to start the blaze!"

"It was well you were warned," said Father Phil, quietly.

"It was, sir,—it was!" continued the old gentleman, hotly. "Not that I altogether believe that young devil came to warn us, but the men caught him and scared him into giving the thing away. A villainous bunch, the whole of them, young and old! But we've cleared them off Misty Mountain forever. Got three of them behind bars, where, if there is any law in the land, I'll keep them for a good twenty years. Arson, murder; for they wouldn't have stopped at killing us in our beds, I know." And Uncle Greg burst forth again into a tirade of words more forcible than polite.

"And the boy," interrupted his nephew,—"the boy they tell me got away."

"He did, sir,—he did; how, only the old Nick knows; broke out of a locked and barred room, and was gone before day. It was witch work,—*devil* work, as the servants say." (Father Phil found it hard to restrain a smile.) "They tell me that old hag in the mountain had taught him more than mortal boy should know. Not that I believe any such nonsense, of course; but how he got out of that room, with every lock and bolt turned, I can't see."

"And you made no search for him?"

"No, sir, I haven't," answered Uncle Greg, testily. "After all, the boy had warned us,—warned us, he said, for little Susie's sake."

"And I believe he did, brother," put in Aunt Aline, eagerly.

"I *don't*, Madam!" roared Uncle Greg, flaming up into fresh fury. "I don't believe there was any good in the whole lot. But I caught the three worst of them;

and the older villain fell down with a stroke of some kind when he heard it, and is dying in the log cabin now."

"In the log cabin?" echoed Father Phil, startled,—"your log cabin?"

"Yes; why not, sir?" asked Uncle Greg, who would not have been caught "softening" for the world. "We couldn't let him die like a dog in the hole on the mountain where he was hiding. Dennis and Jerry found him there yesterday. The old woman's caterwauling led them to the spot; and there they found them both, old man and wife, without food or fire, in a hole of a place you couldn't stand upright in. The log cabin was the nearest shelter, and I told the men to put them there. The doctor says he can't last another night. So *he* is done for. As for the boy, I'll bother no more with him. You might as well hunt a wild-cat, the men say. He'll never be seen on Misty Mountain again. Let him go where he will."

And Uncle Greg stalked away to his stables, while Aunt Aline fell to talking about Susie and her nervous breakdown; and Father Phil had to give his cheering account of the gay doings at "Lil's grandmother's," and how rosy and happy his little sister was growing under that good old lady's tender care.

"It was a hard time on the poor little darling!" said Aunt Aline, tremulously. "What with the fright and fear and excitement of it, I'm all shaken up myself; and now to have that wretched old man dying in all his wickedness at our door! I'm so nervous I can't sleep at night, Phil. Of course he doesn't belong to your Church, and I don't suppose he would listen to you; but I'd feel better if you would say a good word or so to him, Phil."

"Just what I was going to propose myself, Auntie dear! Now that Uncle Greg is out of the way, I'll start off to the log cabin at once."

Early as it was in the year, old Winter's sceptre was broken in the rugged ways of Misty Mountain; his icy region was

over in the sun-kissed heights that faced the south. The snow was gone, save where it hung in fading wreaths high up on the rocky ridges, or lingered in sheltered hollows that the sunbeams did not reach. Hardy shrubs laden with "bird" berries, pines feathering into new growth, tangles of the same "Christmas greens" that Con had brought to him generously, hedged Father Phil's path to-day. Soft twitterings came from the dwarf trees through which Con had peered in at the Christmas altar: some daring little birds were already building their nests. Soon Misty Mountain would be a springtime paradise, through which the hunted boy could find his way like any other wild thing of the wood,—happy, reckless, unafraid. It would be hard to find Mountain Con in the gladness and glory of the Spring.

The heavy door of the log cabin stood a little ajar. Father Phil pushed it open hesitatingly. His little Christmas shrine made a desolate picture indeed to-day. But in the stone chimney-place that belonged to its far past a log fire was burning. Before it, on a pallet made by pitying, even if reluctant, hands, was stretched the huge, helpless form of the old mountain outlaw, Uncle Bill, his half-bared breast heaving with stertorous breathing, his lips twitching, his eyes fixed in a glassy, unseeing stare.

"Take it away!" he gasped, with a curse, to poor old Mother Moll, who was holding a spoonful of broth to his lips. "Wanter choke me, do ye, ye old witch hag?" And he lifted a shaking fist and tried to strike at the trembling old woman.

"Look here, old man!" Father Phil stepped forward in stern rebuke. "None of that now! Don't you know that you are dying?" he went on, feeling it was not the place or time to mince his words,—"that in a little while you will stand before the judgment seat of your God and Maker to answer for all the crimes of your life? And you would die cursing, striking like this! Ask God for mercy, pity, old man, while you may."

Uncle Bill gasped speechlessly. Not in all his seventy years of wicked life had so clear and strong and fearless a tone challenged his evil-doing. It seemed to pierce into the dull, sodden depths of his unawakened soul.

"Who—what air you?" he whispered hoarsely.

"I am a priest," answered Father Phil in a gentler tone,—"a minister of God. I come to you in His name. It is not too late to turn to Him, my poor friend,—to beg His mercy!"

"Listen to the gentleman," pleaded poor old Mother Moll,—"listen to him, Bill! He is the kind that can lay spirits, witches, devils, Bill. It's the lad that's in his mind, sir," she said, turning her dim eyes to Father Phil,—"the lad that he nigh beat to death a bit ago. He thinks he killed him, sir, and it's his spirit that's turned agin him and the boys, and brought all this bad luck on us. There, there!" soothed poor Mother Moll, as the old man began to gasp and mutter. "The mad fit's coming on him agin. He thinks he is talking to Con."

"I see ye!" panted Uncle Bill, his staring eyes fixed on vacancy. "I see ye, ye young devil! Ye got the best of me,—ye got the best of Uncle Bill. Ye brought me bad luck from fust to last. What I took ye for I don't know. It was the five hundred dollars the man gave me to keep ye till he came,—five hundred dollars down, and then he would give me more. He wouldn't give no name. There was something behind it all, I 'knew. And it's ten years I've had ye, ye young whelp; ten years I've given ye bit and sup; ten years—"

There was a step behind Father Phil. Some one entered the log cabin quietly. It was old Dr. John Murphy, who was taking Dr. Grayson's practice during his absence,—good old Dr. John, who was known as friend and helper to sinner and saint alike for twenty miles around. A man of God surely!

"Father Doane!" he exclaimed in sur-

prise. "I beg your pardon! I did not know you were here."

"Don't go, Doctor!" Father Phil laid a detaining hold on the old gentleman's arm. "This is not a confession you are interrupting. But this old man is telling strange things, that it would be well for another witness to hear—about—about—the boy he has had with him for so long."

"Mountain Con!" exclaimed the old Doctor, with interest. "I always said that fine young chap did not belong to those rascals at the Roost. What is it, Gryce?" The friendly hand the old Doctor laid on Uncle Bill's clammy brow seemed to clear the dulled brain. "You were telling us about Con. Give it to us straight, Gryce. Where, when, how did you get the boy? For he isn't yours we know."

"No," gasped Uncle Bill, striving for clear speech. "He ain't ourn. The man give him to me at Rykus Ridge ten years ago. It's cut on my gunstock the time—" The words broke into a hoarse cry.

"O Lordy, Lordy, he's a going,—my poor old Bill is going!" wailed Mother Moll.

And then priest and Doctor bent over the struggling form to give what help and comfort they could. Perhaps, as Father Phil hoped, his whispered words into the old sinner's failing ear awoke some response in his dulled soul; perhaps some blessing lingered in the log cabin from the Midnight Mass that had sanctified it so short a time ago.

Father Phil did all he could for this "black sheep" with a kindness that poor old Mother Moll never forgot; and when all was over, and the old mountain outlaw lay in a peace his wild life had never known, the old woman told this good friend all that she knew of Con,—the fine, noble babe that had been put in her empty mother's arms ten years ago. She brought Father Phil the old gunstock, and together they made out the date cut there: October 16, 19—.

"I gave him the little lace-edged slip and the neck chain, and the bit of money

I could spare," sobbed the old woman; "and then I told him to go and find you, that would be a friend to him. But, after all this, he will never dare show himself near Misty Mountain again. He is gone, God knows where, sir."

"Never mind!" said Father Phil, cheerily. "I'm off to find him, if possible. And the boy that you took so long ago will make up to you, I'm sure, for all the sorrow and trouble of the past."

(To be continued.)

Bertha and Bertrade.

BY M. D. L. F.

WHO has not heard of the Montmartre windmills, those ancient landmarks which have gazed down on Paris and its environs for over a thousand years? One alone of these giants now remains, silent witness of many a struggle; but this is the story it whispered to me on a fine summer's evening in June.

"It was on such a day as this," the windmill sighed, "that the whole thing began. Pippin, surnamed the Short, was King of France, and Paris did not yet extend beyond the islands in the Seine. The inhabitants were hard at work that afternoon, preparing for the arrival of the queen-elect, Bertha de Vermandois, daughter of the Count of Laon. Pippin had never seen the young Countess, but report had made her out to be such a model of beauty and goodness that he had asked for her hand in marriage. Even now her chariot was supposed to be on the road; for Erchinwald, chief officer of the palace, had been dispatched to meet her. No one knew, however, that with him had set out his ambitious daughter, Bertrade.

"How well I can remember that evening! What if it was a few hundred years ago! I was young in those days, and the red paint gleamed fresh upon my strong thick beams. But, in spite of my youth, the close, sultry air had made me

drowsy. I was, indeed, just sinking into a comfortable doze when the barking of a dog and the trot of a horse announced my master's return from the city.

"'Simone! Simone!' he cried. 'Come down at once.' That, as you may imagine, made me open my eyes.

"The sun was sinking away in the west, but its crimson rays were brightly reflected against the front of the miller's cottage. By their light I could see my master, Jehan Cartier, slowly dismount from his horse and lift down in his arms a queerly-shaped bundle, which I took at first to be a meal-bag. He laid it carefully upon the greensward; and then, to my horror, I became aware that the bundle was not a meal-bag at all, but the senseless, if not lifeless, form of a young and beautiful woman. Her skin was white, not brown like Dame Simone's; while her abundant hair, spread loose upon the grass, had the color of harvest corn. I was most struck, however, by the silken gown that, shining between the folds of a cloak, proved its owner to be a person of rank.

"My reflections were cut short by the arrival on the scene of Dame Simone, my master's wife; and loud were her exclamations of amazement until Jehan peremptorily silenced her. Together, they carried the unfortunate lady into the hall. Then my master came out, led the horse to the stables, re-entered the house and barred the door.

"Two days elapsed, and I had seen no more of the strange lady when, on the morning of the third day, she stepped out of the porch, alive and apparently in good health. There was no mistaking the tall, graceful figure, even though she had quitted her blue silk skirt for Dame Simone's Sunday gown. My master was in the act of feeding me with grain when she came across the grass towards us.

"'Master Jehan,' she said in a sweet, low voice, 'when next you ride into the city, buy me, I pray you, wherewith to embroider. My work will fetch a good price at the court.'

"My master willingly undertook the commission, and when evening came returned with the desired silks and materials. At the same time he imparted an interesting bit of news: the King was disappointed in the bride he had chosen, and the wedding had been put off.

"I could see that our guest was pleased at the miller's tidings, and early next morning she began her work. Day after day, for many hours at a stretch, she sat on the porch, plying her needle. When the embroidery was done, the miller took it to the city and offered it for sale at King Pippin's palace. There it was much admired by the court ladies; while the King himself, who happened to be present, expressed some curiosity about the fair needlewoman.

"The miller brought back from the city several orders for embroidered dresses, and the long days of June and July were occupied to the full. In August the work was completed, and carefully packed in my master's basket. He was about to ride away when the lady called to him:

"'Master Jehan, should his Majesty desire to see me, tell him that he must come to the heights of Montmartre.'

"A short time after this a wonderful thing happened; for the woods became alive with the blowing of horns, the baying of hounds, and the tramping of horses' feet. Then all of a sudden I became aware that a short, stout man in a huntsman's coat was rapping vigorously at the miller's gate. Who could he be?

"The door flew open and my master rushed out,—checked his wrath, however, and bowed profoundly. Out, too, came Dame Simone and curtsied low. I guessed immediately that here was no commoner, but the King himself.

"'Where is your lodger?' he asked.

"Dame Simone answered with another curtsy: 'Sire, I will call her down.'

"The good dame retired, while the King and the miller sauntered together in my direction.

"'A fine mill,' remarked Pippin, to my

secret delight. 'And,' he continued, as he reached my little knoll, 'a still finer view.'

"The King was right: he was gazing down on as fair a landscape as any man could desire. Below him, descending the river bank, straggled a rich profusion of trees and bushes, the outskirts of the Clichy forest. At the foot of the bank flowed the even current of the Seine, its waters dotted with large and small sailing boats, that told of a thriving trade. And yet again, beyond the river, rose the walls and towers of ancient Paris. Pippin's heart must have swelled with pride: he had made himself the monarch of France.

"For several long minutes the King remained motionless, absorbed in his own reflections; then he turned towards the house. Lifting his eyes, he uttered an exclamation; while, following the direction of his glance, I also was quite astonished. For there stood the strange lady, no longer clad in Dame Simone's gown, but wearing, with wondrous grace, the dress I had first seen on her. In silence she confronted us, tall and stately.

"It was Pippin who spoke the first: "Madame, who may you be?"

She looked him frankly in the face.

"Sire,' she said, 'you see before you the victim of treachery. I am Bertha de Vermandois, your promised bride. Yes,' she continued, as the King made a gesture of incredulity. 'Your Majesty had dispatched a chariot to meet me halfway between Laon and Paris; the chariot being in charge of one Erchinwald, the principal officer of your palace. But, Sire, that man had treason in his soul; for after we had entered the gloomy forest, he drugged my wine, and, when I fell asleep, cast me out to die among the bracken. Had not our good miller here ridden that way, your affianced bride must have perished, devoured by some hungry beast.'

"*Mon Dieu!*' cried the King, amazement in his tone. 'Then who is the lady residing at my palace?'

"It was the miller who answered:

"If she is a blond and of about the

same size as this young Countess, she must be Bertrade, Erchinwald's daughter. I saw her once on their country estate.'

"Perhaps, Sire,' added the lady conclusively, 'I can give you a better proof that what I say is true. Bertha de Vermandois has been given a nickname. Do you happen to know it?'

"Yes,' assented Pippin: 'Bertha of the long foot.'

"With a dexterous movement of her hand, the lady drew back her silken skirts, disclosing to the King's gaze a pair of dainty feet, one of which was somewhat longer than the other.

"The King was now fully convinced. I could not see his eyes; but he stepped hastily forward, and, taking her pretty hands in his own large ones, respectfully raised them to his lips."

* * *

When I got home to my lodgings that night I read the history of good Queen Bertha,—how she was beloved and admired by King and people; and how she won over to his party the turbulent nobles, thus strengthening her husband's somewhat precarious position. But, in the eyes of posterity, her greatest title to glory is that she gave birth to the Emperor Charlemagne.

A Horse's Petition to His Driver.

Just outside of the great city of London there is a much-travelled road which winds up a steep hill; and at the foot of this hill some one, who appreciates what a good, faithful friend the horse is to man, has caused to be hung a sign bearing these lines of petition:

Up the hill whip me not,
Down the hill hurry me not;
In the stable forget me not;
Of hay and grain rob me not,
Of clean water stint me not;
With sponge and brush neglect me not;
Of soft, dry bed deprive me not;
When sick or cold chill me not;
With bit or rein jerk me not;
And when angry strike me not.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Among new books published by Constable & Co. we note "German and English Education," a comparative study by Fr. De Hovre, Ph. D., formerly "Maître de Conférences" on the Philosophy of Education at the Higher Institute of Philosophy, Louvain.

—There is a new edition, in paper covers, of the "Golden Wreath for the Month of Mary," a 32mo of 215 pages. (AVE MARIA Press.) Its appearance is well timed for the season's devotions; and this well-known and really excellent May manual should find a place in all book-racks. Price 25 cents, postpaid.

—Recent brochures issued by Pierre Téqui, Paris, include: "Retraite de Jeunes Filles," by the Rev. J. Millot; "Lettres de Saint Bernard," arranged by the Rev. P. Melot, O. P.; and "Les Briseurs de Blocus," by M. Gaudin de Villaine. Another interesting French pamphlet, "Le Clergé et les Œuvres de Guerre," by J. B. Ériau, comes to us from Bloud & Gay.

—"False Witness," the authorized translation of "Klokke Roland," by Johannes Jørgensen (Hodder & Stoughton), is a 12mo of 227 pages, with several illustrations. The work is a condemnation of the German War; and the neutrality of its author not less than his eminence as a littérateur increases the importance of his verdict. The poet, as well as the philosopher and historian, shows in the unique analysis and graphic tale of the mighty conflict herein discussed.

—Remarkably temperate in tone is "The War of Ideas," an address to the Royal Colonial Institute, by Sir Walter Raleigh, published in pamphlet form by the Clarendon Press, Oxford. In contrasting the temperaments of the two chief belligerent nations—England and Germany,—this English gentleman does not fail to give due credit to the enemy for certain undoubtedly great qualities which they possess. Sir Walter writes with a grace of style not unworthy of his historic namesake.

—"Anthony Gray,—Gardener" (G. P. Putnam's Sons), will not, we think, enhance the reputation of the author of "The Peacock Feather," "The Jester," etc. It is a capital story, however, with an unusual plot, and is written in the attractive style for which Leslie Moore is distinguished. It is hard to say just what is missing in this story, but one gets the impression that the weaving of it must have been hurried towards the close. Perhaps the concluding chapters only require more leisurely

reading than we were able to give them. It is a stirring tale, the scenes of which are laid in South Africa and England. The characters are portrayed with remarkable skill, Pia di Donatello, the heroine, being the most convincing of all, as well as the most amiable. "Anthony Gray" is of kindred interest with "The Wiser Folly." The author's two other books, "The Peacock Feather" and "The Jester," are unique. All of them are distinctly superior.

—Beautiful in form and substance, "The One Hundred and Five Martyrs of Tyburn," by the Nuns of Tyburn Convent, is one of the most worthy issues to come from the presses of Burns & Oates, Ltd. Dom Bede Camm, O. S. B. writes an appropriate foreword; and, besides the short biographies which the brochure presents, there are furnished also a guide for visitors to the convent, a list of relics, etc. This work breathes the very holiness of the shrine to whose upkeep the authors are so sincerely devoted. No price is given.

—Fifty years of college poetry are represented in a little book entitled "Notre Dame Verse," issued by the University Press, Notre Dame, Ind. The contents of this simple volume are gathered from the *Notre Dame Scholastic*. With the exception of two or three poems by professors, the numbers were all written by undergraduates. Many of the themes exhibit considerable felicity in the management of metres, while occasionally there are distinct approaches to poetry. The volume—tastefully bound in gray boards—is compiled and edited by Speer Strahan and Charles L. O'Donnell, C. S. C. The selling price (\$1.00) might seem unduly influenced by the Great War.

—If such phrases as "intensely interesting from start to close," "charmingly written," "far superior to the vast majority of best-sellers," etc., were not so much overworked, they might all be honestly employed in the case of Mrs. Mary T. Waggaman's new book, "Grapes of Thorns," just published by Benziger Brothers. It is one of the best Catholic stories we have ever read, and we hope it will have the wide sale it so well deserves. No reader can fail to be uplifted as well as entertained by it. Of the plot no hint shall here be given; but we may say that it is an entirely fresh and very absorbing one, admirably worked out. The author's skill in portraiture and power of description are shown in every chapter. It is gratifying to add that the book is worthily produced, and embellished with three excellent

illustrations by an artist who had evidently read every page of the story. A book of 340 pages, 12mo, it is a cheap one for \$1.25. It should "sell like hot cakes," and we shall be very much disappointed if it does not.

—Not since the publication in the Angelus Series of Ernest Hello's "Life, Science, and Art" have we seen an issue that so bears out the promise of the series as does "Contemplations of the Dread and Love of God," from the MS. Harleian 2409 in the British Museum, now done into modern English by Frances M. M. Comper. The unknown author of it was probably a disciple of Richard Rolle, though the style of this book rather suggests Walter Hilton's school. Its considerations of the fear and love of God are put forth with that undemonstrative piety, that simple and childlike intimacy which characterize much of the devotional literature of Mediæval England. We hope the editor of this little work has other things of the same kind *in petto*. R. & T. Washbourne; Benziger Brothers. Price, 50 cents.

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.

- "Anthony Gray,—Gardener." Leslie Moore. \$1.50.
 "False Witness." Johannes Jørgensen. 3s. 6d.
 "Blessed Art Thou Among Women." William F. Butler. \$3.50.
 "History of the Sinn Fein Movement." Francis P. Jones. \$2.00.
 "The Master's Word." 2 vols. Rev. Thomas Flynn, C. C. \$3.00.
 "An Eight Days' Retreat for Religious." Rev. Henry A. Gabriel, S. J. \$1.50.
 "The Love of God and the Neighbor." Rev. J. V. Schubert. \$1.25.
 "Prolegomena to an Edition of the Works of Decimus Magnus Ausonius." Sister Marie José Byrne, Ph. D. \$1.25.
 "Dark Rosaleen." M. E. Francis. \$1.35.
 "Catholic Christianity and the Modern World." Dr. Krogh-Tønning. \$1.25.
 "Camillus de Lellis, the Hospital Saint." A Sister of Mercy. \$1.

- "Catholic Christianity; or, The Reasonableness of Our Religion." Rev. O. Vassall-Phillips, C. SS. R. \$1.50.
 "A Retrospect of Fifty Years." Cardinal Gibbons. 2 vols. \$2.
 "The White People." Frances H. Burnett. \$1.20.
 "The Mass and Vestments of the Catholic Church." Rt. Rev. Monsignor John Walsh. \$1.75.
 "A Manual of Modern Scholastic Philosophy." Cardinal Mercier, etc. Vol. I. \$3.50.
 "Great Inspirers." Rev. J. A. Zahm, C. S. C., Ph. D. \$1.50.
 "The History of Mother Seton's Daughters. The Sisters of Charity of Cincinnati, Ohio. 1809-1917." Sister Mary Agnes McCann, M. A. Vols. I. and II. \$5.
 "The New Life." Rev. Samuel McComb, D. D. 50 cts.
 "The Ancient Journey." A. M. Sholl. \$1.
 "The Sacrament of Friendship." Rev. H. C. Schuyler. \$1.10.
 "Songs of Creelabeg." Rev. P. J. Carroll, C. S. C. \$1.40.
 "Sermons and Sermon Notes." Rev. B. W. Maturin. \$2.
 "Gerald de Lacey's Daughter." Anna T. Sadlier. \$1.35.

Obituary.

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

Rev. J. H. Stapleton, of the diocese of Hartford; Rev. Julius Papon, diocese of Marquette; Rt. Rev. Mgr. Enright, diocese of Little Rock; Rev. Matthew Coleman, diocese of Sacramento; Rev. F. A. Coughlan, archdiocese of Chicago; Rev. A. V. Higgins, O. P.; and Rev. Peter Francisus, C. S. C.

Sister Margaret, of the Order of St. Ursula; Sister M. Seraphine, Sisters I. H. M.; and Sister M. Veronica, Sisters of Charity.

Mr. William Carbray, Mrs. P. H. Groomell, Mr. Hugh Gillis, Mr. James Cann, Mr. C. J. Bub, Mr. Jacob Stauder, Mr. John and Mr. James O'Handley, Miss M. C. Howe, Mrs. A. E. Lawler, Mr. James Bradish, Mr. Hugh McIntyre, Mr. William Echtle, Jr., Mr. Edward Powers, Mr. John P. Lauth, Miss Katherine Donnellan, Mr. Charles Johnson, Miss Margaret Fitzwilliam, Mr. M. R. Kensley, Miss Jane McLoughlin, Mr. E. J. Lareimore, Miss Maria Smith, Mrs. Margaret Mulrone, Mr. John McGillivray, Mr. A. C. Winslow, Mrs. Anne Hartnett, Mr. Philip Kelly, Mrs. A. P. Davis, Mrs. Malcolm McPhee, Mr. George Bessler, and Mrs. M. E. Mudd.

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



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

VOL. V. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MAY 5, 1917.

NO. 18

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The Wild-Apple Tree.

BY ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.

ONCE in a forest deep I found,
Where birch and maple grew around,
A little apple tree in bloom,
Sending far a sweet perfume.
There in the forest's open space
It stood in dainty, winsome grace,
And brightened all the woods near by
With blossoms' beauty, dim and shy.
There only rabbits came to play
Beneath its shade at close of day;
And birds among its branches stopped,
And through the leafy bowers hopped.
Now, every spring there comes to me
A happy, tender memory
Of my wild-apple tree in bloom
Far in the forest's dusky room.
It does not bloom in beauty there
To win man's commendation fair:
Its friends are rabbits, birds and bees,
Maples green and the white birch trees.

The Oldest Church of the Blessed Virgin.

BY THE REV. H. G. HUGHES.



CHRISTIAN tradition has ever, with unvarying voice, proclaimed the glory and extolled the privileges of the Blessed Mother of God; and in Rome, guardian and depositary of that tradition, Catholic teaching about her unrivalled dignity and Catholic devotion to her sacred person have ever found their clearest and their truest expression.

This is so to-day; for Rome is, above everything, the city of the Madonna, as fair Italy is the land of the Madonna. Churches, shrines, images, the very names of streets and squares, attest the fact. On the walls of houses, in every shop, in each room of every Christian house, may be seen the image or picture of the beloved Madonna, with its glimmering lamp of olive oil burning in token of undying love. Numerous confraternities and sodalities, with their continual public devotions to the Mother of God, foster and keep alive and fervent those deeply-rooted sentiments of affection for her and of confidence in her intercession for which Rome is remarkable.

And as it is now so it has been from the beginning. The practices and teaching of our own times are but the development of what has existed for centuries past. The much-venerated pictures of to-day—whether, like the celebrated image of Our Lady of Pompeii, they are of recent date; or, whether, like the famous image of Our Lady of the Portico or the Madonnas of St. Peter's, St. Mary Major's, and numberless others, they come to us from remote antiquity,—are but the descendants of still more ancient paintings of the days of the Catacombs which bear witness to the Christian practice of the very first ages of the Church. The pictures and images of later times find their prototypes in such antique frescoes as the painting of "The Adoration of the Magi," in the Catacombs of SS. Peter and Marcellinus, which dates from the fourth century; or the exceedingly beautiful Madonna and Child of the

Cemetery of St. Emerentiana, also of the fourth century; and, most ancient of all, the "Regina Prophetarum" of the Catacomb of St. Priscilla,—a painting which the best authorities declare to belong to a period not later than the beginning of the second century of our era.

It has been reserved to our own days to witness the rediscovery, after nearly eleven hundred years of oblivion, of the oldest church known to have been formally dedicated to the Virgin Mother. Formerly this honor was claimed by an ancient church at Ephesus, and St. Mary Major in Rome claiming the second place. The question is now settled in favor of the Roman Church of S. Maria Antiqua, or Old St. Mary's, which excavations in the Roman Forum in recent years have just brought to light.

To understand the position of this most interesting relic of Christian antiquity, the reader who has visited Rome must imagine himself standing at the western end of the Roman Forum, on the modern street that runs between the high structure of the Capitol on the one hand, and the Arch of Septimius Severus and the beautiful Temple of Saturn on the other. Having his back turned to the Capitol and looking between the two latter monuments, he will enjoy a full-length view of the excavations which have, during many long years of patient labor, revealed to us the remains of what was first the centre of Roman municipal life and afterward the converging point of a world-wide empire. On the right, easily recognizable, are the remains of the vast Julian Basilica—nothing now but a large, raised, oblong platform, with the bases only of its numerous columns left standing. Farther on is a point, marked by the graceful columns of the Temple of Castor and Pollux, where the huge substructures of Caligula's addition to the imperial buildings of the Palatine Hill descend to the Forum. At this point, built within the royal palace itself, and probably, like all the

first Christian churches, only an adaptation of some great hall, already in existence, was constructed the Oratory of S. Maria Antiqua. Over this spot, until recent years, stood the modern church of S. Maria Liberatrice, on the site of an earlier church known as S. Maria de Inferno. Both these titles are derived from the invocation, *Libera nos a pœnis inferni*,—"Deliver us from the pains of hell."* It was decided that this church must be demolished for the furtherance of excavations on this side of the Forum. This decision of the Italian Government caused some dismay at the time; but we may surely agree that the treasure which has been unearthed makes up for the destruction of one, and not a very beautiful one, of the multitude of modern churches in Rome.

The process of demolition and the subsequent excavations were watched with absorbing interest by Christian archeologists; for now at last the long-contested question of the position of the famous Church of S. Maria Antiqua was likely to be set at rest. Mgr. Duchesne, on the one side, contended that S. Maria Antiqua stood on the site now occupied by the Church of S. Francesca Romana, on the opposite or north side of the Forum, where had stood in old pagan days the Temple of Venus and Rome. Father Grisar, S. J., on the other hand, contended for the site which the event proved to be the correct one. The excavations very soon brought to light a large and important church, with an imposing portico and three naves, separated by columns of grey granite. The building terminates with the customary apse. There are also two chapels, one on each side of the church. Inscriptions and paintings place beyond doubt the identity of this building with the famous S. Maria Antiqua so often mentioned in the "Liber Pontificalis,"

* For historical details I am indebted to an article by Father Grisar, S. J.; and to notices by Professors Marucchi and Borsari.

a record of the reigns of early Popes.

The original foundation of the church dates back to the fourth century,—the century which saw the foundation by Constantine of St. Peter's, St. Paul's and the Lateran Basilica; and, after Constantine's death, the founding of the Basilica of St. Mary Major by Pope Liberius. This date has been established by Father Grisar from the fact that when, in the century following its first foundation, Pope Sixtus III. rebuilt the Lateran Basilica, which thenceforward came to be known as St. Mary Major, the church now brought to light was already distinguished by the honorable title of Old St. Mary's. When Sixtus rebuilt the Basilica on the Esquiline as a triumphal monument of the victory of the Church over heresy at the Council of Ephesus, and as a standing witness to the sublime title of Mother of God there secured forever to Mary, the new church became known as St. Mary Major (Greater St. Mary's), to distinguish it from the older but smaller building of the Palatine.

Of the inscriptions that are still legible the most interesting is that of the dedication, which is a grand testimony to the Catholic faith in the perpetual virginity of Christ's Mother. It begins on the left foot of the arch which spans the apse, being continued on the corresponding base of the arch on the right. This inscription has been restored by Father Grisar as follows:

SANCTÆ DEI GENITRICI SEMPER (QUE)
VIRGINI MARIÆ.*

The paintings within the church are of the greatest beauty, and for the most part in pure Byzantine style, belonging to the seventh, eighth, and ninth centuries. Our Lord on the cross, surrounded by adoring angels; the figure of the Saviour; symbols of the four Evangelists; scenes from the life of the patriarch St. Joseph in Egypt,

typical of the Christian dispensation, are among the subjects represented in the frescoes. The most interesting, perhaps, of all, is a portrait in one of the side chapels representing Theodotus, who restored the chapel under Pope Zachary (A. D. 741-752). He is pictured bearing in his hand the model of a church, thought to be the very chapel in which the portrait is found. This Theodotus, who, besides being a fervent Christian, was a man of the highest military rank, held the office of steward, or *æconomus*, of the "diacony" of S. Maria Antiqua.

Readers of this paper will remember what an important part the "diacony," or deaconry, played in the life of the early Christians. The whole city was divided into regions, or districts, at the head of each being placed a deacon. The object of this arrangement was to systematize the abundant almsgiving which characterized the Christian community. To the church of the diacony came at fixed times all the poor of the district, to be relieved at the expense of the charitable wealthy folk of the congregation. It was through the diacony that so many wealthy martyrs distributed their goods to the poor when the call came to lay down their lives for the faith.

The office of the deacon was, besides assisting at the Holy Sacrifice, to superintend the distribution of these alms and to take under his care the poor of the district. He thus became a personage of some importance; and St. Jerome, writing in the fourth century, tells us that there was a tendency to rate the position of deacon higher than that of priest—a tendency of which the Saint strongly disapproves. Such a diacony was early established at S. Maria Antiqua; and in the eighth century, as we have seen, the office of steward, or *æconomus*—presumably an assistant of the deacon,—was held by Theodotus, restorer of the chapel containing his portrait, and which probably represents the original oratory of Our Lady, round

* To the Holy Mother of God and Ever-Virgin Mary.

which grew up the larger basilica of which we now see the remains.

But S. Maria Antiqua came in time to be more than the church of a diacony; for Pope John VII., who reigned from A. D. 705 to 707, founded there an episcopal dwelling. From that time till the reign of Pope Leo IV. (845-855) this was the Papal residence. From this spot, therefore, for more than a hundred years the Catholic Church was ruled and taught by the Sovereign Pontiffs. Under Leo IV. came the change which in later days has caused so much discussion. Owing probably to the fall of some of the old royal buildings on the Palatine Hill which overhung the church, the latter was destroyed, and buried so effectually that nothing has been seen of it since recent years. The destruction of the old church of the diacony necessitated the latter's establishment elsewhere. A newly-erected church on the opposite side of the Forum was selected. This is now known as S. Francesca Romana, and stands close to the famous Arch of Titus. The new diacony was at first called after its predecessor, S. Maria Antiqua; but was soon rechristened, and from the middle of the ninth century it was known as S. Maria Nova (New St. Mary's).

This change of name was the cause of all the uncertainty which had perplexed modern archeologists. But the question is now set at rest; and in S. Maria Antiqua, built, no doubt, originally as a protest against the lingering superstition of the worship of Vesta, mother of the Romans, whose temple stood hard by, we possess still another eloquent though silent witness to the life of a remote period of Christian Rome,—another record of the devoted piety of our forefathers in the faith at a time when the Church of God was following up her victories within the Empire, and was stretching her bounds far beyond the limits of civilized society to embrace in her bosom, under the patronage of Mary Immaculate, the barbaric peoples of the earth.

The Crest of the Bodkins.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON.

XXIV.

“YOU will lunch with General Almonte, Mr. Bodkin,” said the Emperor. “I would ask you to lunch with us, but the Empress is not feeling quite herself. You and I will have a cigar on the terrace after luncheon, and then I must send you back to work with all possible haste,”—this smilingly.

Arthur perceived a change in the Emperor. He was thinner, the lines of his face were more defined, and a look of apprehension lay in his soft, handsome, heavy-lidded eyes. His manner was slightly nervous, and during the conversation either his left or his right hand was always engaged in stroking his yellow beard.

Would Alice Nugent reappear? was the sole thought that occupied our hero's mind. Their meeting was so strange! The girl's manner was so serious, so purposeful, and so distant! And yet she called him “Arthur” twice,—once correcting herself, but on the second occasion letting it go.

That “Arthur” was evidently a *lapsus linguæ*, an echo of the olden, golden time, and meant nothing—not even an echo. Well, be it so. He must take his punishment—must pay the penalty, be it ever so heavy. How exquisite she looked amid her sister roses! Oh, what would he not give for that sweet half hour at Dublin Castle when she told him of her intention of coming to Mexico, and he told her of his determination to follow her to the end of the earth! When did this separation occur? How? Why? Being in the wrong, Arthur failed to discover the cause, rushing at the conclusion that Alice was untrue to him and in love with Count von Kalksburg.

In a wretched state of mind, our hero sat down to luncheon with General

Almonte, the Grand Marshal of the Court, and Señora Guadalupe Almonte, a very charming and amiable woman. In any other condition of heart Arthur would have regarded this as a signal honor, as well he might; but his mind was elsewhere.

On the terrace overlooking the orchid-clotted valley the Emperor, with Almonte and Arthur, smoked a cigar, chatted gaily, almost boisterously, as though he had taken a glass of wine too many. This, however, was not the case. Maximilian was a very frugal man and exceedingly regular in his habits. He usually retired between eight and nine o'clock; when at Cuernacava, at eight o'clock. He would rise at three o'clock in the morning, and immediately begin writing—replying to letters and signing all official documents. At half-past five he took a single cup of coffee; at seven he rode out for an hour. He breakfasted between eight and nine. He dined at half-past three. After his post-prandial smoke he rode out in a carriage usually drawn by six white mules, with coachman and footman, and one mounted orderly in advance,—all uniformed in soft tan leather. After his drive he would play billiards. The Empress and he always dined together; when he was away she had Miss Nugent, or Señorita Josefa Varela, a favorite Maid of Honor. The Emperor was accustomed to receive his ministers from one to half-past two.

The jingling of bells, and the Emperor's carriage with its six white mules rattled up to the piazza; and following this picturesque equipage Arthur's vehicle, also drawn by mules to the number of twelve. Arthur realized now that he must leave, and that his last chance of seeing Alice was gone. He dared not ask to see her, so rigid were the *convenances* of Austrian court etiquette in Mexico.

Standing bareheaded, he saw the Emperor drive off.

"Now I must go," thought Bodkin, with a heavy sigh.

However, he suddenly remembered that he had not inscribed his name in the Imperial Visitors' book. He returned to the house, entered the hall, his eye flashing about like a search-light. It was a straw, but a drowning man will grasp at a straw frantically. He signed his name—slowly as would a schoolboy,—put the pen aside, and strode out to the piazza. His equipage had disappeared, the driver wisely seeking the *sombra*, or shade, not knowing how long he might possibly be detained.

The chateau, as I have already mentioned, was exceedingly small, and Arthur had to pass through a narrow corridor to gain the second piazza in order to reach his conveyance. As he passed the open door of a small *boudoir* he beheld Alice Nugent standing in the middle of the apartment, her face buried in her hands and sobbing bitterly. Without a second's hesitation he hurried to her side.

"Alice!" he said, in a voice hoarse from emotion.

The girl turned away from him, and, uttering the words, "The Empress!" disappeared behind a portière.

"It is the Empress she was crying about, poor girl!" thought Bodkin. "What was I thinking of when I rushed in?"

Another minute and the twelve mules were bearing him along the exquisite drive on his way to the capital.

XXV.—NUESTRA SENORA.

When it was decided that the Empress should be permitted to undertake a mission whose success meant the saving of an Empire, Carlotta became so feverishly anxious as to cause grave alarm to those who were in intimate relations with her. Alice Nugent, who was in daily touch with her Imperial Mistress, feared that the mental strain would prove disastrous, and that the wreckage of a superb intellect would result from the anxiety attendant upon the expedition. On the other hand, the Empress was so bent upon undertaking the delicate and all-important mission, and withal so sure of success, that she was

like a city child on the eve of a joyous trip into the green fields of the country. The Emperor was so engrossed with the details of his high position, all of which he most conscientiously endeavored to carry out, that he saw but little of his wife, and was rather pleased than otherwise at the pleasure and confidence expressed by her in regard to the issue of her eventful trip.

"I shall appeal to the honor of Napoleon and the pride of the Hapsburgs!" This was her perpetual thought; and she would utter this a dozen times a day to Alice, to her ladies in waiting and such of the chamberlains as were in the confidence of the Court.

Upon a lovely morning in the July of 1866 the Empress, attended by Miss Nugent, repaired to the shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe. Her Majesty was attired in the Mexican costume of black, wearing a high comb, and, suspended from it, a long black veil. The Church of Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe is looked upon as the most holy in all Mexico, owing to the miraculous portrait of the Blessed Mother of God enshrined over the high altar.

A poor, simple shepherd was returning to his little adobe hut, on the side of a mountain, when the Blessed Virgin suddenly appeared to him in the white radiance of a light never seen on land or sea. Bewildered, awe-stricken, a sense of frantically joyous wonderment and veneration took possession of him; but he refused to think that he, so poor, so lowly, was to be so marvellously honored. He reasoned that the apparition was an hallucination of the brain, and trudged homeward, blessing the name of Mary at every step. Again and again and yet again did the Blessed Mother of God appear to the humble shepherd, and always in the same place—the side of a steep hill,—and in the shadow of the early nightfall. Despairing, sick with wonder, transfixed with beatitude, the shepherd still refused to credit the visita-

tion; and it was not until our Blessed Lady impressed her glorious image on his *tilma*, or blanket, that he allowed himself to believe that he was honored above every man on earth. Hurrying to the bishop, to whom he had already confided the tidings of the apparition, he displayed the miraculous portrait; and later his Holiness Pope Clement VII. proclaimed Our Lady of Guadalupe as patron and protector of Mexico.

A shrine was erected on the exact spot where the Madonna appeared to Juan Diego, and a magnificent church arose,—the church to which the Empress Carlotta had now come to implore the intercession of Nuestra Señora. Hither on the 12th of December every year—the anniversary of the apparition—the faithful make pilgrimages from every corner of Mexico; and the shrine is covered with offerings from the afflicted, who here found consolation, and, in numerous instances, cures that came within the boundaries of the supernatural.

The Empress flung herself at the foot of the altar, and remained prone, her face in her hands, her hands on the step. So still, so lifeless did she continue, that Alice was for addressing her, thinking perhaps she might have swooned. Presently, however, she lifted her head; and there was such an expression of holiness, of divine grace in that face, that her companion gazed upon her with a feeling of awe, and as though she were in the presence of a human being in close touch with the other world. For many, many minutes Carlotta's face retained this glorified expression.

Refreshed, comforted, consoled by prayer, the Empress whispered to Alice as she passed into the vestibule:

"If I have a fearful task before me, I know that Nuestra Señora will, in some sweet, gracious and merciful way, aid me,—not to-day, perhaps, or to-morrow, or yet the next day; but I *feel* that she will one day help me to come into the presence of her dearly loved Son. And what crown,

pomp, vanity or circumstance can weigh against that? How horribly small and insignificant one feels when one comes to think of time and eternity, of the majesty and splendor of our Blessed Redeemer! Alice," she added, as they slowly quitted the sacred edifice, "I feel that there is a great black cloud settling over me and my beloved husband; but I feel also that behind it there is light, light, light!" And, repeating the word "light," she descended the steps, where a hired carriage awaited her,—the Empress having visited the shrine in complete *incognito*.

It was now officially announced that her Imperial Majesty would leave the capital on the tenth day of July; that she would travel with a Minister of State, two chamberlains of the Imperial Household, two Ladies of Honor, and her physician. It was also announced that his Imperial Majesty the Emperor, with a suite, would escort the Empress as far as Rio Frio, and there take leave of her.

All this came to Arthur Bodkin officially, as it reached everybody else attached to the Court; but Arthur also learned that Alice was one of the Ladies of Honor, having been specially selected for this duty. But what did it matter to him whether Miss Nugent was in Mexico or Timbuctoo? She was nothing to him, and never could be anything to him. Her love for him, if it ever existed, had died out; a new passion had arisen, and for another. A very brief, simple story; commonplace, and as likely to happen in an adobe hut as in an imperial palace. Let her go. It meant perhaps, that her *fiancé* would get leave of absence, join her in Europe, and return with her, Alice the Countess von Kalksburg.

Somehow or other, Arthur never thought of the return of the Empress. From certain rumors that had reached him of the critical condition of things, he imagined that her Majesty would repair to her beloved Miramar; and that the Emperor, sick and disgusted, would follow her thither, leaving his crown and his ambi-

tion behind him. Maximilian was a lover of quiet and a lover of books, of music, of home; and assuredly the life he was now compelled to lead must not have had one single congenial moment in it for him. Baron Bergheim, who was very cautious, but with our hero very confidential, thought very much in the same lines; declaring that if Maximilian asked his advice, he would say: "Return, sire, by the next steamer!"

It was with no feeling of joy that our hero received notification that he was put *en service*, and ordered to accompany the Emperor to Rio Frio. Joy! Quite the contrary; for although Miss Nugent was nothing to him now, the fact of seeing her depart left a very bitter taste. He would apply to have another aid-de-camp put on in his stead; plead illness—anything sooner than see those beautiful eyes turned toward him in "adieu."

Arthur asked Baron Bergheim to be relieved.

"Hey! my dear fellow, impossible! Reachbach and Van Roon are at Guadaluajara. Kalksburg is at Vera Cruz—he will see her Majesty on board. Pappenheim is abed. Hey! the whole staff is occupied, so you *must* go. There's nothing else for it, and parting is such a sweet sorrow. Hey! I have some of your Shakespeare off, you see."

And so it fell out that, *bon gré, mal gré*, Arthur Bodkin of Ballyboden was one of the escort to Rio Frio.

(To be continued.)

THE Bible is not the print and paper, but the meaning of the Sacred Book. If, instead of discerning that meaning, we contemplate in the text but our own reflection, finding in Holy Scripture simply what our several acquirements or associations have enabled us to bring to it, have we not reason to fear that we have thus changed the Word of God into the word of man, and destroyed by misusing the divine gift?

—Aubrey de Vere.

Five A. M.

BY CHARLES PHILLIPS.

IN the dim, quiet light two parallels
 Of cold bright steel stretch down the silent
 street,
 Then dawn's gray hush is wakened by the feet
 Of toil's vast conscript host, lockstepped from cells
 Of weary sleep, back to the wearier hells
 Of drudgery again, the grime and heat
 Of grinding day. . . . Yet strange and wanly
 sweet
 A bird's call breaks above the clanging bells.
 O little city bird, you have not lost
 All of the music of God's field and stream.
 Still in your treble chirp a note is tossed
 Of airy spaces, and the lilt and gleam
 Of running waters; still the gift is given
 For toil-worn men to smile, and dream of
 Heaven.

Laboratories at the Vatican and Papal
Scientists.

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

PROFESSOR SARTON, a Belgian scholar of distinction, driven from his home country by war conditions there, has been engaged in organizing in this country an institute for the history of science. He was in Washington for some time, in touch with the Smithsonian and other Government scientific institutions; and more recently has been at Harvard. Strange as it may appear, in the midst of all the interest of our day in science there has been comparatively little interest in the history of science until very recent years. The consequence has been a very general misconception of the place of science in the older time. Indeed, except among those who paid particular attention to the history of science there has been a notion prevalent that there was practically no development of physical science until our time, and that the development of science represented as it were a new

phase in the evolution of the human mind. Nothing could well be less true than this; for at all times men have been interested in science, and at many times they have made very significant observations and drawn important conclusions from it.

A lack of knowledge of the history of science has made men misunderstand entirely certain phases of the relation of science to education and to religion. There are a great many people who seem to think that, before the last generation or two, the classics had constantly formed the basis of education practically since the old classic days themselves. Very few realize that the classics were introduced under the name of the Humanities, or the New Learning, as the basis of education only in the Renaissance time, and that this phase of education has lasted only some four hundred years. Before that period science was the principal subject of attention at the universities; and indeed practically every topic taken up in university curricula was studied from the scientific standpoint. This has come to be realized very well by those who understand the significance of what were known as the liberal arts in the older time; for these, in spite of their name, were really seven important phases of education studied as sciences.

On the other hand, the failure to recognize the fact that the Medieval universities were all scientific universities has been the fundamental reason for the erroneous assertions with regard to the attitude of the Church toward science. Just as soon as it is understood that the old Medieval institutions (founded under Papal charters, fostered by Churchmen, usually with the chancellor of the cathedral of the university town as the chancellor of the university, with houses of the various religious Orders connected with the university, and most of the professors ecclesiastics) were quite literally scientific universities, then the idea of any inherent opposition between Church and Science at once vanishes.

Professor Sarton's work deserves, then, thorough encouragement; and an institute for the history of science which would give proper scope for scholarship in this great field would do more than anything else to remove misunderstandings that are almost unpardonable because founded on ignorance. Probably nothing would illustrate better the necessity for an organized knowledge of the history of science for those who are interested in the subject than a passage from Professor Huxley's inaugural address as Lord Rector of the University of Aberdeen, in which he took for his topic "Universities Actual and Ideal." Professor Huxley was usually very careful to look up his authorities and to scrutinize the sources of his information, and seldom made a serious slip; and yet on that occasion he made some declarations which, when investigated in the light of knowledge that has accumulated as regards the history of science in more recent years, proved to be absurdly fallacious. The fallacy of the remark was all the more striking because there are several passages in that inaugural address which I have often quoted, to show that Professor Huxley was quite willing to acknowledge, when he knew it, the good work that was being done by the older universities.

It is said that when Professor Huxley began the preparation of his inaugural address he thought that the best treatment of his subject would be a definite comparison between Medieval and modern universities,—a comparison which would, of course, prove unfavorable to the older educational organizations, and therefore illustrate clearly and emphasize strongly the necessity for modern modifications in university curriculums which would prove more advantageous for our age. At that time Oxford and Cambridge were still conservatively clinging to the classic curriculum as the essence of education, and presumably were, therefore, still Medieval universities in the modern time.

To his great surprise, however, Professor

Huxley found that the teaching of the old Medieval universities was very different from what he had imagined. He investigated rather carefully the significance of their usual curriculum, recognized that the fundamental principles of it were scientific; and then, after devoting some time to the definite meaning of the trivium and quadrivium, the so-called seven liberal arts, found that these represented very valuable elements in education. Every one of them was studied from its scientific aspect. Professor Huxley was charmed to find how thoroughly scientific had been the methods of Medieval university teachers, so that he did not hesitate to say that the work of these old institutions of learning "however imperfect and faulty judged by modern lights it may have been, brought them face to face with all the leading aspect of the many-sided mind of man"; and he added, "I doubt if the curriculum of any modern university shows so clear and generous a comprehension of what is meant by culture as this old trivium and quadrivium does."

There is, however, another passage in the same address that has always interested me even more than this striking expression of praise from so unexpected a source for the Medieval universities. Its interest, however, is due to the fact that in it Huxley's customary caution not to make assertions until he had looked up his authorities deserted him. He was caught by the tradition of Church opposition to science, and allowed himself to make declarations that even a little careful study would have shown him to be quite untrue. His address was published in the *Contemporary Review* of the year in which it was delivered, and even so glaring a contradiction of history as is contained in the passage that I shall presently quote, passed unnoticed, and was considered by many, if not practically all the readers, to represent the actual truth of the matter. It sums up in a few words what was the impression of Huxley's generation, and what has continued to be the impression

of a great many people who think they know something about such matters, or indeed often assume that they know all there is to be known about them; and are quite unconscious of the fact that they are accepting an oldtime historical tradition founded on religious prejudice, but absolutely devoid of any foundation in the history of things as they actually happened.

Huxley is talking of the attitude of the Church toward science; that is, of course, toward the physical sciences, and does not hesitate to say with that thoroughgoing completeness of assertion always so characteristic of the man who is on a subject of which he is profoundly ignorant: "Physical science, on the other hand, was an irreconcilable enemy to be excluded at all hazards. The College of Cardinals has not distinguished itself in physics or physiology; and no Pope has as yet set up public laboratories in the Vatican."

I feel sure that most of his hearers at Aberdeen, as well as his readers in the *Contemporary Review*, responded to this sally of Professor Huxley with a good-humored smile over even the bare idea that cardinals should ever have interested themselves in physics or physiology, or that any Pope should ever have set up public laboratories in the Vatican. The very notion was a good joke. I am just as sure that a great many people in our time—indeed, I venture to say most of those who are teaching the physical sciences at the universities—would feel the same way even now. And yet the direct contradictory of both these propositions is quite literally demonstrable of proof; for cardinals and even Popes have distinguished themselves in physics and physiology, and the Popes during many centuries set up public laboratories in the Vatican.

And it is not in our time alone that such apparently surprising events have occurred, but it was in the long ago; and there has actually been a definite effort on the part of the Popes not only to keep in touch with physical science, but to foster it, often to endow it liberally, over and over again

to honor its great workers, and to encourage their labors in a great many different ways. To take the second proposition first, the utter absurdity of it in the light of history is susceptible of demonstration without having to appeal to anything more than a modicum of knowledge of history. For there have been Papal astronomers at the Vatican,—taking that term, of course, in the generic sense in which Professor Huxley used it of the residence of the Popes—almost continuously for centuries. Pope Leo XIII. in his Encyclical *Motu Proprio*, issued some twenty-five years ago, reminded us that "Gregory XIII. ordered a tower to be erected in a convenient part of the Vatican gardens, and to be fitted out with the greatest and best instruments of the time. There he held the meetings of the learned men to whom the reform of the calendar had been entrusted. The tower stands to this day, a witness to the munificence of its founder."

Gregory XIII.'s policy in this matter was pursued faithfully by his successors, though the observatory founded by him fell shortly afterward into disuse for the purpose originally intended, not at all because of any opposition to science, but because its place was supplied by another Roman institution almost as directly under the patronage of the Popes. This was the Roman College, the great mother school of the Jesuits at Rome.

The Jesuits had a special vow to carry out the wishes of the Popes in all regards. As they were the most important teaching Order of the Church, deeply interested in science as well as in the classics, as indeed under Gregory XIII. the scientist in control of the correction of the calendar, holding the charge of the Vatican Observatory, was Father Christopher Clavius, the well-known Jesuit, it is not surprising that succeeding Popes, in order to avoid duplication of work that would be done much more efficiently in a single institution, allowed the Vatican Observatory to lapse, so as to give all their patronage to the Observatory of the Roman

College, which really, after all, was in many ways the Papal or at least the Roman Observatory. The best proof of this is that the Vatican Observatory has always been restored whenever, as at present, the Jesuits, for any reason, were not allowed to continue their work at the Roman College.

Of course there may be people in our time who do not think of an astronomical observatory as a laboratory, but that is exactly what it is. There are some for whom the word laboratory means only a chemical laboratory, or at most a chemical and physical laboratory. There is no reason at all, however, for such a distinction; for what is meant by a laboratory is a place where actual scientific observations are recorded and their significance worked out. As the Century Dictionary says, a laboratory is "a room, building or workshop especially fitted with suitable apparatus for conducting investigations in any department of a science."

It is interesting, however, to note that this was not the only form of laboratory that the Popes not only countenanced but patronized, and often endowed. At the older universities the two forms of laboratory work, that is, opportunities for the making of actual observations, were in astronomy and in anatomy. The old medical schools did their laboratory work in the dissection rooms. It might be thought by many, because of an erroneous tradition in the matter, that surely in this department there would be no likelihood of the Popes' having a laboratory; but, then, those who think that the Galileo case demonstrates the utter opposition of the Popes to science would be quite sure that there could have been no astronomical observatory at the Vatican, in spite of the fact that Gregory XIII.'s observatory just mentioned was established some fifty years before the condemnation of Galileo.

There is a very widespread persuasion that the Popes and the Church were opposed to anatomy; but there is no truth in it. On the contrary, it is comparatively

easy to show, as I have done in my book, "The Popes and Science," that the Popes encouraged the study of anatomy by dissection, and that the Papal University of Rome at the Sapienza did excellent work in this department, and successive Popes for several centuries invited some of the most distinguished anatomists of their time, who were also, by the way, some of the most distinguished anatomists of all time, to become professors of anatomy at the Papal Medical School. This was not situated at the Vatican of course, literally speaking, but it was so closely in touch in every regard with the Pope that it comes without any far-fetched construction or undue stretching of significance to represent a definite contradiction of Huxley's expression with regard to the absence of laboratories under Papal patronage in their capital city.

Among those invited to teach and develop anatomy at the Sapienza were such distinguished anatomists as Columbus, to whom we owe the first description of the circulation; Eustachius, after whom the Eustachian tube is named; Piccolomini, one of the great teachers of anatomy in his time, though his name is attached to no special discovery; Cæsalpinus, one of the most learned men of his day, who had taught botany at Pisa and brought the Botanic Garden there, the first of its kind, into magnificent condition; Varolius, after whom the *Pons Varolii* in the brain is named; Malpighi, who with the highest right of discovery, has his name attached to more structures in the human body than any other; Lancisi, a great teacher, and a fine original investigator, whose lectures not only attracted students from all over the world, but even brought some of the most distinguished medical men from every country in Europe to listen to them. All this was done at Rome in the Papal Medical School, under the patronage of the Popes, and the important publications issued by these men while teaching at the Papal Medical School were usually dedicated to the Popes.

As to the two forms of laboratory work, then, astronomical and anatomical, that universities took up in the older days the Popes not only were not in opposition to them, but showed themselves ready to foster and encourage them in every way. There has been no laboratory of chemistry or physics found at the Vatican, but then circumstances have been different in modern times, and there has been no good reason for the Popes to take such extraordinary steps as such foundations would imply. In the old times their attitude toward science was all important for its development, and they made their disposition in its regard quite unmistakable by their foundation of laboratories in the two sciences which were studied in this practical way.

When the science of meteorology began to develop the Popes encouraged that, and did for it very much the same thing that they had done for anatomy and astronomy in the older days. During the latter half of the nineteenth century Father Secchi was working at Rome. The Popes took great interest in his work, encouraged his development of astronomical instruments, and also of instruments of various kinds for the automatic observation of the weather, and enabled him to accomplish much in this way.

All over the world Jesuits have been deeply interested in the development of the science of meteorology, and have installed instruments so that there might be larger numbers of observations to collate. The Jesuits in the Philippine Islands reduced these observations to such terms as gave them definite practical results in their ability to foretell storms probably better than others. The sudden severe storms of the Philippine regions had been extremely destructive of life and property particularly at sea, and the Jesuit developments in meteorology showed that these storms were by no means so sudden as had been thought, but gave due warnings of their coming. Almost needless to say, without the positive encouragement of

the Popes such experimentation would not have been allowed to continue in the Order which makes its special vow of obedience to the Pope, and whose general policy is made to conform so strictly to Papal wishes.

As with regard to meteorology, so, too, seismology, the science of the phenomena related to earthquakes and terrestrial tremors of all kinds, has been mainly developed by the Jesuits with the encouragement and even the patronage of the Popes. Jesuits from distant missionary countries on visits to the Vatican have been asked about their work, stimulated to go on with it; and presents have been made by the Popes themselves as well as by members of the curia, especially cardinals who wanted to show their interest in this important subject. Huxley's slurring remark, well calculated to raise a laugh, is really an example of ignorance; though, of course, it is rather a question of failure to estimate properly the significance of the factors of the Papal policy expressed in a number of ways. There is an old English maxim, "Laugh and show your ignorance," that is quite literally exemplified in expressions of this kind.

The other expression of Huxley, "The College of Cardinals has not distinguished itself in physics or physiology," might well be thought to be less susceptible of direct contradiction than the relation of the Vatican to laboratories; and yet I may say at once that only a little knowledge of the actual details of the history of science in the older times is needed to show that that, too, is an absurdly ignorant remark. Of course cardinals are ecclesiastics; that is, men devoted to Church work, and therefore it can not be expected that many of them, whose lives are perforce occupied with interests very widely diverse from physical science, and above all from physics and physiology, should make distinguished contributions to these sciences. And yet it is not difficult to name some cardinals, and at least one Pope, whose names are associated directly with advances in these sciences. These facts will serve to show

clearly that it was not because of any opposition on the part of the Church to physical science that its highest dignitaries did not reach distinction in these departments of science, but only because they were occupied with other interests.

Probably the most distinguished contributor to physics and physiology among the cardinals was the great Cardinal Nicholas of Cusa, who was so close to the Popes during the fifteenth century and whose works are full of extremely interesting original observation with regard to subjects related to both physics and physiology. He has a distinct place in the history of medicine; for, as I pointed out in my "Old Time Makers of Medicine," he was the first to suggest exact methods of diagnosis for medicine. The counting of the pulse rate, and noting its relation to the patient's condition, seems a very obvious thing now; but in his day it was a real scientific innovation. Besides, he taught that specific gravity as a principle for comparative estimation of the fluids of the body might serve to give a scientific basis to diagnosis which it did not possess before. In describing this suggestion of Cardinal Cusa in medical journals I have called it medicine, which it is. The whole story is very interesting, and the Cardinal's book *De Docta Ignorantia*, that is "On learned Ignorance," in which he points out how many things there are which people think they know, but which they really do not know at all, represents an accurate scientific point of view usually supposed to be modern.

(Conclusion next week.)

God permitted the Apostle of Nations to remain two years in prison at a time when the primitive Church had great need of men to preach the Gospel. Do not think much of it, therefore, if God detains you, as it were in prison, by an illness of two weeks or two months or two years, if it be His will; since you are not so necessary to His Church as the Apostle was.—*Rodriguez.*

The Girl from the Home.

BY JOSEPH CAREY.

THE pastor's study was a cheerful place, and his old friend Father John sat back in his chair, watching the smouldering logs in the large, open fireplace. Outside the wind raged, and the spirits of the storm sought entrance, but in vain, through the great square chimney of the old-fashioned New England rectory. The two friends sat in silence for some time; for they had long ago arrived at that happy state of mutual understanding which can dispense with continuous conversation. As Father John was watching the flame-pictures with fascinated eyes a log broke in two, and a shower of sparks ascended the chimney. The pastor leaned over with the tongs to build up the fire, while at the same time he called out:

"Katey! Katey!"

"By the way," queried Father John, "what has become of Hannah?"

"Oh," chuckled the pastor, still busily poking the fire, "didn't you hear that she was married?"

"No," answered Father John, "I didn't. She was a good girl—God bless her! You won't find another like her in a hurry."

"I know it," answered the pastor. "She was with me nearly eight years, but I was glad to take Katey from the Home; she's the girl who waited on table to-night."

A shadow crossed the face of Father John. "From the Home?" he queried thoughtfully. "A very charitable and kind thing to do, Father, I know; but my mother once took a girl from the Home—"

A sudden gust of wind shook the old house.

"I'm glad I prevailed on you to stay to-night," interrupted the pastor. "It's a wild night. I don't believe you could get home. Listen to the wind howl, and a foot of snow has fallen since you came."

"Well, I didn't intend to stay," answered Father John; "but that marriage

case was bothering me, and I wanted to get your opinion on it. However, as long as I telephoned home they won't be worrying about me."

"What's that you were saying about your mother's taking a girl from the Home?" queried the pastor.

"Well, Father, I'll tell you. It was this way. When I first went to the seminary, my mother took a girl from the Home to keep her company. She was all alone, you know, as my father was dead, and she missed her troublesome boy. So she thought she would like to have a companion in the house with her, and at the same time she could afford to give a girl a good home. So she adopted a young girl. Mary—that was her name—stayed with us about four years, and my mother became greatly attached to her. She was a good girl, innocent and refined,—but it's the old story. There was a young scamp in the village who paid great attention to her, and my mother forbade him to come to the house. One night the girl disappeared with her belongings, and an old brooch which belonged to my mother. It was of no great value, though mother often wore it, a miniature of the Madonna della Sedia. I suppose the girl took it as a keepsake. It was a runaway marriage and turned out badly, for the scamp soon tired of her and deserted her. When mother—God rest her soul!—heard the news, she tried her best to get the girl again, but the poor thing had disappeared. No trace of her could we ever find, though God knows, mother tried hard enough. She was broken-hearted about it, and I felt it myself. So, you see, I've never had the heart to take such a responsibility upon myself."

"Well, I can't blame you after a sad experience like that," answered the pastor; "but, somehow, it is different with Kate, for I've had the responsibility of her for the past twenty years. It was thrust upon me, in a way; but I've never regretted it, as she's a good girl and has never given me any trouble. You will notice how

cheerful and willing she is. Very pious, too, with a special devotion to the Souls in Purgatory. She has set her heart on joining the Sisters and is making a first postulate, as it were. Her story is rather interesting."

"Katey!" he called again. This time she heard him; and, from somewhere downstairs, a voice answered:

"Yes, Father."

"A few sticks of wood for the fire, like a good girl."

"All right, Father," said a pleasant voice.

"Well, you know my first appointment was at Rowley. You remember what a wilderness it was twenty years ago. I was on a sick call on just such a night as this,—no, even worse. There had been a heavy snowstorm, and it had turned to rain which froze when it touched the ground. The wind was howling, as it is howling to-night, and there was also thunder and lightning, rare enough in a winter storm. Altogether, it was as bad a night as I have ever known. I met the sexton on his rounds about ten o'clock, and when he saw me, he remarked: 'A terrible night, Father. I hope there'll be no sick calls.'

"As you know sick calls often come on a night like that. About midnight my bell rang furiously, and, after hastily dressing, I went to the door. A young lad was there. He told me a woman was dying and calling for a priest. 'She lived at the Crossroads about four miles distant. He wasn't a Catholic, but—God reward him for his charity—he had come through that wild night out of pity. He was willing to go back, but I wouldn't listen to it, and put him in the spare room for the night.

"I called the sexton and told him to harness up the horse as soon as he could.

"'Pretty bad night, Father,' he answered dubiously, when I told him where the sick call was. 'I don't think the horse can make it.'

"'I know, Mike,' I answered, 'but it can't be helped.'

"'I'm going with you, Father,' he said,

and obstinately held to his resolve when I tried to dissuade him.

"He brought the horse around and we started off. The horse slipped at nearly every step, and I thought the wind would rip the hood off the old buggy. After about a quarter of a mile of it the horse refused to go farther. I said: 'All right, Mike. Get home as best you can. I'll go ahead on foot.'

"So I braced myself against the wind and plodded on through the storm. I slipped and fell half a dozen times; but, thank God, I was not hurt. I had the Blessed Sacrament with me, and somehow I wasn't afraid. Finally I came to the house. No lights were burning, and a savage dog barked and growled as I approached the door.

"I knocked, and there was no answer. I pounded the door furiously till at last I saw a light was lit. A window opened and a man asked:

"What do you want?"

"I'm the Catholic priest from the village," I answered. "I was told that there was a woman dying here."

"Yaas," he drawled, "there's a woman upstairs. She's been hollerin' for a priest. I guess my boy must er let you know. I dunno what's the matter with her."

"Well, hurry up!" I replied impatiently, "I'm freezing out here."

"He disappeared from the window and the next minute opened the door. He lit an old lantern that was near and handed it to me.

"She's upstairs," he said.

"I looked to where he indicated, and there was a sort of ladder leading to the upper story, and I started to climb.

"When I got to the loft, or attic, I suppose you'd call it, though it was more of a barn than a house, I made out the form of a woman, apparently sleeping, on a rude cot to one side.

"I tried to awaken her. I was a young priest then, but I shall never forget the shock I received when I touched her icy hand. She was cold in death.

"I stood there in horror for a moment. I was entirely unnerved to meet only death after my long struggle, and tears came into my eyes at the pity of it all, when suddenly something stirred quite near me. My blood ran cold. I looked around. No one had followed me. I lifted up the lantern and peered into the surrounding darkness. I could see no one, and yet I was sure that something had stirred.

"There it was again—and then I saw at the woman's feet what looked like a bundle of rags. It stirred again, and I went over and found—a little child,—I should judge about a year old.

"Well, to make a long story short, I left the house of death and made my way back to the rectory. Next day I went to see what had been done with the child. I found the town authorities had already taken it and put it in a non-Catholic Home. You know what bigots they were in those days in Rowley, but the voice of that woman calling for a priest haunted me, and I fought the case hard to get possession of the child. It would have been difficult to prove that the baby was a Catholic, as I had never even seen the mother; but on its dress there was a medallion with a picture of our Blessed Lady on it. So I got possession of the child and was made guardian by the Court. I have been responsible for her ever since. The Sisters reared her for me, and she's a thoroughly good Catholic girl. Wasn't it fortunate that she should have been wearing that picture of the Blessed Virgin? Otherwise I never could have rescued her.

"Ah, here she comes now with the logs! Katey, I was telling Father John about your medallion of Our Lady. Have you got it with you? Father John would like to see it."

From her collar she unpinned the medallion and handed it to Father John.

He started with surprise—his eyes filled with tears, which Katey, however, did not notice. He could not speak. "My mother's brooch," he said, when she had left the room.

Yet Another Answered "Memorare."

BY J. GODFREY RAUPERT, K. S. G.

IT was two years or so after my submission to the Church. I was in Germany on a visit to my relatives, and to recover my health, which had been seriously undermined by the severe and prolonged mental conflict through which I had so lately passed. But deep down in my mind there was the ardent desire to visit Rome in order to see the famous Pope, for whom, even before my entrance into the Church, I had entertained feelings of profound respect and admiration, and who would, I felt sure, be regarded in all times to come as one of the most striking and interesting personalities of the century.

Cardinal Vaughan, who had always shown me much kindness, had told me that he would either present me, his spiritual son, personally to the Pope, or that, should this prove impossible, he would give me introductions that would enable me to see my wishes realized. Yet it was rumored that Leo was seriously ill, and that, in view of his advanced age, his life was literally hanging by a thread. I therefore wrote to Cardinal Vaughan, asking him for the promised introductions, and intimating my resolution to proceed to Rome at once. They came by return of post, and were addressed to personages in Rome in closest contact with the Vatican, and likely to afford me every possible aid towards the gratification of my wishes. I started for the Eternal City, confiding my aims and my cause to our Blessed Lady, who had so often proved a powerful friend and helper to me throughout the entire journey South, and I diligently repeated the familiar words of the *Memorare*.

On the day I left Germany news came that the Pope's indisposition had assumed a grave character, and that an operation might be found to be the only chance of

prolonging his life. At the first Italian station to which we came it was rumored that the operation had been performed and that the Holy Father's condition was critical. When I reached Florence, late at night, papers were handed into the train, announcing that the Pope was dead. I felt greatly distressed and disappointed; but, moved by something approaching an intuition, or it may be by the force of habit, I continued to recite the *Memorare*. At a station or two before Rome, the earlier statement was not only emphatically contradicted, but it was reported that the Pope was decidedly better, and that there was every prospect of his making a complete recovery. When I arrived in Rome I found this favorable news confirmed on personal inquiry at the Vatican. The Swiss on guard assured me that all was well, and that the Holy Father was fast gaining strength.

On the following day I presented one of my letters of introduction, which was addressed to Monsignor (now Cardinal) Bisletti, through whom all arrangements for audiences were then made. Monsignor Bisletti was kindness and courtesy itself, but, of course, stated very decisively that audiences would be quite out of the question for a long time to come. He told me that even royal personages then in Rome had no prospect of seeing the Holy Father,—that instructions to this effect had that very day been sent to them.

I recognized the entire reasonableness of the decision, and determined to make the best of the situation by making myself thoroughly acquainted with the inner life of Rome and by studying its interesting pagan and Christian monuments. My other letters of introduction, which I presented in due course, brought me in personal touch with many interesting and well-known personages in Rome. But I did not discontinue the daily recitation of the *Memorare*.

I thoroughly enjoyed Rome, and seized every opportunity of meeting thoughtful students and theologians, with whom I

discussed those problems of psychical research in which I was taking a keen and growing interest. Still I was never for a moment unconscious of the sense of a great disappointment. It was Leo I had come to see; it was he who filled my thoughts and who dominated my imagination. Every night, as I returned to my hotel, I realized that there was absolutely no hope; every morning my hopes revived and I recited the *Memorare*.

I had presented my letter of introduction to his Eminence Cardinal (then Monsignor) Merry del Val, who was in daily personal contact with the revered Pope, and I had seen him several times since. But he, too, gave me no hope. At a luncheon given at S. Sylvestro in honor of the consecration of the late Bishop Brindle, at which I sat next to Monsignor Merry del Val, I had the opportunity of ascertaining the actual state of things, and that hope would indeed have to be abandoned. The Pope was up and about, was in good spirits, but still so feeble that the thought of audiences was not likely to be entertained for many weeks to come.

The time allowed me on my ticket was drawing to a close; it was necessary for me, therefore, to think of my departure from Rome. In spite of all this, I continued to recite the *Memorare*; and, full of confidence in Our Lady's intercessory power, I went to the railway office and had my ticket prolonged for a week. At the end of that week the situation remained unchanged; but I had the ticket prolonged a second time, all the while continuing to recite the familiar prayer. Realizing, however, that this kind of thing could not go on indefinitely, that my exchequer, moreover, was exhausted, and my return to England was becoming a necessity, I made final arrangements for my departure. And it was at the very last hour that the unexpected and seemingly impossible happened.

When his Eminence Cardinal Vaughan sent me those various letters of introduction to Germany, he intimated at the same time that it would be well for me to have a

copy of my book, giving the history of my conversion, suitably bound, for presentation to the Holy Father, since Leo was known warmly to appreciate personal gifts of that kind. I had brought the copy, bound in white satin, with the Papal arms stamped in gold upon the cover, with me from Germany; but, realizing the impossibility of presenting it personally to the Holy Father, I took it to the Vatican on the day preceding the day of my contemplated departure, in order to leave it in the hands of Monsignor Merry del Val. He received me with great kindness; and, to my delight, told me that he and other personages at the Vatican were most anxious that I should see the Pope, and that it was a pity I could not stay on in Rome. There was a possibility, he said, of Cardinal Vaughan's coming there shortly in order personally to ascertain the Holy Father's views on an important matter; and that it would, in that case, be an easy thing for his Eminence to take me with him to the Pope.

I weighed the matter fully in my mind, but at the same time realized that I could not possibly delay any longer. With a sad heart, I finished my preparations for departure, and spent the remainder of the day paying farewell visits. In the evening I received a line from Monsignor Merry del Val, asking me to come to the Vatican at once. He told me on my arrival that they had received information that Cardinal Vaughan was on his way to Rome,—that he would, in all probability, arrive at midnight. It was not usual, he added, even for a Cardinal, to be received by the Pope on the day following his arrival. The Cardinal, moreover, was known to be suffering from heart weakness, and would, doubtless, require rest after the long and fatiguing journey from London.

The Pope had, however, been informed of the circumstances, and had consented to receive his Eminence on the morrow. I was instructed, therefore, to come to the English College, where the Cardinal would

be staying, ready dressed, at an early hour on the following day. A letter would meanwhile be written to his Eminence, informing him of the arrangements made, and asking him, if at all possible, to fall in with them. I need not say that I spent a restless, though prayerful night, repeating the *Memorare* over and over again.

At an early hour next day I drove, ready dressed, to the English College. On entering the building, I saw a Cardinal's carriage, with a Cardinal's great cloak lying inside, slowly driving up and down. I knew then that the unexpected and seemingly impossible was about to happen, and a warm prayer of thanksgiving went up to Our Lady. As I was coming along the corridor of the College I met Joseph, the Cardinal's valet, whom I knew well; and he told me that his Eminence, although very tired, was dressing, and that he was going to the Vatican at eleven o'clock. A few moments later the Cardinal came out of his bedroom and greeted me with that charming smile of his which I knew so well. "Yes," he exclaimed, "we are going to the Vatican, and I shall have the pleasure of presenting my son in the Faith to the Holy Father!" Half an hour later I was sitting next to the Cardinal, driving to the Vatican for a private audience with Leo XIII.

I was like a man in a dream. I realized more than I have ever realized in my life that "there are more things in heaven and on earth than is dreamt of in our philosophy." Who but a hardened sceptic could doubt that, in view of the extraordinary sequence of events? When we entered the Holy Father's anteroom, Monsignor Merry del Val, with exquisite courtesy, handed me my book, which he had retained, so that I might have the pleasure of personally presenting it to the Pope.

The audience itself will always remain one of the most interesting and moving incidents in the history of my complex and eventful life. I can to this day vividly recall every detail of it. The Cardinal explained to the Holy Father the circumstances of my conversion, the bitter sacrifice which I

had been called upon to make, the long mental conflict which had preceded it. He then handed him the copy of my book. All this time I was kneeling before the Pope, who kept his right hand upon my head, holding my little book in the other, attentively listening to what was being told him. Then he blessed me and my family, promised me his prayers, and earnestly begged me to devote all the energies of my mind and soul to that great cause with which the true and enduring interests of mankind are so intimately bound up.

I was deeply moved; for about Leo personally, and about the circumstances of the case, there was that which could not fail to move a man who thought deeply and seriously about the great problems of life and death. But, alas! if nature has endowed me with a deep sense of the seriousness of human life, it has also given me a keen sense of humor; and the more tender and solemn feelings of the moment were rudely dissipated when I suddenly heard the Cardinal say to me in English: "Now kiss his foot, and then we'll go."

As we were leaving the presence of the Pope and turned to him once more at the door, he affectionately waved his hand to the Cardinal bidding him farewell. I can not remember whether they met again, those two great and interesting men. May we not hope that they are both now in the enjoyment of the Beatific Vision,—in the immediate presence of Him whom they both loved and served so well?

It was impossible for me, at the close of this audience, to accompany the Cardinal on his visit to the Cardinal Secretary of State. I hurried back to the hotel, changed my clothes, and an hour later was on my way to Munich, deeply pondering over the remarkable events of the day, and over the wonders wrought by our Blessed Lady in response to the *Memorare*.

WITHOUT Christianity, either civilization does not exist or it perishes.

—Giovanni Duprè.

Claire Ferchaud.

BY H. HAMILTON GIBBS.

TO this tiny corner of Anjou, where God seems to have drawn to Himself, in a special manner, an ardent young soul, and to whom, it is said, He has been pleased to manifest Himself in inspiring her with a mission to the French people in these sad times, I made my way some days ago. It is a country of miracles. From the heights of a hill the tomb of the Blessed de Montfort dominates the countryside. On all sides are small Calvaries and wayside oratories. On my way to Rinfillières, where the new visionary lives, I passed the chapel Du Chene-Rond, built in 1858 in thanksgiving to God for having delivered the country from a terrible scourge, after ardent prayers had been offered up.

It is a real pilgrimage to reach the farm of Rinfillières, where this young peasant (she is only twenty-one) is reported to have been vouchsafed a vision of the supernatural. A tortuous pathway leads up to it, winding round the side of the hill. It was a stiff climb, but the view repaid me a hundredfold. One looks down on a panorama which seems boundless, and which fills one with a sense of peace. Here, on this height above the world, I found Les Rinfillières. Life was going on as usual. Father and son were working in the fields. The son was guiding a plough, drawn by the patient oxen; and as he went he sang an old song to himself.

I made my way to the farmhouse, and went in. There, in her spotless kitchen and living room, I found Madame Jeanne Ferchaud, the seer's mother. The place breathed an atmosphere of piety and peace. I told her why I had come, and asked her if she would be so kind as to tell me a little about her daughter.

"Monsieur, I have nothing to tell you. My daughter is a simple peasant girl, pious and good; but as to these visions you talk of, I have nothing to say. I know nothing of all that. The only

thing I do know is that I strongly object to all these people flocking here and disturbing our peace. If it continues, we shall have to put up a wall all round the place,—a pretty expense. I miss my daughter sadly, now that she has gone to Paris. I long for her to come back."

The good woman allowed me to visit the chapel where the young girl is said to have had her ecstasies and revelations. This sanctuary was erected somewhere about the year 1860. The forbears of these *braves gens* had been attacked by some terrible malady, and both men and beasts perished. A vow was made to build a chapel on the farm, if the scourge would cease. From that day, the legend has it, health and prosperity returned to Les Rinfillières. But the vow was not fulfilled, in consequence of which during six consecutive years one or other member of the family died. At last the chapel was built, and the deaths ceased.

During these months, this little chapel has witnessed, according to report, the supernatural visitations of Our Lord to the young Claire. I knelt on the spot where, it is said, she received her instructions from Him, and I saw the pen with which, as I was informed, she had written them down.

I am not yet permitted to say anything very definite about these revelations. The Church is investigating matters, and theologians are testing Claire's writings. But all those who have known her say that she is a simple peasant girl, very active and industrious, with no vanity, and remarkably pious. She is quite unlettered, writes an unformed hand, and makes faults in spelling. I saw her portrait. Her face is pleasing, calm, and has a gentle expression.

Her mission seems to be to approach the French President with a request that he should add to the national flag a sacred emblem, and that certain acts of reparation should be made in order to win the war. She has offered herself to God as a victim; and, it is asserted, He has revealed to her that she is the fiftieth victim who has volun-

tarily offered herself to Him in expiation for the sins of the world, and to obtain peace for it.

Claire is now in Paris. She has seen the President. From the quiet convent where she is stopping, she wends her way on a daily pilgrimage to the Church of the Sacred Heart at Montmartre, and spends hours in prayer there. She says she will die very soon. Everyone is talking of this young girl. All kinds of stories are being bruited abroad,—that she is in command of a company at the front, and so forth.

What I have written is the truth. But the fact remains that an extraordinary concourse of people has turned Les Rinfillières into a place of pilgrimage. This simple peasant girl has drawn forth by her piety, by her wisdom, by her example a real movement of devotion. In a few short weeks she has changed the quiet retreat, hidden away on a wooded hill in La Vendée, into a sacred spot, where the faithful flock to pray, and where tourists go to admire the beauties of nature, and satisfy their curiosity.

A Strange Commission.

GREAT statesmen, and clever politicians anxious to be thought statesmen little or great, have always considered, naturally so, that secrecy concerning their projects was an indispensable condition prerequisite to the success of such projects. Accordingly, we find mention made of the most extraordinary ruses employed by them in order that even those who served them in carrying out their designs should have no suspicion of the importance of the mission in which they were engaged.

When Cromwell had some matter of importance to settle, he dictated to his secretary two letters, one contradicting the other, signed and sealed both, and then gave to his courier, or messenger, the letter which contained his real purpose. Louvois, the Minister of Louis XIV. of France, took other means. For instance, he confided his secrets only to writers who

were very unintelligent. Being reproached for this on one occasion by the Minister of a foreign Power, Louvois called his secretary and dictated to him this note: "You express surprise, sir, that, in consulting with you about a matter which calls for the utmost secrecy, I should employ any other hand than my own. Let me assure you that the clerk of whom I make use is so ineffably stupid that he doesn't even understand this reply which I have the honor of sending you." History does not say, unfortunately, what the secretary thought of the matter; but, as Louvois did not always succeed in finding agents as dense as that particular clerk, he was forced to make use at times of ingenious expedients, when those who served him were inconveniently intelligent.

He summoned M. de Chamilly one day to give him instructions on an important mission to be confided to him. "You will leave this evening," said he, "for Bâle [Basel]; you will get there in three days. On the fourth day, exactly at two o'clock in the afternoon, you will take your stand on the Rhine bridge with a note-book, pen, and ink. You will examine and commit to writing with the greatest exactitude everything that you observe for two hours. At four o'clock sharp you will have post-horses harnessed to your carriage; you will leave, and will drive at full speed day and night to bring me the written account of what you have seen. No matter at what hour you return, come at once to me."

M. de Chamilly obeyed the orders given, and left for Bâle that evening. On the day and at the hour specified by the Minister he was on the bridge, and wrote down all that he noticed going on. In the first place, a woman selling fruit from a couple of baskets came along; then a traveller in a blue riding-coat, on horseback. Just at three o'clock a man dressed in yellow coat and trousers, and carrying a stout cane, walked halfway across the bridge, stopped, went over to the railing,

leaned over and looked down at the river, stepped back a few paces, and struck three blows on the floor of the bridge with his cane. M. de Chamilly recorded these different actions with all the detail of a newspaper reporter. Two girls with a dog were the only other persons to appear on the bridge before four o'clock, at which hour M. Louvois' messenger, following instructions, entered his carriage and set off for Paris.

Two days later, a little before midnight, he reached the Minister's residence, and presented his report, expressing at the same time his regret that it contained nothing save the unimportant trifles we have mentioned. Louvois, however, seized the report eagerly, ran his eye rapidly over its contents, and when he came to the paragraph describing how the man in yellow struck the floor of the bridge three times with his cane, he could not conceal his joy. He proceeded at once to the King, spoke with him a few moments, and forthwith dispatched in different directions four mounted couriers, who for some time had been ready to depart.

Eight days later, the city of Strasburg was entirely surrounded by French troops; and on September 30, 1681, being summoned to surrender, it capitulated and opened its gates. The three blows struck on the bridge at Bâle, at a fixed day and hour, were the sign of the success of an intrigue between Louvois and the Strasburg magistrates. The man in yellow who acted for them knew no more of the significance of his actions than did M. de Chamilly, who recorded them.

NOTHING can be more unworthy and ungrateful than for a person who, having forfeited life and estate for treason to his prince, and having the one spared and the other restored to him by royal bounty, falls again into treason and rebellion. Such a one deserves to feel the utmost rigor of the law. "Sin no more, lest some worse thing befall thee."

—*Pacificus Baker, O. S. F.*

The Threefold Peace.

THE Eastertide Gospels inform us that the first salutation addressed by the Risen Saviour to His Apostles was a prayer for their peace, and that this greeting was repeated more than once during that first interview. It has probably occurred to a good many of our readers that, in view of prevalent conditions in the world at large, and now at last in our own country as well, the greeting appears to be, during this particular Eastertide of 1917, somewhat incongruous or, if one may say so without irreverence, somewhat ironical. *Pax vobis!*—"Peace be to you!" "Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you,"—these words may well appear to the unthinking sadly inappropriate when addressed to a world madly at war. Only the unthinking, however, will question their propriety even during the world struggle that is being waged.

"Not as the world giveth," continued Our Lord, "do I give unto you"; and we may add that the peace of which He spoke was not that which the world has in mind to-day when it speaks of hoping and praying for peace. The peace which Christ wished for His Apostles and for us is threefold—peace with God, peace with our neighbor, and peace with ourselves. Of these the first is clearly the most important,—is, in fact, inclusive of the two others. We can not be really at peace with God if an unquiet conscience tells us that we are individually at strife with our neighbor or with our better self. On the other hand, while the nations of the earth are at deadly strife, it is entirely feasible for the individual soldiers to experience that heavenly gift of which the Holy Ghost says, "The work of justice shall be peace"; and "The fruit of justice is sown in peace."

Virtue, our personal virtue, can alone produce in our souls that peace of God which surpasseth all understanding; and it is a truism that virtue is so far from being impracticable on the battlefield or in the

trenches, that it easily may, and not infrequently does, attain in such environments a heroic degree. The religious performance of duty, whether in peaceable or warlike times, is the forerunner of our personal tranquillity; for God wills that we owe to religion not only that everlasting rest in heaven to which we aspire, but also the measure of rest we may enjoy in this life: He wishes that here below the just should find in their interior calm a foretaste of the bliss that awaits them in eternity.

Reduced to its simplest terms, the condition, and the only condition, on which a Christian can enjoy true peace of heart and soul is expressed in the comprehensive commandment, Avoid evil and do good. The faithful fulfilment of our individual duties—to God, neighbor, and self,—this is the course which unerringly leads to serenity of spirit. "For if thou hadst walked in the way of God, thou hadst surely dwelt in peace forever." Failure to accomplish these duties—in other words, sins of omission and commission—can not but banish such serenity. "The wicked are like the raging sea, which can not rest; and the waves thereof cast up dirt and mire. There is no peace to the wicked,"—not merely the notoriously unrighteous, branded by the world as such, but those (apparently just) transgressors whose consciences are burdened with a single grievous sin.

Our duty to our neighbor varies at different times. Just at present, our pre-eminent neighbor is our country; and the duty of the hour is whole-hearted and unequivocal loyalty to the flag and what it represents. American Catholics have been left under no doubt as to what their religion demands of them in these days of trial and stress. Patriotism indeed is a peculiarly Catholic virtue, and it behooves every American Catholic to show himself, each in his own sphere of activity, an approved patriot. Thus only can we secure the true peace which religion makes feasible for us all.

Notes and Remarks.

The appearance in recent years of so many books, by non-Catholic writers, like "The Blessed Virgin and all the Company of Heaven" is something for which to rejoice and be grateful: They mark the passing of "the ferocities of the Reformation period," and the lessening of the general prejudice against our holy religion. The reading of them can not fail to impart to our separated brethren a realization of the truth that, as Eve was a minister of ruin to mankind, so the Blessed Virgin is a minister of salvation to all men,—to inspire confidence in her power of intercession, and to encourage the practice of invoking her patronage. "The spiritual efficacy of a right use of the invocation of the Blessed Virgin and the Saints in glory," writes the Rev. Dr. Wirgman, the author of the book mentioned, "needs to be accepted as a factor in our spiritual development. . . . The holy incense of these intercessions rises ever before the Throne for those who, through ignorance or invincible prejudice, never realize the fact that the Blessed Virgin and the Saints pray for them, and consequently never ask for their prayers. To believe in this intercession and never to ask for it is to ignore the brightest aspect of the Communion of Saints. We may go even further, and say that a vast spiritual gain, hardly to be measured by the cautious *bonum et utile* of the Council of Trent, lies open to those who not only ask for this intercession, but realize in it the true position of the Communion of Saints in the revelation of Christ's Church. Especially is this true with regard to a full and free recognition of the unique greatness of the Θεοτόκος, and her relation to the members of Christ in the economy of Redemption."

For Catholics also many of the books to which we refer would prove helpful. The quotations which they present from the Fathers and Doctors of the Church

are admirably translated; and these especially are well calculated, not only to convey a higher appreciation of the Blessed Virgin's place in Christian worship, but to strengthen our confidence in her intercession, and to convince us that, in order to be true, our devotion to Christ's Mother must be based on a sincere desire of doing His will.

In times like the present, public speakers should weigh well all their references to the War. Addressing an audience of the farmers of his State, one of our governors said: "We entered this war with the purpose of not fighting against the German people, but of fighting for the German people. As soon as all the kings and kaisers in Europe are deposed there will be no more war." This is "buncombe" pure and simple. Our Government, as Lincoln declared, is not charged with the duty of redressing or preventing all the wrongs in the world, but with the duty of preventing and redressing all wrongs which are wrongs to itself. The plainer this fact is made to the people, the easier it will be to stir up patriotism. It can not be done by buncombe. Enlightened public sentiment is everything in a country like ours. With it we are sure to be united and are bound to succeed; without it we are fated to be disunited and to fail. Our country is in this war for itself, if not by itself; and, unless peace is declared within a year, we shall need, to quote Lincoln again, "the most men, the longest purse, and the largest cannon." It will be time enough to talk about the high place of our nation in the conference that will discuss the terms of peace when the time comes to set the conference table. Meanwhile let us promote patriotism and discourage palaver.

The sale at auction last week in New York city of a thirteenth-century manuscript Bible must have been a shock to all benighted non-Catholics who heard of it. A Bible discovered and transcribed

so long before the time of Martin Luther! "Who'd a-thought of such a thing?" And, what's more, there were even concordances with which to "search the Scriptures" in those days. Copies of them are not often offered for sale, but they may be seen in many of the great libraries of Europe. The Bible just sold in New York is written in Gothic characters on fine vellum; it is one of the smallest known manuscript Bibles, the leaves being only four and seven-eighths by three and one-half inches. It fetched \$910. At the same sale \$345 were paid for a fourteenth-century French manuscript Bible.

The consoling circumstance about the dispersal of so many monastic libraries in Europe during recent years is that their precious treasures are thus made known to the general public. A non-Catholic lady living in Italy is the happy possessor of a Breviary which belonged to St. Charles Borromeo, and has notes in his handwriting. She keeps it under a glass cover and delights to show it to all her visitors,—very few of whom, whether Catholics or non-Catholics, by the way, are as familiar with the Roman Breviary as her good Protestant self.

The fight against drink is a Protestant fight.
—*Christian Advocate (Methodist)*.

It really should be, brother. Drunkenness is as old, of course, as Noah himself; but it had become a comparatively rare vice at the time of the Reformation. Even now, in countries whose population is preponderatingly Catholic, excessive drinking is almost unknown. To mention only one—Luxemburg. A drunkard is an outcast there, and is regarded as an apostate. Scotland is one of the most intemperate countries in the world, and it is also one of the most intensely Protestant. A local statistician estimates that as many as 30,000 persons in Glasgow alone go to bed drunk on Saturday night during the larger portion of the year.

Ireland, contrary to the common notion, is "not in it" with Scotland for drunken-

ness. "The Irish drink much more than is good for them," writes an American traveller; "but, as a rule, they do not go to excess. I was surprised to see so few cases of intoxication in Ireland. The Irish have been grossly slandered in respect to their drinking habits. I saw more drinking and drunkenness in Glasgow in one day than I saw in Ireland in ten days."

That there was a distinct revival of drunkenness when the so-called Reformation began, and in the very land of Luther, is unquestionable. In the "second and much enlarged edition" of his "Mirrour" (1654), the Rev. S. Clark, a notoriously anti-Catholic writer, says: "The sin of Drunkenness in these moderne times began in *Germany*." Luther's own confession, as quoted by Froude, was that "the world had become blind" as the Reformation spread; and that "drunkenness, usury, and a thousand other vices, had come in with it."

If the one who is responsible for spreading a destructive fire is under greatest obligation to help in putting it out, then indeed the fight against drink should be especially energetic on the part of all Protestant persons.

All things considered, the revolution in Russia is the most momentous event of the year. It was startling and it is significant. Russia, to most people, was a land ruled with a rod of iron, where it was a crime to express political opinions at variance with those of the Czar; where Finns and Poles were treated like slaves, and Jews were in constant dread of some new form of oppression. Russia was the autocracy of autocracies. This impression was obtained from exiles, many of whom knew as little of the changes that had taken place in Russia as foreigners did. A sudden revolution and a complete change of government with little or no public disturbance was naturally a surprise to the majority of people.

The event is significant in that it augurs revolutions in other countries.

A well-known publicist is quoted as saying that, after the war, a revolution will be needed in Great Britain,—a revolution in methods, outlook, spirit. He might have included also France and Italy. What was so nobly said of the Russians years ago by the great Dostoevsky might be repeated by any representative Frenchman or Italian to-day:

The significance of the Russian race is without doubt European and universal. To be a real Russian and to be wholly Russian means only this: to be the brother of all men, to be universally human. To the true Russian, Europe and the affairs of the great Aryan race are as dear as the affairs of Russia herself; because our affairs are the affairs of the whole world; and they are not to be obtained by the sword, but by the strength of fraternity and by our brotherly effort towards the universal union of mankind.

If the universal union of mankind can be effected only by revolutions, then welcome to the Revolution!

One may speculate how a man named Donovan should have been, apparently all his life, a Freemason; but, in view of the good end which he made, it seems impossible that he should not have been in good faith. He had penetrated to the inmost councils and attained the highest positions in the various Masonic bodies, only to make, some time before his death, an absolute renouncement of them all and to profess his entire submission to the Church of Christ. This declaration he made before some of the highest degree Masons and prominent Catholic gentlemen in the city of Dallas, Texas. The last five weeks of his life, we are told, were most edifying. His only ambition, in the event of his recovery from sickness, was to practise the Faith and to teach its doctrines to the rising generation. In these admirable dispositions he died.

It was a singular grace which this man received; and who shall say it was not somehow—perhaps by another's prayers—deserved? *R. I. P.*

The episcopal Silver Jubilee of Bishop McDonnell, of Brooklyn, is exceptionally

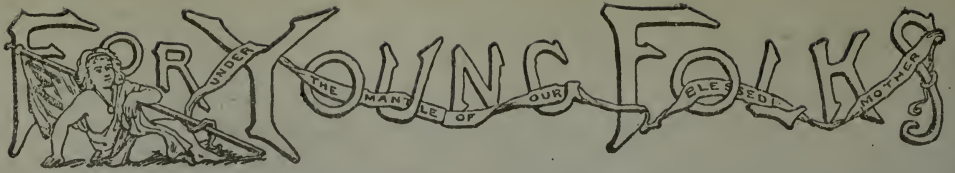
notable as emphasizing the rather extraordinary growth of his diocese during the past quarter of a century. When he was consecrated in 1892, his diocesan flock numbered 280,000; at present it numbers 793,000. He had then 219 priests, and has now 442; while the list of churches has grown from 116 to 229. In 1892 Brooklyn had 60 ecclesiastical students and some 28,000 parish school pupils: in 1917 the aspirants to Holy Orders number 360, and the school-children 63,000. Another notable increase has been in the religious Orders at work in the diocese: no fewer than twelve different Congregations have been introduced during the Right Rev. jubilarian's tenure of office. In extent of territory, Brooklyn ranks with the larger dioceses in the country; and in Catholic population, it is surpassed by only three archdioceses—New York, Boston, and Chicago. The clergy and the laity of the diocese of Brooklyn, accordingly, had abundant cause for joy in the celebration of their Ordinary's jubilee.

In connection with the subject of Catholic chaplains for the different armies in the Great War, one impression concerning Irish priests—an impression very generally prevailing in this country—is proved to be erroneous. Most of our readers probably think that there is no dearth of priests in the land of St. Patrick; but Cardinal Logue is authority for the statement that "there is a great scarcity." In ordinary times there are barely enough priests in most dioceses to meet parochial wants. The scarcity does not arise, it is needless to say, from either lack of vocations or failure to follow the divine call, but rather from the missionary spirit which impels the young Irish levite to follow the example of saintly predecessors and carry the seeds of the Gospel to other lands. It is worth while noting that the Irish Cardinal is so alive to the advisability of supplying a sufficient number of chaplains that he does not hesitate to say: "It is a question whether parochial claims should

not be sacrificed in order to come to the aid of brave men who are in momentary danger of death."

Though not unexpected, news of the death, on the 20th ult., of Archbishop Bleak, of New Orleans, came as a distinct shock. It is always thus when Death hits his "shining mark." The beloved prelate had been in failing health for many months, though within the last year or so he had undertaken certain of the most arduous of the many activities that occupied his well-directed zeal. Foremost figure of New Orleans, and one of the most beloved citizens of the South, he will be deeply mourned by thousands who loved the man while they revered his sacred office. Not only in the archdiocese of New Orleans, but in Porto Rico, where he was bishop for some years, he has left many memorials of his zeal in the cause of religion and education. The Marist Society, with which we sympathize upon his loss, may be congratulated upon producing so apostolic a Churchman, so exemplary a religious. Among the thousands of Archbishop Bleak's spiritual children who mourn for him, none will cherish his memory with truer devotion than the members of the Congregation of Holy Cross. *R. I. P.*

Several of our contemporaries have been discussing of late months the claims of different dioceses to the honor of having the oldest priest. While attention has been called to more than one nonagenarian, we have seen no mention of a case at all comparable to that of the Ven. Dragettes, to whom reference is made in a recent Papal Letter published in the "Acta Apostolicæ Sedis." This member of the Order of Pious Schools (the third centenary of which is the occasion of the Letter) was teaching at the age of ninety,—of itself a notable enough fact; and, an almost incredible truth, continued the work up to the extraordinary age of one hundred and twenty.



A Hymn for May.

BY B. G.

SPOTLESS Mother, Mystic Rose,
Thy purity like Carmel's snows,
O may my life a candle be
To burn out bright for love of thee!

O spotless Mother, Mary mild,
Chosen to bear the Holy Child,
Make fit my mind and heart to be
A dwelling-place for God and thee!

O patient Mother, tried by sorrow,
Strengthen me for life's to-morrow;
Our time is brief and soon 'tis past,—
This very day is fleeting fast.

O Mother, help me live for thee;
O dearest Mother, shelter me!
And if for thee my life is spent,
O Mother, I shall be content!

Con of Misty Mountain.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XVIII.—THE WILD BIRD'S FLIGHT.

WITH Uncle Bill's dying word,
and Mother Moll's living
witness, removing any shadowy
doubts that might still have
lingered in his mind, Father Phil started
on his search for Con,—for Charles Owen
Nesbitt, the old Madam's grandson and
heir; for the child that, ten years ago,
Wilmot Elkins, by his own acknowl-
edgment, had taken at Arthur Nesbitt's word
from the burning wreck, to rob of name,
home, and heritage.

Father Phil's heart kindling with right-
eous indignation at the cruel wrong, with
glowing eagerness to restore his little pal
to home and friends, he began a task that

at first seemed almost hopeless. For Misty
Mountain was but the edge of a mighty
ridge that stretched in jagged, rocky
heights for miles,—pathless, inaccessible,
save for the scattered cabins of trappers,
and one or two rude, uninhabited settle-
ments that were scarcely deserving of the
name.

A boy like Con could wander in these
wilds for months, find his way to some
distant State, where, without name or
friends, he might never be traced, and
would live and die unknown. But Father
Phil's heart was in his task. God was
guiding him, he felt, and he would not
fail. Meanwhile he could do mission work,
sorely needed in those wild ways, where
church and priest were almost unknown.
So, hiring a sturdy little mare used to
mountain climbing, he filled saddlebags
with all that was needed for his journey,
and set out on his quest.

"You'd best take the old trail as far
as it goes," advised Dr. John Murphy, to
whom Father Phil had given some hints
of his purpose. "It strikes one or two
settlements yet, and you might hear of
the lad there. Meanwhile I myself will
set a few watchers out nearer home. The
thing is not to scare the lad off further by
letting him know he is being hunted down.
He has had such tough luck all his life,
poor chap, that he will think it is after
him still."

And, indeed, Con's "tough luck"
seemed to be following him still; for
Father Phil took the winding way of the
old trail, questioning in vain at shack and
cabin. The dull-eyed dwellers there had
seen nothing of a blue-eyed, yellow-haired
boy, who, the pleasant-voiced stranger
suggested, had perhaps stopped to ask
for shelter or food.

"Were he one of them ar Buzzards in the
Roost?" asked one day a sharp-faced

youngster, who seemed a bit keener than the rest.

"Yes," answered Father Phil, eagerly. "Have you seen him? Here's a silver dollar to tell me when and where. I am very anxious to find him."

"Naw," said the boy, "I ain't seen him. I don't know nothing 'bout him; and I wouldn't tell you for no *hundred* dollars if I did."

And that this was the spirit of Misty Mountain Father Phil realized more and more as he went on his rugged way. For one so young, strong, and active, it was a pleasant way enough,—climbing wild heights where every glimpse was a picture no artist could paint; where his path led through wind-tossed pines, and by waterfalls foaming down the rocks in all the glad freedom of coming spring. Sometimes night found him on a lonely stretch where there was no shelter, and he had to camp out as he had learned to do in his student days, tethering his sturdy little Jenny where she could find tender cropping of vines and shoots. After making a simple meal on the bread, cheese, and bottle of milk which he bought at the mountain cabins, and had ready in his saddlebags for such emergencies, he spent wonderful nights of prayer and sweet rest under the stars.

But usually the best that cabin and shack could give was cheerfully offered to this pleasant-voiced stranger. Several times he stopped on his way to say Mass in humble Catholic homes, where the priest came only at long intervals, and was welcomed rapturously by young and old. But in none of these places could he hear aught of Mountain Con. He would have turned back, feeling he was wasting time and effort in the search, but for the encouraging letters that reached him at various stopping places from old Father Tim.

"Keep on, my lad!" wrote his old friend. "It's mission work you're doing, if nothing else; and mission work that is sadly needed up in those lone mountains.

You've got the leave to give all the help there you can."

And, knowing how that help was indeed needed, Father Phil kept on his way, bearing blessing and comfort as he went.

In the meantime where had the "wild bird," as old Mother Moll called Con, flown? It had at first been a broken, helpless flight, of which the half-conscious boy retained only dull remembrance. For even Mountain Con's rude strength had given way; the boy flung by rough hands into the gypsy wagon had "give out" indeed, and could stand "agin things no more." Only the wild-wood creature's fear of recapture had sustained him so long. But he was dulled to fear and pain at last. Jolting over rude ways in the gypsy wagon, it would have gone hard with Con if the little brown-faced Carita had not been at his side, trembling with superstitious dread of what might happen to her own if she left this friendless boy to die. It was Carita who really fought for Con, when the men of the overladen wagons would have thrown out this unwelcome stranger by the roadside at the noonday rest. It was Carita who bound his fevered head with wet, cooling kerchiefs as they jolted again on their way; it was Carita who, when they reached their camping place at sunset, brewed the potion (as she had been taught by her mother who understood herbs) that made Con sink into the restful sleep that was to bring back strength and health to him.

How long he lived in the gypsy wagon and under the little gypsy mother's care, Con never exactly knew; he was content to lie on the rough blanket that served as pallet, and jolt along over the rough mountain roads, and play with brown-faced Tony, whom the little mother left in the boy's care at the stops on the road, while she cooked and washed for the men. But that they were taking their way into wild depths unknown even to the bold hunters of Misty Mountain, Con began to see. The tall peaks around which the

trail wound were higher and rougher than any Con had seen before, the mountain passes deeper and darker, the springs by which the wagons rested clearer and sweeter in their flow.

"It is the gypsy 'patteran,'" Carita told him. "We go by ways that no one else can find, by marks that no one else can see."

"Where are we going?" asked Con, whose wits were beginning to work again.

"To the Gypsy Glen," answered Carita, who often drove the wagon while Peppo looked after the horses and dogs that straggled in long line behind it. Like all simple, tender-hearted women, she felt that the boy she had saved belonged, in a way, to her; and she talked to him as freely as if he were one of her black-browed tribe. "Every ten years, when the trees bud, the gypsies meet there to choose their king," Carita explained.

"King?" echoed Con, who had gathered some few facts about his country from the "boys'" talk around the smoky fireside of the Roost. "Didn't think we had any kings over here: jest sheriffs and judges and—presidents."

"The gypsies have kings," continued Carita; "and they rule the tribes far to the sunset and down the 'patterans' that lead to the great waters, and far up into the lands of snow. It is a great thing, my Conde" (for so she had softened her protégé's name), "to be a gypsy king. Perhaps," (her voice sank to a lower tone) "it will be Peppo—this year—unless—unless they hear I am not real Romany, but Spanish-Indian born; and, true wife as I am to Peppo, I can not forget that once I was the child of God, though I can be so no more."

"The child of God!" Memories of the kind Mister of the Mountain and all that he had told him wakened in Con's mind at the words. He had a Father in heaven, that good friend had said,—a Father who was God.

"But it is too late to think now," said Carita, with a light sigh; "though when

Tony was born and I feared I would die, I prayed again. I vowed to Santa Maria that if I and the child lived, I would have the blessed water poured on him that would wash away the sin."

"The sin?" repeated Con, who knew a little less than Carita.

"Ah, yes!" went on Carita, as the wagon turned into a narrow dell where the way was carpeted thick with pine needles from the trees on the cliffs above. The wheels turned noiselessly; the setting sun filled the pass before them with golden light. The men had galloped ahead to find a camping place for the night; and Carita slackened rein over her tired horses and took the clamoring Tony in her mother arms, while she talked on. "Great sin is on the gypsy race, from father to son. So Peppo's grandmother told me when I first came to the tents, nearly four summers ago. Very old is Peppo's grandmother,—more than one hundred years; but her eyes still burn like fire in her wrinkled face, and she can tell all things that are past, all things that are to come. 'Little fool,' she said, when Peppo brought me, shy and fluttering like a newly-caught bird, to her tent, 'to leave your people and your God for a race accursed!' A chill fell upon my heart at the words. 'What is it she means,' I asked Peppo, as we passed out into the sunlight.—'Old granny tales,' he laughed, kissing me as we went off to dance to Pietro's guitar. But before Tony was born and I sat with the old woman in the tent and learned to make baskets, she told me all,—all the sin that was to fall on my child: how the Romanies had been rich and great in the old countries in the long ago, with many horses and great tents, with hangings of red and gold, and camels on which they crossed the deserts and went from land to land. But you have heard of the Christmas night when the good Lord was born on earth a little child."

"Yes," said Con, with breathless interest. "I have heard all that,—about the stable and the manger, and the angels

singing in the skies, and the shepherds watching beneath the stars."

"It was the eve of that holy night," went on Carita, "and the tents of the Romanies (or gypsies as they call us now) stood in the valley below the hill slope of Bethlehem. All the inns were full; but in the tents there was room, and soft carpets to rest upon, and hangings of silk and gold. For the men were proud and strong, and the women wore rings in their ears and about their ankles; and they had come up from the great river of the South to buy and sell at the vast gathering that had been called by the King of the Jews. And as the sun went down, Santa Maria, the Blessed Mary, came over the hillside, with San José, looking for a place to rest. From door to door they had gone, and there was no room for them; and they were tired with long journeying, and the night was coming on. But the tents of the Romanies stood open to the sunset, and the women were laughing and singing within; and San José and the Blessed Mary, who could find no shelter, stopped and asked if they might stay with them to-night—"

"And the gypsies turned them away," burst forth Con, indignantly; "and they had to go to the stable and the manger, where it was all bare and cold."

"Yes," rejoined Carita; "and Peppo's grandmother says for that hard-hearted sin, the judgment fell upon the race. They must wander without home or country,—wander until the end of the world. Often have they tried to rest, Peppo's grandmother told me with her bright eyes burning, to build houses and plant trees and gardens, but they who do it grow sick and die. And the child of gypsy blood, wherever they strive to hold it, breaks loose from school and farmhouse, for the mountains and the hills. So it must be until the end of the world. Still it is a glad life the gypsy leads, my Conde,—glad and free."

"I wouldn't like it," answered Con, bluntly.

"Eh?" said the little gypsy mother, startled. "And why not?"

"I want to be something else," said Con, his thoughts turning back to the Mister of the Mountain. "I'd like to go to school and read books and learn things. I'd like to live in a house with pictures on the walls and frilly things at the windows, and everything nice like it was at the Manse. But I can't never go nigh there again. I've got to hit out for myself now,—far away as I can get."

"Then stay with us, Conde!" pleaded Carita, eagerly. "If Peppo is made king, we will have money, and our gypsy pot will boil full of all good things; and—we will be great among the tribes from East to West. And you will have your dog to yourself again, and a horse all your own, and—a fine jacket and boots with silver spurs, even as if you were my own brother. For you have no home, no father, no one of your blood or kin. Be a gypsy with us, Conde. Let me stain your white skin brown, so that the others may not know you are a stranger among us, and forget all that is past."

(To be continued.)

A Memorable First Communion.

DURING the French Revolution a noble lady was imprisoned in a gloomy dungeon at Paris. Her little daughter, twelve years old, remained under the care of a faithful old servant. The child's father was absent with the army of Condé.

The little girl's one thought was to get admission to her mother's prison. At last she made the acquaintance of the jailer's wife; and the kind woman used to dress her in her own child's clothes, and send her to her mother's cell on various errands. For three months she used to visit her mother regularly, though only for a short time.

But one day the mother took the child in her arms, and with sobs and tears told

her that they must soon part: she was called to trial, and she would certainly be condemned. When the violence of their first grief was over, the mother told the child to go to a certain priest, and ask him to let her make her First Communion during her mother's life.

The same evening the little one went to the priest, and he readily granted her request—heard her confession, and bade her return the next morning. When she went back on the following morning, he had just offered the Holy Sacrifice for her mother's intention, and reserved two Hosts.

"My child," he said, "I am going to trust you with a sacred mission. In early Christian times children used to carry the Blessed Sacrament to the martyrs: I am going to let you carry It to your good mother, in this hour of direst need; and you shall make your First Communion at the same time."

The child went in solemn joy to her mother, bearing Christ the Consoler. The jailer's wife left the two alone, knowing that it must be their last meeting. They fell on their knees, and, placing the sacred Hosts on the table, adored in silence for a long time. The mother then bade her little daughter say some prayers which she had taught her in infancy; and, taking one of the Hosts in her hand, she received It as Viaticum, and then gave the child her First Communion.

The next day the little girl went to the prison to see her mother once more; but the jailer's wife, with tears in her eyes, said that her mother was no longer there. She went to the priest, but he pointed up to heaven, and said, "Your mother is in heaven, my dear child; and there you must look to meet her."

The little girl grew up to womanhood and to old age; and in telling this wonderful story to her friends she used to say: "It happened seventy years ago, but I have never forgotten the scene of my First Communion, or ceased to join my prayers to those of my dear mother."

A Narrow Escape.

To the north of Scotland lies an island called Bressay. It is one of the Shetland Islands, and its shores are very rocky. On the south coast of Bressay is a slate-quarry. The workmen have to descend the cliff to it by means of a ladder. One evening a violent and sudden storm drove the quarrymen from their work; and the ladder was left in its place. During the night a ship which was struggling with the waves was driven close to the island. Her crew beheld with terror the white foam of the breakers as they dashed against the rocks. They knew that if the ship were stranded they must be lost. Still the howling winds drove her forward; the waves dashed over her, filling the cabin with water. The sailors now climbed into the rigging. They were at the mercy of the furious wind and of the raging sea. Many prayers and cries for deliverance were uttered.

On came the ship, and struck the shore. The poor seamen felt that death was almost certain. On the summit of the cliff was safety, but how could it be reached by those who were helplessly dashed at its foot? Just as the ship struck near the rock their terror was changed to joy. Close beside them, on the steep face of the cliff, was a ladder. It seemed as if placed there on purpose for them. In haste they sprang from the rigging, mounted the ladder, and reached the top of the cliff in safety. The vessel went to pieces so quickly that by the next morning not a trace of her was left.

God's Footprints.

"How do you know there is a God?" said a scoffer to an Arab guide.—"How did I know a camel passed my tent in the darkness but by the print of his hoof?" was the reply. "So," said he, pointing to the sunset, "I know that yonder footprint is not man's, but God's."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A third volume of Dr. James J. Walsh's "Catholic Churchmen in Science" will be ready for publication in the autumn.

—A catalogue of the Petrarch collection bequeathed to Cornell University by Mr. Willard Fiske, compiled by Mary Fowler, curator of the Dante collection, will be published next month.

—Messrs Chatto & Windus announce a new novel entitled "Jaqueline," by John Ayscough. We venture to hope it is not a story of the War, though a new novel by John Ayscough on any theme would be welcome.

—Students interested in what is known as the Vespucci Problem should not fail to consult the "Vespucci Reprints, Texts, and Studies," lately published by the Princeton University Press. They are of genuine value.

—"Lord Edward [Fitzgerald]: A Study in Romance," by Katharine Tynan (Smith, Elder & Co.), is described as "most interesting and delightful reading," by *Truth*; and it adds: "No Englishman can read the book without coming to understand Ireland's ineradicably rooted mistrust of England."

—A reissue seemed well-advised of "Mixed Marriages, Their Origin and Results," by the Rt. Rev. Mgr. A. A. Lambing, D. D. (THE AVE MARIA Press.) A fourth edition of this authoritative brochure attests its perennial timeliness and importance. No clerical student should be without it, as a supplement to his pastoral theology. Price, 15 cents.

—"Benedictus Qui Venit," by Father W. Roche, S. J. (Longmans, Green & Co.), is a new Mass book for youth; it contains a series of very excellent prayers and reflections proper for Mass and Communion that should appeal to young persons. The text is set down in broken lines, suggestive of "free verse"; but it is not at all intended as a literary novelty. The purpose of this arrangement is to suggest the pauses that will aid meditation. Bound in cloth and sold for 25 cents.

—Paper boards of a delicate tint, handsome though they are, would not seem the most fitting casing for the excellent monograph of the Rev. E. Boyd Barrett, S. J.—"The Will to Win." (P. J. Kenedy & Sons.) The durable merit of the book requires a more durable binding. In substance, the volume is a condensation for Catholic American youth of the author's extended volume, "Strength of Will." A work of

value at all times in its central message, it is assuredly a book for the hour, now when the call of patriotism demands strong and powerful action of our young men. Indeed, readers old and young, of both sexes, will find it a tonic influence in their lives.

—Deliberately writing nonsense, George Bernard Shaw can be exceedingly entertaining, as witness the following thoroughly mixed metaphors from a recent communication of his to the *London New Witness*:

Its organ tones boom majestically from the battle-axe of Gilbert Chesterton, and fly in stinging spindrift from the Jew's-harp of Israel Zangwill. In the great churn into which the milk of human thought continually pours, it is visible as the next leaf to be turned over in the torch of progress. Many are too blind to hear its footsteps; but those who have found the light can feel the thin end of the wedge rising beneath the surface of the wave, soon to blossom in the asphodel meadows of the loom of Time.

—In the preface to "Mrs. Norton's Cook-Book" (G. P. Putnam's Sons) it is plainly stated that "to become a good cook one must love the work and never find it too hard or disagreeable, and must be impervious to heat or cold." It is a high and hard avocation. Too many cooks, it is to be feared, do not cook *con amore*, and are extremely sensitive to atmospheric mutations. The very sight of this appetizing volume of 634 pages, with its carefully prepared index, should make all cooks take heart again, though we do not see how it can promote imperviousness to heat and cold. It must be that cooks, like poets, are born, not made, constitutionally immune from temperature, so to speak. In the words of the advertiser, the present work should "bring joy to many a jaded appetite." It is the king of cook-books, and so deserves to have its full title given—"Mrs. Nortons' Cook-Book: Selecting, Cooking, and Serving for the Home Table." Price \$2.50, net.

—What is a novel? "A good story well told," answers Professor Phelps. Be that as it may, Father Maher's new novel, "Gold Must Be Tried by Fire," fits the definition. It is a good story and it is particularly well told. It is the second novel by Richard Aumerle Maher to be published by the Macmillan Co. (By the way, his publishers refer to him as Mr. Maher, and there is nothing in the title-page to indicate that the author is a priest and an Augustinian friar.) This would seem to argue a reading public fairly established. Father Maher's readers will find in his latest offering a plot perhaps not so fresh as that involved in "The Shepherd of the North," but they will find a much firmer handling of the story elements. Here is a story

that does "grip" you from the start, and holds you till the last page. Its two chief characters are really human, not super-mortals, though one is perforce the masterful man, and the other the superior girl. "Gold Must Be Tried by Fire" is no dreadful problem novel, but an exceptionally interesting tale of wholesome romance, laid against a realistic background of industrial life. It is the best popular novel we have seen since "V. V.'s Eyes," with which it has many excellences in common.

—"Hurrah and Hallelujah" (George II. Doran Co.) is a translation, by Jessie Bröchner, from the Danish of Dr. J. P. Bang, professor of theology at the University of Copenhagen; the Introduction to the work being by the Canadian author, Ralph Connor. The peculiar title of the book is identical with that of a volume of poems published by a German pastor, Dietrich Vorwerk, and has been adopted by Dr. Bang as being "absolutely characteristic of the Germán spirit." The contents of this book are made up almost entirely of quotations embodying the teaching of German poets, professors, and preachers. Coming as it does from a neutral who quotes rather than argues, the work is a strong indictment against what its author styles the "new-German spirit." Its perusal may comfort such Americans as deplore this country's entry into the World War.

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 Will to Win." Rev. E. Boyd Barrett, S. J. 56 cts.
 "Gold Must be Tried by Fire." \$1.50.
 "Hurrah and Hallelujah." Dr. J. P. Bang. \$1.
 "Anthony Gray,—Gardener." Leslie Moore. \$1.50.
 "False Witness." Johannes Jörgensen. 3s. 6d.
 "Blessed Art Thou Among Women." William F. Butler. \$3.50.
 "History of the Sinn Fein Movement." Francis P. Jones. \$2.00.
 "The Master's Word." 2 vols. Rev. Thomas Flynn, C. C. \$3.00.
 "Dark Rosaleen." M. E. Francis. \$1.35.

- "An Eight Days' Retreat for Religious." Rev. Henry A. Gabriel, S. J. \$1.50.
 "The Love of God and the Neighbor." Rev. J. V. Schubert. \$1.25.
 "Prolegomena to an Edition of the Works of Decimus Magnus Ausonius." Sister Marie José Byrne, Ph. D. \$1.25.
 "Catholic Christianity and the Modern World." Dr. Krogh-Tonning. \$1.25.
 "Camillus de Lellis, the Hospital Saint." A Sister of Mercy. \$1.
 "Catholic Christianity; or, The Reasonableness of Our Religion." Rev. O. Vassall-Phillips, C. S. R. \$1.50.
 "A Retrospect of Fifty Years." Cardinal Gibbons. 2 vols. \$2.
 "The White People." Frances H. Burnett. \$1.20.
 "A Manual of Modern Scholastic Philosophy." Cardinal Mercier, etc. Vol. I. \$3.50.
 "Great Inspirers." Rev. J. A. Zahm, C. S. C., Ph. D. \$1.50.

Obituary.

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

Rev. John Stringfellow, of the archdiocese of Birmingham; Rev. James Heany, diocese of Peoria; and Rev. Nicholas Frey, O. S. B.

Sister M. Francisus, of the Sisters of the Immaculate Heart; and Mother M. Seraphine, Order of St. Ursula.

Mr. Louis Slimer, Mr. Edmund Fox, Mr. James Casey, Mr. Servine Gouthro, Miss Mary Collins, Mr. and Mrs. David Hill, Mr. Joseph McInnis, Mr. Osker Paar, Mrs. Mary Honner, Mr. P. McDonnell, Mrs. Luke Gardiner, Miss Catherine Crowdis, Mr. J. P. Mudd, Miss Katherine Ryan, Mrs. Margaret Cooney, Mr. Lloyd Robey, Miss Margaret Donovan, Mrs. Thomas Shaw, Mr. William Livingstone, Mr. Edmund Casey, Mrs. Ellen Ward, Mr. Simon Gallant, Mr. F. L. Cuppy, Mr. Joseph McDonald, Mr. Bernard Dubois, Miss Teresa McLeod, Mr. E. J. Hess, Mr. James Martin, Mr. Joseph McInnis, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Livingstone, Mr. Frank Kozlowski, Mr. W. J. Jarvis, Mrs. Elizabeth O'Hara, and Mr. John Klima.

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: friend (Leavenworth), \$10. For the Chinese missions: R. O'C., \$2. For the Bishop of Nueva Segovia: R. O'C., \$2. For the rescue of orphaned and abandoned children in China: R. O'C., \$2; M. K., \$1.



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

VOL. V. (New Series.)

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Vesper.

BY ROSAMOND LIVINGSTONE MCNAUGHT.

THIS subtle sweetness in the twilight air,—
It fills my soul until I am afraid.
From rubric glow of sky and misty shade
Comes melody that mingles with my prayer.
My simple Rosary with thee I share,
And thou to me a wondrous gift hast made:
Upon my soul thou hast a glory laid,
And in this hour removed my cross of care.
Could such blest happiness be mine at last,
What then to me were vain misgiving's tears
Which in the cold gray mists of morning flow?
What then were all the yearnings of the past
That built my cross through empty, painful
years?
Into a song my Rosary would grow.

Denis Florence MacCarthy.—A Centenary Appreciation.

BY W. H. GRATAN FLOOD, MUS. D.



MID the hurly-burly of the greatest war in the world's history, one must not forget the memory of the great men of the past; and surely to all lovers of Anglo-Irish verse the name of Denis Florence MacCarthy conjures up the recollection of a delightful poet and *littérateur*. The centenary of the birth of this distinguished lyrical writer—also known as the translator of Calderon—falls on May 26; and it is, therefore, appropriate to give a brief memoir of so remarkable a

man, whose work was invariably on a high level, and whose verse, according to T. W. Rolleston, "was marked by sincere feeling, wide culture, and careful, though unpretentious art."

Denis Florence MacCarthy was born at No. 14 Lower Sackville Street (now the Imperial Hotel), Dublin, on the 26th of May, 1817, and displayed an early predilection for reading. It is said that he wrote some verses in 1832, at the age of fifteen; but his earliest printed poem appeared in the Dublin *Satirist* in 1834. Other poetic trifles followed at sporadic intervals; and, towards the close of the year 1843, he contributed a poem signed "Desmond" to the *Nation*. Almost immediately his verses in the *Nation* attracted considerable attention, and the young poet joined the weekly suppers of this famous journal, forgathering with some of the most brilliant writers and thinkers in Ireland. In Gavan Duffy's "Memoir of Thomas Davis" we read as follows: "MacCarthy was our Sydney Smith. His humor was as spontaneous as sunshine, and often flashed out as unexpectedly in grave debate as a gleam of sunshine from behind a mask of clouds. Some practical man proposed that there should be a close season for jokes, but they did not impede business: they rather seasoned it and made it palatable. MacNevin and Barry were wits and sayers of good things; MacCarthy was a genuine humorist."

In connection with the *Nation*, MacCarthy edited, in 1846, "The Book of Irish Ballads," dedicated to Samuel Ferguson. This admirable compilation of

282 pages is prefaced by an Introduction which well deserves to be reprinted in some modern anthology. It contains three of his own ballads—namely, "Alice and Una," "The Vale of Shanganah," and "A Lament." In the same year (1846) he published "The Poets and Dramatists of Ireland," giving selections from the writings of Stanyhurst, Lodowick Barry, Sir John Denham, the Earl of Ossory, the Earl of Roscommon, Richard Flecknoe, Nahum Tate, Thomas Southern, William Congreve, Swift, Sheridan, Delaney, Farquhar, Steele, Dunkin, Madden, and Parnell. This little volume has long been out of print, and is now very scarce; but it is to be hoped that it will be reissued ere long. By a rare good fortune, the present writer was given the presentation copy of this book which the poet had sent to the late Father Charles P. Meehan a short time before his death.

MacCarthy, who was called to the Irish Bar in 1846, also contributed much verse to the *Dublin University Magazine*, including the well-known lyric, "Summer Longings," beginning,

Ah, my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the May!

which has been set to music by at least a dozen composers since its appearance in 1848. In 1846 he became fascinated with the works of the Spanish poet Calderon; and in 1848 he published "Justina" over the signature of "J. H.," followed by "The Dramas of Calderon" in 1853. Meantime, in 1850, appeared his "Ballads, Poems and Lyrics, Original and Translated"; and these established his literary reputation.

MacCarthy joined a literary and quasi-convivial society, the "Mystics," in Dublin, in 1852. A passage from his diary, under date of March 15, 1853, records a meeting of the "Mystics" at Dalkey: "About thirty of the brethren attended: Waller (Dr. John Francis) in the chair; Magrath, vice; Gilbert sat next me; Wilde, Starkey, Porter, King, Corcoran, Jones the sculptor, Hayes, Darcy, Armstrong, Thornton,

and many others whose names I did not catch. Waller proposed my health in his usual friendly manner. The society may grow into one of some value, but it will require revision and care."

Somewhat later in the same year MacCarthy again dined with the "Mystics" in company with Sir John Gilbert and John Edward Pigot, as well as Sir William Wilde. Pigot, who was an intensely earnest man, regarded the new Society as too frivolous for serious workers, and he thus wrote to Sir John Gilbert in December, 1853: "Ere this they have made a 'Mystic' of you, and you have sacrificed to the Jupiter-Æsculapius and Juno-Minerva (Sir William and Lady Wilde) of Westland Row. I wish you joy of the pleasant company you are likely to meet in your new courses, and of the pleasant anticipations of literary and historical eminence into which you are sure to rise in such company!"

In regard to Sir John Gilbert, I have been assured that no two greater friends existed than himself and MacCarthy; and that friendship remained unbroken during life. He was always a welcome guest at Villa Nova, Blackrock, where Lady Gilbert still resides. MacCarthy thus writes to Gilbert on the appearance of the first volume of his "History of Dublin," in 1854: "You are so accustomed to praise that I know you would attach but little importance to any new accession of that cheap incense, even though the censor were swung by 'a hand less unworthy than mine.' Yet I can not help *incensing* you by saying this at least: that I shall be greatly disappointed indeed if your book is not pronounced by universal acclamation the most important original contribution to local Irish history which this century has seen. In point of interest and attractiveness, you have an easy victory over all your predecessors, not only in local but in general Irish history. You have, in fact, 'solved the Irish difficulty' by proving that our history is not necessarily connected with insipidity, dryness, and

want of attractions, which have been too long its position. You have done more: by a happy and characteristic accident, you have shown the world, by the color of the binding of your volume, that an Irish *blue book* must be *re(a)d*,—a miracle which I believe has never been effected out of Dublin."

A postscript to this playful letter was the now well-known sonnet, "Written after reading Gilbert's 'History of Dublin,'" which may be here reproduced. In the autograph it is dated March 11, 1856:

SONNET.

(Written after reading Gilbert's "History of Dublin.")

Long have I loved the beauty of thy streets,
 Fair Dublin; long, with unavailing vows,
 Sigh'd to all guardian deities who rouse
 The spirits of dead nations to new heats
 Of life and triumph:—vain the fond conceits,
 Nestling like eaves-warmed doves 'neath pa-
 triot brows!
 Vain as the "Hope" that, from thy Custom
 House,
 Looks o'er the vacant bay in vain for fleets.
 Genius alone brings back the days of yore.
 Look! look, what life is in these quaint old
 shops!
 The loneliest lanes are rattling with the roar
 Of coach and chair; fans, feathers, flambeaux,
 fops
 Flutter and flicker through yon open door,
 When Handel's hand moves the great organ
 stops.

When Newman became rector of the Catholic University of Ireland in 1854, one of the first appointments he made was that of Denis Florence MacCarthy as professor of poetry, and this position he retained till his death. MacCarthy then lived at Summerfield, a pretty place in Dalkey; but in 1864 he and his family went to reside at Boulogne. While living there Miss Mary Gilbert, sister of the historian of Dublin, sent him a spray of shamrock picked out of the lawn at Villa Nova, which the poet acknowledged by forwarding on March 17, 1865, the original manuscript of a poem entitled, "A Shamrock from the Irish Shore" (On receiving a Shamrock in a Letter from

Ireland), of which I venture to quote the first and last stanzas:

O Postman, speed thy tardy gait,—
 Go quicker round from door to door!
 For thee I watch, for thee I wait,
 Like many a weary wanderer more.
 Thou bringest news of bale and bliss—
 Some life begun, some life well o'er.
 He stops—he rings—O Heaven! what's this?
 A Shamrock from the Irish shore!
 And shall I not return thy love?
 And shalt thou not, as thou shouldst be,
 Placed on thy son's proud heart, above
 The red rose or the fleur-de-lis?
 Yes, from these heights the waters beat,
 I vow to press thy cheek once more,
 And lie forever at thy feet,
 O Shamrock of the Irish shore!

Mary Gilbert acknowledged the poem as follows: "I do not know how to thank you, or in what words to express our delight in the beautiful lines you sent yesterday. The exquisite taste and fancy, the poetic imagery and tenderness of the verses are only what might have been expected from yourself. I believe the English are right, after all, in crushing and bruising us: they are an eminently practical people, and find that the best good is wrung from us after we have been driven out of the dear old land we all love so well. It strikes me that you might have been looking at the shamrocks of Summerfield long enough before those twelve sweet stanzas would have come forth. We have just been reading the poem to an English Protestant clergyman, one of the last in the world you would suppose likely to appreciate it; and he has become so enthusiastic about it that I had to give him your autograph to carry away to England."

In 1857 MacCarthy published two important volumes—"Under Glimpses, and Other Poems," and "The Bell Founder, and Other Poems"; followed in 1861, by "Love, the Greatest Enchantment," from Calderon. The great Spanish dramatist was popularized by MacCarthy; but in the years 1867 and 1870 he issued further translations from Calderon—"Mys-

teries of Corpus Christi" and "The Two Lovers of Heaven." He also revised and recast his "Book of Irish Ballads" in 1869.

MacCarthy's Diary, in the year 1874, is most interesting. He was then residing in Ireland at 8 Eglinton Park, Kingstown. Under date of August 9, 1874, we read: "Dined at J. J. MacCarthy's, with Gilbert, A. O'Hagan, Father Meehan; P. J. Smyth, M. P.; Charles Hart, Dr. Joyce, Edward Fottrell,—to meet Sir Charles Gavan Duffy. Gilbert and I left him at the Shelbourne Hotel." A month later he and Gilbert had a fortnight's tour in England, and from his voluminous correspondence I quote the following extract of a letter from MacCarthy, dated Belle Vue Hotel, Bournemouth, Sept. 23, 1874:

"Gilbert and I spent a very agreeable day, yesterday, in visiting some interesting places in the neighborhood of this attractive watering place. We went by train in about ten minutes to Christchurch, a small town four or five miles off, to visit the noble priory church there. As I enclose two photographs of this ancient structure, I need not attempt any description of it. It contains a number of monuments—seven marble slabs and an elaborate cenotaph of Shelley, erected to his memory by his son, Sir Percy Shelley, who lives in this neighborhood. . . . I asked for the Catholic church here [Bournemouth], and was directed to a magnificent building called St. Peter's, to which a very lofty tower has just been added. This is the great Ritualistic church of the town, the rector being, I believe, the well-known Rev. Mr. Bennett.

"In the grounds about the church, which are beautifully laid out as a cemetery, there are a considerable number of graves, almost every one of which has a white marble cross, some of them resembling our own dear one at Glasnevin. Among the graves which had not a cross was a large one, surrounded by a hedge of ivy, in which are the remains of William Godwin and Mary Wallstonecraft Godwin, removed from St. Pancras' Cemetery, London, by

their grandson, Sir Percy Shelley, as well as those of his mother, the poet's wife. Close to this I came, to my great surprise, upon a rather plain headstone erected to the memory of the wife of Daniel MacCarthy, Esq., and daughter of the late Admiral Sir H. Popham, who died July 3, 1847, aged forty years. The hotel where we are staying is nicely situated close to the sea and the pier. It is the hotel at which Aubrey de Vere always stops in his annual visit; and, by a curious accident, I occupy his room. He left Bournemouth a fortnight ago."

MacCarthy took up his residence in London in November, 1874, at 4 Charlotte Street, Bedford Square; and in March, 1875, he wrote to Mary Gilbert that he was "longing to sit under the broad-leafy limes at Villa Nova." In the winter of 1877-8 he visited Paris, and stayed at Hotel Saint Romain, Rue du Dauphin, from which address he wrote Sir John Gilbert a most amusing letter, dated January 26, 1878, which concludes thus: "I am here on Cosas de España, in one of those fine chateaux in that airy region which I am not yet tired of constructing. I am greatly pleased with this duodecimo Delphin edition of a hotel. Tennyson's, mine, and other great people's names are in the visitors' book. I dare say at the end, when they 'send bill,' I may have to change my mind—and many Napoleons."

In 1879, on the occasion of the centenary of Thomas Moore, MacCarthy was commissioned to write the ode, and he thus wrote to Mary Gilbert: "I feel very much indisposed to go to Dublin at all until this Moore-ish centenary business is happily well (or ill) over. . . . I feel a natural repugnance to stand in the pillory of my own condemnation when my ode is pretty sure to receive its deserved quietus on the 28th inst. Sir Robert Stewart will not be able to set it to music, as there is not time; but he writes to me in too laudatory terms of the verses. I have great fears, but with Tisdall's fine

elocution it may pass. I shouldn't be at the ordeal of the recitation for any consideration."

A few days later the poet wrote a further letter on the same subject: "With regard to the ode, I am put under a sort of vow by Dr. Tisdall not to send even a single copy to Ireland before, as he says, it 'comes living and breathing' from his lips. He thinks more highly of it than it deserves, and wishes that it should burst with absolute novelty and freshness for the first time on the ears of his audience. It is not the first time a man broke his vow for the sake of a lady, as I do now in your behalf. Although the offering has the taint of perjury about it, I trust that you will graciously accept it and condone the offence."

MacCarthy was induced to come over to Dublin for the Moore Centenary; and, notwithstanding his well-known modesty, he was obliged to submit to the public presentation of a wreath of laurels in recognition of his ode. Lady Gilbert thus describes this incident: "After this event the laureate and his friend, 'J. T. G.,' returning to spend the evening at Villa Nova, called at Sion Hill Convent, Blackrock, to display the wreath for the amusement of Sister Mary Stanislaus, the poet's daughter; and the good Dominican 'Sisters' and 'Mothers' still relate how Gilbert placed the wreath on MacCarthy's head, and how the two serious scholars, linked arm in arm and with peals of laughter, danced about like schoolboys in the convent parlor."

In the autumn of the year 1881 MacCarthy's health was failing, and he determined to spend the remainder of his days in Ireland. With this object in view, he commissioned Mary Gilbert to select a house for him in the vicinity of Blackrock, as near as possible to Sion Hill Convent and to Villa Nova. The house was duly selected; and the poet, after many exiles in foreign lands, came home only to pass peacefully away, tended by loving and willing hands, and fortified by

all the rites of the Church, on Good Friday, April 7, 1882.

Mine is not the pen to appraise the writings and poetry of Denis Florence MacCarthy: this has been done by far abler hands. My task has been merely to reveal a little-known biography of a most lovable Irishman and a good practical Catholic, whose acquaintance I was privileged to enjoy for a few years prior to his lamented death. His lyrical poetry always appealed to me in a special manner; and if I were asked to single out my favorite song of his I should unhesitatingly name "Summer Longings" as instinct with the divine afflatus. By way of conclusion, let me quote the first and last verses of this delightful song:

Ah! my heart is weary waiting,
 Waiting for the May,—
 Waiting for the pleasant rambles,
 When the fragrant hawthorn brambles,
 With the woodbine alternating,
 Scent the dewy way.
 Ah! my heart is weary waiting,
 Waiting for the May!

Waiting, sad, dejected, weary,—
 Waiting for the May.
 Spring goes by with wasted warnings,
 Moonlight evenings, sunbright mornings;
 Summer comes, yet dark and dreary
 Life still ebbs away:
 Man is ever weary, weary,
 Waiting for the May!

If the Church is ever pleading for her children, so is Mary; and the earliest pictorial representation of her is the "Orante" of the Catacombs, who stands with outstretched arms, in endless intercession, among tombs still red with the martyrs' blood. If the "sword" passed through her heart, the Church, too, has to suffer. If it was a hidden life that Our Lord lived with His Mother for thirty years, it is a sacramental life that He leads with His Church. If Mary could be suspected, can not the Church be reviled? The Church is a teacher, and so is Mary: "Wisdom doth sit with children round her knees."—*Aubrey de Vere*.

The Crest of the Bodkins.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON.

XXVI.—RIO FRIO.

NEVER did the valley of Mexico look more intensely beautiful than on that memorable July day when the Empress Carlotta set forth on her journey to—despair. Pausing for a while on the piazza at Chapultepec, she gazed, her beautiful eyes dimmed with unshed tears, over the luminous greens and golds and purples and crimsons. Leaning upon the Emperor's arm, she stood gazing as though she knew that this was the last glance she would ever cast upon a valley which she had learned to love so well. The Emperor suddenly placed an arm round her, and kissed her with a long, lingering, loving kiss. The ladies and gentlemen of her suite turned away, and Alice Nugent sobbed as if her heart would break.

"Hey! hey!" cried honest Bergheim, his voice thick and unnatural. "It is high time to be stirring, your Majesties. I have to place you safely in San Miguel before the sun sets. If it please you, we must now to horse."

Slowly—oh, so slowly!—the imperial couple turned away; and Carlotta's glance fell for the last time upon the gigantic cedars, beneath whose shade the ill-fated Montezuma foreboded the destruction of his kingdom and himself.

The imperial escort was a very strong one, as the Juarists were growing bolder, and the country to be passed through thoroughly disaffected. The Hussars of the Empress—the Corps d'Elite—rode in advance, their scarlet dolmans and gold braidings making a brave and splendid show. Next came two hundred gentlemen of the Court, in various uniforms, all superbly mounted and armed to the teeth; then the imperial carriage drawn by twelve white mules, in which sat Carlotta and Maximilian alone; for, having so

much to say ere the sad and solemn leaving, the usual etiquette of driving with the lady-in-waiting and the adjutant was dispensed with. Closely following the imperial carriage came another, occupied by the two ladies-in-waiting—of whom Miss Nugent was one—and a Minister of State; and a second, in which were seated two chamberlains of the imperial household and the Empress' physician. Four other vehicles carried the servants and the baggage. The rear was brought up by a picked body of Belgian troops, and the rear-guard was composed of a troop of French cavalry. Maréchal Bazaine insisted upon accompanying the Emperor, greatly to Maximilian's disgust; for of late the Emperor's eyes were being opened as to the *real* Bazaine, not the Marshal of France.

It was a brave and glittering cavalcade; and, to all seeming, the glory of the Empire was never so refulgent as when that July sun flashed on the sabres of the bold and brave troopers who gallantly galloped beside the imperial equipage.

Our hero's mount was a splendid bay, the gift of Baron Bergheim; and, being in a low, if not a despairing, frame of mind, he rode as far away from the imperial carriage as he dared. Ever and anon a sudden halt or a turn in the road would bring him almost face to face with Miss Nugent; but he never once raised his eyes to her, or gave her a chance, if she even wanted to, to bow to him. Officially he learned that Count Ludwig von Kalksburg would be in waiting at Rio Frio, and this unexpected announcement was quite sufficient to sour poor Bodkin heart and soul.

With the sad—nay, tragic parting of the Emperor and Empress, of husband and wife, I shall not deal. Both *felt* that it might be the last time that they would meet on earth, but neither would admit the sombre thought in any way to ripen. There was no attempt at cheerfulness,—no such thing as an expression of hope that the mission of the heroic woman

would succeed. There was no "*Au revoir!*" "God keep you!" were Maximilian's last words to his loving wife on this side of the grave.

At a little *venta*, or inn, a troop of Austrian horse met the imperial cortège, and commanding this troop was Count Ludwig von Kalksburg. Military etiquette compelled Arthur to salute the Count, the same law compelling Von Kalksburg to return the salutation.

"Good God, how happy he ought to be!" thought Arthur. "If I were in his place, I'd fling all Court etiquette to the winds, and fly to her side. This fellow doesn't seem in any hurry even to greet her. Well, what is it all to *me*? Shall I say adieu? *Cui bono*? She wanted only to talk business with me the other day at Cuernavaca. Aye, but she called me Arthur—twice. Pshaw! force of habit. And he turned away."

The halt lasted but one brief half hour. The Emperor was to return to Mexico, the Empress to push on to Vera Cruz. The trumpets sounded "boots and saddles," and Rody came up with Arthur's charger.

"Herself wants for to spake to ye, Masther Arthur."

"The Empress?"

"No, sir. Miss Nugent."

"Did she say so?"

"Yes, sir, she did. 'Rody,' sez she, 'tell yer masther I want for to say good-bye to him.'" He added, in an undertone: "Bad cess to her, couldn't she lave him alone!"

Arthur, leading his charger by the bridle, crossed to where Alice Nugent was standing.

"I wish to say good-bye, Mr. Bodkin," she said very slowly, as if controlling her words.

"Thank you!" he answered; and, for want of better words, he added, "When do you think of returning?"

"*Sabe Dios!*"

"But you *will* return; at least—well—perhaps not. You will, I presume, remain in Austria; and," he added, with a ghastly

attempt at gayety—he was pale as death,— "I suppose I ought in all etiquette to—to congratulate you."

"Congratulate *me!*"

"Yes, yes!"

"On what?"

"O Miss Nugent! you—well, on your engagement to—that gentleman over yonder," bending his head in the direction where the Count was engaged in earnest conversation with the Emperor.

At this moment the Empress entered her carriage, and called to Alice to join her.

"Arthur Bodkin," said Miss Nugent, white as himself, "what do you mean?"

"I mean that I congratulate you on your engagement to the most noble, the Count Ludwig von Kalksburg," his tone cold and measured.

While you could count three slowly Alice was silent.

"Arthur," she said, and her beautiful Irish eyes filled with tears, "I am *not* engaged to Count Ludwig von Kalksburg. I *never* was engaged to him. And—and—I never was engaged to anybody but—you. Good-bye!"

And in another instant she was seated beside her Imperial Mistress, and the carriage was driven rapidly away.

XXVII.—THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

When the devoted Carlotta had departed on her mission of—despair, Maximilian was left alone to face the embarrassment of perils that menaced his government. It was a task for statesmanship, for the mastery of conflicting forces, in the end; but for the time being, one of negotiation, of expediency, until the result of the mission of the Empress, with its glad tidings of great joy, should be known; for the Emperor never for a second doubted the issue. Carlotta, his beloved Carlotta, fail! And was not the honor of Napoleon III. at stake?

When Baron Saillard, Napoleon's special envoy, announced to Maximilian his purpose to withdraw the French troops, Bazaine hastened to issue the orders for

execution. In the distant provinces the retreat had already begun; Juarez had removed his seat of government inland from the Rio Grande to Chihuahua; gloom and anxiety reigned in the court, and conspiracy in the Council of State.

Napoleon wrote to Maréchal Bazaine:

"I have told the Empress frankly that I can not spare a single man or a dollar for Mexico. I have written to the Emperor that the time for half measures is past, and that he must either maintain himself unaided or abdicate."

In October, after a brief sojourn at Miramar, Carlotta, having failed with Napoleon, resolved to repair to Rome and seek counsel of the Holy Father. At all the large towns she was greeted with every token of enthusiasm and of sympathy. While at Miramar, Alice Nugent was her constant companion; and to her Carlotta seemed to turn for consolation after the unlooked-for failure at the Tuileries. There was something so beautiful, so sympathetic in Alice's Irish nature that the poor Empress—now almost wrecked with grief, mortification, and anxiety—clung, as it were, to her loyal Maid of Honor,—clung with a sort of despairing tenacity.

The idea of repairing to Rome seemed to brighten up the Empress, and it was put into execution without an hour's unnecessary delay.

As I have stated, the reception accorded Carlotta all along the line took the shape of an ovation; for her sad story was widely known, and the people beheld in her a noble and devoted woman, who, single-handed, was fighting for her rights, and claiming fulfilment of solemn promises.

It was during this journey that, as the special train was slowing into the station of Livorno, the Empress turned to Alice, and said, in a low but deeply impressive tone:

"Alice, I will not go to Rome: I am afraid they will poison me there. I will go back at once to Miramar."

Alice Nugent's heart beat hard with fright; a deadly fear beset her. There

was that in Carlotta's voice which told her that the very apprehensions she had confided to Bodkin in the bower at Cuernavaca had come to bear fruit,—that, merciful God! the reason of her beloved mistress had yielded to the fearful and agonizing strain. In a moment or two, however, the Empress resumed her natural tone, and did not again speak of going to Miramar.

She was received at the Papal court with the highest ceremony and the highest honor. Numerous personages, representing different nationalities, tendered her their assurances of respect and sympathy; and she won the warmest admiration by her dignity, her grace, and her wondrous linguistic accomplishments. Alas! it was but the flash ere the shadow fell.

In the evening of the fourth day, while reclining upon a lounge, she suddenly sat up very straight, stared as it were to pierce futurity, pushed her hair back with her beautiful white hands, and, falling back, began to sob piteously.

In an instant Alice was by her side.

"Dearest lady, what is it?" the young girl asked tenderly.

The Empress pulled Miss Nugent's head down until she could whisper *into* her ear.

"Alice," she said, intense terror in her voice, "not a word to a human being! Napoleon has hired three of my suite to poison me; and no one must be allowed near me but you, darling. I shall ask the Holy Father to arrest the Mexican Minister and Cardinal Antonelli."

This attack partly passed away, but it left traces that could not be mistaken. In a final audience at the Vatican, she entreated protection from her enemies, and piteously declared that it was only within the walls of the Vatican that she felt safe from the human fiends who were endeavoring to poison her. This dreadful delusion took so strong a hold upon her that she refused to take any food or drink unless purchased by herself in the streets, and prepared in her presence by her devoted

Maid of Honor. The most skilful medical treatment, the most devoted service, failed in their merciful and hopeful purposes; and in the last days of October the Empress was taken in charge by her mother, and brought back to her beloved Miramar.

All that love, ambition, and the inspired qualities of true womanhood could do to save the Empire had been done, and the mission of the Empress was over.

The dread news reached Maximilian on the 8th of October, a very short time after the intimation that the mission to the Tuileries had failed. It was about two o'clock in the afternoon that Baron Bergheim rushed into Arthur Bodkin's quarters, his face pale, hair dishevelled, and tears in his voice.

"God help her! God help her!" he moaned. "Her reason has succumbed."

Then the prophetic words of Alice Nugent came back to Arthur.

The Emperor started as if a bullet had struck him, clapped one hand to his heart, the other to his head, closed his eyes, and stood rigid and white as chalk. Thus did he remain for about five minutes, his lips moving slowly, as if in prayer.

"A horse!" he said to Bodkin, and that was all.

Accompanied by Baron Bergheim and Arthur, who respectfully and sorrowfully kept behind, Maximilian rode out to Chapultepec, his head bent forward, and with never a return salutation to his bowing subjects,—he who was always so particular in touching his hat even to a ragged peasant. Completely prostrated, he shut himself up in his private apartments, where he received but three or four of his suite—men whom he loved and trusted.

Broken by this unendurable sorrow, perplexed by the foul course adopted by Bazaine, and believing that the jealousy and intriguing of the latter had so weakened the political ties around him that nothing but misfortune could be seen looming up in the dark clouds enshrouding him, he repaired to Orizaba, resolving to

abdicate, fly to the side of his beloved and afflicted wife, and leave the country without even re-entering the capital. On October the 21st he wrote to Bazaine: "To-morrow I propose to put into your hands the necessary documents by which to end this impossible state of things."

The next few days were full of uncertainty and wild confusion. Maximilian did not send the expected documents, yet his letters to headquarters were all of a testamentary character. The Emperor's personal property was made over to Señor Sanchez Navarro; and, with the exception of the plate, the valuables in the Palace were packed and forwarded to Vera Cruz.

A short reflection, however, and Maximilian's drooping spirits were aroused, and the inclination to fight it out to the bitter end gradually mastered him. He determined to submit the question of his abdication to a vote of the Privy Council; and, with a view of learning the views of the Mexican people, he issued the following proclamation:

MEXICANS:—Circumstances of great magnitude, relating to the welfare of our country, and which increase in strength by our domestic difficulties, have produced in our mind the conviction that we ought to reconsider the power confided to us.

Our Council of Ministers, by us convoked, has given as their opinion that the welfare of Mexico still requires our presence at the head of affairs, and we have considered it our duty to respect their judgment. We announce, at the same time, our intention to convoke a national congress, on the most ample and liberal basis, where all political parties can participate.

This congress shall decide whether the Empire shall continue in the future; and, in case of assent, shall assist in framing the fundamental laws to consolidate the public institutions of the country. To obtain this result, our councillors are at present engaged in devising the necessary means, and at the same time arranging matters in such a way that all parties may assist in an arrangement on that basis.

In the meantime, Mexicans, counting upon you all, without excluding any political class, we shall continue with courage and constancy the work of regeneration which you have placed in charge of your countryman,

MAXIMILIAN.

On the fifth day of January, 1867, Maximilian, accompanied by Father Fisher, arrived at the capital. It was decided that the Empire was to be maintained by ten eyes against eight nos.

During the next two months the preparations for the evacuation of Mexico were continued slowly, but systematically. As the French garrison moved out of each town it had occupied, the keys were delivered to the Imperialists, who within twenty-four hours usually turned them over to the Juarists. All relations, always strained, between the Emperor and Bazaine were broken off; and when, on the 5th of February, the French troops marched past the Palace on their way to the coast—the fleet sailed from Vera Cruz, March 12—every window in the great structure was closed. Behind the blinds of the casement Maximilian watched the retreating columns, and as the rear one disappeared he turned to his secretary, Mangino: "At last," he exclaimed, "I am free!"

"Let the French go!" was the cry at Court. "We want them not. Be no longer the tool and puppet of Louis Napoleon. Mexicans will save the Empire, and die in the service of your Majesty."

In the face of General Castlenan's appeal, as says Mr. Taylor, and Bazaine's brutal urgency to abdicate; of the Emperor Francis Joseph's offer to restore the right of succession to the Austrian throne he had renounced in 1864; of the incoming tide of Liberal victories, and Juarez' refusal of amnesty; of the departure of his French allies; of his former settled resolution to turn the government over to the French commander, and leave the Empire to its fate; of his love and sorrow for Carlotta, and his yearning to be with her in her misfortune,—in the face of all this, the soul of the young Emperor was stirred to its inmost depths; and, with a courage that dignifies all mistakes of royal lives, he came to an unalterable decision to remain in Mexico, and battle for his sovereignty, his honor, and his adherents.

(To be continued.)

Laboratories at the Vatican and Papal Scientists.

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

(CONCLUSION.)

ANY one who wants to realize how very different from the attitude of opposition to science was the position of the Popes and the Church should read the story of Father Kircher, S. J. It is to be found in the first volume of Catholic "Churchmen in Science," and makes very clear how generously scientific activities were encouraged in Rome. There is scarcely any mode of physical science that Father Kircher did not pursue with enthusiasm, and his great books are marvels both of printing and illustration and landmarks in the history of science. Brother Potamian, in his catalogue of the Latimer Clark Library of the Institute of American Engineers, calls particular attention to the fact that *electromagnetismos* is the astonishing title which Father Kircher gave to a chapter of his book *Magnes, sive de Arte Magnetica*,—"The Magnet; or, On Magnetic Art," which was published in 1641.

There is scarcely a phase of ordinary physical science on which Kircher did not write a text-book, and these text-books were not little manuals but huge tomes usually magnificently illustrated, so that they are now among the bibliographic treasures of the world in the history of science. Besides the book on magnetism already mentioned, three years later there appeared a book on light and shade, *Ars Magna Lucis et Umbræ*; and five years later a book on acoustics, *Musurgia Universalis*, with the sub-title, *Ars Harmoniæ et Discordiæ*, "The Universal Science of Music and the Art of Harmony and Discord"; and later there was a book on Astronomy called *Iter Celeste*, "The Celestial Way"; and then one on geology, metallurgy and mineralogy called *Mundus Subterraneus*, which was often referred to as the author's greatest book, and was translated into a number of modern

languages including English, though in the seventeenth century Englishmen were loath enough to draw their inspiration from Jesuit writers even on such indifferent subjects as science.

Curiously enough, one of his books was called *Physiologia Experimentalis*, which might be translated "Experimental Physiology," though it was really a text-book of experimental physics. It contained all the experimental parts, and especially the demonstrations in chemistry, physics, music, magnetism and mechanics, as well as acoustics and optics drawn from his larger works on these phases of science. This book of Father Kircher's formed the groundwork of most text-books of science for a full century after his time, and it was freely drawn upon for matter and illustrations in many countries.

All of these books were published not only without opposition on the part of the Pope, but with the greatest possible encouragement. Father Kircher was making Rome a centre of interest for the physical science of the world, and was at the same time the personal friend of many successive Popes, often admitted to private audiences, and asked to explain his most recent discoveries and demonstrate his experiments.

Above all, Father Kircher was active in another field of physical science which I feel sure Professor Huxley would have thoroughly commended had he known it, or rather had he thought of it at the moment when he was making his scoffing observation. Father Kircher is deservedly looked up to as the originator of the modern museum movement. He gathered together a whole host of curios of many kinds in his famous museum, called after him the *Museo Kircheriano* or more simply *The Kircherianum*. He aroused the lively interest of Jesuit missionaries all over the world, and they sent him curious specimens of many kinds illustrating anthropology, ethnology, zoology, folklore and other phases of natural history and science usually considered to be much more

modern in origin than his time; and he gathered all these together so as to provide material for study. The Popes when they received curiosities from distant missionaries, sometimes deposited them with Father Kircher, or willed them to his collection after their death; and this museum is, I think, the pioneer in its line, in the history of the world.

Strange as it may seem to some, there is at least one philosopher physician among the Popes, though there are of course many more great theologians (and theology is a science), many distinguished philosophers, and many illustrious scholars. The philosopher physician was John XXI. who had been known before his election as Pope as Peter of Spain and who had been a professor in several universities before he was made a bishop, and eventually raised to the Papal See. Curiously enough, he is the only Pope whom Dante speaks of as in Paradise, placing him beside other such distinguished scholars as Saints Bonaventure, Augustine, Chrysostom, Anselm, along with Abbot Joachim and Hugh of St. Victor. The poet calls Pope John XXI.

Him of Spain

Who through twelve volumes full of light
descants.

The fame of this Pope must have been still fresh in the minds of Dante's generation; for Peter of Spain was born, according to the best ascertainable record, in the second decade of the thirteenth century, living to be past 70 years of age; and as Dante himself was born in 1265, they must have been for a time contemporaries. Peter made his medical and scientific studies at the University of Paris, and in a letter in later life he confesses that he retains a special affection for Paris, because 'within its dwellings he had been brought up from early years and applied himself to various sciences, finding the opportunities provided for education most favorable. After the deep draughts of knowledge there obtained as far as the God of majesty, the Giver of true wisdom, permitted him to take its opportunities, he does not think

that he will be ever able to forget how much he owes to this mother of study.'

When he was about thirty-five years of age Peter received an invitation to the chair of physics, as medicine was then called, at the University of Siena. While here he wrote a text-book on eye-diseases. Thence he returned to his native country, Portugal, where he became the administrative head of the schools which existed there under the Archbishop of Lisbon. His administrative ability in this position led to his selection, after the death of the incumbent of the See, as Archbishop of Lisbon. A physician archbishop was not such an anomaly then as he would be now, for many ecclesiastics of that time practised both medicine and surgery and became distinguished in this profession.

One of the greatest of the surgeons of the thirteenth century whose text-book has been preserved for us was Bishop Theodoric, an Italian. He wrote on the use of anesthetics as well as on many modes of operation that are supposed to be quite modern. Monks, and members of religious Orders generally, were forbidden to practise medicine and surgery, and this prohibition is sometimes asserted, but erroneously, to have applied to all clergymen. There is abundant evidence that the secular clergy were quite free, under certain circumstances at least, to continue the practice of both medicine and surgery.

John, the physician, Archbishop of Lisbon, rose subsequently to hold other high positions in the Church, becoming a Cardinal and finally Pope. What is interesting for us here, because of Huxley's contemptuous sneer as to physiology at the Vatican, is that his little book on eye-diseases also discusses the anatomy and the physiology of the eye according to the ideas which were prevalent at that time. His work shows that he was familiar with the writings of his age, and it has attracted a good deal of attention from modern ophthalmologists.

Pope John XXI. was not the only Pope distinguished in science, for, some two

centuries before him, Pope Sylvester II. had been the famous physicist and physical scientist of his time. He became well known for his inventions for teaching and demonstration purposes. He lectured on astronomy at Rheims; and in order to make his lectures clearer, he constructed elaborate globes of the terrestrial and celestial spheres, on which the courses of the planets were marked. He ingeniously fitted up an abacus for demonstrations in arithmetic and geometrical processes; and the development of demonstrations in teaching were evidently his fort. His mathematical apparatus is said to have had twenty-seven divisions and a thousand counters of horn. There are some speculations on light from him, and he was very much interested not only in music but the scientific aspects of sound. William of Malmesbury has incorporated into his chronicle a description of a great complex musical instrument, which was still to be seen at Rheims in his day and which was attributed to Gerbert's inventive and mechanical ability. A contemporary declares that Gerbert made a clock, or sundial, at Magdeburg which measured the hours exactly, and that it was soon imitated throughout Europe.

What particularly takes the point out of Professor Huxley's passing jest on the supposed utter impossibility of the Popes' having ever had laboratories at the Vatican, or the cardinals doing anything for physiology, is the fact that one of the most noteworthy features in the lives of not a few but very many Popes is their friendship for distinguished scientific workers of their generations. I have already mentioned Cardinal Nicholas of Cusa, probably the greatest scientific genius of his day, and his intimate relations not alone to one but to three or four Popes of his time. In the thirteenth century the men most highly honored at Rome were Albertus Magnus, Thomas Aquinas, and others whose works contained many significant references to physical science, who discussed seriously

the philosophic problems that underlie scientific principles, and who gathered together all the information that could be secured. In this regard it must not be forgotten that we owe to Roger Bacon great books, the contents of which would have seemed utterly beyond comprehension or imagination as having been compiled in his time, did we not actually possess them. That possession is due to the friendship of Cardinal Foulques, who was afterwards Pope Clement, for Roger Bacon. In similar fashion we probably owe most of the precious writing of Constantine Africanus to the persuasion of Abbot Desiderius, who was afterwards Pope Victor III., and who continued while Pope to encourage Constantine in his writing.

In the latest edition of my volume on "The Popes and Science" I have devoted a special Appendix of nearly fifty pages of rather small type to the story of the Papal physicians. There is no set of men whose names are connected together by any bond in the history of medicine who are so distinguished as these Papal physicians. Many of them are famous for distinguished original work. All of them had done some at least of the work to which they owe their fame before being invited to Rome to continue it there. It was because of their reputation as great original scientists that they were invited to Rome to become the Papal physicians. I know nothing in the whole history of science which makes it so clear that, far from opposing science in any way, the Popes wanted to encourage and patronize it to the best of their ability, as the fact that when they wished to appoint a Papal physician they chose one who was famous in the scientific world, and gave him the prestige of this position which assured him a place in the Christian world higher than any that could be secured in any other way.

It is easy to remember what confidential relations existed between the Popes and their physicians. We can judge of them very well from the relations between edu-

cated men and their physicians at the present day. In the older time physicians were even less likely to be narrow in their interest in science than they are at present; and, as a matter of fact, many of the Papal physicians made important contributions to the sciences related to medicine, and not a few of them were distinguished pioneers in the biological sciences. Nothing could have been better calculated to maintain a favorable attitude toward science and its advances on the part of the Popes, than the presence in so influential a position close to them, of representative physicians who had been honored by their fellows in many ways and had done distinctly original scientific work.

Between the appointment of Papal physicians and the maintenance of Papal astronomers, the Popes certainly did all they could to keep properly in touch with physical science and even to maintain laboratories at least in anatomy and astronomy, and to encourage in every way the development of these two important sciences. Under these sciences in the older days were included, on the one hand, not a little of physics and mathematics, and on the other a great deal of physiology, and by its medical relations much of chemistry and the related sciences. Only profound ignorance of this could possibly have permitted Mr. Huxley to indulge his humor, at the expense of the Popes as he thought, though it was really at his own expense; for his expressions make it very clear that this phase of knowledge had never come to him, and that he too, like so many others, was being led astray by the Protestant prejudice with regard to the attitude of the Popes toward science. It was Huxley himself who wrote home from Rome to St. George Mivart, the English biologist, that he had been looking into the Galileo case and found "that the Pope and the cardinals had rather the best of it." What he meant was that the ordinary impression with regard to the Galileo case was founded on a misconception of the real nature of that celebrated case.

In spite of this recognition of the rôle that prejudgment plays in such cases, Huxley, as we have seen, allowed himself to be led astray by a similar misunderstanding with regard to the general policy of the Church toward science. The Galileo case, even if it were what many people imagine it to have been, an attempt to throttle science—which of course it was not—is the single example of that kind of activity that most people know anything about; and, as Cardinal Newman remarked, if this is the single exception in a policy of 600 years, then it is surely the exception which proves that the very opposite was the rule.

Even Huxley, however, in spite of his rather careful investigation of such disputed points in general, did not have available sufficient details of the knowledge of the history of science to appreciate the real place of the Popes with regard to it. They were literally patrons of science, just as much as they were of art and education and literature, even to the extent of making foundations for astronomical observatories and anatomical laboratories in their capital city when there was ever so much more need for patronage than there is at the present time. When these were the only two kinds of laboratories organized in science, both of them were to be found at Rome under Papal patronage, and in both some of the best work of the world was being done.

Manifestly, then, there is a place for an institute of the history of science, and its collections and the investigations that it will initiate and encourage can not fail to do a great deal to remove erroneous impressions, above all with regard to the relations of science to education and religion. What we need is more knowledge; and then prejudice will disappear. Modern scientific history by replacing vague impressions with exact documentary details and altering undocumented convictions into reasonable open-mindedness, has done an immense amount already to clear up historical fallacies with regard to the

Church. The history of science carefully written would be of enormous weight in removing all sorts of prejudices which have accumulated since the Reformation; for the one idea of the Reformers and their successors has been to make people believe that until the sixteenth century there was nothing at all worth while being done in the intellectual order, and that, above all, men were not free to think for themselves.

Thursday at Eight.

BY JOHN M. ST. JOHN.

THERE were drops other than those intended falling upon the dainty white gown that Mrs. O'Brien was sprinkling. After a hurried departure that morning, Mary had called back a request to be sure to have her white muslin pressed by half-past six that evening. Now, there was nothing in the mere pressing of a white dress for the prettiest girl of St. Patrick's parish to cause the tears to flow. No, indeed: on the contrary, the pure white folds, as they adjusted themselves into graceful lines under the skilful iron, looked innocent enough; and yet the tears continued to fall. The memories awakened by that simple gown were the cause of all the trouble. They formed so decided a contrast to the memories of the past month that more than one fond heart was saddened by the contrast.

Was it a whole year, she asked herself, since her child, her little Mary—now so tall and beautiful,—had walked foremost in the procession of the Children of Mary, bearing aloft the banner of Our Lady? Yes,—her child had led that band all clothed in white, symbolic of the purity of Our Lady's faithful children; for it was she who from among four hundred had been chosen by priest, Sisters and companions alike to be the president of the society which has for its sublime purpose and object the preservation of holy virtue and the honoring of the Mother of God.

And to-day was the first of May. How the mother's heart had looked forward to this day! For would not her daughter, named for Our Lady, again lead the flowers of St. Patrick's girlhood through the spacious aisles of the cathedral, straight to the altar of Our Lady? There it would be her duty as president to make the act of consecration and promises in the name of the society,—promises which would mean holiness and happiness to those who should keep them.

But, it appeared, this was not to be; for during the past month Mary's choice seemed to lie in the broad path of pleasure. No formal sin had entered that pure young soul, fortified by prayer and the sacraments; but the danger was drawing near, and a decided fear had entered the heart of Mrs. O'Brien this bright May morning. Neither had the fear arisen without some reason. To-day, for the first time in eighteen years, in any matter of importance, Mary had persisted in having her own way, contrary to the will and expressed wish of the mother.

"My poor darling, sure you don't realize the danger! I know you don't, my own!" the poor woman moaned, as she hung up the spotless dress. "If the Lord would only let you see just once these so-called friends of yours in the way He sees them, I tell you you'd drop them quick,—that you would, my child. They and their talk of a career for you! Sure when I was young, the career for lasses of eighteen was to obey their parents and say their prayers. You've told me I don't understand. Maybe I don't; but I understand enough to know that you, my own chick and child, should be with the Children of Mary to-night instead of walking across the stage of a theatre; and I'll pray to Our Lady, that I will, all this livelong day for you."

In the meantime the once dutiful Mary was sitting rather disconsolate at her typewriter in the office of Forsyth & Cummins, city attorneys. She had just

been reprimanded for an error in a type-written copy of an important letter; and, as she sat smarting under the humiliation, she felt that the world was very unkind to her indeed. In her present frame of mind, she was in no mood to realize the justice of the correction.

Did you ever meet a girl who felt herself called upon to reform the world and thoughts of mankind through the medium of the stage? Yes, she will tell you, she often heard it said that the best way to reform the world is to lead a good life oneself; but that is too slow, too prosaic for her. One must *do* something, and why not begin with the stage? Take even a menial position: when you've impressed the managers with your importance, and made them realize that you are the "greatest ever," and, therefore, indispensable,—then choose your own type of play or "vehicle," as the newspaper critics call it, and—presto!—the world is reformed.

Not that Mary O'Brien had the disease so badly as some; but she needed a little lesson, without realizing it. The day wore itself away somehow; and as the hour of six drew near, Mary's crushed spirits began to revive.

"If only mother and Sister Mary Agnes didn't feel so bad, I'd be the happiest girl in the world!" she sighed.

Gathering together her work and slipping into her wraps, with a final glance in a mirror that gave back a very lovely reflection, she made her way lightly down the stairs, and out into the open air.

"Thank goodness, the day's work is over, at any rate, and I can enjoy every moment of the glorious evening before me!"

"Amen to that!" a deep voice responded at her elbow.

She started, then blushed and held out her hand.

"Why, good-evening, Mr. Bosanquet! You startled me. I hadn't any idea I was expressing my thoughts aloud. I'm afraid I'm developing more than one bad habit," she laughed.

"Oh, no! Don't be getting morbid notions into that pretty head of yours. I'm sorry I frightened you, but the fact is I strolled around this way to walk home with you. There is a detail or two I want to discuss with you regarding to-night's performance."

Mary flushed happily. This was the subject she loved, and she could not help recognizing the compliment paid her by Mr. Bosanquet, manager of the Lyceum Players Stock Company.

"You know, Miss O'Brien, we are to have supper in the Osborne Grill Room after the play, and I should like to be your escort. May I have that pleasure?"

"It is kind of you; but won't it be dreadfully late,—after twelve?" she asked hesitatingly.

"Why, yes, it surely will be after twelve. But what of that? Haven't you ever been out after the hour of midnight, dear proper young lady?"

"Yes, but—well, I will go. And thank you so much!"

The answer was just a little tremulous. She did not explain that her hesitation was due to a plan she had made to go to confession and Holy Communion on the following morning, it being the anniversary of her first Holy Communion. Somehow, she felt he would not understand.

"I didn't think so new a member would be in requisition. You see, I'm not used to this new way of life yet," she explained, laughingly, all hesitation and doubt finally thrown to the winds.

"Then we'll have to begin to educate you," he responded, in her own mood.

As they turned the corner, the modest cottage of the O'Brien's came into view, but the familiar figure that usually stood in the doorway this fine weather was not in sight. Mary missed the dear old face, but supposed that her mother was probably busy about her household duties.

"Here I am home and you haven't yet discussed those details," she reminded him.

"The principal thing was the supper,

you know; and," he added smoothly, glancing at her quizzically, "I almost forgot to tell you that I've ordered my chauffeur to call for you and have you at the theatre promptly at eight. Now," he insisted, as he saw her about to remonstrate, "it's all right and *propér*. Besides, I want him to know you, so that he can rescue you from the crowd that's sure to surround the stage door after the performance. Why, he's perfectly reliable, and has done it for me scores of times with other—"

He stopped short, at a loss how to finish without blundering worse than he had already done, in his eagerness.

"No, thank you, Mr. Bosanquet! I'll manage to get there on time, never fear. Good-evening!"

She turned and opened the gate. As he raised his hat, he smiled brightly in spite of his disappointment.

"I'll appear promptly at eight, Mr. Bosanquet," she returned, with a smile that was rather out of keeping with a vague, indefinable fear that had begun to find place in her heart.

She hurried indoors, crushing down the misgiving that had arisen but a moment before. All within was silent.

"Mother,—mother dear!" she called.

No answer. Just a little frightened, she hurried to the doorway leading upstairs, and was about to run up when she detected an envelope lying on the table to the right of the stairway. Opening it, she read:

DEAREST CHILD:—I've gone to church early in order to avoid the crowd at Father Shealy's confessional before the services at eight. I want to receive Our Lord at your side to-morrow. You will find your dress and everything else you need ready in your room. Sister Mary Agnes called about five o'clock, and said she would leave your place open until the last minute. Ruth O'Neill is very nervous, it seems, about leading, and is still hoping that you may come. I assured Sister it was useless to expect you. God bless you, child!

MOTHER.

That was all. Not a word of reproach. The reason for it Mary knew well. The subject of her vocation had been quite exhausted last night, in her mother's vain attempt to dissuade her from electing the stage as a life work. And what a coincidence! She was expected in two places, so widely different, at the same hour. "Thursday at eight,"—what a familiar phrase it had become. "Thursday at eight," had been singing itself into her inner consciousness for a month past; for it was to be the night and the hour of her first appearance. It occurred to her that the choice might still be made. She was not bound by contract. Her part was too unimportant for that. On the one hand, there was the theatre, with all its glitter and excitement,—a rather nervous sort of pleasure, it is true; on the other hand, there was the great cathedral, with its subdued tones, solemn hush, and soothing effect upon the worshipper. Choosing the former might mean the first step in a successful worldly career; choosing the latter, a return to familiar surroundings and influences that had meant, in the past at least, a quiet joy and peace of soul, and, above all, the light of love and contentment on the faces of those she loved.

The clock struck the half hour. She started. Goodness, only an hour to dress! She must stop this idle dreaming and get hold of realities. In less than an hour she was ready, and a little at a loss what to do with herself. She dare not let herself get dreaming again. Finally, she decided to go at once to the theatre, and there, alone in her dressing room, rehearse her part until the dreaded, yet longed-for, moment should arrive.

She had scarcely seated herself in her room when a knock came to the door. It was Mr. Bosanquet.

"Miss O'Brien, I had begun to fear you had deserted us. You are the last to arrive, although it still lacks a half hour of eight. We couldn't get on without you, you know."

She smiled her thanks, realizing in her heart the falsehood of his last statement. She had not yet been sufficiently "educated" to say what she did not mean.

"Try to make yourself comfortable," he resumed, "until the call boy gives you your cue. Good luck to you!"

She thanked him in words this time, but was grateful when the door closed with him on the outside. She had detected a faint odor of liquor, and if there was anything in the world she feared it was an intoxicated man. Her delicately nurtured soul had an innate aversion to every vice. Repulsion for many things connected with stage life seemed to-night to have her firmly in its grip. Heretofore they had been at least bearable in the light of her lofty aim and purpose, but to-night—

She was getting decidedly nervous. She began to pace the room, and review her lines in a desperate attempt to fix her attention. Now and then the voice of the other girls could be heard through the thin partition. Evidently all of them had gathered in the room next hers. Should she go in with them? She shrank from doing so. What in the world was she to do? She must conquer this aloofness, above all; for, if her life were to be among such people, she must learn to associate with them.

Suddenly the shrill voice of Emily Harrison rose above the rest.

"Say, girls, we all know she can't act, unless she gets the part of a nun, and this posing part she has is the nearest thing to it. I hope to goodness she doesn't bolt and leave it to me. It's not my style."

Emily was the supply or understudy used to fill in any part that might be missing.

A loud laugh greeted her remark.

"And say," she continued, "Bonnie says Mary thinks we're jealous because he's taking her to the spread to-night. What do you think of that for nerve,—eh, girlies?"

A chorus of derisive laughter was their reply again. They seemed to be especially efficient in the line of mocking laughter.

A bell sounded somewhere and the hasty scampering of feet and general hush told her that the rising of the curtain must be very soon now. She tried to dismiss from her mind the conversation she had just heard and to remember that she was about to enter upon her career—the fulfilment of her dreams. How delicious that word "Career" had sounded to her a month ago, when it had first fallen as delightful music from the lips of Mr. Bosanquet! It was on the day he had "discovered" her, to use his own words. Somehow or other she didn't seem to derive much assurance from the fact that she was entering upon her "career." The term sounded flat. Well—she mustn't lose her grip on things. She was getting nervous again, and found that she was summoning forth all the arguments she had used to convince others to convince herself.

Memories of the great cathedral on such occasions as that of to-night began to occupy her mind. The magnificent edifice rapidly filling with devout worshippers, reverent whispers of prayer, her dear old mother at Our Lady's altar telling her beads—all these pictures tended to offset the stability of her arguments. She had had such faith in those reasons of hers and now they were so singularly weak. But had they been *her* reasons after all? Were they not rather the reasons of Mr. Bosanquet so skilfully and craftily insinuated that they had seemed her own? Oh, why had she ever turned from the old ways?

She was beginning to feel ill. She must get out in the fresh air for a moment. She glanced at the time. It still lacked a quarter of the hour. She opened the door and passed out, timidly, at first; but seeing that the passage was deserted, she hurried on into the narrow street back of the stage door. Just as she did so, the great chimes of St. Patrick's

Cathedral burst forth into Newman's beautiful hymn:

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,—
Lead thou me on.

The night is dark and I am far from home:

Lead thou me on.

Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see

The distant scene,—one step enough for me.

Mary O'Brien stood transfixed, the familiar words sinking into her soul with a new significance.

As the last note died away, running, almost sobbing, she made her way across the few streets that separated her from her haven of rest and contentment. Breathless but happy, despite the tears that sparkled in the brown eyes, and the tremulous lips that tried to smile, she drew up just in time to realize that the procession was about to begin. In less than three minutes the pealing organ announced to the worshippers that the procession was passing through the side door. Thence it would wind its way across the front of the church, down the steps, and through the center aisle, thence back again through the side entrance on the opposite side.

Just as the procession reached the step leading down to the center aisle, the bent form of a woman, who had been kneeling for more than an hour before Our Lady's shrine, raised itself slowly and turned to view the procession. The grey head moved as though startled, then bent to view the scene more closely. A great light stole across the gentle, gracious countenance, then the form leaned forward again in prayer. Her child was leading the procession of the Blessed Mother's children!

Invocation.

BY ANGELA EWING.

BLESSED Maiden, Virgin Mother,
Still the race of life we run:
That we reach the goal, triumphant,
Pray for us to Christ, thy Son.

A Necessity in Matters of Faith and Religion.

("Easie Decision of Controversies," by H. W. 1654.)

CONSIDER the necessity of a living judge: No form of Government (be it Monarchy, Aristocracy, or Democracy) can subsist in an orderly being without it. No suit either in Civil or Canon Law, no action of debt or dammage can come to a tryal, no sentence can be passed upon any person or cause, without the voice of a living judge; two Counsellors cannot without a Judge, as Umpire, put a final period to any one cause (for example, in the Court of Chancery), so as that both parties shall understand, and acknowledge it to be decided: much lesse will the Plaintiffe and Defendant end their quarrell by themselves alone, without a Judge; for each one would still plead for himself: the dead letters of the written law can never sufficiently expound either the legislators mind, or its own meaning: nor shall men at any time understand by it alone who is cast, who hath got the better: in fine, all injustices and outrages would be committed; and no malefactours punished, without a living judge; and that such an one as from whose sentence there is no appeal.

Now, if these instances prove (as they do most effectually) the requisitenesse of a living judge, for the upholding of all true civill judicature and government: much more is a living judge necessary in ecclesiasticall, in which matters of Faith and Religion, and consequently of eternal moment, are to be tryed.

Consider that since Sectaries reject the authority of the Popes, nor can have General Councils, and consequently no living judge; they must fly either to Scripture alone, or to the private spirit.

As for the Scripture; first, it cannot perform the Office of a Judge; which is clearly to pronounce sentence, so that both parties which contest about the thing controverted may understand and ac-

knowledge who is cast, who hath got the better. Second, there is a difference betwixt the written laws, and the judge in civill matters; the one is the rule according to which the judge must give sentence; but the other (to wit, the judge) must give the sentence; he is the mouth of the law, and must interpret its, and the legislators mind: now the same Analogy and comparison hold betwixt the holy Scripture (the written law of God) and the ecclesiasticall judge.

About the Scripture it self arise many controversies, which have been long agitated to and fro; as what Books are Canonically, which Apocriphal; the Roman Catholicks say the books of Judith, Töby, Wisdome, Ecclesiasticue, the first and second of the Machabees, are canonically Scripture; the Protestants deny them to be so: Now, how shall this great controversie be decided? The Scripture cannot give sentence, for it hath not a living voice; in like manner, about the sense and meaning of many places of the canonically Scriptures, many long quarells have been amongst different Sectaries themselves, and betwixt them and Roman Catholicks; the Scripture it self can never compose these controversies, for want of a living voice.

The old Hereticks had never been convinced nor condemned, if the Scripture had been appointed for judge: for still they would have had evasions; the Scripture neither did nor could give sentence against them; but the Church, by the Pope and General Councils.

As for the private spirit, this must either be supposed to be an infallible judge or not. If not, sectaries can never have their controversies truly decided; for this judge may erre, give a false resolution, and so expose poore soules to an evident danger of frequently believing that to be point of divine Faith which is not so; or the contrary. If infallible, what shameful presumption will it be to challenge to your own particular person such an assistance of the Holy Ghost, as

by it you shall infallibly judge a right, in whatsoever point of Controversie; and yet deny this to the whol body of the Roman Church! The question is, whether that private spirit be the holy Ghost, or a wicked spirit, or your own spirit,—to wit, your own judgment or fancy: How shal this question be determined?

O miserably misled souls, of such Sectaries; do you not see in what labyrinths of errours and miseries you wilfully involve your selves? Is not this to walk in a circle, like the wicked? But since you will be so, heare the word of the Lord: *Wo be to the foolish Prophets, who follow their own spirit.* (Ezech., xiii, 3.) Mark these words well, and amend, least your folly in following your own spirit bring you to eternal wo.

O thou infinite goodnesse, God, send forth thy spirit, that these deluded souls may become new creatures: make them members of that Church, to which only the spirit of truth teacheth all truth.

Amen.

Sayings of St. Bernard.

It is only the humble that are never jealous.

Zeal without knowledge is often more dangerous than useful.

A magistrate should lend one ear to the oppressed and the other to the oppressor.

A false Catholic is more dangerous than a veritable heretic.

Idleness is the mother of frivolous conversations and the cruel stepmother of the virtues.

It is difficult to say which is the guiltier, he who retails slander or he who listens to it.

Divine Goodness permits that, for the preservation of humility, the more progress one makes in virtue, the less one perceives it.

The repentant sinner pleases God as much as does the just man who has not fallen; but the ungrateful just man displeases Him as much as the sinner who is impenitent.

Rogation Days.

SELDOM, if ever, in the history of the Church, and never in the lifetime of any of our readers, has there been a year when the special devotion known as Rogation Days was more congruous or more necessary than it is at present. Instituted by the Church to appease God's anger at man's transgressions, to ask protection in calamities, and to obtain a good and bountiful harvest, these days of prayer, or Minor Litanies, as they are technically termed, are obviously most appropriate at the present time, not only in the blood-drenched lands of Europe, but in our own country as well.

In the final analysis, man's transgressions are at the bottom of the great World War, which God has permitted for His own inscrutable purposes, and from which He will eventually draw a lasting good. That war itself, now brought to our own doors, is a calamity of major proportions, and will assuredly be the cause of a multitude of minor calamities affecting the great majority of American families, if not every individual citizen of our country. And as for the third purpose for which these Minor Litanies were instituted,—the obtaining of a good and bountiful harvest,—that is a boon for which there is far greater need of earnestly petitioning God than is in all probability realized by the average reader of these columns. While actual famine may be a remote danger to the people of our country, there can be no question that considerable retrenchment both in the kinds and quantities of food consumed will speedily become a matter of war-necessity.

With more than usual earnestness, therefore, it behooves Catholics to take part in these devotional exercises which precede the great festival of the Ascension. The urgency of our need should be the only incentive required to make us observe them as veritable petitioning days,—“asking” days, indeed. Wherever circumstances permit the holding of the public

procession which is a distinctive feature of the Rogation Days, the ranks should be swollen by all who, without very notable inconvenience, can attend the function; and the prescribed Litany of the Saints should be recited with unwonted fervor even by those who are unable to take part in the procession.

The origin and history of Rogation Days has been so often discussed in these columns that it is scarcely necessary to dwell at any length upon them here. The practice of public supplications to God on occasions of public danger or calamity is traceable to a very early date in Christian life; but the specific fixing of the Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday immediately preceding the Feast of the Ascension as days for the Minor Rogations, or Minor Litanies, is ascribed to St. Mamertus, Bishop of Vienne, France, in the middle of the fifth century. St. Mamertus ordered the processions in time of famine, as is generally held—or, according to several authors, on the occasion of a threatened earthquake,—in the confident hope that these public exercises of piety would have the effect of averting the divine anger. His action was duplicated by the Fifth Council of Orleans in 511, and was afterwards approved by Pope Leo III. (795-816).

It is interesting to learn that in oldtime Catholic England these days of public prayer were known as "Gang Days," and the week of their occurrence was called "Cross Week." Thus in Rock's "Church of Our Fathers" we read: "During the Rogation, or, as they were then better called, the Gang Days, and whenever any swart evil had betided this land, our clergy and people went a procession through the streets of the town, and about the fields of the country parishes." Significant of the respect in which these Gang Days were held in England is the fact that King Alfred's laws considered a theft committed on one of them equal to one committed on a Sunday or a higher Church holy day. Let it be said, incidentally, that the

Rogation processions were celebrated in England even up to the thirteenth year of the reign of Elizabeth.

The Major Rogation, although it now falls on the 25th of April, has no connection with the Feast of St. Mark also celebrated on that date. It was introduced at a very early period in the Church's history; and Pope Gregory the Great (590-604), who is said to have been its originator, merely regulated a long existing custom.

With a Lay Theologian.

AS a rule, we fight shy of books by lay theologians of the Church of England, having noticed that when such productions are at all orthodox they are apt to be very dull, and that when they are horribly heretical they are usually very bright. A new work by Mr. Alexander Pym on the "Divine Humanity" is a puzzle to us, perhaps because his references to the Church are sometimes to the Church of England and sometimes to the Church of All Lands. Unlike many Anglicans, even presbyters, he accepts the doctrine of the Virgin Birth; but he holds that the emphasis laid upon an orthodox faith seems to be a shadowing of the spirit of Christianity by the letter. What can he mean by saying that "articles of belief have been multiplied by an accentuation of non-essentials"? Again he says: "It is thought to be of the first importance to be a good Churchman rather than a good Christian." But unless being a Churchman and being a Christian are different, how can a good or bad Churchman be otherwise than a good or bad Christian? In speaking of "the deadness of the Church at the present time," Mr. Pym could not have had in mind a divine institution founded for the salvation of the world, the Church of the living God. A clearer conception of what Christ is and a better understanding of what Christ did and does is sadly needed by this Anglican theologian.

Notes and Remarks.

A recent issue of the Boston *Herald* contained an item of news that should prove decidedly interesting to such American Catholics as may have sons attending Harvard University. The item had to do, not with Harvard itself, but with an enterprise of Harvard professors—the establishment of a modern scientific Sunday-school, no less; or, in professorial diction, “a laboratory for the study of worship.” The school is for the children of the professors themselves, although some fifty other young people have been admitted to this select establishment. The most enthusiastic promoter of the school thinks it probable that its pupils will never attend any church; and, judging by one incident recounted by the journal mentioned, we are inclined to agree with him. It appears that these boys, ranging from three and four to thirteen and fourteen years, are told what are the various opinions that are current on the subject of religion, and are left to draw their own conclusions! Here is one of the said conclusions arrived at by a philosopher in short trousers: “Fellers, there isn’t any God any more than there’s a Santa Claus.” Is it too much to say that the boys are getting just a few years earlier what the vast majority of the students of secular institutions get before their undergraduate days are over? And are Catholic parents willing to have their sons submitted to such baleful influences?

It is to the high credit of President Wilson that he has never compared himself to Lincoln; however, his letter to Mr. Arthur Brisbane in reference to the so-called Espionage Bill is not un-Lincoln-like. He declared that he was opposed to any system of censorship that would deny to the people of the United States their right to criticise their own public officials. “So far as I am personally concerned,” wrote President Wilson, “I shall

not expect or permit any part of this law to apply to me or any of my official acts, or in any way to be used as a shield against criticism.” This recalls Lincoln’s famous letter to Col. Edmund D. Taylor, of Chicago, in which he says: “How many times I have laughed at you telling me plainly that I was too lazy to be anything but a lawyer!”

Col. Roosevelt when he occupied the White House used to divide the Presidents of the United States into two classes, “Buchanan Presidents” and “Lincoln Presidents,” among the latter of whom he had no hesitancy in placing himself. Apropos of this identification, the fitness of which seems to have escaped the notice of any one else, Judge Taft tells one of his best stories. As a friend of his was returning home one evening, his little daughter ran to meet him, all aglow with the importance of what she wished to communicate. “Papa,” she exclaimed, “I’m the best scholar in the class!” Surprised and delighted, the father inquired: “When did the teacher tell you, Mary? This afternoon?”—“Oh, no,” was Mary’s reply, “the teacher nor nobody didn’t say so! I noticed it myself.”

To be likened to Lincoln is sufficient praise for any of the Presidents that have come after him; and to be as little unlike Lincoln as possible should be the aim of all future Presidents.

It is to be feared that very many American people are flattering themselves that the reiterated warnings of government and press as to the urgent necessity of retrenchment and economy in the matter of food stuffs are merely the cries of alarmists, and that the actual situation is not at all so serious as the Administration and the papers are trying to make out. The average citizen will believe that he must economize only when definite, specific action by the authorities limits his purchasing of this or that food in particular. Yet judicious citizens may well attribute to these warnings not a little importance.

if for no other reason than because the American who is admittedly the best qualified to speak with knowledge and authority on the subject, Mr. Herbert C. Hoover, the efficient chairman of the American Commission for Relief in Belgium, says of the matter: "The total stock food of to-day available in the allied world is simply not sufficient to last till September, if America continues its present rate of consumption. We are now face to face with the result of last year's poor harvest, the diversion of man-power from agriculture all over the world, the un-availing efforts of the European women to plant available fields fully, the isolation of Russia, the sinking of food ships, and many other causes. England, France and Italy are reducing consumption by drastic steps; but, even with all this reduction, they must have from us during the next three months more than twice as much food as we should have exported normally, or than we can send if we consume as usual. The only hope of providing the deficiency is by the elimination of waste, and actual and rigorous self-sacrifice on the part of the American people."

The danger is that not until planting time is over will our people wake up to the realization that all the planting possible will be found in no degree superfluous for coming needs.

Rarely has the wisdom of the Church in making religion an indispensable part of her primary education been more triumphantly, if indirectly, vindicated than in the realistic narratives so frequently sent out from the trenches "somewhere in France." To cite only one that has recently come to our notice, here are the impressions received in those trenches by Mr. Ian Malcolm, M. P.:

War does one of two things to a man: either it deepens the religious sense, or it expels it altogether. Which it does depends enormously on early training. I have noticed the occurrence of both of these phenomena in the French army. . . . Immeasurably the greater number I have heard of have been of men deepened

in their convictions, or returned perhaps after long desertion to the colors of Christ. . . . I have seen regiments and battalions bowed in worship; silent, shrouded congregations at all hours, prostrate in prayer and intercession. They were not moved to such devotion by any ethical, indeterminate, undenominational, new-fangled theories of a higher life. No: they were just practising the religion taught to them by their mothers or their village priests in their childhood,—a religion based upon the most definite, the most dogmatic principles of the Incarnation and the Atonement. That was what they wanted in time of trouble. No shadowy substitutes, no short cuts, no compromises would give them the courage that they needed in the trenches or in the home. So, under the shadow of the guns, or stunned with grief, they turned again like children to their mother's knee, and clasped in faith the outstretched hands of the Man of Sorrows.

Having some understanding, we think, of the child mind, and knowing how deep are the impressions of childhood, and how difficult it is to remove or to correct them, we should hesitate a long time before placing a set of "The Children's Encyclopedia" in the hands of any Catholic boy or girl, notwithstanding the fact that this work has been revised by a "competent Catholic," and is now highly recommended by some of our people as being "free from any reasonable ground of complaint," and containing "nothing unsuitable for Catholic children," etc. Admitting that this encyclopedia is a wonderland of instruction and amusement for the young, and feeling deeply the pity that our children should be excluded from it, we can not overlook the very important fact that the standard of human values set up and maintained throughout the eight volumes is distinctively Protestant. For the most part, it is true, the work contains comparatively little that could offend or mislead Catholic children. The picture of and references to Luther, however, are enough, in our opinion, to condemn the work, and to warrant its being withheld from our young people until further revision and excision have been made.

The picture just referred to represents

the apostate monk in the act of burning the Popè's Bull, with the legend underneath, "His boldness inspired many weaker men." Another inscription tells how Luther's father prayed over his son's cradle that he might become a refiner in God's Church. "We all know in what way this prayer was answered." All this conveys an utterly false and thoroughly mischievous impression, the very contrary of the one which Catholic children should receive about Luther and the so-called Reformation.

It was not until he had grown to manhood and visited Germany, Dr. C. C. Felton, president of Harvard College, tells us in his "Familiar Letters from Europe," that he could rid himself of his false ideas about Luther. Let this eminent American scholar's deliberate judgment of the "hero of the Reformation" again be quoted here: "There was nothing high and grand about Martin Luther. It is impossible for me to connect any heroic idea with the man."

And shall our Catholic children, exposed to all sorts of danger to their religion, in an age of weak faith be led to believe that Martin Luther was one of the greatest men that ever lived, and that his influence, instead of being at all pernicious, was in reality "refining" and beneficial!

One phase of the apostolate of the press is exemplified in the action of a small band of Catholic laymen in Grand Rapids, Michigan. According to *Our Sunday Visitor*, which justly applauds their zeal, they publish a weekly leaflet—usually a four-page folder of convenient size,—and distribute from twenty-five to forty thousand copies thereof. The subject-matter is either written by one of the pastors of Grand Rapids, or it is a reprint of some instructive article which has first been published elsewhere.

Similar action might well be taken by zealous Catholics in many other places; or, if it appears too ambitious a project for the ordinary men in the street, these

latter might at least emulate the good example by purchasing and distributing occasional hundreds of the penny pamphlets published by the various Catholic Truth Societies of this country and other English-speaking lands. Many of these pamphlets are of exceptional apologetic value, and are, moreover, thoroughly interesting to non-Catholics.

All who are not utterly hard-hearted or blinded by national prejudice must feel genuine gratification as well as refreshment to read of deeds of kindness and charity performed by soldiers and others whose hearts are supposed to be filled with rage and hate towards those against whom they are fighting. The number of such golden deeds already recorded would fill volumes; and when the Great War is happily ended we shall hear of many more, no less striking or praiseworthy. There is reason to hope that with peace may come an increased love of humanity, to soften the national pride and selfishness that have so long held sway. A quality higher and holier than patriotism was shown by those German troops who on evacuating the little town of Noyons, in Northern France, left seventy cows so that the children might not be deprived of milk. Along the roads leading to the place were posted notices announcing to the oncoming French forces, that it was not fortified, and that eight thousand civilians were sheltered there.

* * *

Concluding, in the current number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, a narrative of his captivity in Germany ("At the Enemy's Mercy"), a French officer writes: "I have not reported a single case of German atrocity, because I have not seen any myself. . . . I think that no one but an actual witness should take upon himself to denounce Germans. . . . I will say only, by way of conclusion, what every officer now imprisoned in Germany would say with me: the Germans' treatment of

wounded enemies has grown more and more humane in proportion as the war lasted longer. Officers taken in 1914 had, I know, much to suffer at the hands of the Germans, and many have actually seen things which pass imagination. After three months' war, such cases were quite exceptional. French prisoners picked up on the battlefield in the course of the Champagne offensive of September, 1915, or during the German advance toward Verdun in 1916, are unanimous in their praise of the Germans' correctness and even courtesy. Fancy Frenchmen praising the 'Boches' for their courtesy! The latter must indeed have been unspeakably correct and courteous to have wrung such a compliment from their French prisoners."

Sentiments and statements like these are full of significance, and are no less creditable to Frenchmen than to Germans. They go to prove that soldiers at least are not so blinded by hate that they can not be fair to their foes, and throw discredit on all reports of inhuman acts that are not vouched for by actual witnesses, and that have not been investigated in all their circumstances.

It is well to remember that there probably never was a war in which atrocities were not committed. In his recently-published diary, Gen. McClellan says of our own soldiers in the Mexican War: "They plunder the poor inhabitants of everything they can lay their hands on, and shoot them when they remonstrate; and if one of their number happens to get into a drunken brawl and is killed, they run over the countryside killing all the poor innocent people they can find in their way, to avenge, as they say, the murder of their brother."

There is an implied, if not an outspoken, rebuke to not a few Irish-Americans in Shane Leslie's latest contribution to *America*, "What Does Ireland Want?" Readers of some of our Catholic weeklies

can readily understand the significance and import of this sentence: "The ideal as it exists in many minds outside Ireland is disturbed by emotion and distance, and demands more than Ireland herself wants." The fact is that, just as the Normans who went to Ireland became more Irish than the Irish themselves, so a large number of Americans who are Celtic by birth or descent are a great deal more anti-British than are the rank and file of the dwellers in the Green Isle. These ultra-Hibernian Americans seem to ignore that democratic principles have been at work even in England for several decades past, and that the English people, as a whole, are not averse to Ireland's obtaining what she has so persistently demanded. What that demand is Mr. Leslie thus states: "She asks to possess and enjoy that full colonial independence enjoyed by Canada, and of which the principle is assured to the world by the entry of America into the war. She can not ask less. She need not want more, at least in this generation. For the time being we must be practical and reconstructive, remembering that Ireland is immortal, and that her final form and destiny is with God."

Even the most strenuous opponents of Prohibition in the country generally will hardly object to its operation among our Indians, who have suffered more from the white man's "fire water" than from any other specific cause, not excepting the white man's greed. It is, accordingly, gratifying to be able to state that the action of the Federal Government in suppressing the liquor traffic in the Indian country has been notably successful. Especially among the Osage Indians of Oklahoma has a veritable reversal of form been brought about during the past few years. "The only good Indian is a dead Indian" was an unwarrantable libel of other days; but there can be no doubt that the only good Red Man nowadays is the sober Red Man.



On the Feast of St. Michael.

BY HUGH PHILLIPS.

MICHAEL, warrior-angel, guard and guide
me!

So loud, so near the battle-thunders roll.
When courage fails, when sin and death betide
me,

With bright sword drawn keep watch beside
my soul.

No mortal foe, but powers and dominions

Be these we strive against in lifelong fight;
Huge carrion birds they seem, with outspread
pinions

That blot the sunlit day to sudden night.

Great Captain, ere those sable wings enfold me,

Lead to my rescue all the heavenly host,
And in thy Master's sacred name uphold me,—
Almighty Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

Con of Misty Mountain.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XIX.—THE GYPSY GLEN.

“**W**ILL think of it,” said Con to the
kind gypsy woman. “Mother Moll
always said we should think for a
day and a night before saying yes or no.
If she had done so, she would never have
married Uncle Bill.”

“Nor I, perhaps, Peppo,” said Carita,
with a little sigh. “But he gave me no
time to think even for a minute. Ah!
Santa Maria, only in dreams at night the
old life comes back to me,—all that I left
for him: the altar, the red light always
shining like a star, old Padre Antonio
with his kind voice and his hands out-
stretched to bless. Tony is named for
him, though Peppo must never know that.
Poor little Tony, on whom I have brought

the gypsy sin!” And Carita's dark eyes
filled with tears as she drew the brown-
faced baby closer to her breast.

But Peppo's call sounded in the distance.
In a moment she shook away the tears,
and, putting Tony hurriedly in Con's
arms, caught up the slackened reins.
“Pancho, Lara, lazy ones, your master is
calling! Get on,—get on!” And the wagon
jolted on around the bend of the high
cliffs into the meeting place of these
wandering tribes—the Gypsy Glen. All
about it rose the mountains, steep, rugged,
dark with pine forest, save where a few
loftier peaks shot up high and sharp like
watch-towers, crested and capped with
snow. Leaping down one of the rocky
cliffs was a waterfall, that filled the air
with its music, and widened into a little
stream that went rippling and winding
down the Glen. Full a dozen tents were
already up, with their fires burning, and
horses, mules, dogs tethered around.

Peppo had secured his camping place,
and was already busy driving stakes to
make his claim. Men were shouting to
their beasts and calling cheerily to each
other; women chattering, children crying,
dogs barking,—it was a busy scene into
which Carita's wagon jolted. She sprang
from it gaily, as blithe a gypsy as the rest,
and joined a crowd of younger women
gathered about the van where a black-
eyed peddler was showing his wares,—gay
kerchiefs and skirts and ribbons, cheap
watches, brooches, and strings of amber
and coral.

Con was left with Tony while Carita
bargained for the red silk waist, the mock
jewels that would befit the dignity of a
gypsy queen. Other vans there were to
tempt the silver from her beaded purse;
for this meeting brought peddlers of all
kinds to fleece their gypsy brethren, and
Peppo was generous to his pretty, black-

eyed wife. Carita bought soft little booties and a tasselled cap for Tony; cakes made of nuts and honey, after old recipes the Romany tribes had brought across the sea; dates and figs pounded into pastes.

Con's charge was a bit restless and fretful; so he lifted him from the wagon and let him roll on the soft grass under the shelter of the pines, until at last he fell asleep in the gathering dusk. And now lights began to glimmer, and fires to glow, and gypsy pots to boil, while unctuous odors of stews and broths filled the air. Con, whose appetite was sharpening daily, began to think of Carita's talk this evening. It did not seem so bad to be a gypsy, after all. It would mean gay freedom, such as he had never known; for until now he had not strayed very far from the smoky fireside of the Roost and Uncle Bill's fierce rule. It would mean food and fire and light, and poor Con had often starved and shivered in the darkness. It would mean living in cheery company, instead of fighting a cold, unfriendly world alone. The gypsy camp looked very bright in the deepening shadows, as, their beasts fed, and their tents staked, the men flung themselves on the new grass, playing cards, throwing dice, or touching their mandolins and guitars into tinkling music.

And he would have Dick for his own again,—faithful old Dick, who always pulled on Peppo's stout leash whenever Con came near; Dick who, when he was sometimes loosed at the evening rest, came bounding and leaping to Carita's wagon to lick his young master's outstretched hand. With his returning strength, Con had been considering the possibility of cutting Dick's leash some quiet night, and making off with him into the darkness. But his old daring had not come back to him yet, and he knew he was in strange wilds, through which he could not find his way. With its boiling pots, its gleaming lights, its laughter and music, the gypsy camp looked very pleasant to the homeless boy to-night, as,

stretched out by Tony's side in its cheerful shelter, he thought of the dark, pathless, lonely wilds above. And then Carita came back to find her two nurslings, and bring her Conde a generous share of dainties she had bought in the vans.

"The boys and girls are dancing," she said, "and the Arab Achor has set up his Tent of Wonders against the cliffs. He has a bird that talks, and a dog that plays cards. And they are rolling balls and shooting at a mark. Take these three dimes, Conde, and go and be gay with the rest."

It was an invitation no live boy could resist. Con, whose ragged clothes had been replaced by a khaki suit of Peppo's, much shrunk by repeated washings, but still gay with green braid and brass buttons, pulled his brimless hat over his yellow hair and set out to be a gypsy to-night "with the rest." Seldom in his hard, rough young life had he been "let in" at any of the pleasuring of Misty Mountain. Not even when the circus had made its way through the old trail, and spread its tents on Farmer Dennis' three-acre lot, had he been allowed anything more than a peep-hole at the wonders within. Now, with three dimes in his grasp, he felt rich indeed. He was a little shy of these strangers at first, and stood apart, watching the dancing and the ball rolling. But the shooting he understood. Nat had taught him to hit a bird on the wing three years ago.

"It's ten cents to win or lose a shot," the black-eyed man was calling.

The bull's-eye flaming out bright and clear against the darkness seemed an easy mark indeed for Mountain Con. And he took up the clean new rifle, unlike anything in the old Roost, and shot one, two, three, four, five times. The gypsies pressed around, shouting and laughing. They had never seen a boy shoot like this before.

"But five shots was the limit," the black-eyed man declared angrily, as he put the five dimes in the winner's hand; and, with

this new wealth added to his store, Con felt like a fairy prince indeed.

"But he is a rogue, that Gaspar," said a girl who had been watching at Con's side. "He should let you shoot more."

"It is enough," laughed Con. "Now I will try the rolling balls." Again his quick eye and steady hand won.

"Come and dance now," said the girl, who was about his own age, and had long black hair tied with red ribbons, and wore a necklace of gold beads.

"No," replied Con. "I can shoot and roll balls, but I never danced in my life."

"Then it is as I thought," and the girl's dark eyes flashed. "You are no gypsy. What are you doing here?"

"I fell sick on the road up in the mountain," answered Con; "and Carita, Peppo's wife, would not leave me to die. She put me in the wagon and brought me here."

"Then you are white, you are Christian, you are stranger!" exclaimed the girl, breathlessly.

"To-night," said Con; "but I may be brown-skinned and a gypsy to-morrow. I do not know yet."

"To-morrow?" repeated his new friend. "To-morrow you may be a gypsy? Oh, how—why—I—do not understand!"

"Carita wants me," answered Con. "I will have my own horse and my own dog again. Peppo has Dick here now on his leash. And I have broken loose from everybody and everything else. I haven't any place to go, and it's nice here. I think I would like to stay always, but I am not quite sure yet. I must think longer before I say yes or no."

"I would not think," said the girl, eagerly. "If I were a white-faced boy like you, I would say *no, no, no!*"

"You would?" Con stared in amazement at the breathless young speaker. "But you are a gypsy yourself."

"Yes, yes, and I can not change. But if I were like you, with the white blood, the white heart, the white skin, I would hold to them always—forever, forever!" repeated Zila, passionately, "You can

have houses, gardens with roses in them, birds singing in cages at the windows. Ah! I have often seen all these things as our wagon passed down the roads, with the tins clinking and the dogs following us, and the men hurrying us on to the camping place for the night. It is always hurrying on and on with the gypsies. I would like to have a home with walls that are strong and sure, and to go to school and to church. I went to church one morning—" Zila paused as if the experience had been a most thrilling one.

"Was it a Christmas church?" asked Con, recalling the log cabin.

They had seated themselves on a mossy ridge beside the little stream.

"No," answered Zila. "The May-flowers were in bloom. Our camp was down in a hollow, and the women came there to have their fortunes told and buy charms and spells. My grandmother had sent me into the woods to look for old snake skins and young tortoises that she could sell to bring luck. But I could find none, and kept on and on by strange paths I did not know, picking May blossoms as I went, and listening to the birds singing on the treetops. Then I heard other singing louder than that of the birds; and I stopped, hiding in a thorn bush to hear and see. And down the path near me came a line of little boys and girls all dressed in white, with their hands full of flowers. They had a white banner larger than the red and yellow flag that flew from my grandmother's tent; and, though the sun was shining, some of the boys carried lighted candles. And there was a tall man behind, with a lace gown over a long, black dress; and all were singing together as they came through the trees. I stole along after them to see where they were going; and I found that it was to a church around the bend of the road; and—and then I forgot all about the snake skins and tortoises, and followed in with all the rest."

"And it was all green and woodsy-like," put in Con, as the narrator stopped;

"and there was a great table filled with lights and flowers."

"Yes," said Zila, "and a lady was standing there,—not a real lady, but a beautiful statue dressed in blue and white, with a gold crown. And all the singing children laid their flowers at her feet and knelt down; and crowds of other people came into the church, and I hid in a dark corner where no one saw me, and heard it all,—the singing and the praying and the organ music. And after they had gone, and there was nobody to see me, I stole up to the beautiful lady and put my May blossoms there, too, with all the rest."

"And you didn't find the snake skins?" asked Con, sympathetically.

"No," answered Zila. "Grandmother was angry and struck me with her cane, but I didn't care. For the next day we broke camp, and I've never been to church since. I was glad I went that once, so I can remember,—remember it forever."

Then a shrill old voice from a neighboring tent called:

"Zila!"

"Grandmother!" she said, starting up and hurrying off.

Grandmother,—grandmother! The old gypsy witch wife! Grandmother who sold snake skins and tortoises to foolish women! Even poor old Mother Moll was wiser, better than that.

The vans were closing up for the night, the men quarrelling over their cards by the dying fires.

"Where Peppo is I do not know," said Carita, as Con came up to the wagon. "They have made him drunk, I fear, the rascals! And something is wrong with Tony,—my Tony! That old witch Huldah has cast the evil eye upon him, I know. I heard her hiss like a snake as we passed her tent."

Tony ill, Peppo drinking, old Huldah casting her wicked spells! The Gypsy Glen was losing something of its charm for Con. Better the white skin and the white soul, as Zila had said.

Simplette.

BY A. DOURLIAC.*

SIMPLETTE was a little beggar girl, without family or home, without beauty or cleverness. Being thus unfavored by nature, birth, and fortune, she might have considered herself most unfortunate and become sullen. She did nothing of the kind, however: she was always cheerful. A smile was ever on her lips and a blossom in her hand.

She loved flowers, and she gathered large bouquets to sell at the door of the church and on the passage of processions. Being timid, she stood aside, afraid to approach the fine gentlemen and beautiful ladies as boldly as did her companions; so she often failed to make a single sale. But for this she consoled herself quite easily, praying before the Madonna, and laying at her feet the overflow of both her basket and her heart. Neither her flowers nor her prayers were lost.

One day an old lady with a wrinkled, parchment-like face, and little beady black eyes peering out from under her faded bonnet, tottered up to the church porch, where the child was arranging her flowers in her basket.

"Oh, what lovely flowers! And how sweet they smell!" she exclaimed.

"Would you like some of them, madame?" asked Simplette.

"Yes; but what if I haven't any money, my little girl?"

"That doesn't matter if you want some."

"So you would make me a present of them?"

"Yes, gladly."

"You are very generous; but you might be able to sell them."

"Oh, a bunch more or less won't matter! Just one wouldn't make me much richer."

"What's your name, child?"

"They call me Simplette."

"Are your parents living?"

"Both are dead, madame."

(To be continued.)

* Translated for THE AVE MARIA by H. Twitchell.

"Well, Simplette, I will accept your bouquet, and I thank you for it."

The old lady took the flowers and passed on her way. The rest of the venders then began to mock Simplette.

"So you make presents to old Dame Leonarde!" they cried. "She's a miserable old miser, rich enough to buy all your flowers a hundred times over, if she wasn't so stingy. She pretends to be poor and lives in a tumble-down old house, and doesn't have as much to eat as the poorest of us."

"Then I did right in giving her the bouquet," was Simplette's gentle answer.

Dame Leonarde did have a very unpleasant reputation, especially among her relatives, in whose eyes her chief offence was her delay in growing old. Still, in spite of all their ill-will, they overwhelmed her with gifts and attentions, in the hope of being remembered in her will. They sent her the choicest cakes, cuts of meat, syrups and cordials, according to their several occupations. All these gifts were accepted by the old lady with apparent gratitude.

"How you spoil me, children!" she would often say. "And I'm sure it is not for my fortune, I am so miserably poor!"

"Of course not, aunt."

"That is what gives value to your generosity. For all that, it chagrins me not to have some little souvenir to leave to you."

"Don't worry about that, aunt," they all hastened to say, each one secretly hoping he would be the favored one in the old lady's will. She had sold her old house to the notary years ago, but was thought to be still wealthy.

In the course of time Dame Leonarde passed away, as all mortals must do. On the day of her funeral—which was very simple,—when the casket was being carried through the church door, Simplette, in her accustomed place, thought it was very sad to go to the grave without a wreath or a single flower, so she laid a choice bouquet on the bier as it passed by her.

After the ceremony was over, the heirs

gathered round the notary to hear him read the will of the deceased. Dame Leonarde began by thanking her relatives for all their acts of kindness to her. For these, she would have liked to show her gratitude after her death. But, alas! she could leave nothing, absolutely nothing, to recompense them, excepting an old prayer-book that she had carried for fifty years, and which was quite worn out. If, however, this souvenir of their old aunt possessed any value in the eyes of any of them, she bequeathed it to the one who would accept it. If no one wanted it, it was to go to little Simplette, who had once given her a bouquet of flowers.

Great was the indignation when the reading was over.

"Think of it! An old rag of a book for all my good hams!" said one. "And for my choice cakes!" cried another. "And for my delicious syrups and cordials!" grumbled a third. "She must have lost all her money in some way," they all agreed.

"So no one wishes to accept the legacy?" inquired the notary.

No one wished to do so, and all resented being made sport of in such a fashion.

"And you, Simplette?" continued the gentleman, addressing the young girl, whom he had had summoned.

"I will accept it gladly," was the reply. "I am grateful to Dame Leonarde for thinking of me at all, and I shall keep her prayer-book in memory of her."

All the others sneered at her simplicity. Then the notary, presenting the book to her with a grand flourish, said:

"Simplette, you are heir to this book and to all the fortune of Dame Leonarde, which amounts to forty thousand crowns; for on the first page of the book is written by herself: 'The person who will accept my old prayer-book shall be the heir to my entire fortune.' Her mind was slightly affected, it is true, but she was quite competent to make a will."

And this is how the selfish relatives were punished, and the grateful, kind-hearted Simplette was rewarded.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The April issue of the *Catholic Chormaster* is a particularly valuable one. Besides the usual discussion of matters important in their bearing on our music, it contains several excellent pieces of approved church music.

—The Techny Press was well-advised in issuing "Veni, Sancte Spiritus!" by the Rev. Clem. M. Thuente, O. P. This small pamphlet is an excellent meditation for the approaching Feast of Pentecost, and suitable at all times to inspire devotion to the Holy Ghost. Single copies are sold for 5 cents.

—Among brochures recently received from French publishers are Nos. 75 and 76 of Bloud & Gay's "Pages Actuelles" series: "De l'Yser a l'Argonne," by C. Danielou; and "Journal d'un Officier Prussien," by H. De Vere Stackpoole; "Les Traits Eternels de La France," by Maurice Barrès (Emil-Paul Freres); and "La Haine de l'Allemagne Contre la Vérité," by Mgr. C. Bellet (Libraire A. Picard & Fils).

—There are many splendid reflections in "A Casket of Joys," and there is a rich collection of excerpts from the poets and prose writers of all time. The Rev. J. T. Durward has prepared this brochure, and issued it through the Pilgrim Publishing Co., Baraboo, Wis. There are some proof mistakes, one particularly in the spelling of Francis Thompson's name, twice occurring. Sold for 15 cents; "fancy cover," 25 cents.

—A pleasantly told, fanciful story, thoroughly saturated with the atmosphere of the opera house, is "All-of-a-Sudden Carmen," by Gustave Kobbé (G. P. Putnam's Sons). Considering the ordinary connotation of stage-life in the mind of the general reader, the tale is singularly free from objectionable features,—this freedom being due no doubt to the fact that the heroine enters the scene as a baby. The details of the good-nature and generosity of the various members of the company, and the naïve devotedness of the amiable baby's self-constituted guardian, Yudels, make pleasant reading, which even the melodramatic funeral service (in the opera house) can not altogether spoil.

—We think that the Rev. Augustine Springler in "Our Refuge" (B. Herder) has conceived his subject and arranged his matter in a very excellent way. This little book is concerned with the Most Holy Eucharist, and aims to give a series of practical instructions on that sacred theme. The author is a pastor, and he knows people; he knows both what to say to the ordinary Catholic and how to say it. It is difficult to

single out any particular chapter in his work as uncommonly happy, since that quality distinguishes all the chapters. The book is bright, direct, brief, dogmatic throughout, and not even remotely suggestive of the pietistic. Pastors would do well to study it, apply its methods in their own work, and promote its circulation among their flock.

—It was worth while reprinting in pamphlet form the excellent lecture, "International Law and Autocracy," which was delivered before the University of Pennsylvania by George G. Butler, M. A., Fellow and Librarian of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. It is an examination of the "social contract," and an exposition of how this theory fails in its application to the origin of international law. A ringing message to American schools of legal thought concludes this timely and forceful discussion. Published by Hodder & Stoughton, London.

—There will be many a heartfelt prayer offered for the repose of the soul of Eleanor C. Donnelly, the oldest of American Catholic poets, and a versatile prose author of distinction as well. Her death occurred last week. For a full half century her writings have been a source of pleasure and edification to her English-speaking coreligionists. Her first volume of poems, "Out of Sweet Solitude," was published in 1873, and not long thereafter she became known as the American Adelaide Procter. She never claimed for herself, nor did her friends claim for her, the title of "great poet," any more than it is claimed for our best and most effective preachers that they are great pulpit orators; but the minor poets, like these preachers, probably do more good to more people than is accomplished by the master singers who so often soar beyond the comprehension of the multitude. If not a great poet, however, Miss Donnelly was a true one. May she rest in peace!

—Sir Francis C. Burnand, founder of "The Catholic Who's Who," editor of *Punch* from 1880 to 1906, author of more than six-score light plays ("Box and Cox" and "Black-eyed Susan" among them); autobiographical writer of "My Time and What I've Done with It" and "Reminiscences"; and essayist whose "Happy Thoughts" has gone through twenty-six editions,—is dead at the age of eighty-one. His life, especially his early manhood, was a varied one. Graduating from Cambridge, he prepared for a time for the Anglican ministry; became a convert to the Church in 1857; tried

his vocation to the priesthood under Dr. (afterwards Cardinal) Manning; was called to the Bar in 1862; and only thereafter discovered his real vocation as a play-producer and a writer of light literature. To the aged humorist, who had contributed to *Punch* for years before becoming its editor, no finer tribute could be paid than the unanimous verdict of his contemporaries: "Not one of his myriads of arrows of wit was ever poisoned." *R. I. P.*

—The following is a translation, presumably by an Italian, of a curiosity dealer's circular, which a traveller in Italy secured and brought home with him:

Joseph the Cook, he offer to one illuminated public, and most particularly for English knowing men in general, one remarkable, pretty, famous, and splendid collection of old goods, all quite new, excavated from private personal diggings. He sell cooked clays, old marble tones, with ancient basso-relievos, with stewing pots, brass sacrificing pans, and antik lamps; . . . also old coppers and candlesticks, with Nola jugs, Etruscan saucers, and much more intellectual minds articles; all entitling him to a learned mans inspection to examine him, and supply it with illustrious protection, of whom he hope full and valorous satisfaction.

N. B.—He make all old tings brand new, and the new tings all old, for gentlemans who has collections, and wishes to change him. He have also one manner quite original for make join two sides of different monies; producing one medallion all indeed unique, and advantage him to sell for exportation for strange cabinets and museums of the Exterior Potentates.

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.

- "Our Refuge." Rev. Augustine Springler. 60 cts.
 "The Will to Win." Rev. E. Boyd Barrett, S. J. 56 cts.
 "Gold Must Be Tried by Fire." \$1.50.
 "Hurrah and Hallelujah." Dr. J. P. Bang. \$1.
 "Anthony Gray,—Gardener." Leslie Moore. \$1.50.
 "False Witness." Johannes Jørgensen. 3s. 6d.
 "Blessed Art Thou Among Women." William F. Butler. \$3.50.
 "History of the Sinn Fein Movement." Francis P. Jones. \$2.00.
 "The Master's Word." 2 vols. Rev. Thomas Flynn, C. C. \$3.00.
 "Dark Rosaleen." M. E. Francis. \$1.35.

- "An Eight Days' Retreat for Religious." Rev. Henry A. Gabriel, S. J. \$1.50.
 "The Love of God and the Neighbor." Rev. J. V. Schubert. \$1.25.
 "Prolegomena to an Edition of the Works of Decimus Magnus Ausonius." Sister Marie José Byrne, Ph. D. \$1.25.
 "Catholic Christianity and the Modern World." Dr. Krogh-Tonning. \$1.25.
 "Camillus de Lellis, the Hospital Saint." A Sister of Mercy. \$1.
 "Catholic Christianity; or, The Reasonableness of Our Religion." Rev. O. Vassall-Phillips, C. SS. R. \$1.50.
 "A Retrospect of Fifty Years." Cardinal Gibbons. 2 vols. \$2.
 "The White People." Frances H. Burnett. \$1.20.
 "A Manual of Modern Scholastic Philosophy." Cardinal Mercier, etc. Vol. I. \$3.50.
 "Great Inspirers." Rev. J. A. Zahm, C. S. C., Ph. D. \$1.50.
 "The Mass and Vestments of the Catholic Church." Rt. Rev. Monsignor John Walsh. \$1.75.
 "The New Life." Rev. Samuel McComb, D. D. 50 cts.

Obituary.

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

Rev. Ignatius Tomatzin, of the diocese of St. Cloud; Rev. P. W. Riordan, diocese of Albany; Rev. Peter Becker, diocese of Cleveland; Rt. Rev. Peter Ronan and Rev. J. J. Keegan, archdiocese of Boston.

Brother Timothy, C. S. C.

Sister M. Reginald, of the Sisters of St. Dominic; Sister M. Clotildes, Sisters of the Holy Cross; and Sister M. Dolores, Sisters of Mercy.

Mr. John F. Sears, Mrs. Mary Moore, Mr. Patrick Brady, Mrs. John Ring, Mr. Nicholas Aspell, Mr. William Harlow, Mrs. Rosanna Lyman, Mrs. Anne Maguire, Mr. H. W. Kaiser, Mr. E. J. Leonard, Mrs. Catherine Cassidy, Mr. Frank Wuhrman, Mr. Angus McGillivray, Mr. B. J. Tihen, Mr. Charles Reynolds, Mr. James Madigan and Mr. George Reif.

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 rescue of orphaned and abandoned children in China: Child of Mary, \$1; C. F. B., \$5. For the Bishop of Nueva Segovia: J. P. L., \$100.



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

[Published every Saturday. Copyright, 1917: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

After Ascension.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

THOSE twelve years from Ascension
 Until the day of meeting broke,
 She was not so much all alone
 As it might seem to common folk,
 Because no day passed without bliss:
 He gives Himself back to her kiss.
 He comes no more in human guise,
 Yet He is in their midst again;
 His wounds are there in all men's eyes,
 So doubting Thomas sees them plain.
 They pour the Wine and break the Bread,
 And her heart's hunger's comforted.
 The Apostle takes the Cup of Wine,
 The white Bread on the paten bright,—
 O Food of Angels, dear, divine!
 The Lord of Life comes down in light,
 And sweeter than the honeycomb
 Rests in the heart that was His home.
 Give place! His Mother's claim is first!
 Her arms embrace her Son once more;
 On the kind breast where He was nursed
 He hath sweet ease, as oft before;
 Morn after morn through all the years,
 His love makes rapture of her tears.
 She guards the youngling Church as once
 She kept her small Son while He grew,
 Safe-sheltered from the winds and suns,
 Comforted with soft rain and dew;
 Till it's full-grown, and she is free
 For the long bliss that is to be.

The Story of a Conversion.

BY THE COUNTESS DE COURSON.

THE conversion here described was not, like many others, brought about by the war; but the hardships of the great conflict, and above all the supreme sacrifice that it demanded, tested the convert's sincerity: the flowers of spirituality planted in his soul developed, under the stern blasts of adversity, with marvellous rapidity. The hero of this sketch, Pierre Lamouroux, returned to the faith of his fathers only three months before the call to arms in August 1914; but, though a recent convert, he was fully equipped to meet the ordeal. The close presence of danger and death has over and over again during the war brought neglectful or careless soldiers to their knees. In souls safely anchored in the waters of religious faith, the same cause has developed heroism and holiness above the common. In one word, the war, with its attendant trials, has often turned pagans into Christians, and ordinary Catholics into spiritual heroes.

A Jesuit writer* has told the French public a story that illustrates this fact. It might be called the "story of a soul." It tells us of the development of a noble nature, that won its way back to faith by study, humility, and prayer; and that, under the stress of a supreme ordeal, attained in a few months a high degree

MANY are the roads by which God carries His own to heaven.—Cervantes.

* "Ames Nouvelles," par Albert Bessières, S. J. "Études," 1916.

of perfection. The fine quality of the soul whose evolution we are led to follow makes the story sympathetic, but it touches on wider issues. Pierre Lamouroux is a sample of a class of Frenchmen whose influence is great, because they hold in their hands the future of the children of the people,—a class of men generally anti-clerical and revolutionary, trained by the French University whose programmes ignore the existence of God.

Before the war, a certain religious and spiritualistic movement might be observed among some young intellectuals; and many books and reviews pointed out its existence and development. It had distinct characteristics. Those who personified it were *realists* in the exact sense of the word: they wished to find religious, moral and social truth; and their search was marked by thoroughness, logic, patience, and good sense. They prized convictions rather than impressions, logic rather than imagination. Their mental attitude was as different as possible from the romantic school that was in fashion some eighty years ago; it was more in keeping with the scientific age in which we are living.

Pierre Lamouroux was a convert of this type. His forefathers were peasants; but his father filled a modest official employment, and this fact may account for the lack of religion that marked the boy's surroundings. He was born at Camy, a village in Languedoc, in 1882; and began his studies at the Lycée or Government College of Janson de Sailly, in Paris. He pursued them at Tulle, Cahors, and again in Paris, according to the changes that occurred in his father's career. He had been baptized, and, at Cahors, made his First Communion, probably with only a superficial preparation; for, beyond these two acts, he grew up outside any religious practice.

This handsome, intelligent lad was singularly attractive and highly gifted. He passed all his examinations brilliantly, and decided to become a schoolmaster

under the Government. His first post was at a primary school in Paris; but in 1912 he became professor at the Lycée Rollin, and, had his life been spared, he seemed destined to a successful career in the French University. The Jesuit who writes his story had been his play-fellow in childhood. Later he lost sight of him for some years, their roads lying far apart. But they corresponded at intervals; and in the end it was to this friend of his youth that Pierre Lamouroux owed, after God, his return to the practice of our holy religion.

His mental attitude at the beginning of his career was a curious one. He was by nature an idealist and a mystic; absolutely sincere in his speech, socialistic in his theories; and, in reality, under his untiring energy lay a feeling of doubt and unrest. He confessed to his friend that, as far back as 1904, he realized that to enforce a moral law without admitting the existence of God was an impossibility. A trivial incident was the immediate occasion of this realization. One of his small pupils committed a grave fault. "You must not do that," said the master.—"Why?" asked the boy.—"Because it is forbidden."—"Forbidden by whom?"—"By me." The lad turned away, and Lamouroux heard him mutter in untranslatable French slang: "As if I cared what the fellow forbids!"

Pierre owned that he experienced a shock. This trifling incident led him to notice the insufficiency of the *morale laïque* that alone prevails in the official schools where the existence of God is systematically ignored. He was shocked to discover that even the authors of this lay catechism did not believe in its efficacy. The boys openly laughed at it. He had considered his work as a schoolmaster less as a career than as an apostleship; and now his ideal seemed falling to pieces, because it had no solid foundation. His colleagues took matters less seriously. This alone created a barrier between them and our earnest young

schoolmaster, who dreamed more of *elevating* and *educating* than of merely teaching his charges. His Jesuit friend, to whom he confided his disappointment, advised him to pray. "How can I pray when I do not believe?" replied Lamouroux.

In 1905 he was called upon to fulfil the military service to which every Frenchman is obliged. He professed to be not only a socialist but an anti-militarist and pacifist. At first the weariness of his military life at Lisieux only made these opinions stronger; but by degrees he realized the advantage of discipline,—so much so that at the end of his year's service he passed the examinations that were necessary to become an *officier de réserve*, and afterward he voluntarily went through a period of military service every year.

In 1908 he was appointed to a post in the suburbs of Paris; and, as his mind expanded and ripened, he soon exercised remarkable influence over those of his colleagues who viewed their profession from the same elevated standpoint. In his eyes it was an apostleship, and he clung to this ideal in spite of disappointments. To serve it more effectually, he founded a review called *L'Avenir de l'Enfant* ("The Future of the Child"), in which he and his disciples expounded their views. These aimed at nothing less than the reform of official methods. The review was short-lived, but its purpose was a brave and honest attempt to improve the moral tone rather than the actual teaching of our lay schools.

The secret of Lamouroux's influence lay in his personality. He was generous and loyal, hard-working and earnest, high-minded and transparently sincere. Among the young schoolmasters who gathered round him to discuss moral, religious and social problems were a chosen few whose aims were as noble as his own, though their ideas were often deplorable. Such was Thierry, once an anti-militarist, who afterward fought like a lion, risked his life to save the wounded, and died the death of a hero at Noulette

in May, 1915. This Thierry, an unbeliever, had in him the makings of a saint. He once wrote that "the power of sacrifice is above anything"; and in his soldier's knapsack were found three books—Dante, Pascal, and St. Paul.

Pierre Lamouroux's own library was, about this time, going through a gradual transformation that corresponded with his mental evolution. The anti-militarist and socialistic volumes that he had prized were now discarded, and the works of Pascal, Bossuet, Monsabré, Père Janvier, St. Augustine, and the Gospel had their place on his shelves. Even his own attitude was different. He spoke less and meditated more than formerly. He became an assiduous reader of the *Action Française*, an organ that advocates order, discipline, and authority. These things, which he had once underrated, now seemed to him of paramount importance.

What continued to puzzle him was how he could fulfil his chosen mission as a trainer of souls (it was thus that he considered it) without a definite doctrine on which to build his teaching. His very conscientiousness added to his suffering. Religion was banished from the official programme of the French University: how could its empty place be filled? To fill it somehow was a necessity. Yet tolerance, justice, mutual support and assistance, without the idea of God, were vain words, at which the lads on whom they were impressed only laughed. Logically, concluded this earnest thinker, the so-called neutral school is an impossibility and a failure.

His personal experience only strengthened the conclusions to which his meditations led him. He had striven honestly to *educate*, not merely to *teach*; and the result, in an atmosphere where God was absent, had been null. His aims and anxieties, and those of his friends, were voiced in the *Avenir de l'Enfant*. They were increased, rather than otherwise, by a careful perusal of books written expressly for the guidance of young

schoolmasters. The theories expounded therein seemed to him absurd: the moral improvement of humanity was to be the outcome of "solidarity"; by the mere progress of civilization the moral and physical defects of mankind were to be gradually eradicated! High-flown theories that had no solid basis, empty words that represented no tangible and reasonable doctrine, disgusted Lamouroux, who, together with a poetical and tender soul, had the essentially practical spirit that characterizes the men of his generation. There is nothing shadowy and romantic about these earnest searchers.

All through the little periodical that was edited by Pierre Lamouroux at this epoch runs a pathetic note of anxiety and disappointment. Logic and common-sense combined to destroy the theories that were propounded by men whom he looked up to as his superiors. At last when these vain methods and doctrines had utterly collapsed, into the space left empty, there stepped a truth that was henceforth to shape Lamouroux's spiritual life; he thus expressed it in a letter to his Jesuit friend: "Humanity can not be separated from God."

About the same time he was appointed professor at the College Rollin in Paris. His horizon was enlarged, and he became acquainted with the "Bulletin" issued by a group of Catholic professors who belonged to the French University, and whose attitude was all the more noticeable because it contrasted with the atmosphere in which they moved. Their doctrines appealed to his present state of mind. Meditation and logic had made him a nationalist and a traditionalist; and, although not a Catholic in practice, he was now ready to accept all that Catholicism implies. The story of this gradual and steady transformation demonstrates in a striking manner the force of sincerity in an earnest soul. It proves how sweetly Almighty God ever leads one, whose search for Truth is absolutely disinterested,

to complete illumination and certainty.

Three days' retreat at a house directed by the Jesuits at Mours, near Paris, marked the crowning stage of Pierre Lamouroux's quest. He prepared himself for it by meditation and prayer. In April, 1914, he wrote to his friend: "I have meditated, prayed, and observed. I felt that two arms were stretched out towards me, and into them I have thrown myself. . . . I can only repeat: God be blessed!" Being an unbeliever, although a baptized Catholic, Pierre Lamouroux had, several years before, contracted a purely civil marriage: he now caused his marriage to be blessed by a priest; and a few days later he and his wife, to whom he seems to have been devoted, received Holy Communion side by side in a chapel at Montmartre.

He was thirty-two, in the full strength of manhood, when he entered a path that he seemed to have trodden since his birth, so rapidly did he assimilate Catholic ideas and practices. Instead of a prodigal reclaimed after years of exile, he was like a happy child, familiar at all times with his Father's mansion. Some of his former friends resented his conversion; and one represented to him that, being now a practical Catholic, he was bound not to remain in the neutral, or rather anti-religious, French University. To this Pierre Lamouroux replied that there was no contradiction between his religion and his career. He might have added that the former would give him light to fulfil more perfectly the duties entailed by the latter.

He had the desire of all converts to share the truth he now possessed with those who were still groping in the dark; but he preached more by his attitude than by his spoken words. During a mental crisis that had lasted two years, he recognized that prayer had served him more than argument; and he always impressed upon seekers after truth that prayer must be their chief resource.

The Crest of the Bodkins.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON.

XXVIII.—PACHUCA.



IN a rude bench in front of an adobe hut, in the heart of the mining regions of Pachuca, sat two young men, both with pipes in their mouths, both speaking English—Harry Talbot and Arthur Bodkin.

"I foretold all this, didn't I, Arthur?" said Talbot,—they had been discussing the situation.

"You did."

"I told you that the French troops would be withdrawn, that Maximilian was not the man to hold the reins—not half strong enough,—and that he was surrounded by traitors. I can now tell you more. Those hounds are on his track, and close to Maximilian there is a fellow called Lopez who is a regular Judas."

"The Emperor believes in him and has loaded him with favors."

"I tell you, Arthur, that he is ready to betray as Judas did, and for silver. Why, the whole thing is, as they say in the United States, 'busted.' You have no Mexican army; the country is against you; the Liberals are closing up, and popping troops into every small hole of a town all round the place. The Austrian troops are too few, and the Belgians the same. General Porfirio Diaz is a horn leader, and his soldiers will follow him into flames. Drop it all, Arthur, come up here and make some money, or go home!"

"And desert Maximilian, and have them say at the Kildare Street Club that I was a coward and a sneak? Oh, no! Harry, I shall stand by the Emperor—to the last."

"Can't some of you fellows get him away? I tell you, Arthur, that Juarez is a cutthroat; and as for Lerdo, he would ask nothing better than to see the red blood dyeing the Emperor's yellow beard."

"He has been advised to abdicate, and

had resolved to do so; but his high sense of honor compels him to stand by his army so long as there is a corporal's guard left."

"Who has influence with him?"

"The poor Empress."

"Lord of heaven, how sad about her!"

"Awful! awful!" And Arthur groaned.

"They say she is at Miramar."

"She is."

"And that her mind is absolutely, hopelessly blank."

"God's will be done!"

"Do you remember that day, a few months ago, when we got into the Castle, and saw her in the first flush and pride of their new dignity? How royal she looked! Who could have thought that in so short a time this dreadful wreckage was to take place? Let me tell you that if you fight the Liberals, you will be beaten."

"Assuredly."

"And what then?"

"Shot, I suppose. My dear Harry, I am prepared for the very worst; and that is the reason why I have come out here—to press your honest hand once more, and to say God bless you and good-bye."

The two friends looked each other in the eye.

"I have a presentiment that I shall come to grief, Harry; and I want you to see that this locket"—opening his shirt to show the locket which the Empress had given him, suspended by a ribbon from his neck—"that this locket," he repeated, "is handed to Miss Nugent. The Empress made me promise not to open it until she granted me permission."

"Let me look at it," said Talbot.

Arthur, removing it from his neck, handed it to his friend.

"It is very handsome," said Talbot. "I wonder what she meant by exacting such a promise from you? Of course, Arthur, that promise is void, since the poor woman is morally dead, and never *can* give you permission to open it."

"She is *not* dead. I shall never open it until the Empress permits me."

"Then *I* will,—there is no interdict on *me*." And, pressing a spring, the locket flew open, to reveal an exquisitely painted miniature of Alice Nugent.

"You should not have done this!" remonstrated Arthur, devouring the portrait with his eyes.

"Why not? *You* were not to open it,—assuredly the command did not reach out to *me* or to anybody else."

"I feel ashamed, Harry. I feel as though I had broken my word to the Empress."

"Bosh! My dear fellow, you are a peg too low. You are full of presentiment that you will be bowled over, and all that sort of thing. There may be no fighting at all. If the United States would only step in, the Emperor could ride down to Vera Cruz, go on board a war ship, and retire with all the honors of war."

"We are going to Queretaro. Five thousand men will be left to garrison the capital, two thousand to garrison Puebla, and we shall have ten thousand to—"

"Give battle to sixty thousand. Bah! He is as mad as she is if he fights against such odds."

Arthur Bodkin had come to Pachuca to see his old friend. He longed for a grasp of Talbot's hand, for a sound of the rich Irish brogue. He longed to have a talk, even if it were to be the last, about dear old Ireland; of the Kildares and Royal Meath and the Blazers; of Punctestown, and Baldoyle,—of the thousand and one things that come to us with a sweetness that surpasses words when the heart is sick with grief and the outlook black as night.

Every word uttered by Harry Talbot was coined in the same mint of thought as his own. He knew that the Empire was gone, and the Emperor, in bitter straits, would be betrayed. He recognized the fact that fighting was hopeless, and that ruin and death were grimly waiting for Maximilian and his adherents.

Many of the courtiers had already

deserted, under one pretext or another; and nearly all were prepared to fly upon the loss of the first skirmish. It was to be *sauve qui peut*. To our hero's credit, with destruction staring him in the face; with possible death—for he knew that Mazazo longed for revenge; with his heart's only joy in Europe, the last words of Alice having rekindled high hope; with an honorable plea for retiring,—nay, more, a command, for Baron Bergheim had arranged that he was to take private dispatches to the Emperor of Austria,—Arthur never for a second thought of deserting the Emperor, and flung his proud "No!" at every proposition that hinted at his leaving his post.

It had been his intention to give Harry Talbot the locket, and letters for his mother and for Father Edward, in the event of any dire mishap. But the locket was so precious, on account of the portrait of Alice, that he resolved never to part with it. It would be on his beating heart if he lived; on his dead heart if he died. His loyalty to the Emperor, his decision to stand by him to the bitter end, to fall fighting if needs be, resolved itself into: "What would Alice think of me if I deserted the cause, even when it was most hopeless? How could I ever face her?"

Arthur spent two days with Talbot,—days almost wholly occupied on his part in talking of Alice. In Talbot he had a man who could smoke and listen, and that was all he asked. Of course he unbosomed himself to his friend, often repeating her last words.

As the two men were parting, Talbot observed:

"You will come out of this all right. You will go home and marry Alice Nugent; aye, my dear fellow, and I shall run over and dance at your wedding."

And as Arthur slowly wended his way down the hill, his true and honest friend muttered to himself: "I don't like this business at all. I must be in readiness to come to the rescue if I'm wanted."

XXIX.—RODY'S RELATIONS.

Upon his return to his quarters in the National Palace, Arthur found Rody in a condition of almost frenzied excitement.

"It bates the world out, Masther Arthur!"

"What is the matter with you, Rody? Have you been taking too much *mescal*?"

"Is it *me*, sir, and ye away! Sorra a sup I tasted, barrin' wan dhrink of poolkay, since ye left, sir. No, begob! It's not dhrink, sir, at all, at all. It's all be rayson of meetin' a cousin up here. Sorra a lie I'm tellin' ye. Me own cousin—an O'Flynn of Ballybogue, Masther Arthur, that kem out here forty years ago, and is a native now no less, and as rich as a *leprechaun*."

"This *is* news."

"It bates the *Vindicathor*,—aye, and the *Irish Times*. His name is O'Flynn, and it's over his dure in St. Francis' Sthreet below. Well, sir, wouldn't ye like for to hear all about it?"

"Wouldn't I!"

"Well, Masther Arthur, the mornin' afther ye left, sir, for to visit Misther Talbot—a fine gintleman, and I hope he's coinin' up there beyant,—I was a bit lonesome; so I tuk a shough of the pipe, and thin I wint for a walk. I was meandherin' along the sthreet, just thinkin', sir, that it smelt as bad as the River Liffey—good luck to it!—whin I seen a word over a shop dure that tuk me breath from undher me. O'Flynn it was, sir,—O'Flynn it is, sir, as bowld as brass. I crossed the sthreet, sir, for to make sure; and, sure enough, there was O'Flynn lukkin' down at me from over the dure in letthers of goold. 'Well,' I sez to meself sez I, 'there must be some Irish in the house'; so I med bowld and walked in. The place was cowld and dark, wid a counther and iron rails as thick as Newgate; and the ceilin' would crack yer conk, it was that low; and behind the bars was a little ould man, wid an O'Flynn gob on him that would have saved any thrubble to a detective. It *was* an O'Flynn, as sure as Sunda'; and a rale Irish Ballybogue O'Flynn at that, sir. He lukked at me and I lukked at him;

so sez I to meself sez I: 'Bedad, I'll have a hack at ye in Irish.' So I ups and I gives him the time o' day. Well, Masther Arthur, it was better nor a play in the Theayter Royal for to see his astonishment. He opened his eyes as wide as oysters.

"'What do ye mane?' sez he in Irish.

"'I mane the top o' the mornin' to ye, O'Flynn of Ballybogue!'

"'Who are ye?' sez he.

"'Yer own cousin,' sez I.

"'Bedad,' sez he, afther lukkin' at me the way a magpie luks at a marrow-bone,—'bedad, I'm inclined for to think that ye *are* an O'Flynn.'

"'Faix I *am* that,' sez I. 'I'm Pether O'Flynn's own son, Rody.'

"'Pether had a son, sure enough.'

"'Thru for ye,' sez I.

"'I heerd that some twenty years ago. And is Pether alive?'

"'He is, and walks to the Kilronan chapel and back every day of his life, and he's now over seventy-five.'

"Well, Masther Arthur, for to make a long story short, the ould chap cross-examined me as if I was in the dock and he was the poliss magistrate.

"'Come in,' sez he. 'Ye're me cousin as sure as eggs is eggs. But what brought ye out here at all, at all?'

"Well, I ups and tells him the whole story; and how we rescued the Impress—God sind her back her seven sines and more, amin!—and how ye were as thick as pays wid the Imperor, and all to that. And just as I was givin' him a hint that it might be well for him to be very civil, in kem the sweetest little crayture I ever seen. She kem in be the back of the office from the dark, and I declare to ye, Masther Arthur, she brought in the light wid her; for the ould place was no longer dark. The ould man said somethin' to her very low, and she lukked at me out of a pair of eyes that could melt the Hill o' Howth; and, putting a soft, white little hand out betune the bars, she tould me I was welkin.

"Well, I spint the day and yestherday

and this mornin' wid thim. He's an ould miser, as rich as the Bank of Ireland itself; but he'd skin a flay. He kem out here — wracked below on the rocks at Vera Cruz; set up in bizness there, and med his way to Puebla, where he done more bizness; and now he's here doin' all the bizness. He's a cross betune a pawn-broker and a bill discountner. Be the mortal, if it wasn't for his daughter Mary, I'd disown him, poor as I am. Bad cess to him, he's the first of the breed for to go and disgrace us! I-hear he's as hard as Wicklow granite, and turns everything he lays hands on into goold. He owns wan of thim mines out beyánt where Misther Talbot is; and, though it has a hape of silver in it, won't take the risk of workin' it till the counthry's settled; and faix I think he's about right, Masther Arthur. 'Things is in a quare way.'

(To be continued.)

Quo Vadis, Domine?

A LEGEND OF THE EARLY CHURCH.

BY JOHN FERGUSON.

WHAT time Rome's azure sky vermilion turned,
As 'neath its vaulted dome the city burned—
"Death to the Christians!" half the populace
cried;
"Down with the Christ!" the other half replied;
"The Christian dogs, 'tis they have wrought this
woe,
And for revenge have laid the city low."

Now, Peter lodged in Rome, and strove to keep
His faithful watch o'er Christ's few scattered
sheep;
"Fly, Shepherd,—fly!" those pious souls im-
plored;
"Nor suffer death at point of Cæsar's sword.
With thee the Word will perish; therefore go,
And on fresh fields the precious seed bestow."

But Peter answered, "Tears and prayers are vain:
Though others flee, I constant will remain;
Through blinding mists I yet will strive to guide
Christ's foundering bark across the treacherous
tide."

"Nay, Shepherd," urged the faithful few, "not so,
But just because we love you bid you go.
Regard our tears," they trembling cried anon;
And Peter faltered, "Lord, Thy will be done!"

Next morn, what time the sky was shot with
gold,

And Night her ebon curtains backward rolled,
With many a look behind, and fond delay,
Two figures stole along the Appian Way:
Peter—old, bent and weary—and his guide
Nazarius, ever faithful, at his side.

But ere the climbing sun had mounted high,
The Apostle saw a vision in the sky;
From the sun's disc down to the earth it came,
At once a shining light and burning flame.
And Peter, prostrate falling, then adored;
For well he knew the vision was the Lord.

"Lord, whither goest Thou?" the Apostle cried.
"I go to Rome," the Vision soft replied;
"Since thou hast fled, no shepherd tends My
sheep,

That, scattered, strive in vain a fold to keep.
Once more this head must wear the crown of
thorn,

These hands anon by cruel nails be torn,
And swords again must pierce this wounded side:
I go to Rome to be re-crucified."

"Nay, Lord," cried Peter, trembling,—"nay,
not so;

For I, Thy servant, to my post will go.
Though winds are blowing wild and waves run
high,
Though sails are rending, and though dark the
sky,

I by their side my faithful watch will keep,
And be their pilot o'er the engulfing deep."

The vision vanished whither it had come,
And Peter turned his face again to Rome;
And, with those stricken souls he strove to save,
Found in that city an ensanguined grave.

ST. CHRYSOSTOM says that veritable
martyrdom consists not only in the shed-
ding of blood, but that a complete with-
drawal from sin, and the practice and
following of the divine commandments,
constitute martyrdom. True patience in
adversities also makes us martyrs.

The Saint of Rocca Porrena.

BY THOMAS B. REILLY.

NO province of Italy is richer in its fruitage of arts and letters, the fame of its saints and sanctuaries, than that of Umbria. It lies in the central part of the kingdom, where, dotting the wildly beautiful slopes of the terraced Apennines, are cities the names of which—Assisi, Spoleto, Foligno, Todi, Cascia, Rieti, Norcia, Narni—not only fire the Catholic heart but thrill the mind of Christendom.

Here, a few miles southeast from Assisi, along the eastern line of the triangle formed by Spoleto, Norcia, and Leonessa, in a valley among overhanging mountains, broods the ancient village of Rocca Porrena. There is scarcely any outlook except overhead, whence the sun for a few brief hours sweeps with ardent light the austere and rugged basin.

Some five hundred years ago, beyond the rim of those cliff-like hills, an impassioned world groaned in travail of flesh and spirit. It was a day of mind-baffling contrasts, physical abasements, intellectual outbursts, and intense spiritual stress. It was an hour that thrilled with the heroisms and messages of many great saints,—a Vincent Ferrer, a Frances of Rome, a Lawrence Justinian, a John Capistran, a Bernardine of Siena, and a Rita of Cascia.

None of these memorable children of the Church claim so large a tribute from the thoughts of modern Christendom as does that of the Augustinian nun of Cascia. The day of her birth is uncertain, but it is generally agreed that she was born in the springtime of 1381, in the little village of Rocca Porrena. She was the only child of an humble and peace-loving couple, Antonio and Amata Mancini. Shortly after her birth she was taken to the neighboring town of Cascia, some three miles distant, where she was baptized in the Church of St. Mary

Magdalen. The mother, obedient to an interior inspiration, had the child named Rita,—a name that has come to identify, the world over, a great daughter of the Church and a marvellous agent of God.

As a child, Rita Mancini was remarked throughout the village for her piety, reticence in worldly speech, simplicity of dress, and her insistent charity. She was strangely affable, plain of taste, and fond of retirement. At about the age of twelve she wished to enter the convent of the Augustinian nuns at Cascia. Her parents, advanced in age, objected. After the custom of the time, they set about to provide her with a husband. The father's choice fell upon an irascible youth named Ferdinand, whose moods, like those of his day, were swift and reckless. The girl, submissive to parental authority, became the young man's wife. Not long after the marriage, he began to ill-treat and abuse her. She accepted this cross with such uncomplaining obedience and invincible patience that not only was her husband's violent spirit subdued but his reformation actually accomplished.

Of this union two sons were born, each of whom displayed quarrelsome and stubborn natures. The heart-worried mother struggled for years to correct and guide them, her efforts meeting with scant success. Meanwhile her parents, each verging on ninety, died. Shortly thereafter her husband was carried home and laid at her feet, lifeless. He had been murdered on the outskirts of the village. The two sons instinctively gave themselves up to thoughts of vengeance. Advice and pleading proving fruitless, the mother begged God either to soften their hearts or take them to Himself. Both died peacefully at home, their hands unstained.

Alone in the world, the young widow again planned to enter the convent of the Augustinian nuns at Cascia. Three times she sought admission and thrice was refused. Her ceaseless prayers and indomitable spirit of perseverance were finally and strangely rewarded. One

morning, toward the hour of Matins, led by a vision of Saints John the Baptist, Augustine, and Nicholas of Tolentino, she found herself physically present within the walled enclosure of the convent. To the astonished nuns that gathered about her she related her miraculous experience. She was shortly thereafter accepted as a novice, was professed four years later, lived forty-four years in the religious life, and died May 22, 1456. Although beatified in the early part of the seventeenth century, it was not until May 24, 1900, that she was canonized by Pope Leo XIII., who acclaimed her as "the Jewel of the Umbrian Province."

This is merely the shadowgraph of a life the spiritual brilliance of which is second to none among the portraits of saintly women. The humanly inexplicable attended the saint from birth to death. As an infant she would take nourishment only three times a day, and on Fridays nothing at all. Shortly after her birth, little white bees were seen entering and leaving her mouth. These followed her throughout her life, and after her death took up their abodes in a wall opposite the convent gate. They had no sting and produced no honey. To-day, writes Dr. Ferina, the bees found nesting in the wall midway the saint's tomb and her cell are of a deep yellow color. They leave their cells in Holy Week and return only after the saint's feast-day.

Saint Rita's wifehood was signalized by an unflinching courage of soul, instant obedience to an exacting husband, and an invincible patience before the onslaughts of his quarrelsome nature. As a mother, she toiled and prayed for seventeen heart-breaking years in an effort to calm and direct the impassioned lives of her sons,—a struggle that ended only in an act of supreme sacrifice. As a widow, she led a life of Christian retirement, leaving her home only to assist at the services of the church, or to perform some act of charity or deed of mercy. In the convent she gave herself up to a life of ceaseless denial,

sharp disciplines, unquestioning obedience, smiling acceptance of crosses and humiliations. She scourged herself thrice daily, wore a torturing garment of rough hair, kept rigid fasts and many night-long vigils. With smiling eagerness she sought the meanest of tasks, found her keenest delight in nursing and comforting the sick of the community. In such moments she gladly forewent her usual devotions that she might draw still nearer God in a work of mercy. Naturally reticent, she imposed upon herself as a nun a rule of more than ordinary silence. She used at times to keep a pebble in her mouth to remind her of the golden virtue. Nevertheless, when circumstances called for words, her speech was singularly fluent and rarely musical.

Saint Rita's progress in the spiritual order was accompanied by sweeping temptations against vows and virtues. She suffered not only interior assaults but also open violences from the spirit of evil. The force she was called upon to use in her battles against self and circumstance gave her a specially tender sympathy for those distraught by trials and sufferings. Fortitude, pity, and perseverance were among her marked characteristics. In her eager pursuit of poverty, she wore only one habit throughout her conventual life, while next her skin was a *cilicium* of torturing bristles. Her cell was the least endurable in the dormitory. Its ornaments were a few pictures of the Passion. Four rough boards served as a bed. In one corner of the room she had built a mound of stones and surmounted it with a crucifix. She took food only once a day, reducing the amount until her companions marvelled that she could live. Other times apart, she fasted three full Lenten periods each year. This is the saint that, obeying an order of her mother-superior, patiently watered for months a dead tree in the convent garden. The tree revived, blossomed and bore fruit.

The sentiments roused in Rita's heart at thought of the agonies endured by Our

Lord in His Passion were so keen as to cause her to faint. This deep and intimate sympathy, increasing with time, had a strange climax. One day, about twenty-eight years after her entrance into the Order, she was present with other nuns at the parish church of Cascia when St. James of Montepandone, a noted missionary of the time, preached a sermon on the Passion. On her return to her cell, the saint fell grief-stricken before her crucifix, from which a ray of light suddenly darted toward her. A moment later, a thorn, detached from the crown, struck her violently on the side of the forehead. The result was an intensely painful wound, which, because of its intolerable odor, brought about the isolation of the saint from her companions. The wound became worm-infested, the worms now and then dropping to the ground. These she called her "little angels." This condition lasted fifteen years.

In the year 1450, a Jubilee year, pilgrims were crowding the highways leading to Rome. Some of the nuns of Cascia had received permission to make the pilgrimage. Rita begged to accompany them. In view of the wound on the saint's forehead, the mother-superior thought it unwise to permit her to appear in public; but remarked that should the wound be cured she might go. A few days later the wound closed, and Rita, at the age of sixty-nine, set out on foot for Rome. On her return to the convent, the wound reopened and never again healed. Not long afterward she was visited with an undetermined illness, which confined her to her bed. The last four years of her life were years of intense suffering, a period wherein she existed solely on the Blessed Sacrament.

One day in January, a few months before Rita's death, a relative from Rocca Porrena came to visit her. The saint, being asked if she had any requests to make, told her relative to fetch her a rose from the garden of the old home at Rocca Porrena. The visitor, thinking the saint delirious, took her leave. On her return

to the village, however, she entered the garden of Rita's home, and there on one of the frozen bushes saw a full-blown rose.

From that on the saint failed rapidly. Shortly after the last Sacraments of the Church were administered, she looked up at her companions and whispered: "My dear ones, abide with the Lord in holy peace and sisterly charity." They were her last audible words. She died May 22, 1457, passing away as one falling into tranquil sleep, in the seventy-sixth year of her age, after forty-four years of strict religious life.

In that hour of death, the color of youth and health flushed the saint's cheek. Her age-worn and wasted features slowly assumed the appearance of a girl of twenty. One of the attending nuns saw the saint's soul, aflame with light, borne upward in the company of angels. The convent bells without visible agency began to ring. The bare, bleak walls of the cell were flooded with supernatural light. The wound on the saint's forehead glowed with radiance, its former nauseating odor becoming an exquisite perfume, which filled not only the convent but was sensibly present beyond the walls.

During the obsequies many striking miracles occurred. Since then, for more than five hundred years, the gifts and favors received through the saint's intercession have been countless. Her body, miraculously preserved from decay, was, when visited by the superiors of her Order or by the bishops of Spoleto, often seen to rise to the level of its coffin. It still diffuses a wonderful fragrance, which is specially noticeable on certain anniversaries, on the feast-day of the saint, and whenever favors are granted through her intercession. This supernatural perfume is one of the miracles embodied in the decree of canonization. Strange to relate, the same fragrance, when a favor is being granted in far-distant countries, is often sensibly present.

Public devotion to Saint Rita spread very rapidly. It was particularly vigorous

in Spain, Portugal, and in South America. It was at Cadiz, Spain, where she wrought so many miracles, that she was first hailed as the "Saint of the Impossible,"—a title that to-day identifies her throughout the Christian world.

The deeds and teachings of the holy ones of Umbria have passed into the literatures of the world, directing the genius as well as moulding the destinies of countless souls. Few of these lives, however, have so continuously startled the indifference and shaken the skepticism of self-sufficient minds as has that of this Augustinian nun. Her life was one wherein the world had played a bitter and a tragic part; it was a career of great spiritual brilliancy,—seventy odd years of struggle miraculously sanctioned by God. The briefest story of that career will to the unbeliever appear a pious fiction, an improbable tale, but the attested facts of her life and their no less marvellous consequences, which human science can neither explain nor alter, were searchingly scrutinized by the Church for more than four hundred years. Her findings may not be set aside, nor her conclusions evaded.

Though each generation, in every country, has its favorites among the elect of God, there are certain saints whose popularity is of a steadily expanding and cumulative character. They are seen moving flame-like across the ages, seizing on the mind and heart of every nation, answering the more constant, the broader, queries of every age. Of such is the "Poor Little Man of Assisi," renewing in the breast of the creature love for its Creator; of such is St. Anthony of Padua, rekindling the fire of charity in the human heart; of such also is St. Rita of Cascia, miraculously enforcing faith in God. And it is the great glory of this humble daughter of St. Augustine, around whom a world-wide and ardent devotion has grown up, that she was specially chosen by God to show to the world the potency of persevering prayer and the incredible power of an act of genuine faith.

A Memory of May.

BY SARAH FRANCES ASHBURTON.

I DO not know what is the custom nowadays in convent schools; but when I was a little girl—a long time ago,—at the school which I attended, the 1st of May, the opening of the Month of Mary, was always celebrated in a very impressive and delightful manner. All the girls in white, the little ones strewing flowers, walked in a procession, at the head of which were four of the model scholars of the school carrying an exquisite statue of the Blessed Virgin. After having walked round and round the convent garden, chanting a beautiful French Litany—for that garden, though a lovely spot, was comparatively small,—they deposited the image of Our Lady on the altar prepared for it, in a shrine consisting of a Gothic roof and four slender columns. The shrine was really intended as a protection against the showers, which are apt to come as frequently in May as April, the so-called month of showers. Open at all sides, with potted plants and flowers from floor to apex, reaching even high above the head of Our Lady, it presented a beautiful appearance in the midst of the garden, which, small as it was, might well be called a *parterre* of bloom; for, under the care of the Sisters, every inch of ground between the narrow paths was radiant with color and fragrant with blossoms.

Although the academy (or pay school) and the parish (or free) school were on different sides of the great, square convent building, reached by separate entrances, with their playgrounds divided by a paling, the Sunday-school classes were common to both; and on May Day all the children formed one company in the grand procession, blending their fresh, young voices in the lovely canticles, and offering their innocent prayers in unison. All were accustomed to bring offerings of flowers on that day, making the shrine and its

surroundings a veritable bower of beauty.

A unique custom prevailed at St. Anne's, which I, at least, have never seen elsewhere,—but there were many beautiful customs in that peaceful retreat which seemed to belong to itself alone. After the image of Our Lady had been deposited on the miniature altar and a canticle was sung, the children ranged themselves in two long rows, reaching far beyond the garden gate and into the academy playground, preparatory to the election of a May Queen, who was always chosen from the four who had been appointed to carry the statue,—this office having been determined by the greatest number of marks for attendance, good conduct, and Christian Doctrine at Sunday-school. Thus the honor was as likely to fall to the lot of a child of poverty as to one to whom the good things of this world had been more freely given.

Two of the Sisters passed up and down the lines with boxes containing marbles, one being given to each of the children. All were then ordered to whirl about, with their backs to the shrine; the four candidates being sent to the extreme front, where they could not possibly watch the balloting. Four boxes were then placed at the feet of the Blessed Virgin, each bearing the name of a candidate. One by one the children left the ranks and deposited their votes, it being impossible from the position of those in the ranks to see the destination of any ballot.

When all had finished, the Sisters in charge counted the votes, and announced the name of the successful candidate. The two next in order were first and second maids of honor; the third being called the herald, who taking a basket of flowers prepared for the occasion, presented it to the Queen. The new dignitary now slowly and modestly advanced through the ranks bearing her flowery burthen, the columns closing up behind her and again facing the shrine. Arrived at the foot of the altar, she knelt down, and, laying the fragrant gift at the feet of the Madonna,

recited the Act of Consecration in the name of herself and her kneeling companions. After this another canticle was sung, and the children dispersed to a large arbor, where a table was set, covered with cakes, fruit, confectionery, and lemonade, wherewith, after dancing around their Queen, they regaled themselves. The afternoon closed with songs, games, and other happy plays of childhood. All this, however, is prefatory to a little story.

To the parish school of St. Anne's there had come, about six months previous to the 1st of May, a little Irish girl fresh from the "Green Sod,"—sweet, modest, clever, and beautiful. Her eyes were as blue as the sky; her delicate pencilled brows and long thick lashes were of ebony blackness, as was also her luxuriant hair, which hung in a single thick braid below her waist. Her skin was of a transparent red and white; white and even teeth making more evident the perfect beauty of her delicate lips, nearly always parted in a smile, which played around two deep dimples in either cheek. And yet this beautiful creature was a child of poverty; her mother, a widow, having died almost on her arrival in this country.

Little Bridget had no relatives in America—none in all the world that she knew of,—and it became her lot to cast her fortunes with those of a kind Irish-woman whose husband "carried the hod," and who, for the assistance Bridget gave her morning and evening with her large family, allowed her to go to school. The child was hungry to learn and eager to make her first Holy Communion; while the good woman who sheltered her gave her every indulgence in her power. She had been well taught at home, knowing her catechism perfectly, and soon took her place near the head of the second class at Sunday-school. She was also well grounded in her other studies, and before long became a favorite with her teachers as well as her companions, who, although they laughed at first at her quaint speech and pronounced accent, soon learned to be

chary of criticism and chaff in the face of her unfailing good humor, which led her to laugh at her own peculiarities as heartily as did her companions.

On the Sunday before May Day, after the classes had been dismissed, a group of girls were gathered around their teacher, discussing the arrangement and decoration of the shrine for that all-important day.

"As many lilies as you can find, girls," said Sister Margaret; "they are so pure and lovely, so typical of Our Lady. I do not think there are any flowers so beautiful as lilies."

"Violets are lovely too," said one of the girls. "And this is their season. But they are so dreadfully expensive, as they are nearly all raised in hot-houses."

"I once knew a spot," said the Sister, reflectively,— "a thick shady clump of woods, carpeted with green moss, where the loveliest white and purple violets grew by hundreds and thousands. My home was not far from there. In spring we used to gather them by the basketful while they lasted, and Our Lady's altar was always decked with them. May Day never comes but I wish we could have some of those lovely, fragrant violets to lay upon the Blessed Virgin's altar."

"And is that place very far from this, Sister?" inquired Bridget, who was one of the group.

Sister Margaret smiled.

"Comparatively near, and yet it might be called far," she said. "I do not think even the railroad runs to it now; it is reached only by wagon or carriage. It is a very secluded, quiet spot, about ten miles from the city."

"And what is the name of that place, Sister?" continued Bridget. "Maybe one could write there, and have the people send a basket down."

"Ah, Bridget dear!" replied the Sister, with a little sigh, "it is a long time since I lived there; and all those whom I knew have either died or gone away or forgotten me. It would not be possible to get violets from there now, child. Indeed, I

doubt if the woods have not been cleared and cultivated long since."

"But maybe if you told us the name of the place, some of us could find it out and make our way to it. Sure 'twould be aisy enough to do that."

"Bridget," said one of the older girls, "didn't you hear Sister say it was ten miles from here?"

Bridget looked at her with one of those bright smiles which made her sweet, young face seem all dimples, as she answered:

"And what's ten miles if one had a good road under foot?"

"It is every step of that to Verdon Woods," said Sister Margaret. "And in this country, little Bridget, we think *five* miles a long walk."

No more was said. The group dispersed, taking their several ways home.

Thursday was the 1st of May. The day broke soft and warm, with myriads of birds in the air and not a cloud in the sky. It was an ideal May Day. At two o'clock the children began to assemble for the ceremonies which were to commence at three. Little Bridget had been chosen as one of the four who were to carry the statue,—an honor which had so delighted her as to bring tears to her beautiful Irish eyes. This was on the day after the conversation above related. When Sister Margaret informed her of the privilege to which her number of good marks entitled her, she clasped her hands together, raised her eyes, and exclaimed: "Sweet Mother in heaven, but I'm proud and happy this day!" Sister Margaret said afterward that the rapt expression of the child's face had brought tears to her own eyes.

Always one of the first to arrive, little Bridget delayed so long that afternoon that Sister Margaret began to feel afraid she was ill, and was already looking up and down the waiting ranks for some one to take her place.

"The child must be ill," she said to one of the other three. "Nothing but that would detain her, she was so delighted at having been chosen."

"Perhaps she had no white dress, Sister?" suggested the girl, timidly. "You know how poor she is."

"A friend supplied it," quietly replied Sister Margaret, who had provided the gown herself the week before, when the child had received and thanked her for it with streaming eyes.

Suddenly a murmur came swelling through the lower ranks nearest the gate; and, looking down the long, gravelled path, Sister Margaret beheld little Bridget, neatly arrayed in her new white dress, toiling under the weight of a large basket, which, as she came nearer, was discovered to be filled to the top with fragrant wood violets, which shed their incomparable perfume all about, as they smiled, cool, fresh, pure, from their native mossy beds.

Two of the girls hastened to relieve her of her burthen, but she would not relinquish it until she had deposited it at Sister Margaret's feet. Then, with bright eyes shining through tears, her lovely face wet and flushed from the weight of the heavy basket, she said:

"Sure 'tis in a terrible way I was, Sister dear, for fear I'd be late for the marching, and lose my place with the image of our Blessed Lady. But now I'm here, thank God! And I hope I didn't keep ye waiting for me."

"But, my dear, dear child," said Sister Margaret, taking the trembling hands in her own, "where did you get those violets, and how?"

"At Verdon Woods. Where else, Sister?" was the reply, accompanied by a roguish smile.

"But how did you get there?" asked the wondering nun.

"Walked there, of course. Sure, 'twould be nothing if it wasn't for the hurry I was in, and the weight of the basket. Many's the time I went that length and more with my grandmother in Ireland."

"Walked!" was the exclamation that rose from many throats.

"Yes," she said, looking round at them all, her face full of shy laughter. "I made

sure Sunday to get them, after I heard the name of the place. And so when I went home I asked Mr. McMullen did he know of it. He did, and from the way he told me I knew it was a straight road all the way."

"But, Bridget, how could they have let you go so far?" said Sister Margaret, putting her arm about the sturdy little shoulders.

"I was in dread of that, Sister," said the child, looking up archly. "So I wrote a bit of a note last night and pinned it on the kitchen window, where 'twould be seen the first thing in the morning. I lay awake all night, for fear I'd oversleep myself; and at the first streak of light I was up and away, with a bit of bread in my pocket and my basket on my arm. Oh, but it was a lovely walk going, Sister!"

By this time the children had broken ranks and were gathered around her, but she went on quite simply and unconsciously:

"Oh, but it's the dawning, dainty place, Sister Margaret! There were heaps and heaps of the pretty violets. It's longing I was for some one with another basket to be with me."

"And you carried that heavy load all the way back—ten miles, little Bridget?"

"I did, Sister," answered the child, as simply as before. "I wouldn't have minded a haporth only for the fear of being late. 'Twas two when I got home, and Mrs. McMullen made me ate a bite before I got ready, and I ran all the way to the school after that."

In the meantime some one had fetched two great meat platters, on which the violets, still in their bed of moss, were arranged; but there were so many that the remainder filled two flat, oval flower-baskets.

After the procession was over, the balloting went on briskly; and, without a single exception, the votes were cast for little Bridget; though she had previously stood fourth on the list. Trembling, astounded, reluctant, she wished to forego the unexpected honor her companions forced upon

her; but all in vain. She was the fairest, sweetest, loveliest Queen that ever held her May Day court at dear St. Anne's. So said we all, without one dissenting voice.

So impressed were the Sisters by her devotedness that Mother Superior determined to give her all the advantages of a good education; and a few weeks subsequent to the above incident little Bridget was installed as a boarder in M—— Academy, distant about fifty miles from the scene of my little story. And if by chance she should read this recital, I do not doubt she will forgive the narrator, who, after all, has so concealed her identity, as not in the least to offend the beautiful humility and characteristic modesty of her who exchanged the familiar title of "little Bridget" for that of Sister Mary many years ago.

Oxford in War Time.

BY GERTRUDE ROBINSON.

IT is the middle of the Oxford "Lent Term,"—the term which used to be the busiest, if not the gayest, of terms, when Oxford read hard and played strenuously. In the old days—for so we call them now—the river was crowded with youth bending to the oar; the towing-path was full of admiring onlookers; not to speak of anxious coaches racing along beside the boats, and pouring out instructions, vituperations, and praise, according to the performance of their pupils. For the Lent Term, as everybody knows, was the term of both the Torpids and the Boat Race. It is three years since the last Torpids,—only three years since we were carried along the towing-path in the midst of a yelling, flannelled mob. Only three years ago there they were, a crowd of happy, irresponsible boys. To-day where are they?

Their pleasant quarters, the ink-stained lecture rooms, the quadrangles that echoed with their laughter and fun, the chapels that "bored" them, the river that they loved,—all seem to be crying out for them,

The roads to Bagley and Stow Woods, to Islip and Eynsham, no longer look for the passing of boys with clear-cut, serious faces, who in their generous talk were wont to set to rights all the wrongs of the world. They have gone to set them right in another way.

Bodley's Library misses the short gowns and ill-used caps of the undergraduates it once found so tiresome. The halls and examination schools, whence, in the days that seem so long ago, young men ran gladly out, trying to look unconscious of their white ties, are filled with rows of beds. No longer black, but khaki, grey and red are the prevailing colors. And the great building is redolent of antiseptics, for it is a military hospital. Somerville College has turned out its women students; and wounded officers are nursed in the pleasant rooms, and lie on warm days in the pleasant gardens. Sacrosanct Oriel has given up one of its halls to the houseless women. Of the colleges, Balliol admits with a certain shyness that it has still forty undergraduates: four or six are the usual number in the other houses; while some colleges, it seems, are in the proud position of having only one or two. But Balliol, as well as other colleges, balances its superfluous undergraduates by housing cadets.

Even in the days of the Civil War, there was no such subordination of gown to sword. We have men of all ranks and nations—English cadets in their round caps; Australians in their picturesque slouch hats; here and there Belgian, French and Serbian officers; and always the flying men, with their queer, "devil-may-care" Glengarries stuck on the side of their heads. They are everywhere. College gateways pour them forth; the streets are full of them; companies of them march beneath the great elms, which seem to miss the merry lads who used to swarm down day after day to the football fields or the river.

In the college halls the tables are spread not for students but for soldiers, and the

high tables are officers' mess. The Dons, who still bravely (how bravely and with what aching hearts no one knows but themselves) carry on the work of teaching the few boys who are left, grow white and tired with the constant strain of anxiety and loss. The walls of their rooms are crowded with pictured faces,—faces full of promise, bright with youth, and fair with the beauty not only of the flesh but of mind and spirit. And to one after another they point, saying, "He is gone, and he, and he!" *He* fell storming the heights of Gallipoli; *he* was last seen cheering on his men in the battle of the Marne; and *he* brought in a wounded Tommy of his Company under a hell of fire, and fell down and died just as they both reached safety. And as the roll goes on, the room is filled with the blithe spirits who loved to gather there,—the boys to whom life was so great a joy, and who laid it down without a murmur.

Nay, not only college rooms, but Oxford itself is full of those brave presences. They linger about the streets and lanes; they inspire the places whence they drew their own young inspiration. No pale ghosts are here of Homer's imagining, but spirits who have reached the fulness of life by passing through the gates of death. Age is nothing to them now. They are all young together. The priest who went down in the "Lusitania" laughs with the boy fresh from school, who fell in his first battle. All are here in the Oxford that they loved. Quadrangles, chapels, streets and byways are full of them. But it is by the river that their joyous spirits are most to be felt,—the river on whose bosom in their earthly days they played and shouted until the meadows round rang with their noise, and the staid University barges felt old and left out.

Now the river paths are very silent. You may walk to Marston and meet no one. Over the low hills to the north the red sun sinks, and the mists wreath themselves over wood and meadow. In the quiet, narrow stream whose fame is

wider than that of the yellow Tiber, (for it has spread wherever an Englishman's thought has gone back with yearning love to his Alma Mater) are reflected the clear Oxford sky, and the low reddish branches of the alders, and the black hulk of the rickety ferryboat. And all around us is a great company: the spirits of the gallant dead, who loved—ah, how they loved!—this plaything of a river. Now they love it even more. Was not the thought of its gentle comradeship with them in their death grips with the foe? As they lay tortured with thirst on the battlefield, it came to them in their delirium; and they dreamed that they trailed their fingers in it, and its gentle coolness bathed their scorched and blackened flesh. It followed them along the burning sands of Mesopotamia, and as they fell back dying on the arid beaches of Gallipoli they heard its quiet lapping.

But we can not bear this any more. Let us walk out the other way towards Wolvercote. The river is wide there, and less intimate. It is a winter afternoon. Before us stand the old crumbling walls of the pathetic little nunnery of Godstow. In a crystal sky, the great corn-colored moon is rising. There lies the river, wide here and deeper. All is very still, except for the occasional mournful cry of a moorhen. The bosom of the river is empty of all save the swans, whose whiteness shows very white on its silver grey.

But listen for a moment, and look! Once more we are in the midst of that innumerable company of her sons, who whisper happy greetings to their river, who go smiling about their oldtime bathing places, who give God-speed to their brethren in arms. In them is no touch of fear, no breath of sadness, no whisper of regret. They are out in the larger life. They have given up all and possess all, and have come back to whisper greetings to Oxford, and their gratitude to her for their days under her shadow. For now they know what was the meaning of those days, and how great was their worth.

The Golden Mean.

FEW rules relative to our habitual conduct in life have received, either from pagan sages or Christian philosophers, so authoritative and nearly universal a sanction as that which bids us observe the golden mean. The rule does not, of course, apply in cases where its observance would conflict with the laws of God. Between right and wrong, truth and falsehood, good and evil, there is no mean which it is permissible to adopt; but there are, apart from such cases, a thousand instances in which the avoidance of extremes in either of two contrary ways has always been commended as the true secret of judicious living, the last word of practical wisdom in the domain of everyday ethics.

"Moderation is best," said Cleobulus, one of Greece's seven wise men; and, in slightly varying forms, his sentiment has been re-echoed by hundreds of moralists in every century since his own. "Moderation, the noblest gift of heaven!" exclaims Euripides. "Observe moderation," counsels Hesiod. *Ne quid nimis* ("Avoid excess"), advises Terence. "There's a mean in morals," declares the sagacious Horace. "Therefore love moderately, long love doth so," comments Shakespeare. "What is all virtue but a moderation of excesses?" asks Robert South; and, to make an end of quoting, "Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl chain of all the virtues," says Bishop Hall.

Now, if a man's recognition of the excellence of an advice were any guarantee that he would forthwith adopt it as his own rule of action, the golden mean would unquestionably be very generally observed; and the misguided zealots whom we term extremists would be as rare as in actual life, unfortunately, they are common. While the ordinary man, however, is quite willing to admit as a general principle that extremes are vicious, that "too far

east is west," he is prone, nevertheless, to cherish some favorite fad or hobby of his own, which he rides beyond all bounds of reason or discretion. One need not be very astute or observant to note this strange anomaly of human nature: that men of normally sound judgment on general matters seem mentally color-blind as to certain particular subjects; and that, in advocating specific action in connection therewith, they deliver themselves, not in forcible arguments based on recognized principles of good sense, but in the merest extravagant rant and silly rodomontade.

No one who has ever listened—and who has not?—to a thoroughgoing political partisan, or who has read the columns of an out-and-out party newspaper, can have failed to perceive instances of such departure from common-sense. Absolute denial of patent truths; positive perversion of well-known facts; reckless imputation of the most unworthy motives; dogmatic assumptions unsupported by argument or evidence; fulsome and lavish praise of party friends, and copious abuse of party foes,—all this is as common in public life as daylight and darkness. Of the extremist in politics one may say, as *Punch* once said of Froude: "He writes without restriction." The partisan who has persuaded himself that all truth and virtue and worth and wisdom are resident in his own political camp has either his perception or his judgment badly clouded, and his discourse is accordingly less apt to be sane than foolish.

So, too, of extremists in other matters than politics: in municipal reforms, for instance, or in social questions of a dozen different characters. Zeal all too often outruns discretion; and the best-intentioned advocates of the most meritorious causes, through non-observance of the golden mean, not only fail to effect the good which their more moderate advocacy would probably accomplish, but frequently bring down public ridicule on their causes and themselves. There is,

of course, considerable truth in Emerson's dictum, that "Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm"; but enthusiasm, as a commendable quality, implies merely an exalted state of the mind or imagination, and is not identical with perverted logic or a radical departure from right thinking. The most enthusiastic and impassioned denunciation of an indifferent act does not make the act immoral, though it may cause the denouncer's sanity to be called in question. Such extravagant abuse indeed not seldom serves as a boomerang, and the extremist, instead of making new converts, alienates old friends.

"Above all, manifest no zeal," said Talleyrand; and if, as we may suppose, he meant what St. Paul styles "a zeal not according to knowledge," his advice is clearly worthy of adoption by many a public and private teacher and preacher. No one, it need hardly be said, will blame a Christian teacher for eulogizing virtue in terms the most encomiastic, or for denouncing vice with the strongest epithets in his vocabulary; but where the extremist is apt to err is in characterizing as vicious in itself what is not really such, though, as all reasonable persons admit, it may become evil through abuse or under certain circumstances.

Take such subjects, for instance, as the observance of the Sabbath, attendance at theatres, dancing, playing cards for amusement merely or for small money stakes, reading novels, drinking malt or spirituous liquors, or even smoking; and who can not recall his having heard or read thereon the most preposterous fallacies urged with all the insistence of an infallible dogmatist? On one side and on the other of all such questions will be found some disregards of the golden mean,—very excellent persons, no doubt, but extremists whose tongues and pens are guided by extravagant bias, prejudice, and passion, rather than by sanity of judgment, correct taste, and the saving virtue of common-sense.

Notes and Remarks.

Somewhat unique among episcopal messages calling upon American Catholics to "stand by the President," to aid in the production and conservation of food-stuffs, to "rally round the flag"—at the recruiting stations—etc., is the pastoral letter addressed to his spiritual subjects by Bishop Busch, of St. Cloud, Minnesota. In the present emergency he advises in a particular manner works of charity. "This shake-up of nations," he writes, "is a sign that men have been slow in making voluntary sacrifices. . . . Charity covers a multitude of sins, and, consequently, is the surest refuge in this hour of danger, and during all these days of apprehension." After specifying the way in which the spirit of self-denial may be shown in concrete fashion, and urging his people to practise it, the Bishop continues:

To strengthen this appeal and to show the sincerity of my convictions and feelings in this matter, I have, in obedience to the Saviour's precept—"If thou wilt be perfect, go, sell what thou hast and give to the poor; . . . and come, follow Me,"—disposed of all my personal property and devoted the proceeds to such works of mercy and charity as appear most necessary and meritorious in these times. I implore God to accept this little sacrifice as retribution for my mistakes, and as a petition for grace to guide and assist, according to the spirit and heart of the Saviour, those entrusted to my spiritual care; and that God may prepare our hearts to accept His decrees in the spirit of devotion, docility, and strength of soul manifested by Christ the Master.

A rather notable instance of true consistency,—having the courage of one's convictions; or, as the old dictum has it, practising what we preach.

Shocking, though apparently quite unconscious, as is Billy Sunday's irreverence, wearisome as are the descriptions of his buffoonery and the repetitions of his coarse slang, it must be admitted that this eccentric and energetic "evangelist" sometimes says good things while railing at "salt mackerel Christians," and calling

upon them to "get square with the Lord." Many persons in attendance at Mr. Suiday's revival meetings doubtless care nothing for what he says, but like to watch his antics and to study the effect of his vehement exhortations on the crowds that forgather. Even mere spectators, however, must be disposed to listen when, at the top of his high voice, with gestures which, though frequent and violent, no one could call appropriate or graceful, he shouts reproaches and exhortations like the following:

God doesn't run excursions to heaven. You must pay the full fare. Your religion is worth just what it costs you. If you get religion and then lie down and go to sleep, your joints will get as stiff as old Rip Van Winkle's did, and you will never win a religious Marathon. . . . Some preachers I know of have study cushions that need half soling more than their shoes do. But I can say the same about all of you,—add 100 per cent to it, double that, and still not be within gunshot of the truth. Some people work only with their mouths. God wants your hands and your feet as well. He wants you—all of you! If God had your hands He would make you let go of a lot of things that are dragging you down to hell. There's no such thing as bargain-counter religion. . . . God doesn't want us to look as if having religion was like having the toothache. If you are one of these long-faced Christians, get rid of that face! God never put that kind of a face on anybody. . . . Heart power in singing can not be printed in notes. You can not make a painted fire boil eggs. One of the great needs is more prayer and less nonsense in our church choirs.

These are not "specimen bricks" by any means. Seldom does the Rev. William Acrobat Sunday say anything half so good or so bright, and he often says things that are shocking and that would be unquotable in *THE AVE MARIA*. Something greatly to be feared is that he will have many imitators, that blatancy and buffoonery will henceforth be more common with so-called preachers of the Gospel. And one Billy Sunday is enough for any country, for all time. We fear that the result of his revivals, far outweighing any good they may effect, will be a lessening of reverence for God, than which, as Father Dalgairns says, nothing is more to

be dreaded. "No greater evil can possibly happen to a soul than the loss of reverence for God." Watching Billy Sunday's antics and listening to his stories would be harmless diversion for Catholics were it not that, while thus indulging themselves, they are most likely to hear references to our Divine Lord that can not be otherwise than injurious to their souls. It is hard to understand how one who calls upon the Holy Name jestingly can really believe in the divinity of Him who bears it; or how any one who sincerely reverences the "Name above names" can hear it thus invoked without feeling deep horror and indignation.

The Christians of Algeria, spiritual children of the White Fathers founded by the lamented Cardinal Lavigerie, are soon to have another celestial patron. The Cause of the Venerable Geronimo has recently been advanced another stage, and his beatification will probably be soon decided upon. Geronimo was a heroic convert from Mohammedanism in the sixteenth century. Offered the choice of abjuring the Christian faith or being buried alive in the walls of a fort that was being constructed, he resolutely refused to return to Islamism, and so won the martyr's crown in September, 1569. His body was discovered in 1853. The Archbishop of Algeria has issued a pastoral, urging his pastors and their flocks to pray that the full honors of canonization may soon be accorded to this Confessor of the Faith.

The necessity for repealing, recently, certain legislation which stood as an effective barrier to the appointment of Catholic chaplains in our Army and Navy emphasizes the need of our being constantly on the alert to safeguard legitimate Catholic claims and interests. "The watch," as the *New World* declares in a leading article, "will have to be constant; for there are parties lobbying in Washington who are seeking to have the

commissions of chaplains given to the secretaries of the Y. M. C. A. instead of to ordained ministers and priests. This would be the greatest misfortune that could possibly befall the American soldier. While the recreation and amusement provided by the Y. M. C. A., and, during the border mobilization, by the Knights of Columbus, to the enlisted men, is of value, it is readily appreciated that this can never be substituted for religious service. A Catholic trooper may appreciate a quiet place to write a letter, or an opportunity to hear phonographic music that the camps established by the Y. M. C. A. and K. of C. afford; but such things can never replace the Holy Sacrifice and the reception of the Sacraments."

Because of the breakdown of dogmatic faith among the sects generally and the substitution of "sociology" for religion, our fight will probably be a single-handed one; but that should only be another incentive to watchful, vigorous and unwearying action.

Captains of the automobile industry are reported as saying that the five per cent war tax on their products and the threatened commandeering of the steel supply will result in the ruin of their business, that many factories will be forced to close by the tax, and that all will be stopped if the Government persists in its proposed plan of assuming control of the steel industry. Such results may well be regarded as more or less disastrous by the manufacturers of motor cars; but these will probably survive even the temporary closing of their factories. As for the laborers employed in the industry, the chances are that abundant work of various kinds will be available for all American workmen during the next year or two; hence the cessation of automobile making need not spell unemployment for the men and distress for their families. This being so, may one not express the belief that this country is already supplied with a sufficient number of motor cars to

fill all really legitimate demands during the probable interim of non-production? Fully one-half of those who use automobiles would assuredly be better off in the matter of health—which is, after all, the supreme natural boon—if they discarded this facile means of transportation and employed their legs. The U. S. Public Health Service periodically issues warnings as to the deplorable results following from the growing tendency to neglect healthful exercise; and it reiterates its warnings to the American people that, to keep their muscles, arteries and other organs in good condition, they must "walk, walk, walk." If a restricted output of automobiles means an increase in the wholesome exercise of walking, the tax may well prove a blessing in disguise.

American Catholics in general, in particular those of the diocese of Brooklyn, who lately celebrated the episcopal Silver Jubilee of their beloved Bishop, and rejoiced over the extraordinary growth of the diocese during the past quarter of a century, would be astonished if they were to examine a copy of "The Laity's Directory" for 1822 (the first issue). At that time the diocese of New York comprehended the whole State "together with the northern parts of Jersey." The Bishop, Mgr. Connolly, had only eight priests under him. The Rev. Philip Larissy, it is stated, "attends regularly at Staten Island, and different congregations along the Hudson River." There were only two Catholic churches in New York city, and the Catholic population of the diocese was estimated at 20,000, "mostly natives of Ireland and France." The only other places that could boast of churches were Albany, Utica, Auburn, Patterson, and Carthage, "near the Black River." Not less notable are the statistics of the seven other dioceses of the United States in 1822.

The compiler of the Directory, the Rev. John Power, in "A Brief Account

of the Establishment of the Episcopacy in the United States" says: "In looking back to the period of the first introduction of Catholicity into this country, under Lord Baltimore in the settlement of Maryland, and contrasting the state of the Church then with what it now is, the handful of individuals then composing the flock of Jesus Christ, confined to a small province, with the immense numbers now spread over every part of this Union, we are at once struck at the astonishing rapidity of the increase: we can not but see in it the protecting hand of the Almighty, who has been pleased to bless in so extraordinary a manner the labors of His servants; and from the judicious arrangements, combined with other operating causes made by the Holy See for establishing new dioceses in the different States, in proportion to the diffusion of Catholicity among them, we are led to hope for a still more abundant harvest, a still greater increase of faithful: and that *the Lord will continue to add daily to His society such as shall be saved.*"

How wondrously the writer's hopes have been realized is shown by the current statistics of the diocese of Brooklyn (undreamt of in 1822): a Catholic population of 793,000, with 442 priests, 229 churches, and schools for 63,000 children. Within twenty-five years twelve religious communities have been introduced into the diocese. In 1822 there were not so many in the whole country.

Cardinal Gibbons is firmly and unalterably opposed to National Prohibition, perhaps even to Prohibition by State as against Federal action, but certainly to Prohibition by Constitutional amendment. Along with other reasons for the stand he takes, this venerable churchman and staunch American states the following indisputable facts:

The American people already show a strong drift toward temperance. Drunkenness is no longer regarded, either in society or industry, with the good-natured tolerance that it was

only a few years ago. Widespread health instruction in our schools, colleges, newspapers, and magazines is another great power for good. Then, too, our industrial and commercial life has so increased in complexity and intensity that the man who drinks to excess is inevitably eliminated.

It is infinitely better for humanity if it is allowed to exercise its own will power rather than to attempt to drive it and regulate it by laws. We develop a higher type of man spiritually—a better citizen, a better neighbor, a better husband, a better father—by requiring him to use his own initiative in moral matters rather than by attempting to hold him constantly in legislative leading strings.

I believe that we can attain national temperance, but I am firm in the belief that any enactment of a widespread Prohibition measure is a long step backward.

And a step that sooner or later will have to be retraced, and in all probability with evil consequences.

There are many things about the United States which provoke the astonishment of peoples in other lands; and, especially in countries that are preponderantly of one religion, Catholic or Protestant, the mixture of different creeds in our large cities is a source of constant surprise. Our Lyons contemporary, *Les Missions Catholiques*, for instance, has this comment in its latest issue: "In New York, according to recent statistics, the frequenters of church, temple, or synagogue number a million and a quarter of Catholics, three hundred and twenty-five thousand Protestants, and two hundred thousand Jews. Extraordinary city, more Catholic than Rome, more Protestant than Geneva, and more Jewish than Jerusalem!" If our French friend had cared to subtract the foregoing numbers of church-goers from the total population of our greatest city, he might have been inclined to add, "And more pagan than Babylon!"

A great many people, it would seem, are still unaware of the fact that since the separation of Church and State in France the Government has asserted ownership

of the churches. The keys of them are in the custody of officials, and it is only by their consent that the parish priests are allowed to possess a duplicate. It was hard to make the German invaders understand this at first; but when they did, they rightly concluded that a Government irreligious enough to seize church property would have no scruples about using it for war purposes. That some churches were thus used there can be no doubt; and that destruction of them was not avoided by the enemy is not to be wondered at. If people were willing to hear both sides, they would have an explanation of many of the barbarities of this most barbarous of wars.

The statement that after one of the battles fought "somewhere in France" mutilated bodies of German soldiers were found, seems somewhat less incredible after one reads in the first chapter of John Ayscough's new war book: "Now, too, was seen for the first time the ugly cut-throat gesture (to be seen continually henceforth) of a hand sharply drawn across a gullet, silently, or with the one word '*Demain!*'—significant invitation of what should be done, in the gesticulator's mind, to some German."

"I never liked the Germans," confesses John Ayscough; "but it is absurd to think they are all devils." This is about all he has to say in favor of the "Huns," and it is about all that many of his readers would be willing to have him say. Perhaps when the orgy of rage and hate and revenge is over, and the world is sickened of bloodshed and ruin, there will be more to say. But it would be quite useless to say any more at present. Whatever violation of charity there may be in thinking the Germans are "all devils," such thinking is at least an absurdity.

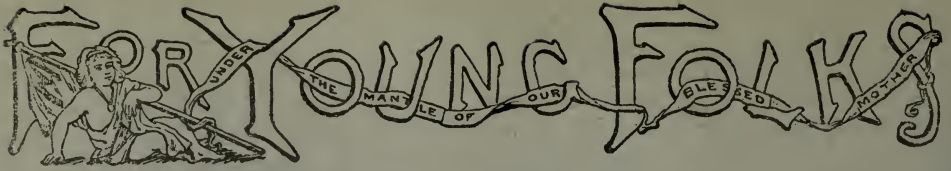
The members of the Women's Foreign Mission Society, of St. Louis, must have been gratified to hear the report of conditions in South America, as that account

was rendered by the Rev. Dr. Hazlett, an elderly Presbyterian minister now stationed in their city. As conscientious, upstanding Christians, they must have rejoiced to learn that things are not so bad as they might have expected in the Southern Republics. They might have expected otherwise, because, as Dr. Hazlett came right out and told them, "many a book and lecture on Latin America is a disgraceful *suppressio veri*,"—and the English equivalent for this is not at all nice. The Presbyterian lecturer, who was different, went on to say, as the Rev. J. S. Jollain, S. J., reports him in *America*:

They present a picture full of shadows and with no lights. The exquisite politeness, the warm hospitality, the gentility, the tenderness of those people are passed over; the fact that we Protestants have not been persecuted, that we have been given an open field and fair play, is not mentioned. Some of my best friends in Latin America are priests of the Roman Church. Of course they do not like their people to come to my church, just as I should not like to see my people desert my parish for Roman Catholic churches. But there was no bitterness in them. They were friends to me and gentlemen.

It must have been further interesting to those worthy ladies, distressed over the statistics of illegitimacy in South American countries, to be told that "a sin of human frailty is not crowned with the crime of child-murder," and that "you never find an empty cradle" among those benighted Latins. All in all, it must have been a very interesting lecture.

A century and more ago, De Maistre, seeing the demolition of religious houses in France, prophesied: "If you destroy houses of prayer, you will be forced to erect barracks and prisons on their ruins." His prophecy has been fulfilled. The prisons were multiplied before the present war, one of them costing 11,000,000 francs; and, though there are now barracks and hospitals for wounded soldiers in many large cities, the number of them is inadequate. If the mills of God grind slowly, they grind exceeding fine.



A Child's Thought.

BY JOSEPHINE MORONEY.

THE stars, I think, are the angels' eyes
Watching us fondly from heavenly skies,
Shining on earth with a friendly light
To guide and protect us through the dark night.

The angels' wings are the cloudlets white
Veiling in mist the stars so bright;
As if to shut out all ugly things,
The angels hide behind their wings.

And when the skies are sullen and frown,
And the showers of rain come pouring down,
'Tis then, I fancy, the angels weep
That the ways of God men will not keep.

The Little Fowler of Feroe.

BY UNCLE AUSTIN.

QUITE near the uninhabitable polar regions, the Feroe Islands raise their arid and rugged cliffs abruptly from the sea. The ice-floes hurl themselves with crashing violence against the rocky shores, and the north wind sweeps down upon the islands in glacial squalls. A few fishermen and a few fowlers dwell upon these islets: they are all acclimated to the rigorous weather, as also to fatigue and poverty.

One morning three boys bravely set out to climb a path leading up one of the steepest cliffs, carrying with them a long rope, a net, and a canvas bag. Clinging to the jutting points of rock, the two bigger boys helping the smallest, whose foot now and then turned on the stones of the path or slipped down a steep place, they climbed on higher and higher until finally they reached the summit.

The wind was howling fiercely, swelling out their blouses and making desperate

efforts to snatch off their well-secured caps. The tallest of the boys advanced to the brink of the precipice, lay down for fear of vertigo, and, stretching his head forward, looked downward towards the sea, which growled hoarsely some nine hundred or a thousand feet beneath.

"Do you see them, Henrik?" asked one of his companions.

"No—ah, yes I do! There's one, two, three. They've just gone into a hole. There must be a nest there."

To explain this conversation, it is necessary to state that it was the season when the great sea-birds come to the islands. They build their nest in the hollows of the cliffs, far from the summits; they sweep along the level of the waves, seeking their food; they carry this food, or part of it, to their young, but they do not expose themselves to man's attacks, keeping well hidden rather in the deeps of the rocky caverns.

And yet, as there is considerable profit in the capture of these birds, every year sees a number of intrepid islanders taking terrible risks to effect such capture. They let themselves be lowered from the cliff-tops hundreds of yards, by means of a rope in the hands of companions who aid them in descending and remounting. On the most inaccessible of all the islands, there had been a fowler who was brave and strong beyond all his mates, and he often went down in search of nests. His success rendered him comparatively comfortable. He had a snug cabin, well protected from the sea and the winds; and was able to provide for his wife and four children, who were growing up stout and strong under the fortifying influence of the sea air.

But one unfortunate day the father slipped down a precipice and broke his legs, thus terminating, for months at

least, his hunting expeditions. A few weeks later, the mother died, and the pangs of poverty began to be felt in the little household. The poor father was almost heartbroken; but at the request of his boys he often told them of the hazardous trips he had taken. The boys listened with the keenest interest; and one evening the eldest, Henrik, exclaimed:

"Oh, papa; if I could only take your place! I'm strong and I'm not afraid. I could earn enough to have you well cared for."

"Yes, but you're too young. The custom, which prudence demands, should be followed. It is this—not to go fowling before one is fifteen; and you are scarcely thirteen."

"And I'm only ten!" sighed little Yvan, the second of the boys.

Well, it is Henrik who is up there on the steep cliff this morning; and his companions are Yvan and a neighbor's boy, Jannie.

After watching for a few minutes, Henrik got up.

"It's settled," he said.

The three boys evidently understood one another.

"As I'm the oldest," continued Henrik, "I'll go down. You two will hold the rope. I'll surely find some nests with young fowl in them; but I mean to try to catch a big one, too, in my net, as papa used to do. I'll take down some provisions with me in my bag. You can tell papa that I'm on a safe ledge, watching for birds, and to-morrow evening you can come back for me."

"Are you quite sure that you know the right place?"

"Of course I do. You let yourself down just here till you reach a big rock jutting out from the cliff; then there's an empty space, another rock, and then a wide ledge with nests on it. One can move about on it quite easily and spend the night well sheltered in a sort of grotto. I've seen it from the sea, and heard papa describe it lots of times."

The boy had a serious and determined air. He placed around his neck the canvas bag holding the food they had brought from home; tied one end of the rope around his body and shoulders, using a knot which the fishermen had taught him to make; thrust the handle of his net through his waist band, leaving his hands free to help his descent; and, being all ready for the adventure, said to Jannie:

"You'll hold tight till you find the rope quite slack?"

"Don't fear," replied Jannie. "I could do it alone with the purchase I have; but Yvan will help me, to make sure. Go down slowly, and be sure to say 'Hail Marys' till you get to the grotto. Our Lady of the Cliffs will help you all right,—and we'll come back for you to-morrow afternoon."

And now Henrik starts down the face of the cliff. He is supple and active; and the two youngsters above, who have the other end of the rope hitched around a broken pillar of stone, hardly feel the strands gliding through their fingers. Only now and then, when the youthful fowler jumps from one vantage point to another, or glides rapidly down a few yards at a time, do they need to brace themselves to keep the rope taut. At last the rope becomes quite slack without further movement. Yvan lies down to look over the brink, while Jannie holds him by the feet to prevent his falling.

"I can't see him at all," says Yvan.

"That's all right," replies Jannie. "He's got to the ledge. Come on home, now."

As a matter of fact, Henrik *had* reached a ledge, but, as he soon discovered, not *the* ledge he intended reaching.

"It's here," he said to himself, as he stood on the narrow platform of rock, "that papa used to find the nests."

He looked about him, and found two nests in which were three young fowl. These he easily secured and placed in his canvas bag. Then he turned around the corner of the little platform, expecting to find the wide ledge and the grotto where he

could sleep all night at his ease—but the ledge was not there. There was nothing but this narrow level on which he was standing. He had made a mistake about the place whence he should have started. He could not spend the night on this mere shelf of rock,—and Jannie and Yvan had gone away.

“Well, with Our Lady’s help,” he murmured, “I’ll shin up the rope with the strength of my own arms. If I could only, before starting, catch a full-grown fowl in my net! It would be fine to sell it for a good price and take some money home.”

The boy loosened his net-handle; but the rope about his body bothered him, and he decided to free himself of it until he began to climb up the cliff. Accordingly, he untied it, and was just going to make the end fast to the point of a projecting boulder, when, as he turned around, the rope slipped from his grasp and dangled against the face of the cliff at least six feet beyond his reach.

Henrik grew pale, and surely he had reason enough. Above him was a sheer wall of rock with never a broken surface to afford him the ghost of a foothold; below him was an abyss; and six hundred feet down, the sea was boiling, threatening and terrible.

He stood for a moment thunderstruck and motionless. Then, feeling that he was yielding to vertigo, he leaned back against the rock. He closed his eyes to shut out the intense void that attracted him towards it; his head turned, and the solemn stillness was broken only by the lugubrious cry of the billows beneath, inviting him to destruction. He was as good as lost. In a flash he pictured to himself Yvan, Jannie, and his poor father who would assuredly die of grief. Then, with a prayer on his lips, he shook himself together. Securing his bag tightly about him, and laying aside his net, he measured with a resolute eye the distance that separated him from the rope hanging loosely over the abyss.

Calling on Our Lady for help in his extremity, he drew back, crouched for a

moment, and jumped for the rope. He caught it, and with the activity of a squirrel he twisted it around his wrists and began to clamber up the cliff. It was slow work. Two or three times the rough places bruised his knees; his knuckles were bleeding, and his forehead also, as it came in contact with a jutting bit of spar. Still, up he climbed. The canvas bag began to grow very heavy; his muscles were strained and sore; his eyes grew dim with pain and dread; but, with a stout heart, he made a final effort and reached the summit. It was full time, for his strength was exhausted; and no sooner had he gained the level at the top of the cliff than he fell forward, almost senseless.

In the meantime an old fowler, who had been hunting in the vicinity, had noticed the rope fastened to the stone pillar, and was wondering what it meant. He had not heard that any one intended descending the cliff; and he knew how dangerous the descent would be at that particular point. Imagine his astonishment when he suddenly saw the rope agitated and then the curly head of Henrik appear above the surface of the rock-platform. He rushed forward, seized the boy in his arms, restored his consciousness and strength with some drops of a powerful cordial; and half-helped, half-carried him down the regular path, Henrik telling him the while all about his adventure.

That evening every cabin resounded with the praise of the intrepid boy-fowler, and in his own home visitors overwhelmed him with congratulations. Better than that, he was declared old enough to take up fowling as his trade. Thereafter, his services were in demand for all difficult expeditions; and he had the happiness of earning enough to provide every comfort for his father and his younger brothers. And, like a good boy, he never failed to thank Our Lady of the Cliffs for his preservation from an awful death.

—♦—
THERE is no grace in a favor that sticks to the fingers.—*Seneca*.

Con of Misty Mountain.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XX.—CON "THINKS."



ONY is sick?" asked Con.

"Yes, yes!" answered Carita. "Feel his head, how hot it is; and he will not lie still. It is old

Huldah's evil eye, I know. She wants her son, the black Carlo, to be king. They are making Peppo drink, so he will talk foolishness and all will think he has no brains. And me they hate, for that I am not Romany born. Old Huldah is a witch woman, as everyone knows. She hates all who are Christian born; and the old women in the tents say that she put the spell on Zila's mother that killed her when the girl was born."

"Zila?" repeated Con,—“the girl with the black hair and red ribbons? I was talking to—her—to-night.”

"Then talk no more," said Carita, sharply. "Though her dead mother was a Christian, she has witch ways, too. Lie down in the wagon and go to sleep. I must watch here for Peppo; and Tony will not rest."

And, crooning to the fretful child in her arms, Carita paced up and down in the starlight, all her gypsy gladness and gayety gone. Con lay down in the wagon, but not to sleep. He was thinking of all he had heard and seen of gypsy life. The camp was very quiet now; the voice of the waterfall its only music, the stars shining down upon the shaded Glen its only light. Now and then the cry of a child or the bark of a dog broke the silence for a moment, then all was still again. It had been a gay evening,—the gayest Mountain Con had ever known. Everything had been open to him,—the peddlers' vans, the shooting match, the ball-rolling; he now had silver jingling in his pockets that would buy him more gayety tomorrow. Ah, it was a glad, free life, that of the gypsies, as Carita had said!

And yet—yet—something in Con's "white soul" recoiled from it all. To wander forever; to have no home, not even the smoky old fireside of Buzzard Roost; to follow the "patteran" over wild mountain heights, without rest! But he would have his horse and dog, his gay jacket, his boots with clinking spurs; the gypsy pot would boil with rich broth for him; there would be warmth and rude shelter at night, glad freedom all the day. He would never have to plough or dig or work with saw and hammer and chisel; never have to bend over desk or be shut up in store. He could live like the wild things of the wood, free from all thought and care. And then Con remembered Zila, and all she had said to him; he remembered the "Mister" of the Mountain and the log cabin and the Christmas night; he remembered Susie, with her eyes like violets and her golden hair.

It was not often that Con found "thinking" so bewildering that he could not sleep. And the cakes, the honey nuts, all the strange sweets he had eaten that evening had made him very thirsty. He felt he must steal down in the darkness to the water and get a drink. Very softly (he had learned the hunter's trick of soft creeping) Con edged his way about the camp. He must not rouse the dogs or wake the sleepers to angry alarm. He had almost reached the waterfall that leaped in crystal coolness down the rocks, when he caught the sound of voices on the other side,—voices that mingled, half heard, with the music of the water that filled the night. Peppo! Con paused anxiously as he recognized the tone of Carita's lord and master rising in drunken boast above the rest. Peppo, whose little wife was watching for him even now, with the sick Tony in her arms! Peppo, who was perhaps losing all chances of his kingship by foolish talk and more foolish drinking!

Con felt he must guide Peppo back to what he called home, if he could. But Peppo sober was quick-tempered enough,

and would brook no meddling; with Peppo drunk, Con felt he must be cautious indeed. He stepped forward a little, so that he could see around the projecting rocks. Though it was now past midnight, half a dozen men were stretched out on the new grass, gambling under the flaring light of a huge pine torch thrust in a fissure of the cliff above. Con recognized Gaspar of the shooting tent, the swarthy owner of the rolling balls, and several others who were conducting the business end of the camp,—all keen-eyed and clear-headed at their game. Only Peppo's voice was thick and his eyes dull. He was losing to these sharpers, it was plain.

Thinking of the little wife waiting for Peppo in the darkness, Con stood wondering anxiously how he could coax him home without rousing his wrath.

"There!" Carita's lord and master was saying angrily. "Robbers that you are, you have taken all my money! I will play no more."

"Pouf, pouf, you scare easy!" answered the hook-nosed Gaspar. "Luck changes, man! Try again."

"I tell you my money is gone. Ten, twelve dollars—I do not know how much I have lost to you to-night. And my woman is waiting for me. She has a tongue that can talk sharp and fast."

"Bah!" laughed the swarthy ball-player. "The bold Peppo must have changed indeed when he fears a woman's tongue. And who cares for money? I'll play you, man, for one of those fine dogs you have in your string." (Now indeed the listener's heart leaped.) "In another hour you will have all your losing back and more. Luck is a shy bird; it never perches long on one shoulder. Last night I gamed until my pockets were emptied; then I staked my box of balls, and won straight running until my pockets were full. Come, I'll play you for a dog. I saw your pack as you came into the Glen this evening. It's ten dollars against that tawny wolf-hound of yours that holds his head like a dog king."

"Pooh!" said Peppo, brightening up

somewhat at the bargaining. "Ten dollars for that dog! With a few more pounds of flesh on him, any fancier would give me five times ten for Dick."

"And cry out on you for a gypsy dog-stealer!" was the mocking rejoinder. "Better fight shy of the fanciers with that dog. They've got him on their lookout list, you may be sure, and are watching for the chap that brings him in. He ain't no 'pick-up,' as anybody with eyes can see. But I am asking no questions. I'll make it fifteen dollars for him, though it's a risky business, I know."

"Fifteen dollars, and the chance to win fifty more. Fifteen dollars, and stick to the game like a man."

"Done!" said Peppo, his dull eyes kindling. "It's Dick against fifteen dollars, and I'll play again."

And then—then Con's feet, that had seemed glued to the earth, suddenly found wings. He was off into the darkness in a wild flight that knew no pause. Dick, his friend, his comrade, almost his other self! Peppo was staking, selling, gaming for Dick, who would soon be lost to him forever; for that Peppo would never win against these sharpers, Con well knew. But for Peppo, for himself, even for Carita, and for Tony, just now Con had no thought or care. He must save Dick; he must keep him out of cruel hands that would starve, abuse, maltreat him. They must fly together, where or how Con did not stop to think. Only the old mountain instinct guided his bounding steps, and hushed their swift, light tread. Noiselessly he sped on, past tents, wagons, sleepers; keeping cautiously in the shadow until he reached the sheltered nook where Peppo had corralled his beasts,—the five horses, the seven dogs that their owner had led so proudly into the Glen a few hours ago. Tired with their long day's journey over the mountain, full-fed from the gypsy pots and kettles, all were sleeping too heavily to catch the light footfall that scarcely bent the springing grass.

Dick was stretched out a bit apart

from the rest, his tawny head and white breast plainly visible in the dim starlight. Con caught his jaw in the old silencing grip; and Dick started up at the familiar touch, mute, breathless, with eyes uplifted, ears pricked, limbs quivering, as he recognized his master's hand.

"Dead, Dick!" whispered Con. "Play dead, while I cut your leash. Dead, old boy,—dead!"

It was one of the tricks the boys had taught their puppy playmates on the Roost; and at the word Dick fell over stiff, stark, and silent. Con had in his pocket the knife Peppo had loaned him to cut kindling for Carita's fire. It took but a moment for its sharp edge to sever the leathern leash, and Dick was free once more.

"Come now!" said Con, his hushing grip upon the dog's jaw. "Easy, Dick,—quiet and easy, old fellow! We're off together again."

And boy and dog bounded away noiselessly into the darkness, whither neither of them thought or cared. The starlight shimmered faintly through the trees; the wild mountain heights rose rough and pathless above them. Without food, shelter, guide, the two friends sped joyously along, free, fearless, and together again.

It was close to the break of day when Peppo came staggering back to his tent and wagons, to find Carita still watching, wide-eyed and anxious, over her fretting child. He had a sharp welcome, for the little mother's nerves were sorely strained. Never in all his twenty months of wandering life had Baby Tony been ill before.

"Brute that thou art," she cried passionately, as her lord appeared, "to leave me all night with my dying child!"

"Dying!" echoed Peppo, sobered somewhat at the word. "Tony dying! What are you talking about, fool of a woman?"

"Look at him!" said Carita, thrusting the child forward so his father could see. "His head is burning; his eyes will not shut. He has been tossing in my arms all night. And you—you dog of a father, without heart or soul—have been gaming,

drinking, while your child dies! Why did I ever bring him to this accursed place,—my Tony, my Tony, my baby, my little boy!" And Carita's voice rose into a piteous wail.

"Hush, then,—hush!" said Peppo, who, with all his faults, had a fierce love for his wife and child. "You have given him something—some of that sweet stuff from the vans."

"I have given him nothing, nothing!" said Carita, stirred into new fury. "Do you think I am a fool, without head, without heart like yourself? It is the old witch woman that has put the 'spite spell' on him. Always has she hated me since I came to the tents. Did I not hear her hiss on us as we drove into the Glen this evening?"

"And if she has I will throttle the life out of her for it!" said Peppo, fiercely. "Some one has put the black luck upon us, I know. All my money have I lost this evening, and my best dog."

"All your money and your best dog!" Carita gasped. "Is it Conde's Dick you mean?"

"Aye!" replied Peppo, sullenly. "Here comes Gaspar for him now. I must unleash and give him up."

And while Carita sat quite dumb with dismay at this new disaster, the black-eyed ball-tosser came up to Peppo's tent to secure the prize for which he would not wait even until the break of day; for the wolf-hound he had just won was worth ten times all he had staked on him, the crafty Gaspar well knew.

"I must be off early," he said. "There is a fair down the valley where I can make more than here. I will take my dog now."

"Rogue, villain, rascal, you are robbing us!" burst forth Carita, passionately; while Peppo led the way back of the wagon where his dogs were tied.

And then in a moment shouts, cries, fierce tumult roused the camp. Men and women came starting out half-wakened, to find Peppo and Gaspar

cursing as they clenched in hot fury. For the dog was gone—where, Peppo swore in the teeth of his wrathful antagonist he did not know.

But the quick-witted Carita snatched back the canvas of her wagon, and guessed all. For Con was gone, too, all his thinking over,—gone from the gypsy camp and the gypsy life forever,—gone with his dog.

(To be continued.)

Just the One.

Stephen Girard, the wealthy Philadelphia merchant who founded Girard College, was so much opposed to all religions that no clergyman was allowed to hold office there, or even to enter the premises. He left an immense fortune; but, although a generous public benefactor even during his life, had no personal friends. He was a hard taskmaster, never permitting any one in his employ, however useful to him, to disregard his slightest wish, no matter how unreasonable it might be.

One Saturday he ordered all his clerks to come on the morrow to his wharf and help unload a newly arrived ship. One young man replied quietly: "Mr. Girard, I can't work on Sunday."—"You know our rules?" was the reply.—"Yes, I know," said the young man. "I have a mother to support, but I can't work on Sunday."—"Well, then, the cashier will settle with you," said Mr. Girard.

For nearly a month the young man could find no work, but one day a banker called at Girard's office and asked him if he could recommend a man for cashier in a new bank. The discharged young man was at once named as a suitable person. "But," said the banker, "I hear you dismissed him from your own employ."—"Yes," was the reply, "because he would not work on Sundays. A man who would sacrifice a good place for conscience' sake would make a trustworthy cashier, in my opinion. He is just the one you want." And he was appointed.

About a Great Saint.

St. John, Patriarch of Alexandria, was so kind and generous to the poor that he was called, and is still called, after twelve centuries, "St. John the Almoner" or almsgiver. He spent great sums in charity, and God blessed him by multiplying his gold and by many other striking miracles. "Never refuse an alms," St. John used to say, "and you will never be in want yourself." He was no less zealous about the forgiveness of injuries, counselling all to forgive wrongs done them if they expected their own sins to be pardoned by God. Many beautiful stories are related of St. John the Almsgiver, who is venerated all over the world.

A nobleman came to see him one day, and the conversation turned on a grievance which the visitor had received. So-and-so had wronged him cruelly, and never to his dying day could he forgive him. He spoke with warmth; his face darkened with passion and his eyes sparkled with anger.

Just at that moment, the bell rang for prayers in the Bishop's private chapel, and he rose and invited the nobleman to follow him. St. John the Almsgiver knelt at the altar, and the nobleman knelt immediately behind him. Presently the holy Bishop began in a loud voice the Lord's Prayer, and the nobleman repeated each part with him. "Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread"—St. John stopped abruptly. The nobleman, not thinking, went on alone: "And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us." Then, finding he was alone, he stopped short also. The Bishop did not go on, but remained silently kneeling. Then suddenly the sense of the words of the petition he had just made rushed on the nobleman's mind. He silently rose from his knees, bent low before the altar, and then went out; and, soon finding the man who had offended him, he frankly forgave him.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A new edition of "A Flower for Each Day of the Month of June," by the Rev. John J. Murphy, S. J., has been published by the Home Press, New York.

—In his preface to "A Study in Christology," by the Rev. H. M. Relton, just published by the S. P. C. K., Dr. A. C. Headlam declares that all the difficulties about the Person of Our Lord which confront us to-day were threshed out in the controversies of the fourth, fifth, and sixth centuries; and that by their help we can find adequate answers.

—The *North American Teacher*, the first number of which is just to hand, makes this statement of its purposes:

The *North American Teacher* will deal exclusively in matters of moment to teachers in our Catholic schools. It will aim to give the best thought of educators on every subject in the curriculum. The articles will be, as far as possible, practical rather than theoretical. They will treat of the most efficient methods in school studies, and will endeavor to aid the teacher in solving the many perplexing problems which she has to face.

We wish the new magazine and its accomplished editor, Mr. Denis A. MacCarthy, all possible success.

—Some interesting information about the late Fr. Eric Leslie, S. J., who will be remembered as the author of "To Calvary through the Mass," is furnished by the *London Tablet*. He was a convert to the Church, and the *doyen* of the English Jesuits, having almost completed his ninety-first year. His conversion to the Church was delayed by a now forgotten book written by Dr. Allies while he also was an Anglican. Both made fullest reparation. Fr. Leslie was noted for his cheery disposition, fervent zeal and piety, and devotedness to the poor. He is survived by a sister, Mother Mary Sales, of St. Margaret's Convent, Edinburgh.

—"The Hundredth Chance," by Ethel M. Dell (G. P. Putnam's Sons), is a novel of English life in some of its less stereotyped aspects. The story has to do with a horseman whose chief characteristic is masterly force as evinced in his treatment of horses, jockeys, and eventually his wife,—to say nothing of his wife's crippled brother, a rather trying youth. The genuine manliness and innate tenderness of this unconventional hero are revealed in a number of circumstances, and become manifest at last to all those who are associated with him in the development of the narrative. It is a novel of generous length—567 twelvemo pages.

—Additional issues of the Angelus Series published by R. & T. Washbourne, and for

sale in this country by Benziger Brothers, are "Maxims from the Writings of Katharine Tynan," by the compiler of "Maxims from the Writings of Mgr. Benson," etc.; and "A Year of Cheer," chosen from Catholic sources by Scannell O'Neill. Both of these little volumes present a great variety of helpful thoughts. Those of the latter are arranged for the days of the year. The title "A Year of Cheer" is a happy and appropriate one for Mr. O'Neill's compilation, which shows wide and careful reading. Price, 50 cents.

—Those who have read any book by John Ayscough will know what to expect in "French Windows," just published by Longmans, Green & Co.; for others, a brief extract from it will suffice. It may be described as a collection of war pictures and vignettes of peace, done with wondrous power and skill. Only one possessed of the most delicate psychological insight, the keenest appreciation of the good, the beautiful, and the true, could have produced these pictures. Numerous books, in great variety, dealing with the World War have been published, but "French Windows" is unique; its interest is enduring, its value permanent. It is difficult to make choice of a passage for quotation, there are so many of exquisite beauty and penetrating pathos, of the highest spirituality and the most delicate humor. Perhaps we had better present the author's account of his interview with a Scotch Presbyterian who was among the rows of wounded to whom the "Ancient" was once ministering, and whose eyes seemed to beg the Catholic chaplain to linger:

"Sir-r," he almost whispers, with the bewitching Scot's burring of the r, and a shyness wholly compelling, "I would be glad if ye would comfort me too. I'm Presbyterian: but, perr-haps . . ."

"No perhaps: if I can make you feel less lonely—"

"It's that, sir,—just that only. I'm not so varra badly wounded: only it came over me, hearing yon lad talking to ye of his folk, to talk a wee of mine. There's nae here that would under-r-stand, but I'm thinking *you* would. . . . Hame's hame, Catholic or Presbyterian, Hielandman or Lowland; and, eh, mine's far away!"

He soon dropped "sir," and called the Papistical, prelatial priest "Father," and meant it and felt it. His own father was in heaven; his mother had none on earth but him. To her also the priest was to write. Simply and shyly he talked of God: and in that common Friend found instantly a bridge of meeting, that strode at once athwart all estrangement of belief.

"Ye gave," he said soon, "a wee Christ upon the Cross to yon Catholic fellow. Have ye, Father, e'en one for me? Eh, it's strange! I've seen a whole village smashed, and a whole kirk, by they Germans' shells; but the great Christ upon the Cross stood untouched; His arms spread out, His head leaned weary, His face turned up to cry His Father's mercy on us men that killed Him. And all the shells couldna break Him; and He said, I mind, "When I am lifted up

"I'll draw all to Myself." Father, pray Him to draw me. I've been a wilful laddy, and His words have been dour and dismal talk to me. And I went aye my ain gait, that wasna His; and I liked laughing-talk and merry things; and noo I know what suffering is, and I can understand better. Father, ye'll mind to ask Him mak' me His ain laddie. Ma mither gave me willing to the war, as His gave Him willing to the death: ye'll write to her, and pray for her? And I'll keep this Christ upon the Cross ye give me all my life long, if any more of it is for me; and I'll never forget ye, Father, never. If He gives it me to win hame again, I'll pray always for ye; and most on Saturday at e'en, when we make the evening exercise preparing for the Sabbath, and if not . . ."

"If you get Home before me, to that other Home, you will pray still for me, that I may come there too?"

"Deed will I! Good-bye, Father!"

"French Windows" is not fiction. We have the author's assurance that "every episode and every character is drawn from reality and life: nothing is imaginary. That which is described is what the writer saw and heard, so far as he has been able to translate into words what eyes and ears told him." How much is to be learned from this touching and beautiful book! May it have a legion of readers, not one of whom, we feel certain, will fail to derive some benefit from its perusal.

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.

- "French Windows." John Ayscough. \$1.60, net.
 "Our Refuge." Rev. Augustine Springler. 60 cts.
 "The Will to Win." Rev. E. Boyd Barrett, S. J. 56 cts.
 "Gold Must Be Tried by Fire." \$1.50.
 "Hurrah and Hallelujah." Dr. J. P. Bang. \$1.
 "Anthony Gray,—Gardener." Leslie Moore. \$1.50.
 "False Witness." Johannes Jørgensen. 3s. 6d.
 "Blessed Art Thou Among Women." William F. Butler. \$3.50.
 "History of the Sinn Fein Movement." Francis P. Jones. \$2.00.
 "The Master's Word." 2 vols. Rev. Thomas Flynn, C. C. \$3.00.
 "Dark Rosaleen." M. E. Francis. \$1.35.
 "An Eight Days' Retreat for Religious." Rev. Henry A. Gabriel, S. J. \$1.50.
 "The Love of God and the Neighbor." Rev. J. V. Schubert. \$1.25.

- "Prolegomena to an Edition of the Works of Decimus Magnus Ausonius." Sister Marie José Byrne, Ph. D. \$1.25.
 "Catholic Christianity and the Modern World." Dr. Krogh-Tonning. \$1.25.
 "Camillus de Lellis, the Hospital Saint." A Sister of Mercy. \$1.
 "Catholic Christianity; or, The Reasonableness of Our Religion." Rev. O. Vassall-Phillips, C. SS. R. \$1.50.
 "A Retrospect of Fifty Years." Cardinal Gibbons. 2 vols. \$2.
 "The White People." Frances H. Burnett. \$1.20.
 "A Manual of Modern Scholastic Philosophy." Cardinal Mercier, etc. Vol. I. \$3.50.
 "Great Inspirers." Rev. J. A. Zahm, C. S. C., Ph. D. \$1.50.
 "The Mass and Vestments of the Catholic Church." Rt. Rev. Monsignor John Walsh. \$1.75.
 "The New Life." Rev. Samuel McComb, D. D. 50 cts.
 "The Sacrament of Friendship." Rev. H. C. Schuyler, \$1.10.
 "The Ancient Journey." A. M. Sholl. \$1.

Obituary.

Rev. Thomas Grenbowski, of the diocese of Green Bay; Very Rev. Patrick McArdle, diocese of Fargo; Rev. A. G. Garthoefner, archdiocese of St. Louis; and Rev. Charles Regan, archdiocese of Boston.

Sister Raymond, of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd; Sister Juliana, Sisters of Charity; and Sister M. Venantia, Sisters of Notre Dame.

Mr. Joseph Mitchell, Mr. Frederick Smith, Miss Teresa Clements, Judge Angus McGillivray, Mr. James Kenna, Mr. Dominic Solari, Mrs. T. S. Mitchell, Miss M. Hughes, Mr. Anthony Struckhoff, Mr. Thomas Murphy, Mr. George Roth, Miss Margaret McQueen, Mr. Joseph Galvin, Mr. John Mengersen, Mr. Philip Otto, Mrs. Francis Mulligan, Mr. Patrick McGafhigan, Mr. Carl Bachmann, Mr. S. T. Craden, Mrs. Anne Hartnett, Mr. John W. Gately, Mr. J. B. Dixon, Mr. Walter Grone, and Mr. Isaac Hoyt.

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 rescue of orphaned and abandoned children in China: M. F. R., \$1; Mrs. C. J. E., \$1. For the Franciscan Sisters, Shansi: M. G. M., \$25. For the Polish war sufferers: C. H. M., \$5. For the Bishop of Nueva Segovia: C. H. M., \$5.



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

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Our Lady of the Waves.

In the Days of the Early Martyrs.

BY THEODORE BOTREL. TRANSLATED BY
EMILY HICKEY.

BY A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE.

O MARY, our Mother, hear!
 Thou who art Queen of the wave,—
 Graciously hear our prayer,
 Watch o'er our seamen and save!
 While they are absent long,
 Kneeling we cry to thee;
 Take pity upon our woe,
 Thou who hast suffered—as we!

Oh, from the tempests keep,
 Guard from the wrath divine;
 Cover their heads with a fold
 Of that blue veil of thine!
 Spare us so many fears
 When the waves rise wrathfully;
 And dry our weeping tears,
 Thou who hast wept—as we!

Thou knowest how yesterday
 We gave thee of our best:
 With broom and blossoms sweet
 Thy chapels fair we drest.
 Save our husbands, our sons,—
 Save from the deep, deep sea,
 Thou who wast here on earth
 Woman and Mother—as we!

MOST of us have derived our first impressions of the martyr age of the early Church from Wiseman's "Fabiola." It was first published anonymously in the winter of 1854, though the date on the title-page is 1855. It is much more than a mere work of fiction. There is a solid historical basis to the story, and it first brought to the popular knowledge of the English-speaking world the results of De Rossi's explorations of the Catacombs. The book abounds in documents, reproductions and translations of inscriptions from the Catacombs, and quotations from Prudentius and Damasus,—the Christian poet who celebrated the triumphs of the martyrs in the first days of the peace of the Church; and the contemporary Pope, who was also a poet and devoted his literary powers to the composition of new inscriptions for the martyrs' tombs.

Wiseman's work thus gives us, at the same time, an insight into the honors paid to the martyrs during the actual time of persecution, and those accorded to them in the years after Constantine inaugurated the new policy that made the Empire no longer the foe but the protector of the Church. Newman has pointed out that, in the age that followed the period of persecution, devotion to the martyrs rose to something like enthusiasm. This is easy to understand. The long struggle

St. CYRIL of Jerusalem (A. D. 315-386) says: "Since through Eve, a Virgin, came death, it behooved that through a Virgin, or rather from a Virgin, should life appear; that as the Serpent had deceived the one, so to the other Gabriel might bring good tidings."

was over, and those who were enjoying the new period of peace looked back with devout gratitude to the heroic men and women who had given their lives to the Faith during three hundred years of strife with paganism.

Our popular manuals of Church History, with their tendency to analyze and reduce everything to cut-and-dried formulas, originally devised to assist the student, usually enumerate ten persecutions of the Church and of the Roman Empire. The classification is rather misleading. From the days of Nero to those of Constantine, the Church was always under the ban of the Roman Empire. It is true that there were times when there was more or less slackness on the part of the authorities in putting the existing laws into force. There were thus periods of something like a truce; but these intervals of peace were often confined to this or that province of the Empire, and there was never any general or lasting security for the professors of Christianity.

Our Lord Himself had warned His followers that they must expect persecution, that they would be hated by all men for His name's sake, and that those who put them to death would think they had done a good deed. But, humanly speaking, though a conflict with Judaism seemed probable, official persecution by the authorities of the Roman Empire must have appeared by no means a likely event. The Apostles always taught that the laws of the Empire were to be obeyed, just as their Master had decided, when the question was put to Him, that tribute must be paid to Cæsar. Christianity never challenged a conflict with the Empire. In a sense it was non-aggressive. Even in the midst of the persecutions, Christians were warned not to insult the popular religion of the country. Even the institution of slavery was not directly attacked, though in its essence it was opposed to the ideal of Christian equality and brotherhood.

M. Paul Allard, in his painstaking work on the subject, has shown how the abolition of slavery was effected by a gradual process. To attack it at the outset would have been to preach a revolution. In the Roman Empire, slavery was an essential part of the social organization. Domestic servants, agricultural laborers, workers at the mechanical arts, and even large numbers of the class of clerks, secretaries, and copyists, were slaves. In our version of the New Testament where St. Paul bids servants to be obedient to their masters, a more strictly accurate rendering would put the word "slaves" instead of "servants." And in the Epistle to Philemon we see how he sends back the convert slave Onesimus to his master, telling him to receive him, no longer as a mere slave, but also as "a dear brother in Christ."

Thus Christianity was not aggressive in all its relations to the civil life of the Empire. And, on the other hand, the whole system of the Roman Empire was remarkably tolerant of the various religions professed by its subjects. The gods of the various nations within its boundaries were treated as other forms or manifestations of the gods of the Roman Pantheon. Thus, for instance, when Egypt became a Roman province no attempt was made to substitute the gods of old Rome for those of the Nile; and Roman emperors repaired the old temples in Egypt and Nubia, or built new ones dedicated to Egyptian deities, with inscriptions bearing the name of the emperor in hieroglyphs. This tolerance was part of the general policy of the Empire, the tendency of which was to interfere very little with local custom and usage. How, then, did the conflict between the Empire and Christianity arise?

It was a gradual development. In the first years of Christianity, of which we can trace the story in the Acts of the Apostles, and to some extent in the Epistles, where one of the teachers of the new religion is brought into conflict

with the civil authority, it is never directly on the mere charge of being a Christian. It was a Roman governor's duty to preserve order and to protect the interests of the population; and we find that the Apostles and their colleagues are accused as causing disturbances, or acting in a way that would be damaging to some powerful local trade or interest. Jewish hostility in those early days took the form of attempts to represent the new teachers as disloyal to the Empire.

The first great instance of this is the accusation made against Our Lord Himself before the Roman governor of Judea. In the Gospel narratives of the Passion, we have two trials and two different accusations. The Jewish leaders arrest Him, and carry through a secret trial in the night before the high priests and the council. Here the accusation is based entirely on Jewish law and tradition. They knew perfectly well that the Roman governor would not have listened to it for a moment, and they had no power to give effect to any judgment they passed from such a charge. In the morning they arraigned Him before the governor, and here the charge was sedition—disloyalty to Cæsar. The charge was false; the attempts to prove it broke down; but they frightened a weak man into sacrificing their Victim, in his fear of having to deal with a popular tumult if he did not yield the point. The whole procedure is typical of much that happened in the first fifty or sixty years of Christianity.

Organized persecution of the Christians, as such, began very soon, and dates from the year 64, under the reign of Nero. St. Peter and St. Paul were among its victims, with thousands more, of whose names there is no record. Apart from Christian evidence on the fact, we owe our knowledge of the Neronian persecution chiefly to Tacitus and Suetonius. The often-quoted passage of Tacitus tells how Nero accused the Christians of having been the authors of the great

fire which destroyed a large part of Rome, and put them to death in such numbers and with such cruelty that at last the people began rather to pity the victims than to feel any horror at their alleged crimes. But the language used in this passage, as in the parallel passage of Suetonius, shows that Nero was able to do this, because the public opinion of pagan Rome was already hostile to the Christians.

There were many causes for this hostility. Pagan observances formed a part of social and family life, and when a man became a Christian he cut himself off from all these. To take no part in public ceremonials, in which pagan observances played a large part, was to run the risk of being regarded as unpatriotic and disloyal. Moreover, Christian worship was conducted in private, almost in secret,—the greatest care being taken that none but the faithful should be present, in order to avoid profanation of the sacred mystery of the altar. Under all despotic government, private meetings of any kind are regarded with suspicion. At a very early date popular calumny was busy with strange stories about the nature of these secret meetings. They were confused with the gatherings of the Gnostic sectaries, whose religion was a strange mixture of magic and superstition, including the worship of Oriental deities.

Hence came the calumny that the Christians met for a degraded ritual worship of an ass' head,—a story whose origin was, no doubt, based upon the part played in Gnostic ritual by the Egyptian anubis (the conductor of the dead to the other world),—a figure with a sharp snout, and long ears on its head,—the head of a jackal, which might easily be mistaken for that of an ass. There was another story, arising probably from a perverted account of the Holy Eucharist, that the Christians met for a cannibal feast, at which they killed and ate a child. Yet another series of horrible charges arose from confounding the Christian ritual with certain features of the sect

of Isis worshippers, whose ritual was largely immoral.

There is no proof that Nero put the Christians to death simply because they were Christians. They were condemned as enemies of the Empire, and, to use a phrase that afterwards became traditional, "enemies of the human race." They were charged with having burned the city; and the charge was readily believed because they belonged to the sect which, in the words of Tacitus, practised "a detestable superstition," so that they were capable of any crime.

It is often said that the first formal edicts of persecution date from the reign of Trajan (98-117). This, I think, is a mistaken view. As to the persecution under Trajan, we have abundant documentary evidence in the famous correspondence between the Emperor and Pliny the Younger, who was acting as Roman governor of the province of Pontus and Bithynia, part of northern Asia Minor along the shores of the Black Sea. Pliny, a successful lawyer who had already distinguished himself in the public service, was sent to Pontus after a weak governor had allowed the affairs of the province to fall into considerable disorder. His business was to set things right. As its governor, he possessed all the powers of the Emperor; but there were many instances to prove that, under the imperial system, in all serious matters governors of provinces were accustomed directly to consult the Emperor himself and his council. It was prudent to do so; for if they acted on the advice thus received, they were secured from any blame if things were wrong.

Pliny's letters are often quoted as a testimony to the extent to which the Christians had increased in numbers by the end of the first century, and as a tribute to their blameless lives. But a great deal more can be learned from the letters. On one point they are decisive. When, as governor of Pontus and Bithynia, he put large numbers of Christians to

death, he was not acting in virtue of any new persecuting edict of Trajan, but in pursuance of an accepted system that had long been enforced. To use a phrase familiar to American and English lawyers, one might say he was acting not under any statute law, but under the common law of the Empire.

Trajan was one of the best of the Roman emperors. He was a man of high character, and contemporary evidence speaks of him as having been kindly and generous. Pliny was also a good public servant, who evidently meant to do the best he could for the State and for his province. Yet we find the Emperor and the proconsul accepting as an obvious fact that, under certain circumstances, there is no alternative but to put the Christians to death.

The correspondence can be thus summarized, keeping only the essential points in view: Pliny writes to the Emperor that he found there were large numbers of the Christians in his province. They were denounced to him simply as Christians, and as such liable to the punishment of death. He had condemned and executed several who were accused before him. Some, however, on being accused, either pleaded that they had once been Christians but had long since abandoned Christian belief and practice, or admitted they were Christians and expressed themselves as willing to abandon their religion in order to save their lives.

We have here clear proofs that Pliny was acting under no recent legislation, but in virtue of a long accepted state of things. It is obvious that in the thirty or forty years between Nero and Trajan, the Neroian precedent of regarding the Christians as the enemies of the State, and men recognized as being stained with a variety of crimes, and therefore outlaws, had been accepted as part of the ordinary system of the Empire. Pliny, a fair-minded man, has no hesitation in sending men and women to death merely on the proof or acknowledgment that they are Christians. He does not go further and find out if

they are really guilty of the crimes popularly alleged against them. This is made quite clear; for he tells the Emperor that he has made such an investigation, not in the case of the martyrs, who accepted death and made no attempt to evade it by apostasy; but in the case of the other class, who tried to make out they were no longer Christians, or who professed themselves willing to apostatize. He says he did not liberate them at once, but he proceeded to inquire as to what crimes they had committed as Christians.

In two cases at least he employed torture in order to obtain evidence. Torture could not be used in the case of a free citizen; though we find in the later persecutions that this rule was abandoned in the case of Christians, probably on the ground that they were outlaws. Pliny, in Pontus, had amongst the accused two slaves who were Christian deaconesses, and slaves could be tortured. There is nothing to prove that they were apostates,—in fact, the probability is the other way. A man like Pliny would be more likely to use the torture in the case of a prisoner who had already forfeited his life. Even under torture he could obtain no evidence of crime; and his letters show that the final result of his investigations was that, though the Christians were the adherents of what he calls "a depraved and extravagant superstition," and though he regarded their obstinacy in adhering to it as something criminal, they were otherwise people of blameless lives.

He tells how he had found out that the Christians were accustomed to meet in the early morning and sing together a hymn to Christ as to God, and then take an "oath" which bound them to commit no evil. The Latin word he uses is *sacramentum*, the common meaning of which was the oath of loyalty and fidelity taken by the legionaries on enlistment. But evidently his informant, while concealing from him the Christian doctrine of the Holy Eucharist, used the word

sacramentum in what was coming to be its Christian sense.

Pliny speaks of the obstinacy of the Christians, but at the same time his correspondence shows that they were ready to yield any non-essential point. There was a Roman law against secret societies, which forbade private assemblies; but the law did not apply to assemblies for any kind of recognized religious worship. It was an accepted fact in the ancient world that the worshippers of any religion might reasonably wish to exclude all those who did not belong to it. Pliny tells how, besides the morning gatherings for the religious rite he describes, the Christians had been accustomed to meet in the evening and feast together; but that, in obedience to his desire, they had abandoned the evening meetings, though they still met in the early morning before sunrise. One sees here the distinction between the *Agape*, or brotherly social feast in the evening, which could easily be given up, and the meeting for Mass and Communion in the morning, which could not be abandoned, whatever might be the risk.

Pliny discovers that the Christians are not guilty of the crimes popularly attributed to them, but are men of blameless lives. Still the fact remains that they are Christians, and as such outside the system of protection given by the Empire to all its citizens. Their views make them unlike others. They do not take part in the ordinary round of Roman life; they are outside the system, outlaws, and thus a source of disorder and danger to the State. But they are numerous in every class, in every age; and he recoils from the idea of the widespread massacre that would result from a strict enforcement of the traditional law. But for the Roman proconsul, law exists in order to be put in force; and he puts on the Emperor the responsibility of directing him, showing in guarded phrases how his own opinion inclines.

Trajan replies that he need take no steps to prosecute any one on mere current

rumor, or on anonymous denunciation; but if any one is accused before him by a competent witness of being a Christian and does not deny or disprove it, the law must take its course. Here we have no new edict, but simply an explanation of how the law is to be administered,—if anything, restricting its operation. The Emperor, with all his humanity and kindness, accepts it as a fact that Christians are outside the law, and must take the consequences.

Obviously, this was the state of things that had arisen since the first persecution under Nero. The historical fact thus proved by documentary evidence has some interesting indirect results. Twenty-five years ago, under the influence of German theories which have since been abandoned even in Germany itself, it was the fashion for those who called themselves the "Higher Critics" to describe the Acts of the Apostles as a pious compilation of some writer of the latter part of the second century or even later, and not the work of a contemporary witness. It is quite certain that a writer of this late date would have introduced into his partly fictitious narrative the conditions of his own time,—living in days when, for more than a hundred years, Christians had been accused before the tribunals, and put to death on the mere accusation that they were Christians. He would represent this as the official attitude of the authorities in the times he described. But, as Sir William Ramsay has pointed out, the mere fact that in the Acts we have no instance of the mere charge of being a Christian being the subject of accusation, is (in addition to other evidence) a proof that the book belongs to the period before the Neronian persecution, and must have been written soon after the events with which the narrative closes.

We have, then, before the end of the first century, a state of things in which the Christians were outlawed, and as such liable to denunciation and the death penalty. Throughout the second and

third centuries we have from time to time rescripts of the emperors directing the authorities to see that the law was enforced. These produced the repeated outbursts of active persecution, but created no new state of the law. Pliny, in Pontus, had not regarded at first the act of apostasy as a reason for acquitting the prisoner. The Christians were supposed to be guilty of various crimes, and the guilt of each individual must be investigated. He was logical in his policy, and it led to the discovery that the alleged crimes were non-existent. But after his time, when the charge was merely the profession of Christianity, it came to be the accepted practice to put the accused to the test, and allow him a ready means of escape by calling upon him to offer incense to the gods. In this later period the outlawry of the Christians had a further reason from the fact that paganism was crystallizing into a kind of state religion, a central idea of which was that the emperors were themselves divine, holding the places of the gods on earth. With such a doctrine accepted in high places, it was easy to make out that Christianity necessarily implied disloyalty. And there came the new refinement of cruelty of trying to break down the martyr's constancy, or, by the use of torture in various forms, force him to denounce other Christians. One finds the same plea of the persecutor used again and again in history. Under the Tudor and Stuart persecutions in England, Catholics were condemned to death on the accusation of high treason. The Roman persecutors were somewhat franker in their policy. Their victims were condemned as Christians, but behind the accusation of Christianity there lay the traditional view of the law that they were the enemies of the State and of the human race.

The word "martyr" means "witness," and the history of the steady growth of the Church during those early centuries of persecution proves the truth of the saying

that "the blood of the martyr is the seed of the Church." From the supernatural point of view, one sees that each of these champions of the Faith must have become a new intercessor for the Church before God. But one can also realize that the sight of men and women dying bravely for the Faith they professed must have exercised a deep influence on those who heard their profession of faith and witnessed their constancy.

The persecutions had another effect, which is often left out of sight. We dwell more upon the triumphs of the martyrs than on the failure of those who yielded to the threats of the persecutors, but there were times when this class was very numerous. The record of one of the persecutions tells how, in a great city, on the day when the edict was published, so many flocked to save their lives by offering incense to the gods that before evening the supply of incense had failed. Persecution thus weeded out the self-seeking, the half-hearted, and the insincere. It tended to make the Christians a body of thoroughly earnest men and women, ready to sacrifice anything and everything for the Faith they held; not Christians in mere name but in heart and soul.

When the edict of Constantine put an end to the persecutions of the Church, and the profession of Christianity no longer entailed personal peril of life and liberty, but rather became, to use a popular phrase, something fashionable, it was noted with regret that amongst the crowds of new converts who flocked to the churches, and even among the old professors of Christianity, there came a laxity of practice, and great numbers of Christians were little more than Christian in name.

THE Fathers saw in the Blessed Virgin a type of the Church. This idea occurs as early as the Epistle of the Churches of Lyons and Vienne (A. D. 177), where the Church is called the "Virgin Mother" rejoicing over her martyrs.

The Crest of the Bodkins.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON.

XXX.—QUERETARO.

AFTER a short visit to the Bishop of Puebla, Maximilian returned to the capital, and immediately issued orders for the concentration of the troops. Marquez was made a General of Division. Miramon had already taken the field, and the final struggle was now at hand.

Bazaine, who was furious because of the refusal of the Emperor to abdicate, played his last card by issuing a decree that the Frenchmen who had enlisted in Maximilian's service would on return to their regiments receive the same rank and pay as before, and be permitted to join the French forces on their departure. Thousands who had sworn allegiance to Maximilian, and had received the bounty for enlistment, left his service, and, under the protection of the French flag, and under the orders of a Marshal of France, openly deserted. Thus, about one-third of the imperial army—Frenchmen who had enlisted for two years under very large bounties—returned to the "Army of Occupation." The Emperor, with that nobility of nature which stamped him as a right royal gentleman, at once issued a decree granting the same privileges to his own countrymen.

Miramón and Mejía were finally driven to defence in Queretaro, and it became necessary to determine at what point the final stand for the Empire should be made. Military authorities are agreed—I quote Taylor—that if the defence had been made in the city of Mexico, a possible success might have resulted. Díaz could not have brought his heavy siege train from Puebla; and, at worst, a line for safe retreat to Vera Cruz would have been left open; and in the last extremity the Emperor could have escaped his fate, or dictated honorable terms of surrender. In

settling this decisive question Maximilian was guided by the counsels of Lanos, president of the Council of Ministers, to whom the Emperor had also referred the vital questions of ending the war and establishing some form of government through the intervention of Congress, involving his own abdication and terms of amnesty with Juarez; and the suggestions of Marquez, who had already in mind a scheme for his own glorification and profit.

Marquez persuaded Maximilian that if he showed the Mexicans that he had implicit confidence in them, by taking command in person, and that he did not rely solely upon his foreign troops, he would forever attach them to him and to his cause. This fired the chivalrous nature of Maximilian; and, to the amazement of his friends, he permitted Marquez, with five thousand Mexican troops, to leave the capital; reserving a garrison of only two thousand two hundred foreigners and five thousand Mexicans.

On February 13, 1867, Maximilian set forth on his march to—death. He rode a superb white charger, and was attired in the uniform of a Mexican general. General Marquez and Señor Aguirra, Minister of War, accompanied him; also his doctor, secretary, and Hungarian body servant; and his forces amounted to about eighteen hundred men. On the 18th, after some skirmishing with guerillas, he reached Arroya Seco; and after a sharp engagement at Calpulalpan, in which the Emperor displayed great personal bravery under a murderous fire, he entered Queretaro, where he was received with every manifestation of loving loyalty, and by Generals Miramon and Mejia at the head of three thousand men.

This city is distant from the capital about one hundred and seventy miles. It was founded in 1445, and formed a portion of Montezuma's empire. On July 25, 1531, it was taken by Don Fernando da Tapia, who christened it Santiago de Queretaro. During the war with the United States Mexico held its congressional sessions

there, and there executed the treaty of Hidalgo made between these two governments in the year 1848.

Maximilian took up his quarters in the Queretaro Club, and on the 25th received a reinforcement of four thousand men under General Mendez.

The Emperor ordered fortifications to be constructed on El Cerro de las Campanas (the Hill of the Bells), about one mile northwest of the city. He attended to this work in person, remaining at his post day and night from the 6th to the 13th of March: The first three nights this "haughty Hapsburg" lay upon the ground; on the fourth day General Mejia had a Turkish tent erected for his Majesty. The Emperor being now in readiness for the expected attack, I shall leave him, and retrace my steps to the city of Mexico, where our hero and his retainer, greatly to their disgust, were left in garrison.

XXXI.—THE OLD STORY.

"Masther Arthur *avic*," observed Rody, after the order had been received commanding them to remain within the walls of the capital, "it's a quare thing that they'd lave two fine warriors like us, sir—aye, and Irish warriors,—and not take us on where the fightin' is goin' for to be."

"Oh, don't fret, Rody! The chances are we'll have to fight our way out of this place, and every inch of the road to Queretaro," said Bodkin.

Rody brightened up.

"Bedad, there's some comfort in that, Masther Arthur."

"Why, I thought you would like to be here to protect that fair cousin of yours," laughed Arthur.

"Och, bedad, and sure I would, of coorse, sir; but sorra a fear of her. The ould chap'll take care of her and—himself."

"If Juarez gets in or Diaz, they'll take care of his *pesos*," replied Arthur.

"They wouldn't lave him a mag, sir; and for that rayson he's packin' up. He's goin' for to lave the town."

"So he does not feel safe here?"

"He's thinkin' of goin' back to the ould counthry, and lavin' thim Mexicos for 'to fight it out."

"And *your* Mary?"

"Well, bedad, she can wait, sir," said Rody, with a roguish smile.

"Here?"

"Oh, no, sir! Out beyant at Ballaniscorney."

"Wait for *you*?"

"Till the war is over,—till I'm kilt or come back and claim her."

"Then you have settled it between you?"

"Arrah, Masther Arthur dear, do ye think I'd settle anything widout a talk wid yerself, sir?" responded Rody, with a grin. "Sure I'd be a proud boy if ye could say a word for me to herself."

"I'll do it, Rody, and to-day—*now*, for there is no time to lose. Come along." And in a few minutes Arthur found himself in the dark little apartment which Rody had so graphically described.

"Misther O'Flynn, this is Misther Bodkin of Ballyboden," observed Rody to the dark object behind the bars, which now moved forward in the person of the bill discomter.

"I'm proud to see you, sir. Won't you walk upstairs? Rody, you know the way. Take Mr. Bodkin up, while I make a little calculation here."

Mr. O'Flynn was engaged in jotting down certain figures on a ragged piece of paper, evidently for the information of a man standing beside him, wearing a richly-laced *sombrero* which completely hid his features from Arthur and Rody.

Passing upstairs, Rody ushered Bodkin into a well-lighted apartment, the walls adorned with ornaments of feather-work, especially birds,—an art in which the Mexicans stand unrivalled. The furniture was composed of odds and ends, some of it extremely rich, some of it extremely old, and much of it of carved oak dating from the days of Cortez and black as ebony from age. A priceless Louis XIV.

clock ticked on a bracket, and a trophy of Spanish armor that might have encased Don Pedro del Alvarado stood against the wall.

"I must beg a thousand pardons, Mr. Bodkin!" observed O'Flynn, who now entered, bowing low. "But my house, my servants, my—"

"Arrah, be aisy!" interrupted Rody, "we know all that soart of coddin' be heart. Yer house and everything ye have is ours, whin ye wouldn't lind us a loan of a *peso*! Be Irish, man, and dhrop the Mexico palaver!"

"Mr. O'Flynn," said Arthur, "I have come here—"

"For a little pecuniary aid, sir? Well, I assure you, Mr. Bodkin, that, owing to the disturbed condition—"

"Arrah, what's the matther wid ye at all, at all?" burst in Rody. "Sure the Masther here could *lind* money—aye, thousands—instead of borryin' it. And, be me faix, I'd rayther have wan pound in the Bank of Ireland this minute than tin thousand in the Bank of Mexico."

"Are—are things so bad as all that, sir?" inquired O'Flynn of Arthur, in anxious tones.

"Bad!" cried Rody. "Be me song, the sooner ye get back to Ballymacrow the betther. If Diaz gets in or Lerdo, or that villyan Juarez, sorra a halfpinny they'll lave ye. Bedad, they'll take all ye have while ye'd be axin' for the loan of a sack. Ain't I right, Masther Arthur?"

"Well, Rody," laughed Arthur, "I do not imagine that they will use much ceremony."

"Mr. Bodkin," said O'Flynn, "I know you to be a noble, honorable gentleman, and one in whom I can place the uttermost reliance. I know, *sir*, that you are on the inside, and that *you* hear what the like of me can not hope to hear. In fact, I hear nothing but lies. I'm told one thing by one, and another thing by another, until I don't know what to believe. Now, sir, I am free to confess that I have a little money;

but, Mr. Bodkin, I'm dreadfully uneasy about it. It's not safe here—nothing is safe,—and I would feel forever honestly obliged to you, and would make it worth Rody's while, if you could give me some information on the condition of things. The Emperor is leaving the city, I hear, to-morrow. Is this true, sir?"

"Yes, his Majesty leaves to-morrow," answered Arthur.

"For the coast?"

"No, sir: for Queretaro."

"To fight?"

"Most assuredly."

"Does *he* know, sir,—do *you* know that the Liberals are closing in on every side? Does *he* know, sir,—do *you* know that this city is full of spies and traitors? That man I had in my office as you came in, and who knows you, sir,—his name is Mazazo."

"What!"

"Do you know him, *señor*?" asked O'Flynn, in a suspicious tone.

"See here!" said Rody,—“is he below now?"

"No: he left—and very hurriedly."

"I thought as much."

"Who is he?" asked Arthur.

"Well, *señor*—sir, I mean,—I—do—not know—"

"Ye lie, ye do!" interrupted Rody.

"Rody!" exclaimed Arthur, severely.

"Och, Masther Arthur, let me dale wid me own flesh and blood! Won't ye, sir? To be sure ye will.—Now, luk here, me ould *scrobaun*. Just up and tell us all that ye know about this chap, and I'll go bail ye'll get a crock of goold for yer thrubble."

"From whom—from where?" the usurer eagerly demanded, turning from Rody to Arthur.

"From the impayrial treasury no less. Won't he, Masther Arthur?"

"I have no doubt of his being most munificently rewarded."

"Arrah, man alive, sure it's this Mazazo that nearly cotcht the Masther and me out beyant there near the say—the

murdherin' villyan! And it's him that thried to decoy the Impress; and it's him that came to the foot of Misther Bodkin's bed whin he was lyin' wid a cut in his shoulder as big as a lock in the Grand Canal, and gibed him, and—"

"Never mind, Rody," interposed Arthur. "Mr. O'Flynn, you will earn our deepest gratitude, and that of his Majesty the Emperor, I assure you, if you will assist us in capturing this desperate scoundrel,—for a more unmitigated one does not exist in all Mexico."

"It would be running a desperate risk, *señor*. He is the most dangerous man in this country to-day; and, I may tell you in confidence, I *know* he came to me by way of getting a loan, but in reality to lay plans for plundering me. Yes, I will assist you. It is safer for me to side with my own; and blood is thicker than water, any way. Now I will tell you all I know about him."

For more than an hour did the usurer unbosom himself—aye, and to the fullest measure. His hatred for Mazazo recognized no limit; and now fear had joined issue with hate, and the old man's keenest desire was to get away from the capital and from the country with his money. Never for once did he refer to his daughter. It was his hard-earned treasure that troubled him; and for the safety of that treasure he would have sacrificed anything but—money.

"We have to deal with a serpent and thief, a murderer and a desperate man; and this requires very nice handling. He has appointed to come here to-night as the cathedral clock sounds twelve; he will not come alone,—he will come with half a dozen at his heels resolved on robbery and murder. I could read it in every word and in every gesture, while I was putting down the interest of five thousand *pesos* which I was to borrow for him."

"And have you prepared to meet him?" asked Arthur.

"Yes, we have prepared as far as possi-

ble: by locking up the house and making for the coast."

"To-night?"

"To-day. Your coming alters this; for I look for a guard of soldiers,—and a strong one, mind you, Mr. Bodkin,—a *very* strong one; for Mazazo with a few desperadoes is equal to fifty—aye, a hundred ordinary soldiers."

At this moment Mary O'Flynn entered the room; she blushed a rosy red, and, hesitating, finally stopped, dropping a quaint, Old-World curtsy.

"Miss O'Flynn," said Arthur, advancing, "permit me to introduce myself. I—"

"The Bodkin of Ballyboden," answered the girl.

(To be continued.)

The Trysting-Place.

BY ENID DINNIS.

YOU came to me, no visioned form
To soothe the eye grown sore for thee,
When, as in answer to my prayer,
You spanned the space 'twixt here and there
And kept your tryst with me.

Here, in the meadow 'twixt the stiles
Which men "God's presence" strangely call;
Where, 'witched by bygone sanctities,
As ancient as the bordering trees,
'Neath Heaven's own spell we fall,—

You came: nay, you had never gone
Save but that earth-bound ways I trod!
For absence, 'tis a flesh-wrought thing,—
In heaven they know no severing,
And heaven's the thought of God.

You stood not there nor there, your form
Made plain by memory's inward eye;
Here in the place where children play,
Which men "God's presence" still this day
Would call—I wonder why?

But at the evening hour of prayer,
When pain with peace keeps tender troth,
As softly down the darkness stole,
I felt your soul within my soul
And God about us both.

The Story of a Conversion.

BY THE COUNTESS DE COURSON.

(CONCLUSION.)

IT has been said of Ernest Psichari, the young convert whose death at the beginning of the war deprived the Church of a promising apostle, that, once a Catholic, he instinctively grasped not only the great truths but the minor practices of his new-found faith. Pierre Lamouroux was the same; and his joyfulness, his complete peace of mind proved how earnest had been his search and how efficacious his prayer. Small difficulties that stand in the way of many devout but narrow-minded Catholics were dismissed by him with a good sense that looked *above* the obstacle. He admitted that his conversion had been made more difficult by his acquaintance with a "mediocre" priest. "I was wrong," he remarked. "Priests are chosen among men, not among angels; and, after all, they are only 'go betweens.'" Like all great minds, he was more prone to count the riches than the deficiencies of the family to which he now belonged; and he owned that each day his studies, his meditations, and his prayers unveiled to him new treasures in the spiritual world that he explored with admiration and gratitude.

Colored by the religious faith that satisfied all his aspirations, Pierre Lamouroux's future was now full of promise. He proposed to found among his colleagues an association of Catholic professors who would *keep* and *spread* the faith; who, by their union, would assist one another to become "better Catholics." He was full of happiness in the plans and hopes that were the outcome of his new convictions. The disappointments of the past were forgotten in the content of the present,—or, rather, they were gratefully counted as stepping-stones to a happy end. Thus Pierre appeared to his Jesuit

friend in June, 1914, only a few weeks before the war. Even his home seemed influenced by his spiritual joy. It was bathed in an atmosphere of peace; and the priest noticed that Pierre's little daughter Aimée was taught by her father to say grace before and after meals.

When the Paris schools broke up for the holidays, Lamouroux went as usual to Camy, the village in Languedoc where he was born. Here, in the church where his ancestors, believing peasants, had once prayed, he took up traditions that had been forgotten, and linked the present with the past. In that quiet country village came the summons that was so tragically to transform the young professor's life; and in the little church of Camy he offered his last prayer before starting work as a soldier.

He belonged to the 43d regiment of Colonial Infantry, which he immediately rejoined. The impression he made on his family when he left home was one of happy tranquillity. He had no natural inclination for the life of a soldier, but its higher aspects appealed to him; and at a moment of supreme trial he kept these aspects before him, and went with contented submission to meet whatever God might appoint. In his letters to his priest friend, he touches on the nobler features of the war more willingly than on its material sufferings; and, although unprepared by his career for the new duties that now fell to his share, he fulfilled them with cheerful good will, and was keenly alive to the heroic virtues that sprang into bloom under the pressure of pain and sacrifice. His men soon grew to trust and love their generous, kind-hearted chief, whose spirit breathed encouragement.

Pierre Lamouroux's military career lasted just fourteen months—from August 2, 1914, to October 3, 1915,—during which his long and numerous letters faithfully related his adventures and described his impressions. In spite of the dreary monotony of life in the trenches, he kept a wide lookout on things in general,

and was keenly interested in the moral and material well-being of his friends. Hearing that one of them was going through the same spiritual experiences that led to his own conversion, he writes to his wife his delight that X—"is on the way to the truth. . . . I will, as far as I am able, assist him to discover the right path."

With cordial delight he welcomed the arrival of a new sergeant, an agriculturist, who farmed his own bit of ground, and who, while his horses rested, used to sit down in the fields to read "*Les Pensées de Pascal*." This was a man after Pierre Lamouroux's own heart. He thus describes him to his wife: "H—is pleasant, civil, brave, and, although a peasant, well-informed, having read and reflected a great deal. He is also—this is better still—and ardent and practical Catholic. . . . He is so frank and loyal, so full of good will and good humor, that even those who do not think as he does must esteem him. . . . One thing only makes him suffer: his great pity for the sufferings of others. He endeavors to relieve them with the most delicate Christian charity."

The spiritual side of Pierre Lamouroux's character expanded in his new surroundings. He was an intellectual by his tastes, a soldier from duty; but the self-conquest that he practised to fulfil this duty brought out all that was best in his noble nature. Whenever it was possible, he was present at Mass and received Holy Communion, and he found in prayer "an inexhaustible source of confidence." His letters to his wife touch only on the brighter aspects of the war; they sound a constant note of encouragement: "Continue to be patient, resigned to the will of God. Resignation, however, is not sufficient: one must accept His will with love and gratitude. This is the best encouragement that you can give me. As long as we do this, whatever happens, we possess the better part, and God will help us. . . . The end of the trial will come, and it will bring joy. . . . Small

miseries, sadness, weary hours,—all these are little sacrifices that we are proud to suffer for the love of France and the love of God. . . . I know that your prayers accompany me always, and nothing encourages me more.”

These extracts reveal to what a height of supernatural detachment this convert schoolmaster had risen, after practising for only one year his new-found faith. Absolute conformity to the will of God supported him so powerfully that it dominated the sufferings, material and moral, of his soldier's life. He assures his wife that he can endure the trials of his lot “without the slightest feeling of interior revolt or bitterness. Are the sense of duty and the joy of sacrifice the fruits of prayer? There is something of this in the strength that supports me, and there is also the grace that God bestows so largely on us both. We shall never thank Him enough.” The death of many of his friends, however, caused him keen sorrow.

It must not be supposed that Pierre Lamouroux's home letters are colored solely by the religious thoughts that evidently filled his mind: many of them are delightfully humorous and picturesque. He gives his wife charming accounts of his trench, and describes in glowing colors its appointments and its aspect. He had the gifts of a letter writer—humor, picturesqueness, brightness,—and it is easy to read between the lines this strong man's desire to sustain the woman's courage.

To his priest friend, he speaks more openly of the weariness and danger of life in the trenches, where the thought that he is “close to God” is always present. He finds help in prayer. “During the solitude of the long winter nights,” he writes, “how often, deep in my dugout, wrapped up in my cloak and rug, I have felt far removed from the stern reality! . . . Alone in the presence of God, I draw from prayer strength, courage, and confidence. The memories upon which I dwell most willingly are those of that memorable Easter Retreat that crowned

my conversion.” He escaped from the weary present by recalling past graces, and also by looking forward to the spiritual conquests of the future. From the tremendous trial of the Great War he seems to see “the advent of a Catholic revival that will be infinitely more important in its consequences and its quality than that of the sixteenth century.”

At the end of July, 1915, Pierre Lamouroux had a few days' leave, which he passed with his wife at Camy, the southern village where he was born. He attended Mass in the old parish church, devoutly following the prayers. To his parents and his wife he showed a cheerful countenance; and his parting words were full of hope and confidence, though he had the secret conviction that he would never come back. He returned to his trenches early in August, and was received “like a father” by his men. “Let us go on hoping and praying with all our hearts,” he writes to his wife.

In September came the offensive that raised so many hopes and that, alas! cut short so many precious lives. On September 19 Lamouroux wrote that he was busy finishing his preparations, and had just heard Mass. Then, on September 30, came another letter—the last,—written during the tremendous effort made by his regiment to dislodge the enemy from its positions near Arras. The letter is short, tender, and bright. Four days afterwards, on October 3, the writer was shot through the head, while leading his men forward. “He died like a hero,” wrote Sergeant C—, close to the wood of Givenchy, not far from Vimy. It was a desperate fight. Out of two hundred and ten men only thirty-three survived; and not one officer came back.

Among the letters received by the young widow is one from Sergeant H—, whose society had been a joy to Pierre Lamouroux during many months. Their religious opinions created a strong bond between them, and H— mourns the dead hero as “the best chief and the most affectionate friend that ever was.” Another friend of

Pierre, a schoolmaster like himself, and an unbeliever such as he had been, regrets the loss of his "best friend and spiritual director." In memory of him, this sincere and earnest seeker after truth wrote to the priest whose influence had guided Lamouroux towards the fold of the great Mother. He, too, was militarized, and only by his letters could he reach the religious whose assistance he implored. After stating that he had been an anti-clerical, a Free Mason, and a revolutionist, he explained that Pierre Lamouroux had gradually won him to embrace doctrines that he now recognized as the only safe and true ones; but his friend's death had left his moral education unfinished, and he begged his priest correspondent to continue the task. "I must arrive at faith!" exclaimed this earnest soul.

The help thus asked for could not be withheld. In February, 1916, Pierre Lamouroux's convert had learned to pray. The following question addressed to his clerical friend proves that this neophyte had even grasped the secret of mental prayer: "Is not prayer an intimate communing of the soul with God,—a secret outpouring, without any reticence?" In his intervals of leisure he read the books recommended by his spiritual guide, and by prayer and meditation prepared to be reconciled to the Church. On the eve of an attack, a few months back, he went to confession and received Holy Communion; and then, in his new-found peace, he penned lines that Pierre Lamouroux would not have disowned: "You may judge of my joy! I am quite calm; and, as you told me, I have found peace. I can now look forward with entire confidence to the evil days that are coming. I am persuaded that the event most detrimental to me, from a material standpoint, will, if it occurs, procure me eternal peace."

This schoolmaster-soldier has, so far, escaped the fate that his new-found faith enabled him to face with such absolute detachment. He lives, and may, we hope, in the future continue his friend's work.

He and his "spiritual director," Pierre Lamouroux, belong to a class of Frenchmen difficult to influence for many reasons, and among whom conversions to Catholicism are comparatively rare. They are of humble origin; they have acquired an instruction above their condition; but their moral training is generally null. They have been fed on the empty theories (all the more dangerous because of their deceptive generosity) that made Pierre Lamouroux an anarchist until his personal experience pointed out their falsehood.

The young men trained to be schoolmasters by the godless French University represent a tremendous force. To their hands are committed the children of the people, whose souls are moulded and shaped by them. Hence the interest that is attached to conversions like the one we have just related. The anxieties and questionings of Lamouroux and his friends are hopeful symptoms, that point, we are told, to a more general evolution among the men of their class and profession.

The war has cut short many promising lives among the French "intellectuals." Poets like Peguys, writers like Psichari, professors like Lamouroux—educated men who, being converts, were better able to influence the younger generation of their countrymen,—have fallen in battle. The Church, that counted on their brilliant service, is no doubt the poorer for their loss; but the dogma of the Communion of Saints reminds us of the mysterious but certain links that bind the Church Militant to the Church Triumphant, and thereby brings light and consolation into the void created by their disappearance. These ardent spirits, who are now, we devoutly hope, safe with God, can not be less solicitous than they were on earth for the building up of a new and better France; and we may safely count that their assistance will not fail the builders of the future.

A GOOD teacher is always the best of pupils.—*Anon.*

The Royal Monastery of Valparaiso.*

IN an olden chronicle we are told of the illustrious Doña Ines de Pontevédra, who lived long years ago in the beautiful land of Andalusia. The mother of the governor of the "Donceles," Don Martin Fernandez de Cordoba, she was one of those rare women whose lives are devoted to prayer and deeds of charity. Like all who think wisely, Doña Ines constantly aspired to the joys of heaven. Eager to attain this greatly desired happiness, she donated to Fray Vasco de Sousa the splendid lands which she possessed in the most fertile part of the mountains of Cordoba. "Valparaiso" (Valley of Paradise) was the melodious name bestowed upon this land,—a title won, no doubt, through the charm of its landscape and the fertility of its soil, which produced fruit and flowers in great abundance.

In the year 1405, Fray Vasco de Sousa and his devoted companions, the monks of St. Jerome, took possession of this lovely land. In a short space of time, aided by prayer and charitable works, De Sousa succeeded in erecting here a monastery, the stones of which are even to-day venerated by lovers of historic art. Throughout Cordoba and among the neighboring provinces, a genuine interest was awakened in this establishment. Donations, gifts, and ex-votos were showered upon it. It was frequently chosen as a place of retirement and meditation. Gradually enlarged and enriched, it won recognition as one of the foremost among the many magnificent edifices which do honor to the architectural history of Spain.

No doubt the industrious monks, in the construction of their edifice, made excellent use of the ruins of other monasteries of still earlier times, which existed within the environment of Valparaiso. Certain it is that these humble servants of God obtained from the city of Cordoba

permission to collect and employ in the erection of the new monastery material from the ancient palace of Medina Zahara,—a fact which plausibly explains the vestiges of Arabian architecture discovered, after a long lapse of time, in the construction of the Valparaiso edifice. A notable specimen of this type of Arabian art is a bronze fawn, adorning the court of columns in the monastery. In the passing of the centuries, various extensions were naturally added to the original buildings; but extreme care was always maintained to preserve a true, artistic proportion.

Many mechanical marvels, too, were accomplished by these monks in the building of the monastery,—the principal of which, perhaps, was a labyrinth of bronze and clay pipes, serving as a conduit for the curative waters of adjacent springs; while still another of their praiseworthy achievements was a device which controlled and diverted the course of a neighboring mountain torrent that at times threatened the foundation of the monastic edifice.

Until the year 1912, however, when the Marquis de Merito came into its possession, the monastery remained in that lamentable state of abandon and dissolution which during the lapse of the centuries had befallen it, and many other similar edifices in Spain. Although numerous restorations have been made in this beautiful monastery, the nave of the church proper is still roofless. But the side walls have been made secure, and the altar—an exquisite single slab of pink marble—has been remodelled. Underneath this altar runs an ornate border, embellished by a Cardinal's hat surmounting a shield, which bears the three bars of Cordoba and the emblematic lion of the Order of St. Jerome.

Entering through the main door into the church, which in the olden days was used as a cemetery by the monks, one notices a slab bearing the date 1540. But the church itself is of a later period, having been erected (according to an

* From the Spanish, for THE AVE MARIA, by U. S. M.

inscription found upon an ancient tombstone there) in 1740. An exquisite screen made from the iron grating taken from the Palace of Oñate, in Madrid, divides the church; while the cloister, restored with nice exactitude of detail, also displays, in the tiles which adorn it, some few vestiges of the original design.

Particularly conspicuous for artistic worth, however, are the domes of the chapter house and the adjoining building which formed the library. In the immense hall of this latter building—the hall which was sometimes called “*De Profundis*,” and as frequently designated “*In Pace*,”—it was the pious custom of the monks to gather and recite in unison their orisons for the dead.

Splendidly true also in its restoration to the model of the sixteenth century is the refectory of this ancient monastery, with its noble walnut table, and its great benches extending the entire length of the vast hall. Within this lofty room is preserved a painting, by Peñalosa, of “*The Last Supper*.” Painted in the monastery in the year 1613, this work was originally intended to adorn the convent of the Friars of St. Francis de Paul de Cordoba. After a considerable lapse of time, however, it became private property, and eventually came into possession of the present owners of Valparaiso, who fittingly bestowed it upon the monastery within whose quiet walls, centuries before, it had been executed. Among the many architectural beauties of this oldtime edifice, however, the south façade, it must be conceded, preserves the greatest excellence. Severe and elegant in outline, it resembles in numerous details the famous Italian convent of Assisi.

Numerous quaint tombstones of ancient date abound in this interesting monastery of the “*Jeronimos*.” One of these, to be seen in the Chapel of the Annunciation, is inscribed to the memory of Fray Vasco de Sousa, the worthy founder of the institution; while still another bears the name of Dr. Antonio de Morales,

with a dedication by his son, the famous historian, who was at one time a novice of the Order. Upon the walls and inner arches of the edifice have been found other ancient inscriptions, which play an important part in the reconstruction of the buildings,—serving as they do accurately to fix the exact date of the foundation of the monastic residence. But, owing to the constant labor of restoration being enacted at the present time, the edifice will soon lose altogether its pathetic aspect of abandon, and will shine forth once more in all its former splendor.

Innumerable beauties lie here still to be discovered and deciphered by all lovers of the antique and the artistic. In the great halls and under the deserted arcades of the time-stained cloisters, one may evoke the figures of the pious monks, who lived out their holy lives in those mystical and heroic yester-years,—those austere men of God, who received from the gentle Doña Ines de Pontevédra the gift of ground upon which they built their home and their sepulchre.

Yet, above all other interests, the greatest significance of this olden edifice lies in its fragrant memories. Within its pleasant solitude the Catholic Queen Isabella prayed and meditated; here she pondered upon, and prepared for, her expedition against Granada; here she brought her trophies of conquest when, above the pagan walls of the Alhambra, the victorious Christian hosts had raised the glorious standards of the Cross.

Other royal personages, too, at various times sought shelter within these monastic walls. Charles I., Phillip II., and Charles IV. were among its imperial visitors; while the great Christopher Columbus found in the enveloping peace of Valparaiso the quietude which he so ardently craved in his perturbation and anxiety of mind.

History connects also, in a touching little incident, the name of the illustrious Gonzalo de Cordoba with the *Jeronimos* monastery. When the “*great Captain*,”

as Gonzalo was called, was but seventeen years of age and had not as yet begun to dream of military laurels, he sought refuge and consolation here for an unhappy affair of the heart. The youth, destined one day to gird himself for the triumphs of the battlefield, desired, while in his melancholy frame of mind, to don the habit of St. Jerome. But the good prior of the Order, inspired by a prophetic revelation, sent the young Gonzalo back to the world he had fled, saying kindly to him: "Go, and may God be with you, my son! He has reserved you for a great undertaking."

Many other anecdotes might be related of this historic old establishment. Indeed, the story of the last few days of the life of the founder, Fray Vasco de Sousa, is replete with instructive interest and reads like a page from a sacred book. This humble man had foreknowledge of his approaching death at the great age of one hundred and twelve years. With sweet serenity of spirit he announced to his community the exact moment at which his demise would occur, saying that his father, St. Jerome, had made it known to him. The truth of his words was later proved beyond dispute. He passed to his eternal life exactly as he had predicted, and the certainty of his revelation was confirmed by the testimony of his companions.

For an astounding length of time the body of this saintly man resisted the decay of death, while the monks marvelled exceedingly at the miracles wrought in his name. He was indeed deemed worthy of canonization by the good Bishop of Cordoba, whose efforts to accomplish this high honor to the memory of De Sousa were, however, sadly ended by his own death. But the title "Venerable" was bestowed upon Fray Vasco de Sousa; and his name, revered for its piety, is even to this day a glory of the Order of St. Jerome.

It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the Cordoban Monastery, founded by so devout and holy a man, became in the Middle Ages an ideal refuge from a world of sin and care. Ever propitious

to deep peace and meditation, it is, even in the present materialistic day, visited with reverence by lovers of history and of art. Its dismantled walls, its solitary rooms and dreamy cloisters, which now softly reflect the dazzling light of day, still impart a sense of beauty and of holiness. Under a sky of sapphire blue, against a background of laurel and of myrtle trees, enveloped in an atmosphere that is ever sweet with the scent of jasmine and of orange flowers, this historic monastery even yet, amid its ruin, stirs one's soul to an abiding peace with God.

Silhouettes.

WE are all acquainted with the quaint portraits called silhouettes, but the way that they came by their name is not so well known. So long ago as when Louis V. was King of France, his chief minister was the Marquis Etienne de Silhout. When he took charge of the finances of the country he found them in dire confusion, and at once set to work to evolve some sort of order out of the almost hopeless chaos. But his efforts were of no use, and cutting down expenses did not seem to have the slightest effect upon the fearful drain that was threatening to make the kingdom bankrupt.

Finally, after a courageous struggle of eight months, he tendered his resignation and retired from public life. But before he withdrew from his position, some witty and clever fellow cut a profile portrait of the Marquis out of black paper, and exhibited it in a prominent show window. Crowds flocked to see it, and some one said: "Let us name this sort of portrait after the Marquis; for it is black as his seal and empty as his treasury." The people took up the idea with alacrity, and ever since then similar representations of the human face have been called silhouettes. Thus the Marquis gained a little place in history, although he won no credit in managing the treasury of France.

The Gifts of the Holy Ghost.

THE joyous festival of Pentecost, or Whit-Sunday, has appropriately been styled the birthday of the Church. The foundations of the Church were, of course, laid by Christ when, in the course of His public life, He gathered about Him a number of disciples, chose twelve from among them to preside over the rest, and appointed one in particular to be the head of all. Yet in a certain intelligible sense, the organic life of the Church may be said to date from the descent of the Holy Ghost upon the Apostles, the great and comforting mystery of Pentecost.

That the feast has ever been considered one of primary importance, ranking in grandeur and solemnity with Christmas and Easter, is evident from the testimony of ecclesiastical writers all through the successive centuries of the Christian era. Eusebius (264-349), sometimes called "The Father of Church History," institutes a species of comparison between the festival of Our Lord's Resurrection and the Pentecostal Day, and does not hesitate to proclaim the pre-eminence of the latter. "We prepare for the festival of Easter," he says, "by forty days of fasting, and we dispose ourselves for Pentecost by fifty days of a holy gladness. At Easter, baptism is received; at Pentecost, the Holy Ghost is received, and this is the perfection of baptism. The Resurrection of Jesus Christ strengthened the Apostles; it was Pentecost that perfected their charity and made them invincible. On this day the Holy Ghost was given to the Church with all the fulness needed to subjugate the whole world. Wherefore, I regard Pentecost as the greatest of festivals."

Whether or not we adopt this opinion of Eusebius, we must at least recognize that Whit-Sunday is a feast-day eminently worthy of our best efforts to celebrate it with a heartiness and a fervor thoroughly

in unison with the spirit of the sacred liturgy. It is peculiarly the festival of the Third Person of the Holy Trinity, the Paraclete and Comforter, whom Christ promised to send to His Apostles; and since it is to this same Paraclete, the Holy Ghost, that each of us owes all of good that is in us, we may well honor His special day with unwonted thanksgiving and joy. While a review of the struggles and triumphs of Holy Church since her natal day when "parted tongues, as it were of fire" sat upon each of the Apostles, "and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost," would doubtless prove an appropriate theme for Pentecostal meditation, perhaps a more practically useful subject for our personal consideration is the measure in which, not the Apostles but our individual selves have received the gifts of the Spirit of Truth.

The Holy Ghost is the fountain of all good, so that we owe to Him not only some but all graces,—not merely a certain number of benefits but the totality of our gifts. Sacred Scripture, nevertheless, enumerates seven specific gifts as being peculiarly ascribable to God the Holy Ghost. We find them named in that passage of Isaiah in which, speaking of Christ the incarnate Son of God, the Prophet says: "And the Spirit of the Lord shall rest upon Him: the spirit of wisdom and of understanding, the spirit of counsel and of fortitude, the spirit of knowledge and godliness. And he shall be filled with the spirit of the fear of the Lord."

These seven gifts, or seven virtues of the soul, are given to all who have sanctifying grace. We received them in baptism, and they were increased in us when we were confirmed. They become strengthened and intensified as one advances in perfection; but, alas! they are lost by mortal sin; and it accordingly behooves whoever is at enmity with God to make a supreme effort to recover these virtues, since, lacking them, one will inevitably find life mere weariness and vexa-

tion of spirit, and death a woe unutterable. A word or two of explanation as to these gifts of the Holy Ghost may be so far useful as to animate us to praise and glorify the Divine Giver, and so dispose us to pray fervently for a fuller measure of each of the seven.

Four of the gifts of the Holy Spirit have for object the enlightenment of the understanding, using that word in its broadest sense,—the knowing power in general. The gift of wisdom enables us to recognize the genuine emptiness of earthly things and to regard God as our greatest good. He who possesses it knows for a certainty that sin is the greatest evil in life, or, rather, the only thing in life that really deserves the name of evil; and hence he resolves to shun it everywhere and always. The gift of understanding, specifically considered, consists in a certain illumination of the Holy Ghost “whereby we are enabled to look deeply into the mysteries of our faith, and to understand them better than the wise and learned of the world”; or, as Spirago puts it, “it enables us to distinguish Catholic teaching from all other doctrine, and to rest in it.” The gift of knowledge aids us in obtaining a clear grasp of the teaching of the Church without any special or profound study. By its means we are “led into the mysteries of religion, and at the same time enabled to lead others into them.” As for the gift of counsel, it consists in our being so enlightened by the Holy Ghost that, under difficult circumstances and in doubtful cases, we know what is good and expedient for us to do,—in other words, know what is God’s will. The presence of these four gifts in the poor, the lowly, and the illiterate is the true explanation of many an astonishing fact in everyday life, where the uninstructed so often hold juster views and give sounder advice in matters spiritual than do accomplished scholars and pretentious philosophers.

The three remaining gifts are designed

to strengthen the will. Fortitude “enables us to bear courageously whatever is necessary in carrying out God’s will.” It is an extraordinary strength, which sustains us in violent temptations, in heavy sufferings, and in situations where God requires of us costly sacrifices. Godliness, or piety, is a gift that helps us to make continued efforts to honor God more and more in our hearts, and to be careful not only to avoid offending Him but to augment our love for Him from day to day. Finally, fear of the Lord causes us to dread giving offence to God more than all the so-called evils of the world. Even servile fear—that generated by the thought of punishment consequent upon transgression—is good and is a gift of God, as we learn from the Catechism of the Council of Trent; but the seventh gift of the Holy Ghost is rather the filial fear of loving children intent upon shunning everything that might displease the kindest and best of Fathers.

The reception of all these inestimable gifts is practically dependent upon ourselves. By purifying our souls in the salutary waters of penance, we shall receive at least the germs of each; and our persevering prayers will infallibly bring about a beneficent development that will transform our homely, commonplace, unlovely lives into things of beauty in the sight of God and His angels. To this end let us imitate and invoke the Blessed Virgin, who was in the company of the Apostles when they received the Holy Ghost. She was an example of fervor and perseverance to them. Through her merits and prayers Almighty God poured forth the Holy Spirit more abundantly, and on account of her humility and sinlessness she received His gifts in fullest measure. She ceases not to pray for us, that we also may share them. Pentecost should live in our memories, not only as the birthday of the Church, but as the happy date of our own soul’s birth into a new and fuller life of union with the Spirit of Truth, the Holy Ghost.

Notes and Remarks.

No weightier words on any subject have been uttered in the United States Senate during the month than those of Senator Lodge in reference to the abdication of the powers and functions of the Congress. "The idea is spreading," he declared, "that the functions of the Congress are simply to serve as the vehicle for the enactment into law of whatever the executive branch of the Government may formulate into a legislative proposition. This idea has grown in the minds of some persons to the extent that all that is necessary to be done is for a measure to be framed by some very excellent gentlemen, perhaps only a very short while holding a position of executive authority, and for us to receive it, read it, and pass it without discussion or amendment. Our functions are clearly defined under the Constitution, and we should be in the last degree recreant to our duty to the people who have elected us if we did not discuss, analyze and amend measures as they come to us for consideration."

Considering that the demands upon Senators and Congressmen for the abdication of the powers vested in them by the Constitution are made by the President and members of his Cabinet, it was high time for protest. In upholding the legislative branch of the Government and opposing the present tendency of the Administration to usurp the powers and functions of the Congress of the United States, Senator Lodge was only following the lead of Lincoln, who said in a speech delivered at Pittsburgh in Feb., 1861: "By the Constitution, the Executive may recommend measures which he may think proper, and he may veto those he thinks improper, and it is supposed that he may add to these certain indirect influences to affect the action of Congress. My political education strongly inclines me against a very free use of any of these

means by the Executive to control the legislation of the country. As a rule, I think it better that Congress should originate as well as perfect its measures without external bias."

It was plainly to guard against the most monstrous of all autocratic oppressions—the involving of people in war and their consequent impoverishment—that the framers of our Constitution determined to restrain the Chief Executive from expressly or impliedly seizing and exercising the permanent legislative functions of the Government.

"We must get back to God," is the gist of an admirable Pastoral on the War by Bishop Chartrand of the diocese of Indianapolis. With a brevity and point that does credit to "literary" Indiana, he delivers his message. Speaking of our allegiance to the Church, he points out in passing that it does not conflict with loyalty to our country. On the contrary, the Bishop observes "the story of this terrible war is surely the complete and final answer to any doubt on this matter, by whomsoever entertained. Catholics in these many and different countries are fighting nobly for their native land, and, at the same time they are one, one in that unique unity of the world, one in the Faith, one in the victory which overcometh the world, our Faith, the Faith of ages. Consequently, it is not necessary for me to urge Catholics to be patriotic. Good Catholics can not be otherwise, because patriotism is a duty, a duty to justice, a duty to gratitude. Duty to our country is duty to God, for all authority comes from God. This is the sacred doctrine which the Church teaches in regard to civil authority. This is the sacred doctrine which we preach in season and out of season, which, day after day, we inculcate into the minds of a million and a half of children in our parochial schools, the country over. The constant teaching of this sacred doctrine of reverence, obedience, and loyalty to civil authority, surely makes our schools,

schools of patriotism by eminence; surely makes our schools the very support, the very strength, the very stability of those principles upon which rests the Constitution of our Republic."

The effects of this training are already manifest: throughout the country, as enlistment records show, our Catholic young men have done credit to the spirit of the parochial schools.

It is unusual to find such a passage as the following in an actual "best-seller," but the excerpt is genuine. A minister, in one of the present-day popular successes, contemplating marriage, remarks in defence of his forsaking celibacy, "I *am* nothing but a man"; and is told by one of his parishioners:

Oh, no, Arthur, you're a good deal more than a man, as men are known to us! To a lot of us you've been the guide going on before the climber. . . . You're one of the men—there have been a good many of them in the world at one time or another—who come to us as interpreters of a life purer than our own. The minute you marry you come down into our life; and when you do you can't help us any more. . . . You wouldn't find the largest churches of East and West making it [clerical celibacy] an essential if it didn't respond to a demand within the human heart. When you've said all you can for marriage, it remains physical, material, of the earth earthy, and good enough only for the common man. I've often thought that a large part of the flabbiness of Protestantism, and of its economic wastefulness, comes from the fact that we've so few guides going on above us, and a lot of blind leaders of the blind struggling along in the mass.

The parishioner misunderstands and degrades the great Sacrament of Christian marriage in describing it as of the "earth earthy," but the concept of Holy Orders is, on the other hand, high.

Popular eloquence has been defined as "vehement simplicity." Just what constitutes this vehement simplicity is a matter open, of course, to various interpretations; but it will be generally conceded that the truly eloquent speaker is he who succeeds in achieving his desired

purpose, whether that purpose be to entertain, to instruct, to convince, or to persuade. The orator who compels his hearers to agree with his views or to take the action which he wishes them to take is, essentially, and for all practical purposes, a really eloquent speaker. It does not necessarily follow that he is invariably a polished or elegant turner of phrases, or that he rigorously excludes from his platform vocabulary colloquial expressions or even an occasional bit of effective slang. He adapts himself and his language to the actualities of the occasion, and utilizes such munitions of his oratorical equipment as will best serve his purpose. A case in point is interestingly treated in the current *Columbiad*, in which Mr. C. P. Connolly, writing of Mr. Joseph Scott, disposes of a possible misconception on the part of some of that gentleman's audiences. To quote:

Scott thumps out his eloquence with such force and home-speaking and with such disregard for conventionalities that some people are inclined to think he is a raw, breezy Westerner fresh from the California diggings. Alas for the fallibility of human judgment! Scott is one of the best polished diamonds ever turned out of the famous Ushaw College of England. He took the gold medal in his class there. For three and a half years he taught rhetoric and English literature at St. Bonaventure's College, Alleghany, N. Y. He has the LL. D. degree from St. Bonaventure's, from Santa Clara, and from Notre Dame.

Magniloquent promise and meagre performance is a sequence common enough among the braggarts of all lands, and not at all rare in this republic of ours, home of big things of every kind, adjectives included. In the domain of politics, civil service, municipal government, education, sociology, or any one of a dozen other activities, experience proves that the most elaborately drawn programmes of what quasi-reformers purpose to accomplish not infrequently dwindle to a pitiful residue of actual achievement. Even when the promisers are both sincere in their utterances and resolute in their endeavors

to supplement their words by works, they are apt to discover that in every sphere of life the most logical and admirable theories are likely to suffer considerable abrasion, if not mutilation, in the process of their reduction to practice. Even when sincere, we say; for very often the promisers are insincere. They mistake their admiration of a certain line of conduct for an effective will to follow that line; their desire for it is mere velleity, that lowest kind of volition, which does not at all prompt to action. Hence the failure of so many of our "new brooms" in various spheres of activity to better conditions which they so strenuously vowed they would "sweep clean." This discrepancy between promise and performance is akin to the notable difference between what many men *could* do (in their own opinion) if they only would, and what they actually accomplish. A man may intelligibly and more or less congruously claim to be able to do what he has already done; but to boast of his ability to achieve a heretofore unperformed task "if I only felt like it" is the cheapest sort of braggadocio. The really efficient man is, as a rule, a modest individual who "does things" and refrains from talking about them; the inefficient man talks of what big things he *could* do—and refrains from doing them.

English speaking Catholics the world over share with their brethren of Australia the grief evoked by the death of the Most Rev. Thomas Joseph Carr, Archbishop of Melbourne. Born in Ireland in 1840, the late prelate served in his native land as professor at Maynooth College, editor of the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, and Bishop of Galway, before Rome transferred him to the archiepiscopal See of Melbourne in 1886. During the three decades of his tenure of that important position, Archbishop Carr more than fulfilled the by no means modest expectations engendered by his appointment. Within a decade of his arrival he had com-

pleted St. Patrick's Cathedral, developed the Catholic school system to a most gratifying extent, multiplied charitable institutions, established scores of new parishes, etc. The deceased prelate was not only an administrator of exceptional ability, but an author of distinction. A volume of his lectures and polemical letters, published a few years ago, revealed the scope of his scholarship and the literary quality of his style. A successful upbuilder of the Church in Australia, he fought the good fight for almost fourscore years. *R. I. P.*

Word-mongers of the future who will be chiefly interested to record what was said about current events by present-day writers, ignoring causes in their perusal of documents, and psychological forces in their search for contemporary opinions, and, of course, calling their productions history, will surely be puzzled as to the meaning of many passages of the circulars issued by the Comité Catholique de Propagande Française à l'Étranger. The latest of these documents contains the following paragraph, which is reproduced verbatim and literatim:

The really infernal struggle which has immobilised on the Yser, and at what price the German advance on Calais has been fertile in heroic incidents that historians themselves will always ignore, so many obscure sacrifices having contributed to paralyse at last the mad attack. Belgium has seen unfolded these scenes of the war, these pictures of the front which the ancient Deputy Charles Danielou has noted for the use of civilians that do not know the zone of the armies, in his short treatise of *the Yser à l'Argonne*. It has greeted the marvellous deed of the Fusilliers marins of France, the Britannic endurance, the cooperation of the variegated armies of Indians or Balak that cause so much grief to Germany, unable to understand how much these Barbarians are less inhuman than Bernhardt's disciples, ristorian of the War "atrocious and short." She continues to hear the canon of the line of trenches that preserve its last strip; she waits under the boot, but animated by the an captive and intrepid voice of his great cardinal of Malines, the end of the trial, long to come but sure and unavoidable, as the arrival of justice slow, tardive

and yet certain. And in their Field of the Dead strewn dy so many tombs where rest, in the expectation of reparation and triumph, those who slumber, their work ended, the oppressed suffer hope, but are sure of the morrow. They know, them also hou much is true the writing down thought by the officier *Hainrich* in the pocket-book on the War published by Henry Frichet.

This paragraph will perhaps furnish an interesting footnote for some future historian, like certain bits of Luther's table-talk which none of his biographers venture to translate. One of the latest of them, Dr. Preserved Smith, writes: "No amount of precedent can excuse the disgusting things he said about, etc."; and in a footnote: "These are quite unquotable, but are sufficiently numerous to be easily found in the originals."

"Where are the Guardians of Liberty and the Knights of Luther?" The question is easily answered. Now that our country is at war, the members of these cockroach organizations, as Mr. Taft called them, have gone into hiding and ceased to attack Catholic citizens, feeling sure that in present circumstances the Government would not permit them to continue their campaign of vilification. But when the war is over, these worthies will be sure to renew operations, and it is unlikely that for doing so the use of the mails will be refused them. Meantime Catholics will show yet again what kind of Americans they are, and become, it is to be hoped, so influential as to render constant protestation of their loyalty entirely superfluous, and powerful enough to secure every right to which the Constitution of their country entitles them.

In the course of an interesting and informative paper on the Church in England and Ireland, Mr. Hugh Law, a prominent member of the Irish Parliamentary Party, writes thus appreciatively of Newman:

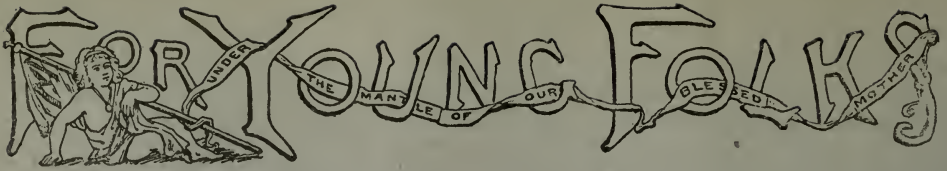
If he was with us, with what insight and inspired imagination, with what grave, noble eloquence would he tell that other part of the story which is concerned not with Acts of

Parliament, but with the spiritual life of his nation! One thing, however, we may be sure he would not tell us: how profoundly his sermons and his writings, above all his saintly life and example, have, even to this day, affected the thought of England. To him and to his great contemporary, Cardinal Manning, it was given, each in his own way, to win from their countrymen in the teeth of ingrained prejudices, first respect, then veneration, lastly affection for the hitherto despised and hated figure of the Catholic priest. Nor have their successors in high ecclesiastical places lost the sympathies thus won.

The truth of the foregoing assertion has been made abundantly evident in a hundred and one instances occurring during the past decade or two, and is patent in the from-day-to-day history of our times. Equally true, it would appear, is this other statement of Mr. Law's:

The English Catholic, whether priest or layman, no longer feels himself at the smallest disadvantage, political, economic, or social. On the contrary, he is conscious of being in a community which respects him all the more because of his faith. With the general slackening of religious sanctions among all Protestant bodies, the grandeur of Catholic discipline has become the more manifest. The Church is seen to be, indeed, built upon a rock, safe and untouched by the floods which are submerging all else. Outside her communion, many devout men and women, perplexed but honest seekers after truth, look with a kindly envy towards those for whom the Church is still a visible form, a speaking voice.

The suggestion of a companion song to "I Didn't Raise my Boy to be a Soldier," to be entitled "I Didn't Raise my Girl to be a Mother," is proof of the lowering of patriotic and moral standards. The suggestion is infamous, though intended, perhaps, to be only sarcastic, and to intimate that both songs would appeal to the same class of mothers. Military training, if only to save the rising generation of American boys from mollycoddleism, is a national necessity. And some means ought to be found to impress American girls with the idea that motherhood is a high vocation, disregard of which, besides being a violation of the law of God and man, would be the ruin of our great Republic.



Just a Homely Dog.

BY ARTHUR BARRY.

UNCLE PARENT was an old woodcutter who had taken up his residence in a high and roomy grotto situated in the depths of a wood near Bar-le-Duc, and belonging to Madame Sommes, widow of a notary public. "Uncle," by the way, was a term of affection or good nature bestowed on the old man by the community generally, and did not imply that he had any nephews or nieces. As a matter of fact, he had no relatives living, and no special friends either, if we except his sole companion, Finaud, a homely, if intelligent, cross between a St. Bernard and a Newfoundland.

More than once or twice officious acquaintances had spoken to Madame Sommes about the old fellow who had "squatted" on her property, occupying it with no thought of paying her any rent therefor.

"Without being aware of it perhaps, Madame, you are harboring some old rascal."

"I know,—I know!" she would reply. "But, in the first place, Uncle Parent is anything but a rascal. I have made all due inquiries about him, and am quite satisfied that he is thoroughly deserving. He is honest, an excellent workman, and no doubt would endeavor to pay me for his occupation of my grotto did I insist upon it. Age has come upon him,—he is more than seventy-five: that's his only fault. In the second place, it does not inconvenience me in the slightest that he should live as a hermit in my woods, especially as I never set foot there myself. All I ask of Uncle Parent—or, rather,

all I have got him to promise to Monsieur Marchal, my agent—is that he won't light any fire outside the grotto."

The very embodiment of Christian charity and generosity, Madame Sommes' constant business was to do as much good as possible to her neighbors. Of unusually short stature and very stout, she walked with difficulty, which accounted for her never visiting the grotto in the woods.

Near those woods, Monsieur Marchal, the agent, owned a cottage with a garden; and there during the holidays my Aunt Victorine used to take me and Marie Marchal to spend the afternoon. Thus we came to know, by sight at least, Uncle Parent, "the hermit," as we christened him, who lived in the grotto with no other companion than Finaud, the dog of which we have spoken. Finaud was an extraordinary dog; but he would not be eligible for the beauty prize at any dog-show. He was big and black, with a shaggy coat of hair that needed washing and combing,—as, for that matter, did the hair and beard of his master. The animal was not very young; he looked, indeed, rather old and tired, although the intelligence and vivacity of his eye and the activity of his movements seemed to promise years of service to be rendered yet.

Every morning Finaud left the grotto and went to town in search of provisions, which consisted generally, and exclusively, of tobacco and bread. As Ferry's grocery was away at the farthest end of the main street, he began by going there. Entering, he went over to the counter, put both forepaws upon it, and waited without barking, standing with his nose high in the air, until he was served,—that is, until the clerk took two pennies out of the little bag he carried around his neck, and put into the bag instead the little paper of fresh tobacco.

From the grocery Finaud proceeded to the bakery, where he went through the same performance, except that there he had no money to pay out, as the woodcutter personally settled for his bread once a week. And it would not do for Uncle Parent to drop or forget in the shop the leathern purse which served him as bank. He had dropped it on the floor one day, and Finaud would not allow him to leave the place until, by barking and then seizing the old man's trouser-leg, he had called his attention to the purse.

Having often accompanied his master to the store of Monsieur Perardel, the wood merchant on Chavee Street, and having noticed how one managed to get the door opened by pulling a knob (ringing the bell), Finaud concluded that he might do that job himself. Accordingly, one day he approached the door, stood up on his hind legs, stretched himself to his full height, and grasping the knob in his teeth, gave it so vigorous a pull that the bell inside jangled loud enough for a fire alarm.

On one occasion, when this Monsieur Perardel had driven out to the woods to look after some timber he had purchased, and had left his horse and buggy standing in the road, the horse, exasperated by the flies, suddenly ran away at full speed. He was in imminent danger of breaking his legs and ruining the buggy by tumbling, at the first turn, into the deep ditch which bordered the road; and accordingly his owner and the woodcutters started in hot haste after the frightened animal, shouting "Whoa!—whoa!" till they were all out of breath. In the meantime Finaud had seen the flight, and he was soon among the pursuers. In a few minutes he had outrun all the men and was rapidly gaining on the horse. Another few minutes, and he had reached the animal's head. With a determined leap, he caught the bridle in his teeth and hung on with such tenacity that the horse had to stop altogether.

Another of Finaud's accomplishments was the killing of snakes. He would seize

them in his teeth, toss them into the air at once, seize them again when they fell back to the ground, and continue this performance until they were stupefied; and he delivered his tossings so quickly that they never had a chance to sting him. In the Massonges forest, one day, he had thus saved from certain death a charecoal-burner's little daughter, who was just on the point of being attacked by a venomous reptile. The fact is that at Bar-le-Duc they were always telling of the wonderful things that were being done by this decidedly homely but most intelligent dog, who could, according to common report, "do everything but speak."

One afternoon, as Aunt Victorine, Marie Marchal, and I were passing Madame Sommes' house, she tapped at the window, and then, opening it, asked my aunt to bring her the news of Uncle Parent.

"They say he is very sick," she said. "I got the Little Sisters to take him some soup and wine; but it is impossible for us to look after him while he is at such a distance. If you can persuade him to go to the hospital, I'll have a carriage sent to bring him there. We can't leave him at the grotto alone."

Aunt Victorine promised Madame Sommes to take her message, and that was how we came to enter the "hermit's" grotto. He was lying stretched out on a bed of branches and rushes, shivering, despite the warm weather, under a bundle of quilts; while his dog, sitting at his feet, seemed to be watching him, as if awaiting orders. Just as though he recognized friends in the visitors, Finaud got up without growling and came towards us, wagging his tail.

"Good-day, Uncle Parent!" said Aunt Victorine. "I am come to learn how you are. It's your landlady who sent me,—Madame Sommes, you know, on whose property you are living."

"I thank her very much," stammered the poor man. "I have not the honor of—knowing her whom you call my landlady. But she is a very good lady. She sent me

the day before yesterday those provisions you see there."

He looked as he spoke towards a corner of the grotto where some bottles and packages were arranged on a kind of shelf.

"But I can't eat," he continued. "I have no appetite for anything. Even tobacco is no longer to my taste."

"It isn't easy to have the doctor come away up here to see you and give you his attention," replied my aunt. "You'd be better off, a thousand times better off, at the hospital."

"I know that—yes—"

"Madame Sommes offers to send a carriage for you."

"No, no! It isn't possible."

"And why not?"

"Because — because — I'll tell you, Madam." (Uncle Parent did not know that, despite her forty years, Aunt Victorine was not married, and ought to be called "Mademoiselle.") "Because if they took me to the hospital, what would become of my dog, my good Finaud? They wouldn't want him at the hospital, would they? So—"

Aunt Victorine said nothing, knowing quite well that, in truth, the hospital authorities would not admit the dog, no matter how wonderfully intelligent he might be.

"And so I say, no. I prefer to remain here alone with him."

And, just as if he understood that his old master was speaking of him, and proclaiming the strong affection that bound them one to the other, Finaud went over to him and gently licked his hand.

"You see! He hears me, and he knows very well what I am saying, you may be sure. No, Madam,—no; not for the whole world will I consent to be parted from my Finaud, or abandon him. No, no, never! You will please give my thanks to the lady in whose woods I have planted myself without asking her permission, and who has tolerated my presence here. It's a sure thing that if all her tenants were

like me she wouldn't soon grow rich. You will tell her how grateful I am, will you not, Madam?"

"I shall not fail to do so, I promise you."

"But as for going to the hospital and leaving my dog, I simply can't."

"But," said my aunt, "if your illness grows worse and your sufferings increase?"

"I'd suffer more from my separation from Finaud than from my illness. To say nothing of the suffering I'd cause him."

Aunt Victorine did not insist any further, and we came away.

A week later, as Monsieur Marchal approached his cottage one morning, he saw the dog running towards him, barking loudly. Having attracted his attention, Finaud ran back a short distance, turning his head around to see if he was being followed; then came back and retired again in the same way. It was impossible to say more clearly: "Come on,—follow me."

Monsieur Marchal understood at once that something out of the ordinary had occurred, and so, guided by Finaud, immediately made his way to the grotto. On arriving, he found the poor old man lying dead on his couch of rushes. Only death had been able to separate him from his beloved companion.

What became of Finaud after the death of his master? Monsieur Marchal asked nothing better than to take care of him, assuring the faithful animal a soft couch and good living; but Finaud had disappeared. Some people said that the dog had betaken himself to a band of woodcutters of his acquaintance in the Trois-Fontaines forest some sixteen or eighteen miles from Bar-le-Duc. But they were wrong. Three months after the burial of Uncle Parent, Finaud's dead body was found stretched on his grave. Just a homely dog, if you like; but, if "Handsome is as handsome does," perhaps not so homely, after all.

—————◆—————
An unkind word may cut like a sword.

Con of Misty Mountain.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XXI.—THROUGH THE DARK TO THE DAWN.



ARITA sank back trembling, as turmoil spread through the gypsy camp.

"Liar!—Thief!—Robber!—Rascal!" rose the angry cries.

That the dog had been stolen or hidden by Peppo to escape payment of his losings the other gamesters stoutly swore. No one had thought of Con as yet. It would be a short shrift with him if he were caught making off with Dick, Carita well knew. She must give the white-faced boy a chance,—hide his absence until day. While the crowd gathered, she put the crying Tony back into the covered wagon, and was ready to face Peppo when he broke away from his antagonists to question her.

"The dog? Where is the wolf-hound? You have been sitting up with the child all night, you say, so you must have seen and heard."

"What do I know—what do I care for your dogs when my child is dying," she cried out. "Listen to him,—listen to him! Brute of a father that you are, with no thought but for your dogs! Hitch the horses to the wagon and let me go,—go with Conde and the child beyond reach of the old witch hag's spell,—the spell that will kill my Tony if we stay in this place accursed any longer. Quick, quick, I say, or the child will be dead before the dawn!"

Tony's cry sounded sharply from the wagon, where the half-muddled Peppo thought he was held as usual in Conde's arms.

"Fool of a woman! Where will you go?" asked Peppo, with rough anxiety; for this wild fury of his little wife stirred the natural father love in his heart.

"To the hills," she said breathlessly,

"where the 'patteran' turns around the spring by which we stopped to drink at Monday. Quick, put Lara in the traces! he will be enough. You can stay with the horses, the men, the tents. I must fly to save my child."

She was loosening the big-boned Lara as she spoke, while Tony's cry rang out sharp and shrill from the wagon. Peppo never dreamed he was lying on the blanket untended, while his little mother pushed harness, strap and buckle feverishly into place. It was only a moment's work, for the gypsy gearing was simple. Lara was soon ready; and Carita sprang into the wagon, took the reins, and, heedless of the wondering, jabbering crowd that had gathered around, drove off into the night.

"She is mad," explained Peppo,—"mad with fear for her child! Some poison breath has touched him. If harm comes to him I will throttle that old witch hag Huldah till the dry bones in her throat crack like dead sticks. She is putting the curse on me to-night, that her black-eyed Carlo may be king. But I will stand,—stand for Peppo, the son of Elkanah, against all. And since the hound is gone, where I know not, I will give two others in his place, to show that I am neither rogue nor rascal."

And with this disappointing bargain the sharper, who had cheated the befuddled Peppo from start to finish, had to be content.

Meanwhile Carita had flung the loosened reins about her wrist and let Lara take his way unguided; while she caught the fretting Tony to her breast, sobbing out her heart in a passion of mother love and fear. But she had saved Conde,—saved the white-faced boy, who, if the wrathful Peppo had guessed the truth, would have been hunted down with scant mercy. Conde was gone with his dog, and would be miles away in these pathless wilds before his absence could be discovered.

Slowly the cautious Lara kept on his

way, following the "patteran" tracked by a score or more of his mates, up into the hills still towering black against the starlight; while Carita sobbed and crooned by turns over her wailing child. Dark despair was in the poor little mother's heart; never in all her gay, thoughtless life had she faced such loneliness as this. In her wanderings before, Peppo had always been at her side,—bold, black-eyed Peppo, who had lured her from the old life to share his gypsy fortune. Memories of that life came pressing upon her heartbreak now: the little adobe home in the valley, that had seemed so narrow and dull when the gypsy lover came singing to his guitar under her window,—the lover of whom the good Padre Antonio had forbidden her even to think; then the wild flight like that of an uncaged bird, to the nearby town, where before the Justice of the Peace, in a dim law office, some unhallowed rite, which she did not understand, had made her Peppo's wife; and then freedom and gladness and gayety such as her prisoned young life in the old adobe home had never known.

But it had all been wrong, wicked, sinful, as she felt with a sharp pang of remorse to-night. She had not asked the good God's blessing on her marriage; she had not sought it for her child; and now Tony was dying,—he was being taken from her as she deserved. Light little butterfly that she was, Carita's fluttering wings were crushed with a weight of woe they could not bear. Even the gleam of the stars that lit her lonely way had a reproachful light. They seemed to shine down upon her with the pale radiance of the tapers on Padre Antonio's altar,—the altar she would never see again.

Suddenly her sobbing ceased; her quick ear had caught a sound that made her heart leap,—a light, swift footfall. Some one was following her! She caught up the heavy-handed whip, prepared to lay it on the intruder boldly, when a young

voice called sharply through the breaking darkness:

"Carita, wife of Peppo, wait for me,—wait,—wait! My breath is gone climbing the hills after you. Wait,—wait!"

"Who are you?" called Carita, drawing up her horse; for the girlish tone was reassuring.

"Zila," was the answer, as the slight figure came panting through the shadows, and, without further question, leaped into the wagon at its owner's side. "I can run no more. Let me rest before I speak."

"Keep away from the child!" said Carita, sharply. "You are following me for no good. I am flying from you and yours now."

"I know," said Zila; "and it is for that I have come. My grandmother has done it no harm. It is all lies, foolishness. Come back to the tents in the Glen, and do not fear a poor old woman whose wits are half gone, and who herself cries like a child for her food and drink. I live in her tent and I must know how it is."

"She hissed like a snake as we passed her at sunset," said Carita hotly. "The child has been ill ever since she cast the evil eye upon him."

"Her eyes can see no longer," replied Zila. "She is blind. She would curse me if I told. She fears they will leave her with the Christians to die. But when I heard you were mad with fright for the child to-night, I followed you to say that you can come back without fear: my grandmother neither saw nor heard you this evening."

"Is this the truth?" asked Carita, breathlessly. "I have heard that she can blight with a look, a touch."

"Lies!" answered Zila scornfully,— "all gypsy lies! But they have brought silver to her hand, meat to her pot, and so she lets the fools shake and fear. She can do your child no harm. Turn back to the tents."

"I dare not," said Carita, though her voice trembled. "And you were good to

follow me through the darkness like this to lift the weight from my heart. But there is another curse upon my Tony that you do not know."

"What?" asked Zila, curiously. "Did the moonlight fall upon him barred by a crossed tree? A black crow flap wings over him as he slept? Did you lift him over running water with uncovered head?"

"None of these things," said Carita, stirred into confidence by the sympathy of her listener. "You would not understand, for I am not like the other gypsies. Once I was a Christian. I went to the church. I knelt at the altar."

"With the singing boys and the girls in white?" asked Zila. "And did you bring flowers to the beautiful Lady?"

"Yes, yes!" answered Carita, with a little choke in her throat as she recalled the May procession of her childhood. "Zila, Zila, how did you know?"

And then Zila told of the adventure she had recounted to Con; and soon both of these little half gypsies, children alike in heart and soul, were chattering in friendly mood—when big Lara suddenly made a stumble in the darkness and went down on both knees. The wagon lurched forward on a broken trace, and then jolted down hopelessly. Luckily its inmates were young and lithe enough to spring to the ground without hurt or harm. Carita burst into wild lament. Here was tragedy indeed. High up on the pathless mountain, with a dying child in her arms, and no help within reach! What she would have done without the friendly little gypsy girl who had followed her we can not say. Zila had learned "first aid" for such emergencies that no books could teach. She freed the fallen Lara from his entangled gearing, pulled him up to his feet, and righted the wagon as best she could.

But Lara's knees were shaking. With trace and axle broken they could make their way no farther up these rough heights without stronger and more skilful

help. Happily the day was now breaking. The pale light of the early dawn showed them their surroundings. A level stretch dusky with pines opened to their right. Through it came the soft murmur of running waters.

"It is the Crystal Spring," said Zila. "My grandmother made me fill six bottles with the water as we passed yesterday. It keeps away death, she said. Come, we will sit here until day, and then you can bathe the child and give him the water to drink that will make him well and strong again."

And, taking command of the situation which seemed too much for the poor little gypsy mother, Zila led Carita into the shelter of the pines, already grey with the morning twilight, that in the heights beyond was blushing with the rose of dawn.

It had been a wild plunge into unknown darkness for Con and Dick. They had no "patteran" to guide their flight up the black, pathless heights that formed above the gypsy camp. Together, they sped on over rock and ridge and gully, through thickets of thorn and tangles of vine; wading the streams, leaping the chasms that the pale starlight showed in their way. Just where he was going Con did not think or care until he was miles away from those who would have taken his four-footed comrade from him forever. Then he sank down upon a mossy stretch, and, with his head pillowed upon Dick's willing back, slept as the hunted creatures of the wood can sleep after glad escape like his—softly and happily until the break of day.

When he and Dick awoke, they breakfasted (somewhat sparingly, we must confess) on the cakes and sweets that still remained in Con's pockets from the last night's feasting, and began to look about on the rough heights which they had reached in the darkness,—heights now flushed with all the glory and beauty of the dawn. Con had learned wariness by

hard teaching, and he was no dullard. With the gypsies gathering from far and near in the Glen below, he knew that these rose-lit ways were not safe, either for him or Dick. Already a search party, headed by the wrathful Peppo or Gaspar, might be looking for them. And, as these were not the familiar ways of Misty Mountain, how far he had gone Con could not tell.

So it was with watchful eye and stealthy tread that he kept on his journey to safety; while Dick, thinking doubtless that, as of yore, they were hunting some shy game that must not be startled, moved noiselessly at his young master's side.

Then suddenly through the thicket of pines by which they were creeping came sounds that made boy and dog pause breathless and alert,—the sobs of a woman, the cry of a child!

(To be continued.)

The Mouse that Looked out for Number One.

Once upon a time a mouse, having come of age to leave home, started out to seek his fortune. The first thing he came to was a tall tree, up which he nimbly climbed, and at the top he found many large nuts. "Here is food aplenty," he said, "if I can only get inside." He gnawed through the rough husk, but then came to the hard bark of the nut. "Perseverance will overcome all difficulties," he said to himself; and soon he found a small soft place in the bark, and quickly made his way through it. There before him lay a most delicious feast of milk and sweet white cocoanut meat.

Now, this mouse might have hurried out and told his relatives and neighbors of the feast he had found, enough for all for many days, and invited them to join in it; or he might have stood in the hole and passed out meat to his friends, who could carry it to other mice that lived

at a distance, many of whom might be in hunger. But our mouse did neither of these things: he said, "Look out for number one," and "First come, first served," and repeated some other similar proverbs that he had been careful to remember. So he stayed inside the nut, and ate and ate and ate, till he had eaten it all up; and then he said, "I will now take a good sleep, and then go out and find another nut for to-morrow." But, alas! when he would go outside, he could not possibly squeeze through the hole, his stomach had grown so big; and he could not gnaw the hard shell, he was so weak from overeating; so he had to stay inside till he died. And when the cocoanut gatherers came they found one nut too light to be good; and, cracking it open, lo! it was the tomb of the unfortunate, selfish mouse.

It is quite a common thing to find large cocoanuts with nothing inside but dead mice. This is the way the poor things get there. And this is the lesson that they teach: we may keep everything for ourselves, or we may share things with others, especially those in want. But if we follow the mouse's example we shall meet with misfortune in the end.

A Good Counsel.

BY E. BECK.

ALL those who feel distress and care,
 All those who laugh and sing,
 The workman and the millionaire,
 The subject and the king;
 The rich and poor, the high and low,—
 Will find it no bad plan
 In every trial they may know
 To do the best they can.
 No learned sage, no seer of old
 Could better counsel speak;
 It suits the timid and the bold,
 The strong man and the weak;
 'Tis fit for those in places high,
 Those farthest from the van,
 And none can fail who really try
 To do the best they can.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A list of new books in press by Longmans, Green & Co. includes "Horace and His Age: A Study in Historical Background," by the Rev. Dr. J. F. Dalton, of St. Patrick's College, Maynooth.

—"French Windows," by John Ayscough, is made up of the papers published in the *Month* under the title "French and English." Another book already bore the former name. Otherwise no alterations have been made.

—The "Commissione de Archeologia Sacra," of Rome, is publishing the numerous Christian inscriptions discovered from time to time by further explorations in recesses of the Catacombs in the new series of the "Roma Sotterranea Christiana." The editor is Dr. O. Marucchi; and he has now brought out the second part of Vol. I., containing an account of excavations carried out since 1912 in the Cemetery of Domitilla.

—Among recent pamphlets and brochures we note "Work for the Newman Society" and "God's Voice in the Soul," issues of the Australian C. T. S.; "Belgium and Greece," by J. W. Headlam; and the "German Idea of Peace Terms," by J. M. Robertson, M. P., both published by Hodder and Stoughton; also "Canada to Ireland" and "The Condition of the Belgian Workmen Now Refugees in England." (T. Fisher Unwin.)

—Longmans, Green & Co. have just published "The Work of St. Optatus, Bishop of Milevis, against the Donatists," translated by the Rev. O. R. Vassall-Phillips, C. SS. R., with critical, historical and other notes. It seems strange that St. Optatus' treatise has never before been translated into English. It contains the first sustained argument against both heresy and schism, and asserts the Notes of the Church as at present defined. The saint lived in the latter half of the fourth century.

—There is good news for poetry-lovers in the announcement that the John Lane Co. are shortly to issue "Poems of Charles Warren Stoddard, Poet of the South Seas." The work of collecting these poems has been done by Miss Ina Coolbrith, a lifelong friend of the poet, and herself a writer of beautiful verses; and the editing by Mr. Thomas Walsh, also associated with Stoddard by ties of friendship and kindred genius. This volume will be the more interesting, representing as it does the best of what Catholic song was before the quickening revival of the nineties, with which are con-

nected such great names as Francis Thompson and Lionel Johnson. Stoddard's poetry in his own day won the praise of Tennyson, Longfellow, Robert Buchanan, Swinburne, Stevenson, and numerous other discerning minds. Many of his best pieces were contributed to THE AVE MARIA.

—"The Story of the Acts of the Apostles," by the Rev. D. Lynch, S. J. (Benziger Brothers), is a twelvemo of 295 pages, enriched with fifteen photogravures and a map illustrating the journeys of St. Paul. While essentially merely an amplification of the Acts, the work is a thoroughly interesting and detailed narrative of the development of the early Church; and, as the publishers put it, an enchanting account of a personally conducted tour of the East under the leadership of the Apostle of the Gentiles. For the general reader, as differentiated from the critical Biblical student, the work performs a service rendered by no other volume which we can at present recall.

—"The Poems of B. I. Durward (Illustrated Centenary Edition, 1917). With Life and Criticism on Poetry," comes from the Pilgrim Publishing Co., Baraboo, Wis. Our interest in the volume has centred rather in the Life than in the poems, undoubted as is the merit of some of the hundred odd selections of poetry—and verse. The fact that the reverend editor of this memoir is a son of the poet explains the otherwise hardly explicable statement that "Mr. Durward easily holds still the first place in [sic] America's Catholic poets." This assertion, it is safe to say, will be news to the great majority of our readers; and not without reason. As the editor remarks, there is no mention of B. I. Durward in the Catholic Encyclopedia; and, as we have taken the trouble to ascertain, he is not represented in either the first or second series of Orby Shipley's "Carmina Mariana,"—an anthology which, nevertheless, contains poems by a number of American Catholic poets of whom, apparently, the Rev. J. T. Durward has never heard; whom, in any case, he does not mention. This much being said by way of scarcely avoidable criticism, let us assure our readers that they will find much to enjoy in both the poetry and the prose of this handsome twelvemo of some 300 pages. The price of it is not given.

—A book brimful of actuality is "Literature in the Making," by Some of Its Makers, presented by Mr. Joyce Kilmer (Harper & Brothers). An octavo of over 300 pages, it is made up of a

series of interviews which this alert journalist has had with writers of to-day who are by common consent regarded as important, or at least successful. Thus we find William Dean Howells on the theme "War Stops Literature"; Kathleen Norris discussing "The Joys of the Poor"; Booth Tarkington, "National Prosperity and Art"; and Montague Glass with the happy subject "Romanticism and American Humor,"—to cite only the first four of these twenty-three engaging interviews. One character these papers have which may surprise, as it will surely gratify, the reader—they do not exploit the individual writer: rather they afford these writing men and women an opportunity of expressing their views on subjects about which it may be allowed they think in a manner authoritatively. As a result, the outstanding feature of the volume is its quality of being alive. These are not dust-dry, classroom dissertations: they are bright and piquant conversations on subjects well suited to academic discussion. Mr. Kilmer claims credit only for "presenting" these discourses to the public, but it is manifest throughout that it is his "leading" which has produced much of the value which these replies possess. We should say that this book is indispensable to the student of contemporary literature.

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.

"Literature in the Making." Joyce Kilmer. \$1.40.

"The Story of the Acts of the Apostles." Rev. D. Lynch, S. J. \$1.75.

"French Windows." John Ayscough. \$1.40, net.

"Our Refuge." Rev. Augustine Springler. 60 cts.

"The Will to Win." Rev. E. Boyd Barrett, S. J. 56 cts.

"Gold Must Be Tried by Fire." \$1.50.

"Hurrah and Hallelujah." Dr. J. P. Bang. \$1.

"Anthony Gray,—Gardener." Leslie Moore. \$1.50.

"False Witness." Johannes Jørgensen. 3s. 6d.

"Blessed Art Thou Among Women." William F. Butler. \$3.50.

"History of the Sinn Fein Movement." Francis P. Jones. \$2.00.

"The Master's Word." 2 vols. Rev. Thomas Flynn, C. C. \$3.00.

"Dark Rosaleen." M. E. Francis. \$1.35.

"An Eight Days' Retreat for Religious." Rev. Henry A. Gabriel, S. J. \$1.50.

"The Love of God and the Neighbor." Rev. J. V. Schubert. \$1.25.

"Prolegomena to an Edition of the Works of Decimus Magnus Ausonius." Sister Marie José Byrne, Ph. D. \$1.25.

"Catholic Christianity and the Modern World." Dr. Krogh-Tonning. \$1.25.

"Camillus de Lellis, the Hospital Saint." A Sister of Mercy. \$1.

"Catholic Christianity; or, The Reasonableness of Our Religion." Rev. O. Vassall-Phillips, C. SS. R. \$1.50.

"A Retrospect of Fifty Years." Cardinal Gibbons. 2 vols. \$2.

"The White People." Frances H. Burnett. \$1.20.

"A Manual of Modern Scholastic Philosophy." Cardinal Mercier, etc. Vol. I. \$3.50.

Obituary.

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

Rev. James Moore, of the archdiocese of Cincinnati; Rev. George Schramm, diocese of Fort Wayne; and Rev. Benedict Flum, O. S. B.

Mother M. Frances and Sister M. Teresa, of the Order of the Visitation; Mother M. Francesco, Sisters of Mercy; and Sister Arcadia, Sisters of St. Francis.

Mr. John Cook, Mr. George C. Zeiser, Miss Gladys I. Lambert, Mrs. Joseph Brady, Mr. P. F. McGrath, Mr. Donald McDonald, Mr. James Doran, Mr. William Rice, Mr. Daniel Gillis, Mrs. Sarah Connolly, Mrs. V. A. Munday, Mr. William Bannan, Miss Madalene Feigley, Mr. Frank Bauer, Miss Marie Dengel, Mr. E. O. Austin, Jr., Mr. Robert Holderby, Mrs. Mary Flannagan, Mrs. J. J. Conroy, Mr. W. C. Kilper, Jr., Mrs. Margaret Sheridan, Mr. B. H. Sanders, Mrs. Mary McCarthy, Mr. J. M. Stoltmann, Mr. H. E. Williams, Mrs. Michael O'Reardon, Mr. George Sunder, Miss Margaret Brennan, Mr. Charles Gandorla, Mr. Jacob Laskowitz, Mrs. C. J. Sharkey, and Mrs. Louisa Popp.

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: B. J. M., \$7. To supply good reading to prisons, hospitals, etc.: friend, \$2.



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

[Published every Saturday. Copyright, 1917: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

June.

BY MARION MUIR.

WHEN sick of toil, with many tears;
And sick of life, beset with fears,
I climbed along the path where Spring
Had stopped a moment, on the wing,
To cast her veil of vapor down
Below the summit's shining crown
Where June, the joyous, laughed, and tossed
From her white brow the lingering frost;
And scattered riches far and wide,
As best befits a royal bride.

A network of uncounted flowers
Ran, banner-like, along the towers,
Where links of fairy gold entwine
The morning stars of columbine,
The silver lily, clasped in fire,
By the red warrior's daring spire
With violets and bluebells blown,
By every ragged shaft of stone;
And, warm against a wall of snows,
The dawning color of the rose.

Where tiny crystal ripples grew
Wide-spreading to a pool of blue,
I saw my own reflected face
Look upward from a shaded place,
All white with beads of blossom shorn,
When sudden showers shook the thorn;
And thanked the Lord, who made this earth,
But gave me little of its mirth,
That I, in spite of many ills,
Could still be happy in the hills.

IN the works of God progress is really greatest when obstacles crowd thick and fast.—*St. Paul of the Cross.*

“Woman, what is it to Me and to Thee?”

A STUDY IN EXERGESIS.

BY THE RT. REV. BISHOP MACDONALD.



HERE is no end of commentary on the text (St. John, ii, 4) where these words are found. Of course “woman” here is a term of respect, as it must needs have been in the mouth of Him who bids us honor father and mother; as it was in the after time when He spoke from the Cross, “Woman, behold thy son”; as it is in the well-known lines:

Woman above all women glorified,
Our tainted nature's solitary boast.

But the other words certainly appear to imply a rebuke or remonstrance. The same expression, word for word, or equivalently, occurs several times in Scripture (II. Kings, xvi, 10; xix, 22; III. Kings, xvii, 18; IV. Kings, iii, 13; II. Paral., xxxv, 21; St. Matt., viii, 29; St. Mark, i, 24); and always in a deprecatory sense,—always by way of protest against interference. The Hebraism, done literally into the Latin “*Quid mihi et tibi?*” is uniformly rendered in later editions of the Douay Version, “What have I to do with thee?” save only in the text of St. John cited above, where we have, quite wrongly, “Woman, what is that to Me and to thee?” A study of the other passages in which the idiom occurs forces upon one the conclusion that the meaning here is, “Woman, let Me alone; do not interfere”; which is further borne out by

the words that follow, "My hour is not yet come." On the other hand, the context makes it plain that Our Lady did not take the words of her Divine Son as a refusal or reproof; for she went right on to tell the waiters, "Whatsoever He shall say to you, do ye"; and forthwith the water-pots were filled, and the water was changed into wine. How, then, account for the seeming repulse? An explanation may be found in the fact that Our Lord, as His Virgin Mother well knew, sometimes made an outward show of denial when He really meant to do the very thing which His words or actions seemed to indicate He would not do. We have many instances of this in the Gospels.

When the five thousand followed Jesus into the desert place where He wrought the great miracle of the multiplication of the loaves and fishes, He said to Philip: "Whence shall we buy bread that these may eat?" St. John adds: "And this He said to try him, for He Himself knew what He would do" (vii, 6). Again, when the disciples were in the boat on the Sea of Galilee and the wind was against them, Jesus came to them walking upon the sea, "and He would have passed by them" (St. Mark, vi, 48)—i. e., made as if to pass by them,—but presently "went up to them into the ship, and the wind ceased" (vi, 51). Once more, when the two disciples were on their way to Emmaus, after the Resurrection, and Jesus joined them, as they drew nigh to the town, "He made as though he would go farther. But they constrained Him, saying: Stay with us, because it is toward evening, and the day is now far spent. And He went in with them." (St. Luke, xxiv, 28, 29.)

There are two other even more striking instances of the thing. One is in St. Matthew, xv, where the woman of Canaan besought Our Lord to have mercy on her, because her daughter was grievously troubled by a devil. At first He "answered her not a word." And when the disciples interceded, He said He was not sent but to the sheep that were lost of the

House of Israel. But she came and fell at His feet, saying, "Lord, help me!" To this humble and moving entreaty He made answer in words which are, on the face of them, so harsh and unkind that we can scarce conceive them to have fallen from His lips: "It is not good to take the bread of the children and to cast it to the dogs." They did but draw from her the rejoinder, sublime in its humility and unflinching trust: "Yea, Lord, for the whelps also eat of the crumbs that fall from the table of their masters." Not even a heart of stone could remain unmoved, much less could the Heart of all hearts the most loving and tender. "Then Jesus, answering, said to her: O woman, great is thy faith; be it done to thee as thou wilt. And her daughter was healed from that hour."

The other instance is recounted by the Beloved Disciple (xi). Lazarus, brother of Martha and Mary, is sick. His sisters send to their Divine Friend, who is now afar, in the country beyond the Jordan, this touching message: "Lord, behold he whom Thou lovest is sick." How like to the words of Our Lady at the Wedding Feast, in wistfulness and simple faith! Yet, even as in the latter case, Our Lord at first seems to turn a deaf ear to this gentle appeal, all the more affecting for its being but half-spoken. "When He had heard, therefore, that he was sick, He still remained in the same place two days." And by the time He reached Bethany the body of Lazarus was already rotting in its grave. Imagine the feelings of Martha and Mary in the meantime! Little wonder if they should have thought that the One they loved and trusted most in all the world had failed them in their sorest need. It was, indeed, a trial of faith,—to be rewarded, however, by a yet more stupendous miracle than that which turned water into wine in Cana of Galilee.

What, then? Have we not here a solution of our difficulty? The Virgin Mother of the Saviour, gifted above all the creatures of God; she who watched her Divine

Son day and night during all the silent years at Nazareth; she who knew His ways so well,—did she not know that this was a way He had, to hide at times under a mask of reproof and denial the kindness of His loving Heart? She did beyond a doubt. And so, despite the seeming stern remonstrance, with supreme confidence in His goodness and power, she told the waiters: "Whatsoever He shall say to you, do ye." And her faith, too, was rewarded by what St. John calls a "beginning of miracles."

Yes, a beginning of miracles, and the beginning of the end. This is what Our Lord seems to have in His mind when He says, "My hour is not yet come." In every other instance in which the expression "My hour," "His hour," "the hour" occurs in St. John's Gospel, and it occurs frequently (vii, 30; viii, 20; xii, 23; xiii, 1; xvi, 4; xvii, 1), it refers to His passion, His passing out of this world. It appears to do so also in the present instance, at least in the mind of Our Lord. The marriage in Cana figured the "marriage of the Lamb." (Apoc., xix, 7.) The wedding feast there was a type of the Feast begun in the Cenacle and continued evermore in the Holy Mass; the change of water into wine shadowed forth the change of wine into the Blood of the New Testament when its Author, coming from Edom, with dyed garments from Bosra, trod the winepress alone. (Is., xliii, 1-3.) Evermore does the Wine run short at this Wedding Feast, being drained by the countless guests; and evermore is it made new again in the Kingdom of God by the Word once spoken and passing not. And as often as the joy of life, whereof wine is the symbol, ebbs and dies away in the hearts of believers, so often is it made to live again by the mystic wine which alone truly maketh glad the heart.

It remains to point out the lesson we may gather from this short study. Jesus Christ as God is One with the Father and the Holy Spirit, for there is but one God. His way of dealing with His disciples, with

the woman of Canaan, with Martha and Mary, with His own Virgin Mother, exemplifies His way of dealing with men throughout all the ages. Always, as at Cana, He keeps the good wine to the last. Those whom He loves He tries, even as gold is tried in the furnace; and those whom He loves the most He tries the hardest. It was so under the Old Testament, it is so under the New. Abraham and Joseph and Job and Tobias and David,—was it not through trial they were made so strong and pure and pleasing to God? And the Christian virgins and confessors and martyrs—they, too, passed through great tribulations, and so washed their stoles and made them white in the Blood of the Lamb. Nor did they falter in their trust when the outlook was darkest, and God Himself would seem to have abandoned them. Their cry was ever, in the words of holy Job, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

This lesson it will be well to lay to heart in the time of sore trial that we are passing through to-day. *Per crucem ad lucem.* Through the Cross, the darkness and the dereliction, we pass securely into the light of the Eternal Day. This is the divine law of advancement in the spiritual life. "I am the true vine," says our Blessed Lord; "and My Father is the husbandman. Every branch in Me that beareth not fruit He will take away; and every one that beareth fruit He will purge it, that it may bring forth more fruit." (St. John, xv, 1, 2.)

And there is another lesson closely bound up with this one. It is the duty of persevering prayer. "We ought always to pray, and not to faint." (St. Luke, xviii, 1.) Both lessons are brought out in some simple lines of my own that were published anonymously about ten years ago in THE AVE MARIA, under the heading,

WAITING UPON THE MASTER.

To stand and wait, the Master bids His own;
To stand and wait—aye, stand and wait and pray.

And cleave to Him, their strength and surest
 stay;
 For who can stand or who can wait—alone?
 To stand in faith, not wavering 'mid the storm
 And deepening gloom, when skies are overcast:
 The wildest tempest is the soonest past,
 On blackest clouds is limned the rainbow's form.
 To wait from dawning e'en till close of day,
 And murmur not, nor pine for promised rest
 From pain and labor,—these give added zest
 To bliss bestowed in God's appointed way.
 To pray and faint not,—yea, to pray the more
 When shadows thicken and the soul is sad,—
 O Light of Light, make Thou our sore hearts
 glad;
 Show forth, on life's dark sea, the eternal shore!

The Crest of the Bodkins.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON.

XXXII.—CONFERENCES.

“YOU have been born in this coun-
 try?” asked Arthur when Mary
 O'Flynn had seated herself near the
 admiring Rody.

“Oh, yes, Mr. Bodkin! My poor
 mother—God rest her soul!—was a Mexi-
 can,—an Alvarado,” said the girl, proudly;
 “but I—I am Irish heart and soul. Oh,”
 she added, with a charming gesture, “I
 long, long, *long* to see Ireland!”

“And so ye will, *mavourneen*,” mut-
 tered Rody, “if we escape bein' kilt.”

“It was a strange piece of luck, your
 kinsman turning up so unexpectedly.”

“It was splendid. *Madre de Dios*, how
 delightful to meet any one from Ireland!
 Do you know, Mr. Bodkin, I have not a
 particle of love for this country? Isn't
 that queer? Born here, never having been
 five leagues out of this city, never having
 seen the sea, yet I know Ireland almost by
 heart, from Kingstown Harbor to Bantry
 Bay. Won't you let me show you my
 collection of photographs? Alas!” she
 added, almost tearfully, “I can not”—
 lowering her voice to a whisper,—“they
 are all packed up.”

At this moment the cathedral clock
 boomed out the Angelus. Instantly the

girl, Arthur and Rody dropped upon their
 knees; and the old man, after gazing at
 them in bewilderment, slowly sank into
 a posture of reverence—without kneeling,
 however,—and murmured the response
 that ascends daily from millions and
 millions of the faithful to the feet of
 Nuestra Señora.

“I must leave you,” said Arthur. “You,
 Rody, can remain. I do not want to see
 you till four o'clock. Mr. O'Flynn, may I
 have a word with you in private?”

And as Arthur followed O'Flynn down
 the stairway Rody exclaimed, in a sort of
 ecstasy:

“Isn't he one of the shupayriorest men
 of the whole world!”

Rody remained with his amiable relative
 until *almuerzo*, and long after, telling
 her the most extravagant stories of the
 glory of the Bodkins and the splendors
 of Ballyboden,—weaving in legends a
 century old with events of the hour, until
 if Mary yearned to see Ireland before, an
 edge was put upon her appetite that was
 more likely to become sharper by time
 instead of lending itself to rust.

Arthur and the older O'Flynn held
 a long and secret conference. The old man
knew that he had a gentleman and a man
 of honor to deal with, and flung the gates
 of his confidence open wide. He narrated
 in brief his career, never seeking to conceal
 that it was by usury the most usurious
 that he had amassed considerable wealth.

“I have been a madman in not send-
 ing it out of a country where we have
 revolutions once a month,” he groaned.
 “Instead of that”—here he lowered his
 voice to a keen whisper—“I have it
 mostly in silver, in this house, señor,—
 in old boxes and trunks and cases. Some
 I have up in a mine at Pachuca, hidden
 in a spot which I will show you, sir.
 Here's the little map,”—and he produced
 a scroll from a dark cupboard possessing
 a most formidable lock. “Here it is—
 Santa Maria del Flor.”

“Why, that is where my friend, Harry
 Talbot, is working!” cried Arthur.

"Yes, sir: Talbot is the name, with two other Irish gentlemen. Is Mr. Talbot a friend of yours?"

"One of the best and oldest I have."

"Then, sir, my property is safe in his hands?"

"Safe as can be. He is one of the most straight and honest fellows alive."

"Would *you* trust him with a secret?" asked O'Flynn, eagerly.

"I would trust him with my life."

The old man walked up and down the room for about five turns, his head sunk on his breast, then said:

"I'll trust him. Will you send him this map and this letter? You see, sir, I had them both ready in case of the worst. This letter will tell Mr. Talbot what to do, and where he will find certain documents, and—and—*gold*. This is for my little girl, in case anything happens me; for"—here he shuddered and glanced across his shoulder—"they'll *murder* me for what they won't get,"—the scowl of fear being replaced by a scowl of hatred—bitter, undying. "Oho!" he chuckled, not exactly addressing Arthur, but as it were thinking aloud,—"*oho!* they think they can steal my hard earnings of years in a single night. Not so. I am one too deep for them. They will get a few hundred dollars here." The old man groaned as he thought of the loss. "Well, it is better to lose a few hundred than thousands. Yes, I can trust this Bodkin and his friend. Perhaps if he knew the size of Mary's fortune—"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. O'Flynn, but let us talk to a purpose," said Arthur, who did not relish the turn things were taking. "We must devise some method to entrap this villain Mazazo. You say that he is to return to-night?"

"Yes, sir. But I must tell you that though he calls himself Mazazo, his real name is Lopez,—Manuel Lopez, brother of that man whom your Emperor thinks so much of, by all account."

"Brother?"

"Yes, his own brother."

"This is astounding!"

"I'll astound you more before I'm done with you, sir. I know things that nobody else knows. I know secrets that have a life in every one of them,—men's lives,—aye, and women's lives. I know—"

"But this Mazazo,—I want to settle an account with him."

"So you should, señor. Step this way. Walls have ears,—aye, and mouths too."

The usurer led the way into a small, dark crib, the door of which he closed after Arthur had entered; then rapidly reopened it, peered into the outer semi-darkness, and closed it again. In this dark and seemingly padded room, the heat being almost stifling, he arranged with Arthur the details necessary for the capture of Mazazo.

"Mr. Bodkin," he continued, "now to speak of the safety of my child. How am I to provide for her? I have, alas! made no friends, and have permitted her no intercourse with the outer world. I now see my mistake,—my terrible mistake. Where can I send her for protection and safety?"

"I will gladly arrange that she shall be received by the Baroness von Stein into her household. She is a dear, charitable, sweet old lady. She has apartments in the palace. Her husband has gone to Queretaro with the Emperor. With the Baroness your daughter will be perfectly safe; and she will have her kinsman Rody to look after her."

"And *you*, sir,—*you?* She will be a great heiress, Mr. Bodkin,—a great heiress some day, if all goes well; and as good and pious a girl as ever prayed to Our Lady of Guadalupe. Her poor mother, who was a most devout creature, on her deathbed placed the child under the guardianship of Nuestra Señora. She is fit mate for the best man in the world. I have old blood in my veins, and the O'Flynn's of Ballynavea were lords of Oranmore at one time. Her mother was an Alvarado,—yes, señor, lineally descended

from the famous Don Pedro del Alvarado, who made that wonderful leap on the Noche Triste. As for her grandfather, he was a pure hidalgo, and—"

Arthur was compelled to interrupt the old man.

"Once more, Mr. O'Flynn, let us understand each other. Firstly, as regards the safety of your daughter: I shall send a carriage here for her within one hour. Secondly, as regards the maps and plans of your mine: I shall send them by sure hand to my good friend, Mr. Harry Talbot. Thirdly, as regards the capture of Mazazo: I shall come here about eleven o'clock to-night, sending half a dozen picked men,—one at a time, in order to prevent suspicion."

"Soldiers?"

"Yes."

"In uniform?"

"Certainly."

"Oho! oho! What a poor general you would make, Mr. Bodkin! Why, sir, Mazazo, has spies at every corner and a soldier's uniform would tell a story that would make very interesting reading for *him*. No, sir: your men must come here dressed as men who needed financial assistance would dress. Pick out six trustees. Let them come one by one. Arm them to the very teeth; for Mazazo will not be taken alive, if he can help it. I shall get him to come into this room, to sign, as it were, the necessary documents, clap the door on him, and then we have the rat in the trap. Oh, won't it be glorious for both of us—both of us!"

After some further discussion, Arthur returned to where he had left Rody and Mary O'Flynn, to whom he confided the nature of his arrangements for her comfort and safety.

XXXIII.—A RAT IN THE TRAP.

Arthur Bodkin felt enormously elated at the thought of having Mazazo in his power, while Rody was beside himself with excitement.

"Masther Arthur," he cried, "you're

too soft and aisy wid such creatures. Won't ye lave him to me?"

"Wait till we catch him, Rody."

Mary O'Flynn had been duly received by Arthur's friend, and had made an instant and a charming impression.

Armed to the teeth, Arthur and Rody repaired to the O'Flynn house about half-past ten o'clock; three picked men having preceded them, while two arrived later, and a guard of fifty had orders to stand at arms under the arcade of the Portales Mercatores. At a given signal this guard was to come on at the double and enter the house. Arthur stationed his five men in the little back den, while he himself, with Rody, took the stairs.

The old usurer was fearfully agitated, and shook like one stricken with the palsy.

"If we fail, señor, I am a dead man. Mazazo's vengeance will follow me like light. He is as relentless as he is cruel."

O'Flynn paced the floor in paroxysms of agitation, gesticulating wildly, and muttering alternately in Spanish, English, and Irish.

"Arrah, hould yer whisht!" said Rody in Irish. "It's bringin' disgrace on the ould counthry ye are wid yer talk. Spake in Mexico, if ye will, but don't let a cowardly word in Irish cross yer lips. What are ye afeared of? Isn't Masther Bodkin of Ballyboden and me here for to difind ye agin a thousand Mexicos?"

Arthur now issued his instructions.

"Mr. O'Flynn will open the door for Mazazo and permit him to enter. The moment he is in, the door will be shut; we will seize our man and pinion him. If he should be enabled to shout or whistle, the guard shall be called by two shots from the roof. This will be your duty, Arnhein," addressing one of the men.

"Won't ye let me lep on him, sir?" eagerly demanded Rody.

"You can pin him down, Rody; but look out for his knife. A Mexican can use his knife in fifty different ways. There is this to be considered also. Mazazo may not enter first, and Mr. O'Flynn here is in

such a nervous condition that he may fail to recognize him."

"I'd know him in ten thousand, Mr. Bodkin. I'll go bail for *that*," said the old man, fiercely.

"But if Mazazo is not first man, what then?"

"Let the first, second, and third in, if necessary. I have some old dollar bags in this closet that we can clap over their heads as they come in." And he proceeded to produce the bags, made of the fibres of the maguey plant.

"He's as cute as a pet fox," observed Rody, admiringly. "We can bag the villyans wan, be wan, till we ketch the right wan; and it'll be good sport into the bargain. The more we ketch, the better."

Finally, the last stroke of twelve rang out from the clock of the old cathedral. Almost ere the sound had died on the ear, a soft, muffled knock was heard at the door,—the preconcerted signal. The old usurer stood ready to open the door, and Rody behind him, every muscle in tension. The door was opened, and a man swiftly entered. In a second the door was shut to, and the man in the vise-like grip of Rody O'Flynn. The man did not struggle and made no outcry.

"This is not Mazazo, Masther Arthur. There's no fight in him. Give us a light, sir, quick!"

Arthur flashed a lantern in the man's face. It was not Mazazo, but as ill-visaged a ruffian as ever spurred across the Rio Grande.

"Where is your leader?" demanded Arthur.

"What leader?" said the man, sullenly. "Let me go. I have done nothing. You have no right to use me in this way. I came with a letter. I was to get a package in exchange for the letter."

"Where is your letter?"

"If this tiger will let me go, I'll give it to *you*, sir," addressing the usurer.

"Rody, loose him; but be on your guard," said Arthur in Irish.

Rody, still clutching the man's arm, permitted him to insert a hand in a pocket, and to produce a letter, which old O'Flynn eagerly pounced upon.

"Speak Irish," said Arthur,—“they can not understand us.”

"It's a letter to say that he is unexpectedly detained, but sends this man for the money, and with him notes payable in thirty days. Oh, I'm lost! lost! *lost!*" groaned O'Flynn. "This hound of hell will run me into the earth. I must fly,—not a minute's to be lost!"

"Arrah, be aisy wid yer flyin'. Hould yer jaw, and listen to raison. What's for to be done, Masther Arthur?"

"We have missed it this time, Rody. The fellow was too cunning for us. It is quite evident that he recognized us to-day, and took precaution accordingly."

"Couldn't we frighten the sowl out of this villyan, sir?"

"To what end, Rody? He would only deceive us. Depend on it, he is faithful to his leader—unless, perhaps, we could bribe him. Let me try him." And, turning to the man: "Where is your leader?"

"I have no leader."

"Where is the man who wrote this letter?"

"I do not know."

"Were you not to bring him a package?"

"Yes."

"To where?"

"I forget."

"Oh, you forget, do you! Possibly your memory could be refreshed—say by ten thousand *pesos*?"

"No, nor by ten million *pesos*." And the ill-favored wretch's face actually became for a moment handsome in its exaltation of loyalty.

"'Pon my honor you are right," cried Arthur; "and I respect you. Let him go, Rody. He's only obeying orders, and is faithful to them."

And as the man passed Arthur he half whispered:

"I may be able to do *you* a good turn yet, sir."

XXXIV.—“GRIM-VISAGED WAR.”

I must leave the city of Mexico for a brief span, and repair unto Queretaro, which was destined to prove a “bloody and memorable spot on earth’s fair face.” Maximilian, who had many of the qualities that make up a great captain, lacked experience,—lacked that military training without which even the great Napoleon would have dismally failed. He possessed the general idea of war—those vague outlines which are but cobwebs to be brushed away when the fearful and fateful game has to be played in grim and cruel earnest. His generals, though he did not know it, were absolutely ignorant, cowardly, and untrustworthy,—with few exceptions, such as Miramon, Mejia, and Vidaurri.

In a letter which I have seen, bearing the date of Queretaro, March 2, 1867, the Emperor wrote:

I have communicated personally with the chiefs who pretend to fight in the name of liberty and of the principles of progress, to induce them to submit themselves, as I have the intention of doing, to the national vote. What has been the result of these negotiations? Those men who invoke progress have not wished, or have not dared, to accept that judgment. They have responded to me by ordering loyal and distinguished citizens to be executed; they have repulsed the fraternal hand extended to them; they have worked as blind partisans who know no other means of governing but the sword.

Where, then, is the national will? On the side of whom exists the desire of true liberty? Their only excuse is in their blindness.

It is impossible for us to rely on such men; and our duty is to work with the greatest energy to restore the liberty of the people, so that they may express voluntarily their will.

This is the reason why I have hastened to come here: in order to try all means to establish order, peace, and to prevent another and more terrible foreign intervention in this country. The French bayonets have marched; it is necessary, then, to impede the action of every influence which, directly or indirectly, might threaten our independence and the integrity of our territory.

In this moment our country is for sale at public auction.

The Emperor, being in consultation with his generals, prepared to defend Queretaro at all and any cost,—strengthened

every loophole, and raised well-armed batteries where the defences were weakest. Escobedo, who commanded the Liberals, sent vaunting and taunting words inside the lines, declaring that he would take the city by assault on the 14th of March; and, true to his boast, upon that date he began an attack with nearly thirty thousand men, while the Imperialists numbered but nine thousand. The Emperor upon this occasion displayed a gallantry that won the admiration of the oldest veterans. He was here, there, everywhere; exposing himself where the fire was hottest, and cheering by his presence troops that quailed before the storm of Liberal bullets. He seemed to lead a charmed life; for although members of his staff, right and left of him, were wounded, he never received a scratch. An Austrian officer who was in that battle told me that he forgot everything in his admiration of the coolness of the Emperor. “It was something sublime,” he said.

After this engagement Maximilian moved his quarters to a building adjoining the Church of La Cruz. Here he lived in a single room, his body servant occupying another. The furniture of the Emperor’s apartment consisted only of a camp-bed, two common tables, and six chairs. “I will gladly share with my men all their hardships and privations,” he was heard to remark.

On the 22d of March General Marquez left Queretaro, by order of the Emperor, at the head of a thousand mounted troopers. The object of this movement was a march upon the city of Mexico, there to obtain reinforcements of men, procure munitions of war, and with the strictest orders to *return within fifteen days*.

“If,” said the Emperor to Marquez,—“if there are not men enough to hold the city of Mexico, abandon the capital, and come back here to reinforce our garrison. Raise every man you can. It is here the last stand *must* be made.”

That the Emperor’s command was a

wise one is corroborated by the opinions of historians; for if Marquez had only executed it, such a concentration of the imperial forces at Queretaro would have saved the Emperor and destroyed the army of Escobedo.

It is asserted that Maximilian on this occasion conferred upon Marquez the title of "Lugarteniente," or Lieutenant-General. His Majesty deemed it absolutely necessary to place unlimited power in the hands of Marquez, in order to the success of his plan of campaign. That this was another most unhappy selection the sequel proves.

When Marquez arrived at the capital he showed his authority, and one of the first to question it was Arthur Bodkin.

"I do not believe that this is genuine," he said to Baron Bergheim.

"But, hey! hey! it has his Majesty's signature. You can't go behind that, hey!"

"His Majesty is not insane, and to give this man a power equal to his own is simply insanity."

"But, hey! I saw the signature. I know the Emperor's signature as well as I know my own. Hey! I could forge it. Here it is."

And the Baron wrote the imperial autograph with a boldness of imitation and a dexterity that, while it won the admiration of Arthur, only confirmed the idea that the signature to the commission of "Lugarteniente" was a counterfeit. As a matter of fact, whether the document was genuine or not, Marquez vilely disabused his power, and went beyond the limits of justice and of honor. Instead of raising recruits to return to Queretaro and confront Escobedo, Marquez increased his forces to four thousand, and advanced in the most leisurely way upon Puebla, which was being besieged by Diaz and gallantly held by about three thousand imperial troops.

It is due, however, to Marquez to state that he hoped for an engagement with Diaz, who was notoriously short of the munitions of war,—an engagement which would relieve the Imperialists within the

walls of Puebla. But Diaz was a born leader, and, seeing that the critical moment had now arrived, and being pressed by Marquez, ordered an assault upon the city on the morning of the 2d of April,—an assault, which, if successful, was won after the most desperate and valiant fighting on the part of the besieged.

"We could have held out for two months," said General Rodriguez, "and have kept Diaz busy every day of them, if Marquez had not spoiled the entire plan by his ill-timed march."

(To be continued.)

Missouri.—A Foreign Mission.

BY FLORENCE GILMORE.

THE approaching centenary of venerable Mother Duchesne's coming to America vividly recalls the long martyrdom of her life, and reminds us of many things easily forgotten. Driven by the Revolution from her first convent home, she had known bitterly hard years in the world, when her heart bled hourly for the sins and sorrows of France, as well as for her own shattered life; years sweetened by the help she was able to give confessors on the eve of their martyrdom, and the hope that one day it would be possible to go back to the convent she loved. And we, seeing from afar the suffering of the nuns of France and Mexico, have been amazed, heartbroken, forgetting that persecution is not new; forgetting that it makes saints.

The centenary reminds us also of the humble beginnings of the Society of the Sacred Heart in the United States. Hunger and hard manual labor, disappointment, ingratitude and failure, were the daily portion of the religious. More difficult of realization, when distant lands, Christless and sad, are looking to us for men and money, light and encouragement, is the fact that a hundred years ago our Central and Western States were honor posts in the foreign mission field, coveted

by heroic souls, who for their Lord and their Lover longed to sacrifice "all save the glory of treading where He first trod."

In 1818 the territory between the Gulf of Mexico and the Great Lakes, the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains, comprised the diocese of New Orleans whose bishop, the Rt. Rev. Louis William Dubourg, driven from his episcopal city by the difficulties of his position there, made his headquarters at St. Louis. In all this vast region there were only ten priests, some of them old, and all broken by the hardships of their lives. Insufficient food, poor clothing, wretched lodging, and long journeys afoot had been their portion for years. By gathering recruits from many corners of Europe, Bishop Dubourg, immediately after his consecration, increased their number to forty; and his men were young and strong, and not less zealous than those who had gone before them. The white population was, for the most part, at least nominally Catholic. To some of the Indians the Gospel had not been preached; others were relapsing into heathenism. Comparatively few among them had ever seen a "black-robe"; he was but a tradition. There was only one resident priest in St. Louis, a straggling town of six thousand inhabitants. The pro-cathedral was a wooden hut, the episcopal palace little better than a barn. It had but one room, which served as dormitory, kitchen, and study for Bishop Dubourg and any priests who were too ill to serve their missions; and was indeed "the headquarters of poverty," as Mother Duchesne called it in a cheery letter sent to France.

Communication between parts of the vast diocese and with the world beyond was slow and difficult. There were practically no roads. Steamboats—spoken of by Mother Duchesne as "an admirable invention, which enables people to accomplish in twenty days what two years ago was a business of six months"—were beginning to be used on the Mississippi, but were still very primitive. Mother

Duchesne's own journey from New Orleans to St. Louis took forty-one days. On every trip frequent delays were occasioned by trouble with the engine, sandbanks and driftwood. Lack of fuel sometimes made it necessary for crew and passengers to go ashore and gather wood in the forests; and for lack of food it was not unusual to interrupt a journey to hunt wild turkeys or to scour the woods for fruit.

Bishop Dubourg's own journey to his diocese after his consecration in Rome illustrates the conditions of the time and the heroic fortitude of the missionaries. Landing at Annapolis, he set forth for Pittsburg at the head of the band of apostles whom he had gathered in Europe. Through Pennsylvania and Maryland they trudged on foot, struggling through the brushwood with staves in their hands. Their clothes were often torn, their hands and feet bleeding. Before they reached Pittsburg, seeing that he was faint and almost exhausted, Bishop Dubourg's companions procured a horse for him; but he refused to use it, saying that a captain should set the example to his soldiers. The party travelled from Pittsburg to Louisville in a boat, which his Lordship piloted. On reaching the outskirts of his own diocese, he planted a cross; and, kneeling before it, besought Christ to apply the merits of His Precious Blood to that neglected corner of His vineyard.

His vicar-general was the learned and saintly Father Felix de Andreis, whose longing to die for God had drawn him from Italy to the American wilds, where he did die prematurely—at the age of forty-two,—worn out by labors far beyond his strength. He was not only a linguist and a theologian but an apostle and a mystic. After his death miracles were wrought through his intercession, and there is hope of his canonization.

Father Delacroix, stationed for a time at Florissant, and very successful in work among the Indians, had been one of the seminarists forced into Napoleon's army,

Among the first to offer himself when Bishop Dubourg travelled through France and the Low Countries in quest of priests for the foreign missions, he delighted in the dangers and hardships which fell to his lot in Missouri. He feared neither hunger nor wild beasts nor floods, nor the depths of lonely forests by night, and counted no labor or fatigue worth reckoning when souls were at stake. At one time he insisted on giving his house to Mother Duchesne and her little community, and lived in a miserable hut. It had one opening which served for a door and window. There he lodged, quite content, until he fell ill with fever, and the Bishop provided him with a house made of old planks rudely fastened together.

Mother Duchesne's own missionary life began with years of destitution, ill health, and apparently almost fruitless labor for souls indifferent to the things of God. Bishop Dubourg being unable to house the community in St. Louis, the first academy of the Sacred Heart in America was opened at St. Charles, twenty-five miles away. Small as it was, the village contained Americans from the East, French, German, and Irish colonists, Indians, and Negroes. Of the children whom she hastened to gather about her, Mother Duchesne wrote: "They know absolutely nothing of heaven and hell, or of our Lord Jesus Christ. When we tell them the story of His birth, life and death, they stare at us, and I am obliged to say to them continually, 'Remember, it is all true.' Only two of them know more than the letters of the alphabet; and yet, with all their ignorance, we have to fight against love of dress." They were lazy and self-indulgent, and considered docility belittling. If one of their companions tried to be good, they would say scornfully that she obeyed "like a Nigger." But little by little the example and teaching of the religious had its effect. In time some of the girls became really zealous; a few learned to love prayer and to bear humiliations, and it was not

very long before vocations to the religious life developed among the children of the New World.

Every inch of spiritual progress among the children was won at the cost of bodily suffering on the part of the nuns. Attached to the little convent at St. Charles were two acres of land, so full of brushwood that it was difficult to walk across it. Laborers could not be found to till it, even for the then enormous wages of two dollars a day. Mother Duchesne wrote: "We have all kinds of occupations here. We dig, we water the cows, carry manure, and clean the stable." It was in September that they settled there; by midwinter food had become scarce and drinking water was hard to get; a little later the community was sometimes without bread and often without fire; and in the spring the room used for a chapel burned, and everything it contained was destroyed, except a picture of the Sacred Heart, a statue of the Blessed Virgin, and some relics. The Blessed Sacrament was removed in good time.

Bishop Dubourg soon saw that the foundation at St. Charles had been a mistake, and counselled the religious to settle in Florissant, which is nearer to St. Louis, whence most of their pupils came. The moving was described by Mother Duchesne in a humorous way unusual to her. "Sister Octavie Berthold and two of our pupils left first. I was to close the march in the evening, with Sister Margaret, the cows, and the hens. But the cows were so indignant at being tied, and the heat so great, that we were obliged to put off our departure until the cool hours of the morning. Then, by dint of cabbages which we had taken from the cart, they were induced to proceed. I divided my attention between the reliquaries and the hens. On landing, Margaret and I drew up our charges in line—she the cows, and I the hens,—and fed them with motherly solicitude. Father Delacroix came on horseback to meet us. He led the way, galloping after our cows

when, in their joy at being untied, they darted into the woods."

The nuns' first lodging at Florissant was the house which Father Delacroix had been occupying. Their own was ready for them shortly after the middle of December. Though the cold was intense and the wind high, on Christmas Eve they set out, wrapped in blankets, driving the cattle before them through snow a foot deep. Again and again the cows ran away, and had to be pursued and coaxed back to the straight and narrow path which led to the convent; and it was evening before they reached their destination. The room intended for a chapel had been piled with logs: at once the weary religious set to work to remove them. Later, with the help of Father Delacroix, an altar was set in place, and a confessional improvised. The nuns then went to confession, and at midnight Mass was celebrated.

No difficulty could discourage the peniless, almost friendless band. They were exuberantly happy over having so much to suffer for God. Monsieur Duchesne offered to send money to pay his sister's passage to France. "Tell him that I beg him to give it for the travelling expenses of two more nuns for Louisiana," was her reply. Nor did the long years of her long life wear out her patience or her courage, or tarnish her zeal, or cool her love of poverty and mortification. At the age of seventy-two, still stout of heart though feeble in body, she went to Sugar Creek, many miles west of St. Louis, to help to found there a mission among the Pottawatomies. Her days of active work were over, not so her days of prayer. "The woman who prays always" the Indians learned to call her. On her arrival among them, being told that for thirty-five years she had longed to live with the Indians, the chief's wife said: "To show our joy at seeing you, all the women of the tribe, married and unmarried, will now embrace you." The ceremony that followed was complimen-

tary rather than pleasant, but Mother Duchesne bore it bravely.

The Pottawatomies were docile, and, to a certain degree, pious; but incredibly lazy and appallingly greedy. The religious of the Sacred Heart opened a school in their reservation, and soon had fifty girls in attendance, all of whom were taught the catechism, and to cook, sew, spin and weave. As in every foreign mission, the language presented great difficulties,—insuperable ones they proved to be for Mother Duchesne. She could not learn it. "It is too barbarous and too difficult," she wrote to her sister. "Words of eight and ten syllables; no dictionary, no grammar, no books! I shall never be able to master such a language." Her infirmities increased; and after one year spent in Sugar Creek she was recalled to St. Charles, there to pass her last years, awaiting the end so slow to come.

By such stout hearts and hands, amid such dangers and privations, was the Faith sown in tears, a hundred years ago, in the portion of the old diocese of Louisiana now comprised in the archdiocese of St. Louis; proving that not only the blood of martyrs but the sweat of confessors is the seed of Christians,—proving it for the encouragement of those who labor with little apparent success in the unploughed fields of difficult missions at home and abroad, and as a spur to all of us who might do much to help, but find it easier to do little or nothing.

The Crimson Shower.

BY P. J. COLEMAN.

SAW a shower of roses in a wood,
 A cascade of wild roses in a dell
 Drenching a rock's breast, like a shower of blood
 Transformed to crimson leaf by miracle.

Then thought I of another crimson shower
 Outpoured upon Gethsemane's green sod—
 Our Saviour's Blood,—each drop a ruddy flower
 That blossomed from the sacred veins of God.

The Lily of Goldenfern.

BY M. M. TAYLOR.

I.

LONG ago, in the days of St. Louis and the Crusades, there lived in the heart of the Swabian forests a knight whose father had been a marauding baron before him, and had left his only son an inheritance of several castles and vast estates, together with fierce, ungoverned passions,—all the rough brutality of the period, and an indomitable will. So Baron Fritz von Thornstein was only what Baron Konrad von Thornstein had been. And when the neighboring counts and barons heard that he had wedded the young Countess Adelaide of Goldenfern they shrugged their shoulders and shook their heads, saying: "What could Count Goldenfern have been thinking of, to marry the Lily of Goldenfern to the Thorn of Thornstein?"

However, it was done, the bride's wishes being thought very unimportant in those days. And, after all, Fritz was handsome, clever, and attractive in many ways; and the young bride was gentle and pious, and determined, from a sense of duty, to live in peace with her husband. For some months she hoped that his evil companions would leave the castle when she became its mistress. But no: they still remained; and day by day, night by night, her heart was well-nigh broken by scenes of violence and dissipation. After a time, and when her lord and master found he could neither induce her to uphold and share in his wild career nor to remain a passive spectator of it, he came to an open rupture with her, took horse, and rode off with his boon companions to a distant castle, vowing he would never return to Thornstein.

The Lily of Goldenfern drooped her fair head beneath the blow; but, though she bent, she did not yield to despair. She had a secret hope which supported her

through the next few months; and one lovely spring morning, when all nature rejoiced, and every twig put forth fresh leaves and buds, and in every little nest was heard the twittering of happy parent birds, the soft cooing of a tiny babe nestling in the young mother's arms brought renewed joy and hope to the old castle.

"Father," said the happy Baroness to the old chaplain, as he stood by her side a week later, "my little Fritz will win his father back, I am sure. See! his Guardian Angel is even now whispering sweet messages from above; and the newly baptized innocent knows more than we of the ways of his Father in heaven toward the repentant sinner. Is there any news of my lord? Has he heard, think you, of this joy?"

The priest shook his head sadly. There was no news fit to breathe in the young mother's ear in the presence of her innocent babe.

"Will you not be my messenger—the messenger of peace to my poor husband? Go, my Father, for the love of the Infant of Bethlehem, and tell Fritz that his little son awaits him, and the joys of a happy home may yet be his."

"Gladly will I do your loving errand, my daughter," said the holy man; "and do you meantime pray that my words may be acceptable to the Baron."

"Ah, Father, I am sure of it! What earthly father could resist the thought of delight at seeing his first-born?"

The priest set forth at once, and the lady waited and prayed. A few days passed, as the castle in which the Baron had established himself was in an almost inaccessible region, many leagues distant from Thornstein.

On Father Kari's return, the Baroness rose eagerly to meet him, holding her child in her arms.

"What news, Father? Is my lord on the way? How seemed he in health?" But she turned pale as she met the Father's sad gaze, and sat down again, saying:

"Tell me the worst, Father: I can bear it. Is he dead?"

"No, my child,—not dead, except to the voice of affection."

"What mean you, Father? Does he not wish to see his son and heir?"

"Alas! yes, my daughter."

"What, then?"

"He will not see the mother."

"But how—" and her voice trembled—"you can not mean—" She stopped, with her horror-struck eyes wide open.

"My daughter, the Baron's message is peremptory. You are to send the infant at once, by trusty hands, to his castle. He says he will not have him brought up among monks and nuns, but intends to make a man of him, and rear him under his own eye."

The pale cheeks and trembling lips of the Baroness recovered their color, and her eyes flashed with the heroic courage of a mother defending her offspring.

"Never, Father! My innocent babe shall never be corrupted by such a life."

"But, daughter, what can you do? I would say the same, but we are helpless. There are but a few old retainers and our faithful villagers around us; your own father and all his friends and forces are even now at the Crusades. How can you protect the child here or hide him elsewhere?"

"My Father"—and the Baroness drew herself up, holding her babe before the roughly carved image of the Blessed Mother and Child which stood over her *prie-dieu*,—"she who fled from King Herod's troopers with her Babe knows the agony of my heart at this moment, and will inspire me with some means to save my infant from a fate worse than death. Give me time to think. Even now I have an idea, but I will say nothing. How soon will he"—and she shuddered—"be here?"

"I know not exactly, my poor child. He will wait a while probably, to see if you obey and send the little one to him; so perhaps in another week we may look for him."

"So be it, but he will never find his son!"

"Poor mother! Do your best, but much I fear all will be in vain unless it pleases the Mother of God to obtain a miracle from her Divine Son."

"If it be necessary, she will do even that, Father; but first we must try what human means she suggests. There is no time to lose. Give me a blessing, my Father, and pray for my success."

"God and Our Lady help you and your child!" fervently prayed the good old priest, as he withdrew.

II.

There was a great deal of coming and going at the castle for the next few days, but only of poor peasants receiving alms and food. There was also much needle-work going on in the long workroom, where spinning wheels and embroidery frames were kept busy, and a great outfit was apparently being made for the young baron. Carpenters were busy down in the hamlet at the foot of the hill on which the castle stood; and mules went up to the castle gate laden with large packages, and returned to the village without their burdens. But nothing was said, and those who were in the secret of these preparations held their tongue.

A week after the chaplain's return the neighborhood was roused by the thundering of horses' feet, as the Baron, at the head of a train of followers, all fully armed, swept through the hamlet and up the ascent to the castle, never drawing rein till arrived at the drawbridge, which was down. Seeing no sign of resistance, they crossed it; and, throwing his horse's bridle to a groom, the Baron sprang to the ground, and, followed by his suite, strode into the hall. Up the stairs to his lady's chamber he went, his spurs and sword clanking at every step and giving notice of his approach. He threw open the door and entered.

His wife rose, pale and gentle.

"Welcome, my lord," she said, calmly. "Will you be seated while I order refreshments for you?"

His eyes roamed through the room as he replied, roughly: "Where is my son? I have come for him."

"You can not mean to take him from his poor mother," she said, pleadingly. "Think, Fritz, he is too little to learn more than a mother's love can teach him as yet. Leave him for a while."

"No!" thundered the Baron, and his eyes blazed with anger. "I will have him now, and feed him on the forest wolves' milk rather than that he should drink in cowardice and learn psalm-singing in his cradle."

"Then, if you can find him, you will take him," said the mother bravely. "I am defenceless."

"Where is he?" shouted the Baron.

"Here," said the mother, drawing aside a heavy curtain at the end of the room.

The Baron entered, and his companions crowded round him to catch a sight of the young heir. But though he entered, and though he searched and stormed, and threatened the dungeon and the rack to all concerned, he could never find the child, and yet the child was there. There was no wonderful machinery introduced to conceal the young infant. God did not strike the father with sudden blindness, nor was any miracle wrought in favor of the poor young mother, whose heart, inspired by the Virgin Mother, had prompted her to adopt a wonderful expedient, and at the same time to do a deed of charity.

The sight that met the Baron's eyes on entering the room was that of twelve cradles, each exactly alike, within which twelve babes, were lying, all clothed in the same costly linen and embroidery. How could he tell one from another? If he took any one, it might be that very one was the son of Ralph, the wood-cutter; or of Huldah, the kitchen girl, whose husband had been hanged for murder by the Baron's own order six months before.

There was an atmosphere of peace in the room; and even the confusion caused

by the Baron's rough entrance, and the cries of the twelve babies as he took one after another, vainly trying to find some sign of superior birth or resemblance to himself, could not long mar the tranquillity. A stormy scene with his wife followed, in which her resolution bore him down; for if he should kill her, as he threatened, how could he ever hope to discover his child?

At length he departed, secretly determined to return on some unexpected day, and find his own son restored to his rightful position. But that day never came. Whenever he made a sudden raid upon the castle he found the twelve boys all growing up round the youthful mother, and vying with one another in love and obedience to her.

As years went on he questioned them. "What is your name, my boy?" he said to a fine dark-eyed, black-haired boy, who he thought might prove his image when older.

"Fritz Peter, my lord," was the child's ready answer.

"And yours, my little fellow?" as he turned from Fritz Peter, scowling, to a golden-haired lad, with the blue eyes and fair complexion which seemed to point him out as the son of the Lily of Goldenfern.

"Fritz Johann, Lord Baron."

And so, in turn, each answered to the name of Fritz, with that of an Apostle added.

Did he say to either, "Who is your mother?" each answered: "There is our lady mother," and bowed to the Baroness in reverence and love; while she smiled on them, well pleased that her inspiration to adopt eleven little peasants in honor of the twelve Apostles, and to bring them up as her own, had been so blessed.

After years of hopeless searching, the wild man gave up all quest of his son, but went daily from bad to worse. One day, however, Our Lord had mercy on him; and while pursuing a stag along a rocky path, his horse slipped, rolled over with

him; and when he came to his senses he found himself lying in a cave hewn out of a rock, with a venerable old man watching him anxiously. For many days he raved in fever from his injuries, and when he began to recover he heard that his horse had been killed close to the hermit's cave, and he himself seriously injured. He was still compelled to remain for some weeks dependent on the hospitality and good nursing of the hermit for recovery of strength.

Little by little, as he lay there watching the old man at his vigils and disciplines before the rude crucifix in his cave, the Baron's proud heart softened. Memories of days of innocence, recollections of his gentle wife, longings for the boy who might have been his stay in sickness and old age, crept over him.

One day the hermit said to him, pointing to the figure of the Crucified:

"My son, thou seest what He has done for thee: what wilt thou do for Him?"

The strong man's frame shook with emotion, as he answered, humbly and sadly:

"For *me*, Father? Ah, you do not know me! I am Fritz von Thorstein."

Then the holy man spoke to him of the Refuge of Sinners, and of St. Dismas, the penitent thief; and by degrees won him to confession and the promise of a new life.

But when at last, whole in body and soul, he was preparing to leave the cave, he said to his spiritual guide:

"My Father, I can not yet present myself to my dear and holy wife. I must first do penance and expiate my sins in the Holy Land, which saw my Saviour die. I will at once join the Crusading army, which even now must be embarking for the East; and if it please Our Lord that I return, then will I seek her whom I have so sinned against, and pray her to show my son to these unworthy eyes."

"So be it, my son; and God be with thee in thy going out and in thy coming in!"

Thus they parted.

III.

Before the gates of Acre lay heaps of the slain. St. Louis had died on the coast of Africa, but the English Edward and many Crusaders of all ranks and nations had pressed on to the Holy Land. They had fought valiantly that day, and driven back the infidels. The last rays of the sun were sinking into the sea, or gilding the bloody field with promises of crowns of glory awaiting those who had died in Our Lord's own land, fighting in defence of the faith.

A knight was going round among the wounded, giving drink to one, stanching the wounds of another, lifting another from beneath the horse which had fallen on him, when he heard a groan from one close at his side.

"Water, sir knight! A drink, for the love of God and the Lily of Goldenfern!"

At those words the knight started. He turned hastily, and saw a young warrior lying with upturned, boyish face. The golden-brown hair was clotted with blood, and the death-damp lay on his forehead.

"Who are you? In the name of God and Our Lady, speak again!" And he raised the lad's head—for he seemed little more than seventeen or eighteen years,—and put his flask to his lips, helping him tenderly to swallow a few drops of the cordial.

The young Crusader revived, and, opening his large blue eyes, answered:

"Fritz Johann von Thornstein."

"Tell me," gasped the knight, who was none other than Baron von Thornstein, "how came you here? Have you any brothers?"

"My mother is the Baroness von Thornstein. When the news of a fresh Crusade came to our castle, she agreed, at our urgent request, that I with my eleven brothers should take the Cross and offer our services to Our Lord to obtain my father's conversion. We were to ask for everything in the name of God and for the love of the Lily of Goldenfern, while she united her prayers at home with ours on the battlefield."

"But where are your brothers?" asked the father, in his agony of uncertainty as to which might prove to be his son.

The young Crusader gave a sweet, proud smile, and pointed right and left.

"We fought shoulder to shoulder as we had lived; and we all fell together, but they are dead. I crawled to each, and gave them all I had of wine in my flask. I am the last."

"And you—are you her son and mine?" And briefly the penitent knight recounted his fall and his conversion.

"Thanks be to God! Bless me, my father!" murmured the dying soldier. "I am her son, but only she and I know it. She named *me* Johann in honor of the Beloved Disciple to whom the Blessed Mother was given. Ah! my head swims—see—there is light indeed! Dear father, take my mother my last word—*Love!*"

The sun sank, and the young Crusader's face lay in the marble stillness of death, with a golden halo lingering round it. The bells from the city chimed out the sunset *Ave*; the camp of the Crusaders resounded with their evening shout as each bent his knee,—“For God and His Holy Sepulchre! God wills it!” And Baron Fritz von Thorstein knelt too, and from his penitent heart went forth the echo of that cry: “*God wills it!*”

THE Christian religion has always been at its best when it is surrounded by antagonism and persecution. When at any time that passes away and things settle down, the spirit of worldliness may enter into it corporately and individually, and that is its emasculation. There is something so grand and great about the Church that we can't but feel proud of it,—its great history, its marvellous organization, its solemn ritual. Many a person takes this for the spirit of the true Catholic: it isn't. The true spirit is the mind of Christ, and that is the martyr spirit,—the readiness to make sacrifices when called for.

—Father B. W. Maturin.

A Protestant Estimate of Catholic Methods.

BY J. P. H.

THE Catholic mind, in the perusal of non-Catholic periodicals, must often be thoroughly bewildered. In one issue will appear at length the most impassioned advocacy of the reunion of all Christian peoples; and the chances are that in the next one will be printed a severe, if not bitter, denunciation of their Catholic brethren because, forsooth, these will not make an unconditional surrender, to be tossed to and fro by every wind of doctrine. Worse by far is the vituperative bigotry of other publications, in which the writers indulge, while protesting a zeal for religious liberty. One can not but be puzzled when one happens upon clearly unwilling tributes to the methods pursued by Holy Mother Church, though they call to mind the words: “Then shall they say among the Gentiles: The Lord hath done great things for them. And her children rejoice with exceeding great joy, for her enemies He has clothed with confusion.”

In a recent number of the *Christian Evangelist* were published these words, afterward quoted with much unction by the Rev. Dr. Speer in the *Missionary Review of the World*: “Catholicism grows up almost entirely by absorbing its own children rather than by proselytism. Protestants frequently let the children get away from them and then hold big revivals to bring them back. We need an evangelism which will hold the children quite as much as one which will bring them again into the fold.”

Truly a tribute well worth noting, coming as it does from the mouthpiece of an alien organization, and endorsed by a publication whose chief intention is to undermine the very body whose methods it commends. It is such instances as this that should invite every earnest and practical Catholic to pray the prayer of

Eliseus at Dothan: 'Lord, open our eyes, that we may see.' And not our eyes only but those of our adversaries, that they too may see how far removed they are from the way and the city they seek to attack.

It is testimony such as the above citation which should increase in every Catholic attachment for Holy Mother Church. The writer is "only a convert," but he well remembers how deeply he was moved when he first saw the throngs of children, all under the vigilant yet gentle eyes of the religious, crowding into the Catholic churches to hear Mass; and still more so when the young men and maidens, the old with the younger, reverently, with folded hands, made their way to the altar to receive Holy Communion; and he knew that all alike had been to the tribunal of penance. It was then he realized that "Jerusalem which is above is built as a city, which is compact together; and that in her strength is peace, and abundance in her towers."

Enkindled with this divine spirit of love, how can Holy Church but be inspired with wisdom from above, that will keep her true to her trust, so that she will ever be ready to present herself before her Lord, with the children whom He hath given her for a sign and for a wonder? Should they wander from her side, she watches and waits for their return, confident that once they have tasted the sweetness of her fruit and known the odor of her ointments in the storerooms of her King,† they will return to the Mother who provided meat for them, and looked well to the paths of her house, so that her children rise up, and call her blessed. ‡

As the *Evangelist* well says: "Protestants frequently let the children get away from them, and then hold big revivals to bring them back." What else is to be expected? In the home must be found parental restraint and tender discipline; otherwise it will be an abode where may be found only food and

shelter, and whose bonds may be cast off at will. So, too often, our separated brethren provide for everything but the one thing which is of supreme importance—the nurture of the soul. Their schools are devoid of everything which can in any way develop the religious sense. Secular accomplishments—dancing, athletics, social culture, dramatics, and the like,—are all carefully provided for; but in the realm of the religious life, the utmost to be looked for is an hour once a week in a desultory study of the Bible; and a possible argumentative discussion, through the week, of senseless questions,—a "doctrine of vanity, which is wood." Even the oldtime Protestant catechisms have either been abolished or reduced to "many vanities and words without number."

Compare the ordered life of the Catholic child under the discipline of the confessional, with the perverse and oftentimes refractory life of the average non-Catholic child. Even when the latter is "governed" by its parents, how many fathers and mothers have an intimate knowledge of their children's inner lives—their weaknesses and temptations, the questionings that puzzle them and the doubts that torment? So long as their carriage and deportment are up to the prevailing standard, nothing more is required.

As a substitute for the careful training of the Church, which watches over the children and keeps them ever in the atmosphere of religion and the doctrine of the Apostles, emotional revivals are held by Billy Sundays and similar "evangelists." Under the hysterical excitement thus generated, the young folks "hit the trail" and are "brought back." Truly, O *Evangelist*, what your coreligionists need is "an evangelism which will hold the children quite as much as one that will bring them again into the fold." And the only way that can be accomplished is to take good care that they be "nourished up in the words of [the] faith and of the good doctrine."*

* Is., viii, 18.

† Cant., i, 3.

‡ Prov., xxxi, 15-28.

* I. Tim., iv, 6.

The Doctor's Fee.

THE wife of Meissonier had a little dog of which she was very fond. One day it fell ill, and she dispatched a messenger for the family physician, who, thinking that it was the great artist who needed his services, made haste to answer the summons. When he found out that it was only a lapdog that needed his attention, he was highly indignant; but he pocketed his pride, and administered suitable remedies without a word of anger or complaint.

When the time for settling accounts came around, the doctor sent his bill to Meissonier, whose wife, according to her custom, was the first to examine it.

"Ah, doctor," she said when she next saw him, "you made an error in your bill! You remembered your other valued professional services, but forgot to make any charge for attending poor Fifine."

"I do not attend dogs," said the physician. "I am glad to have helped your four-footed friend; however, I can not think of making a charge for such an unimportant service."

"But," insisted Madame Meissonier, "I sent for you, and I really ought to pay you. I am happy to say Fifine is now well again and as strong as ever. I feel under great obligations to you."

"My dear lady," answered the doctor, "your husband and I will exchange kindnesses. The hinges of my gate are very rusty, and in sore need of a fresh coat of paint. Have the goodness to send Monsieur Meissonier to paint them for me, and we will call services even."

"But my husband, I would have you know, does not paint gates."

"And I do not doctor dogs. Good-morning, Madame!"

The great painter, it is safe to say, never complied with the physician's request. Whether or not he succeeded in making him accept a fee for attending Madame Meissonier's lapdog is equally uncertain.

Of Real Importance.

THOSE educators who contend that literary study should take precedence of science, that familiarity with the writings of the great minds of antiquity is of inestimable advantage to the young student, and that the importance of a mastery of his own language can not be too much insisted upon, will be interested in the chapter of Fabre's "Life of the Fly" entitled "Newton's Binomial Theorem." The great naturalist expresses his deep regret that his literary studies were not more carefully conducted and further prolonged; and tells of his delight, somewhat late in life, in those good old books which then, as now, are usually sold secondhand with their leaves uncut. Age and experience had taught him that literary expression is by no means a thing to be despised. "It seems to me," he writes, "that an idea stands out better if expressed in lucid language, with sober imagery. A suitable phrase, placed in its correct position, and saying without fuss the things we want to say, necessitates a choice,—often a laborious choice. There are drab words, the commonplaces of colloquial speech; and there are, so to speak, colored words, which may be compared with the brush strokes strewing patches of light over the grey background of a painting. How are we to find those picturesque words, those striking features which arrest the attention? How are we to group them into a language heedful of syntax and not displeasing to the ear?... If the fire that runs through our veins, if inspiration do not come to our aid, we shall flutter the pages of the thesaurus in vain: the word for which we seek will refuse to come. Then to what masters shall we have recourse to quicken and develop the humble germ that is latent within us? To books."

Readers of M. Fabre's own books need not be informed that they have a distinct charm of style. How the magic of words was revealed to him he himself tells us.

"As a boy, I was always an ardent reader; but the niceties of a well-balanced style hardly interested me: I did not understand them. A good deal later, when close upon fifteen, I began vaguely to see that words have a physiognomy of their own. Some pleased me better than others by the distinctness of their meaning and the resonance of their rhythm; they produced a clearer image in my mind; after their fashion, they gave me a picture of the object described. Colored by its adjective and vivified by its verb, the name became a living reality: what it said I saw. And thus, gradually, was the magic of words revealed to me, when the chances of my undirected reading placed standard pages in my way."

Inhumanity at Home.

PRESS dispatches last week from Memphis, Tenn., reported the burning to death of a Negro murderer near that city. He was bound to a tree, drenched with oil, and then set on fire, after being identified by the mother of the white girl whom he had killed. Between two and three thousand persons—men, women and children—witnessed the execution. Hundreds of automobiles patrolled the roads leading to the scene, to prevent any interference on the part of the authorities. "There was no disorder and little excitement," reads the dispatch of the Associated Press. "The mob was well organized, worked quietly, and dispersed after the burning." An investigation of the affair will perhaps be made by a Grand Jury; but, as usual, nothing will come of it.

And we talk about atrocities committed by soldiers in France, Belgium, etc.; of ruthless U-boat warfare, Zeppelin barbarities, etc.! Yet, for utter inhumanity, the World War will probably produce nothing to equal the Memphis incident. The fact of its being attended with "no disorder and little excitement" renders futile any attempt at palliation.

Notes and Remarks.

The strong reaction in favor of definite dogmatic teaching, so noticeable in England, coupled with the irreligion of the soldiers at the front, of which Anglican chaplains have repeatedly borne testimony, leads the Archbishop of Liverpool to hope that one of the blessings for the country that may issue from the present war will be the triumph of denominationalism over undenominationalism. "When the future problems which centre round the child have to be faced," says the archbishop, "we can not but feel that, with the evidence of the failure of undenominationalism before its eyes, that religious denomination will incur a serious responsibility which refuses to have its own denominational schools. It is only in such schools, that, by careful and earnest instruction, day after day, week after week, and year after year, the responsible leaders of a denomination can make a lifelong impression on the minds and hearts of their children, by whatever of Christian truth, by whatever of Christian power and influence still finds a home in their midst."

As showing what has been forcing itself upon the minds of Nonconformists in England, the archbishop cites the words uttered about three years ago at the Wesleyan Annual Conference by its president. "Many of us are weary," he declared, "of what is called undenominational Christianity and undenominational teaching, whether to adults or to children. We will not have at any price an expedient for evacuating Christianity of its great characteristics, such as the Divine Lord and the Atoning Sacrifice, and for making of the Bible a cluster of human opinions more or less fallible, rather than the sure revelation of the mind and will of God. Let us beware of untheological evangelism, untheological preaching, untheological class meetings and Sunday-schools. Everything in a church that is

untheological is by so much imperfect. It has been said with great warrant that modern divinity has become in the main merely linguistic and documentary. God speed the day when it shall have become again intensely theological!"

It would indeed be a blessed thing if the Great War should effect a realization of the need of a radical change in the religious instruction of the young. And there could be no surer guarantee of lasting peace among nations than a propagation of Christian principles, any abrogation of which is a retrogression to paganism with all its immoralities and inhumanities.

No reader of history can fail to see that great events always had great causes, and that they invariably centre around some mysterious personality. The eventful history of Europe from 1800 to 1814 A. D., for instance, spells Napoleon. There being no culminating personality in the world at present, we may conclude that God is using nations instead of individuals as His instruments. "Just as all Athenian history gravitated towards Pericles," says Emil Reich, "just as all Carthaginian history gravitated up to Hannibal, and all Roman history to Julius Cæsar; even so, on a plane even more elevated and more significant, all Hebrew history necessarily culminated from personality to personality, in Jesus." In Him *all* history centres. Not for fourteen, but for nineteen hundred years, does Christ spell the history of Europe and the history of all the rest of the world as well.

Under the caption "New Problems for Education," the New York *Nation*, in an educational supplement, recently gave editorial expression to criticism of our educational management which few who know the facts will regard as extreme. "A teacher," says the *Nation's* editor, "who has merely to teach is rapidly becoming a curiosity. The problem which more and more confronts one is to find time,

after she has sent Johnnie home to rewash his face, and Susie to the dentist, and Jimmie to the oculist, and Mary to the specialist in pediatrics; after she has decided that Edwin is a defective child, and that Edward is an exceptional child, and taken measures accordingly,—to find time to hear the rest recite. The school has become a clearing house for the home, the hospital, and society. Teaching is still done between the intervals of filling out blanks upon the amount of arithmetic needed to meet actual social demands, and replying to *questionnaires* which seek to know whether the prolonged study of grammar yields any actual capacity in the direction of the functional use of grammar in translation; but one gathers that such activity is no more than a concession to tradition. In the school of to-morrow, the pupils will have nothing to do but go and be observed. It will be the teacher who will take problems home. Education, which was invented to give answers, has ended by asking new questions."

There is, happily, little of this nonsense in the conduct of our parochial schools; and that is why, on the mere academic side, they so generally stand head and shoulders above their highly financed and would-be "efficient" rivals.

A communication from the secretary of the National Conference of Catholic Charities, the Rev. W. J. Kerby, D. D., urges upon all Catholic organizations the duty of reporting to the Conference the nature and extent of the activities in which they may be engaged in our country's behalf at this critical time. In the words of the circular:

The National Conference of Catholic Charities is eager to collect records concerning activities of all Catholic relief organizations during the present national emergency. Societies and heads of institutions which engage in any form of social work are expected to do their full share in anticipating problems of civil and military relief, and to co-operate as circumstances may require with related efforts in this field. It is

important for our history to assemble records which will show the patriotic response of Catholic organizations to this call of our country. Copies of resolutions adopted, and accounts of meetings, addresses, and of all arrangements made separately or in conjunction with other civic bodies should be gathered, classified, and preserved for the use of the historian. Officers of organizations and others interested in social work are urgently asked to send information to the National Conference of Catholic Charities, Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C., in order that this may be done. Neglect of this service will rob the Church of a golden opportunity to show to the world the spirit of her benevolence in its incomparable splendor.

At such a call, Catholic societies should put away their well-known modesty—or indifference to publicity—and let their light shine before men, not for their own but for the Church's glory.

The present cry, "Save democracy," is queer, considering that democracy is really in less danger than it ever was anywhere. It is sure to triumph sooner or later, even in Russia, though perhaps after many revolutions have occurred there. As for Germany, it already has about as much democratization as the people desire, and a great deal more than most foreigners have any idea of. The Germans are too well educated not to know when they are well off. Theirs is a government of the people, by an hereditary ruler whose power is by no means absolute; for the people, whose welfare is that ruler's first thought. Universal peace may indeed depend upon democracy, but it is not necessary that it should be the kind of democracy which everyone is now shouting to have saved. Which of the countries at present engaged in war was interested in democracy when the fighting began?

President Wilson, in an effort to restore peace to the world, called upon the belligerent Powers to state why they had entered into conflict; and only last week he himself was constrained yet again to explain the reasons for our country's participation. It would have sufficed for

the President to refer to his address to the Senate in January and his message to Congress in April. Anyone who at this late date has not learned why the United States is at war is little entitled to know. But if the German people do not understand how, while professing to have no hate in our hearts for themselves, we can show nothing but hate for their Government, then let President Wilson's assurances be reiterated.

If the machinery of the national Government that has been set in motion to curb food speculators and to supervise the distribution of supplies is not clogged, the public may hope for relief from extortion and deprivation against which in days of peace it would be useless to complain. The investigations of the commission appointed last month by the District of Columbia show clearly that speculators who withheld foodstuffs from the market were principally responsible for the abnormal prices then prevailing. They held back coal, too, until the bins of the consumers were empty in order to win extortionate profits. The exigencies of war necessitated official action against these worthies, and it is likely to be continued and extended. Production and distribution of the necessaries of life are matters to which the Government must henceforth give particular attention. Let us hope a system will be established that will remain in vogue when the war is over, and lose nothing of its effectiveness.

A general convention representing the various religious bodies of the State of Indiana recently met in Indianapolis to consider how the churches might better serve their country during the war. Prominent in this movement was an able Catholic representation. The resolutions drawn up contain the following wise observations:

We believe that the churches can do no better service to the State at this time than in a renewed effort to make of its citizens God-fearing

men and women, imbuing them with high ideals of moral and religious life, with the spirit of self-sacrifice and fraternal charity, and reminding them that patriotic duty is also a religious duty. A great service to the country will be rendered by the clergy if our citizens can be brought to recognize God as the source, not only of authority and power, but also of love and beneficence, as the Father of all men, and that patriotism is purified and ennobled by religious sentiments.

We stand firmly by the principle of our Government—nonrecognition of any form of religion as an established church, and the principle of freedom of conscience and liberty of worship. These principles do not imply an antagonism between the State and religion; on the contrary, they safeguard freedom of conscience. The traditions of the Republic and the customs of the American people evidence, indeed, a spirit of reverence for religion and its institutions. We believe, therefore, that the State, in calling its citizens to the service of arms in the defence of the country, can not do better than to afford to its soldiers in the camp and in the field those opportunities of worshipping God according to the dictates of their conscience that they enjoyed at home. In the encouragement of the practice of religious obligations the State will benefit by the maintenance of the moral welfare of its soldiers. To furnish these opportunities of worship, the religious organizations of the State stand ready at all times.

These excellent sentiments do credit to the convention which gave them expression, and are worthy of the highest and most general endorsement.

Discussing, in *America*, the question of a reasonable holiday, or summer vacation, especially for our adolescent boys and girls, Dr. James J. Walsh deduces some excellent conclusions from the experience of the young men who were sent last year to the Texas border. He claims that ninety-five per cent of these young soldiers who went to camp in the Southern State came back better in health than when they went, and, in most cases, better than they had ever been before. Dr. Walsh summarizes his advice as to the best of holidays in this judicious paragraph:

It does not matter much where the holiday is spent. Life should be lived in the open, vigorously; and early rising should be the rule. Food should be plain and substantial and should be taken with moderation. Two or three weeks of this régime

would probably do all the young folk of this country more good than frivolous vacations spent in lolling during the day and in dancing at night. What the youth of the country need is not rest but reasonable activity under such discipline as requires persistence. Then the results will speak for themselves.

Dr. Walsh rather underestimates, we think, the benefit, in the matter of a recreative holiday, of change,—change of air, scenery, people, diet, and activities. Experience teaches that a vacation spent elsewhere than in one's ordinary habitat is, other things being equal, by far the most beneficial.

There must be not a few of our readers in New England who were reminded by a recent event in Boston of Shakespeare's "Thus the whirligig of Time brings in his revenges." In the middle nineteenth century New England generally, and Boston particularly, seethed with Know-nothingism. "Irish" was synonymous with "Catholic," and the popular slogan was, "No Irish need apply." Some six decades later, Boston is largely a Catholic city, and the rendition of Sir Edgar Elgar's setting of "The Dream of Gerontius" in Symphony Hall moved Cardinal O'Connell to exclaim: "This is another of my hopes realized! A majestic poem by a great Cardinal, rendered into music by a famous Catholic composer, executed by a splendid Catholic choral union, directed by a fine Catholic musician before a large Catholic audience,—is indeed a combination to be thankful to Almighty God for. We are living in days of promise and fulfilment."

There has recently been established at Techny, Ill., "The Mission Crusade Bureau," an institution with the laudable aim of interesting Catholic college students in the home and foreign missionary activities of the Church. It is high time such a movement were started. It should meet with the most earnest co-operation on all sides, if we are to deserve our name of the children of light.

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNNER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

Ave Maria.

BY LIONEL BYRRA.

WHEN first 'twas heard, that blessed word,
"Hail Mary, full of grace!"
All Nature's frame made glad acclaim
To Mary, full of grace.
Each star afar with joy was filled,
Each cave 'neath wave of ocean thrilled,
And o'er earth's varied face
New light broke bright in haste to write,
"Hail Mary, full of grace!"
On myriad strings still Nature sings,
"Hail Mary, full of grace!"
Chant birds and bees and soothing breeze,
"Hail Mary, full of grace!"
The strain of raindrops in the night,
The theme of streamlet in its flight,
Of river in its race,
Full strong the song the whole day long—
"Hail Mary, full of grace!"
Like earth and sky, I'll ceaseless cry,
"Hail Mary, full of grace!"
My lifetime through to her still true,—
To Mary full of grace.

Con of Misty Mountain.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XXII.—A MORNING JOURNEY.

SOFTLY parting the feathery branches,
Con peered in upon the scene they
framed. Carita and Tony,—Tony,
whose piteous cry was rending the poor
little mother's heart. Tony, sick, dying
perhaps from some hurt that had befallen
him in the Gypsy Glen. Tony, the little
charge and playmate whom Con had
learned to love. So stirred was he at the
sight that he forgot all peril to himself
and burst through the pine thicket to
Carita's side.

"Conde!" she called out in delight and
surprise.

"What are you doing here?" he asked
breathlessly. "Tony! What is wrong with
Tony,—my Tony?"

"The curse is upon him!" sobbed
Carita. "I tried to fly from it, but it was
too late. My baby is dying,—dying,
Conde! And it was to save you, too, that
I came. Peppo thought you were with
Tony in the wagon."

"Peppo?" echoed Conde. "Is he here?"

"No, no!" answered Carita; and then
in a few words she explained her flight from
the camp, and the breakdown on the
mountain-side. "Zila has gone to some
cabins that we saw down in the hollow,
for help to mend the traces, so that we
can go back to the Glen. Tony must not
die up here, away from his father and
his father's people. What would I do
with him, stiff and cold in my arms,
alone,—alone?" And she burst into cries
and sobs at the thought.

"You shall not be alone," said Con,
eagerly. "I will stay with you and Tony.
I will go back with you to the Glen. He
shall not die. Give him to me. I am
younger, stronger than you, Carita. I
will hug him close, as Mother Moll made
me hug Nat once when he had the moun-
tain ague; and he will draw my life and
strength. Come, Tony,—come!"

Tony's black eyes blinked open at
this comrade call, and he stretched up his
arms to be caught in a bearish hug to
Con's breast.

Then Zila came hurrying through the
brightening dawn to greet cheerily her
friend of the previous night. Now Con
could mend the traces with strips of bark
cut from a neighboring tree; for her
search in the cabins had been fruitless.
She had found only one old woman, too
crippled to walk; all the rest—twenty of

them—had gone before break of day (so the old woman had told her) to Corbett's Cut, where there would be great doings, whether circus or camp meeting Zila could not quite understand. "Mass," the old woman had called it.

"Mass?" echoed Carita, with a start.

"Surely—surely not that!"

"It was what she said," declared Zila; "and that it was two years since there had been a Mass in these mountains, and she would have been glad to crawl the ten miles on her hands and knees if she could only go."

"It must be Mass, then," said Carita, breathlessly. "So I have heard my poor old grandmother talk when she was crippled long ago. Mass—up in these mountains! But how, where? There is no priest, no church."

"I do not know," answered Zila. "But she said the people were flocking to Corbett's Cut for miles around,—men, women and children, all. They were even taking the babies that could not walk. That was foolish, I thought; but she said no. What it all meant I did not understand, do you?"

"Oh, yes, yes!" said Carita, tremulously. "There is a priest somewhere near,—a priest saying Mass, preaching, blessing, baptizing,—baptizing as I vowed long ago my Tony should be baptized. It would wash the sin from him; it would lift the curse. O my baby,—my baby! If I could take him with the others,—if I could take Tony, too! And I will,—I will!" she cried in sudden resolve. "Mend the trace, the wagon, if you can, Conde," she added, snatching Tony from his arms. "If you can not, we will walk,—crawl, as the old woman said, ten, twenty miles. It is the good God, the Blessed Mother to whom I prayed, that have had pity on me. Living or dying, my Tony shall have the blessed water poured on him; he shall be baptized,—he shall be baptized!"

And, stirred by Carita's appeal, Con hurried off to do his best for the broken

wagon. But, even with Zila's skilful help, all his efforts were vain. Axle as well as trace were shattered hopelessly. Lara was limping painfully on a lame leg, that would make travel over these mountains most precarious, even if it were possible.

"Then we must walk!" cried Carita, in a fever of mother love and fear. "What are ten miles to such blessing for Tony! And I vowed it when he was born. God is punishing that broken vow by taking him from me. The blessed water shall be poured upon him: he will live,—my baby will live! Did not the other women and children walk from their cabins? We, too, will go to Corbett's Cut. The old woman to whom Zila talked will show us the way."

But when they stopped at the hut in the hollow, the old crone, hobbling to the door, with the beads in her hand, eyed them suspiciously.

"You do be gypsies from the Glen below," she said. "They'll want no jiggling and junketing at Corbett's Cut. You'd best keep off."

"No, no!" answered Carita. "For I was a Christian once, old mother; and my child is sick, I fear to death. I go to the priest to have the blessed water poured on him. In God's name show us the way."

"Whether ye be telling lies or truth to me I do not know, but what ye ask in His name I must give," was the still doubting answer. "Keep down the rocks to the right of ye, and then follow the creek. It leads to Corbett's Cut. But if ye're looking to doing fortune-telling or witch work there, it will be worse for ye, I warn ye. The divil daren't show horns or hoofs to-day nigh Corbett's Cut."

And, nodding her snowy head in evident distrust of these questioners, the speaker turned back into her cabin and hurriedly closed and bolted the door. She had told them enough; only a slight clue was needed to guide such wanderers; and they kept on their way, along the rocks to the right, until the voice of the creek below

gave them further guidance. It was only a low voice at first, murmuring through a cleft in the mountains, but growing fuller and deeper as they followed its call. Con and Dick led the way, parting the tangles of thorn-bush and vines, that the others might pass through. What this strange journey meant neither boy nor dog knew. But if, as Carita said, it was to bring life and strength to Tony, Con was only too willing to go at once wherever she willed.

"It is foolishness!" declared Zila, as she came up beside Con. "Carita is mad with fear for the child, as we all can see. When she has a dozen, like the wife of Gaspar, she will have more sense."

"But the water may be good for Tony, as she says," replied Con, thoughtfully. "There are many things, Zila, that the gypsies do not know."

"Nor you either," she returned sharply.

"That is true," said Con. "If I could find the 'Mister' who came to the mountain last Christmas, and told me so much that I had never heard before, he would teach me again."

"Who was he?" asked Zila, curiously.

"I do not know," answered Con. "I had his name written on paper, but I lost it when I was sick. I can never find him now. He was tall and straight,—tall and straight and young as Peppo; but his eyes were not black and fierce: they were blue and kind. And when he stood in the log cabin, with the light shining upon him, all dressed in white and gold—"

"In white and gold!" interrupted Zila, breathlessly. "Was he a king, then?"

"I do not know," answered Con again.

"It all seemed as if I was not awake but dreaming,—the lights, the flowers, the singing, the people kneeling with their heads bowed. Then Irish Dennis came and turned me out. I'll never see anything so fine again, I know."

The voice of the creek had grown deeper, louder; the cleft of the mountains wider. The young travellers could now

see the waters swirling and foaming through the gorge below, as they forced their way from its wild darkness into freedom and light. Then the rugged banks sank into softer slopes beside the broadening stream, that swept on in shining guidance through the parting mountain. Con paused suddenly. His quick ear had caught a sound, startling on these mountain wilds: singing,—full-voiced singing such as he had heard in the log cabin on Christmas night; singing that woke the echoes of cliff and ridge. And as he stood listening a cry came from behind him, and poor Carita sank down helplessly on the ground.

"I can go no farther!" she panted. "My head is burning, my breath is gone."

"Get her some water!" said Zila quickly. "The long walk with that heavy child in her arms has taken away all her strength."

Con filled his cap from the creek. Zila bathed the poor little mother's head, held water to her lips; but Carita could only lean back white and faint against the rock behind her.

"We are almost there," said Con, striving to urge her on. "Listen! You can hear the people singing!"

Louder came the voices now, blending in a chorus of deep-toned praise. It was music such as the poor little gypsy had not heard for years. She tried to rise at its call, but sank down again helplessly into Zila's arms.

"I can not walk!" she moaned. "All the way here I have been cold and weak; but I thought to keep on for Tony's sake, that the blessed water might be poured on him by the priest, as I had vowed,—that he might be a child of God. But I can go no farther with him."

"And all will be over if we wait," said Con; "for the people have stopped singing now. Perhaps they are moving off."

For a moment he hesitated. Hunted young outlaw that he was, he knew not what danger he might face among these

singing people. Then he boldly flung away all thought of fear.

"Let Zila stay with you, Carita," he said. "Give Tony to me. I will take him to the Cut and have the blessed water poured on him as you wish."

"Oh, if you will, Conde,—if you will!" pleaded Carita, despairingly. "Take Tony to the priest, ask him to baptize him,—lift the curse and sin from my baby, as he can. Take him, Conde, and I will thank you all my life."

And Con took the fretting Tony from his mother; and, with the baby arms clasping his neck, the baby head nestling on his shoulder, he and Dick started off again, along the bank of the creek, swelling into loud-voiced triumph at his side as it guided him on nearer, nearer, nearer to the singers,—the singers whose hymn of praise now came clearly through the morning gladness:

Holy God, we praise Thy name!
 Lord of all, we bow before Thee!
 All on earth Thy sceptre claim,
 All in heav'n above adore Thee;
 Infinite Thy vast domain,
 Everlasting is Thy reign.

Con turned the bend of the guiding creek, and stood transfixed. Men, women and children, in numbers he could not count, filled the slopes of the Cut between the parted mountains, crowding around an altar that seemed to flame in the morning sunrise with glory and light that dazzled his wondering eyes. And standing there, in shining robes like those of Christmas night, was—was—oh, Con felt he was dreaming! This could not be true!

(To be continued.)

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S principal diversion as a boy, we are told, was training baby foxes. He was fond of fox-hunting, and would pay well for a family of young reynards. He took the animals home and trained them in all kinds of tricks; and he used to say that the fox had more brains than any other animal. We have all heard the expression, "as cute as a pet fox."

A Little Brother to the Sun.

BY MARY KELLEY DUNNE.

ONCE upon a time there was a little boy who said he would like to get acquainted with dandelions. But the other children said scornfully: "Who cares about dandelions? They're nothing but weeds. Besides," his companions insisted, "there are no dandelions: they're all dead, because it's winter."

But Anthony felt sure there must be dandelions somewhere, because his mother had told him there would be some very soon. They must be somewhere, and they must be coming. Daddy was away, but he was coming soon, too. And, sure enough, a few weeks later Anthony came hurrying home from school and excitedly assured his mother that daddy was coming home. And his startled mother discovered, after much questioning, that Anthony had associated his father's coming from away off, with the coming of the dandelions. And there was a tiny golden sun in a sheltered spot in the lane.

Then she took the little fellow on her knee and told him all she knew about the little brother to the sun. The dandelion is such a very common flower that most of us miss both its beauty and its inspiration. Only to imaginative children and to poets does it reveal its secrets. Lowell knew it well:

Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold,
 Thou art the type of those meek charities
 Which make up half the nobleness of life,—
 Words of frank cheer, glances of friendly eyes,
 Love's smallest coin, . . .
 Bringing forth many a thought and deed;
 And, planted safely in the eternal sky,
 Bloom into stars which earth is guided by.

Anthony was quite right in believing that dandelions are always somewhere and coming. Deep down in the earth, Mother Dandelion has her big taproot and is working, planning, resting. And when the spring sun begins to warm the earth a little, she sends her sap blood through the

little tendrils, and they begin to uncurl, pushing slowly and gently through the brown soil until they reach an opening, white, pale and tired. Then after a little rest, just far enough up so they can breathe, they begin to unfold. One tiny white leaf loses its pale color and grows stronger and longer; and another and another follow. Then in the centre of the bunch of leaves a little flat knot forms and grows and unfolds. Presently there comes an especially bright, warm day; and, although the wind may still have a sharp edge, there on the grass is a tiny blazing emblem of the sun and humble good deeds.

I am sure that the dandelion is more deserving of being our national flower than the goldenrod. Not only is it very beautiful as to color, but it is useful both as food and medicine; and, besides, it has many of our national characteristics, and some others of its own which it would be wise for us to adopt. It is persistent and sturdy, and courageous and cheerful. It does not mind a little cold and blustering weather. The snow still lingers and the dandelion has sent up a few cheery disks, promises of coming golden sunny days. The world could much easier spare its orchids than its dandelions.

Give the dandelion half a chance and it will grow and prosper. It never grumbles and says, "If I had only had the other fellow's chance I'd have done things worth while." It just makes the best of the place in which it happens to come up. If the fickle summer breeze lands one of the seed balloons between two stones in a vacant lot in a city block, the seed sprouts and grows, and makes the most of the scanty bit of nourishment in the tiny crevice. Its blossoms are not so large and its stems are not so long as those of its brethren who fell on the side of the moist and shady lane, but no doubt it is thankful that it is not worse off. It might have dropped between the paving blocks of the city street, and then there would have been no chance at all. But,

there in the vacant lot, who knows what inspiration it may furnish or whose table may be enriched by a salad of its leaves! I have seen a cheery dandelion growing in the choked gutter of a city roof. It sent up its short-stemmed miniatures of the sun, and it furnished comfort and cheer to a little invalid whose window overlooked the roof.

There is one characteristic of the dandelion which we have not yet adopted as we should, although no doubt we shall come to it when you young folks are quite grown up. The dandelion is one of the great examples of the value of co-operation. What you see in the dandelion head is not one flower but a hundred, and sometimes two hundred perfect flowers set on one little stem. The tiniest flowers are in the centre, and the largest and strongest on the outer edge as a sort of protection. They grow sturdily and kindly together; and when the seeds begin to form, the stem lengthens and pushes the seed balls up over the surrounding grasses. This is done so that the wind may catch the feathery balloon attached to each seed and carry it far away from the crowded paternal home, to some spot where there will be room for it to take root and live its own life. This growth of the stem after the blossoms form seeds is a characteristic of the dandelion. Plants usually get their growth before the blossom forms.

Did you know that all our weeds, with a few quiet, unobtrusive exceptions, are immigrants from Europe? They followed the human immigrants mostly in bags of grain. The dandelion came originally from Greece, but it has made itself thoroughly at home here, and has become quite as much an American as any of us. It is not right, however, to call the dandelion a noxious weed. It serves too many useful purposes, although it does become an annoyance when it insists on crowding out the grass on the lawn.

Everybody knows how good the dandelion leaves are cooked as a vegetable

in the early spring. And the tender leaves dressed with oil make a delicious salad. Country people make a tonic from the freshly dug roots; and the peasants in Germany, after drying and grinding the roots, use them instead of coffee. So it is hard to say whether the dandelion is a weed or a vegetable. Some of our plants change their character from time to time according to their environment, just as human beings do sometimes.

Many of our vegetables were once valueless weeds. Cultivation and breeding have so changed them that we value them highly for food.

The Prodigy.

I.

LITTLE Jean was very ill with a fever. Every few minutes his mother covered her face to hide her tears. His father bit his lips at the same time, to prevent his own tears from falling. The old doctor came twice a day to the Fromentin home. He placed under the left arm of his young patient a bright narrow tube, a thermometer, which he examined afterwards, shaking his head with an air of discouragement. Little Jean had noticed all this; for, in lucid intervals between terrible nightmares that left him in a cold sweat, he could think with remarkable clearness. At such times he would keep saying: "There's one thing that bothers me—to die before I see an aeroplane. I've been asking Our Lady to let me have that pleasure, and I hope she will give it to me."

The fact was that for more than a year Jean had been hearing of aeroplanes almost morning, noon, and night. Aviation and aviators had been the staple of conversation among his older companions. He had often dreamed of seeing the conquerors of the air taking flight. Before falling ill he had read the story of "Five Weeks in an Air-Ship"; and had read, besides, the real adventures of the Bleriot's and

Lathams and Farmans and Wrights. One day, indeed, his father had taken him to Issy-les-Moulineaux, where there was to be a demonstration of flying; but a chilly rain began to fall, and the artificial birds could not be taken from the hangars; so Mr. Fromentin, Jean and his twin brother Paul had returned home with severe colds. In Jean's case the cold had developed into pneumonia, and he now lay stretched on his bed of suffering, with only breath enough to murmur: "I'll die without ever having seen an air-ship!"

Then the fever would seize him again, and he would groan, moan, and pronounce odds and ends of phrases, about air-ships, monoplanes, bi-planes, and trips up into the blue sky. When the attack subsided Jean resumed his plaint: "And I'll die before I've seen an aeroplane!"

The doctor became more and more anxious; mamma cried oftener; papa hardly spoke, and Paul was still as a girl. One night, after consulting his thermometer, the physician held a mysterious conversation with the parents,—a conversation which ended with these words, emphasized with an expressive gesture: "And so, unless a real prodigy occurs—"

The senses of sick people often become very sharp. Although the words were pronounced in a low tone, they did not escape the ears of little Jean, who moaned: "There won't be any prodigy—and I'll die—and I won't have seen—"

His mother's embrace interrupted him; whilst his father said to Paul, who had silently stolen into the sick-room: "Since when have small boys learned to listen to the talk of their elders? Be off with you to bed, you little rogue, instead of trying to hear what the doctor is saying! I thought you were sound asleep."

And Paul, bowing his head under the scolding, hurried away.

II.

The sun was shining brightly, flooding with its rays the field of aviation. It was half-past eight in the morning. The famous

aviator, Mathal, was testing his motor, humming to himself; the open door of the hangar allowed the noise of the propeller to be heard at some distance. Mathal was in the best humor; he was getting ready to beat all his records.

Suddenly there appeared at the door a little fellow about five years of age, dressed as a sailor, a small blue cap resting jauntily on his curly head, his short legs spread apart like a regular old salt, and his hands stuck in the pockets of his wide-legged trousers.

"Get away from there, my young friend!" said the aviator. "I'm going to fly after a little while, and you'll be in danger."

But the little sailor drew one hand from his pocket, took off his cap, and politely explained:

"Mister Aviator, my name is Paul Fromentin. My brother Jean is going to die unless there's a prodigy; so the doctor says. He has never seen an air-ship, and he wants to see one ever so badly before he dies. Won't you please come and do some flying near our house? There's a big square not far off, and Jean could see you nicely from his bed." And then he went on, confidentially: "I know that you earn a lot of money when you go flying; so I've brought you all I had in my bank. There's eighteen cents."

As he spoke Paul took his other hand from his pocket, and presented the great Mathal with a dozen and a half of big coppers. The aviator said nothing for a moment; then he took the coppers, made as if to count them and replied: "You're a generous little fellow, I must say, and eighteen cents is a big sum of money. Hurry back to your brother, so that you can both enjoy his surprise."

About an hour later, little Jean, who since early morning had not opened his mouth, despite the tender questionings of his parents, suddenly smiled feebly as Paul burst into the room, quite against the doctor's orders.

Before Mr. Fromentin had time to turn

the young intruder out, the latter cried, as he pointed to the window: "Look, Jean,—look!"

And the sick boy saw, out in the golden sunlight, a monoplane with silken wings float and turn and go up and come down and loop the loop and go through all sorts of wonderful evolutions. When it was all over, Jean settled back in bed, his feverish little hands clasped as he said: "Our Blessed Mother heard me; at last I've seen one. 'T is the prodigy!"

When the doctor paid his next visit he found his little patient quietly sleeping, his face composed, and his breathing quite regular. A great change had taken place. The physician examined him for some time, listened to his respiration, and joyfully exclaimed: "He is saved!"

Jean smiled in his sleep; helpless in his bed, he dreamed that he had wings and was flying among the clouds.

Words with Queer Meanings.

If you were reprov'd for not being *buxom* to your parents or teachers, or for *grutching* at their *hests*; if your were cautioned to overlook *dis-eases*; urged to cultivate *cunning*; recommended to be *sad* in church and to say your prayers *sadly*; to *clepe* every one by his or her proper name; to show a pleasant *chere*; never to speak of the faults of your companions without *skill*; if you were reminded that many things we miss are better *forelore*; and, finally, if you were urged to *con* all this well, you would surely smile and say you didn't know what was meant. But boys and girls who lived in England about one hundred and fifty years before the discovery of America understood well the meaning then attached to all the words here printed in italics.

Buxom meant obedient; *grutching*, grumbling; *hests*, commands; *dis-ease*, discomfort; *cunning*, knowledge; *sad*, serious; *clepe*, to call; *chere*, countenance; *skill*, reason; *forelore*, lost; *con*, to consider.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—There is printed in pamphlet form a splendid lecture entitled, "The Influence of Irishmen in Colonial Days," by the Rev. Martin C. Keating. We regret that we can not advise as to either publisher or price.

—The first part of the "Liber Pontificalis"—the Lives of the Popes from St. Peter to Gregory I.—has been translated into English by Dr. Louise Ropes Loomis, and published by the Columbia University Press. The translation (an abridged one) is entitled "The Book of the Popes." The notes would have been rendered more useful by the aid of a Catholic collaborator.

—At the conclusion of a very discerning appreciation of the late Eleanor C. Donnelly, Mrs. Honor Walsh writes, in *America*: "A critically chosen collection, now in contemplation, containing only the richest fruits of Eleanor Donnelly's genius, will do more to perpetuate her fame than could be effected by thirty or fifty or a hundred volumes of unedited reprints." It is our hope that Mrs. Walsh may be chosen as editor of the contemplated edition.

—The Rev. Francis P. Donnelly, S. J., to whom devout souls are already so deeply indebted for his little books of spiritual persuasion, has increased this debt of gratitude by his latest offering, "The Holy Hour in Gethsemane," a handy volume of meditations on the beautiful prayer "Anima Christi." The volume is intended for use in the public exercises of the Holy Hour, but it may also be used privately by the individual adorer. Published, in good form, by P. J. Kenedy & Sons, and sold for 80 cents, postpaid.

—During the closing years of St. Teresa's life her inseparable companion was Sister Anne of St. Bartholomew, a lay-Sister, who on May 6 of this year was solemnly beatified, and is now known as Blessed Mother Anne of St. Bartholomew. The Rev. M. Bouix, S. J., translated into French the unpublished autograph of this servant of God, adding thereto a commentary and historical notes; and this French work has just been published in an English translation by a religious of the Carmel of St. Louis. A slender octavo of 160 pages, this Life is, nevertheless, quite complete. We find therein an address (on the occasion of the reading of the decree approving the two necessary miracles) by his Holiness Benedict XV.; a letter from the Carmelite General; the decree for Beatification; a short preface by the Rev. Walter Elliott,

C. S. P.; a longer one by the editor; the autobiography of Blessed Anne, and an appendix supplementing her own story of her career. It is an exceedingly interesting as well as a most edifying book; and is so far important that, as Father Elliott well says, "to know St. Teresa thoroughly well, one must have this Life of Sister Anne." Published by the Carmel of St. Louis, Mo., and sold for 85 cents.

—The simplicity of former times is illustrated by an item appearing in the December number of a magazine edited by Mark Forrester and published in Boston about the middle of the last century. Only four volumes would seem to have been issued. After returning fervent thanks to "Edwin C. S." for a bag of chestnuts, the editor says: "If I had a nice large yellow pumpkin, I should be provided for upon Christmas day." It is to be hoped the need was supplied. If Mr. Forrester were living in our times, he would wish to receive a bag of onions and potatoes.

—It was a gracious act of filial devotion for the Sisters of Providence of Newport, Ky., to prepare a memorial volume in honor of their founder in this country and spiritual father, the late beloved Bishop Maes. Under the title "Character Sketches of the Rt. Rev. C. P. Maes, D. D.," they have gathered biographical data and numerous quotations from his public utterances. The collection gives a fairly clear picture of the lamented prelate. Needless to say, the sketching has been done *con amore*. His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons contributes a preface to the volume, which is tastefully produced, and embellished with a pleasing portrait. John Murphy Co., publishers; price, \$1.25, postpaid.

—Mr. P. J. Desmond, the bard of Norwood, Mass. (it may boast of other poets, but there are none, we feel certain, that can sing as he sings), has just published a booklet of 52 pages, entitled "Selected Gems." (Angel Guardian Press, Boston.) At the end of the collection we find these alluring lines:

There is a word in every clime
To every heart most dear:
In English 'tis "Forget Me Not,"
In French 'tis "Souvenir";
And may all who read "Selected Gems"
Receive from Gems Good Cheer!

The gem that has cheered us most is the one called "Civic Association," the first and last stanzas of which are appended. Those who refuse to be cheered by our selection, as well as pernickety persons who object to such little

eccentricities of technique as the rhyming of "join" with "fine," are referred to the gem entitled "The Sinking of the Lusitania," which is threnodial in character:

At Norwood central station there's a club you would like to join;

It's the Civic Association, where they have everything so fine;
When you once become a member your life will be sublime;
They have chess and they have checkers and they have all sorts of fun,

And you can get instructions in the gymnasium.

So you're out upon the race track, and with your nimble feet
You can sprint around the oval and there a record seek;
And should you make a mis-step or there be taken ill,
Without delay they will bring you to the Civic hospital.

—From St. Joseph's Catholic Press, Jaffna, Ceylon, there comes to us a 16mo brochure of 260 pages, "Philosophical Saivism," by the Rev. S. Gnana Prakasar, O. M. I. Saivism is the religion of Siva, the third person of the Indian Triad. The author distinguishes between popular Saivism, "a congeries of superstitions, self-tortures, and formal observances," and Saiva Siddhanta, or a philosophical system combining two schools of thought, the Sankya and Vedanta, with the addition of a certain number of tenets from other sources. While of minor interest for the general reader, this brochure is worth while perusing by students of world philosophies in general and of Eastern cults and systems in particular.

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. Publisher's prices generally include postage.

"Literature in the Making." Joyce Kilmer. \$1.40.

"The Story of the Acts of the Apostles." Rev. E. Lynch, S. J. \$1.75.

"French Windows." John Ayscough. \$1.40, net.

"Our Refuge." Rev. Augustine Springler. 60 cts.

"The Will to Win." Rev. E. Boyd Barrett, S. J. 56 cts.

"Gold Must Be Tried by Fire." Richard Aumerle Maher. \$1.50.

"Hurrah and Hallelujah." Dr. J. P. Bang. \$1.

"Anthony Gray,—Gardener." Leslie Moore. \$1.50.

"Blessed Art Thou Among Women." William F. Butler \$3.50.

"History of the Sinn Fein Movement." Francis P. Jones. \$2.00.

"The Master's Word." 2 vols. Rev. Thomas Flynn, C. C. \$3.00.

"Dark Rosaleen." M. E. Francis. \$1.35.

"An Eight Days' Retreat for Religious." Rev. Henry A. Gabriel, S. J. \$1.50.

"The Love of God and the Neighbor." Rev. J. V. Schubert. \$1.25.

"Prolegomena to an Edition of the Works of Decimus Magnus Ausonius." Sister Marie José Byrne, Ph. D. \$1.25.

"Catholic Christianity and the Modern World." Dr. Krogh-Tonning. \$1.25.

"Camillus de Lellis, the Hospital Saint." A Sister of Mercy. \$1.

"Catholic Christianity; or, The Reasonableness of Our Religion." Rev. O. Vassall-Phillips, C. S. S. R. \$1.50.

"A Retrospect of Fifty Years." Cardinal Gibbons. 2 vols. \$2.

Obituary.

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

Rev. Casimir Reichlin, of the diocese of Cleveland; Rev. John Stas, diocese of Scranton; and the Rev. Michael Milaszewski, diocese of Fort Wayne.

Brother Andrew, C. S. C.

Mother M. Dosithea, of the Sisters of Loretto; Sister M. Michael, Order of the Visitation; Sister Teresa Vincent and Sister M. Miriam, Sisters of Charity.

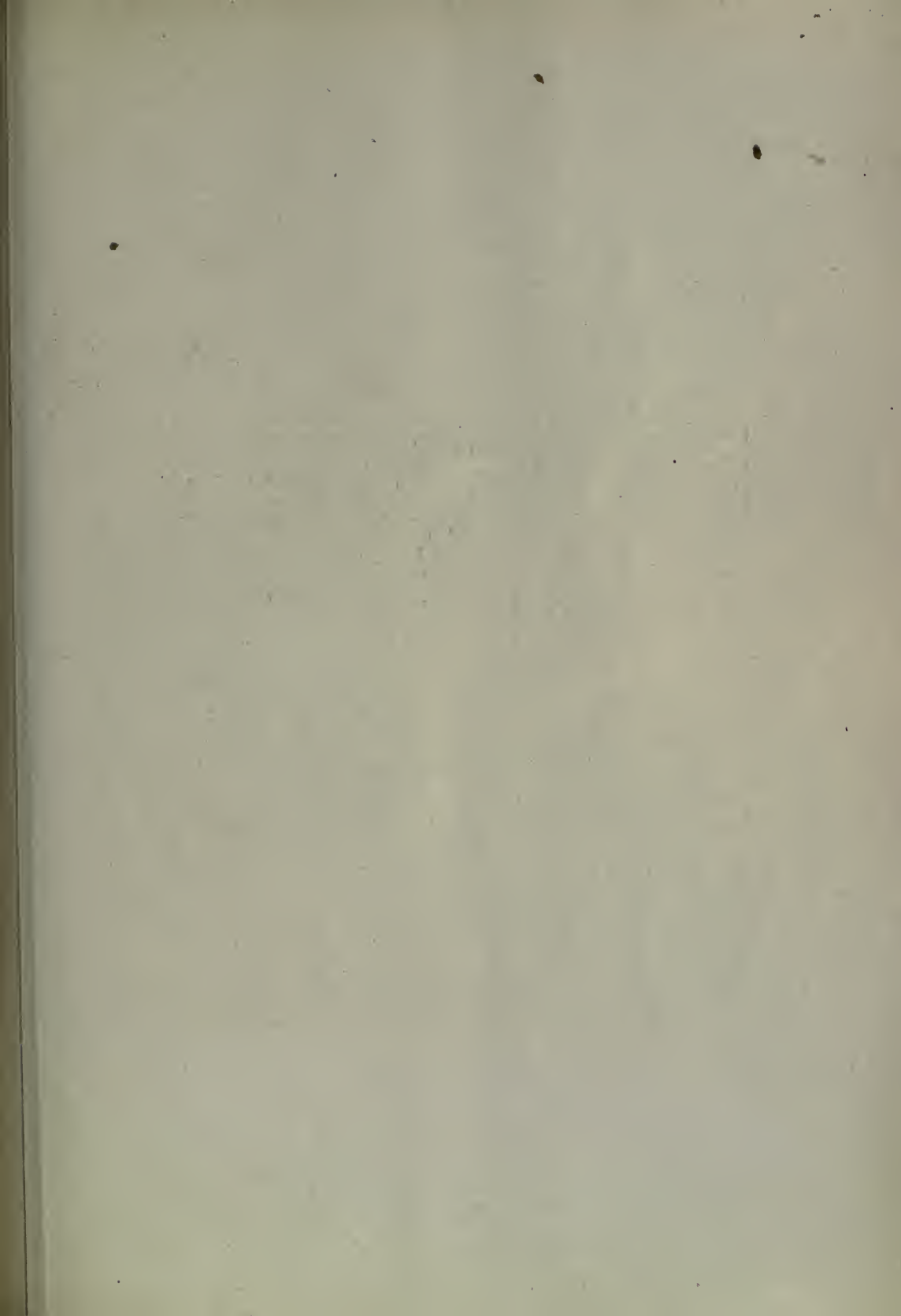
Mr. George Elliott, Miss Margaret Jacobs, Mr. James Boland, Mrs. Mary Connell, Mr. John O'Sullivan, Mr. William Blair, Sr., Mr. E. J. Schreiber, Mr. Timothy Fitzpatrick, Mr. George McDeavett, Mr. Henry Hughes, Mr. William Yanda, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Sullivan, Mr. Thomas Smith, Mr. Anthony Richter, Mrs. Patrick McArdle, Miss Teresa Carroll, Mr. Thomas Knox, Mrs. Bridget Gray, Mr. George Lohe, Mr. W. T. Pickett, Mr. Michael Hennessey, Mr. John R. Kelly, Mr. Robert Runyan, Mr. Paul Smith, Mr. John Colligan, Mr. Michael Duffy, Mr. J. C. Bouvier, Mr. A. E. Frenz, and Mr. George Hoffmann.

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 rescue of orphaned and abandoned children in China: K. C. R., \$1. For the Dacca Mission: Miss A. S., \$5. To supply good reading to prisons, hospitals, etc.: friend, \$2.





THE FINDING IN THE TEMPLE.
(Schola Art. Beuron.)



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

VOL. V. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JUNE 9, 1917.

NO. 23

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Stella Maris.

BY J. F.

NOW hung the mist athwart the twilight sea,
The multitudinous waves had fallen on sleep,
Nor swish nor sob was shoreward borne to me,
Nor drift nor spume disturbed the outer deep;
It was so soft a night, the world seemed veiled
In gray and downy slumber, when from far
Into the amplitude of space there sailed
A splendid and a solitary star.

I thought upon Our Lady, and I knew

It was her star, her bright and vestal flame;
The enshrouding mist, a guilty thing, withdrew
As from that orb benignant influence came.
Love-lit, I yearned for speech all tender-true,
To sing the peerless honors of her name.

The New Medievalism.

BY THE REV. J. B. CULEMANS.

I.

OUTSIDE the Church it has long been an undisputed axiom that we are the beneficiaries of a new intellectual life which began with the Reformation. Contemptuous reference to the "Dark Ages" was oppressively common not only in a certain type of popular literature, but among thinkers and professors who posed as beacon lights of progress. It was a wilful and blind aversion from all that bore the hallmark of Catholicism. Whatever men had done, written or thought in the Middle Ages

was hardly worth while mentioning, much less investigating.

For some years back a notable change has slowly come over men's minds. Surfeited with materialistic science, and the blatant agnostic philosophy that pretended to be based upon it, they experienced a violent revulsion; and began to seek surcease from black despair, and solace for their sore-tried feelings, in the bright and warm idealism of the days of Christian unity.

It is with genuine satisfaction that one watches the efforts made by non-Catholic scholars to unearth from old libraries every manuscript that displays the manners, the views, the intellectual preoccupations of those remote days; every scrap of poetry and prose that gives an insight into the hearts and souls of those nations that represent the infancy of Europe, nurtured and guided by the motherly hand of the Church. The writings of Medieval prelates and monks have suddenly acquired a literary distinction, a philosophic value, an artistic merit, that none but Catholics ever suspected; that none but Catholics appreciated, and then not always at their true worth.

The hymns and sequences used for centuries in our liturgy are being rediscovered by these investigators, and held up as gems of lyrical composition. The naïve stories of the "Legenda Aurea" and the "Fioretti" are displayed before a *blasé* public as products of true poetic inspiration. Candidates for degrees delve into the old liturgical and historical records and make them the subjects of their

academic dissertations, bringing back to life forgotten heroes of pen and sword. Saints like Gregory of Tours are found to write interesting chronicles, even if their Latin is barbarous. Saints are even found to be intense lovers of science and philosophy. They are conceded to be men of disparate and conflicting views: identical religious tenets and the trammels of authority did not kill their individuality of thought and expression. While submissive to the teachings of theology, they were broadly human, and singularly alert in seizing upon the manifold problems presented by nature and man. All this and much more non-Catholic students in the service of the new Medievalism are bringing to light with an ingenuity and perseverance worthy of their task.

II.

From recent secular publishers' catalogues, a fairly long list might be made up of books of unequal merit, but all of them endeavoring to make the Middle Ages better known to a wide circle of readers. One of the most satisfactory of these works, because it aims at a general survey of Medieval intellectual life, is H. Osborn Taylor's "The Medieval Mind."* The fact that the two bulky volumes have gone into a second edition in a short time is in itself proof of the deep interest on the part of the reading public in the refreshing newness of the rediscovered fields of literature, art, law, philosophy, and religion.

It were too much to expect that an Englishman's Protestant bias should not come to the surface now and then. It does crop out at times, but hardly in a grossly offensive manner. And one readily forgives him for the sake of his sympathetic attitude towards the writers and their works he has set out to study and interpret for the men of to-day; for his honest effort to enter thoroughly into their ways of thinking; and for his steadily-kept resolve to judge them by the

standards of their time, and not by those of our twentieth century, "enlightened" by the glorious Reformation.

There is scarcely anything finer from the pen of a Protestant, anything more discerning and at the same time more objectively true, than this tribute to the prince of scholastics, Thomas Aquinas, so much maligned since the rise of "modern" philosophy. "The unity of Thomas' personality lay in his conception of man's *summum bonum* which sprang from his Christian faith, but was constructed by reason from foundation to pinnacle; and it is evinced in the compulsion of an intellectual temperament that never let the pious reasoner's energies or appetitions stray loitering or aberrant from the goal. Likewise the unity of his system consists in its purpose, which is to present that same *summum bonum*, credited by faith, empowered, if not impassioned, by piety, and constructed by reason. To fulfil this purpose in its utmost compass, reason works with the material of all pertinent knowledge, fashioning the same to complete logical consistency of expression. . . . Thomas' intellectual powers work together in order to set his thought of this *summum bonum* on its surest foundations, and make clear its scope,—his faculty of arrangement and serious and lucid presentation; his careful reasoning, which never trips, never overlooks, and never either hurries or is taken unprepared; his marvellous unforgetfulness of everything which might remotely bear on the subject; his intellectual poise and his just weighing of every matter that should be taken into the scales of his determination. Observing these, we may realize how he seemed to his time a new intellectual manifestation of God's illuminating grace. . . .

"Thomas was the greatest of the schoolmen. His way of teaching, his translucent exposition, came to his hearers as a new inspiration. Only Bonaventura may be compared with him for clearness of exposition,—of solution, indeed, and Thomas is more judicial, more supremely intel-

* The Macmillan Co.

lectual; his way of treatment was a stronger incitement and satisfaction to at least the mind of his auditors. Thomas exposed every difficulty and presented its depths; but then he solved and adjusted everything with an argumentation from whose careful inclusiveness no question strayed unshepherded. The material that Thomas works with and many of his thoughts and arguments are to be found in Albertus Magnus; and the pupil knew his indebtedness to the great master, who survived him to defend his doctrines. But what is not in Albert is Thomas,—Thomas himself, with his disentangled reasoning, his clarity, his organic exposition, his final construction of the Medieval Christian scheme.”*

III.

One of the most surprising things for the modern reader which the investigations of the new Medievalism have brought to light, is the fact that the intellectual pursuits of the Middle Ages were not by any means centered in abstruse questions of philosophy and theology. The old pagan poet's *Homo sum, et nil humanum a me alienum puto*, echoed in their hearts, and they manifest as varied an interest in all the phases and fortunes of life as did the men in any epoch of the world's history. Shining virtues are shadowed by violent outbreaks of passion. The deep humility of the Poverello's lowly followers stands in powerful contrast with the scathing denunciations of princes and prelates by writers of prose and verse. Yet to the latter the Protestant of the sixteenth century as well as his successor of to-day will generally look in vain for support in his warfare upon the divinely constituted Church of Christ. It is a Protestant who, after close study of the documents, makes this admission:

“Medieval denunciations of the Church range from indictments of particular abuses, on through more general invectives,

to the clear protests of heretics impugning the ecclesiastical system. It is not always easy to ascertain the speaker's meaning. Usually the abuse and not the system is attacked. Hostility to the latter, however sweeping the language of satirist or preacher, is not lightly to be inferred. The invectives of St. Bernard or Damian are very broad; but where had the Church more devoted sons? Even the satirists composing in old French rarely intended an assault upon her spiritual authority. It would seem as if, at least in the Romance countries, one must look for such hostility to heretical circles,—the Waldenses, for example. And, from the Medieval standpoint, this was their most accursed heresy.”*

This broad outlook on life was partly due to the fact that during all those Medieval centuries the classics of Rome, and to a smaller extent those of Greece, were sedulously studied, imitated at times with more or less success, and more often assimilated to good advantage by men who lived in a different environment and fed upon a heritage of Christian, not pagan, ideals. It is becoming gradually recognized that the “barbarous Latin” of the Middle Ages is more expressive of individuality, more virile in structure and content, more redolent of the soil from which it sprang, than the formal and lifeless Ciceronian Latin of the pedants of the Renaissance. Hear this spirited reply of Peter of Blois, a Frenchman residing in England, where he died about the year 1200. Writing to the Bishop of Bath concerning the accusation of some unknown detractor that he, Peter, is a useless compiler, who fills letters and sermons with the plunder of the ancients and Holy Writ, he says: “Let him cease, or he will hear what he does not like; for I am full of cracks, and can hold nothing in, as Terence says. Let him try his hand at compiling, as he calls it. But what of it! Though dogs may bark and

* Vol. II., pp. 466, 7.

* Ibid., p. 61.

pigs may grunt, I shall always pattern on the writings of the ancients; with them shall be my occupation; nor ever, while I am able, shall the sun find me idle."*

Of course the productions of the Latin writers of those days are not all of equal literary merit, no more than are the works of English authors of to-day. But most of them formed their minds upon the best of what the ancients handed down to posterity. Peter of Blois himself tells us: "Besides other books, I gained from keeping company with Trogus Pompeius, Josephus, Suetonius, Hegesippus, Quintus, Curtius, Tacitus, Livy, all of whom throw into their histories much that makes for moral edification and the advance of liberal science. And I read other books which had nothing to do with history, very many of them. From all of them we may pluck sweet flowers, and cultivate ourselves from their urbane suavity of speech."

The prose writings of men like him or like Einhard, John of Salisbury, Hildebert of Lavardin, Hildebert of Le Mans, St. Bernard, St. Anselm, St. Bonaventure, and others, will give those who feel drawn to read them no mean idea of the literary powers of the writers. "Considering that Latin was a tongue which youths learned at school rather than at their mother's knee, such writing as Bernard's is a triumphant recasting of an ancient language." That is high praise from a Protestant bred in an environment of enmity and contempt for all that Bernard and his contemporaries stood for all through the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. And he continues: "Two hundred years later Medieval Latin prose, if one may say so, sang its swan song in that little book which is a last sweet echo of all mellifluous Medieval piety. Yet perhaps this 'De Imitatione Christi' of Thomas à Kempis can scarcely be classed as prose, so full is it of assonances and rlythm fit for chanting." †

* Ibid., p. 161.

† Ibid., p. 214.

IV.

It is indeed in its poetical productions that one of the noteworthy achievements of the Middle Ages lies,—an achievement that shines out with new lustre as the rich store of poems of all kinds is extracted from dusty manuscripts and brought to the light of day. The Medieval poets made a distinct step forward when many of them broke away from antique metres, and introduced the rhyme which was practically unknown to the classical Romans and Greeks. This new departure in poetical endeavor did not make the old metre at once obsolete. Numerous examples are extant where it was used very felicitously; and Hildebert of Lavardin, whom we have met among the great prose writers, used it with consummate skill.

But under the influence of the vulgar tongues which were then forming, the quantity of the Latin syllable was lost sight of and gave place to the accent. The latter superseded the former in verse, the accented syllable taking the place of the long, and the unaccented the place of the short syllable. Add to these a definite number of syllables in a line, and the regularly recurring sameness of sound which is called rhyme, and the Medieval *ars poetica* stands out complete in its individuality.

Catholics are familiar—and non-Catholics, to their great surprise and delight, are familiarizing themselves—with those splendid specimens of religious poetry which have long formed an integral part of the Offices of the Church. Here again not all are of equal worth, and it is no disparagement of the great Aquinas to say that some of his hymns are inferior in poetical inspiration and beauty of thought to those (e. g.) of Adam of St. Victor. But it would be a mistake to think that Medieval poetry was confined to religious themes: the subjects are as various as the ever-changing aspects of nature, and the vagaries and moods of

man. And, since the poets wrote for love of their subject and not for personal-glory, the authorship of many a piece can not even be traced to-day.

It is an almost hopeless task to attempt a translation of those unique poems that were on the lips of the sainted recluse of the cloister, as well as of the care-free student setting out for Paris in quest of learning. Dr. Taylor quotes several good specimens in the original. Any one who wishes to break away from the trite and commonplace, and gratify his taste for poetical novelty, will be amply rewarded for dipping now and then into the "treasure" of Medieval verse. Many a lilting line will keep on haunting the memory and bid him return to the same source.

The point of it all is that the exuberant Catholic life of the Middle Ages is being rendered more accessible to an ever-widening circle of readers; is dispelling black and heavy clouds of misunderstanding; is drawing the minds and hearts of men, who thus far have been hostile or indifferent, to know and to love true beauty closely allied to unchangeable divine truth.

THE modern tendency to deny the possibility of miracles is absolutely anti-Christian. Catholics can make no terms with this development of "modern thought" without denying the fundamental truths of "the Faith once delivered to the Saints." The anti-Christian temper of modern Cerinthianism tends to violate all the laws of unbiassed historical investigation. Dr. Swete, the Rëgius Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, has well said of the critical methods of these modern heretics: "It is too commonly assumed that evidence which would be good under ordinary circumstances is bad where the supernatural is involved." (*Church Congress Report*, 1902, p. 163). The denial of the miracles of the Virgin-Conception and the Virgin-Birth is *ipso facto* a denial of the Catholic doctrine of the Incarnation.

—Dr. Wirgman (*Anglican*).

The Crest of the Bodkins.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON.

XXXV.—STIRRING EVENTS.

ON the 4th of April Diaz dispatched three thousand cavalry under General Toro to attack Marquez. On the 6th Toro's corps came up with the Imperialists at the Hacienda de San Diego de Notario, about fifteen miles from Apizaco. Toro, instead of harassing the enemy, offered him battle, with the result of defeat,—General Leva saving utter disaster by a brilliant attack on the left flank of Marquez, compelling the latter to draw off and to retreat in the direction of Apizaco.

General Leva felt his way very thoroughly; and, forming three thousand cavalry in lines of battle on the crest of a hill, he awaited Marquez. The Imperialist General ordered his men to dismount, and, charging up the hill on foot, drove the Liberals before him; the latter retreating as fast as possible to Piedra Negras, about seven leagues, where they encamped for the night.

General Diaz arrived next day with twelve thousand men, and at Apam prepared to give the Imperialist forces battle. Diaz placed an infantry soldier behind each cavalry man. Six thousand men thus mounted advanced slowly, for the roads were wet and in a wretched condition. The light munition pieces were placed on the backs of mules. About six o'clock Diaz prepared for action; and, with four pieces of artillery, dashed at Marquez' right flank, carrying the position. Then he formed his line of battle around the Hacienda San Lorenzo, the men sleeping on their arms.

Marquez, under cover of the night, retreated; and in the morning, when Diaz expected battle, the enemy was out of sight. Not to be balked, however, Diaz ordered his cavalry in pursuit, at a gallop, and came up with Marquez at a bridge

spanning a ravine, into which the latter ran his artillery there abandoning it. The Emperor's troops, who held the post of honor, the rear-guard, stood their ground. A few hundred yards beyond the bridge was a narrow pass, where Marquez could have held the enemy in check, and have retrieved perhaps the losses of the day; but this miserable coward, selecting a small but well-mounted escort, fled back to the capital, his command arriving a few days afterward.

It was when Marquez returned to the city of Mexico that Arthur Bodkin saw that the city was virtually given up to the Liberals. Surrender was in the air. Gloom was upon the visage of every foreigner, while sly smilings and confident struttings denoted the feelings of at least ninety per cent of the Mexicans.

"I want your leave, sir, to join the Emperor," said Arthur to Baron Bergheim the morning that Marquez told a lying story of his defeat.

"I shall come with you, Herr Bodkin,—I shall come with you! Prepare to start to-morrow. Hey! this is no place for honest men. If we have to die, let us die fighting for Maximilian."

When Rody O'Flynn received orders to march, his first thought was for his fair relative.

"Couldn't we smuggle her wid us, sir? She won't be safe here, I'm afeard. They're all bloody villyans."

"She will be quite safe with the Von Steins, under the Austrian flag."

"I suppose so, Masther Arthur; but I'd rayther have her wid us. They say the ould man is only fit for Swifts. He's shut up in the house below, and won't let man nor mortal inside the dure. I wint down there yestherday, and I knocked until me knuckles were wore off. At last he kem to a top windy. 'Who's that?' sez he. 'It's me,' sez I. 'Who are ye?' sez he. 'Rody,' sez I. 'If it wasn't for ye and yer colloguerin' I'd be safe and sound. Be off wid ye!' sez he. Well, sir, I thried for to arguey wid him, but he wouldn't

hear raison. 'Have ye any message for Mary?' sez I. 'I have,' sez he, 'for yer betthers!' And he ups and he shuts the windy. Mebbe ye could get at the soft side of him, Masther Arthur."

"I'll have a try for your sake, Rody."

"God bless ye, sir!"

It was after nightfall when our hero, alone, visited the house in the Calle San Francisco, Rody awaiting him in the Portales Mercatores. After considerable banging at the door, the old man hailed Arthur from an upper window; and, upon learning who it was, descended to the ground-floor, unbarred the shutters of the store, or counting-house, which were defended, as is usual in Mexico, with enormous iron bars.

"Did you send the papers to your friend Talbot, to the mine?" asked the usurer, eagerly.

"Yes, of course,—at once."

"Didn't you get a receipt?"

"Certainly."

"Have you got it?"

"I have,—here it is."

"Are you mad, man? Keep it—for her! They're after me. Mazazo's devils are watching me; but I can hold out in this old fort, I tell you. I have plenty of victuals, and my faithful old *criada* comes to the window when nobody is about, and leaves me some fresh food. What is going to be done? I hear that Marquez ran for his life."

"We are going to Queretaro."

"Who's *we*?"

"Rody and myself."

"Oh, that's bad,—infernally bad! Rats deserting the ship."

"We are no rats," laughed Arthur; "we are true men. Our Emperor is at Queretaro, and it is under his command that we want to be."

"Where's Mary?"

"Your daughter is perfectly safe with the Baroness von Steiu."

"That sounds grand, but you know she's an Alvarado. You're not married, Mr. Bodkin?" significantly.

"I am really much obliged for your confidence, Mr. O'Flynn; but I can marry only one woman, and that woman is not your daughter."

The old man groaned.

"But I have reason to know," said Arthur, "that as noble a man, as brave, as loyal, as truthful a man as ever walked in God's sunlight is in love with her, and—"

"Who is he?"

"Your kinsman, Rody."

"Bah!" yelled the old man, as he swiftly banged the wooden shutters to, and proceeded to put up the bars.

Arthur, seeing that it was useless to endeavor to regain the old man's ear, returned to the *Portales Mercatores*.

"So he said 'Bah,' sir! Begob he should have said 'Yah,' and that manes yis. But it's all right, and God be good to ye, Masther Arthur, for trying."

XXXVI.—IN THE THROES.

Arthur Bodkin received a number of letters from home almost as he was about to put his foot in the stirrup to join the Emperor. His mother and sisters wrote long epistles, giving him all the local gossip, which is always so precious when we are away from the domestic hearth. And Father Edward, who never missed sending the *Weekly Vindicator*, also wrote.

"I have been told," said the good priest, "that *your* Miss Nugent is with the poor Empress, and that she is the greatest comfort to her. Lady Oranmore, whose husband is Ambassador at Vienna, informed your good mother, who told me. I pray every morning for your own safety, and for that decent boy, Rody O'Flynn, and also for the restoration of the poor Empress to her reason. We see all sorts of things in the papers, but I don't believe anything unless it comes from you. There are too many rockets in Rody's letters,—fireworks of all sorts.

"Mr. Mike Ffrench, of Loughnagarraun, is a little out of his head, and is after me to take a trip with him to the South of France. His family are pressing me hard—

very hard. Of course he will have Pat Dempsey, his own man, with him, in case he gets too crazy; so I would be safe. I am going to ask the advice of my dear parishioners next Sunday at last Mass. I can't realize going farther than the Tulburny crossroads north, or Cahir-na-Corin south. If I *do* go, I'll go and see Miss Nugent, and—well, I'll go bail she'll talk freely with me."

This was the only tale or tidings that Arthur had had of the lady of his love since that glorious July evening at Rio Frio; and, small as the crumb was, the poor fellow made a hearty meal on it. Alice was safe and well. That was reassuring. Did she ever think of him? Did her thoughts return to the land of Montezuma? Did she wonder what he was doing, and if he was with Maximilian? And did she know of the crisis, and the desperate game that was being played by desperate men against desperate odds?

When Arthur Bodkin arrived at Queretaro, not without considerable risk, he found the Emperor and staff in the very best of spirits; for on the previous day a sortie in force had been made, in which nineteen guns and six hundred prisoners had been captured; and the moral effect upon the Liberals was very marked.

The Emperor, as soon as he saw Arthur, advanced toward him, exclaiming:

"What tidings of Marquez?"

Arthur told him all that he had learned.

"This is bad," said the Emperor; and, turning to Prince Salm-Salm, he entered into a prolonged and animated discussion, gesticulating violently—a thing very unusual with him,—and slapping Salm-Salm on the breast by way of emphasizing his words.

Later in the day Prince Salm-Salm came to Arthur.

"The Emperor is full of grim misgivings as to the loyalty of Marquez," he said, "and has ordered me to leave for Mexico to-night. I am to order Marquez to come here with his entire force; and in the event of refusal I am to arrest him.

I am to take five hundred troopers—the Hussars. Would you like to come with me?"

"It is what I would have asked, Prince."

"Then be ready at midnight. We leave by the Cerro Gordo road, and may drop into some fighting."

At midnight the smart little force emerged from Queretaro; but instead of striking the Cerro Gordo road, the Prince swung round by Buena Vista, as the enemy was concentrated in force at the road. After riding a couple of miles a brisk fire was opened upon them on the right, while in front dark masses of the enemy in course of formation told Salm-Salm that to proceed would prove disastrous. Calling a halt, he rapidly explained the situation.

"We must retire," he said; adding, "besides, I am hit."

He had been shot, slightly though, in the left foot, and the wound was becoming exceedingly painful.

It was with a heavy heart that Arthur rode back into Queretaro: he was for dashing through the enemy, spurring hard to Mexico, arresting Marquez, and returning in force.

Arthur saw a great deal of the Emperor during the next few days. His Majesty, who rose at daybreak, visited the outposts on foot. He inspected every battery himself, and sighted every gun; then he would repair to the hospital to minister to his wounded soldiers. After hearing Mass, he would walk in the square before the Church of La Cruz; at sunset he would walk for exactly one hour in the same place. It was here that Arthur strolled with him. He liked the young Irishman, his earnestness, his enthusiasm, and his truthfulness. Arthur spoke as freely to Maximilian as he would to Trafford, and told him what he thought of Lopez and the whole affair of Mazazo.

"We shall deal with Mazazo, Bodkin," the Emperor said. "As regards Lopez, your judgment is in error. He is true as steel."

The tower of the Church of La Cruz was the Emperor's observatory until it became too hot to hold him; for Escobedo's guns were posted opposite, and some of them within six hundred feet. One morning Maximilian and his staff, Arthur being with them, ascended the tower. The Bodkins of Ballyboden were ever remarkable for wondrous powers of vision, being accredited by the county people with being able to see in the dark; and as Arthur was passing a loophole, he perceived Escobedo, field-glass in hand, directing the position of a masked cannon. Darting up the steps, ye yelled:

"Have a care, sir! Escobedo is training a gun upon you. Down! down!"

Scarcely had the words escaped his lips ere a shell burst over their heads, scattering bricks and mortar, and wounding the Count Ehrich Gratzberg.

"This is a little too near to be pleasant, gentlemen. Let us descend," laughed the Emperor, ordering the stairway to be closed.

About the first of May came ominous whisperings of a scarcity of food, and of terrible suffering on the part of the poor. The Emperor issued an order that all persons possessing a stock of edibles should sell at a reasonable rate, and he personally organized a staff to see that the poorer citizens were at least secure from utter destitution; while the army was reduced to rations of horse and mule flesh. Although the Emperor had in his suite half a dozen cooks of the highest skill, he fared exactly as did the commonest private soldier under his command; and, save for an occasional glass of wine, coffee was his daily beverage.

It were profitless to tell in detail the story of the siege, with its horrors and distress, its heroism and cowardice, its achievements and its sacrifices. There were, all told, only about nine thousand men in the Imperial army to withstand forty thousand Liberals. The dashing charge of Prince Salm-Salm with his cuirassiers, and other encounters; the

rascally desertion of Marquez; the gallant defence of the Cruz; the attempts to break through the lines; the councils of war; the overtures to the enemy; the final surrender through treachery,—all these have passed into history.

As the siege neared its termination, when it was known that vengeance was the dominant sentiment of Mexico, and that Maximilian's life was to be the price of satisfaction, the Emperor was entreated to take the cavalry, force his way to the capital, and leave the remainder of the troops to continue the defence.

"I do not deceive myself," he said; "I know if they get me they will shoot me. But while I can fight I will not run away: I would rather die. It is against my honor to leave the army. What would become of this city, so faithful to us? And our wounded we can not possibly take away. It is simply impossible what you propose."

So marked, even among the veterans of so many fields, was the bravery of their chief that they bestowed upon him the bronze medal for valor; upon one side of which was the head of Maximilian, on the other, "*Al Merito Militar.*" Upon one memorable day, when some officers and men who had won this eagerly coveted distinction were paraded to receive it, General Miramon stepped forward, and presented the medal to the Emperor himself, with these eloquent and soldierly words:

"Your Majesty has decorated your officers and soldiers as an acknowledgment of their bravery, faithfulness, and devotion. In the name of your Majesty's army, I take the liberty of awarding this mark of valor and honor to the bravest of all, who was always at our side in all dangers and hardships, giving us the most august and brilliant example,—a distinction your Majesty deserves before any other man."

Upon the 11th of May Maximilian by decree created a regency, and upon the morning of the 14th preparations were

made for the evacuation of Queretaro. This was the sixty-seventh day of the siege and the fifty-second since Marquez left for Mexico for reinforcements and money, and he made no sign. Food and forage were nearly exhausted, the garrison was on the verge of famine. A council of war was held, and it was decided that the whole army should move out at midnight and force its way through the Liberal lines.

(To be continued.)

By the Confessional.

(In Retreat.)

BY MAUDE ROBERTSON HICKS.

STRANGERS, we waited, kneeling there,
 Our turn to enter in,
 And bow the heart and lay it bare
 Of strife and sin;
 And humbly, through "*Absolvo te,*"
 Pardon to win.

My neighbor turned (white-haired was she)
 And whispered very low:
 "Say just a little prayer for me
 Before I go."
 She laid her hand upon my hand
 And pleaded so!

I think that I shall always feel
 Those aged fingers press,
 The pathos of their mute appeal
 And shy caress,—
 A soul betraying to a soul
 Its loneliness.

She spoke as simply as a child,—
 A child of trusting mood:
 I looked into her eyes and smiled,
 And understood,—
 We made a compact, she and I,
 And it was good.

Strangers, we waited, kneeling there,
 Our turn to enter in,
 And bow the heart and lay it bare
 Of strife and sin;
 And humbly, through "*Absolvo te,*"
 Pardon to win.

The Sacraments in the Catacombs.

BY B. FERNEKEES.

DOWN in the silent barracks of the soldiers of Christ lie almost priceless treasures of history. In the frescos, bits of gilded glass and carvings, one may read in rude outline the story of the Church in the days of persecution. They are her picture lessons, illustrating the Sacraments, pointing morals, and exciting desires for heavenly things. Save in some of the earlier productions, one would look in vain for the artistic touch. The swiftly sketched figures were designed for a purpose and not merely for ornamentation. Yet they remain as valuable evidence of the "sameness" of the Church throughout the centuries.

In the days of early Christianity, the path of a catechumen was not altogether an easy one. He was closely questioned by the bishop before being admitted to instruction; and when the bishop had satisfied himself concerning the good dispositions of the aspirant, he laid his hands on him, made the Sign of the Cross on his forehead, and put salt on his lips, as a symbol of the wisdom he sought and would find in the Church of Christ.

He was now a catechumen of the first class, and for two years must study the Commandments, the precepts of charity, Bible history, and be present at the Holy Sacrifice until the creed was read, when he was dismissed. As a catechumen of the second class, he was obliged to fast during Lent, to confess his sins, to hear sermons, and to undergo exorcisms. Just before his baptism he learned the Creed and the Lord's Prayer, and the doctrine of the Holy Trinity was carefully explained.

Baptism was usually given solemnly, by immersion. St. Paul speaks of it as a bath, yet this sacrament was also given by a simple pouring of the water on the

head as at present, if immersion were not possible. Frescos teaching the meaning of baptism are many, and illustrations drawn from the Old and New Testaments are characteristically apt. Noah within the Ark represented a soul safe in the ship of the Church. Perhaps one would at first find it difficult to recognize the scene of the Deluge in the meagre outline of a man, in a chest, holding out his hand toward a dove flying near by. But from the writings of the early Fathers we are convinced that it must be so. The Deluge is considered as a type of baptism; the Ark, as a figure of the Church; the dove, a symbol of the Holy Ghost dwelling within us by baptism.

An old fresco represents a man standing in the water, pouring water over another man, evidently baptizing him. Another roughly sketches a man seated on a rock, catching fish. Its meaning is made clear by that saying of Apostolic times, "We Christians are little fish, after the model of Jesus Christ, the true Fish." The Greek word for fish formed the famous acrostic made of the initial letters of five Greek words—meaning "Jesus Christ, Son of God, Saviour,"—and was a secret sign among Christians as a symbol of Christ. Since He gave us the example, by His baptism in the Jordan, and as He has given us a commandment, we use water as He bids us, that we may be saved. Moses striking the rock is another illustration of baptism. The "Rock was Christ," and the water coming forth was a means of salvation to the people.

The Sacrament of Penance is represented in several striking frescos. One shows the scene of the healing of the paralytic, and a companion picture near by gives us the key to its meaning. The palsied body represented the soul diseased by sin, and the words of Christ typified the absolution. In another fresco a man is kneeling before a priest, who is evidently pronouncing an absolution. St. Basil says: "As a man makes known his bodily ailments to a physician, so we, the ailments

of the soul to a priest, that we may have them forgiven." And St. Jerome insists that "without showing the wound, it can not be healed." The cure of disease by Our Lord was often used as an illustration of the Sacrament of Penance in its similar effect on the soul.

Frescos of the Holy Eucharist in type and symbol are present in great numbers. One of the most famous is the "Fractio Panis" (the Breaking of the Bread), found in the Catacomb of St. Priscilla. It is attributed to the early part of the second century, and represents an Agape, or love feast of the Christians.

That there might be a commemoration of the Sabbath of the Old Testament, the Christians were accustomed to meet on that day at sundown that they might fittingly prepare for the Holy Sacrifice on Sunday. Tertullian describes the order of events. After an introductory prayer, the guests took their places on couches, and a simple supper was served, during which the talk was to be on things sacred. The washing of the hands followed, and the hall was lit up. The singing of Psalms or improvised hymns, and the final prayer, closed the evening.

The fresco shows the guests reclining on couches about a table, on which is placed the symbolic fish and a chalice. The place of honor is occupied by a venerable old man, described by St. Justin as "The president of the brethren,"—probably the bishop or priest. He is in the act of breaking the bread, hence the title of the picture. The bread was taken as typifying the outward appearances of the Holy Eucharist, under which the body and blood of the Lord was truly present.

In the crypt of St. Lucina, in the oldest part of the Catacomb of St. Callistus, there are two frescos of a fish bearing a basket of bread. In the baskets one may discern a tiny chalice filled with a red substance. The symbolic inference is clear.

In 1864 a very old fresco was discovered in a catacomb at Alexandria. The

scene is divided by three trees, and is painted in the apse above the spot where the altar probably stood. In the centre Christ is shown, with a nimbus about his head. St. Peter and St. Andrew, identified by inscriptions, stand near him. He is in the act of blessing some loaves and fishes. Under an adjoining fresco, now almost destroyed, the words are traceable: "Those partaking of the Eulogia* of Christ." The nimbus was not used until after the fall of paganism, in the fourth century, from which it was borrowed. This fresco can not, therefore, be placed in the days of persecution, but is a work of later date.

One little chapel in the Cemetery of St. Callistus deserves to be called the crypt of the Holy Eucharist. It is the burial place of several bishops, from St. Pontianus in 235 to St. Melchisedes in 314. The frescos in general refer to the Holy Eucharist, and are of high antiquity. One represents a priest standing behind a table on which is a single loaf and a fish. His hands are outstretched in blessing. Opposite him kneels a woman in an attitude of prayer. In his "Confessions," St. Augustine describes a Eucharistic feast in these words, "That in which the Fish is set before us, which, drawn forth from the deep, becomes the Food of pious mortals."

There are several representations of the grades of Holy Orders. The fossors, those heroic workmen who gave their labor, and frequently their lives, to the task of excavating and protecting the Catacombs, are thought by some scholars of note to have been the first Ostiarii, or Porters, of the early Church. Although they are not mentioned in the list of Roman clergy sent to St. Cyprian in the year 240, they are, nevertheless, formally listed in an official document in the first decade of the fourth century, in which their name appears after the subdeacons. The document is one by which the authorities of a church in Africa

* Eucharist.

gave up their possessions to a pagan magistrate, in obedience to the decree of Diocletian, in the year 303. The fossors, or Ostiarii, could not have been present merely as gravediggers; for the act was not drawn up "in a house where the Christians used to meet," after their church had been destroyed. Seven fossors are recorded as being present, which is the more reasonable when one realizes that the early Porters were regarded as the guardians of church property.

Perhaps the earliest representations of fossors are to be found in the Catacomb of St. Callistus, among paintings dating back to the beginning of the third century. The fossors are frequently shown, pick in hand, and with the tunic loose, as though ready to begin work. Theirs was the task of standing disguised by the martyr's side, or as near as might be, and, when the end had come, to gather up the precious remains for a hasty burial. The work was in itself a prolonged martyrdom. One old fresco bears the inscription "Diogenes the Fossor." Its decoration and the general plan of the picture would seem to indicate that he was a master fossor. Behind him one sees the unfinished plan of a building. About him lie the implements of his work,—pick, chisel, compass and a lamp. The painting is evidently over his tomb.

There are many frescos of deacons, and of priests in the work of their ministry,—baptizing, hearing confessions, giving the Holy Eucharist, ministering to the needy.

Martyrs' tombs, rude altars, and many a carefully cut inscription reveal the ancient order of a Mass in the Catacombs. But there is one little crypt of which St. Gregory of Tours speaks in terms of reverent love, which enshrines an exquisite scene. It lies between two little Catacombs on the Via Salaria Nova, and its site has been marked by De Rossi. A small group of Christians had gathered for the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. In some way their place of meeting was made known to the pagans, and, all means of escape

cut off, the martyrs were left to die. In the days of Pope Damasus the crypt with its precious relics was discovered. The little altar supported an ancient chalice, which was overturned. The body of the priest was lying on the stone floor. Near by were the forms of those who had heard their last Mass, and had passed from the terrors of the days of persecution to the unveiled vision of the King. The tiny crypt was reverently closed by the Pope, and the martyrs were never given other burial. An inscription, in exquisite Damascine characters, told the story through the years, of a love that was stronger than death. The narrow gallery leading to the chapel is now blocked by an accumulation of soil and refuse; but the site is known, and it may one day be again exposed to the veneration of the faithful.

Year by year, as archæologists continue their work, new treasures of the past are being uncovered,—treasures that bring the days of old very near, and touch us with the spirit of other years. The Catacombs are the mines of the Church: there lie her jewels hidden in the dust of centuries. Unseen angels brood over the silent spaces; the breath of sacrifice, as the fragrance of incense, lingers along the quiet galleries; and great glory is shrouded in a greater peace.

If you tremble before the Divine Majesty, because in becoming Man He remains God, and if you seek for an intercessor with Him, have recourse to Mary. The Son will hear the Mother. The Father will listen to the Son. This is the ladder of sinners. In this lies my confidence, the foundation of my hope. 'You have found grace before God,' said the Archangel. Yes, there is the subject of her joy. She has found grace, and she will ever find grace; and all we need is grace. The Wise Virgin does not ask, like Solomon, for wisdom, for riches, for glory, for honors, nor for power: she begs for grace, and it is grace which saves us.—*St. Bernard.*

The Legend of St. Azenor.

WHILE Genevieve of Brabant's touching story is familiar to every European nursery, that of Queen Azenor, though resembling it in many respects, "wastes its sweetness" in musty old volumes kept by some village curé in the heart of Brittany.

Somewhere about A. D. 500 a daughter was born to Prince Leo, one of Armorica's most popular lords, whose rich domains extended from the great harbor of Brest far into the mainland; and whose numerous armed retainers stood ready to fight at his bidding. This little princess, whose birth set the joy bells ringing, grew up to be a beautiful maiden "straight as a palm and fair as a lily" says the chronicler; and withal possessing such sweet ways that old and young alike loved her. At the many jousts and tournaments held at court she was the chosen queen, and happy was the victor who received the prize at the hands of beautiful princess Azenor.

Yet, though to all appearance entirely absorbed by the gay life her rank demanded, Princess Azenor's greatest happiness was to steal away from the court and its pleasures, to the quiet of her oratory, where her pure spirit enjoyed sweet communion with Him to whom she had consecrated herself in early childhood.

One day while the Princess was praying as usual in her private chapel, five knights in gorgeous raiment rode up the steep road leading to the castle. That they were strangers could be gathered from the curious glances they cast about them as they approached; and that they were men of rank could be judged by their noble bearing. On being ushered before Prince Leo, they addressed him as follows:

"We come, O Prince, from our noble lord, Count Gaolo, to sue on his behalf for the hand of your daughter, Princess Azenor. And to prove how anxiously our master awaits a favorable answer, we bring thee these presents which we hope will be acceptable."

This proposal was most pleasing to Prince Leo, who saw the advantages of such an alliance; for he knew enough of Count Gaolo's reputation as a gallant knight to be sure of his daughter's happiness as his spouse. He bade the knights a hearty welcome, set rich viands before them, and drank of his best wine to the success of their mission.

Before giving his guests any definite promise, he went in search of his daughter. She had never told him of her desire to consecrate herself to the service of God, but now she could be silent no longer: in burning accents she spoke to him of the resolve made in her childhood. Her words were a bitter blow to the old man. Still he loved his daughter too well to enforce obedience; and only insisted on her giving her answer in person to the envoys, so that he might not be blamed for her refusal.

Opposition, it is said, but increases desire: it was so with Count Gaolo when he heard of the failure of his hopes. And the marvellous accounts given by the envoys of Azenor's grace and beauty only strengthened his determination to obtain her hand. Ere many suns had set a second cavalcade, loaded with even richer presents than on the former occasion, was dispatched to Prince Leo's court.

The envoys, on arrival, met with the same hearty welcome as before. A splendid residence was placed at their disposal; and Prince Leo, flattered by the Count's persistence, promised to use his utmost influence with his daughter. He began by securing his wife's support, and their combined influence proved too much for Azenor's determination. Trained to implicit obedience, she considered it her first duty to comply with her parents' demands, and gave a reluctant consent.

All was now joy at the castle. Preparations for the wedding were started at once; and the envoys rode away rejoicing. A few weeks later the ceremony took place with great pomp. Tournaments were held on shore, sham sea fights in the harbor, and everyone predicted

lasting happiness for so noble a couple.

Alas for human predictions! Scarcely had the young bride settled down in her new home, a lovely castle, surrounded by a moat lying halfway between the two estates of Leon and Gaolo, when the first cloud on their happiness appeared with the news of her mother's sudden demise. This, in itself a cruel blow to so loving a daughter, was further intensified by Prince Leo's second marriage, a few months later, to a woman who by flattery and intrigue had succeeded in gaining a complete ascendancy over the old man.

Little is known of this woman, of her family or antecedents, but this much stands clear: from the day she first set eyes on Azenor she was devoured by jealousy, which, being unrestrained, developed into a hatred so intense that her one thought was how to get rid of this stepdaughter who lived so inconveniently near. With artfully concealed malice, she opened a campaign against Azenor's reputation; and when she saw that Count Gaolo's jealousy was sufficiently roused, she brought him such apparently convincing proofs of his young wife's unfaithfulness that both father and husband could not but believe her. By their orders Azenor was locked up in the tower overlooking the moat.

Prince Leo's daughter, as we know, had never set her affections on worldly pleasures, nor unduly appraised the advantages of rank and fortune; their loss, therefore, now left her indifferent. But the sudden withdrawal of her husband's love and confidence was a heavy cross, which only her deep piety enabled her to bear with resignation.

While Azenor was thus patiently enduring captivity and isolation, her stepmother was bribing certain unscrupulous persons to bear false witness against her; and in this she was so successful that the evidence produced at the trial proved overwhelming. Azenor saw from the first that any effort to defend herself would be unavailing. But, lest those present

should interpret her silence as an evidence of guilt, she rose and faced her judges. "My lords," she began (and rarely had she looked more beautiful), "it matters little to me whether I live or die; for I have never set so much value on this life as to dread parting with it. My fate lies in your hands. You can take away my life with a stroke of your pen; but that which you can not take from me is the true love I bear my husband, and the clear conscience which I will take with me to my grave, in spite of all the calumnies brought against me by my enemies." Amid the silence that followed her words, Azenor returned to her seat, whence she was led back to prison.

As soon as she had left the hall, the verdict was given: the young wife was found guilty, and condemned to be burned alive; but, on account of her being with child, the sentence was commuted to one of death by drowning. "It was a sorry spectacle," says the chronicler, "to see this beautiful Princess walk from the castle to the harbor, bound with ropes, surrounded by soldiers, and followed by a large crowd, some of whom hooted, whilst others wept and pitied her.

In the harbor a small vessel lay in readiness: it took Azenor on board and set sail for the open sea. When the land had been left far behind, she was told that her hour had come. With gentle dignity she thanked the officers for their courtesy, and implored them to assure her husband of her innocence; then, pressing the crucifix to her bosom, she stepped into the large wine cask, which was then closed and cast into the sea.

In those days there were few boats sailing about the English Channel; so that, according to all human calculations, Princess Azenor must have died in her narrow prison, and her body been cast up somewhere on the rocky coast. God, however, was watchful over His faithful servant. After several hours of weary tossing on the rough waves, Azenor felt herself overcome by weakness. "O Holy

Virgin," she prayed,—“thou who hast ever succored me in my need, help me, now that my last hour has come!” Scarcely had she uttered these words when a dazzling light lit up the barrel and an angel appeared to her. “Fear not, Azenor,” he said: “God is watching over you, and will bring you and your offspring safe to the shore.” Then depositing food and drink, the heavenly messenger disappeared, leaving the Princess greatly comforted.

A young Irish lad was strolling along the shore of his native land, near the port of Abervrao, when he caught sight of a weather-beaten cask floating into the bay. Curious as to its contents, he ran down armed with a hammer, and was proceeding to remove the lid when a child’s wail, coming apparently from inside, made him drop his tool and fly to the monastery near by with his strange story. It brought the Father Abbot and several monks down to the seaside, and in their presence the cask was opened. Great was the amazement of all present when the poor young wife was disclosed, bearing her child in her arms. The monastery of Abervrao was well known for its hospitality: it opened its kindly portals to the poor outcasts from over the sea, and the young wife’s story was heard with pity and astonishment.

In the meantime King Leo’s court was steeped in melancholy. The poor old man could not overcome his grief at his daughter’s sad end; and Count Gaolo, now that his fit of jealous anger was expended, often recalled his wife’s sweet character and devoted ways. The only one who secretly rejoiced at the success of her machinations was the mistress of the castle who now held the sovereign sway she had so long coveted.

Yet her ill-gotten satisfaction was not to be of long duration; scarcely had a few months elapsed when the wretched woman was struck down by some strange disease which soon brought her to death’s door. Seeing herself on the very thresh-

old of eternity, a terrible fear beset her. In the dark hours of sleeplessness her victim’s pale face haunted her unceasingly, until in an agony of fear she sent for Prince Leo and made a full confession. The poor old man was unable to stand the shock of such an avowal. His voice and limbs failed him, and he was carried away senseless by his retainers.

Count Gaolo’s anger on hearing the truth was terrible. He cursed the woman who committed such a crime, and he cursed his own folly for believing the accusation. He moved about as one distraught until his friends, fearing for his reason, suggested that possibly some news of his wife might be obtained by searching the coast. As a drowning man catches at a straw, so Count Gaolo grasped at this suggestion; and as soon as a ship could be made ready, a search party headed by the Count himself proceeded to explore the many gulfs and inlets of that rocky coast.

Needless to say their efforts were in vain. Count Gaolo, however, refused to give up hope. From Brittany he crossed over to the coast of Cornwall; and, while everywhere the same answer met his anxious inquiries, he was told that bits of wreck had often been found off the more distant Irish shore, and so he sailed once more in that direction. Amongst other ports he entered Abervrao. Like all strangers he made straight for the monastery,—and who could describe his joy when his long-lost wife threw herself into his arms!

He was so happy among the hospitable islanders, in the sunshine of Azenor’s forgiveness and the company of his son, that he never returned to Brittany. It was only many years later, and after his death, that Azenor returned to the land of her ancestors with her son, now a priest. And anyone travelling through Armorica can not fail to hear of the wonderful conversions wrought by one of Brittany’s greatest bishops—Azenor’s sea-born son, St. Budoc.

Where Cain Lies Buried.

THE "Rose Garden of Syria," or the Oasis of Damascus, is usually thought of only in connection with the city of Damascus. But the great white town, embowered in the fragrant shadows of her numberless groves of orange and other trees, has that in its vicinity which speaks of the antiquity of its fertile situation. This is the Tomb of Cain, according to Eastern traditions, far up in the everlasting hills which tower over all.

When one has tramped through the unique Grand Bazaar, and with slippered feet has stepped into the Great Mosque, surveyed the quaint architecture of the Dervishes' College, and enjoyed the truly Eastern atmosphere of the city, the "diamond of the Turkish Empire," one can not do better than start the next morning for the top of Mount Salahiye. Here, in the silence, ruggedness, and desolation of the rocky summit stands the sepulchre of him, the 'fugitive and vagabond in the earth,' forever branded to the eyes of men because of his slaying of his brother.

Mount Salahiye, the highest of the many formidable hills that form the guardians of the city, is approached by a broad and level road not quite three miles in length. Dusty though it is at times, it is enjoyable, with its cool breadths of floating shadow; its trim little white houses peeping out of their sheltering masses of foliage; its high, mossy, Mediæval walls, and charming rivulets which make music on every side. To this day the Abana and Pharpar, brooks which one can almost jump across, and other streams, have a fertilizing power which it would be difficult to overestimate. Naaman's boast was certainly not unfounded, for these streams have made the Oasis the glorious garden that it is.

As one passes on to the village of Salahiye, striding camels are encountered, with lowered necks and long, noiseless tread; and round, fat Turks perched on

the backs of small donkeys; veiled women in straight blue mantles; dusty men in ragged clothes; and dustier children in no clothes at all save loinbands. Salahiye itself is a picturesque and disorderly place,—little flat-roofed, windowless houses with smooth white walls, on which the sun shines with a blinding glare. You feel the great heat, and wonder at the lack of windows, screened and latticed against the burning rays. Then you encounter a sand-storm, and cease wondering. Syria has many afflicting sand-storms, but these of the Oasis of Damascus seem the worst.

There is a puff of wind in your face, and then in another second everything around becomes blurred and indistinct. The laden camels plodding their way through the driving sand appear and vanish like phantoms. Women clutch fast at their veils; and men flit past, coughing and putting shadowy hands to shadowy faces. Here and there and everywhere the wind buffets you, sending the hot, prickly, fine sand through your clothing. It catches on your naked skin, and you feel as if you are being rubbed with sand-paper. Then all of a sudden the simoon stops, and the air is pellucid again, and the sun beats down on your head. There, where the village falls away to the right and left, stands the grim pyramid of gray, gaunt rock, clear against the sky—the very symbol of desolate grandeur.

There are mountains and mountains. Salahiye, compared with the giants of the Alps, the Andes, and other mountain ranges, is a mere hill. Yet climbing its almost vertical slopes is very difficult. In addition to the steepness, and the shoals of flat and other kinds of stones rolling away from underfoot like a treadmill, Salahiye has the irritating peculiarity of having three summits, each in turn hidden by the other. Panting and tired, dusty, perspiring, and with your clothing torn by the jagged rocks, you scale the second knife-like top, only to find that the real Salahiye is still towering far overhead. About three quarters of an hour

later, through sheer struggling with hands, knees, and feet, you reach the summit of the bleak, rocky ridge.

Everywhere are grey stones and rocks, weather-washed, grim, and desolate. Nearer the farther brink of the summit stands the little square tower of greyish stone which, according to tradition, marks the grave of the first murderer. All is silence, ruggedness and desolation, blasted by the fierce storms. Where Cain's miserable life did end, only his Maker knows. But surely no fitter spot than this—if this it was—could be found.

The view from beside the Tomb of Cain is one of most wonderful beauty. Right up to the bases of the mountains on either side ranges a luxuriance of greenery, through which, like a silver thread, winds the stream of the Abana. Here and there above the groves of trees rise shining cupolas and lofty white towers; and in the midst of all lies the Oasis city, her massive walls and tapering minarets showing dazzling white in the sunshine, and the mighty dome of the Great Mosque crowning the whole. The atmosphere is wonderfully transparent, and everything looks very near. The village of Salahiye which you left behind two weary hours ago, seems to be lying now just under your feet.

Yet few spots on this earth have witnessed such terrible scenes of blood and slaughter as has this quiet and most beautiful valley,—from the hour when, according to the tradition, Hazael braved death to spread the thick cloth dipped in water over his master's face, and Cain found peace, till the first fateful night in 1915 when 10,000 murderers came howling round the Armenian and Drusite quarters of Damascus to butcher the helpless inmates, and drive thousands of them out of the city to die of famine or exposure. Not since the Monguls, 700 odd years ago, took the city and put its 289,000 inhabitants to the sword, has the spirit of Cain looked down upon so base and so dreadful a massacre.

Dont's for Short Story Writers.

WE are almost invariably asked by the young writers who submit short stories to us to offer a criticism of their fictions. We can not do this with individual contributors. It would not be kind, and it would take much time. We do not wish to make enemies nor to multiply correspondence. Instead, we have thought to set down a few strictures, for the young writers particularly, which may help to explain why in a given case a story has been rejected.

1.—Don't imagine there is any prejudice against you because you are a young and as yet unknown writer. Editors are anxious to discover new talent.

2.—Don't imagine you can write a good short story without studying the form of the short story. Secure a manual on the short story.

3.—Don't fancy a story's chances are improved by labeling it "a true story," or declaring that it is "founded on fact." We look for fiction in the short story, not history, and, above all, not a mixture of the two.

4.—Don't send stories whose plot hinges on a novena or a miracle, or stories which end with a vocation or a conversion. Such themes are so hackneyed that only a master hand dare touch them. (Don't think you have a master hand.)

5.—Don't submit stories of the supernatural, vision, ghosts, etc.

6.—Don't call your story "Mrs. Flanagan's Christmas Dinner," or "Mary Gray's Easter Egg." Don't call your story anybody's anything. These possessive titles are no good.

7.—Don't forget that a short story must begin to get its effect with the very title. Titles should be apt and striking.

8.—Don't think that a story in a Catholic periodical must be pious, like a sermon. It should be Catholic, but that gives it all the range of Catholic life, which includes the seashore and the mountains, fishing and baseball.

9.—Don't think that the sources of Catholic fiction are exhausted. They are almost untouched.

10.—Don't, if your story fails in none of these respects, ask us for a further reason for rejection. You may conform to the letter of all rules and your story may yet be, in itself or for our purposes, quite impossible.

A Perennial Devotion.

FROM Advent until now the Church has been commemorating in her sacred liturgy the works accomplished for our redemption; on Trinity Sunday she proposed for our veneration the source from which these works have proceeded, and the end to which their glory must be referred. In point of time the festival has been most congruously and admirably fixed. On Ascension Thursday we closed the series of feasts dealing with the Son of God made man. On Pentecost and during its Octave we celebrated the manifestation and the priceless gifts of the Holy Ghost. On the festival of the Trinity we honored the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost,—one God in three divine persons. But every Sunday and holyday of the year, as well as every festival of Our Lady and the saints, is in reality designed to honor the Holy Trinity, the end and term of all our worship; all religious festivals being God's days in the wide and general sense.

That our individual honoring of the Holy Trinity may be worthy, it is incumbent upon us to learn from the Church both what we are bound to know concerning this ineffable mystery of our faith, and what we are bound to do in consequence of that knowledge.

First, we must know that in the Trinity there is one God in three persons: the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. There is one God,—that is, a Being on whom all things else depend,—a Being infinitely good, just, powerful, and perfect; and that in this one God there are three persons, who, although really distinct one

from the other, have identically the same nature, the same essence, the same perfection. Thus, the Son is not the Father, nor is the Son the Holy Ghost; nevertheless, the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost are but one God, one Lord, one Creator of all things. The Son was begotten of the Father, and the Holy Ghost proceeded from the Father and the Son; but the Father was not in existence before the Son, nor were the Father and Son before the Holy Ghost. The Father is eternal, the Son is eternal, the Holy Ghost is eternal; and still they are not three eternal beings, but one. Any one of these three Divine Persons is as perfect as the other two, and any two are not more perfect than one, because each possesses fully every perfection of that Divine Nature which is identical in all. In a word, the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost are equal in all things; and in God we adore a Unity of nature in a Trinity of persons, and a Trinity of persons in a Unity of nature.

As for the manner in which we may give a practical expression of our devotion to this mystery, let it be premised that we have, in our own souls, a certain adumbration or faint representation of the Trinity itself. God's image or likeness to which man was originally made is especially brought out in the three faculties of the soul: understanding, will, and memory. Now, as agreeable a sacrifice as we can offer to the Blessed Trinity is our consecrating to God the exercise of these three faculties in the acts of virtue proper to each of them.

In the first place, we should offer to the Three in One the homage of our understanding by a humble and unquestioning belief in this and in all other mysteries of our holy faith. We do not, of course, understand the Trinity and Unity of God, nor is it at all necessary that we should. There are very many things in life and the world that we do not understand. The self-styled philosopher whose boast it is that he believes

nothing that he does not comprehend is making a puerile or idiotic statement.

We should, in the second place, offer to the Blessed Trinity the homage of our will in the most perfect love of God and in our inviolable attachment to His divine law. Nothing can be more just than to love the infinitely Lovable, nothing more advantageous than to devote ourselves to that which alone can make us happy. How shall we prove our love of God? Christ Himself tells us: "He that hath My commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loves Me."

Finally, to acquit ourselves of our full duty to the Blessed Trinity, we should frequently exercise our memory by recalling God's goodness, and testifying our gratitude for the favors conferred upon us by each of the three Divine Persons. These specific favors are our creation by the Father, our redemption by the Son, and our sanctification by the Holy Ghost. What should particularly excite our gratitude is the thought of our unmerited call to the faith,—the thought of the grace of Baptism that we have received, and of the august character of Christian with which we have been honored. Through these blessings we entered into special relations with the Blessed Trinity: we became children of God the Father, brethren of God the Son, and temples of God the Holy Ghost.

We have, indeed, countless reasons for blessing the three Divine Persons, who have chosen us for such inestimable privileges, in preference to so many others who would have shown themselves more grateful and more worthy; and we should, therefore, manifest our devout thankfulness by living up to the glorious titles by which we have been ennobled. The purity, piety, and perfection of our daily life should be the concrete expression of that hymn which echoes unceasingly around the throne of the Most High: "To the King of ages, immortal and invisible, the only God, be honor and glory forever and ever! Amen."

Her Thanksgiving and Praise.

ON a Sunday in May, just as the noon Angelus was ringing, there died a venerable old lady. She lacked one year of completing her century. She was such a wonderful woman as the combination of Irish birth and Catholic faith so often produces. The keen mind, the ready speech, the tireless energy, the realization of the unseen, the native nobleness of person and manner,—all these gifts she had. She had "kept the faith" for well-nigh a century, but such reserves of inner power did she possess that one felt she might have begun another century with undiminished vigor. But she died this May, a month she loved; on Sunday, the day most dear to her; at the ringing of the Angelus, her favorite devotion. She had been saying the Angelus for over ninety years. Once, when she had first come out to this country and was engaged in domestic service in a large city, an incident occurred which determined for life her devotion to this familiar form of prayer.

It was early in the morning; she had risen to get a good start on the day's work, and by six o'clock was ready to emerge from the basement with a basket of clothes when the Angelus rang. She set down the basket and repeated the prayer. When she had finished, she saw, in the act of slinking away from the basement window, the figure of a very evil-looking man. Had she not paused to say the Angelus, she reflected, she would have come to grief. Nor was the fear unfounded; for that very morning the villain found another victim. For the rest of her long life, the saying of the Angelus three times daily was an act of thanksgiving and of praise. To those who knew her, it seemed a sweet consideration of Heaven that she should have ended her long life with the sound of Angelus bells in her ears, and in her heart the beloved prayer whose realization she was so soon to behold in paradise.

Notes and Remarks.

A measure which many of our readers will be disposed to consider not the least likely to prove effective in securing for the weary world the peace now desired by so many nations is the addition by Pope Benedict of another invocation to the Litany of the Blessed Virgin. Beginning with the initial day of the present month, reciters of that beautiful series of epitomized prayers terminate the series, not with "Queen of the Most Holy Rosary, pray for us," but with "Queen of Peace, pray for us." The congruity of the invocation at any period, and its peculiar opportuneness in the present crisis, will be recognized by all clients of Christ's Mother the world over; and the entry of our own Republic into the group of warring Powers will stimulate American lovers of her who is our national Patroness to renewed fervor in multiplying recitals of the Litany of Loreto, and in dwelling with intensified earnestness on its concluding plea, "Queen of Peace, pray for us."

There is nothing erroneous in our statement about Germany's not being an autocracy, nor is it classed as such by "The Statesman's Year Book." Its Emperor has no veto on laws passed by the Bundesrat (Federal Council), which represents the individual States of the Empire; or the Reichstag (Diet of the Realm), which represents the German nation. In these bodies are vested all legislative functions of the Empire. As to our other statement, that the German people have about as much democratization as they desire, and are well satisfied with their form of government, Dr. David Jayne Hill, formerly United States Ambassador to Germany, after remarking that "the Germans are more loyal to the Kaiser than the Democrats are to President Wilson," added: "The President has said that we have no hostility toward the German people, but do not the German people

support the Imperial German Government to a man? . . . How many Germans in Germany can you find who are not imperialistic? I have never found one."

According to the Constitution of the German Empire, all the States of Germany "form an eternal union for the protection of the realm and the care of the welfare of the German people." It is altogether unlikely, though very much desired by his enemies, that the Kaiser will be dethroned by a revolution. The German people, as we have already remarked, are too well educated not to know when they are well conditioned.

The number of young men seeking to join the Quakers just before Registration Day was an astonishment to the Friends themselves. For many years, they declare, their meetings have been without any notable additions to membership. Towards the end of last month, however, scores of youthful Americans made application to enter the Society. The elders shook their gray locks and said Nay, convinced that these postulants had not been studying Quaker literature as they should, and fearing they were "not honest and sincere." As everybody knows, the Quakers, Dunkards, and a few other societies in this country are opposed on principle to war and the bearing of arms against their fellowmen, and for this reason are exempt under the conscription law. Their converts, however, are expected also to show signs of repentance for sin, and to be ready to relinquish all such forms of jollification as the ungodly indulge in.

It may be that the recent applicants for membership in the Society of Friends have been moved by meditating on Gen. Sherman's familiar definition of war. As commonly quoted, it consists of only the three words at the end of a declaration by him cited in a speech of the Hon. Charles Randall of California in the House of Representatives on May 7. These are "the exact words of Gen. Sherman

about war": "I confess without shame that I am tired and sick of war. Its glory is all moonshine. Even success, the most brilliant, is over dead and mangled bodies, the anguish and lamentation of distant families appealing to me for missing sons, husbands, and fathers. It is only those who have not heard a shot nor heard the shrieks and groans of the wounded and lacerated, that cry aloud for more blood, more vengeance, more desolation. War is hell!"

* * *

In concluding his speech, Mr. Randall took occasion to express the conviction that disarmament is the only remedy for the horrors of war, saying: "War does not necessarily settle any dispute on the right side. The most powerful enemy wins, whether right or wrong. Other means of settling disputes between nations will come when all nations are disarmed. If out of this war should come an international disarmament agreement, then peace will be established and justice will prevail throughout the world."

A clerical contributor, discussing in the *London Catholic Times* some of the problems to be worked out after the war, hazarded the suggestion that in order to bring about the conversion of England, the rule obtaining in the West with regard to the celibacy of the clergy might perhaps be relaxed, as in the case of the Uniats in the East, in order to persuade Anglican and other Protestant ministers to enter the Church. The suggestion is combated pretty strenuously by several of our London contemporary's correspondents. One of these, a convert, says among other things:

As a result of my experience of English Protestantism—experience which could possibly only have been gained from within—I say unhesitatingly that that law [of celibacy] is one of the strongest weapons in the hands of the Church in England to-day; and that any relaxation of it, though only with regard to convert clergy, would tend to weaken the magnetism which the Faith undoubtedly exercises among sincere and truth-

seeking non-Catholics. Englishmen are surfeited with the armchair Christianity of the typical comfortable rectory; they have begun to realize the mockery of having the Gospel of Sacrifice preached to them by men whose lives are invariably softer and easier than those of the majority of their flocks; and in the reaction from this, the vision of the Catholic priesthood voluntarily renouncing that which men hold dearest on earth for the sake of the Cross of Christ, appeals very strongly. Any exception to this, in favor of raising married converts to the priesthood, would inevitably weaken that appeal.

The celibacy of Catholic priests is, of course, a matter of Church discipline, not of essential doctrine or dogma; and Rome could consistently relax the law in favor of married Protestant ministers—but she most probably will not.

The Rev. Dr. D. M. Hazlett, of the Presbyterian denomination, has the distinction of being one of the very few American sectarian ministers who, having visited or resided in any Latin-American country, can refer to its inhabitants without patent injustice and downright calumny. We have already quoted what Dr. Hazlett had to say in a recent lecture about the "exquisite politeness, the warm hospitality, the gentility, the tenderness of those people,"—their fairness and freedom from religious bitterness.

Referring to the women of South American countries, Dr. Hazlett said: "There are no words in which I can express my appreciation of the sweetness of Latin-American womanhood, too often wronged and exploited, but always patient, gentle, affectionate and womanly. . . . I will tell you what the trouble is with some people. I used this illustration at the Third Baptist Church the other day, and will use it again; for it sums up what I have to say. Suppose that an Englishman or a Frenchman should come to St. Louis and should be shown only that part of our beautiful city which lies east of Fourth Street down to the Mississippi River. Suppose, further, that the Englishman or the Frenchman, upon his return to his native land, should take a fancy to

write a book on St. Louis, judging only from what he had seen east of Fourth Street: just imagine what sort of story he would tell about St. Louis."

Dr. Hazlett's illustration is apt and quite to the purpose; and it would be equally adequate were the name of any other of our large cities substituted for that of St. Louis. And, just as none of these cities should be qualified in terms fitting only for their most depraved quarters, so Latin America can not be fairly judged by unsympathetic travellers who are avowedly looking only for spots on the sun, wilfully ignoring the light and heat that radiate all around them.

Once the seed of Christianity has been planted anywhere, no human power can ever wholly uproot or destroy it. A nucleus always remains, which, sooner or later, infallibly yields abundant harvests. Were it possible to annihilate the Church in France, for instance, the Revolution would assuredly have accomplished this. Nothing was left undone to complete the effacement of the Catholic religion. For eight or nine years the churches were closed and the bishops and priests banished; the word of God was not preached nor were the sacraments administered except by stealth; and, in order to guard against attempts for the re-establishment of the Church in the future, all institutions for the training of priests were destroyed. No one is ignorant of what took place when the famous First Consul permitted the free exercise of the Christian religion. It will be the same when the present régime in France comes to an inevitable end. The self-sacrifice, devotedness, and heroism of the clergy, more than two thousand of whom have laid down their lives, are already bearing fruit. A great change has been wrought in the French Government and the anti-clerical party which established it.

* * *

A remarkable circumstance in proof of what has just been said is noted by Mr.

Edward Fox Sainsbury in the current number of *Our Dumb Animals*. "Twelve years ago," he writes, "the French Ministry consisted of some fifteen members, eleven of whom were declared agnostics, three figured as Catholics, but one was a 'preaching' Catholic. The greater number of the present Ministry are not only good Catholics but practising ones. In the army it is the same. Distinguished generals set an example by observing their religious duties and giving opportunities for their men to do so. In all ranks men are no longer ashamed to be seen going to Mass as they formerly were. Nowadays men crowd round their priests when divine help is sought. . . . From end to end of France religion has become sacred. A new and purified race will emerge from all the orgies of blood that have stricken the dear Motherland. That so gifted a people as the French should once more embrace the faith they had in a great measure abandoned, and the spectacle of churches filled, as we know, to the doors, is a comforting fact, from which legitimate hope of a better future for the nation is permissible."

The failure to harmonize practice with theory in our public school system necessarily gives rise to frequent complaints from this or that class of people whose rights or conscientious scruples are infringed upon or set at naught. Theoretically, the schools are non-sectarian,—are neither Protestant nor Catholic nor Jewish. For all practical purposes, the great majority of them are rather agnostic than anything else; but some of our separated brethren persist in imagining that the schools are, and of right ought to be, Protestant. Their position is clearly untenable, as is indeed the more general contention that at least the schools are, or should be, Christian. In view of the fact that a fair share of the educational fund which supports these public schools is furnished by citizens of the Jewish religion, such citizens have the logic of

the situation on their side, and are entirely within their right when they protest against a practice thus censured by the editor of the *Chicago Israelite*:

The last verse of Julia Ward Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic" should never be allowed to be sung in the public schools. The words of the concluding line are purely sectarian; and, though they may be sung with propriety in a Christian church or home, children of parents who do not believe that "Christ died for you and me" should not be made to sing them in the schools.

As we have repeatedly pointed out, the only congruous course to be adopted by our Protestant friends who *will* introduce sectarian practices into the schoolroom is to follow Catholic example and build, equip, and support schools of their own. Their assumption that the public schools of this country as at present constituted are theirs is "one of the things that ain't so."

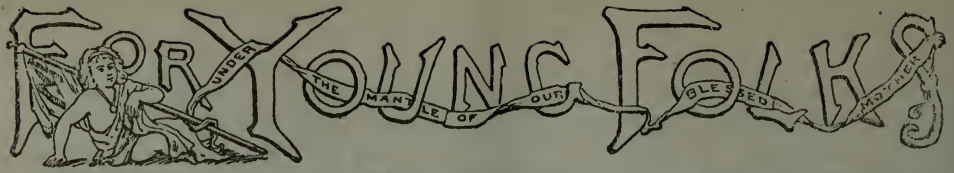
The Central-Verein draws from the official recognition given by the War Department to the Young Men's Christian Association the lesson that Catholics should be up and doing many of the things that this Protestant organization is so effectively accomplishing. We note, by the way, that in the General Order officially recognizing the Y. M. C. A. it is stated that "it seems best for the interest of the service that it shall continue as a voluntary civilian organization"; which means, we presume, that the members of the Association neither rank with military chaplains nor receive the same consideration as such avowedly religious workers. At the same time it is worth noting that officers are enjoined to render the fullest practicable assistance and co-operation in the maintenance and extension of the Association both at permanent posts and stations and in camp and field.

It is pleasant to read in *La Croix* of Paris that a project of spiritual charity organized by its directors at the begin-

ning of the war in 1914 has been entirely successful. The paper solicited subscriptions for the purpose of supplying the soldier-priests with portable chapels wherein, in a small compass, are packed all the articles necessary for celebrating Mass. Each chapel costs about thirty dollars, and it is stated that from five to six thousand of them are sent to the front every month. The object of the work is thus purely religious; and it speaks well for the Catholicity of the great middle class of French citizens, among whom *La Croix* chiefly circulates, that in less than three years they have subscribed one million francs for so spiritual a purpose. Rationalistic and agnostic excrescences may be visible on the surface of France, but her heart is undoubtedly sound and genuinely Catholic.

Whatever it may be at other times, the "Congressional Record" is decidedly interesting reading at the present time; and it merits attentive perusal by all who would be accurately informed as to what is now being said and done in the Senate and the House of Representatives. It would be a great surprise to many American citizens if they were to read the full text of debates held, speeches delivered, or remarks made. The people should know that of such matter the newspapers select only what suits their purpose, and that the venal ones are very careful never to refer to anything that "shows them up." There would be far less respect for some of our "leading journals" if the patrons thereof were aware of what has been said of "great newspapers" in Congress of late weeks.

It may be truthfully asserted of our Senators and Congressmen that not a few of them speak their minds on every occasion, and always show the courage of their convictions. The only fault we have to find with these honorable gentlemen is that they are apt to be too sensitive to adverse criticism and not indifferent enough to acrid abuse.



The Woodcutter's Fiddle.

BY NEAL E. MANN.

STEPHANO and Toche had returned home, bringing their school honors with them. They had passed brilliant examinations in Warsaw, and there was great joy in the Castle of Nowy-Dwore when the boys arrived to spend their holidays among their loved ones.

Stephano was in his sixteenth year, and Toche in his fifteenth. Both were accomplished horsemen; and their first visit outside the castle was to the stables, where, among dozens of other steeds, they caressed their own special mounts, two splendid sorrels. The holidays promised to be most enjoyable; for, as a reward for their hard work at school, their parents had furnished their common purse with a hundred dollars.

Both brothers were anxious to try their horses after months without any riding, and accordingly secured permission from their father to take dinner the next day in a little village completely buried in a forest about a dozen miles distant. Twenty-four or twenty-five miles for a first day's ride is no trifling distance; but the two brothers thought nothing of it, and they cantered gaily along the good roads, fairly brimming over with high spirits and good humor.

As they brought their steeds down to a walk after an occasional gallop, they spoke of the various excursions they would take during their holidays; and both lauded the generosity of the father and mother, who had provided them so abundantly with funds. For this first day's expenses they had brought with them only a dollar or two; that was quite

sufficient to pay for their dinner in the village tavern.

It was drawing on toward noon when the first signs of the village appeared. The hamlet consisted of a number of rather shabby cabins tenanted only by woodcutters and sabot-makers, who lived off their earnings there in the forest. The landlord of these villagers was Count Wieninski, a hard man and a miserly one, who showed no consideration whatever for his tenants at the best of times; and, what was worse, displayed no pity when misfortune overtook them. He was ably seconded in his work by his agent Vassilief, who was, if anything, a more relentless taskmaster than the Count.

Stephano and Toche had consigned their horses to the stable hands, and given orders for their dinner, which their exercise, coupled with the fresh, pure air, made particularly welcome. Two gentlemen were already seated in the tavern's dining-room when our young friends took their places at the table,—two lawyers of the neighboring town of Skierniewicz who had come to make a sale of the effects of one of the village woodcutters.

"And why," asked Toche, "is the poor fellow to be sold up?"

"Because he is unable to pay his rent to Count Wieninski."

A half hour later the boys had finished their dinner, and took their way through the village streets, looking for the humble home of the unfortunate woodcutter. They soon found it, as a number of buyers were already on hand examining the furniture and other effects of the defaulting tenant,—all of which had been thrown pell-mell into the street.

On the doorstep of the cabin stood a bareheaded man, silently watching, through the tears that rolled down his cheeks, the overhauling by prospective buyers

of the goods that were to be his no longer. Near him, seated on a wooden bench, were four poorly clad children—two boys and two girls,—the oldest not being more than ten years of age. They were thin, almost haggard-looking, and crept closely together like fledgelings in a nest. They evidently understood the misfortune that had befallen them.

Witnessing this cruel spectacle, Stephano and Toche felt their hearts rent with pity; for they were naturally good, with that goodness which never sees misery without an impulse to lessen it.

"It's very painful," said Stephano, furtively wiping his eyes.

"Yes," agreed Toche; "it's cruel. If we could only console these poor people!"

"I was thinking of that, Toche."

They approached the woodcutter.

"Why are you being turned out?"

"Because misfortune has struck me."

"And the mother of your children?"

"Dead, two months ago. It was that caused our misfortune. Providing for her during her illness exhausted all our resources."

"And, knowing all that, your landlord won't give you time for the payment of your debt?"

"The landlord doesn't know the meaning of pity. He knows I owe him seventy-five dollars that I can't pay him: that's all he wants to know."

"Seventy-five dollars!" murmured Stephano, and his eyes turned to Toche. In one glance the brothers understood each other.

Just then two men approached, and spoke in an insolent manner to the group who were examining the woodcutter's effects.

"That's Count Wieninski, no doubt?" said Toche.

"Yes, and his agent Vassilief."

All the bystanders bowed and made way for their masters.

"Is that all?" asked the Count, contemptuously regarding the woodcutter's effects. "There won't be enough made

out of that to pay half of my rent. When does the sale begin?"

"At four o'clock," replied Vassilief. "I fixed that hour so that the forest workers would have time to be here."

Stephano and Toche had retired to one side. By a common impulse of their generous hearts they had shaken hands on a purpose as to which neither had as yet spoken a word.

"We understand each other, Toche," said the elder brother. "We mustn't allow these four children to be left without house or home."

"No, Steph, we mustn't, especially as we can pay the seventy-five dollars and still have enough for our holidays."

"But how can we get this poor man to accept it? He seems rather proud, and he doesn't know us."

"That's so, Toche. If we can save him without humiliating him, it will be fine."

Toche reflected for a moment and then struck his forehead, with a laugh.

"I have it!" he said. "Come along!"

The Count had withdrawn, but the agent remained and was delivering himself of sundry advices to the prospective buyers. Stephano and Toche began turning over the various objects to be sold, and finally the latter picked up an old fiddle that had only two strings and no bridge; it was all covered with dust.

"I understand you now!" whispered Stephano. "We'll buy the fiddle."

The two then proceeded to examine the old instrument after the manner of connoisseurs, turning it this way and that, looking carefully all over the upper saddle, finger-board, and tail-piece.

"Where did this violin come from?" inquired Toche of the woodcutter.

"I don't know," was the reply. "It was always in the house in my father's time; and I have a faint recollection that it was left there by a stranger."

Vassilief had quietly approached, and, without pretending to do so, was listening to the conversation.

"Perhaps it's a Stradivarius," said Toche in a low tone to his brother.

"It may be," replied Stephano.

"If so, it's worth considerable money."

Here Vassilief intervened with the remark: "The sale, young sirs, is set for four o'clock."

"Thanks!" said Stephano. "We shall probably get back here by five. Will you kindly ask them to defer putting up this violin until we return?"

The brothers then went into the tavern and ordered their horses saddled. Before leaving they called the landlord aside.

"Say, Sergius," said Stephano, "you know us and our father. We are going home to get some money to pay for a violin that we want to buy at the sale this afternoon. If we chance to be late, and the violin is put up before we get here, will you bid for us as high as seventy-five dollars?"

"All right, sir! I suppose the violin is really valuable?"

"Yes—to us; for we expect it to give us a great deal of pleasure."

And the boys rode off at a round pace.

In the meantime, Vassilief had hurriedly joined the Count.

"Your Excellency," said he, "I have good news. You will be fully indemnified by the proceeds of the sale."

"What are you talking about? That pile of rubbish isn't worth ten dollars."

"On the contrary, one object alone is worth more than all that is owing to you; and there's a buyer for it."

He then recounted what he had heard the two brothers say of the violin.

"Fine!" exclaimed the miserly Count. "And these young fellows said they would be willing to give two hundred dollars for the instrument?"

"Yes, though they expect to get it for something less. They'll be here by five o'clock."

The hour for the sale having arrived, an idea suddenly occurred to the avaricious Count. As four o'clock struck, he ordered the auctioneer to put up the violin.

"Excuse me, your Excellency!" ventured the tavern-keeper. "Couldn't that be held over until five o'clock?"

"I have given the order," was the curt reply.

"Very well, then; I bid one dollar for the violin," rejoined Sergius.

"Ten dollars!" bid the Count.

"Twenty!" cried Sergius.

"Fifty dollars!" was the Count's next offer.

"All right!" quietly remarked the tavern-keeper. "I bid seventy-five."

"One hundred!" said Wieninski.

"At that figure, Count, you may have it, so far as I am concerned: my limit was seventy-five."

"Sold to Count Wieninski for one hundred dollars; and the sale is over, since the first lot covers the creditor's claim. The law is formal on that point," announced the auctioneer. Then, turning to the wood-cutter, he added: "My man, take these effects inside again; they are yours."

The poor fellow could scarcely believe his ears. Overcome with joy, he embraced his children, whom some extraordinary luck had just saved from misery. Just then two riders came up at a gallop.

"The violin is sold, sirs," said the tavern-keeper.

"And you bid it in for us?"

"No; it brought more than the sum you told me to bid."

The brothers looked at each other, at a loss to know what to make of this turn of the affair. Vassilief, however, came, in the name of the Count, to enlighten them.

"My master is also a connoisseur," he told them; "but, if you care to give two hundred dollars for the violin, he will let you have it."

"Oh-ho!" laughed Stephano. "Your master is certainly a generous man, to pay a hundred dollars for an old fiddle that isn't worth twenty-five cents. No, thank you, we don't care for it!"

"And yet, after dinner you said—"

"Yes, after dinner we wanted to buy the

violin so as to pay the debt of that poor father, and the instrument would have been a souvenir of a good deed; but as your master has done the good deed himself, it is only right that he should keep the souvenir."

The Count almost had a fit of apoplexy when he learned how he had overreached himself. As for the generous brothers whose intentions alone had sufficed to relieve the distressed woodcutter, they used some of their holiday money to help him still more effectively.

And in the little forest village they still tell the story of the pitiless landlord who, without knowing or wishing it, himself paid the debt of the poor wretch whom he was prosecuting so relentlessly.

Con of Misty Mountain.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XXIII.—CORBETT'S CUT.

FOR long weeks Father Phil had been journeying through the mountains, bearing God's blessing as he went; traversing wilds where the good seed had not been scattered for years; where the lost sheep had grown deaf to their Master's call; where souls slept dull and heavy in the darkness, or hungered sorrowing for the Bread of Life. Wherever there was need or shelter or welcome for him, he had stopped, saying Mass, preaching, instructing, marrying, baptizing, with such zeal and fervor that the fame of this young missionary had gone forth into the wilderness; and at the news of his coming, men and women gathered from miles around. But, though he had questioned far and near, he could learn nothing of Con. Inquiries, advertisements, even the help of the police in the cities nearest to Misty Mountain, had all been in vain. Father Phil was at last reluctantly forced to conclude that Con was either dead or lost to him beyond discovery. And, as these mountain wilds

were not the apportioned field of his life work, it was time for him to go home and abandon his search.

He was holding what he intended to be the last "station" at good Mike Brannigan's farmhouse in the valley when a letter reached him in a roundabout way from Father Tim.

"I will be glad to see you back, Phil; for I'm not so strong as I was before my last spell of rheumatism," wrote his old friend. "And, though it may have been a Will-o'-the-wisp you've been chasing, you've done God's holy work along your way. There are some people of my own up there that I have not seen or heard of for years,—a first cousin of my mother's, that went into sheep raising. Corbett is his name,—Terence Corbett. If not too much trouble you might look them up if you are any place near, and pass them a friendly word."

"Corbett?" said Father Phil's host, when his reverend guest questioned him. "Old Terence Corbett? Sure yes, Father, I know him well; and it's a fine place he has when ye once get there. Corbett's Cut they calls it. But it's a good twenty-five miles from here, with the backbone of two mountains betwixt us. But ye'd be welcome as the flowers of spring; for ould Terry has a lot of poor craythurs tending and shearing for him that never see a priest from year to year."

Twenty-five miles, and over the backbone of two mountains! Father Phil had learned by hard experience what that meant, and he had intended to start home to-night. Still—still, Father Tim's letter seemed to sound his Master's call into farther wilds. He would go to Corbett's Cut. Young Pat Brannigan went as his guide, for he could never have found his way alone.

The "backbone" was all that a mountain's backbone could be. They were a night and a day crossing steep, rugged heights, ribbed with granite, hollowed into gorge and chasm, veined with snow-fed streams. It was the wildest road Father

Phil had struck yet, and he wondered that mortal man should choose so rude a fastness for an abiding place.

"There do be softer ways beyond the Cut, Father," young Pat explained. "But the gypsies are camping in the Glen this spring; it is safer, I think, to keep to the rocks."

And, knowing the lawless ways of gypsies, Father Phil felt that this young guide was right. The sun was far to the west when they reached the Cut, a narrow valley between great, wooded heights that sheltered it alike from sun and storm. A swift, clear stream, that seemed to have cleft this passageway through the mountains, swept on by widening banks, where the old sheep farmer's flocks grazed in placid security.

The broad, low house, with its far-reaching folds and outbuildings, was a picture of pastoral prosperity; and Father Phil's welcome was all that, even after this long, rude journey, he could have asked. Old Terence and his wife fell on their knees, and, in the exuberance of their joy and gratitude, kissed their visitor's hand.

"We weren't looking for any such blessing as this; but now that ye've come, Father, we'll spread the good word far and near. Andy, Darby, Tom,—boys, all of ye be off! Never mind the dumb bastes to-night: scatter all of ye with the blessed news. The priest is here to say the Holy Mass. Let every man, woman and child be at Corbett's Cut by break of day. There's not room enough in the house, Father; but we'll raise an altar out under God's own blue sky, where everybody can hear and see."

There was little rest that night about Corbett's Cut, as the blessed news was borne far and near, even to the widening ends of the valley, where, as of old, "the shepherds watched their flocks." Sturdy young hands raised the altar on a grassy knoll, beyond the house; and, though these simple folks had no such treasures as Aunt Aline, Mrs. Corbett

brought out spotless Irish linen, and Irish lace woven by her maiden hands in the old country, candles made from her own beeswax; while the boys and girls were off before dawn, gathering mountain laurel and wild cherry blossoms,—all the first fragrant offerings of early spring.

As he stood before this bower of bloom in the morning sunrise, Father Phil's thoughts went back to the Midnight Mass in the log cabin, to the blue-eyed boy who had decked that winter shrine with Christmas green; and his kind heart ached, even in this holy hour, for that little "pal" whom he had sought for so vainly,—the lost heir to whom he had tried to do justice,—the friendless, homeless, hunted boy, whom he felt he would never see again. "God guide and protect him, since I can not!" was the young priest's sorrowing prayer, as he bowed before the mountain altar in the gladness of the sunrise. "Be a Father to poor fatherless Con!"

The Mass was over. The hymn of praise with which Father Phil always concluded his mission services had died into a silence, broken here and there by eager whispering:

"He'll be blessing and baptizing now. Take up your beads to him, Norah, and the cross that Dan brought you last Christmas."

"There's Molly Maxwell taking up her six-weeks babe for the baptizing; and ould Norah Finley the two grandchildren that never saw the priest afore in all their life."

"Sure and it's a great day, the Lord be praised! Did ye see ould O'Flaherty on his knees this morning,—him that has been the heartbreak of his poor wife this ten years and more. And it's the lovely face his riverince has, and he little more than a lad himself!"

"Aye, but he's the grand, knowledgeable man, for all that, as any one can see and hear. Will he be staying long, d'ye think, Mrs. Mulligan?"

"No: he's off again to-night, young

Matt Corbett was telling me. Ye couldn't expect the likes of him to be wasting his time with us. Not that there isn't sore need of him, the Lord knows! It's little of His holy word and law we get up here. Though I'm doing my best, it's hard to keep the boys and girls in God's ways. And now comes them laythen gypsies into the Glen below, with their ball-spinning and fortune-telling to turn the children's heads. I told me own plain enough that if I caught any of thim straying off to the camp I'd make thim sorry for it—*arraah*, what are ye pushing in here with that dirty big dog for?" broke out this sturdy old Christian mother, as a strong young arm pressed her unceremoniously aside in the midst of her whispered gossip.

"Let me by, I tell you,—let me by!" panted the eager, breathless boy, who was making his way through the crowd, a child in his arms and a great wolf hound at his heels. "Don't scrouge Tony! He's sick. I want to take him to the Mister there,—my Mister!"

"The Mister!" echoed the good woman, wrathfully. "Your Mister! And is it to his riverince ye're giving that name, ye unmannerly young villyan? Ye must be half-witted or worse. Mister indeed,—the priest of God standing afore the altar! The Lord forgive ye!"

"It's a gypsy, he is, mother!" giggled the girl at her side. "Can't you tell it by his dress?"

"A gypsy?" gasped the mother. "The Lord save us! One of thim vagabonds from the Glen below? What is the like of him doing here, for the love of Heaven? Stand back ye thief of the world! Stand back, with yer dirty beast! Ye've no right here!"

"Let me by, I tell you,—let me by!" panted the boy. "You shan't stop me. It's my Mister! I'm going to him to have the water poured on Tony here. It's my Mister, that talked to me upon the mountain, and said he'd take me away with him. That is my Mister standing

up there in that shining coat. I'm going to him. I'm going to be his brother, his little pal—"

"Pal, brother! Sure it's downright mad the craythur is!" rose the indignant murmur around the young speaker. "It's no good he is after. Here, Dan, Eddie, don't be letting this omadaun up to his riverince with a dog ready to ate us alive. Put thim out, lads!"

"Try it!" said Con, his eyes flashing with their old fire as two sturdy boys turned at their mother's call. "Just you try stopping me or putting me out! I—can't fight you with Tony in my arms, but I'll set my dog on any one that touches me."

"He will,—he will!" rose the alarmed cry. "Keep out of that dog's way, boys! Let the men bring a noose or chain to hold the beast while they drive this boy off."

And the hubbub spread through the crowd to the altar, where Father Phil was preparing to bless and baptize, as he had promised to do after the Mass.

"What is the trouble back there?" he asked of the tall young Matt Corbett, who had been his acolyte and had gone into the crowd to hush the noise.

"It's a fool of a gypsy boy, Father, from the Glen. He has brought a child with him."

"To be baptized?" asked Father Phil. "By all means!"

"I don't think he knows what he wants," said Matt. "But he is making a row there among the old women. Father has sent one of the men to put him out."

"With the child,—the unbaptized child? My dear boy, no, no, no!" said Father Phil, earnestly. "What are you thinking about? Quick, bring the boy back before he can take the child away! Gypsy or not, it is one of God's little ones that I am here to save and bless."

But there was no need for sturdy Matt's help: Con had forced his own way.

"Let me in,—let me in!" pleaded a young voice that made Father Phil's

heart leap. "I'll set Dick on if you try to hold me back! Let me in to my Mister!"

And, flushed, panting, desperate, Tony held high in his arms to escape hurt in the pressing crowd, Dick stalking boldly behind him, a blue-eyed, yellow-haired boy pushed his way forward to the rustic altar.

"Mister,—my Mister!" he cried. "D'ye mind me? I'm Con,—Con of Misty Mountain; Con you were so good to last winter. Mister, I've found you—found you—found you at last!"

And the lost heir of the Nesbitts stumbled forward to Father Phil's feet.

(To be continued.)

A Cool Sentinel.

As King Leopold I. of Belgium left his palace on foot one day, he met a sentinel at one of the gates busily engaged in disposing of a fruit pie.

"Where are you from, my friend?" inquired the King.

The soldier was a new arrival and did not know his royal master by sight; so he answered carelessly:

"You're rather curious, are you not?"

All the same he furnished the desired information; but he asked in his turn:

"And who are you, pray? A soldier probably?"

"Yes," replied the King.

"Retired?"

"Pensioned. But guess my grade."

"Captain?"

"No; higher than that."

"Major?"

"No."

"Colonel?"

"No."

"General?"

"No; still higher."

"So you're the King himself?"

"Yes."

"In that case, I will ask you to hold this pie a minute so that I may present arms to your Majesty."

The "Ave Maria Beetle."

In the rural districts of Brazil, journeys are usually suspended at the "Ave Maria,"—that is, the hour of the evening Angelus, which is the time of sunset. Instead of a curfew, a very simple and pleasing circumstance announces this period in remote districts.

A large beetle, with silver wings, just then issues forth, and, by the winding of its small but clear and sonorous horn, proclaims the hour of prayer. A coincidence so striking, and so regular in its occurrence, was not likely to escape the honor of a religious observance. The pious inhabitants regard the beetle as a herald of Our Lady, to announce the time of her evening prayer. Hence, it is called the "Ave Maria Beetle," or "Our Blessed Mother's Beetle." "On the hill of Santa Teresa," says an American traveller, "I have heard it often in the evening, humming round the venerable old convent, and joining its harmonious note to the sweet chant of the nuns within at their evening prayer."

Morning Song.

BY E. MERRYWEATHER.

THE sun is rising high,
And the birds are flitting by,—
Early morning is the sweetest time of all;
But these lazy, lazy heads
Will not rise and quit their beds,—
Grown-ups, children, they are sleeping, one and all!

I'm the watchman on the wall;
I am very wise and tall;
But no one seems to listen, though I call.
That people are not rising
Is really most surprising,
Though I'm calling with a clear, loud call.

Now a curly head is peeping,
A little maid's not sleeping,
She has heard at last the watchman on the wall.
She cries: "Cock-a-doo! Your noise
Will awake the little boys;
So we'll get up very quickly, one and all."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Three motets for four male voices, *O sanctissima*, *O salutaris*, and *Tantum ergo*, by Joseph J. McGrath, are compositions which, for their earnest simplicity and accurate, melodious setting, are sure to find favor with choir masters. Published by Fischer & Brothers; price, 40 cents.

—St. Vincent Charity Hospital, of Cleveland, Ohio, has shown commendable enterprise in the issue of a beautiful souvenir brochure of its Golden Jubilee. The volume tells the noble story of the founders and the small beginnings, and exhibits the marvellous development of the institution. May Providence prosper it many another half century!

—In a pamphlet of 34 pages which comes to us from Hodder & Stoughton (New York and London), Mr. Arnold J. Toynbee discusses "The Murderous Tyranny of the Turks." Considerable information, historical and contemporaneous, is given in succinct and readable form; and some political philosophy worth perusal is presented in the preface which Viscount Bryce contributes to the pamphlet.

—"Benoit XV. et la Guerre," by the Abbé E. Duplessy (Paris: Pierre Téqui), is a sixteenmo brochure of 100 pages, dealing with the Holy Father's attitude towards the Great War and his utterances thereon during the past three years. It is a thoroughly interesting as well as a suggestive little work, the orthodoxy of which is guaranteed by the *imprimatur* of Cardinal Amette, Archbishop of Paris.

—We find it impossible for our eye to read "The Fragrant Note Book," by C. Arthur Coan, with a frontispiece and decorations by C. Challenor Coan. The reason is that the decorations run through the text, or rather they stand out through the printed words like an all too obtrusive watermark in the paper. This device closes the book to us, and we should fear to risk a child's eyes reading it. Apart from this, the price of the volume seems exorbitant. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

—The *Dublin Review* for April makes its appeal to American interest in the leading article, "My Memories," by Cardinal Gibbons. There is no other American contributor, unless residence gives that title to Mr. Shane Leslie. For many readers the most important writing in this number will be the authoritative review of the thirteenth and fourteenth volumes of "The Cambridge History of English Literature." In all points where Catholic writers are

concerned, the work is shown to be both inaccurate and unfair. On the evidence of this review, it seems impossible to withhold the verdict that Mr. George Saintsbury, the editor, is a bigot; and the Cambridge University Press should be accorded by Catholic papers all the free advertising it can possibly desire as ministering to stupidity and prejudice.

—A correspondent of the *London Times Literary Supplement* furnishes the following interesting parallelism:

And this our life exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

—As *You Like It*, Act II., Sc. 1.

Experto crede; aliquid amplius in silvis invenies quam in libris. Ligna et lapides docebunt te quod a magistris audire non possis.—*Ep., cvi. "Ad Magistrum Henricum Murdach."* S. Bernardi *Op.*, Paris, 1719, Vol. I., p. 110.

—"Household Organization for War Service," by Thetta Quay Franks (G. P. Putnam's Sons), is a slender twelvemo of 90 pages. Its justification is found in President Wilson's statement that "Every housewife who practises strict economy puts herself in the ranks of those who serve the nation." We think well of the little work, and especially commend such sentences as "The stigma upon domestic service is a relic of slavery," and "Happy the State whose women accept their great privilege of home-making and motherhood as a career of dignity and honor, to which they bend their keenest intelligence." That is excellent philosophy for any period, war time or peace years.

—"Life of the Venerable Louise de Marillac, Foundress of the Company of Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul," by Alice Lady Lovat, with a preface by Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J. (Longmans, Green & Co.), is an octavo volume of five hundred pages, which tells a story that can not fail to interest and charm any reader who has a kindly feeling—and who has not?—for the typical religious woman of the Church, the world-renowned Sister of Charity. Although more than one Life of the Venerable Louise de Marillac has appeared in French, that by Mgr. Bannard (1897) being an exceptionally valuable one, this is the first to be written in the English language. It is all the more authoritative and interesting because of the author's availing herself largely of the French works of her predecessors. The story is a somewhat detailed account of the Venerable Louise's career from her birth in 1591 to her death in 1660. As wife, mother, catechist, simple religious, and superior-

ess, she was an eminent example of all that Catholic holiness implies; and her relations with St. Vincent de Paul furnish the reader with a continuous lesson in humility, common-sense, and entire reliance on the providence of God. The volume's worth is not a little enhanced by its preface. Father Vaughan writes most appreciatively of a community that he has known and loved for long years.

—Since the publication of the Pápal Decree *Quam singulari Christi amore* (1910), by which Pius X. invited the children of the Catholic world to an earlier approach to the Eucharistic Banquet than had hitherto been customary, the oldtime First Communion has necessarily lost much of the exterior pomp with which it used to be surrounded. In France, and possibly elsewhere as well, there has been installed in its stead a Solemn Communion, preceded by special instructions given to the children who are to receive in a body, although they have been going to Communion privately for some time before. Canon Jean Vaudon has written, and Pierre Téqui (Paris) has published in brochure form, "Retraites de Communion Solennelle," a series of instructions for such occasions. They are admirably adapted for their purpose, and might well be translated into English by some of our devout litterateurs. Both children and priests would find them of genuine 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. Publisher's prices generally include postage.

- "Life of the Venerable Louise de Marillac." Alice Lady Lovat. \$3.50, net.
- "Household Organization for War Service." Thetta Quay Franks. \$1.
- "Literature in the Making." Joyce Kilmer. \$1.40.
- "The Story of the Acts of the Apostles." Rev. E. Lynch, S. J. \$1.75.
- "French Windows." John Ayscough. \$1.40, net.
- "Our Refuge." Rev. Augustine Springler. 60 cts.
- "The Will to Win." Rev. E. Boyd Barrett, S. J. 56 cts.
- "False Witness." Johannes Jörgensen. 3s. 6d.
- "Hurrah and Hallelujah." Dr. J. P. Bang. \$1.

- "Gold Must Be Tried by Fire." Richard Aumerle Maher. \$1.50.
- "Anthony Gray,—Gardener." Leslie Moore. \$1.50.
- "Blessed Art Thou Among Women." William F. Butler. \$3.50.
- "History of the Sinn Fein Movement." Francis P. Jones. \$2.00.
- "The Master's Word." 2 vols. Rev. Thomas Flynn, C. C. \$3.00.
- "An Eight Days' Retreat for Religious." Rev. Henry A. Gabriel, S. J. \$1.50.
- "The Love of God and the Neighbor." Rev. J. V. Schubert. \$1.25.
- "Prolegomena to an Edition of the Works of Decimus Magnus Ausonius." Sister Marie José Byrne, Ph. D. \$1.25.

Obituary.

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

Rev. John Morgan, of the archdiocese of New York; Rev. John Bausch, diocese of Altoona; Rev. Edward Murphy, diocese of Hartford; Rev. Thomas Rafter, diocese of Grand Rapids; Rev. Francis McKenny, S. S.; and Rev. Francis Adams, S. J.

Sister M. Inesita, Sister M. William, and Sister M. Clarence, of the Sisters of St. Joseph; and Sister M. Seraphin, Sisters of the Holy Cross.

Mr. George Fairham, Miss Katherine Short, Mr. P. J. Hall, Mr. Michael Mulvihill, Mr. Benjamin Holmes, Mrs. Teresa Donahue, Mr. Michael Baasen, Mr. Francis Redican, Mrs. Emma Hyler, Mrs. Mary Harrington, Mr. Walter Dalton, Mr. Nicholas Sinnott, Mr. Emile Karst, Mrs. G. Stack, Mrs. R. Everill, Mr. Clement Flood, Mr. James Lynch, Mrs. C. Hutchins, Mr. Patrick Mathews, Mr. Frank Jana, Miss M. S. Parker, Miss Bridget Leonard, Mrs. Julia McCarty, Mr. William Pfeiffer, Mr. H. J. Steins, Mr. Edward McLean, Dr. John O'Sullivan, Miss Josephine Piccoli, Mr. Frank Loughran, Miss D. T. Rung, Mr. V. R. Wagner, Mrs. Catherine O'Neill, Mr. Thomas Galven, Mr. E. P. Seahill, Miss Mary Weaver, and Mr. Herman Wilkens.

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 rescue of orphaned and abandoned children in China: E. F. O'R., \$1; J. M. K., in honor of the Blessed Virgin, \$5. For the Chinese missions: Mary Thresia, \$10.



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

VOL. V. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JUNE 16, 1917.

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Defence.

BY S. M. M.

GOD grant that heaven's defender grow not mild!

Upon a time he found a guardsman sleeping,
Sheathed sword and idle armor vigil keeping.
"Angel," he spake, "thy honor is defiled!"
The awakened spirit answered: "See, a child
I keep, who keepeth me. With weeping
The night is sown, he of it joy is reaping."
"Tis well," the stern Archangel said and smiled.

The world and I have eaten bread of sorrow,
The world and I have drunk to death of sin;
Great Michael, let our guardian spirits borrow
Thy naked sword, O heaven's paladin!
Defend our leaguered gates, that on the morrow
The King of Hosts may fitly enter in.

Sargent's Murals in the Boston Library.

BY MARIAN M. SANDS.

THE mural decorations in the Boston Public Library, especially those by Mr. John Singer Sargent, are so familiar to many of us that we perhaps fail to give a second thought to the deeper significance of these wonderful paintings. But, now that the latest additions are open to the public, it may not be inappropriate to glance back at the entire series and to reawaken our flagging interest in these powerful pictures.

Nearly thirty years ago the trustees of the Library commissioned Mr. Sargent,

then a brilliant young portrait painter rising to international fame, to decorate both ends of the gallery on the third floor, which has since been given the name of Sargent Hall. He chose as his subject the Development of Religion from earliest times to the Christian Era. Perhaps he realized only partly the magnitude of the task he had set himself; for, instead of merely decorating both ends of the Hall, he has had to enlarge the original scheme, adding lunettes, ceilings, and panels, until at present there is a series of paintings extending around the room.

The first of the series were completed in 1895, to be followed in 1903 by the Dogma of the Redemption; and finally, last December, four days before Christmas, the public were invited to view the latest additions: the Story of the Madonna, which all but completes one of the greatest artistic achievements of modern times, and which will cause Sargent's name to go down to posterity as one of the greatest muralists of his day, rivalling the old Masters in the importance of his message and the skill with which it is delivered. Sargent Hall has recently been called the Sistine Chapel of the United States, and the artist himself likened to Michelangelo for his forceful presentation of the great lesson he desired to teach.

Mr. Sargent starts his history with the earliest infancy of religion in its crudest form: the pagan polytheism of the ancient nations represented by the deities of Egypt and Assyria. The background of the ceiling is formed by the colossal figure of the Goddess Neith, the earth-mother, all

embracing, who stretches her vast form from cornice to cornice of the vaulted roof. On her breast are the signs of the zodiac, from the lower rim of which the sun sends down its rays upon the earth, each ray ending in a golden hand holding the seed of life. Above her head is the full moon; around her neck is coiled a serpent, which the archer Thammuz, defender of the seasons and beloved of Astarte, is endeavoring to slay, only to be crushed himself in its silvery coils,—typifying the change of seasons which Mother Earth controls, and which in the Spring will see the archer once more attempting his endless task. On either side of Neith are Astarte, the moon goddess, and Moloch, god of the sun. Astarte, beautiful in a sensuous, material way, is clothed in rich Egyptian garments and enfolded in a misty veil, which seeks to give her a more ethereal look. Moloch, with his horned head reaching to the sun, crushing his victims in his huge hands, is a grotesque, horrible figure, typical of the age when animals were adored as gods. At his feet are the figures of Isis, Osiris, and Horus, characters familiar in mythology; and before them lies a mummy, completing the picture of this particular form of belief.

Below these, in the lunette, are represented the Egyptian and Assyrian civilizations,—their kings erect before their gods, their victims at their feet; between them the kneeling forms of the captive Jews, arms upraised in supplication to Jehovah to establish order out of this chaos, and to lead them back to their own land. Back of them burn the fires of the clean sacrifice to the One God; while the winged Goddess Pasht seeks to shut out the Seraphim who are endeavoring to restore peace. To show the strife between the old order and the new law struggling to make itself felt, the painting, at first glance, presents a scene of wildest confusion: Egyptian and Assyrian deities crowding against each other, standing in each other's way, and trampling their

victims under foot. In the foreground the colossal forms of the Pharaoh and the Assyrian king stand out, their weapons raised ready to strike; but, thrown into strong relief, are the figures of the kneeling Hebrews, who by their very simplicity are brought into prominence. The contrast between the nude beauty of the suppliant Jews and the huge forms of the kings suggests the essential difference in their faith, and points to the pure doctrine of the existence of Jehovah, the one true God. On the gilded beam between ceiling and wall are these words taken from Psalm cv, 21-45:

“They forgot their Saviour, who had done great things in Egypt. And they served . . . idols, which were a snare unto them. Yea, they sacrificed their sons and their daughters unto devils, and shed innocent blood, even the blood of their sons and their daughters, . . . unto the idols of Canaan. . . . Therefore was the wrath of the Lord kindled against His people. . . . And He gave them into the hand of the heathen, and they that hated them ruled over them. Their enemies also oppressed them, and they were brought into subjection under their hand. Nevertheless, He regarded their affliction when He heard their cry, and He remembered for them His covenant.”

Fitting words, by which we are led to the frieze of the Prophets, among them Moses, an heroic figure, holding the Tables of the Law. In the calm repose and dignity of these figures, the hopeful look in Haggai's eyes, his gesture of rejoicing at the coming of the Messiah whose advent he has foretold, the meditation of Jeremiah, the striking attitudes of them all, we are taught the Jewish conception of the Unity of God, not perfect yet, for the Redeemer is still to come; but in its peaceful harmony a forerunner of the future perfection of the true Faith.

The culminating point of this first half of the series is the figure of Christ crucified, rightly the central point between the Old Dispensation and the New. In this

painting Sargent has abandoned the Egyptian and Assyrian style, so marvellously carried out in depicting the pagan civilizations, and uses instead the Byzantine method of the early Church, thereby drawing attention to the influence of Christianity even in the field of Art. The beauty of the picture is very great. Above are seated three figures in priestly robes, representing the Triune God; against the centre figure rests the cross with its divine Burden, whose Precious Blood is being received in chalices from either hand by Adam and Eve. Below is a frieze of the Angels of the Passion, two of them supporting the foot of the cross, on which is pictured the symbolic pelican feeding her young with her own blood; the others bearing the instruments of the Passion.

The angels are very beautiful in their reverent dignity, marking at once, by the spirituality expressed in their faces and attitudes, the contrast to the coarseness of the heathen gods and goddesses. It is Sargent's first opportunity to point out the Christian symbolic meaning of his paintings, and he seems to grasp it with eagerness. The forms of Adam and Eve held swathed to the figure of Christ crucified, receiving His Precious Blood in upheld chalices, teach us the lesson of atonement, which their fall had made necessary, and to accomplish which God willed to descend from His heavenly throne. But in portraying this doctrine, Sargent sees the larger view, and presents it to us in the Triumph of Religion,—our triumph, by which we, in the form of our first parents, are reclaimed from the bondage of sin and restored to our rightful position as children of God.

This beautiful painting, called the Dogma of Redemption, forms the connecting link between the old and the new order; and from it we are led to contemplate the completion of Redemption and the triumph of Christianity. Sargent knew that, in order to show this triumph in all truth, he had to center his story in the Blessed

Mother of God, without whom the redeeming of man could not have been accomplished. So well does he grasp this fact that the latest paintings in great part relate entirely to her, telling the story of her holy life from the moment of the Angel's announcement and her ready response to the divine call, to the last culminating act, her crowning in heaven.

It is a significant fact that Boston has chosen to place these murals in her Library, one of the most important in the country. New England was known in olden times as the hotbed of Puritanism and all anti-Catholic feeling, where the Mother of God was unknown and unloved. It seems fitting, therefore, that now at last she should be enthroned in honor in this very spot, to receive from all the homage which is her due as Patroness of our country.

In this second half of the Hall the ceiling is composed of the five Glorious Mysteries. The panels represent the *Ancilla Domini* and Our Lady of Sorrows, each crowned respectively by the grouped Joyful and Sorrowful Mysteries. The lunettes depict the Return to Eden, or the Messianic Era; Law, the veiled figure of Jehovah, on whose majesty no mortal gaze may rest, teaching young Israel the beginnings of the New Law; the overthrow of law and order, or Gog and Magog; the Last Judgment, where good and bad are weighed impartially in the scales of God; Heaven and the Blessed playing on musical instruments; Hell, a hideous monster devouring the lost,—all subjects entirely familiar to Catholics.

The handling of this very difficult theme gives testimony of the long and careful study Mr. Sargent has given to it; for the treatment is perfect down to the least details and accessories. His symbolism is deep and beautiful, the contrast between the Old and the New Law striking, and the reverence with which sacred matters are treated could not be bettered. Let us compare, for instance, two prominent figures at either end of the Hall. Among

the pagan deities, Astarte attracts our attention; the goddess of the moon, the female counterpart of Baal or Moloch, with all that this means of grossness. She is beautiful in her way, but it is a repellent, sensuous, material beauty, symbolizing only too well the cult that is hers. She is standing on a crescent moon with a cobra coiled at her feet, and is surrounded by her priestesses, dimly seen at their rites. The whole is a true portrayal, as it is meant to be, of the spirit of those early times, with all its coarseness and immorality.

But at the other end of the Hall we find another woman represented; not a goddess, but the Mother of God; with the moon under her feet, but rising above it, to typify her supremacy, as Queen of the Heavens, over all things earthly and mutable. Claspings to her heart the sevenfold sword of her agony, her beautiful face, with its suffering mother-look, gazes down at us; seeming to tell us that, just as she stood beneath the cross of her Son, so will she stand by us and support us in our hour of trial, if we will but follow Him. And again another contrasting picture is shown to us: the *Ancilla Domini*, the lovely little Handmaid of the Lord, rising in response to the divine call heard in her soul; her Child held clasped in her mantle, His little hand raised in blessing even in His sleep,—typifying so wonderfully the Virgin Mother, humble, obedient, ready to take her part, whatever it may be, in the mighty work of her Son. Her deep, grave gaze seems to penetrate into the future and to see all that it will mean to the Child in her arms and to her. She is 'pondering these things in her heart,' and faces calmly and willingly the suffering which she knows is to fall to her lot.

The fifteen Mysteries of the Rosary, the chaplet with which her children delight to crown their Blessed Mother, are beautifully pictured in their groups of five. The Joyful, centering in the mystery of the Annunciation, form part of the ceiling above the *Ancilla Domini*, and seem to belong to her and to be relating the his-

tory of that holy life; just as the Sorrowful Mysteries above Our Lady of Sorrows appear to be reminding us of every step of the dolorous journey she and her Divine Son trod for our sakes. Here again Sargent makes use of symbolism in the figures of the first and second Eve in the Joyful, and the first and second Adam in the Sorrowful Mysteries. The first Eve is in the act of reaching up her hand to grasp the forbidden fruit; the first Adam, crouching in the exhaustion of his first attempt at labor. The second Eve, however, the Mother of God and of Mercy, sits with hands extended in blessing, the Gifts of the Holy Ghost on her breast ready to be dispensed to her children; and the second Adam, the Good Shepherd, is returning from His arduous search, with the lost lamb on His shoulders. At the head of each group, legends bear the names of the Evangelists with their characteristic symbols: Saint John and Saint Mark, historians of the Passion; Saint Luke and Saint Matthew, of the joyful episodes of Our Lord's life.

The Glorious Mysteries, surrounding the crowning of the Blessed Virgin in heaven as their central point, very fittingly form the ceiling of this part of the Hall. Perhaps the most beautiful of all the pictures is this central medallion. The Blessed Mother is presented to us in all her youthful beauty and freshness. The lines of care, of suffering and of age have disappeared from her face, and she is once more the maiden, kneeling to receive her reward from the hands of her Divine Son and His Heavenly Father.

Very beautiful in its symbolism is Sargent's picturing of the Holy Trinity. The Father and Son are seated in equal glory, and the Holy Ghost in the shape of a dove rests between them, the tips of its extended wings touching the lips of each Divine Person. It is a striking and lovely illustration of the Catholic doctrine which teaches us to believe in "the Holy Ghost, the Lord and Giver of Life, who proceedeth from the Father and the Son,

who together with the Father and the Son is adored and glorified."

Sargent is singularly successful in portraying the Blessed Mother, and in giving her the spiritual expression without which she is lost to us; and in these paintings, which so markedly center around her, the change from the young maiden to the sorrowing mother, and finally to the old woman awaiting her release, is so beautifully pictured that it carries one on, without the need of words, through the whole history of her life to its final crowning triumph.

Of course to a great many who will see these paintings they will appear as incomprehensible and involved as the earlier ones; indeed, this criticism has already been made by those who do not understand. They are not, however, incomprehensible to all. These are the words with which one critic expresses himself: "Those who go to scoff may remain to pray; for these wall decorations are masterly in their way, and are unsurpassed by any modern works in the world,"*—a remarkably significant expression of opinion from the world at large of the impression conveyed by this exquisite picturing of Catholic doctrine. We who understand have the key and can read the history placed before us, with its richness of symbolism and its deep underlying truths. What is more, we can follow, with a keener insight even than that of the artist, the gradual development and enlightenment of the world, until it was given to man to realize the whole extent of the wisdom, power and goodness of God, and of His mercy in leaving us His Church to guide our faltering footsteps.

Little need be said of the execution of these murals: the art of John Singer Sargent is too great for casual criticism. His international reputation is based, as everyone knows, on his success as a portrait painter. But had he accomplished nothing else in the field of art, his work in the Boston Public Library would alone

suffice to make him famous. Born in Florence and cradled in the home of Fra Angelico, Michelangelo and the Della Robbias, it is perhaps not surprising that he should be gifted with so deep an insight into things spiritual, and should have so profound a knowledge of the teachings of the Church, to whose family he has not the happiness of belonging. He is called the Master-Craftsman, and in these decorations he proves his right to the title. It was not an easy task to change from the crass barbarism of ancient days to the refinement of method necessary in the picturing of Our Lord and of His Mother. Yet the balance between the two epochs is perfectly preserved, and that by the ready adoption of the Byzantine style in the Dogma of the Redemption which binds together the two halves of the history. In color the decorations are eminently handsome, even beautiful. Mr. Sargent has made use of his customary richness, not to say riot, of color, which contributes its share in the telling of his story.

It is a wonderful work, and one of which Catholics may well be proud. The choice of the subject is significant; and, placed as they are on the walls of a public building, these paintings will not only excite curiosity, but, in their beauty, their symbolism, and their more than earthly inspiration, they will lead thinking men on to a fuller knowledge of Catholic Truth, and will afford for all time convincing proof of the beauty and priceless worth of the True Faith of Christ.

IN the Catholic Church there is a certain thing—what I call a quality—that arrests every open-eyed man who seans her. . . . It is that quality that preaches louder than any preacher in any pulpit. . . . Polemics, controversy, special pleading would simply bore you, and set all your opposition alert on guard. But that quality arrests you; and because it is a *fact*, patent in itself, it impresses you more than any assertion of it could.—*John Ayscough.*

* *American Art News.*

The Crest of the Bodkins.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON.

XXXVII.—TREACHERY AND TRUST.

A TRAITOR'S name should turn to gall on the tongue. I have to speak of a traitor of traitors,—a man whom Maximilian took into his closest confidence,—a despicable wretch, who betrayed his true, loyal and honest friend; a great coward as well as a traitor—Miguel Lopez. A cavalry officer in the Mexican army, he had attracted the Emperor's attention by his fine face and bearing. He was given the governorship of the Castle of Chapultepec; and, being promoted step by step, was finally honored with the command of the Empress' regiment,—the most valued of all the commissions in the service.

To this traitor Lopez were granted many gifts in money and articles. The Emperor stood godfather to one of his children, and he was gazetted commander of the Imperial Guard,—a guard created for the personal protection of the Emperor. Bazaine decorated him with the Cross of the Legion of Honor, and at the opening of the siege he had been selected as the most fitted to take charge of the key to the position—the Convent of La Cruz. And this was the man who, while loud-mouthed in his demonstrations of loyalty and affection, opened negotiations with the enemy, and sold his friend and benefactor to—death. And the pitiful price of the foul dishonor was two thousand gold ounces, and a guarantee of his own personal safety!

I have had the satisfaction, small though it may be, of seeing the grass growing on the steps of the entrance to the mansion purchased by this Judas' gold; and of hearing one of Mexico's best citizens say, as he pointed out the significance of the bright green grass, "Traitor! traitor!" while he literally spat between the bars of the gates.

The name of Lopez has unfortunately

to be coupled with that of Maximilian; but it is as the serpent and the lion, the miscreant and the man of honor.

It was upon the morning of the 14th that Baron Berghheim informed Arthur that the Emperor wanted to see him.

"Hey!" cried the Baron, who was smoking his beloved china-bowled pipe. "His Majesty has had a bad quarter of an hour. Hey! he doesn't believe any more in his Kismet. He seems to think that the black shadow is descending upon him, and the *atra cura* is awaiting him. I have done my best to rally him, but he was grave and preoccupied and silent. I tell you all this, Bodkin, to prepare you. Hey! hey!"

"Have you any idea of what he wants of me?"

"Not an idea in the world. I asked Prince Salm-Salm, and he couldn't guess. Bodkin, you will stand by the Emperor whatever it may be?"

"To death!" was the solemn answer.

Arthur Bodkin found the Emperor in a small room, Prince Salm-Salm being with him. Maximilian strode forward and took our hero's hand. This was very unusual with the Emperor, who was diffident with his nobles, and, though scrupulously courteous, always distant with the outer set. Maximilian was a man with whom it would be simply impossible to take a liberty.

"Herr Bodkin," he said, "you have done us—I mean my wife and myself—brave service, and—"

"O sire!" burst in Arthur.

"I am sensible of it, and shall always be so, whether my stay on earth be long or short,—but," he added, reverently, "that lies with God Almighty. Now, sir, I want a service done me."

"You have but to command, sire," said Arthur.

"It is not *from* you, but *through* you,—your orderly—that countryman of yours."

"O'Flynn?"

"Yes. I want to use him in a dangerous and difficult service. He is, I feel assured, devoted to you, and honest—"

"As the sun, sire."

"Just as I imagined, Herr Bodkin. I have no faith in the idea of cutting our way out of Queretaro, although Prince Salm-Salm has."

"It *can* be done, sire!" exclaimed the Prince.

"Yes, if we had not treachery to deal with. Mendez is a traitor, and there are others whom I suspect."

"Name them, sire!" cried Salm-Salm; "and leave me to deal with them."

"A short shrift, Prince!" laughed the Emperor; then, turning to Bodkin, went on: "I have some secret dispatches that I want to send to Austria. I would send them by your countryman. He is brave, faithful, honest, and strong as a lion. I have selected him because he has proved himself so dependable. May I use him, Herr Bodkin?"

"Sire, it is an honor he never could have anticipated."

"I shall want *you*, sir, or I might have asked this favor of *you*; but in asking your countryman and trusted friend I feel that I have chosen the right man. Will you kindly prime and load him," laughed Maximilian, "and I will send him off?"

Rody looked very glum when Arthur informed him of the Emperor's wishes.

"And I'll have for to lave ye, sir?" he began, dolefully.

"Yes."

"And the fightin'?"

"Yes; but you may have a little on your own account, Rody."

"Masther Arthur, I want for to get even wid Mazazo. Is there no way I could get at that afore I lave, sir?"

"I don't know when you are to leave, Rody."

"Well, sir, if it's all the same to his Highness, I'd rayther let it stand for a while; but sure I must obey ordhers. I wondher if I'll see Mary afore I go to furrin parts?"

"Who knows? If the Emperor sends you to the capital, I rather imagine that you *will* see her."

"Ye may dipind on *that*, sire!" said Rody, with a merry twinkle in his eye.

It was very late when Rody returned after his interview with the Emperor.

"It's all up wid me, Masther Arthur!" he groaned. "I'll have for to lave in an hour, no less. The Baron—good luck to him wherever he goes!—axed me in. Sure enough, there was the Emperor wid the Prince wid the double knocker of a name. 'Rody,' sez he, 'I've got an iligant carac-ther of ye from Herr Bodkin'—for which I'm thankful, Masther Arthur, as *you* know.—'And,' sez he, 'I want ye for to do *me*,'—laynin' hard on the word, d'ye mind, sir?—'do *me* a rale good turn,' sez he. 'I'll do it, yer Royal Majesty,' says I, 'wid all the cockles of me heart.' Thin he tould me that I was goin' into danger. 'Bedad, yer Royalty,' sez I, 'that's where the O'Flynn's comes out sthrong intirely.' And I riz an iligant laugh out of him and the Prince. Well, Masther Arthur, he thin tould me he had dispatches for me, and letters that I was for to deliver to no wan else but into the heel of the fist of the Emperor of Austhria, no less; and that I was to make me way to the coast, and get out to say as soon as I could, boat or no boat; and to land when I could, land or no land. He said that all the money I wanted was ready for me in goold. And—and—Masther Arthur dear, I'm goin' to part wid you in an hour."

And here the poor, honest, whole-hearted man—aye, every inch of him a man—burst into tears.

XXXVIII.—BETRAYED.

It was decided that the sortie should be made on the west side of the city, where the forces of General Corona were stationed; and orders were issued by General Castillo to the various commanding officers to be in readiness. No fires were allowed, and the strictest silence was imperative. The men were ordered not to burden themselves with anything not absolutely necessary, as the forced march was to be made through the rocky

defiles and mountain gorges of the Sierra Gorda. General Mejia had armed twelve hundred citizens, who were to remain behind for the protection of the city, and to surrender to General Escobedo, at discretion, twenty-four hours after the evacuation.

Having arranged for every contingency, the Emperor retired about one in the morning; Prince Salm-Salm and Arthur Bodkin remaining at work arranging the Imperial papers, which, when sorted, were placed in small maguey bags, ready to be strapped to the escort saddles.

Between one and two o'clock the traitor Lopez, who, Judas-like, had previously made his terms for betraying his master, silently threaded his way through the dark and narrow streets to the quarters of Escobedo. He silently joined hands with Colonel Garza, commander of the advance-guard of the enemy, who led him to General Veliz; and the latter, with Lopez, repaired to the room of Escobedo. After an interview of some ten minutes, Veliz turned over his command to Garza, ordering him to follow Lopez, who was officer of the day. Lopez led the way to a break in the wall close to the Church of La Cruz. Veliz remained here, ordering Garza with his command to enter the city through the break,—Lopez to lead. The command passed through; and, upon arriving at the first guard of the Imperial forces, Lopez asked the officer on duty if there was anything new. Receiving a reply in the negative, he ordered the Imperial guard to march to a distant portion of the city, posting Garza's in its stead. Lopez, with an increased guard, marched from post to post, replacing the Imperialists by Liberals; and, being officer of the day, his orders were instantly and implicitly obeyed.

As lights were forbidden, Prince Salm-Salm and Bodkin did their packing—the sorting having been completed early in the night—by the light of their cigarettes, aided by an occasional match.

“My last match!” cried the Prince.

“My last cigarette!” said Bodkin. “One moment,—I'll run over to my quarters for a fresh package.”

“Good!”

As Arthur was crossing the narrow street he perceived Lopez—for it was now dawn,—and heard him issue an order removing the guard. At the end of the street he saw a regiment stealthily creeping, not marching, in the direction of the Casa Blanca. Something in the uniform of the regiment struck him, and he darted swiftly and as noiselessly as possible down an alley, which enabled him to intercept it.

One glance.

“Betrayed!” cried Arthur, as he rushed back to warn the Emperor; yelling, as he ran, at the top of his lungs: “To arms! to arms! We are betrayed!” Bounding up the stairs, Arthur rushed into the room of Don José Blasio, the Emperor's secretary, crying: “Up! up! The enemy is in the garden!” Then he leaped into the apartment where Prince Salm-Salm was awaiting him. “We are betrayed by Lopez!”

“The dog!” cried the Prince, as he strode in to the Emperor.

Just then General Castillo, Colonel Guzman and Colonel Pradillo arrived, breathless.

“The enemy has occupied the convent, sire,” hoarsely panted Pradillo. “He has posted a number of guns in the Plaza.”

The Emperor spoke not, but calmly taking up two revolvers, handed Pradillo one, and, retaining the other, moved to the door, followed by Pradillo and the others. They crossed the corridor and passed down to the stairs, at the bottom of which a sentry stood at “Present.”

“Let them pass!” cried Colonel Rincon. “They are citizens.”

They traversed the Plaza, making for the quarters of the Emperor's Corps d'Elite, the Hussars—the regiment of the Empress. Here they were met by an armed guard of the enemy, who ordered them to halt. Again Colonel Rincon exclaimed:

"Let them pass! They are citizens."

"Good God! was that Lopez whom I saw with the enemy—a prisoner?" cried Maximilian.

"It was, sire!" cried Arthur Bodkin. "Not a prisoner, but—"

"But what, sir?" asked the Emperor, excitedly.

"A traitor, sire."

"Is this true?" and he gazed helplessly around him.

"I saw him and heard him removing our guard not ten minutes ago, sire."

At this moment Lopez rode up; and Arthur, with the agility of a panther, sprang up at him, dealing him a terrible blow in the face, crying:

"Traitor!"

Half a dozen of the staff rushed in as Lopez was about to cut Bodkin down, compelling the latter to go with them in the direction of El Cerro de las Campanas. The Emperor absolutely refused to mount his horse, as the others were on foot. At El Cerro they found about one hundred and fifty of their men, and in a few minutes the Hussars rode up.

"Where is Miramon?" was the anxious cry of Maximilian.

Dense columns of infantry surrounded the position; several batteries opened a murderous fire, and but a handful of the Imperialists reached the top of the hill.

Suddenly the bells of the convent—bells that were wont to ring for prayer—now rang out, proclaiming that the treachery of Lopez was successful.

Miramon, for whom the Emperor still kept calling, awakened by the bells, rushed into the street, among troops which he mistook for his own.

"I am General Miramon!" he cried. "Follow me! To the rescue of your Emperor!"

A shot fired at him lodged a ball in his cheek. A running fight ensued. Miramon, fighting like a lion, sought refuge in a house the door of which was open. Here he was made prisoner, tied down and

dragged to the Convent of the Terrecitas. For fully half an hour after the arrival of the Emperor and his small but devoted force at El Cerro de las Campanas, two batteries played upon them in a fearful cross-fire,—one from San Gregorio, the other from the *garita* of San Celaza. During a pause in the hottest of the fire, Maximilian cried, piteously:

"O Salm, if it were the will of God, how gladly I would now welcome a friendly shell!"

Colonel Gonzales rode up, announcing that Miramon was wounded and a prisoner. The Emperor, stepping aside with Castillo and Mejia, asked if it were possible to break through the lines of the enemy. Mejia, as cool as if on parade, deliberately lifted his field-glass and surveyed the position.

"Sire," he answered, "it is *impossible*. But if your Majesty orders, we will try. I am ready to die with you."

Maximilian for one instant swept the position; then, clutching Pradillo by the arm, said:

"I must decide quickly, in order to avoid more bloodshed. Run up the white flag."

"Are we not to make one stroke for life and liberty, Prince?" demanded Arthur of Salm-Salm.

"It is too late," returned the other, pointing to the flag of truce now floating from the fort in the breeze of the summer morn.

A messenger was sent with a flag of truce, to treat for terms of surrender. A squadron of cavalry came up at a gallop, and the Emperor surrendered to General Echegary.

"If you should demand a life," said Maximilian, "take mine. I am willing to die, if you require it; but I want to see General Escobedo, in order to obtain his promise to spare the life of my officers."

The Emperor and his officers, being provided with horses, and surrounded by a strong escort, descended the hill to Escobedo's headquarters. At the city gate

they delivered up their swords; and, after a brief interview between Maximilian and Escobedo, an order was given for a return to El Cerro. On their arrival, at Escobedo's request they entered one of the tents, accompanied only by Salm-Salm, Bodkin, and Miraferentes; and, after a few minutes' silence, the Emperor proceeded to make three requests: that if more blood must be shed, it might be only his own; that all who had served in the Imperial army should be spared; and that all persons of his household, who wished, might be granted safe escort to the coast to sail for Europe. Escobedo could answer for nothing, merely stating that all should be treated as prisoners of war.

Then Escobedo delivered the Emperor, Generals Mejia and Castillo, and Prince Salm-Salm into the hands of General Riva Palacio, who conducted them to the Convent of La Cruz, where each was assigned a room, a sentinel at each door, and a double guard at each approach.

And at the moment of her husband's capture, the unhappy Empress, who was leaning over the terrace wall at Miramar and gazing into the blue waters of the Gulf, had a lucid interval. Staring out across sea and land, Carlotta suddenly exclaimed in heartrending accents, never to be forgotten by those who heard them:

"They will kill him! I know the Mexicans."

(To be continued.)

The Eucharist.

BY THE REV. E. F. GARESCHÉ, S. J.

I SAW a desert people fed
 Each morn with heaven-descended bread!
 Dear God, a wonder sweet and dread!
 Lovedst Thou these Jews than us more dear?
 I see a world-wide altar,—there
 God's body lies, His people's fare.
 Oh, sweet and dread beyond compare!
 Yon was the show—the Substance here!

The Shrine of St. Edmund, King and Martyr.

BY WALTER J. PIPER.

THERE is little doubt that the first among the monastic foundations of Suffolk was the great Benedictine Abbey of St. Edmundsbury, the shrine of the Saxon king and martyr, St. Edmund. It was, besides, the most important place of pilgrimage in England. The story of this abbey has been well told by the witty Jocelyn of Brakeland, a monk of this famous house, who probably took his name from one of the streets of this quaint old town,—possibly the one in which he was born. For antiquarian interest, perhaps St. Edmundsbury is unequalled in importance by any other town in East Anglia. Especially noteworthy is it among old English towns for having preserved the imposing remains of one of the wealthiest and most celebrated of English monasteries.

Even to-day, to the Catholic visitor who gazes upon the crumbling remains of this ancient temple of God, it is certainly an inspiration. Thoughts upon thoughts will crowd upon him,—thoughts of the piety of our ancestors who conceived the idea of so stupendous a work, to the honor and glory of God and of our Blessed Lady. Artistic imagination, aided by the benefactions of our forefathers, could do this, it is true; but the hewers of stone and wood and the drawers of water were necessary to bring the work to perfection. Again, how painstaking, too, were those old workers! In this county no stone was procurable for building purposes; and so, first of all, in the quarries far away—perhaps beyond the seas—the stone had to be cut and shaped; and then transported by water to this far-away inland town; and there placed one upon another until this stately fane was complete.

How reverently, then, ought we to tread the courts of these venerable build-

ings! It is true, God, in the Sacrament of His Love, does not, as of old, dwell within the walls of these once consecrated temples; nevertheless, it is impossible not to feel the inspiration of the ancient cathedral and the ruined abbey, desecrated as both may be. These thoughts are most insistent while one walks through the quiet streets of a sleepy and historic town such as St. Edmundsbury in Suffolk. Even the "Angel Inn," facing the noble abbey gate—an inn which has become world-famous as the headquarters of Mr. Pickwick during those eventful days when he and Sam Waller were victimized by that artful adventurer, Alfred Jingle, and his satellite, Job Trotter—can not divert one's thoughts from the fact that it was good St. Edmund who made this little Suffolk town what it was even down to the time of the dissolution of the religious houses—the Glastonbury of East Anglia. The object of this brief sketch of the life and times of St. Edmund is not to reveal fresh data, but to select from and co-ordinate that which has already been gleaned, in the hope that it may prove at least of passing interest to many, who hitherto have read but little of this martyr-king.

To assist us to appreciate fully the story of St. Edmundsbury, it will be well to say a few words about the conversion of East Anglia. This carries us back to the reign of King Sigebert in A. D. 632. He it was who appointed Felix, a Burgundian monk, first bishop of East Anglia. This saintly prelate established his See at Dunwich, on the Suffolk coast, and governed it seventeen years—till his death, which occurred on the 8th of March, 647. Such progress did Christianity make—a progress greatly stimulated by King Anna and his four sainted daughters—that in 673 East Anglia was divided by Archbishop Theodore into two Sees, the second bishopric being established at North Elmham, in Norfolk. Owing to the ravages of the Danes, the See of Dunwich lapsed soon after the year 850, after which no

record of the East Anglian Bishops is met with for nearly a hundred years. In 1075 the See was transferred by Bishop Herfast from Elmham to Thetford. Soon after this, in the year 1094, Herbert de Lozinga, last Bishop of Thetford, translated it to Norwich, and founded the present cathedral and the adjoining Benedictine monastery.

It was the above-mentioned King Sigebert who built the first Christian church and monastery at Boedericworth (now St. Edmundsbury), and dedicated it to our Blessed Lady. Abbo, a learned French monk, states that the town took its name from Boederic, a distinguished Saxon, who at his death bequeathed it to St. Edmund. It would, of course, be difficult to say—with all the myth and traditions which have been handed down to us in the generally accepted life-story of St. Edmund—how much is true and how much is doubtful; but it is unquestionable that St. Edmundsbury owes its early celebrity and its prominence in history to the fame of this saint, whose body was always considered to remain incorrupt within the shrine of his abbey church, down to the very day of the suppression of this religious house.

Traditionally, King Edmund was a native of Nuremberg; and on being offered the crown of East Anglia, he landed at Hunstanton, on the north coast of Norfolk. Here, as we read, "he flung himself on his knees on the shore; and from that spot gushed forth five springs of pure water, which circumstance gave his name to that town to this day." This part is still called St. Edmund's Point. Not far from here stands the modern Catholic church which is under his patronage. We next hear of the King at Attleborough, where he spent some time in preparing himself for his kingly dignity. Here he gave himself to the close study of the Psalter. A very ancient copy of it still exists in the library of St. James' church at St. Edmundsbury, and is considered by competent antiquarians to be the very

book used by St. Edmund at that period.

There is told another interesting story, which occurred somewhat later, and is perhaps the most extraordinary of all. We read that "Lodbrog, King of Denmark, being very fond of hawking, was one day pursuing his favorite sport near the coast, when his hawk and its prey fell into the sea. Anxious to save the bird, he got into a small boat which happened to be near. A storm arose before he could land, and he was carried by the waves out to sea, and up to the mouth of the Yare as far as Reedham. The inhabitants brought the stranger to Edmund's court, then at Caistor, near by. The king received Lodbrog kindly and treated him with the respect due to his rank. Lodbrog's skill at hawking led to the jealousy of Bern, Edmund's falconer, and one day the man took an opportunity to kill him and bury his body. But by the sagacity of a greyhound the body was recovered, and the crime brought home to the culprit, who, as a punishment, was put into his victim's boat and sent adrift, exposed to the wind and waves. The boat was, after some time, cast upon the shores of Denmark and recognized as the one in which Lodbrog had been lost. Bern was questioned by Inguar and Hubba, the sons of Lodbrog; and he told the story that their father had been villainously murdered by Edmund's authority."

An expedition was immediately fitted out by Inguar and Hubba. They first ravaged the Yorkshire coasts, and afterwards landed in East Anglia, and attacked the king in his court at Thetford. Edmund collected an army to defend his kingdom and people; but, after an engagement which lasted a whole day, he was defeated and pursued to Hoxne, where he was taken prisoner. His captors offered him his life if he would abjure the Christian Faith, but this he refused to do; and, proving inflexible, they bound him to a tree, where he was scourged, shot at with arrows, and finally beheaded,—his head being contemptuously thrown into the

thickest part of a wood. This scene was witnessed by the saintly Bishop Humbert, who, immediately after Edmund's death, himself gained the martyr's crown, being hacked to pieces by the order of Inguar.

St. Edmund's martyrdom is commemorated in the arms of St. Edmundsbury, in which the three crowns borne by the East Anglian kings appear; each is transfixed by two arrows, crosswise. It may be added that out of the thirty-six pre-Reformation churches in Norfolk and Suffolk dedicated to St. Edmund—and scores of other churches besides,—there is scarcely one in which may not be seen, either in sculpture, carving, or painting, these triple crowns and arrows; and frequently the wolf is shown with the head of the saint between its paws. Even to this day, the crest of the corporation of St. Edmundsbury is the wolf and St. Edmund's head. It was, in fact, the abbey's seal from the time of its first foundation down to the destruction of the house.

Having slain St. Edmund and the Bishop, the Danes retired; and the East Angles, prompted by the affection to their late sovereign, assembled to pay the last honors to his remains. The body was soon discovered and conveyed to Hoxne; but the head could nowhere be found. His faithful servants then divided themselves into parties to explore the woods. Here some of them got separated from their companions, and began to cry out, "Where are you?" The head of the saint immediately replied, "Here! Here!" And Lydgate continues to tell us that it—

Never ceased of al that longe day

So for to crye tyl they cam where he laye.

Arriving at the spot whence the voice proceeded, they found a wolf holding the head between its forefeet. The wolf abandoned his fierce nature and followed them until the head was placed with the body; he then retired again to the woods, and was seen no more. The head and body thus brought together became miraculously united, so that the mark of the union

could scarcely be seen. This happened about forty days after the death of the saint.

After this his sacred relics lay unnoticed in the little church of Hoxne; later on, they were placed in the monastery of our Blessed Lady. But, owing to some carelessness on the part of the secular canons of this house regarding the shrine, a change was made by Canute; and thirteen Benedictine monks from St. Benet's Abbey, in Norfolk, were installed here instead, and half the goods of that abbey were transferred to their new home. These monks took great care of the shrine, which soon became very famous through the miracles wrought at St. Edmund's intercession. Many nobles first visited it; afterwards, as many as thirty-five reigning sovereigns came here to venerate the saint.

It was about the year 1010 that, owing to the Danish incursions, the body of the saint was removed to London, where it remained at least three years. This translation was carried out by Aylwin, the first monk of St. Mary's Monastery, who afterwards became Bishop of Elmham. During this journey numerous miracles are spoken of, only one of which shall be noticed here. At Eadbright, in Essex, where the body rested for a night, an illumination took place, and lasted the whole night, while heavenly voices filled the air. The body was, in all, removed six times, either for safety or to a more splendid resting-place. So great was the recognized sanctity of these holy relics that King Sweyn is said to have been punished by death because he required St. Edmund's people to pay exorbitant taxes. Canute was terrified by this event; and, in order to expiate his father's crimes, and propitiate the outraged saint, he at once took the monastery under his special protection.

About the year 1021 the Bishop of Elmham laid the foundation of a magnificent church, the expenses of which were defrayed by a voluntary tax which the good people thereabout imposed on themselves, and by the offerings of the

pious clients of St. Edmund elsewhere. In 1032, the church was finished, and consecrated by Athelworth, Archbishop of Canterbury. The relics of the royal martyrs were then deposited in a splendid shrine, adorned with jewels, precious stones and costly ornaments. Canute himself, repairing hither to perform his devotions, offered his golden crown at the tomb of the saint. St. Edward the Confessor granted to the abbot and convent the town of Mildenhall, with its produce and inhabitants, and many villages besides. He likewise conferred the privilege of coining at a mint which he established within the precincts of the abbey.

We can not do better than give Leland's account of the general appearance of this religious house as he saw it. "A city" (he writes) "more neatly seated, the sun never saw, so curiously does it hang upon a single descent, with a little river on its east side; nor a monastery more noble, whether one considers its endowments, magnitude, or its magnificence. So many gates it has, many whereof are of bronze; so many towers, and a church than which nothing could scarcely equal; as appendages to which there were three more of admirable beauty and workmanship, within the same churchyard."

The abbey church was 505 feet in length, and 202 feet across the transepts; the great west front measured 240 feet. Here stood two side chapels of large size, dedicated to St. Faith and St. Catherine. On the northwest and southwest stood two others surmounted with octagon towers richly sculptured. The height of these was over 40 feet. The great shrine of St. Edmund was preserved in a semicircular apse, or chapel, at the extreme east end; and on the north side of the choir was the chapel of our Blessed Lady, 80 feet long and 40 broad. Another chapel, St. Mary at Cryptis, was 100 feet in length, 80 in breadth, and supported by twenty-four pillars. It was in the former chapel that the ancient and miraculous statue of Our Lady presented by the saintly King Sigebert

found a permanent niche over the altar dedicated in her honor. There was, besides, the great central tower with its glorious lantern, and the great western tower. It is conjectured that this famous church had few, if any, to equal it in England, except Glastonbury itself.

The head of this illustrious religious house was a mitred abbot. As such he enjoyed within his district the powers and privileges of a bishop, and even discharged some episcopal functions. He appointed the parochial clergy, and held synods in his own chapter house. He was also a spiritual parliamentary baron and a chief magistrate. Even the king's officer could not exercise his functions without the abbot's leave. Few abbeys had so many royal benefactors. Besides Canute and St. Edward the Confessor, mentioned above, we read of Athelstan laying on the high altar, "for the benefit of his soul," a copy of the four Gospels. Henry I. on two occasions presented thank-offerings at the same altar. Richard I. endowed the abbey with lands, but when he was taken prisoner we are told the place was stripped of its gold to pay his ransom. On his return, he offered the abbey the rich standard taken from the King of Cyprus. Henry III. held a parliament in the refectory of this abbey in 1272. Edward I. also held a parliament here for obtaining supplies for wars. Again in 1446, Henry VI. did the same. At this parliament was planned the destruction of "good Duke Humphrey" whose death on the third day of the session seems not a little significant.

Such is, in brief, the story of St. Edmund and the famous abbey of Bury. One of the greatest privileges of this house was the possession of an altar made of a block of porphyry, at which, by an especial boon from Pope Alexander II. Mass might be said, even though the whole country lay under an interdict. The gift of this altar was made to Abbot Baldwin in the twelfth century. It would seem not to have been used when the need was the sorest,—

when through the misdeeds of King John all England lay under the ban, in the year 1208. Roger Wendover writes: "Since it [the interdict] was expressed to be by authority of our lord the Pope, it was inviolably observed by all, without regard of persons or privileges. So all church services ceased to be performed in England with the exception of the Sacraments of Baptism, Penance, and Holy Viaticum in cases of extremity. Even the bodies of the dead were buried without the Church's prayers and the attendance of priests."

But the evil days came at last, and the famous abbey was suppressed, all the accumulated wealth of ages falling into the hands of Cromwell and his wolves. With fiendish alacrity they stripped this monastery of all its wealth; and to-day nothing remains of this glorious monument and the piety of our ancestors, except a few eloquent ruins. What became of all the holy relics? What of the shrine and body of good St. Edmund? What became of the bones of St. Petronilla and St. Botolph? What of the precious relics of St. Stephen, and those of the "blissful and holy martyr," St. Thomas of Canterbury? The very site of St. Edmund's high altar can only be conjectured,—a spot sacred in English history in more ways than one; for here it was that, in the year 1215, Cardinal Langton and the barons solemnly swore to make King John ratify Magna Charta,—an oath which they most religiously kept. Indeed, St. Edmundsbury may justly share with Runnymede the honor of being closely associated with the bulwark of England's liberties.

In conclusion it may be said that the bases of the great central tower are still to be seen in a private garden of the abbey precincts; and on the side of one of them—affixed strongly in the masonry—is a descriptive tablet recording the names of the twenty-five barons who enforced this Charta. There is also another tablet with an inscription, by Dr. J. Donaldson, a former master of King Edward's school, which reads:

Where the rude buttress totters to its fall,
 And ivy mantles o'er the crumbling wall,
 Where e'en the skilful eye can scarcely trace
 The once high altar's lowly resting-place,—
 Let patriotic fancy muse a while
 Amid the ruins of this ancient pile.
 Six weary centuries have passed away;
 Palace and abbey moulder in decay;
 Cold death enshrouds the learned and the brave—
 Langton, Fitz-Walter slumber in the grave.
 But still we read in deathless records how
 The high-souled priest confirmed the barons' vow;
 And Freedom, unforgetful, still recites
 This second birthplace of our native rights.

It was this most important event in the history of this quaint old Suffolk town which suggested the motto which it bears to this day: *Sacrarium Regis, cunabula legis* ("The shrine of the King, the cradle of the law").

At this point it may reasonably be asked: But what of the old faith which was planted in this spot by good King Sigebert and watered by the blood of St. Edmund? Does it still live on here? Oh, yes! It was in or about the year 1633 that the Jesuit Fathers arrived in this part of Suffolk, and they began at once gathering the remnant which still, in holes and corners, professed the ancient faith. "In 1678," writes Brother Foley, S. J., "the number of Fathers residing in the district was sixteen or seventeen." About the year 1780 a mission was founded here; but not till 1838 was it possible to erect a permanent church,—an imposing structure, dedicated to St. Edmund. Within this church may be seen a remarkable painting, by Delafosse, representing the martyrdom of the saint; and a splendid statue of him stands over an altar. At the west end there is an interesting alms box made of the wood of the tree to which St. Edmund was bound when he was killed by the Danes. The church contains also a precious relic of the saint (set in a costly reliquary), presented by Cardinal Duprez in 1867.

But what of the good Benedictines? Have their successors returned to St. Edmundsbury? Not yet. But not far distant, by a singular coincidence, they

already possess two of the most handsome churches in the Northampton diocese—namely, St. Benet's Minster, Beccles, a large stone cruciform church; and St. Edmund's Church at Bungay. The carved enrichments of the martyrdom of St. Edmund on its west front it would be difficult to equal in modern church architecture. Both these churches are worthy of the best traditions of Benedictine work in Mediæval days.

These two quaint towns are delightfully situated on the rising ground overlooking the valley of the Waveney, and, within sight of each other, being only six miles apart. Both, too, were, in pre-Reformation days, closely associated with the abbey and monks of St. Edmundsbury. On the magnificent south porch of St. Michael's, Beccles, are displayed the abbey arms—the crowns and cross arrows. The same occurs on the great southeast tower of the church (St. Mary's) at Bungay, now the parish church. In the old days this was the conventual church of a Benedictine nunnery; and, strange to say, in its churchyard stands St. Edmund's Church mentioned above. So after nearly four hundred years the past and the present of this great religious Order in East Anglia are being linked together again. And, perhaps, in God's good time, another great abbey may rise from the ashes of the Past.

ST. IRENÆUS, writing about A. D. 180-190, gives a summary of the Catholic Faith, which he says the whole Church scattered throughout the world received from the Apostles—namely, the belief "In one God the Father Almighty, and in one Christ Jesus, the Son of God, who was incarnate for our salvation, and in the Holy Ghost; . . . and the Birth from the Virgin, and the Passion, and the Resurrection from the dead." He adds that the Churches of Germany, Spain, Gaul, the East, Egypt, Libya, and "those established in the central parts of the earth" (by which he evidently means Rome and Italy) are agreed in this Faith.

The Little Soul.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

“GOD can not condemn a little child,” said Sœur Thérèse of Lisieux, who chose always to be a child for Christ’s sake. “An earthly father having a grown-up son, sends him forth to support himself. But I have taken care never to grow up and can not earn my own livelihood which is eternal Life and my Heavenly Father will provide for his little one.” And again she cries: “Would I could tell all little souls of Thy ineffable condescension! This I implore Thee, this I entreat Thee, to let Thy divine eyes rest upon a vast number of little souls.”

This childlike little nun, the object of so much devotion, who in her picture has an air of shaking back her veil as if it were her curls, has certainly procured the gift of childlikeness for her devotees. I picked up somewhere one day a most charming account of a miracle ascribed to the Little Flower, by which the darling pet pony of some little Catholic children was restored to health almost at the last gasp. The story was told by the children’s mother—their father happens to be a literary man of world-wide reputation as well as an ardent Catholic,—and the picture of the stable, the dying pony, and the kneeling children crying out to the Little Flower for their pet has remained in my memory as something truly Franciscan.

That childishness of Sœur Thérèse has been most happily commemorated in the wonderful home for feeble-minded Catholic children which has been established at Besford Court in Worcestershire,—a home which one almost imagines Sœur Thérèse must have foreseen and indeed planned. Her roses must have fallen in showers on Besford Court, which is a beautiful old house in the very heart of English beauty.

Of all sad lots, perhaps none is so dreadful as that of the neglected feeble-minded

child. The soul sits there in the helpless, unguarded body, at the mercy of any cruelty, any wickedness. There is no creature in all the world so needing love and tenderness. If a tender mother watches over it, the maimed and crippled soul may become a thing of wings; its very disability may be its perfect innocence. On the other hand, the poor little soul may become like an ill-treated animal; and worse than that, since the corruption of such a soul is possible: it may be turned into an appalling thing,—that thing which, grown to man’s or woman’s estate, is the despair of the social reformer. Surely it was the Little Flower, with her pity and love for *little* things, who put it into the heart of some of her lovers to create this heavenly charity.

I have said that Besford Court lies at the very heart of English beauty. The sick soul of the child might have cried to be “comforted with apples”; for this stately home is in the midst of the fruit-growing Midlands of England, in Shakespeare’s Country. It belonged originally to the monks of Pershore Abbey, and Pershore itself is the name of a plum. On such a day as this May Day on which I write, all the great, beautiful valley lying between the Cotswolds and the Malvern Hills will be full of the bleating of sheep and lambs and the singing of running waters. The pear and plum and cherry will be bursting to a miracle of whiteness; the rosy mouths of the apple-bloom will be just opening. I have seen apple trees there that were like one great, beautiful rose, showing no green between. The nightingales will be singing; the plover and the cuckoo calling. Presently the whole countryside will be white with the May bloom, fit for Our Lady’s veil, running like foam along the hedges, enclosing the lovely villages, the manors and farms and churches, and the old black and white houses which add to the glories of that exquisite valley.

Surely the poor maimed little ones of Christ who came to this lovely home are

blest. The one who had done most to realize Besford Court, as it might be a dream of the Little Flower, tells us nothing about how he came to discover a place so strangely suited to its purposes. It might be a miracle of the Little Flower,—one of those naïf miracles to which thousands of her clients testify. He is singularly unrevealing. He tells us about the house on which the Little Flower rains her roses, but he does not tell by whose agency and beneficence the place was prepared for its merciful uses.

Besford Court is a beautiful old black and white manor house,—“our fair manor of Besford,” as it appears in the chronicles of the Pershore monks. The house had been carefully preserved and restored, and lies surrounded by gardens and many broad acres. We are told that it came suddenly into the market. We are not told where the money came from to buy it, with all its broad acres; but, whoever found the money, doubtless the Little Flower smiled, shaking down her roses as though she shook the pink bloom from the boughs of this orchard land. Surely she found a place to her mind. Listen to this:

“Behind the ancient house, with its centuries-old oaken doors, its gables and massive timberwork, and connected with it by clever modulations of architectural style, stood the shell of an immense building erected by the previous owner at a cost of from £55,000 to £60,000. Apparently it had been built regardless of cost, and it closely followed the plan and appearance of the ancient colleges of our universities. It stood round a spacious quadrangular court, into which from every floor looked the windows of broad and airy cloisters. Opening out from the cloisters were suites of rooms full of light and air; some suited to become classrooms and schoolrooms; others refectories, recreation rooms, dormitories, and kitchens; while others afforded the space and accommodations required for all the manifold purposes of a great estab-

lishment. No expense had been spared in the quality or kind of its materials. It was built of stone throughout, and absolutely fireproof. There was even an exquisite little chapel with an unfinished sanctuary. All round the quadrangle on the uppermost floor were broad open terraces, from which another access could be gained to a whole series of rooms, which, by reason of privacy, were eminently suited to serve as a convent for the nuns in charge. The old Tudor House of Besford Court, with this great modern addition, was . . . offered at so small a price . . . that it was decided to make the venture of faith and secure the whole property.

“The Court stands in the midst of an estate that was purchased with it. To the west is the long outline of Malvern Hills; to the east, Bredon stands up against the sky; the Avon flows close by, and on every hand are the fertile lands that border on the Vale of Evesham and stretch away to Worcester. Leafy lanes twisting round fields and orchards lead from the highroad to where Besford Court stands amid its immemorial elms. Close to the Court, within the inner circle of its grounds and shaded by lofty trees, the ancient fishponds still remain, which are to be made into bathing pools for the children.”

A couple of ancient Tudor cottages make an abode for Father Newsome, the administrator. Close by are the farm buildings—stables, cow-sheds, granaries, hay-sheds, piggeries,—with farming and live stock keeping in full swing. Beyond the great orchards is the walled garden of two acres, full of flowers and vegetables and fruit. All around stretch the ploughlands and the pastures of Besford Court.

It is all a perfect bit of ancient England, and how beautiful that can be the traveling American well knows. I have stayed in that delicious bit of England, and I remember it as an abode of quietness. Under Malvern Hills the Spirit of Place moves with her finger to her lips,—so

quiet it is in that land of apples and bean fields, milk and honey, where at evening in the dewy fields the nightjar, sawing away, reminded us of our Irish cornrake, and all his associations with youth and moonlight and the smell of May.

Those fields, before the war, which for the first time has really brought war home to English firesides, were drenched with peace as with the dews. Under Malvern Hills there was only quietness. It was a Catholic bit of England. The quietness had a thought in it of those who had loved Our Lady and the saints.

What a refuge for those pitiful children! Surely the Little Flower rained roses with both hands from the trellises of heaven when she secured Besford Court for the *littlest* ones of all.

The children are in charge of Sisters of Charity of St. Paul. You will meet a nun with her picturesque cornette outlined against the background, coming through one of those wonderful doors, along a corridor, across the gardens, with a child held by a tender hand. They say the child who is born feeble-minded does not grip. He lays no hold on the world that can give him so little. Well, at Besford Court the children learn many things besides the clinging to a loving hand. The little afflicted brethren of Christ can, with infinite patience, be taught to do many things. Much more can be done by patience and love than any one could believe possible. The fields and the gardens and the bright, airy workshops replace the fetid streets and horrible slum dwellings, from which in so many, many instances these little ones have been gathered.

Happy children to have been born at a time when love of God and humanity makes them worth the saving,—happy at least by comparison with the poor children of an earlier day, the victims of cruelty and worse! It is a far cry from the days when it was a diversion of fashionable London society to go to stir up the lunatics at Bethlehem Hospital—Bedlam—

with red-hot pokers, after attending a hanging at Newgate in the morning perhaps. The world has progressed and is progressing; and, despite the innumerable cruelties—and magnanimities—of the Great War, we shall grow better through faith and hope and love.

Beauty, brightness, fresh air, sunshine, silence except for the songs of birds in their seasons, an untiring gentleness and patience, wholesome country food with plenty of fruit and vegetables,—amid these will the tiny soul of the maimed child thrive and expand. The clean, honest life, with its many dignities, will uplift the child and steady its wayward will. The child will no longer be the pitiable object of a cruel merriment; stirred, like the Bedlam lunatics, to outbursts of feeble and futile anger; neglected, often hidden away as a reproach and a disgrace. The unwanted child, the most unwanted of all,—upon him or her descend the roses in a shower.

This immense charity is carried on entirely without funds other than voluntary gifts. Besford Court, besides being a real home for the poor children, is also the centre of the devotion to the Little Flower; and the shrine of Our Lady of Victories is the centre of the many novenas which are being made all over the world by lovers of the Little Flower for her beatification.

Father Newsome publishes now and again a little "Bunch of Besford Roses," which is a booklet containing the acknowledgments of those who believe that the intercession of the Little Flower has obtained for them some favor, spiritual or temporal. She scatters her roses over all the world. Many of the letters come from Ireland of the faithful heart, but they come from all over the globe. A worldlying might, perhaps, smile at the simple faith of those letters which record so many wonderful cures,—of paralysis, of dropsy, of cancer among other things; so many conversions, so many temptations conquered, so many temporal favors

granted. The last rose of the 1916 bunch is a fair sample of the roses. I quote it because its need is up to date, not of the needs which are always with us:

"REV. AND DEAR SIR:—I do not belong to your faith, but my attention and interest have been awakened, by a friend, to the Little Flower of Jesus and your work. Through my friend I sent a small donation and enclosed my husband's name in the envelope you sent her to be placed on the altar for the novena. I now write to tell you how wonderfully my husband's life has been preserved. He was an officer on board one of his Majesty's transports (I am not permitted to tell the name). On March 28, during that awful blizzard, a German submarine torpedoed the transport without warning, close to England. While they were getting into the boat, nine rounds of shrapnel were fired at them; and for eight hours they were in the open boats, some but half clad, exposed to intense cold and heavy seas. Not one was killed or suffered any ill effects from their terrible experience, except the second engineer, who was slightly wounded in the thigh."

The work at Besford has episcopal and archiepiscopal blessing. A letter from the Archbishop of Birmingham says:

"To you and to the clients of *Sœur Thérèse*, the Little Flower of Jesus, and to the faithful at large I most earnestly commend the cause of the mentally-deficient children. The Home will be staffed by the Sisters of Charity of St. Paul, whose members have undergone special training to qualify them for this work. We may hope to be able to point to Besford as to a model Home which others may do well to copy.

"The serious work which is pressing is the raising of a fund for the initial outlay. For this you must appeal to the clientele of the Little Flower and to the faithful generally all the world over. I implore the blessings of God upon all who respond to your appeal."

To which one can only answer, "Amen."

A Muscular Mendicant.

A STALWART novice of one of the mendicant Orders was returning to his convent, on one occasion, with his wallet well filled. To shorten the way, he left the main road and followed a path running through the woods. Here he was met by a robber, who, with pistol in hand, shouted:

"Your wallet or your life!"

The poor novice tried to explain that his state, representing absolute poverty, should shield him from such demands. His efforts were useless, and he was again ordered to give up everything he had. Fearing to be killed if he resisted, he delivered up his sack, and the few coins that had been given him in alms. The thief was walking away, well satisfied with his adventure, when the novice, recovering his self-possession, called him back.

"My friend," he said, "you have been kind enough to spare my life; but when I return to the convent, I run the risk of being reprimanded for not doing my duty. Perhaps you would oblige me by shooting a hole through my cloak, to show that I was overpowered, and there was nothing to do except to deliver up the fruits of my expedition."

"I will do that willingly," replied the robber, with a smile. "Stretch out your cloak."

The man then fired.

"But I don't see any hole," said the novice.

"That's because my pistol was loaded with nothing but powder. I only wanted to scare you."

"Haven't you another pistol with you that is better loaded?"

"No."

"Then, you rascal, we are equally armed!" exclaimed the sturdy novice.

Without a moment's hesitation, he fell upon the robber, beat him soundly, recovered his sack and money, and returned in triumph to his convent, bearing the pistol with him as a souvenir of his encounter.

After Corpus Christi.

THE observance, last week, of the solemnity of Corpus Christi, the Feast of the Body of the Lord, must have suggested to many a thoughtful Catholic the tremendous width and depth of the spiritual chasm separating those who assert from those who deny that Christ is God. So deep-rooted and intimate in Catholics is the intellectual and spiritual conviction of Christ's divinity, so closely and inextricably is that doctrine intertwined with all our other vital and vitalizing religious beliefs, that only with the greatest difficulty can we picture to ourselves, even approximately, the mental state of those who deny that the Son of Mary is the Son of God, is God Himself.

Yet this denial is made, not merely by atheists, materialists, agnostics, and infidels; not merely by non-Christian deists, Jews and Buddhists and Mohammedans; but by a large and, it is to be feared, an increasing number of those who style themselves Bible Christians and profess allegiance to some one or other of the Christian sects. The most cursory examination of contemporary non-Catholic religious thought as mirrored in the great reviews, in the more scholarly magazines and journals, and even in controversial novels, is sufficient to convince one that not all who pass for Christians are satisfied that the Infant born on the first Christmas in the stable-cave at Bethlehem was as certainly God as He was truly man. Whether or not the tendency be a legitimate result of the Higher Criticism, there certainly *is* a tendency among many of those outside the Church to identify the "historic Christ" with the Christ of the eighteenth-century rationalists,—that is, a more or less mythical personage; a great philosopher, who with the lapse of ages has become idealized; a man purely and simply, but one so typical of the perfection to which the race is aspiring that He was deified in the estimation of His con-

temporaries, and has been enjoying for nineteen hundred years a title to which in its literal sense He never had a claim.

We have no intention here of discussing, or even enumerating, the arguments which, to the believer in revelation, conclusively establish Christ's divinity. Our present purpose is merely to point out once more a gross fallacy of its present-day opponents,—to call attention to a position which, although taken by many a non-Catholic and non-Christian, strikes us as being, even on non-Christian grounds, clearly unstable, utterly untenable. That position may appropriately be stated in the form of this question frequently asked: Can not a man reverence Jesus as the highest and most perfect type of the race without acknowledging Him to be divine? A fairly respectable acquaintance with the four Gospels necessitates an uncompromising "No." An attentive perusal of the Gospel narrative ought to convince any reflecting man that, if Jesus Christ was not really God, then He was anything but the highest and most perfect type of the human race. If He was nothing more than a mere man, then the Gospels afford abundant proof that he was not even a good, sincere, or truthful man, but rather a false prophet, and the most flagitious impostor, without exception, that has ever figured in the world's history.

Consider for a moment how often and in how many ways Christ throughout the four Gospels clearly asserts His divinity, claims perfect equality with the Eternal Father, bespeaks for Himself from mankind a homage identical with that offered to the Father; gives the world to understand that He and none other is the Messiah, the promised Saviour and Redeemer of men. "I and the Father are one. . . . All power is given to Me in heaven and on earth. . . . Before Abraham was, I am. . . . Glorify me, O Father, with Thyself, with the glory which I had before the world was, with Thee. . . . What things soever the Father doth, these the Son also doth in like manner. . . . That all may

honor the Son as they honor the Father."

When the Samaritan woman said to Him at the well, "I know that the Messias cometh who is called Christ," He replied, "I am He who am speaking with thee." When Caiphas said to Him, "I abjure Thee by the living God that Thou tell me if Thou be Christ, the Son of God," He answered, "Thou hast said it." So, too, He commended Peter for calling Him "the Christ the Son of the living God." All these and a score of similar utterances are, of course, perfectly in keeping with the character of a divine Jesus, such as we Catholics know Him to be; but strip Him of His divinity, suppose Him to be a purely human teacher, and the foregoing texts can not be considered other than superlatively arrogant and unmistakably blasphemous.

To allege that in such passages as have been quoted Christ implies nothing more than His "moral unity" with the Father, or an "adopted sonship," is clearly to minimize unduly the significance of plain language, to wrest it from its evident meaning. The Jews certainly did not understand the unity which Christ claimed with His Father to be merely a moral, spiritual, or mystical unity. They took it that He meant a real oneness, and He encouraged them so to take it. "We stone Thee for blasphemy," they said, "because that Thou, being a man, maketh Thyself God." And He never repudiated the charge. When He told them that "the Son of man is Lord even of the Sabbath day," they understood Him to proclaim Himself the equal of Jehovah, who had prescribed the law; and they "sought the more to kill Him, because He said God was His Father, making Himself equal to God"; and yet, far from renouncing such a claim, He reiterated it time and time again.

It would appear, then, that if Christ was really a worthy man, He was infinitely more than merely that; and that those who admire Him as the most admirable and consummate type of the human race

are logically bound to believe His word, and so confess His divinity. There is no room for a middle term. If Jesus of Nazareth merits our esteem at all, then He is supereminently worthy of the highest possible homage, the supreme worship and adoration which He has constantly received from Catholics of every century since the first Christmas,—the worship and adoration which year after year in all Catholic lands is publicly avowed and proclaimed in the impressive outdoor processions of Corpus Christi.

Getting Younger.

A YOUNG Portuguese, who had abundant leisure and rather a facetious turn of mind, assumed one day the title of doctor. He advertised in the Lisbon papers that he had discovered a recipe by means of which he could rejuvenate in twenty-four hours the oldest of men and women.

The Portuguese world, not less than the American, likes to be humbugged; and so the self-styled physician had numerous clients, who called on him the day after the appearance of his advertisement. To each of them he presented a card on which he requested them to write their family name, Christian name, and age. He then asked each to return the next day.

On the following day, as each client presented himself, the pretended doctor feigned to have misplaced his card.

"I must ask you, therefore," he said, "to give me the same information that I received from you yesterday, because *after a certain age* you are beyond my skill."

On the new card each of the clients appeared to from five to ten years less old than the first card had stated. Whereupon the humorous doctor smiled as he produced both cards, saying:

"Here are your ages yesterday and to-day. I beg you to remark that, owing to my treatment, you have already become considerably younger."

Notes and Remarks.

It is stated that no fewer than 27,390 British officers and men were killed at the front in the one month of May. The losses of France and the other allied countries, and of Germany, Austria, etc., during the same period have not as yet been officially reported, though there is little doubt that they were proportionally great. A casualty list so appalling indicates that the gigantic conflict must be drawing to an end. No country engaged in it is populous enough to bear such a drain on its manhood for any great length of time. It would mean ruin, no matter where victory perched. Lulls in the offensive and defensive in the battles of the Somme and Arras have given an opportunity to consider actualities and probabilities, to estimate gains and losses. The material gains for either side are not appreciable, but the losses in men can be estimated almost exactly. In the four years of our Civil War the total number of Northern soldiers killed, wounded, and taken prisoner was only 400,000, yet the whole nation was aghast; and long before the South was crushed there was a growing demand for the cessation of hostilities. It may well be that, in face of national ruin, the soldiers and civilians of one or another of the countries in conflict may compel its ruler to make sacrifices which at the beginning of the war would not for a moment have been considered, and to accept terms which at any later period would have been rejected with scorn.

There is a basis of truth for the assertion that the present conflict of nations is due to the lowering of Christian ideals at the time of the so-called Reformation. When Luther rebelled against the authority of the Church, rulers and peoples turned their backs on Christ's Vicar, and, following pagan maxims of nationalistic policy, made war the arbiter of the world. To the German and English civil conflicts succeeded the 'Thirty Years' War, the

Seven Years' War, the French Revolution, and the Napoleonic wars. Since then armed peace, which is a constant menace, has been the universal policy of nations, the smallest of which have tried to maintain a standing army. The present sanguinary and devastating struggle in which almost every country is involved, shows how completely the world has abandoned the Christian ideal of universal peace and brotherhood upheld by the Popes.

In spite of all that has been said and done indicating the contrary, we do not believe that there is a general lack of genuine patriotism in the United States, or that a nation-wide lecture campaign on patriotic and war topics is necessary to stir it up. Better to act calmly and go slowly now. The minds of the people are inflamed and excited; they will become calmer presently. Week by week they have been expecting to hear that a treaty of peace is under consideration by the rulers of the belligerent European nations. As Representative Connelly, of Kansas, recently remarked in Congress, 'There is a hope in every heart that, before the full sacrifice is demanded, reason will again become enthroned, and love and mercy take the place of hate and revenge.' But should our country meantime be drawn into the vortex (to quote Mr. Connelly again), "may He who searches the hearts of men and women and finds there the gold and the dross, when He looks into the heart of every patriot find only the pure gold of an honest desire to be true to the country and its best traditions, and meet whatever test the times demand."

The founder and president of the Catholic Women's Association in the archdiocese of Cincinnati, Mrs. Bellamy Storer, calls attention, in various letters to the press, to an anomalous condition as regards relief work among our soldiers and sailors. That work is exclusively in the hands of the Red Cross. To become

a member of this organization, one must enter as an individual, and wear a costume every detail of which is minutely prescribed. These provisions exclude bodies of women in our country who already have a history of war service as nurses—namely, the Catholic Sisterhoods. It is matter of common knowledge what magnificent service they then rendered. In the organization of which Mrs. Storer is director, there are a thousand nuns who are hospital nurses; there are many thousand others in the United States. According to present regulations, these nurses are excluded from service with our forces. In France the nursing Sisters are associated with the Croix Rouge, some of them winning the Legion of Honor for heroic service. In the interests of "efficiency," to put it on no higher plane, it is expedient for the Government to make a place for our Sisterhoods with the ambulance train.

The paper on mixed marriages and one preventive thereof, contributed to our columns by Mr. Frank H. Spearman, has been provocative of considerable comment, most of it favorable, in Catholic circles and in the Catholic press throughout the country. The editor of *America* having written appreciatively of the plan to promote acquaintanceship between Catholic college students and convent pupils, several correspondents to his columns have been discussing different aspects of the question. In a late issue appears a letter from a Catholic lady who suggests the formation in our educational institutions, whether for young men or young women, of "A League for the Promotion of Catholic Ideals in Social Intercourse." One function of such a league will be very generally applauded by those who have studied this question with any seriousness, all the more so because its feasibility is not dependent on the action of the authorities in our colleges and convents, many of whom perhaps will be thought ultra-conservative in the views they entertain

of a departure from the oldtime exclusiveness that marks the college, and especially the convent, home. To quote:

At this very season there is work for such a league. There are many smaller social affairs under way; but, above all, there is the Catholic Summer School of America, an ideal Catholic colony, where comradeship and every form of outdoor and indoor enjoyment, intellectual, social and athletic, religious and secular, is to be found. Why not a campaign in our Catholic colleges to make this delightful place well known and well patronized? Why not cottages taken for the season by a combination of students as a social center or even a camping ground under homelike supervision? What Catholic college will be the first to have its pennant float over such a summer home and its name emblazoned on the doorplate? By all means, Let them get acquainted.

We must decline requests to give publicity to certain alleged acts of bigotry on the part of non-Catholic chaplains on the firing line in Europe. We feel sure that such acts are altogether exceptional, and would rather chronicle incidents like the following, which we like to believe are frequent. "An old subscriber" has our best thanks for this narration by the Rev. Charles W. Gordon ("Ralph Connor") of Winnipeg:

The other night a young chap was brought in with bad wounds. My heart went out to him. He had lost blood and was pallid to the lips, but his smile was bright and brave. The doctor fixed him up. He chatted away with me quite cheerfully. We took him into the adjoining dugout, or cellar, to await the ambulance. I got him some cocoa and made him comfortable. Oh, he was grateful!... I saw he must go soon. I spoke to him of his Father in heaven. He listened eagerly. "Shall I pray with you?" I asked.—"Yes, sir; but I am not of your religion."—"You are a Roman Catholic?" I asked.—"Yes."—"Have you got your crucifix?"—"No: I left it in my kit." I sent around to find a crucifix among the boys; but, strange to say, could not find any. (I made up my mind I would carry one with me after this.) I went out, cut two little twigs; the doctor tied them together in the form of a cross. I held up the cross before his eyes, now growing dim. His eyes brightened, his face really shone in a smile. "I see it,—I see it!" he said. "Lift up my head." I lifted it up for him. "I can't pray," he said.—"Never mind: God knows. Say after me,

'God be merciful to me, a sinner! Forgive my sins for Jesus Christ's sake, and receive me now.'" He said the words after me, his eyes fixed on the cross. He moved his lips: I placed the cross against them. He kissed the symbol of infinite love and mercy. In a few minutes he closed his eyes and was gone.

May there be some one to press a crucifix to the lips of this good Presbyterian minister when he, too, "shall feel the pangs of death"; and may his soul be brought "to the participation of heavenly joys"!

Those editors and correspondents who have reproached us for unfairness to Germany in our incidental references to the World War will perhaps be placated to know that other editors and correspondents charge us with being unfair to the Allies. The contradiction is easily explainable. A peculiarity of prejudice is that while it prevents one from seeing existing things straight, it doesn't prevent one from seeing things that have no existence at all, except in one's own imagination. No editor should be held responsible for what he didn't say, or for more than he intended saying,—for anything, in fact, but just what he said. People who have the habit of "reading between the lines," as it is called, forget that what they visualize is only a reflection of themselves, the expression of their personal thoughts, the manifestation of their private sentiments. The habit is not an excusable one except in the case of writers who express themselves badly, or who evidently conceal their meaning. Then only may we inculpably speculate as to what the meaning may be. In no case, however, can there be justification for attributing malicious motives, or for suspecting sinister intents.

If there is anything of which a person can be very sure—of which others can not be sure at all—it is his motives and intentions. If he knows anything, he must know what moves him,—that is, if he is influenced instead of being impelled. His intentions, the moment they are formed,

are the most certain knowledge he can possibly possess. Let us assure our readers of all nationalities that we have published nothing from malevolent motives. We have no ill will for, nor any conscious prejudice against, any people on earth. Our only intention has been to uphold religion and to defend truth. And our willingness to be forgiven for unintentional offending is constant and entire.

The death recently of Sister Teresa Vincent, co-foundress and for the past seventeen years superioress of the New York Foundling Hospital, brought to light the wonderful service which that great religious had given to her time. There was a ring of challenge in the words of Bishop Hayes when he said of her:

In case some cold-hearted official should try to take credit from the work Sister Vincent did during her years at the Foundling Hospital, let me quote some statistics. In fifty years 66,000 persons passed under her eye and impress; 20,000 children were placed in happy homes; 10,000 were returned to their mothers when they were able to care for them—and some of the boys are now vice-presidents of banks and United States Senators.

Her record has added another glorious chapter to the work of the Sisters of Charity and the Sisters of St. Paul and Catholic charities. Catholic charities in the past have been unjustly accused. The pitiless light of adverse publicity has been thrown upon them in order to attain the ends desired by certain people. The cowardly things that have been said at times threatened to make our own people believe that such things as were described so unfairly were true.

We will continue her work, ministering to little children, whether the city of New York wants us to or not.

If Sister Teresa Vincent and her worthy associates were working only for the applause of men, there might be some ground for regret at certain times in the history of their activities. But these noble, self-sacrificing women are too wise to look for temporal rewards.

The season is at hand when we may expect the verification of the oldtime almanac prophecy: "About this time look

out for drowning accidents." Throughout the summer months the casualty columns of the metropolitan dailies and the local columns of smaller journals all over the country make frequent mention of disasters at sea, and of fatal accidents at ocean beaches, on lakes and rivers, in creeks and ponds. A notable feature of the lengthy roll is the very large percentage of such accidents that are easily preventable. Apart from those that are due to such absolutely culpable imprudence as "rocking the boat," how many a life would be spared if the passenger on ferry-boat, steamer, or yacht, or the pleasure-seeker in sailboat, skiff, or canoe, were capable of swimming!

Swimming is not only an athletic exercise that is thoroughly beneficial for health purposes, but a "safety first" precaution for all who embark in boats of any kind for any purpose. The prudent parent who lives within reach of a fairly large body of water should not only see to it that he himself learns how to swim, but should teach his children, girls and boys alike, the same easily acquired and eminently useful accomplishment. The exploded fallacy that "it is just the strongest swimmers who are most frequently drowned" arose from the surprise occasioned by such a result's happening now and then. The drowning of those who can not swim is a matter of course, occasioning no surprise at all, and consequently less commented upon.

We took occasion some months ago to comment on the incongruity of a Catholic paper's referring to a priest in such terms as "Reverend Hogan" instead of "Reverend Father Hogan"; and added that the former title is habitually used only by the less cultured of even Protestant editors. The better class of non-Catholic journals invariably use, if not the second form, at least "Rev. Mr. Hogan." The matter is briefly referred to in the answer given by the *Ecclesiastical Review* (for June) to this query of a cor-

respondent: "Is a person in Minor Orders entitled to be called 'Reverend'? At what Order does a person acquire the title? Is there a rubric in the matter, or merely a custom?" To which the *Review* replies: "The matter is regulated by custom, and the general usage seems to be to address a subdeacon, deacon, priest, or professed religious as 'Reverend John Smith,' for example, or 'Reverend Brother Smith.' The form 'Reverend Smith' is an abomination. Equally reprehensible is the use of 'Reverend' alone; for example, 'Tell me, Reverend, what do you think of the high cost of living?'"

Of cognate interest is the proper form of address for religious women. While "Sister Michael" would seem to be sanctioned by Catholic usage in this country as sufficient for the rank and file of our nuns, the form "Reverend Sister John" or "Reverend Mother Mary Agnes" appears authorized in the case of those in authority, and perhaps also in the case of nuns who have reached an exceptionally advanced age.

In acknowledging the receipt of her share of offerings made by readers of THE AVE MARIA for the rescue and support of orphaned and abandoned children in China, the head of the Sisters of Charity at Chusan writes: 'I beg of you to let our generous benefactors know how deeply grateful we are to them for coming to our aid in our hour of need. We are living on Divine Providence. Day by day Sisters and children remind our Heavenly Father that He is our provider and protector, and that we rely upon Him to keep the wolf from the door. He rewards our confidence in a wonderful way. During the past three years, whenever we were in greatest straits, He raised up more friends to help us and enable us to continue our work,—to feed the little ones and to succor the poor. That the good God may abundantly reward our benefactors is the daily prayer of Sisters and children.'

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

My Dream.

BY S. MARR.

AS summer without flowers,
Without the bird-songs free,
Would be my life, dear Mother,
Without the thought of thee.

Thou art as sunshine, Mother,
That wooes the opening flower,
Or as the soft refreshing dew
At twilight's peaceful hour.

Thou art my dream, dear Mother,
That doth day's joy renew;
And when I die, oh, may I see
My dream of love come true!

Con of Misty Mountain.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XXIV.—A NEW LIFE.



T was a wonderful day that followed for Con,—the happiest and most wonderful he had ever known. First, Tony was baptized. What that meant Con only dimly understood; but that it would bring his little black-eyed charge help and blessing, he was sure. Then having explained his coming to Father Phil, that good friend took everybody and everything in his kindly care. Many and various were the rumors circulating about Corbett's Cut as the mountain worshippers scattered. The most favored story was that Con had been stolen by the gypsies, and had fought his way to his friend, the priest, when he learned he was near.

After such a breakfast as Con had never tasted before, Father Phil's kind hosts furnished him with horses and wagon, that Con might take Tony back in safety to his little mother, who was watching

anxiously for his return. Father Phil had a long talk with Carita as they drove back along the winding road that led to the Gypsy Glen,—a talk to which Zila listened with breathless interest. Just how or why they did not understand, but they knew that Con was going out of their life and their world forever.

"I would like to go, too," said Zila, while Carita wept softly over the little "child of God" now sleeping happily in her arms. "Ever since I listened to the singing children, my heart has turned from the gypsy tent, the gypsy life. So I told Conde last night. But my grandmother is old and blind, and I can not leave her."

"When she dies you can come," said Con, as they stopped on the hill beyond the camp; for it would not have been wise for him to go farther. "But where you will find me I do not know."

And, to ease the sad parting, Father Phil put the address of Saint Cyprian's on a card and had Con leave it with these simple friends, should they want to hear from him. For the young priest knew that this poor, outlawed boy might have power and place they little guessed, and might reward their kindness to him in the years to come. So, with words of hope and cheer, and blessings from Father Phil, Con bade his gypsy companions adieu, and went back with his "Mister" to Corbett's Cut, where the good woman of the house was ready to "mother" him, as the boy charge of his "riverince" should be mothered.

Bathed, brushed, dressed in a "decent" suit that belonged to her own Mike, the wild gypsy lad was transformed into a fitting companion for Father Phil's further journeying. And the old sheep farmer would not hear of the young missionary's return over the "backbone" of the moun-

tain. He insisted upon furnishing wagon and driver for easier route to the railroad, some thirty miles distant, where the old watchman at a lonely crossing flagged a passing train.

The travellers were soon speeding on in a way bewildering indeed to Mountain Con. It was to be a night journey; and, though he had been talking freely to Father Phil as they jolted over the mountains, a sudden silence fell upon him when they took the train. As it thundered off into the gathering darkness, a strange look came upon the young face, into the widening eyes. Father Phil could see that the sturdy hand holding tight to Dick's collar was trembling. Con,—Con of Misty Mountain trembling!

"What is it, Con?" asked his good friend, kindly. "Do the cars make you ill, my boy?"

"No, Mister," was the answer, while the speaker's breath came short and quick. "It ain't that. I don't know why, but I'm scared like—like as if my bad dream was coming true."

"Your bad dream, Con?" questioned Father Phil.

"Yes," went on Con, panting. "I used to have it when I was a little chap, but I 'most forgot it,—a dream about a rushing and a reeling like this, and fire and smoke, and somebody catching me up out of it all in the darkness. But I'm wide awake now. This ain't no bad dream, is it, Mister?"

"No," answered Father Phil, his own voice trembling a little as he realized what Con was dimly remembering. "This is no bad dream: you're wide awake, Con, with a friend at your side, and nothing to fear, my boy,—nothing. Look around you! See! Nobody is afraid. Everybody is bright and happy."

And then a boy came along selling chocolate, and Father Phil bought a box. And the little girl in the seat beyond began to make friends with Dick, and her father said he was the finest dog he had ever seen. And altogether things became so cheery and pleasant that Con forgot his bad dream, and was his own bold self

again. And when he turned into his berth that night, dead tired and sleepy, his last remembrance as he closed his eyes was the Mister's kind voice murmuring: "Go to sleep, my boy! There is nothing to fear, God bless you!"

Breakfast had just been served in St. Cyprian's modest rectory when Father Phil walked in upon the pastor, with a sturdy boy at his side, a big wolf hound behind him.

"Well, here we are, Father Tim!" was his cheery greeting. "Here is your roving shepherd, and the lost lamb."

"Eh—what—what? What is it you say, lad?" Father Tim dropped his soft-boiled egg in a hopeless smash, as he started to his rheumatic feet. "Who is it you have with you, Phil?"

"The lost heir," answered Father Phil, clapping his hand on Con's shoulder,— "though he doesn't know himself by that name as yet. He is just now only Con, my little pal and brother,—Con of Misty Mountain, that God has given into our hands and care. Down on your knees, Con, and get Father Tim's blessing."

Then Con and Dick, who were equally ignorant of the future this coming forecasted for them, were committed to the care of Mrs. Farrell (Father Tim's cook and housekeeper), and had their breakfast in the sunny rectory kitchen; while Father Phil gave his old friend a detailed account of his wanderings and their ultimate success.

"There can be no doubt of the boy's identity," he concluded. "Everything confirms it, even his dimly remembered terror at the night journey on the cars."

"Yes, Phil,—yes: it's God's guidance from first to last, as even our dull eyes can see," said the old priest. "And a fine, noble lad he is, even if he never comes to his own."

"But he *shall* come to his own!" There was nothing dull in the younger priest's eyes, as they flashed with resolution. "He must have the rights to which he

was born,—name, home, family, fortune. He must have justice, as I promised; and as that means a legal fight, I am sure, I intend to put all the scattered proofs I have gathered in the hands of the best lawyer I can find, and let him go to work at once—this very day.”

“You may be right,—you may be right, Phil.” Father Tim rubbed his chin as was his fashion when in doubt or perplexity. “I am a simple old priest that never had much worldly wisdom; and the lawyers, poor men, have to make their living, as we know. But the saints have all been against lawsuits when it can be helped, Phil. It brings on bitterness and scandals and heart-burnings. And since God has guided us this far so wonderfully, couldn’t we trust Him a bit further, Phil? His ways are those of peace and love and mercy, lad. Can’t you think of something better, wiser, holier than a fight?”

“No, I can’t,” was the answer. For Father Phil was only twenty-six, and had in his breast a soldier spirit that even cassocks can not altogether quell. “With that villain, Arthur Nesbitt, alive and ready to give the lie to all that we can say or prove!”

“I suppose he will,” sighed Father Tim, sadly. “It would be only poor human nature without God’s grace, Phil. Ah, well, well! It’s a sinful world we’re living in, and sometimes it’s hard to see the way. It will do no harm to wait a bit, and look around us, and pray, Phil,—pray. I’ve seen many a dark way lightened and crooked way made straight just by prayer. You have the lad safe and sound now, thanks be to God! Why not take him around a bit, show him the parks and the shops and the pictures,—all that he has never seen? You couldn’t trust him by himself, wild young kiddy that he is; and the other boys would be making game of him for his innocence. You’d best give him a day or two, and show him the town.”

And Father Phil, who had learned the simple wisdom of his old friend’s guidance, agreed to give Con “a day or two” in this

new world, where his little pal was a stranger indeed; for the wildest ways of Misty Mountain had not been so bewildering to him as the busy streets, with their cars and motors and hurrying crowds. At first Con kept at his good friend’s side in a dumb, dazed silence; but very soon he brightened into eager interest, and began to wonder, to question, to enjoy. It was almost as if he had been transported into another planet. And Father Phil, who had not quite realized what a transition it was for Mountain Con, found a keen, almost boyish pleasure in being his guide through this unknown wonderland.

They went into great Gothic churches, where Con asked if the soaring pillars “grew” there; into public parks, where he wondered what had changed the statesmen and heroes “into stone.” He had to be guided (who had never needed guidance in the wildest ways of Misty Mountain) through the perilous rush of cars and motors and bicycles; and rescued, almost at the peril of Father Phil’s life, from an ambulance speeding with “right of way,” which the staring young mountaineer blocked. Con, who had never seen a ship stood in breathless wonder on the wharves while Father Phil showed him the great ocean steamers, the white-winged sailing vessels, all the crowd of smaller craft making ready to cross a world of waters to other lands he could not see. They rode out to the Zoo, where the young hunter of Misty Mountain stared doubtfully at his olden enemies behind bars, and couldn’t “see no sense in caging wild critters. They’ll bust out some day. I’d bust out myself if they shut me up like that.”

Many and various were the sights Con saw during those first few days in the great city,—always coming back at sunset for a quiet evening in the rectory at St. Cyprian, where Father Tim and Father Phil talked to him of other things more wonderful and beautiful still. Most wonderful of all, one evening there came a letter to Con himself. It was from Susie, who was back at St. Joseph’s now,—

Susie, to whom Father Phil had written of his finding Con at Corbett's Cut, and who sent a rejoicing letter to the dear Mountain Con, who could be her friend forever now that he was brother Phil's own boy. Then at night there were prayers sometimes in the dear old sanctuary of Saint Cyprian's, sometimes by his snowy little cot in Father Phil's room,—prayers which Con was learning to echo even if he did not as yet quite understand; for Father Tim's household was making a novena for guidance and help.

"Give me nine days' talk with Saint Joseph, Phil," said the old priest, simply; "and then you can go ahead with your lawyers and make your fight."

Con learned a great deal during these nine days of waiting; for the "Mister" gave him much of his thought and time,—gently correcting the rude words and ways of the Roost and the Mountain, teaching him the little proprieties of manner and speech, which to the wild young outlaw of the past had been quite unknown. And Con, watching this big brother and pal of his with keen, loving eyes, proved an apt pupil, and was soon managing knife and fork and napkin like a gentleman born. Then, as Mike Corbett's suit was of rather a tight cut for the stalwart Con, Father Phil took him up town one day and had him outfitted anew from cap to boots. With his shock of yellow hair trimmed into shape, in his stylish English tweeds, with a blue tie (that just matched his eyes) finishing the spotless linen at his throat, Con was as handsome a boy as any "big brother" could desire.

"He looks what he is—the Nesbitt son and heir," thought Father Phil, as they paused for a while on their homeward way through the park to watch the goldfish in the fountain. "Father Tim's novena is up, and it is evidently time now to work as well as pray. I will see my father's old friend, Judge Verrell, and put the case in his hands to-morrow."

"Father Doane!" spoke a pleasant voice, and a lady passing by paused and

stretched out her hand in cordial greeting. "You have forgotten me, I see; but I have not forgotten you. I am your friend Jack's cousin, Eunice Rayson."

"Forgotten you? Not at all!" was the warm answer. "My visit to you was in every way a memorable one. I wrote Jack a lengthy account of it. By the by, I had a delayed letter from him this morning. He is off to the seashore, he tells me."

The speaker paused as he saw the lady did not hear. With wide, startled, almost frightened eyes, she was staring at the boy beside him.

"I—I beg your pardon!" she said, recovering herself. "For a moment I was bewildered, Father Doane. The likeness is so—so astounding. That boy with you—for God's sake, who is he?"

"Ah, the fight is on!" Father Phil thought, and he flung out Con's colors fearlessly at the question.—"Ah, you recognize him, I see, Miss Rayson! This is Charles Owen Nesbitt, the child of that boy in the picture,—Charles Owen Nesbitt, who is here to claim name and home."

(To be continued.)

A Puzzling Trick.

SOME of the tricks or puzzles that appear simple enough when one is told how to do them represent considerable mathematical ingenuity in the person who invents or discovers them. Our young folks can solve the puzzles or perform the tricks when they learn the secret of their solution; but the real reason why doing so, and so will produce such and such results involves a knowledge beyond the capacity of, not only our young folks, but the great majority of grown-ups as well. Any boy or girl of ordinary intelligence can do, for instance, the following trick when he or she reads our explanation of it; but it was an exceptionally clever man who discovered the principles on which the trick is founded.

You place on a table four objects.

Any kind of objects will do, but for our purpose we will suppose them to be: a little box, a coin, a pencil, and a book. Then you invite four persons to seat themselves at the table, and you place before them a handful of counters—buttons, pennies, peas, beans, matches, beads, or similar articles. You give one of these counters to the first person, two to the second, three to the third, and four to the fourth, leaving the remaining counters on the table.

Going into another room, or into a corner where you can not see the table, or having yourself blindfolded if you like, you tell the four persons to take each, one of the objects and hide it from you in their pockets or elsewhere. You then proceed:

“Whoever has the box will please take from the table as many counters as I gave him. Whoever has the coin will take four times as many counters as I gave him. The holder of the pencil will take sixteen times as many counters as he received from me; but whoever has the book will take none.”

When this has been done you inquire how many counters are still left on the table; and on being told the number, you at once declare who has each of the objects. It would take altogether too long to explain how this has been worked out; but here is the way to tell which persons have the separate objects. To begin with, the number of counters at the start must be just 88. Suppose we call the four persons Tom, Jack, Joe, and Jim,—Tom being No. 1 and Jim No. 4. Now, according to the instructions given above, you give one counter to Tom, two counters to Jack, three to Joe, and four to Jim. Then suppose Tom takes the book, Jack the pencil, Joe the coin, and Jim the box. Following your instructions, Jim, who has the box, takes from the table as many counters as you gave him, 4; and consequently he has 8 altogether. Joe has the coin; and when he takes four times as many counters as you gave him (3), he will have altogether 12 and 3,

or 15. Jack has the pencil, and must take sixteen times as many counters as you gave him (2), or 32, and then he will have 34. Tom, having the book, takes no other counters than the one he received from you. So, at the close, Tom has 1, Jack 34, Joe 15, and Jim 8; or, all four have 58 counters, so that there remain on the table 88—58, or 30. Now, if you look at the following printed table you will see that when the counters left number 30, the 1st person (Tom) has the book; the 2d person (Jack) has the pencil; the 3d person (Joe) has the coin; and the 4th person (Jim) has the box.

There can not be any other number of counters left than those given in this table, unless a mistake is made by the persons engaged. As you can hardly “memorize” the table, you had better make a copy of it, which you may consult as often as you try the trick.

The first column contains the number of counters remaining after each person has taken his allotted number; the other four columns tell what object each person has taken, according to the counters left.

Counters left	1st Person has	2d Person has	3d Person has	4th Person has
0	Book	Box	Coin	Pencil
1	Box	Book	Coin	Pencil
3	Book	Coin	Box	Pencil
5	Box	Coin	Book	Pencil
7	Coin	Book	Box	Pencil
8	Coin	Box	Book	Pencil
12	Book	Box	Pencil	Coin
13	Box	Book	Pencil	Coin
18	Book	Coin	Pencil	Box
21	Box	Coin	Pencil	Book
22	Coin	Book	Pencil	Box
24	Coin	Box	Pencil	Book
27	Book	Pencil	Box	Coin
29	Box	Pencil	Book	Coin
30	Book	Pencil	Coin	Box
33	Box	Pencil	Coin	Book
38	Coin	Pencil	Book	Box
39	Coin	Pencil	Box	Book
43	Pencil	Book	Box	Coin
44	Pencil	Box	Book	Coin
46	Pencil	Book	Coin	Box
48	Pencil	Box	Coin	Book
50	Pencil	Coin	Book	Box
51	Pencil	Coin	Box	Book

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"White Knights on Dartmoor" is the title of a new book by Olive Katharine Parr (Beatrice Chase) just published by Longmans, Green & Co., London.

—Canon L. Poulin, whose reputation as an exceptionally eloquent pulpit orator is well established in Paris and indeed throughout France, has brought out, through the publishing house of Pierre Téqui, a new collection of sermons and addresses, "Les Sources d'eau vive." The work is in brochure form (360 pages), and contains seventeen chapters of uniform and timely interest.

—"Kantisme et Modernisme," by the Abbé Van Loo (Paris: Pierre Téqui), is a sixteenmo brochure of 236 pages. A philosophical and theological essay, the work may not at first blush appear to possess much opportuneness or actuality in these days of almost universal warfare; but it will be found that both the war and the coming quarto-centenary of Luther give it a note of especial timeliness.

—It is a gratification to find in each new volume of the "Angelus Series" a list of all the preceding issues. An ever-increasing number of readers will thus be secured for these excellent little books. The gem of the Series is "Life, Science, and Art," by Ernest Hello. The volumes are of 32mo size and contain about 160 pages; they are well printed, neatly bound, and provided with a marker. Published by R. & T. Washbourne; and for sale in the United States by the Benzigers. Price, 50 cents.

—"Meditations for Religious" is the sub-title of "Sponsa Christi," by Mother St. Paul, of the House of Retreats, Birmingham; and the religious connoted arc, of course, Sisters. Father Rickaby, S. J. points out, however, in his brief preface, that the term has a wider application, and that the designation "spouse of Christ" applies to every soul. So we may say that these bright and practical meditations, while designed primarily for nuns, may be used by the faithful more generally, and with every expectation of profit. The use of Holy Writ in this little book is particularly admirable. Longmans, Green & Co. publishers; price, 90 cents.

—It is always a pleasure to welcome a novel by Isabel C. Clarke. There is an antecedent probability, not to say certitude, that it will prove to be not merely a "novel by a Catholic" but a genuine "Catholic novel." And "The Rest House," her latest contribution to Catholic fiction, amply realizes one's expectations. It

is a narrative interesting enough to charm the most *blasé* novel-reader, and Catholic enough to serve as spiritual reading. Peggy Metcalfe, the heroine, is the youngest daughter of a wealthy Protestant family in England. She accidentally spends a night in a Catholic home (the house of the title) in which there is a chapel, and she attends Benediction. It proves an epoch-making experience, and the remainder of the book tells of what eventually resulted from that casual visit. A novel that deserves wide circulation.

—We welcome a new edition (the third) of "The Fairest Argument," by the Rev. John F. Noll, LL. D., of Huntington, Ind. The first edition of this excellent and very useful work was entitled "For Our Non-Catholic Friends"; with the sub-title which is now used as the main one. The other changes consist in the elimination of all testimony that lacked exact reference, and in the substitution of more recent Protestant testimony for the old. These changes are decided improvements, and they will render the book—it is supplied with a good general index—still more valuable to priests and other public speakers, and more interesting to general readers. The work is divided into seven parts: Dispelling the Mists for Clearer Vision; The Catholic Idea of the Church Defended; Witnesses Admit that God is Served Best in the Catholic Church; Catholic Teaching Defended by Protestants; Protestants Defend the Church in Other Matters; Erroneous Impressions Exposed; Protestant Witnesses against Protestantism. The volume is a 12mo of 399 pages; it sells for 75 cents in cloth; for 25 cents in paper covers. Postage extra.

—In spite of its faults, Mr. Previté Orton's new book, "Outlines of Mediæval History," will give non-Catholic readers a more correct notion of the Middle Ages than the vast majority of them now entertain. Especially notable is the author's favorable judgment of certain of the Popes of the period, 395-1492. These limits are arbitrary, of course; but they have the merit of convenience, 395 being the year of the death of Theodosius the Great, and 1492 that of the discovery of America. Reviewing this author's work, which is published by Cambridge University, the London *Times* remarks:

The term "Mediæval" has come to have an ill sound. For it has been so often used in a depreciatory sense, as pointing to a time when—so it is assumed—ignorance, perfidy, and violence reigned in the world, that to many minds it has lost all nobler significance. At best it suggests to them merely what is obsolete. It is unfortunate that this

should be so, since the period known as the Middle Ages, with all its barbarism and its inhumanities, was yet one inspired by lofty ideals, prolific of noble thought, and rich in splendid achievement. It can show, too, a glorious roll of saints and heroes, among whom can be counted some of the greatest of mankind. If much that it produced has passed away forever, it has left not a little for which the world to-day is its debtor.

—By an egregious and regrettable mistake, the authorship of "Selected Gems," noticed by us recently, was attributed to "P. J. Desmond" instead of to P. J. Pendergast, the producer and proprietor thereof, to whom we hasten to offer sincerest apologies. We can not delay till July, as he suggests in the following gentle lines, the expression of our regret for so stupid a blunder. It was no typographical error, for which printer or proofreader might be blamed, but a flagrant mistake of our own making. We have all the more satisfaction in complying with Mr. Pendergast's request because of his holding his "Gems," as he says, so dear and by so clear a title:

Dear AVE MARIA, pray be not severe,
And I pray to this note you'll respond;
For the "Gems" you'll agree were written by me
And not by P. J. Desmond.

The title all clear of the "Gems" I hold dear,
And have held them since April past.
Now let me explain, I still do remain,
Your devoted P. J. Pendergast.

In the month of July, I hope and rely
And pray that these lines will appear;
For the "Gems," you can see, they are dear unto me,
Likewise THE AVE MARIA.

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. Publisher's prices generally include postage.

- "Life of the Venerable Louise de Marillac,"
Alice Lady Lovat. \$3.50, net.
- "Household Organization for War Service."
Thetta Quay Franks. \$1.
- "Literature in the Making." Joyce Kilmer.
\$1.40.
- "The Story of the Acts of the Apostles." Rev.
E. Lynch, S. J. \$1.75.
- "French Windows." John Ayscough. \$1.40, net.
- "Our Refuge." Rev. Augustine Springler. 60 cts.
- "The Will to Win." Rev. E. Boyd Barrett, S. J.
56 cts.
- "False Witness." Johannes Jørgensen. 3s. 6d.

- "Hurrah and Hallelujah." Dr. J. P. Bang. \$1.
- "Gold Must Be Tried by Fire." Richard
Aumerle Maher. \$1.50.
- "Anthony Gray,—Gardener." Leslie Moore.
\$1.50.
- "Blessed Art Thou Among Women." William
F. Butler \$3.50.
- "History of the Sinn Fein Movement." Francis
P. Jones. \$2.00.
- "The Master's Word." 2 vols. Rev. Thomas
Flynn, C. C. \$3.00.
- "An Eight Days' Retreat for Religious." Rev.
Henry A. Gabriel, S. J. \$1.50.
- "The Love of God and the Neighbor." Rev. J.
V. Schubert. \$1.25.
- "Prolegomena to an Edition of the Works of
Decimus Magnus Ausonius." Sister Marie
José Byrne, Ph. D. \$1.25.
- "Great Inspirers." Rev. J. A. Zahm, C. S. C.,
Ph. D. \$1.50.
- "The New Life." Rev. Samuel McComb, D. D.
50 cts.

Obituary.

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

Very Rev. Charles Wood, of the diocese of
Middlesbrough; and Very Rev. Manuel Luna,
C. M. F.

Brother Jerome, C. SS. R.

Mother M. de Chantal, of the Sisters of St.
Joseph; Sister M. Jerome, Sisters of Mercy;
Sister M. Ivan and Sister M. Angela, Sisters
of the Holy Cross.

Mr. Thomas Dolorois, Mr. Edward Reynolds,
Miss Mary L. Jordan, Mr. Patrick Nugent,
Mr. Henry Kennedy, Mrs. Mary Cuttle, Mr.
Thomas Sheehan, Mr. Joseph Fox, Mr. A. W.
Ryan, Mr. John Sellars, Mr. Robert Emmett,
Mr. P. H. Mathews, Mrs. John Griffin, Mr.
John L. Lee, Mr. Owen Traynor, Mr. Henry
Efken, Mr. John Clifford, Mr. W. J. Harrihill,
Mr. Edward Devine, Mr. F. G. Oswald, Mrs.
Mary Mulroy, Mr. Anthony Schmitt, Mrs.
Mary McCormick, Mr. Anthony Krieger, Mr.
J. L. Woods, Mr. Hubert McHale, Miss Nellie
Whalen, Mr. W. A. Tebeau, Miss Elizabeth
Morr, and Mrs. Mary C. Brown.

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: M. R., \$1. For
the rescue of orphaned and abandoned children
in China: M. F. R., \$1. For the Bishop of
Nueva Segovia: Friends, \$4.



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

VOL. V. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JUNE 23, 1917.

NO. 25

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In Nazareth Lanes.

BY M. WOELLWARTH.

HER eyes shone like the summer stars
 That glow with heaven's light;
 But sometimes from dark water's depth
 They gaze at us by night,—
 As though a star had given birth
 To stars, and cradled them on earth.
 Her soft smile was so kind and glad,
 So tender and so good,
 As though the Heavens had set a seal
 On perfect womanhood,
 Or signed her with an outward grace,
 Who first had seen her Maker's Face.
 She walked among the flowered lanes,
 The Child was at her side;
 The flaunting red anemones
 Their sombre hearts belied;
 Pale blossoms like a carpet lay
 'Neath hyacinth and orchid spray.
 The roses wove a fragrant hedge,
 Breast-high the lilies grew;
 And in and out the butterflies
 Like flower spirits flew;
 Of jasmine leaf and flower she twined
 A wreath His baby brow to bind.
 She walked among the flowering lanes,
 The Child was at her side;
 This was the garden of her life,
 Her memory's Hallow-tide,
 That garnered dream from flower and scent,
 As through the blossomed lanes she went.

"Dominus Vobiscum" in the Mass.

BY THE VERY REV. R. O'KENNEDY.



NOT fewer than seven times in any Mass, in some Masses oftener, does the priest say *Dominus vobiscum*. And we are to remember that it is not of his own option he does so, but in obedience to the command of the Church; and that makes it far more important and more impressive. We ask, Why does the Church enjoin this upon him? The Church does so in order that those attending Mass may assist at the tremendous Sacrifice with all due solemnity and awe.

We need not be told that the Mass is the same Adorable Sacrifice which Our Lord, on Good Friday, offered on Mount Calvary. We know it well enough; the Church is satisfied of that. But, unhappily, with our best intentions, we too often forget it. It is to bring its solemnity time and again before our minds that the Church orders the priest to pray. "The Lord be with you."

The altar is frequently called by the Church "the Mount of God." Earlier than Calvary, there was another mount—Mount Sinai. The Jewish people were, on a solemn occasion long ago, gathered around the mount, as the Christian people "at the hour of morning Sacrifice" gather around the altar to-day. God came down on that mount, and God comes down on the altar.

WHEN the hand ceases to scatter, the heart ceases to praise.—*Irish Proverb.*

The Book of Exodus tells us what took

place when "the children of Israel, departing from Raphidim, came into the desert and camped before the mount." We look to it, for it will help us to understand the *Dominus vobiscum*; and the warning therein given will assist us to attend reverently at the tremendous Sacrifice. "And Moses going up unto God, the Lord called to him out of the mountain: Thus shalt thou say to the House of Jacob: You have seen what I did to the Egyptians [He had overwhelmed them in the Red Sea]; but you I have borne on the wings of eagles." We ought, at the foot of the altar, to confess and declare that God has indeed brought us on the wings of eagles to these adorable mysteries; for the sublimest faith under heaven is necessary to believe them.

God tells two things to Moses: (1) "Behold, I will come down on the mount in a thick cloud." The "thick cloud" strikingly foreshadows the impenetrable mystery of the altar. (2) "No one shall come near the mount, man or beast. If he does, he shall be stoned or shot through with arrows. If he touch it, he shall not live." This shows the awe with which it behooves us to approach the celebration of the Holy Mass. Instead of coming near, or touching the mount, the children of Israel are ordered to "wash their clothes, and to be sanctified against the third day." We hear the priest and Mass-server alternately reciting the *Confiteor* and see them striking their breasts. That is the washing of the clothes with us,—we are rending our hearts, and not our garments. And the priest says in the name of all: "May the almighty and merciful Lord grant us pardon, absolution, and remission of all our sins. Amen."

As another Moses, the priest is now about to go up into the mount, unto God. But listen to what he says first: "Turn to us, O God; and Thou wilt make us live."—"And Thy people will have joy in Thee." The children of Israel said: "We will obey the Lord, we will serve our God." And the Lord said: "If you do so, you

shall be My [especial] people, and I will be your God." The priest continues: "Show us, O God, Thy mercy [and not 'Thine anger]."—"And grant us Thy protection," reply the people. The priest adds: "O Lord, hear the prayer [I have offered Thee for myself and this people]."—"And let our cry come unto Thee," answer the congregation. And, opening wide his hands, as he is going to lay his foot on the first step of the altar, the priest calls to the people, *Dominus vobiscum*.—"O brethren, the Lord be with you!"

Let us listen again to Exodus: "And God called Moses to the top of the mountain, and He said to him: Go, get thee down; and charge the people lest they break through. And Moses said to the Lord: The people can not come up unto Mount Sinai; for Thou didst charge us, saying: Sanctify the mount and set bounds round about it." Hear the emphatic, almost passionate charge of God: "But God said: Go, get thee down; and charge the people. There shall not a hand touch the mount, but he shall surely be shot through. Whether it be beast or man, he shall not live." It seems to us now that we begin to understand why the priest says *Dominus vobiscum* just at the moment he makes ready to ascend the altar. Oh, "this is a terrible place!"

The priest goes to the Book and reads the Introit. He returns to the middle of the altar, and again, with hands joined together and eyes cast down, he calls three times to God the Father for mercy, and three times to God the Son, and three times to the blessed God of Love. There are days on which the Church will not permit him to say the *Gloria in Excelsis*; but if he does say it, you notice that he gives praise to God the Father first, secondly, to God the Son; and finally to God the Holy Ghost. But, whether read or not, he immediately turns round to the people, and, warning them, cries out: "*Dominus vobiscum*." "And there were thunders and lightnings and a thick cloud

on the mount, and the voice of the trumpet exceeding loud; and all the people trembled. . . . And God said to Moses: Go, get thee down; and charge the people lest they break through, and I kill them. And Moses went down unto the people, and spoke with them."

The Book is removed to the Gospel side. The priest approaches; but before he reads a word from it he again warns the people,—for as truly as the words, "I am the Lord, thy God," are the words of God the Father on the mount, quite as truly are the words of the Gospel the inspired words of God the Holy Ghost. And therefore, as Moses warning the people, the priest repeats, *Dominus vobiscum*.—"O brethren, may the Lord not depart from you in anger, but be in the midst of you in love!"

And, to manifest what reverence the Church's minister has for the inspired words of the Gospel, he makes the Sign of the Cross on his forehead, on his lips, and on his breast,—on his forehead, that with due awe he may understand them; on his lips, that with sacred reverence he may utter them; and on his breast, that with spiritual affection he may love them. And, concluding the Gospel, he kisses the Holy Book that contains those words.

The priest now reads the Nicene Creed. Oh, never pass it idly by! If you and I had to write a history of that Creed—not of its sublime truths, but of the saintly Doctors that composed its formula; of the many Fathers, some without hand, some blind, some lame, maimed in the persecutions, and forming a large number of that venerable Council held in 325,—what should we have to say? And what should we have to say of the millions of holy bishops and priests who from that day to this have stood at the altar? And of the still greater number of lay people that, from stall and seat, have accompanied bishops and priests while they recited this exalted and magnificent Creed? Oh, be sure you are aloft on the mountain-top when you are reciting it!

But the dread beginning is going to be. The priest is about to lay his hands on the elements of bread and wine, which by his words shall, with divine power, like the overshadowing of the Holy Ghost at the Incarnation, be made flesh and blood,—the flesh and blood of our Lord Jesus Christ.

A veil stood in the midst of the Temple of old. It was of gorgeous fabric and magnificent color. One man once in the twelve months passed through it. That man was the high-priest, bearing a bowl of steaming blood into the Holy of Holies. The priest is at the entrance of the new Holy of Holies. He is about to raise the veil that conceals the elements which presently are to be divinely and miraculously transubstantiated. Before he unveils them—oh, the terrible need for warning!—again he prays: *Dominus vobiscum*. Then his mouth is made dumb and you hear him no more. The high-priest has gone within the veil.

"The people stood at the foot of the mount; and all Mount Sinai was on a smoke, because the Lord had come down on it in fire; and smoke arose from it as out of a furnace; and the whole place was terrible. . . . And the Lord called Moses to the top of the mount."

If ever man went to the top, the Christian priest at the Consecration goes to the top of the mount. Before he does so, he again breaks silence, and repeats the solemn warning once more. "May the Lord continue with you, brethren. . . . Let us raise our hearts to the Lord. . . . Let us give thanks [unceasing] to the Lord, our God."—All answer: "It is right and just."—"Oh, truly right and just," proceeds the priest, "most fitting and most salutary is it to praise Him, whom the choirs of angels, knowing all things, praise day and night, singing: Holy, holy, holy Lord God of hosts! The heavens and the earth are filled with Thy glory. Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord! Hosanna in the highest!"

God told Moses many things on the top of the mount; giving in detail the ceremonies of the morning and the evening sacrifice, and the *lamb* that was to be offered thereat. This was to be "for a perpetual sacrifice to the Lord for all their generations. *And God will be in the midst of them; and they shall know that He is their God.*"

Oh, would not one think that the Lord was blind like the heathen gods, and could not see what the children of Israel were at that moment doing? The Book of Exodus tells us: "The people, seeing that Moses delayed to come down from the mountain, gathering together against Aaron, said: Arise; make us gods to go before us; for, as to this Moses, we know not what has befallen him. And Aaron said to them: Take the golden earrings from the ears of your wives, and your sons and daughters. . . . And he fashioned them into a molten calf."

But the Lord was not blind. He saw what they were doing, and He said to Moses: "Go, get thee down. Thy people, which thou hast brought out of Egypt, . . . have made to themselves a molten calf, and have adored it, and, sacrificing victims to it, have said: These are thy gods, O Israel, that have brought thee out of the land of Egypt." (Nay, do not condemn! It is just what man is. The Scripture bears testimony, saying: "Every man is a liar." He says he will do, but does not.) And Moses, horned in the head, horrified in the heart, came down as the people, having eaten and drunk, rose up to play. "And he saw the calf and the dances; and, being very angry, he threw the Tables out of his hand, and broke them at the foot of the mount."

Now you know why the priest says *Dominus vobiscum*. You see the entreating gesture with his outstretched hands which the Church wishes him to make, as the father of the prodigal child embracing him. Answer it from your heart as often as you hear it in Holy Mass.

The Crest of the Bodkins.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON.

XXXIX.—"THE VEILED LADY."

TO the Emperor was allotted the room which he had previously occupied in the convent. He requested that all the officers of his household be permitted to have quarters there, and in his immediate vicinity. These officers were Prince Salm-Salm, Colonels Guzman and Pradillo, Baron Bergheim, Minister Aguirre, Arthur Bodkin, Doctor Basch, and Don José Blasio, his secretary. I may state here that his Majesty and staff remained in the Convent of La Cruz for four days, when they were removed to the convent of the Terrecitas, occupying this building for seven days; and then they were transferred to the convent of the Capuchinas, where were also imprisoned all the generals of the Imperial army. The Emperor and his household occupied the first floor of the Capuchinas for three days; and on the fourth he and Generals Miramon and Mejia were changed to the second or upper floor, where they remained until ordered out to be executed.

Arthur Bodkin was placed in a cell in the Convent of La Cruz. This cell was next to that occupied by Baron Bergheim, and the corridor was free to the entire household; a strong guard being stationed at either end, and a sentinel at every window. The *patio* was filled with picked troops.

On the morning after the surrender Mendez was taken out, placed with his back to a wall—an old sun-kissed wall, covered with a creeper whose blossoms were as sparkling rubies,—and shot.

About five o'clock in the afternoon Arthur, who was engaged in discussing the situation with Baron Bergheim, was beckoned from the apartment by an officer, who requested him to follow him, leading the way down the stone stairs across the *patio*, through a dark passage into a smaller

patio. Stopping opposite an open door with the number 5 written in white chalk, the officer directed Arthur to enter. The cell was of stone, narrow, and lighted only by a slit in the solid masonry. Some straw was heaped in a corner, and this constituted the entire furniture.

"What does this mean, sir?" demanded our hero.

"This is your cell."

"But why am I separated from the Emperor?"

"I have my orders."

"General Escobedo ordered that the Emperor's household should occupy the same floor in the same building with himself. Are you aware of that, sir?"

"Perfectly."

"Then why am I made an exception?"

"For the assault committed on Colonel Lopez."

"Oh, would that I had the hanging of that traitorous villain!"

The officer put his finger to his lips.

"Walls have ears," he half whispered.

"I care not. Of all the vile traitors the world ever saw, this cur Lopez is the foulest. My Emperor trusted him, took him to his heart, promoted him, covered him with favors, and—"

At this instant two men darkened the doorway. One was Lopez, the other Mazazo.

"That is *my* man," coolly observed the latter; adding, "The cards are in my hands now. You can not escape this time—you—dog!" And he spat in Bodkin's face.

Arthur sprang at him; but the officer, putting out his foot, tripped him up. Bodkin, however, was not yet done with Mazazo; for, catching him and Lopez by their respective ankles, he gave them a twist which sent both men on their faces, and in an instant he was raining blows on the head of the traitor Lopez.

Arthur, in his wild passion, was now seeking the throat of the Judas. But a quick blow on the back of the head caused Bodkin to let go his hold; and a second, which seemed to crash into his skull,

knocked him senseless. When he recovered consciousness he was lying stretched on the straw in the corner of his cell, an agonizing pain shooting through his head. On feeling the back of his skull, he found the hair clotted with blood.

It was now dark, and everything was silent, save for the occasional challenge of a sentinel, or the melancholy whistle of a *sereno*, or watchman, within the city.

"I am left here to die!" thought Arthur. "Well, if it is God's will my time has come." And he fell to repeating the Litany of the ever-blessed Mother of God. "I shall call upon her," he thought, "so long as reason remains."

While he was thus solemnly and devoutly engaged, the door of his cell opened and a human form entered. Fearing assassination, Arthur, although fearfully weak from loss of blood, backed up against the wall, resolving to struggle to the very last as best he could; for oh, how sweet is life to the young!

A man's voice addressed him:

"Hush! Silence for the love of God! I am a friend. You are to be shot at day-break. I want to save you if I can."

"Who are you?"

"The man you treated as a *gentleman* in old O'Flynn's house."

"What man?"

"The man who would not betray his master for silver."

"I recollect you, and—I trust you."

"You can. Are you able to stand?"

So precious and invigorating is the thought of liberty that Arthur literally sprang to his feet.

"I have some *tequila* here and a sponge. I must attend to your head. I saw it after you were knocked senseless. Steady!" And the man proceeded to apply the spirit to the wound, and sponge it with the gentleness of a woman. "Now I shall leave you until they change guards. That will be in about fifteen minutes. Be ready when I return."

That bad quarter of an hour will ever be remembered by Arthur Bodkin as

brimful of agony. It seemed a century. In about five minutes after the man had left the guards were changed, and the new sentry peered into the cell, holding a lamp over Bodkin's closed eyes,—for he feigned sleep. When the allotted time had come and gone, Bodkin's new friend noiselessly entered.

"Put these on," he said, placing a wide-brimmed *sombrero* on Arthur's head and a flowing *serape* over his shoulders. "Keep the brim of the hat well over your eyes; bring your *serape* up to the chin, and partly on the chin,—so."

"How can I ever hope to repay you?" asked Arthur.

"We are not safe yet. Besides," was the reply, "there's another helping you."

"Who?"

"You will see presently. Hush *now!*"

They emerged from the cell, the man closing the door; then he led the way through half a dozen dark, cold, stone-paved passages to a door. Now he darted across a small alley, and traversed yet another set of passages.

"Wait a moment!" he whispered, as he placed a knife in Arthur's hand; "and be ready to defend yourself if necessary."

Our hero stood, his back against the wall, his teeth set. The passage was narrow and dark as Erebus. The walls were cold and clammy.

A sound—a something living,—and a dog dashed past him with a fierce howl. Arthur's heart had leaped into his mouth. Footsteps—slow, cautious, almost noiseless. Arthur Bodkin clutched the *machete*.

"Come on!"

It was the voice of his friend. Retracing his steps, the man turned sharply to the left, then into an alley, and through a garden to a gate giving upon a highway. At this gate stood a carriage.

"Get in—quick! Not a word! God save you!" And the man pushed Arthur into the vehicle, cautiously closing the door.

In a second the mules were clattering at high speed along the road.

Arthur was not alone. It was the gentle voice of a woman that addressed him:

"We meet again, Señor Bodkin."

And in a flash Arthur knew that he was seated beside the mysterious woman whom he had fetched from Puebla to Orizaba at the command of Maréchal Bazaine.

XL.—EL CERRO DE LAS CAMPANAS.

"Where am I?"

And Arthur Bodkin gazed around him with that gaze of wonder which fills the eyes of a waking child.

"You are safe," replied the woman.

"Safe!"

"Yes."

"But—"

"Keep quiet! Ask no questions until you are better."

But Arthur was not the man to be put off as a child.

"I am well enough," he said sternly, albeit in a weak tone. "Where are the Emperor and Salm-Salm?"

"Be quiet, and I will tell you everything that has happened since you escaped from the house in Queretaro until we arrived on this ship."

"Ship!"

A ship it was, and she was rolling gently but speeding onward on a summer sea. Bodkin saw that he was reclining in a berth in a small cabin. Opposite was an old-fashioned mahogany locker, a tarnished mirror hanging above it. This, together with a camp chair, formed the furniture. Then he turned his eyes to the right, and beheld the woman who had rescued him,—the woman whom he had escorted from Puebla to Orizaba.

"Who are you, pray?" he asked in a tone that brooked no denial; for he owed this woman resentment for coming between him and Alice Nugent, even though innocently.

"I am the Señora Pillar Rosita Gonzalez," she answered.

"That tells me nothing," said Arthur.

"Well, I am the wife of the man whom

you tried to kill,—whom you knew as Mazazo."

Poor Arthur fell back in wild astonishment. The wife of his deadliest foe,—the wife of the man who seemingly thirsted for his life! And this woman risked everything to save him! Why? What was the mystery? What did it all mean? The tool of Bazaine,—the wife of Mazazo!

"Señora," said Arthur, "tell me why Maréchal Bazaine selected me to fetch you to him."

"He selected you, Señor, because you knew *nothing* and could tell *nothing*. You could not then speak any Spanish, and you were an honorable gentleman. My husband was intriguing with Bazaine to place the Maréchal on the throne. I was their tool,—the tool of both. With my husband I have done forever. I helped you to escape, because I knew that he would imagine I was in love with you, and that we left as—lovers. For such vengeance," and her voice trembled, "I am willing to die a thousand times. Carjaval, the man who spoke so well of you, helped me. I gave him ten thousand pesos, which my husband had stolen from the Irishman in the capital."

"O'Flynn?"

"Yes, after he had murdered the old man—"

"Murdered!—merciful Heaven!"

"Yes, murdered him. He robbed him of thrice that sum."

Murdered! Then the old miser had been called to his account with a lie in his throat; and Arthur remembered his words when he declared he had but a few hundred dollars in the house. What of the thousands up at the mine in the care of Harry Talbot?

"I, Señor, am not in love with you, or you with *me*. I know where your heart is. I am going to follow up the Maréchal; for I hold such compromising letters as will, if he does not silence me by their purchase,—as will cost him his *baton* and more. You are on board the 'Ethel,'—a brig; and, if the wind holds good, we

shall be in New Orleans in three days."

"The 'Ethel,'—a brig—New Orleans!" he gasped.

"Yes; this is how it happened. You recollect that you got knocked on the head, a cruel, cowardly blow? You recollect—or how much *do* you recollect?"

There was a pause.

"We passed through a gate to a carriage. You were in the carriage. My head was paining me awfully. I don't remember anything more."

"I thought as much," she said. "That carriage carried us to a *hacienda* near Santa Rosita, to relatives of mine. There you got brain fever, and remained for a time in a comatose condition. My cousin learned that they were on our track; so, bad as you were, we had to put you in a carriage, and we jolted for two days and three nights, my cousin driving, until we reached the coast. Luckily this brig was about to sail, and we got on board. This is the whole story. And now go to sleep,—not another word." And she glided from the cabin.

Arthur Bodkin lay on his back gazing at the deck so close to his face, and wondering,—wondering at his escape; wondering at the story of this revengeful woman; wondering at the anger of Mazazo; wondering if the Emperor and Prince Salm-Salm had missed him; wondering if the court-martial were over, and if the Emperor and Bergheim and Count Nugent, and all, were on the Gulf of Mexico *en route* to Miramar; wondering if faithful old Rody were still in Austria; wondering if Father Edward had seen Alice; wondering if Alice ever cast a thought toward him.

And the ship sailed on, and every hour gave strength to Arthur Bodkin; his fine constitution standing by him right royally.

He found the companionship of Señora Gonzalez very agreeable, especially when she referred to Alice, which, woman-like, she did very often indeed, and at times somewhat irrelevantly. And the summer days and summer nights passed away, and

the good ship "Ethel" entered the Mississippi; and reached the Crescent City, where Arthur bade the Señora adieu,—endeavoring to utter words of gratitude whose roots were deep down in his honest heart, and could hardly be torn up.

"We shall meet again, Señor Arthur Bodkin; for I have kinsfolk in Ireland—at a place near Gal—Gal—"

"Galway?"

"Yes, yes! But you shall not see me until I have made Bazaine disgorge."

Arthur repaired to the St. Charles' Hotel, and "lay off" for about a week, writing home and writing to Bergheim and Salm-Salm.

In the hands of a skilful surgeon his wound soon healed.

"It was a near touch, though," said the doctor; "and the inflammation that supervened must have been of the fiercest description."

As well it might after the bumping and jolting and shaking in the mule carriage on the awful cross-roads from Orizaba to the coast.

By sheer good luck, Arthur had with him Austrian bank-notes for a good round sum, also some English gold. Señora Gonzalez placed this money in his hands so soon as he was on his legs. This strange woman had carefully stowed it away for him.

From New Orleans our hero started for New York, putting up at the New York Hotel. Should he go to Miramar or to Ballyboden? He resolved to await the news from Mexico. Perhaps the Imperial party would return *via* the United States, in which case he would join it. Never for a single instant did he imagine the awful tragedy of El Cerro de las Campanas.

(Conclusion next week.)

SUCCESS rides on every hour. Grapple it, and you may win; but without a grapple it will never go with you. Work is the weapon of honor, and who lacks the weapon will never triumph.

—Donald G. Mitchell.

A Pioneer Missioner.

BY R. F. O'CONNOR.

THE death, in December, 1916, as the waning year was drawing to its close, of the venerable Oblate missioner, Father Albert Lacombe, was the passing of a remarkable ecclesiastical personality. It took place in the Home, Midnapore, near Calgary, in Alberta—a home for the homeless, one of the many creations of his active zeal,—when he had reached the patriarchal age of eighty-nine. He was not the oldest Oblate: that distinction belongs to Father Dandunard, the first French-Canadian received into the Congregation of Mary Immaculate, now very nearly a centenarian, who has survived him; but he was one of the most notable of the Catholic missioners who planted the Faith in Western Canada. He had done his work—a great work,—and for some years was lingering out life's taper to the close in well-earned repose and retirement, awaiting the "one clear call" which was to summon him to the eternal rest.

His long and strenuous life is a part—and no small part—of the history of Catholicity in the great Dominion. He was one of the foremost, most active, and most enterprising of those intrepid-pioneer missioners who Christianized and civilized the Canadian Northwest in the last century. They made history and converts, and have written their names large in the annals of that country, which embraces an area far more extensive than half a dozen European kingdoms.

Father Lacombe was the apostle of the Indians and Metis half-breeds. He completely identified himself with them, made himself, as it were, one with them; led their nomadic life on the prairies; labored for them, prayed for them, begged for them, pleaded for them; and when the rapid inrush of immigrant whites threatened their extinction as a race apart,

sorrowed with them and strove hard to save them,—to save the remnants of a vanishing race from the vices of a so-called civilization which was fast degenerating and demoralizing them. For more than sixty years he devoted himself to their service with a whole-hearted self-sacrifice that was nothing short of heroic.

French-Canadian of a good old Catholic stock, a farmer's son, who helped his father in his farm work, he had a tincture of Indian blood in his veins from his remote ancestry; for his mother, Agatha Duhamel, was a descendant of a French maiden—one of the Duhamels of Saint Sulpice,—carried into captivity over a hundred years earlier by an Ojibway chief, to whom she bore two sons. So that he felt naturally drawn towards the Indians, for whom he entertained a lifelong affection. Besides, he came of a roving race—the early French settlers. To him the call of the prairies, with their boundless expanse, their wide horizon—

Which, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet as we follow flies,—

was like the call of the desert to the Oriental traveller.

His parish priest, the kindly old Abbé de Viau, called young Lacombe *mon petit sauvage* ("my little Indian"); fostered his vocation, sent him to the seminary, and paid his way, prophetically remarking, "Who knows? Some day our little Indian may be a priest and work for the Indians." This was in 1840, when he was only thirteen. He nobly fulfilled the prediction. Ordained by Bishop Bourget on June 13, 1849, he was sixty-seven years a priest, and the whole of his sacerdotal life he gave to the Indians. Loving and beloved, they were linked by ties of mutual affection. He was all-powerful with the tribes, and on very critical occasions his influence over them enabled him to render signal services to the State, particularly during the rebellion of the half-breeds under Louis Riel, when his peaceful mediation was most

valuable, and when he restrained them from opposing armed resistance to the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway, when the lines were being laid in the Indian territories.

He was an intimate friend of the late Sir William Van Horne, president of the C. P. R. And Lord Mountstephen, another president, on one occasion at a meeting of the Board of Directors, vacated the chair in compliment to Father Lacombe; so that the Oblate voted thereto was for a brief space nominal head of the greatest railway corporation in the world. They have given his name to a town near Edmonton; and he will go down in history, along with Taché, Grandin, and other famous Oblates, as one of the makers of Canada; fit to occupy a space as large as, if not larger than, Lord Strathcona himself, with whom he was on intimate terms, and others whose names are hardly less familiar to the public.

Father Lacombe impressed everybody with whom he came in contact. He impressed Lord Southesk, who records in his book on his Western travels that he found Pères Lacombe and Le Frain "agreeable men and perfect gentlemen"; adding, "God bless them and prosper their mission!" Lord Milton and W. B. Cheadle, who visited Saint Albert in 1863, were equally impressed; and, contrasting the work of Catholic priests with that of Protestant ministers, wrote: "It must be confessed that the Romish [sic] priests far excel their Protestant brethren in missionary enterprise and influence. They have established missions far out in the wilds, undeterred by danger or hardship; and, gathering half-breeds and Indians around them, have taught with considerable success the elements of civilization as well as of religion; while the latter remain inert, enjoying the ease and comfort of the Red River settlement; or, at most, make an occasional summer's visit to some of the nearest posts."

The late General Sir William Butler (then Captain Butler), who met Father Lacombe at Rocky Mountain House in 1870, says: "He had lived with the Blackfeet and Cree Indians for many years, and I enjoyed more than I can say listening to his stories of adventure with these wild men of the plains. The thing that left the most lasting impression on my mind was his intense love and devotion to these poor wandering and warring people,—his entire sympathy for them. He had literally lived with them, sharing their food and their fortunes and the everlasting dangers of their lives. He watched and tended their sick, buried their dead, and healed the wounded in their battles. No other man but Father Lacombe could pass from one hostile camp to another,—suspected nowhere, welcomed everywhere; carrying, as it were, the 'truce of God' with him wherever he went." Sir John Macdonald must have had good Father Lacombe in his mind's eye, when he publicly declared in England in 1886: "The finest moral police force in the world is to be found in the priesthood of French Canada."

Among those who enjoyed Father Lacombe's intimacy and held him in the highest esteem were Lord and Lady Aberdeen, who made his acquaintance in Canada during Lord Aberdeen's occupancy of the position of Governor-General. Although a man of ceaseless activity—crossing the Atlantic several times to tour Europe in the interest of the Indian missions, or to procure priests of the Lithuanian rite for the Polish immigrants; interviewing the Pope and the Austrian Emperor; questing Canada for Bishop Grandin's Indian schools' scheme, and himself establishing industrial schools to train the Indians to skilled labor (and it was a difficult thing to break to industrial harness those young nomads habituated to the free, unfettered life of the plains),—Father Lacombe longed to bury himself in some obscure retreat, to lead a retired life, and for a time hid himself

in a kind of hermitage on a hillside at Pincher Creek. Lord Aberdeen offered him a place on his Scotch estate, where he might gratify his desire. But the active, not the contemplative, life was Father Lacombe's true vocation.

Even when he was seventy-two he recognized that his proper sphere was among his beloved Indians and half-breeds, who idolized him. When he was far away from them on his travels, he was always homesick for the plains. The Indians, in their expressive dialect, called him "the man of the good heart," and "the man of the beautiful soul." Crow-foot, one of their chiefs, said of him, in presence of Sir John Macdonald, at a public reception in Ottawa: "This man is our brother,—not only our Father, as the white people call him; but our brother. He is one of our people. When we weep, he is sad with us; when we laugh, he laughs with us. We love him. He is our brother." He was a genuine Oblate, whose whole life was a living commentary on the motto of his Order: "*Evangelizare pauperibus misit me.*"

Father Lacombe's career belonged to what may be called the heroic epoch of Catholic missionary work in Northwestern Canada. It was a time to try men's souls, to try their faith and courage and self-sacrifice; to put their resoluteness to the severest test. Vast regions, now peopled and studded with cities and towns, were then a wilderness, overrun by barbarous and warring tribes, who, when not making fiercest war on one another, hunted the still countless herds of buffaloes, now all but extinct. The missionaries took their lives in their hands even long after many of the Indians had been Christianized and at least semi-civilized. Father Lacombe himself nearly lost his life on one occasion when interposing as a peacemaker during a night attack made by the bellicose Blackfeet upon a Cree encampment.

As missionary-chaplain, he often accompanied the Indians in their buffalo hunts,—

a hazardous pursuit, which not infrequently involved *duels à la mort* between man and beast. "I can never express how good these Metis, children of the prairies, were," he observed, "in the golden age when they hunted the buffalo and practised our holy religion with the fervor of the first Christians. Their lives were blameless. They were a beautiful race then."

In the forest mission of Pembina he served his apprenticeship to missionary work—his life work,—being then a young secular priest. In 1852 he joined the Oblates, offering himself to Mgr. Taché for the Red River mission, founded by Bishop Provencher. He thoroughly mastered the Indian language, and compiled a Cree dictionary and grammar, besides writing a score of sermons in the Cree language. It was through their native language he found his way to the Indians' hearts; his knowledge of it was admitted by the half-breeds to be superior to theirs. Finding that, unlike most tribes, the Crees were to be won through their reason, and not through their hearts or feelings alone, he ingeniously made a picture-catechism, which, starting with the Creation, went down through Bible and Church history. Priests called it "The Ladder," from its shape. Nuns in Montreal reproduced it in colors. He had 16,000 copies of it printed in France; and when it was shown to Pius IX. that holy Pope ordered several thousand copies to be made, that they might be available for mission work among savage tribes in various parts of the world. Cardinal Manning, too, was enchanted with it.

Father Lacombe's journal recalls many thrilling experiences. The missionaries had not only to journey thousands of miles under almost insuperable difficulties—fording or ascending rivers in bark canoes, rushing rapids, and trudging through snow, or half-blinded by it,—but they had often to face death like soldiers going into action,—death from intense

cold, the mercury betimes dropping to 50 degrees centigrade, which made Pius IX. call them "martyrs of the cold"; death from starvation and amid loneliness and isolation far from the outposts of civilization; or death at the hands of cruel pagan tribes.

Such missionaries form the vanguard of the Church's sacred army, marching to the conquest of souls or—to death! They keep alive in a self-loving and ease-loving generation, enervated by wealth and luxury, the primitive apostolic spirit of self-sacrifice, and that virility which Christianity imparts to men of strong faith. The Church in all generations has never lacked the services of such Christian heroes, ever ready to fulfil the divine mandate to "preach the Gospel to every creature."

My Prayer.

BY A. E. C.

☉ DEAREST Lord, long is the way
That leads to Thee;
Bruised are my feet along the path
Appointed me;
Wet are my cheeks with bitter tears
For hopes long dead;
Weary am I, yet are my fields
Unharvested.

For in my childhood's happy hours
There came the dream
That when the golden star of youth
Would brightly gleam,
Within some quiet cloister home,
By holy vows,
My days would pass in prayer and toil
For Thee, my Spouse.

But now, my golden youth has passed,
And yet I pray
That Thou, to whom a thousand years
Are but a day,
Wilt let Thy blessed peace and rest
My portion be,
Within the cloister of Thy Heart,
Eternally.

Vogel and Binder.*

BY A. OSKAR KLAUSMANN.*

AT the residence of Judge Ruprecht, of the Criminal Court of Prussia, a few intimate friends were assembled, among whom were Judge Amberg, of the Civil Court, and his wife. The party might almost be considered a family reunion. The occasion was the meeting, after a long separation, of the two Judges, who had been schoolfellows.

It was indeed twelve years since the friends had met; and now, during the vacation of the courts, the families could spend at least a week in the same neighborhood. Judge Amberg had, therefore, come with his family to the town where Ruprecht lived, and had taken rooms in a hotel; but, as a matter of course, he and his wife were daily guests at his friend's house. The Ambergs had lately given their only daughter in marriage, and their son was on a pleasure trip in Sweden. They were not a little surprised to see how the young Ruprechts had grown. The girls were nineteen and twenty respectively, and the son was just twenty-three.

Dinner was over, and now the three young folks moved to the piano. The young man was an excellent performer on the 'cello; one of the girls played the violin, and the other was clever at the piano. They performed one of Haydn's trios in masterly style.

When the piece was ended, Amberg and his wife expressed their delight; whilst Ruprecht senior rubbed his hands with a satisfied air, remarking:

"That is nothing to what they can do. To hear them to advantage, we must go to the concert hall. Here in the parlor the music is smothered."

"Who shall say that talent is not hereditary!" said Judge Amberg. "Your children have inherited at least some portion of their musical abilities from you,

Ruprecht. Take care that they do not some day play such a prank as we once played."

Judge Ruprecht smiled and said:

"I hope not. But even if they did, I suppose we should have to forgive them at last, even as we were forgiven. And if on their tramp they found the happiness of their lives," he added, bowing to Mrs. Amberg, "I think we might well send them off with our blessing."

The two older ladies laughed heartily, and the younger members of the party looked surprised.

"Did your children never hear of our adventure?" inquired the visitor.

"No," replied his friend; "I have never told them of it. I feared that it might be a bad example to them."

Amberg shook his head and said:

"You are wrong, Ruprecht. There was no bad example in the proceeding. I do not understand how you could so long keep from your children the knowledge of that very uncommonplace adventure."

"I will give you one reason," said Judge Ruprecht. "I felt that I could not do the subject justice. But if you will have the kindness to tell the story of our tramp, you will be conferring a favor, not only on the children, but on me and my wife; and I am confident that your wife will also look back to those days with pleasure. But wait till the liquor that I have ordered is brought in. You will then be in better humor for the story."

"It is now nearly thirty years," began Judge Amberg, "since two young men who had already made some slight progress in the career of law, were seated together in a modest boarding-house in the Weidenstrasse in Breslau. Our hearts were very sad for, of course, you must have guessed that the two students were the present Judge Ruprecht and my insignificance. The sorrow that weighed us down was one, however, of which we had no need to be ashamed. It was not for ourselves, but for a school friend and companion,

* Translated for THE AVE MARIA by J. M. T.

who had just left us, that we were troubled.

"This friend, who had been our companion at the University, and who was now teaching in a gymnasium, although I can not exculpate him from a certain levity, was at heart, however, an honorable and good young man. He had been only a short time in his present employment, which he had secured with difficulty, from the fact that during his studies he had lost his parents, and with them all his means of support. Just when he was appointed, he needed the small sum of fifty dollars to procure some necessary articles. Unfortunately he fell into the hands of a usurer, and at the time when we were puzzling our brains about him, his debt of fifty dollars had grown to three hundred. The usurer demanded his money, which our friend could not pay. The fellow then threatened to expose our friend, and he was quite capable of doing it. In that case our friend would be instantly dismissed, with no chance of obtaining employment elsewhere, and thus his career would be ended. He had just visited us with this information; and in taking leave he remarked that we need not wonder if before long we should hear that he had put a violent end to his life. We tried to dissuade him from such a proceeding, but he declared that in three days the matter would be decided; he had written to a distant relative for help; he had little hopes of a favorable answer, but it was his last and only chance.

"We were deeply touched by our friend's predicament; for youth is by nature compassionate, and they are most compassionate who themselves have nothing. We would gladly help our friend if we knew how. But Ruprecht commanded an income of only twenty dollars a month, on which he had to live very sparingly; besides, our president required that whenever we appeared in court we should be dressed irreproachably; and rummaging amongst musty old documents in the halls of justice was hard on clothes. I had no one to look to but my aged mother,

who received a pension, which she shared with me; and my portion was even smaller than Ruprecht's. For economy's sake we had hired a room together.

"Ruprecht was always the leader amongst us, and in his after life he has continued a leader by attaining to his present high position. My sphere was of a lower order: I could carry out a plan far better than invent one. It was nearly dark that night when Ruprecht startled me by saying:

"Look here, Amberg. We can help our friend, at least for a quarter of a year, by going security for him. If we go to the money-lender, tell him who we are, and endorse a new note which he will accept from our friend, he will let the matter rest for another quarter, even though he may charge fifty dollars more.'

"And when the quarter is up?' I asked.

"We will pay,' replied Ruprecht; 'and in this way. In four weeks the courts take a recess. You are a splendid singer and declaimer; and you know that in our musical societies at college, where there were many good musicians, I was considered a success at the piano, especially at improvising. During the holidays let us change our names, and visit the watering-places of Bohemia and Silesia; we can thus make money enough not only to cover our expenses and to relieve our unfortunate friend, but also to have a balance in our favor. We shall enjoy ourselves immensely, help our friend, and return to our work with the happy consciousness of having done a good deed which is out of the common, and the thought of which will be a joy to us for the rest of our lives.'

"I will confess that the proposition took away my breath. At length, I recovered myself sufficiently to say:

"And if any one should recognize us on our tramp, and our president should hear of it, do you know what he would do with us? I need hardly tell you that he would demand our instant resignation. We should be considered deceivers,

representing ourselves as virtuosos, taking people's money under false pretences; and even though the motives be excellent, that fact will never be taken into account.'

"My friend Ruprecht on that occasion, I will admit, pronounced me to be a goose, who had no idea of jurisprudence; and he proved to me conclusively that we should be guilty of no deceit. We were both good pianists and declaimers; a number of fellows travelled the country who could not do half as well as we could; and they not only made money, but moreover won considerable fame as artists. Our president would not discover us, for he was not accustomed to visit those watering-places. If we removed our mustaches and dressed as artists, no one would recognize us, especially as we should keep away from the famous baths, and visit only obscure resorts in Bohemia and Silesia.

"Ruprecht was a famous disputant, who had hundreds of times shown his ability to convince an intelligent jury. But it took him two days to convert me to his point of view, and to make me surrender at discretion. If anything more was needed to make me yield myself a pliant tool into Ruprecht's hands, it was furnished when our friend the teacher threw himself weeping on our necks, on learning that we would go security for him, and declared that we had saved his life. No sacrifice would be too great which promised such a result.

"The preparations suggested by friend Ruprecht were excellent. He at once secured passes under the names of two bailiffs—Vogel and Binder; and as these men were acquainted in police circles, they had one of us designated as a virtuoso, and the other as a declaimer and opera singer.

"Ruprecht proved himself equal to every emergency. He had a number of tickets printed in different colors, with the words 'first row,' 'second row,' 'private box,' etc., and a vacant space for the price. And he had made another preparation for our departure, of which I was

unaware at the time. He had a friend in Breslau who was correspondent for a paper published in Karlsbad; he induced this friend to inform his paper that in a short time the two virtuosos, Vogel and Binder, whose reputation was world-wide, would make a professional tour through the Bohemian watering-places. I was ready to shout and dance when I saw this announcement in the paper. With that prudent foresight which has not deserted him to this day, friend Ruprecht had found out whither our acquaintances, especially those of the law courts, were going. In those days no one went to the Bohemian baths, those of Silesia being much nearer, and we learned that most of our colleagues were going to Berlin or to friends in lower Silesia.

"When we began our romantic journey, we sent up a fervent prayer to Heaven for a blessing on our enterprise, since we were setting out on a good work. We passed the frontiers, and made our first halt at a little Bohemian town which, I think, was called Braunau. In reality, Braunau was not a watering-place, but merely a resting-place for people from Prague and Vienna. It was an inconceivable piece of impudence on our part to appear here; but Ruprecht remarked that, in an affair like ours, we should venture everything, unless we wished to lose confidence in ourselves at the very outset.

"The weekly paper of Braunau accepted in good faith the notice in the Karlsbad journal, which we furnished it; and on the same day posters appeared on the street corners of Braunau announcing that the famous virtuosos, Vogel and Binder, from Berlin, would give a concert in the first inn of the town. We chose to announce ourselves as from Berlin, because then as now it enjoyed a high reputation as a theatrical and musical centre.

"Friend Ruprecht had drawn up the programme, and was shameless enough to demand a gulden [forty cents] for the first places, and half a gulden for the second; there were no boxes. About midday we

learned that every seat in the hall, which could accommodate about one hundred and twenty persons, was taken for the first night.

"I was the first to go under fire with a declamation, and, if I mistake not, my piece was from Byron, who was then all the rage. Next followed a rhapsody from Liszt, which was quite new, and not known in Braunau. I have forgotten the rest of the programme, and know only that I had to enter the breach first, and that I was terribly nervous when I mounted the platform.

"With pathos, which I surely overdid, I declaimed my little piece, and received thunders of applause. Immediately afterward friend Ruprecht dashed off the Hungarian rhapsody by Liszt, and he, too, received a storm of applause. To be brief, our success was immense—"

"Hold up there, Amberg!" cried his friend; "hold up! You must not minimize your merits; you must not fail to add that the storm of applause was most enthusiastic when you sang that exquisite serenade from Mozart. I thought the house would come down. The ladies especially were beside themselves, particularly the younger portion of them. In those days my dear friend Amberg was a handsome boy."

This last remark provoked hearty laughter, after which the Judge gravely resumed his narrative:

"I did not want to thrust myself forward too much, and therefore I did not dwell upon my abilities as a singer. Our success was most gratifying, the receipts were more than satisfactory; and, best of all, the moral effect was brilliant. We had made a big venture at the first throw; but we had succeeded, and our courage and spirit of enterprise rose accordingly. We actually had the boldness to give concerts in Braunau on the two following nights, to which the aristocracy of the surrounding country came from miles; for our fame spread rapidly.

"I will not bore you with an account

of all our proceedings; but, with the ladies' permission, I will mention two of the most important circumstances.

"Our success was so great that we ventured to perform in large towns that were not watering-places. But we passed by the capital of Bohemia. Of course we also avoided such places as Karlsbad, Marienbad, etc., where we might possibly be recognized.

"When we arrived at Trautenau, it happened that at the inn where we were to perform there was no piano, nor indeed any store in the town where we could hire one. But we were informed by a musical enthusiast that in a private family there was a wonderful instrument from Vienna, a masterpiece of its kind, which we might be able to borrow. It was, however, a difficult matter. The piano belonged to a widow, whose husband had lately died. The lady lived quite alone with her daughter; and it seemed likely that, on account of her mourning, she would not be inclined to receive us.

"It was considered a risky thing to ask this lady to help us. We, therefore, took two matches, shortened one of them, and made an agreement that whoever drew the shorter piece was to make the attempt. As friend Ruprecht was always a lucky fellow, I of course drew the short piece, and accordingly went to see the widow.

"I found the lady exceedingly friendly and gracious. But her young, amiable and very pretty daughter was much more interesting to me—you need not blush, my dear!" said the Judge, turning to his wife. "In my eyes you are still the most charming woman in the world; and you were really a beautiful girl, as friend Ruprecht can bear witness."

"I will swear to it," answered the latter enthusiastically.

"The mamma of this charming daughter," continued the narrator, "expressed her willingness to help a couple of artists in a pinch; but she wished to know to whom she trusted her instrument, and

asked me to play something as a proof of my ability. As I was more of a success at singing than at playing, I sang a couple of melancholy airs, which moved mother and daughter to tears—my dear Paula, who always had a tender heart, and my future mother-in-law. The latter finally lent us the piano for our concert, and expressed her sincere regret that she and her daughter were hindered by their mourning from enjoying what she knew would be a real treat. I naturally hastened to assure her that on the evening following our public concert we would take the greatest pleasure in giving the ladies a private rehearsal, if they would kindly permit us. I may as well confess honestly that I was anxious to become better acquainted with the young lady, the daughter of the house. My offer was accepted with gracious thanks. The piano, a really splendid instrument, was sent to the concert hall; and a part at least of our success that night was due to the grand instrument, which, under Ruprecht's touch, gave forth splendid music.

"On the following evening our hearts beat more anxiously than at our public performances. We had by this time got over the fever of the foot-lights, and were perfectly cool on the stage. The instrument was returned to the kind lady; and in the evening Ruprecht and I presented ourselves to give the private concert. We did our very best; and I flatter myself that, under the influence of our feelings, we surpassed ourselves that night.

"As there are more important matters coming up in my story, which will occupy some time in telling, I will not dwell on a point which is known to you all. I succeeded in winning a place in the heart of my dear Paula and in that of my future mother-in-law. When we took our leave it was with the words, '*Auf Wiedersehen*'; and this dear little woman uttered those two words in such a tone as gave me clearly to understand that I should be welcome whenever I returned."

(Conclusion next week.)

What Happened to Don Rodrigo Melendez de Valdez.

TRANSLATED BY JAMES YORK, M. D.

COUNT LUCANOR conversed one day with Patronio, his counsellor, in the following manner:

"Patronio, you know that one of my neighbors and I have had contentions, that he is a man of great influence and much honored. It now happens that we are both disposed to acquire for ourselves a certain town, and it is positive that whoever arrives there first will possess himself of it, and thus it will be entirely lost to the other. You know also that all my servants and dependants are ready to march, and I have every reason to believe that, with God's help, if I proceed at once, I shall succeed with great honor and advantage. But there is this impediment: not being in good health, I may not be able to avail myself of this opportunity. Now I regret much the loss of this town; but I acknowledge to you that to lose in such a manner provokes me still more, as I lose also the honor which the possession of it would give me. Having great confidence in your understanding, I pray you tell me what is best to be done."

"My lord," said Patronio, "I can understand your anxiety in this matter; and, in order that you may know how to act always for the best in cases like this, I should be much pleased to relate to you what happened once to Don Rodrigo Melendez de Valdez."

The Count desired him to do so, and Patronio said:

"Don Rodrigo Melendez de Valdez was a knight much honored in the kingdom of Leon, and was accustomed, whenever any misfortune happened to him, to exclaim, 'God be praised! For, since He has so willed it, it is for the best.' This Don Rodrigo was counsellor to, and a great favorite with, the King of Leon. He had numerous enemies, however, who, through

jealousy, reported many falsehoods, and induced the king to think so ill of him as to order him to be put to death.

"Now, Don Rodrigo, being at his own residence, received the king's command to attend him. Meanwhile those who were employed to assassinate him waited quietly about half a league from his house. Don Rodrigo intended going on horseback to the palace; but, coming downstairs, he fell and sprained his leg. When his attendants who were to have accompanied him saw this accident, they were much grieved, but began saying, half jocosely, to Don Rodrigo, 'You know you always say, "That which God permits is ever for the best." Now, do you really think this is for the best?'

"He replied that they might be certain, however much this accident was to be deplored, since it was by the will of God, it was surely for the best, and all they might say could never change his opinion.

"Now, those who were waiting to kill Don Rodrigo by the king's command, when they found he did not come, and learned what had happened to him, returned to the palace to explain why they could not fulfil the orders they had received.

"Don Rodrigo was a long time confined to his house, and unable to mount his horse. During this delay the king ascertained how Don Rodrigo had been calumniated; and, having ordered the slanderers to be seized, went himself to the house of his former favorite, and related to him the slanders that had been circulated against him; and for the fault that he, the king, had committed in ordering him to be put to death, entreated pardon; and, in consideration thereof, bestowed on him new honors and riches. And justice was satisfied by the speedy punishment of those who had invented and spread the falsehoods. In this way God delivered Don Rodrigo, who was innocent of everything. Hence was his customary affirmation proved true—"Whatever God permits to happen is always for the best."

"And you, Count Lucanor, should not

complain of this hindrance to the fulfilment of your wishes. Be certain, in your heart, that 'whatever God wills is for the best'; and, if you will but trust in Him, He will cause all things to work for your good.

"But you ought to understand that these things which happen are of two kinds. The one is when a misfortune comes to a man which admits of no relief: the other is when a misfortune is remediable. Now, when an evil can be cured, it is a man's duty to exert all his energies to obtain the necessary relief, and not remain inactive, saying, 'It is chance,' or 'It is the will of God.' This would be to tempt Providence. But since man is endowed with understanding and reason, it is his duty to endeavor to overcome the misfortunes which may befall him, when they will admit of alleviation. But in those cases where there is no remedy, then one must patiently submit, since it is really the will of God, which is always for the best.

"And as this which has happened to you is clearly one of those afflictions sent by God, and admits of no remedy; and, as what God permits is for the best, rest assured, therefore, that God will so direct circumstances that the result will be as you desire."

And the Count held that Patronio had spoken wisely, and that it was good advice; and, acting accordingly, he found good results.

And Prince Don Juan Manuel, considering this a good example, caused it to be written in his book ("Count Lucanor"), and composed the lines which run thus:

Murmur not at God's dealings; it may be
He seeks thy good in ways thou canst not see.

If time be of all things the most precious, wasting time must be the greatest prodigality, since lost time is never found again; and what we call time enough always proves little enough. Let us, then, be up and doing, and doing to a purpose.

—Franklin.

The Mamertine Prison.

FEW places in Rome are more interesting to the devout than the place where Saint Peter and Saint Paul were imprisoned, according to the traditions and certain other indications which can not be controverted.

The old ecclesiastical traditions of the Church state that, just before the end of their lives, Saint Peter and Saint Paul were imprisoned together,—in what is now called the Mamertine Prison. During Saint Paul's first captivity at Rome, he was allowed to remain in his own hired house, with a soldier who kept him. But as to the circumstances of his second imprisonment there are less means of knowing with certainty, save that which is to be gathered from the ecclesiastical traditions. This place of the confinement of the two saints is frequently mentioned in the Martyrologies as the prison in which many of the early martyrs suffered captivity and often death.

The Mamertine Prison dates from the earliest times of Rome, and, according to Livy, the historian, was constructed by Ancus Martius. By some, however, skilled in Roman research, the lower and more terrible part of the prison—that in which the saints were held captive—is taken to have been originally one of those underground granaries, of which there were many in Rome in ancient times. Other archæologists do not accept this explanation. Be it as it may, this prison was the prison of the earthly founder of the Faith, and in itself is a most striking example of how the Romans built for the centuries and not for a generation or two.

The Mamertine Prison stands on the slope of the Capitoline Mount, toward the Forum; and near the entrance were the *Scalæ Genoniæ*, by which the prisoners were dragged forth to execution, or death by the wild beasts. The prison itself consists of two vaults, one above the other, constructed of large uncemented stones.

There is no way in, save by means of a

small hole in the upper roof, and by a like one in the floor, and giving into the vault below, without staircase to either. The upper prison is 27 feet long by 20 feet wide; and the lower one, which is elliptical in shape, measures 20 feet by 10. The height of the upper one is 14 feet, and of the lower 11 feet. In neither of them is there any opening admitting fresh air and daylight.

In the lower dungeon there is a small spring, which arose at the touch of Saint Peter, and, according to tradition, enabled him to baptize his keepers, Processus and Martinianus, together with forty-seven others whom he had brought to the Faith. The pillar is there also to which he and Saint Paul were bound. A more horrible place of captivity than the Mamertine Prison of the times of the martyrs can not be imagined.

It, with a small chapel in front, is now dedicated to Saint Peter; and over it stands the beautiful church of S. Giuseppe.

Statues of Great Men.

The fashion of placing statues of popular heroes in parks and squares has prevailed for a long time, and is apparently not losing any of the popular favor. It would not be so prevalent, however, if Rossini's plan were carried out.

The great Italian composer was waited on one day by a delegation who informed him that a statue of himself was to be executed in white marble, and that it would adorn the public square of his natal city. The artist inquired how much the statue would cost.

"Twelve thousand francs," was the reply.

"Well," said Rossini, "give me that sum and on state occasions I'll go and stand on the pedestal myself, so that instead of a mere copy you'll have the original."

Apropos of great men's statues, there was much in the reply of Cato to the inquiry why his statue did not appear among those of other famous Romans. "I had rather men should ask why my statue is not set up than why it is."

Belief and Practice.

MORALIZING on some of the concrete realities of the life around him in this war-mad age, a secular journalist is moved to write:

How consistently inconsistent we are, how honestly and openly dishonest, how sanely insane, and how otherwise contradictory in our make up, we discover only in our serious moments and when discussing the most vital problems of life. In these war times we are all "patriotic," burning with zeal, ready to sacrifice everything—that everybody else has; ready to place upon the altar every life that is not our own; ready to labor day and night in our fields in order that our armies and our people shall not want—potatoes at \$2.10 a bushel and flour at \$16.50 a barrel, and other things accordingly.

The most vital problem in the life of the individual is unquestionably his personal salvation. It is of infinitely more import to him that his conscience is tranquil, his soul at peace with God, than that Prosperity should lavish her smiles upon his temporal fortunes, or that Victory should crown the efforts of his country in arms. Yet it is precisely concerning this supreme problem of life that the majority of men display the most flagrant inconsistency. To believe, or profess to believe, one thing, and still to act in a manner that is the apparent result, the logical outcome, of a belief in something else entirely contradictory,—this is certainly derogatory to the dignity of our human nature; but it is, nevertheless, characteristic of multitudes of people in our day; not a few Catholics being among the number.

The supremely significant fact in the life of each one of us is the truth infallibly declared in the rhetorical interrogation of the Gospel: "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Salvation, our personal salvation,—that is the one thing which really matters; and it is also the one thing concerning which very, very many of us display the most downright inconsistency, the most glaring opposition between our belief and our practice.

What is it that we Catholics believe about salvation? To begin with, we believe that we come from God, that we are the work of His omnipotent hand, that He is our Creator. We believe and know that the sole end for which we have been created is to serve God here that we may enjoy Him hereafter. We believe that God desires nothing more than that we should attain this end; that He longs for it ardently,—so ardently that He sent His well-beloved Son, our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, to live, suffer, and die on earth that we might regain those rights to heaven lost to us through the sin of our first parents. We know that the whole Church of Christ, with its complicated yet orderly mechanism, with its adorable Sacrifice of the Mass and its grace-giving sacraments, has been instituted for the one purpose of facilitating this work of saving our souls. We believe that, unless we obey God's law as laid down for us in His Commandments, we shall forfeit our chances of attaining this our ultimate end. We know that we must die, and that the moment of our death is the most uncertain of all moments; that our lives are, at the very longest, very short,—insignificantly so when compared to that other life beyond the tomb. We know that we shall die only once; and that if we have the misfortune of passing from this world in the state of mortal sin, then all God's loving designs in our behalf will be frustrated; the Passion and death of Jesus Christ for us will have proved futile; our souls will be lost and irrevocably doomed to everlasting punishment. Everlasting; for we believe, too, that our souls are immortal,—that they shall never die.

The foregoing are very simple, very elementary truths; they form the merest A B C of Catholic doctrine. We knew them all long ago. We learned them at our mother's knee when the first rays of reason were breaking over our childish minds. We studied them in our catechism when preparing for First Communion and for Confirmation; and we have heard

them thousands of times repeated by the ministers of God's altar. Yet simple as they are and well as we know them, how few of us seem to have realized the one consequence that necessarily follows from them—that our salvation is our supremely important affair, and that the one thing necessary in *this* life is to make it a fit preparation for the *next* one, the endless life beyond the grave!

We call ourselves consistent beings; and, believing that salvation is the only subject which possesses for us any lasting interest, we occupy ourselves about every other possible subject *but* salvation. We know that we must die, and that our real life does not begin until we have passed through the gates of death; and we act, not only as if this life were more important than the other, but very often as if there *were* no other. We believe that if we gain the whole world and lose our soul, it will profit us nothing; yet we barter our salvation, not for the whole world, not for the hundredth or thousandth part of what the world can give, but for a few paltry riches, honors, or pleasures, which, besides robbing us of our eternal joy, are insufficient to procure us happiness even here on earth. We believe that the one question we shall have to answer at our judgment is, "How have you served God?" and we live as though we were to be asked, "How much money have you made? Have you always lived and dressed as well as your neighbors? Have you been highly esteemed in society? Have you secured honorable positions?"

We believe that God is our Creator, and, as such, has supreme dominion over us and all that we possess; that we are His creatures, and for that very reason can not have with respect to God any relations that can be at all called *rights*. We believe this, or say we do; yet how often is not our daily life in direct opposition to that belief! In our daily life we measure the amount of service that God should require of us; we specify in our hearts the boundaries over which He must not come;

we grumble at the excessive rigor of His law,—nay, that law we are continually violating. We pride ourselves upon our common-sense; and, knowing that to die in mortal sin is to plunge ourselves into hell,—knowing, too, that it may very well happen to us, as it has happened to thousands of others, to die before we see another sunrise,—we lie down to sleep in this state of mortal sin as unconcernedly as if, for us, there were no hereafter.

We talk about our common-sense; and, knowing that serving God is our one appointed work in this life, we not only do not serve Him ourselves, but we very often ridicule those who do. We smile at the conduct of truly devout Catholics, and from the lofty heights of our superior wisdom we condescend to pity their childish naïveté. Religion, we say—or our actions say for us,—is, of course, very good, in moderation; God is all very well in His place; but then we must not get too earnest; there is no need of growing enthusiastic about the matter. Enthusiasm must be reserved for weightier matters,—money-making, politics, social triumphs, or literary fame. We may give free rein to our feelings on these subjects; but on religious matters we must hold these feelings in check; otherwise we might awake some fine morning and actually find ourselves trying to become saints. Consistency is indeed a jewel, rare enough in all men, but never so rare as among those Catholics who, believing that the affairs of eternity are everything and those of time comparatively nothing, so often live as if they believed the direct opposite.

If we really are rational, consistent Catholics, then the subject of our salvation occupies the principal place in our minds. Our lifelong pursuits are undertaken and carried out only in subservience to this, our ultimate end. Our profession, business, calling, or trade we look upon only as a means by which God desires us to work out our eternal destiny. How many of us do so? How few of us, rather, practise what we believe?

A Diamond Jubilee Celebration.

THE celebration of the Diamond Jubilee of the University of Notre Dame, June 8-11, occasioned one of the largest and most representative gatherings of Catholics ever witnessed in the United States. Never before were the capacious church and other buildings of the institution more completely filled, nor did its spacious grounds ever present a livelier scene. The visitors included numerous prelates from far and near, among them the venerable Cardinal Gibbons and the venerated Delegate of the Holy Father in this country; many distinguished priests; scores of prominent laymen; old students from almost every State in the Union; relatives and friends of the present year graduates, etc.

The exercises opened appropriately (on the night of June 8) with an illustrated lecture on "Old Days at Notre Dame," by the venerable Paulist, Father Elliott, who charmed his hearers by his reminiscences of Father Sorin, the founder of Notre Dame, and his first associates. At the Pontifical Mass of Jubilee, celebrated on Sunday by his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, the first of a series of sermons, all full of interest and inspiration and exquisitely appropriate to the occasion, was preached by Archbishop Mundelein of Chicago; the others were by Archbishop Hanna, of San Francisco, and (at Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, after a sacred concert by the famous Paulist Choir) by the Very Rev. Walter Elliott, C. S. P. The addresses delivered by Cardinal Gibbons at the Sunday dinner; by the Hon. W. Bourke Cockran, at the dedication of a new library; by Governor Goodrich of Indiana, and the Hon. Edward McDermott, formerly Lieut.-Governor of Kentucky, at the laying of the corner-stone of a new chemistry building; by Mr. Joseph Scott to the students, "old boys" and guests; and by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Chartrand at the Commencement (closing) exercises,

were no less fitting and hardly less inspiring than the sermons in the church.

The conferring of the *Lætare* Medal upon Admiral William S. Benson, U. S. N., a charming ceremony, charmingly presided over by Cardinal Gibbons, at which the Hon. Victor J. Dowling of New York and the medalist spoke gracious words,—the former expressing cordial congratulation; the latter, grateful appreciation; the blessing and raising of a beautiful flag, processions, reunions, banquets, concerts, athletic games, etc., kept the visitors interested and entertained every day and hour. No exercise, however, we are glad to say, was more numerously attended than the Pontifical Mass celebrated by his Excellency Archbishop Bonzano, Apostolic Delegate, for the deceased students and professors of the University of Notre Dame. The sermon by Archbishop Hanna, which followed, like that of Archbishop Mundelein, was characterized by lofty thought, depth of feeling, beauty of allusion, and forceful expression. Both speakers paid eloquent tribute to the founder of Notre Dame, and showed how his labors and sacrifices had been blessed.

The crowning of the celebration was the receipt of an autograph letter from his Holiness Benedict XV., with a cordial message from Cardinal Gasparri, Papal Secretary of State, congratulating the Very Rev. John Cavanaugh, C. S. C., on the great services he has rendered to the cause of religion and education, and invoking the blessing of God on the institution over which he so ably presides.

"In the midst of the trials of the present hour which press upon us so heavily," writes the Holy Father, "the brightest ray of hope for the future lies in the special care that is being bestowed upon the education of youth. In this age when young men, to our great sorrow, are so drawn by the allurements of vice and the teachings of error, it is, above all, by training youth to virtue that the life of nations is to be fashioned and directed in righteousness and truth."

Notes and Remarks.

The judicious advice annually tendered by Catholic preachers and editors to such of their coreligionists as contemplate spending holiday weeks away from home—viz., to select a watering-place or tourist resort within easy reach of a church or chapel—is again in order. No practical Catholic will consider that any number of other advantages possessed by a summer residence can compensate for the signal drawback of its being too far distant from the House of God to permit of one's attending Mass, at least on Sundays and holydays. A cognate bit of advice seems especially timely and pertinent for this particular summer of 1917. Our country is at war. Many thousands of our young Catholic men will soon be, if not actually on the battlefield, at least in camp preparing for the fighting that may come to them before the Great War is concluded. This being so, is there any more appropriate form of devotion for their parents and friends who remain at home than attendance at daily Mass? As we all know and believe, the Holy Sacrifice of the Altar is the most sublime action that is, or can be, performed on earth; and petitions proffered by those who assist thereat have an unusual guarantee of being heard. How slight the inconvenience it would occasion thousands of Catholics to send up these petitions in unison with the celebrant of the Mass morning after morning throughout the year! Prayers for our country itself and for our loved ones who are fighting under its flag are especially opportune and congruous during the present critical period; and the Mass furnishes the most perfect form of prayer as well as the highest possible type of sacrifice within the competency of mankind to offer to the Godhead.

As the specific date of the quarto-centenary of Luther draws near, not all the testimony of Protestantism's various sects is laudatory of the arch-reformer,

or condemnatory of the Church which he vainly hoped to destroy. One of the offshoots of Lutheranism was Calvinism. Although the French reformer added to and subtracted from the German's system, Calvin's doctrine was derived from Luther. That the Scriptures are the sole rule of faith, that after the Fall man no longer had free will, and that man is justified by faith alone,—these and other points are identical in both systems. This being so, it is rather interesting to read what an organ of Calvinism, *De Heraut*, published in Holland, has to say of the Church against which the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther revolted four hundred years ago:

Whilst the war has broken asunder all ties of social life, as well as those of science and arts, the Catholic Church, and she alone, has preserved her international unity absolutely intact; she has thus given a brilliant proof of the solidity of her organic life. In contrast, consider how Socialism, of which one of the essential dogmas is the international solidarity of the toilers of the world, has been shattered by the war, while not a stone of the world-wide Church has been in the least degree loosened. . . . The outcome of it all is the fact that Catholicity stands forth as a World-Church, and Protestantism as a set of national Churches. . . . Protestantism at its very beginning made the awful blunder of reducing the one World-Church into many national Churches, standing apart from one another, and with no bond of union among them; each having its inalienable national character, each merging into a racial State.

Still more awful and far-reaching was Protestantism's blow at the principle of authority,—a blunder which even after four hundred years is producing its legitimate effects in the present World War.

Some novel and rather radical ideas on the perennially discussed subject of education are advanced by an Englishman, Mr. Clutton-Brock, in his Introduction to Mr. Kenneth Richmond's essay, recently published, "The Permanent Values in Education." What has got wrong with the idea of education as it is actuated to-day, Mr. Clutton-Brock holds, is that we have seized upon it as a mark of social status. "But there is nothing in the idea

of education, properly understood, which needs be concerned with class distinctions: nothing I mean except fashion. People of a certain rank or aspiration in society send their sons to the universities because to do so is the hall-mark of respectability. . . . Education, in fact, is not a thing to be proud of at all. One of the first aims of education should be to remove all pride in it. The better a man is educated, morally, intellectually, and æsthetically, the less proud he is of what he knows; for the result of his education is to give him a thirst for knowledge and for doing all things rightly, in which he forgets to pride himself on what he knows, or on what he does rightly; forgets himself and his own achievements altogether. . . . What we need is an education that will enrich the life of all classes,—of the poor and stupid no less than of the rich and clever; and we can not aim at such an education, or even conceive it, unless we empty our minds of the sense of status, of intellectual as well as social status."

Another thing of which a good many persons would do well to empty their minds is the notion that education is synonymous with literacy or book knowledge, and that illiteracy is identical with ignorance. As a matter of common observation, many a man or woman who can not read or write is really less ignorant, more educated in the true sense of the word, than not a few makers of laws and writers of books.

The beneficent force of good example is a commonplace of philosophers and essayists. "Even the weakest natures," says Smiles, "exercise some influence upon those about them. The approximation of feeling, thought, and habit is constant, and the action of example is unceasing." The history of conversions to the Church teems with instances in which the daily example of some Catholic, uniformly faithful to the accomplishment of religious duty, has been, under Providence, the effective external means

of leading sincere non-Catholics within the Fold. A Western exchange adds another instance to the myriads already chronicled. The Catholic husband of a non-Catholic wife never neglected to say his morning and evening prayers. Twenty years after his marriage, his consort was received into the Church. Relating her experience, she said: "One thing that helped me to believe was the example of my husband. I thought that a religion which could get a big six-footer to go down on his knees twice a day must have much more to it than I at first believed possible."

Out of a page of remarkably good editorial in the current number of the *Catholic School Journal*, we select a particularly wise discussion of a certain type of intellectual person—the "dabbler," the man who begins everything and completes nothing, who starts (who starts, indeed, in all directions) only to arrive nowhere. But here is the editorial itself:

A man, aged twenty-four, wrote down in his notebook some things that he hoped ultimately to know, and to know well. The same man, aged fifty-four, looked the other day upon the yellowing page, and he smiled, a little pensively, a little bitterly. He had had scholarly ideals and scholarly opportunities; yet he had made his own no scholarly attainments. His ideals were all right, as ideals; of course he knew at fifty-four, what he should have known at twenty-four, that ideals don't amount to much until one resolutely tries to realize them. His opportunities were—well, as much opportunities as most men will ever get. At any rate, this man of fifty-four had to face the unpalatable fact that a good many men, with less brains than he had, met with considerably inferior opportunities and had really turned them to account. He realized too, a bit sadly, that, after all, we make our opportunities,—that the man who complains that he never had a chance really means that he never took a chance. Yes, his opportunities were good ones; at least, they were richer in possibilities than his use of them would lead an observer to suspect.

What, then, was the matter with him? For thirty years he had been a dabbler. He picked at the dainties on the table of learning and covered the cloth with crumbs; but, for all his lengthy sitting, he had risen with no sated

appetite. He had lacked system. At times he had read intensively, but only for short times. Now and then he held a great idea within his grasp, but in a few minutes his grasp relaxed. He had a genius, you see, for getting tired easily. And he hearkened ever to some new thing. Many books he read; none he reread. With countless ideas he had toyed and dallied; with none had he wrestled all the night for the certain blessing at the dawn. And so he could write: "Owing to the lack of method and persistence, a possibility that was in me has been wasted, lost. My life has been merely tentative, a broken series of false starts and hopeless new beginnings."

It were well if many of our hopeful and purposeful graduates these days would paste these words in their hat and ponder them in their heart.

One of the questions as to which the conclusions of science appear to be in direct contradiction to the narrative of the Bible is the antiquity of man. We say *appear* to be; for, as it must be unnecessary to remind Catholics, all truth is one; and, as the story in the Bible is inspired by the Author of truth Himself, it evidently can not really contradict any genuine truth of geology, archæology, or any other science. At the same time, the ordinary Catholic may possibly be disturbed or troubled when he hears that genuine scientists, and Catholics of unquestioned orthodoxy among them, admit that man has an antiquity ranging anywhere from ten or fifteen to twenty or thirty thousand years, instead of only six or seven thousand, as he has been in the habit of believing. That there is no occasion for being disturbed by the apparent divergence of the Biblical and scientific stories is shown by the Rev. J. E. Parsons, S. J., writing in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*. His conclusion is reassuring to the non-scientific and non-theological general reader:

As the Bible makes no claim to furnish us with a chronology of prehistoric times—nowhere, in fact, in Scripture is the time that elapsed from the creation of Adam to Thare, the father of Abraham, computed, as it is from the descent of the Israelites into Egypt to the Exodus

(Exodus, xii, 40), or from the Exodus to the building of the Temple (III. Kings, vi, 1),—we may rest assured that science will not discover in the future any data capable of impugning the veracity of the Bible in this matter of chronology, or the historical character of the first eleven chapters of Genesis. As Cardinal Meignan has written: "It is an error to imagine that the Catholic faith encloses the existence of man within an interval of time which can not exceed 6000 years. The Church has never pronounced on so delicate a question."

A good analysis of a state of affairs which has engaged the attention of social students since the outbreak of the World War is presented by Dr. Frank O'Hara in the current number of the *Catholic World*. The writer's general problem is "War Experience with Labor Standards," but the special point we refer to is his discussion of the admitted increase in juvenile crime among the peoples in conflict. Here is what Dr. O'Hara has to say of a matter that may soon have more than an academic interest for us:

The character of the British youth is being broken down under the strain of hard work and no relaxation. Families are broken up, and parental control has disappeared on account of the continued absence of the father in the workshop or in the army. The children are earning wages, and they no longer listen to the advice of their parents. The streets are dark and there is a shortage of policemen, and so conditions are favorable for the commission of crime. The imitative instinct leads the children to play at war; and the fruit vender's car is a military train, which, under the rules of war, is subject to spoliation. So many things are right in times of war that are wrong in times of peace that the child's sense of morality becomes unsettled.

Without borrowing trouble, it seems only the part of wisdom to be prepared for like manifestations among ourselves, and to remove them, so far as possible, in their causes.

Bishop Russell, of Charleston, got at an old problem in quite a new way, recently, when discussing the present World War in relation to the providence of Almighty God. He said:

I am not one of those who see in the present war a reason for questioning the providence of

God. On the contrary, to my mind this war exemplifies the power and wisdom of God. The artist who could carve a statue by means of all the instruments known to his art would do nothing extraordinary; but the artist who could carve the same statue with only a jackknife would excite the wonder of the world. So, if Almighty God accomplished His designs for the salvation of man by means of good and faithful creatures it would be only what we should expect; but when, despite the evil machinations of man—nay, even by using the evil that men do—He accomplishes the salvation of souls, we are forced to bow down before His unspeakable wisdom and power. The crucifixion of the Son of God was the greatest crime ever committed. It wrought in God's providence the greatest good to mankind. I have no doubt that many souls have been saved through this terrible war who otherwise would not have realized their Creator's claims.

That is a truly Christian view of life and of death.

It is stated by the Springfield *Republican*—a reliable secular newspaper, which, however, does not give the source of its information—that Catholic missionaries in foreign countries have participated in a relief fund established for foreign missions by non-Catholics of the United States and Canada. To quote in part:

Protestants of this country and Canada have given through their field missionaries about \$250,000, it has been estimated, to feed, clothe and shelter Roman Catholic and Orthodox Church missionaries who were cut off from home support by the war. In many cases entire groups of Roman Catholic missionaries have had to be saved from starvation, and money advanced to protect their properties and their work. Presbyterians have led in this relief; but some relief has been given by the American Board, the Baptist, Disciples, Methodist and Quaker societies. . . . The Roman Catholic relief by Protestants has been given in largest amounts in China, in West Africa, where German control has given place to British and French; and in Syria and Anatolia, where American cruisers were used, by United States Government direction, to save the lives of the French Jesuit and Marist priests.

For the sake of our separated brethren more especially, we sincerely hope all this is true. It is the best use yet made of their abundant missionary funds. The

very suggestion of such a state of affairs as this statement brings forward ought to make our own people realize at last that they can not do enough for those hard-working men and women, the missionaries who are advancing the frontiers of the Faith in remote lands.

One of those pathetic incidents which so frequently relieve the horror attendant on the frightful massacre of contemporary warfare is related by the Paris *Croix*. Shortly before the order to "go over the top" was given to a French infantry company at the Somme, a lieutenant noticed one of the soldiers in a fit of unusual silence and recollection.

Struck by his attitude, the officer gazed at him for a moment, and then said: "You, my good fellow, are a priest, I should think? We are in for a hot time soon, and I should like to make my affair." Straightway he went down on his knees in the mud of the trench, and, amid the roaring of the shells, he bowed his head under the blessing of his soldier. *Ego te absolvo. . .* The words fell from the lips of the priest, whose gesture of absolution seemed the larger for the gathering gloom. The lieutenant then leaped to his feet, and, with a bold, shining countenance, after humiliating himself before God, turned to his men and said, "Come, *mes enfants*, be brave! Forward, in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost." He made a great Sign of the Cross—but before it was finished a bullet struck him in the forehead, and his act of faith opened into the vision of the things to come.

A short passage of England's reply to the Russian Government's request for a statement of the British war aims is especially notable. After declaring that the purpose of Great Britain is "to defend the existence of the country and enforce respect for international agreements," and "to liberate populations oppressed by alien tyranny," the Note asserts further: "Beyond everything we must seek such settlement as will secure the happiness and contentment of peoples, and take away all legitimate causes of future wars." Which is diplomatic thought expressed in diplomatic language.

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

To a Little Girl Born Blind.*

BY MARY H. KENNEDY.

BELoved of God, sweet little Anne Marie!
Your baby eyes, sealed by Him carefully—
And with a seal that only He can break,—
According to His pleasure will awake
And realize the blessedness and grace
Of sight in gazing first upon His Face;
And, meeting His dear eyes in glad caress,
Will first from Him learn what is Loveliness,
And what is Beauty, what is Laughter too.
Ah, little Anne Marie, I envy you!
With eyes all pure, undimmed and undefiled,
You will see His eyes first,—eyes meek and mild,
All wise, all loving, and all innocence!
Oh, will not this be worthy recompense
For a brief darkened moment upon earth?
Your God has taken naught from you at birth:
He has denied you sight but for a while,
That He may garner your first starlit smile;
That His may be the first Face you will see;
That He may smile first on you, Anne Marie.
Beloved of God! Is not this saying true?
Dear little girl born blind, I envy you!

Con of Misty Mountain.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XXV.—REVELATIONS.

"FATHER DOANE!" cried Miss Rayson. "What are you saying? What do you mean?"

"Sit down here for a moment," replied Father Phil, motioning to a bench near the fountain, while Con turned to feed the goldfish with some "crackers" he had in his pocket. "The whole story will be out in a few days, so I may as well tell it, in friendly fashion, to you here and now. That boy is Charles Owen Nesbitt, falsely reported killed in a railroad wreck ten

years ago, as you have doubtless heard."

"I know,—I know!" Miss Rayson was pale and trembling. "Oh, I have heard the story, grieved, agonized over it with my poor Madam. And you say—you say—please, Father Doane, what is it you say? Tell me all,—for God's sake, tell me all."

And then in brief, eloquent, indignant words, Father Phil told his breathless listener Con's story, as bit by bit it had been revealed to him, until the whole truth stood written as if with the finger of God against the blackening cloud of guilt that had darkened this young life. And while his good friend talked, the yellow-haired boy, seated on the rim of the fountain feeding the goldfish, was a confirmation of that truth no doubter could deny.

"O my dear Madam, my poor Madam!" Miss Rayson was fairly sobbing when the narrator finished. "Whether this will mean life or death to her, I do not know. She is so old and frail and broken-hearted, I fear for her,—I fear for her, Father Doane."

"Is this villain, this Arthur Nesbitt, so much to her, then?" asked Father Phil.

"Oh, no, no!" was the trembling answer. "There has been coolness, distrust, I can not say exactly what, between them for years. But in his remorse for the past, she feels somehow as if it were her fault,—that she is unjust, exacting, suspicious. 'It is my hard, evil old heart,' she says, 'that can not trust or love.' And so she is good and generous to this nephew, allows him a handsome income, acknowledges him as her heir. He lives most of the time abroad; and, even without this cruel wrong to shame it, it is not a good life, Father Doane."

"I can well believe that," was the reply. "But perhaps this will make the

* Written before her death at the age of eleven.

revelation of his villainy less of a shock to his benefactress. He will make a fight, of course; but I shall be ready for it. I intend to put the boy's case in the hands of a good lawyer to-morrow, with the letters, the testimony witnesses, to prove his identity. Perhaps it will be well for you to prepare Madam Nesbitt, lest the disclosure come to her too suddenly, too rudely, in less kindly ways."

"Oh, yes, I must,—I must!" said the young lady. "What she will say, what she will do, I can not tell; for there is still a strong spirit in her feeble frame. She may be angry, doubting, defiant. She may take Arthur's side and defend him against this awful, cruel charge. But, O Father Doane" (Miss Rayson's eyes turned again to the unconscious Con feeding the goldfish), "if she could once see that boy, image that he is of her own dead son! If she could see that boy! I left her only an hour ago seated before her own Charlie's picture in the library. She spends half her time there of late. It comforts her, she says, to forget the dark, sad years of their misunderstanding, their separation, and to remember him only as the beautiful, blue-eyed boy who was all her own. Father Doane" (the speaker rose in sudden resolve), "I believe every word of this story is true; and she must know it, believe it, too. Let us risk the shock. Let us trust to God, to nature, to the mother's instinct, the mother heart. Let her see that boy standing, living, breathing before his father's picture, and you will need no law or lawyer to prove his right to his father's name and home. You can tell the dreadful story afterward; you can bring your witnesses, show your proofs; but let the boy speak for himself first,—the boy of the picture, Father Doane. I know the poor old Madam's longing, fancies, prayers. I have a plan. I see a way to break this strange story gently, tenderly, I hope blessedly to her. Let me manage it all, Father Doane. Bring the boy to Oakwood this afternoon and trust the rest to me."

Father Phil hesitated. He was traveling in strange ways when he had to deal with women, either old or young; and the thought of the shock his story would bring to the feeble, shaken, broken-hearted old mother appalled him. But Jack's cousin was wise and kind and clever, and held a daughter's place, as she had told him, in the old Madam's home. He would take her advice, he would bring the boy to Oakwood and trust to her. But first he felt Con must learn his own story, which as yet had not been revealed to him; he must hear something of the claim that Father Phil had determined to press without further delay. He had hesitated to bewilder his young protégé with uncertain prospects, but now it was time for him to know, to understand all. Con himself opened the subject. As Miss Rayson turned away, he joined Father Phil, his blue eyes lifted in perplexed question.

"You didn't tell her I was Mountain Con: you called me something else. Have I got another name, Mister?"

"Yes, you have another name, Con," was the answer. "Come sit down here on this bench under the trees, and let me tell you about it. C O N, the letters on the little gold clasp that Mother Moll took for your name, stand for Charles Owen Nesbitt, your real name, Con,—the name given to you by your father and mother."

"My father and mother?" echoed Con, with widening eyes. "Have I a father and a mother?"

"No, Con: they are both dead, my boy. They died when you were a baby little older than Tony. But they left you name, home, friends, a place in the world of which you have been cruelly robbed all these years. That bad dream of which you told me was not altogether a dream, Con. Wicked men took you off in the darkness from the smoking, burning train, and gave you to Uncle Bill and Mother Moll, so that they—these bad men—might keep the money and the home

and the place that belonged to you, as your dead father's son; and Charles Owen Nesbitt grew up a poor, friendless boy, the Con of Misty Mountain."

"And that wasn't never my name?" broke in Con breathlessly. "I wasn't never Uncle Bill's boy; I was—who did you say I was, Mister? Say it over again."

"Charles Owen Nesbitt," repeated Father Phil. "That is your right name, Con. How I found all this out is a strange and wonderful story that I will tell you some other time. All that you need know now, is that you are Charles Owen Nesbitt, and that I am trying to put you back in your own home, your own place in life, where you will have everything that you have missed so sadly all these years, my poor boy!"

"I don't want nothing," burst forth Con, and there was a passionate sob in his tone. "I don't want to be put nowhere. I don't want to be no—no Charles Owen Nesbitt, Mister. I want just to stay with you and be Con, your Con, your little brother and pal, like you said up on the mountain long ago. Don't send me away, Mister; don't put me back nowhere else. I don't want nothing—nothing but to stay—to stay with you. Just keep me and teach me and make me good, and I'll do anything you say. I'll wash the dishes and scrub the floors for Mrs. Farrell, and I'll sweep the church, and I'll tie up Dick so he won't scare nobody, and I'll sleep in the kitchen and won't ask to eat nothing but scraps, if you'll just keep me with you, Mister, and not send me nowhere away. Because I love you, Mister; nobody was ever so good and kind to me before. Don't turn me into Charles Owen Nesbitt and send me away."

"Con, my dear, dear boy," Father Phil flung his arm about the shaking young form,—“you don't understand, Con. You will have a beautiful home, dear boy! I have seen it, Con: soft carpets, shining floors, flowers, pictures everywhere; and you will be rich and great."

"Don't want to be rich; don't care for

no carpets or pictures or flowers." Con was trying desperately to steady his breaking voice. "Don't want nothing but to stay along with you, Mister, and be your Con."

"And you *shall* be." Father Phil's own voice broke at his little "pal's" outburst of devotion; "you shall always be my little friend, my brother, my own dear boy, Con. But you can be all this even as Charles Owen Nesbitt, your real self, Con. Let me tell you how."

And Father Phil proceeded to explain how the change in his young pal's fortune would only make life better, brighter, happier for them both. He pictured the good that rich and great men do, the poor boys they can help, the old Mother Molls they can shelter and warm.

Con's eyes began to brighten, and his shaking voice to steady, as Father Phil talked to him; but there was no great cheer in his words as at last he agreed.

"I'll do whatever you say, Mister, long as you don't give me up and turn me off. I'd rather stay your Con, but I'll be Charles Owen Nesbitt if you say I must."

And so it was that, a few hours later, Father Phil found himself once more in Riverdale, where the quaint old homes, snow-wreathed at his last visit, now looked out into bowery stretches of springtime bloom; and the shouts of the tennis players echoed from the grassy courts of Lil's grandmother, filling the air with merry music. But in the beautiful grounds of Elmwood there was no sign of life: all was dead and still. As Father Phil looked at the blue-eyed boy beside him, thought of the glad change his coming might bring, he breathed a silent prayer that God would bless this saddened home and make all things right.

"This is your grandmother's home, Con," he said, pausing for a moment at the ivy-grown gate. "It was your father's, it is yours."

But, though there was breathless wonder in the glance that swept over lawn and garden and mansion, Con only mur-

mured: "Don't want it; rather stay at St. Cyprian's with you."

"But you must remember what I told you, Con. You are your father's son, and must take his name, his place. And the poor old grandmother has been grieving for years because you, the little baby, her own boy left, was lost to her; killed, as she believed, in the burning car. You can take away the pain from her poor old breaking heart," continued Father Phil, who had his own doubts and fears about the coming interview, and felt he must prepare Con for it. "And you must try."

"Don't know nothing about grandmothers," said Con. "But I know how 'twas with Mother Moll when Uncle Bill hit her: I could always sort of chirk her up."

"O Con, Con, my poor, dear Mountain Con!" said Father Phil, hopelessly, as he realized the past experience of Madam Nesbitt's grandson and heir. "May God and His good angels direct you, for neither man nor woman can."

Then the two friends passed up the box-bordered path to the door, where Miss Rayson, who had been watching for their arrival, came fluttering out to meet them. She led them into a little side room off the great hall.

"Will you wait here, Father Doane?" she said. "No one will disturb you."

Then she touched a bell, and a neat old colored woman appeared.

"This is the boy, Martha," Miss Rayson said to her briefly.

"Fo' de Lawd's sake, Miss Eunice!" gasped Martha, staring open-eyed at Con. "Ef he ain't de berry spit of dear Marse Charlie,—de berry spit."

"Yes, yes," was the hurried answer; "but keep quiet, Martha. Take him upstairs and dress him, as I told you, in that old velvet suit we found in the garret. And—and when I call you, Martha, bring him—to the library—to the old Madam."

The King and His Three Sons.

HERE was a Moorish king who had three sons. Now, he having the power to appoint which of them he pleased to reign after him, when he had arrived at a good old age, the leading men of his kingdom waited upon him, praying to be informed which of his sons he would please to name as his successor. The king replied that in one month he would give them an answer.

After eight or ten days, the king said to the oldest of his three sons: "I shall ride out to-morrow, and I wish you to accompany me."

The son waited upon the king as desired, but not so early as the time appointed. When he arrived, the king said he wished to dress, and requested him to bring him his garments. His son went to the Lord of the Bedchamber and requested him to take the king his garments. The attendant inquired what suit it was he wished for; and the son returned to ask his father, who replied, his state robe. The young man went and told the attendant to bring the state robe.

Now, for every article of the king's attire it was necessary to go backwards and forwards, carrying answers and questions, till at length the attendant came to dress and boot the king. The same repetition went on when the king called for his horse, spurs, bridle, saddle, sword, and so forth. Now, all being prepared, with some trouble and difficulty, and considerable delay, the king changed his mind, and said he would not ride out; but desired the prince his son to go through the city, carefully observing everything worth notice, and that on his return he should come and give his honest opinion of what he had seen.

The prince set out, accompanied by the royal suite and the chief nobility. Trumpets, cymbals, and other instruments preceded this brilliant cavalcade. After hurriedly traversing a part of the city only, he returned to the palace, when the

king desired him to relate what had most arrested his attention.

"I observed nothing unusual, sire," said he, "but the great noise caused by the cymbals and trumpets, which really confounded me."

A few days later, the king sent for his second son, and commanded him to attend very early the next day, when he subjected him to precisely the same ordeal as his older brother, but with a somewhat more favorable result.

Again, after some days, he called for his youngest son's attendance. Now, this young man came to the palace very early, before his father was awake, and waited patiently until the king arose. The king then desired him to bring his clothes, that he might dress. The young prince begged the king to specify which clothes, boots, etc., the same with all the other things he desired, so that he could bring all at the same time, in order to avoid inconvenience and delay; neither would he permit the attendant to assist him, saying he was willing to do all that his father required.

When the king was dressed, he requested his son to bring his horse. Again the son asked what horse, saddle, spurs, sword, and other requisites he desired to have; and as the father commanded so it was done, without the least trouble or any further annoyance.

When all was ready, the king, as before, declined going. He, however, requested his son to go in his place, and to take notice of what he saw, so that on his return he might relate what he thought of importance.

In obedience to his father's commands, the young prince rode through the city, attended by the same escort as his brothers; but they knew nothing, neither did the younger son, nor indeed any one else, of the object the king had in view. As the cavalcade rode along, the young prince desired that his attendants should show him the interior of the city, the streets, and where the king kept his treasures, and what was supposed to be the amount

thereof; he inquired where the nobility and people of importance in the city lived; after this, he desired that they should present to him all the cavalry and infantry, and these he made go through their evolutions; he afterwards visited the walls, towers, and fortresses of the city, also the district where the poor lived, so that when he returned to the palace it was very late.

The king desired him to tell him what he had seen. The young prince replied that he feared giving offence if he stated all he felt at what he had seen and observed. Now, the king commanded him to relate everything, as he hoped for his blessing. The young man replied that, although he was sure his father was a very good king, and had the best intentions in regard to all his subjects, yet it seemed to him he had not done so much good as he might, having such brave troops, so much power, and such great resources; for, had he wished it, he might have made himself beloved as well as respected by all.

The king felt much pleased at the words of his son. So when the time arrived to give his decision to the people, he told them that he should appoint his youngest instead of his oldest son for their king. The choice was highly approved; and the new king reigned for many years, making all his people happy, and himself greatly beloved.

His Loss.

There was once a little boy whose father gave him two coins. He was asked what he meant to do with them. He said that he should give one to the Foreign Missions of which he had been reading, and keep the other for himself. One day he came to his father and told him that he had lost one coin. "Which have you lost?" asked his father. "Oh, the one I was going to give to the missionaries!" The father smiled at this, and said: "So the missionaries were the losers, not you?" And, taking back the other coin, he added: "Now you have lost your own."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A list of new books and reprints issued by Constable & Co., London, includes "Tributaries," by Harold Begbie. This novel was originally published anonymously.

—A creditable year-book, "Des Pères," has been issued by the students of St. Norbert's College, West Deperé, Wis. It is regrettable, however, that its handsome cover should have been put on backwards. But this mistake may have been made with only a few copies, and is easily corrected.

—A Sister of St. Dominic, has compiled a neat brochure, vest-pocket size, entitled "The Catholic's Mass Companion." Besides brief explanations of the ceremonies and rubrics, it affords definitions of certain terms connected with the Holy Sacrifice. In future editions these definitions should be rendered more exact, and the proofreading should be more carefully done, in order to render the booklet as popular as it deserves to be.

—Two excellent issues of the Australian Catholic Truth Society are, "The Gilds and Crafts of the Middle Ages," by the Very Rev. Aloysius Corbett, O. D. C.; and "The Cinema and its Dangers," by Prof. Max Drennan. The first is an able treatment of a subject whose important bearing on present-day industrial and social problems is becoming increasingly evident; the second is a masterly examination of the values of what we know as the "Movies." None who are conversant with the facts will regard Prof. Drennan's strictures as too severe.

—"On the Threshold of the Unseen," by Sir William Barrett, F. R. S., is in the nature of a new edition of the much discussed work which he published about ten years ago, dealing with the phenomena of Spiritism. It presents what the learned author regards as fresh evidence (obtained independently of any professional mediums) as to survival after death. Sir William was for many years professor of experimental physics in the Royal College of Science for Ireland. His interest in the subject of Spiritism has been personal and continuous for over forty years.

—"The Adventure of Death," by Robert W. MacKenna (G. P. Putnam's Sons), a twelve-mo of two hundred pages, is a reverent, though scientific, treatment of a subject of universal interest. It will appeal to readers of every shade of religious belief or no-belief, and can scarcely fail to convince any candid inquirer of man's immortality, of the survival of the individual

personality beyond the confines of earthly life. With no pretence of religiosity, Dr. MacKenna nevertheless declares: "A well-grounded, firmly established religious faith is the best possession for a man's last hours; and, in the consuming flame of religious devotion which kindles so many illumined lives, the fear of death is shrivelled up like a vagrant moth."

—The Catholic Laymen's Association, of Augusta, Ga., has issued a pamphlet made up of clippings from the secular press relative to an unpleasant incident which occurred last March in Macon,—the request emanating from certain local bigots that Bishop Keiley be withdrawn from the Memorial Day programme because he was a Catholic. He was also a Confederate veteran, and that circumstance, coupled with the well-known and glorious history of the patriotism of Catholics in the South, gave the newspaper men an excellent weapon with which to deal with the benighted Guardians of Liberty. The Catholic Laymen's Association are to be congratulated upon this ready-reference pamphlet on a timely topic.

—In a preface contributed to the English translation of "The German Fury in Belgium," by L. Mokveld, a well-known war-correspondent, Mr. John Buchan writes: "Episodes like the burning of Visé and the treatment of British prisoners in the train at Landen would be hard to match in history for squalid horror. . . . The atrocities, etc." The author himself (page 230) refers to the same "atrocities" as "extravagances"; and adds: "I am convinced that on the whole the treatment of the wounded was generous and exemplary." The book is described by the publishers (Hodder & Stoughton) as "the vivid account by a neutral eye-witness, who chronicles not what he heard but what he saw during four months with the German troops." The price of this book is 3s. 6d.

—A delightful book to the hand and eye, "The Inward Gospel," by W. D. Strappini, S. J., has a charm of freshness for the mind and spirit as well. Its eleven chapters are neither sermons nor essays, but rather expanded meditations, which leave room for further development on the part of the reflecting reader. Its themes are not too well worn, nor are they merely novel, yet the author's excellent treatment of them imparts to all both freshness and mellowness. For example, "The Gift of Sickness" is done in this distinctive manner, as is also "The Gold of Silence," and all the other chapters in greater or less degree. Addressed originally to members

of the Society of Jesus, these discourses will make profitable reading for other religious and for the devout laity as well. Longmans, Green & Co., publishers.

—At the educational convention recently held at Princeton, N. J., for the purpose of discussing the question whether or not the classics shall be eliminated from American higher education, several speakers of national eminence advocated retention of training in the languages of Greece and Rome. We venture to assert, however, that nothing said on the occasion was more germane to the subject or more illuminating as an argument for the classics than this paragraph written five or six decades ago by the great Cardinal Newman:

Again, as health ought to precede labor of the body, and as a man in health can do what an unhealthy man can not do, and as of this health the properties are strength, energy, agility, graceful carriage and action, manual dexterity, and endurance of fatigue, so in like manner general culture of mind is the best aid to professional and scientific study; and educated men can do what illiterate can not; and the man who has learned to think and to reason and to compare and to discriminate and to analyze, who has refined his taste, and formed his judgment, and sharpened his mental vision, will not indeed at once be a lawyer, or a pleader, or an orator, or a statesman, or a physician, or a good landlord, or a man of business, or a soldier, or an engineer, or a chemist, or a geologist, or an antiquarian, but he will be placed in that state of intellect in which he can take up any one of the sciences or callings I have referred to, or any other for which he has a taste or special talent, with an ease, a grace, a versatility, and a success, to which another is a stranger.

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 Adventure of Death." Robert W. MacKenna. \$1.50.
 "The Inward Gospel." W. D. Strappini, S. J. \$1.25, net.
 "Life of the Venerable Louise de Marillac." Alice Lady Lovat. \$3.50, net.
 "Household Organization for War Service." Thetta Quay Franks. \$1.
 "Literature in the Making." Joyce Kilmer. \$1.40.
 "The Story of the Acts of the Apostles." Rev. E. Lynch, S. J. \$1.75.
 "French Windows." John Ayscough. \$1.40, net.

- "Our Refuge." Rev. Augustine Springler. 60 cts.
 "The Will to Win." Rev. E. Boyd Barrett, S. J. 56 cts.
 "False Witness." Johannes Jørgensen. 3s. 6d.
 "Hurrah and Hallelujah." Dr. J. P. Bang. \$1.
 "Gold Must Be Tried by Fire." Richard Aumerle Maher. \$1.50.
 "Anthony Gray,—Gardener." Leslie Moore. \$1.50.
 "Blessed Art Thou Among Women." William F. Butler. \$3.50.
 "History of the Sinn Fein Movement." Francis P. Jones. \$2.00.
 "The Master's Word." 2nd vols. Rev. Thomas Flynn, C. C. \$3.00.
 "An Eight Days' Retreat for Religious." Rev. Henry A. Gabriel, S. J. \$1.50.
 "The Love of God and the Neighbor." Rev. J. V. Schubert. \$1.25.
 "Prolegomena to an Edition of the Works of Decimus Magnus Ausonius." Sister Marie José Byrne, Ph. D. \$1.25.
 "Great Inspirers." Rev. J. A. Zahm, C. S. C., Ph. D. \$1.50.
 "The White People." Francis H. Burnett. \$1.20.

Obituary.

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

Rev. John J. Craven, of the diocese of Hamilton; Rev. Thomas Mungovan, diocese of Fort Wayne; and Very Rev. Mathias Raus, C. SS. R.

Mother M. Joseph, of the Sisters of Mercy; Sister M. Assumpta, Sisters of St. Dominic; and Sister M. Antonius, Sisters of the I. H. M.

Mr. John Foster, Mr. Robert Albig, Mr. W. J. Carbray, Mr. James Halpin, Mr. Lawrence Gerrity, Mrs. M. Morison, Mrs. Thomas Furlong, Hannah G. Tompson, Mr. John Biedenbach, Mr. J. J. Conwey, Mrs. Susan Clemepts, Mr. J. P. Nailon, Mr. Patrick Murphy, Mr. Mathew Lynch, Mr. James Hade, Miss Mary Florian, Mrs. Elizabeth Burns, Mrs. Ellen Enright, Mr. Louis Ell, Mr. H. F. Beuer, Mr. John Fitzpatrick, Mr. John McNulty, Mr. Otto Bauer, Mr. William Koenig, Mr. John Welch, Mr. James Moloney, Mrs. Nellie Mahery, Mr. Henry Lanfer, Mr. J. Donahue, Mr. W. T. LeMaster, and Mr. Henry Michel.

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 rescue and support of orphaned and abandoned children in China: a club offering, per M. W. McC., \$4; friend, \$2.38.



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

VOL. V. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JUNE 30, 1917.

NO. 26

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A New Spring of Divine Poetry.

BY JAMES DAY (1637).*

THOU art my path: I shall not goe awry;
My sight shall never faile: Thou art my eye;
Thou art my clothing: I shan't naked be;
I am no bondman: Thou hast made me free.
I am not pin'd with sickness: Thou art health;
I am no whit impoverish'd: O my Wealth!

Our Lady's Visitation.

BY DOM COLUMBA EDMONDS, O. S. B.

THE mystery of the Visitation of Holy Mary has been for many ages past the subject of special commemoration on the Friday of the Advent Ember week; a casual glance at the Mass for that day will be evidence sufficient of this fact. But an event so important in the life of Our Lady seemed to require greater prominence in the ecclesiastical calendar; hence through the influence of the gentle Spirit that overrules even the ordering of the sacred liturgy there originated during the Middle Ages the welcome festival in honor of the Visitation of the Mother of God.

We are indebted to the inspired pen of Mary's own Evangelist, St. Luke, for the full account which we possess of all that took place on this holy festival. When Our Lady had understood from

the words of the Angel that her cousin St. Elizabeth was shortly to realize the joys of motherhood, she set out with haste to render those offices of charity which lay within her power.

St. Luke is silent as to whether or not Our Lady had a companion with her on her journey across the Galilean hills, but it is generally thought she would not travel so great a distance unaccompanied. If Christian art may be trusted in this matter, St. Joseph was her companion on the journey. Pope Benedict XIV., however, in his work "De Festis," says that certain writers think St. Joseph could not have travelled with Our Lady; otherwise he would have learned from the salutation of her cousin the mystery of the Incarnation; and this, according to the Evangelist, he did not know until the special message was vouchsafed him by the Angel. The time required for the accomplishment of the journey from Nazareth to the house of Zachary would be, in all probability, from four to five days.

One detail mentioned in connection with the Visitation arrests our attention; namely, the apparent haste of the Blessed Virgin to fulfil her intentions. The Holy Ghost has doubtless left this fact on record to indicate the fervor of Mary's charity; it was a charity identical with that mentioned by St. Paul, which urges and presses us.*

The Spirit of God was present at the greeting of Our Lady and St. Elizabeth. The latter, moved by divine inspiration,

* Transcribed from an old MS., for THE AVE MARIA, by L. G.

* II. Cor., v, 14.

exclaimed: "Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the Fruit of thy womb!" The lowly Virgin, filled with the same Holy Spirit, expressed her joy and gratitude to Almighty God by uttering the sublime canticle known as the *Magnificat*. From primitive times the Church took up Mary's Visitation song and embodied it in the evening Office of Vespers.*

The visit of our Blessed Lady probably extended over the space of three months, during which period she was employed by God as the means of accomplishing many marvels, the greatest of which was the sanctification of the Baptist. If, according to the records of the Old Testament, God blessed Obededom and all that was his for sheltering within his house for two months the Ark of the Covenant, what would God not do for that favored household which harbored for so long a time the Immaculate Mother, of whom the Ark was but a figure?

There are two opinions as to whether Our Lady remained with her cousin till after the circumcision of St. John, and in this matter the erudite Benedict XIV. allows perfect freedom.† It may be of interest to know, however, that there are writers who see in the date assigned to the festival (namely, the morrow of St. John's octave day) an indication that the Church does not consider the visit to have terminated until after the solemn imposing of a name on the Precursor of Christ. Should this have been so, then Our Lady must have heard from the inspired lips of Zachary that other noble canticle, the *Benedictus*, which finds a place in the daily Office of Lauds.

INSTITUTION.

The general celebration of a festival in honor of the Visitation dates from the time of the Great Schism in the West, during the fourteenth century. Pope Urban VI., A. D. 1389, being desirous of putting an end to the confusion which

was then desolating the Church, turned to the powerful help of the Blessed Virgin; and, in order to win her aid more speedily in bringing back to the fold the sheep who had followed the voice of hirelings, the Pontiff instituted the solemnity of the Visitation. Previous to this date the feast had been kept by the Order of Friars Minor, and it was not altogether unknown in the East.

The death of Pope Urban hindered the promulgation of the Bull establishing the feast throughout the Church; so it devolved on his successor, Boniface IX., to carry out the cherished project. Pope Urban enriched the feast with the same indulgences as a former Pontiff had attached to the solemnity of Corpus Christi.* Besides which it was part of the original scheme to observe a vigil with a fast and also an octave; but these latter arrangements were never carried into effect, and Pope Boniface was content with advising a fast of devotion only.

At the time when the Visitation festival first graced the calendar of the Church, evil days had fallen on Europe. The faithful were perplexed as to the lawful chief pastor, and the air was rife with dissensions; but our Blessed Lady's help did not fail. Faith was ever preserved intact; and not only was Western Christendom reunited *in fact* as well as *in principle*,† but the heads of the Greek schism also gave in their adherence to the successor of St. Peter. Thus the Feast of the Visitation is not only the solemn commemoration of a mystery associated with the Incarnation of our Redeemer, but it is also a standing memorial in the liturgy of the restored peace of Christendom.

FEAST IN OUR TIMES.

Even in our own times the powerful intercession of the Mother of God has made itself manifest on behalf of the needs of the Church at the recurrence of

* "History of Roman Breviary," Battifol.

† De Festis B. M. V.

* For assisting at Mass and the Divine Office.

† "Liturgical Year," Gueranger.

this same festival. It was on the 2d of July, 1849, that Rome was once again restored to the Sovereign Pontiffs in the person of Pius IX. On November 24, 1848, the Holy Father had been driven forth from the Eternal City by the action of the Italian Revolutionary party. In memory of his happy return the Feast of the Precious Blood was instituted, to be observed annually on the first Sunday of July; and at the same time the Visitation of our Blessed Lady was raised from the rank of double major to that of a double of the second class. This act was but a prelude to that further manifestation of devotion to the Mother of God so characteristic of the reign of Pius IX., which culminated in the solemn definition of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception.

DATE OF THE VISITATION.

As a matter of fact, the Visitation must have taken place immediately after the Annunciation; hence its proper place in the calendar would have been toward the end of the month of March. The celebration of the mystery, however, at that period would have necessitated the introduction of a new feast into the season of Lent, where, according to an established usage, none but the most ancient and important solemnities found a place. Even the Annunciation, for a time, was relegated to the month of December. It is obvious, therefore, that the desire not to multiply the celebration of feasts during Lent led to the postponement of the Visitation to a date which probably coincided with the return of the Blessed Virgin to her own home, after spending some three months with her cousin St. Elizabeth.

THE OFFICE.

According to Pope Benedict XIV., an English cardinal composed the Office for the Feast of the Visitation. The Vesper antiphons are taken from the text of the Gospel of St. Luke. The *Magnificat* deserves special notice, as this is the

anniversary of its first intonation by our Blessed Lady. Every day throughout the year, not even excepting Good Friday, this glorious canticle forms an integral portion of the Vesper Office. On Sundays and festivals solemn rites and the fragrance of incense accompany the chanting of this joyous song. In some monasteries, at the Vespers of the Visitation, the church bells peal during the singing of the *Magnificat*.

In the First Vespers a commemoration is made of the octave day of St. John Baptist; thus, by a happy coincidence, the celebration of the birth of Our Lord's Precursor blends with the praises of her who brought him sanctification.

THE MASS.

With regard to the Mass—at the Introit the Church greets the Virgin Mother with the familiar words of Sedulius: "*Salve sancta parens.*" The Collect prays that the solemnity of the Visitation may be the means of procuring for the faithful the gift of peace.

In private Masses a commemoration is made of the holy martyrs Processus and Martinianus, two Roman soldiers who were converted and baptized by St. Peter in the Mamertine Prison. The relics of these martyrs are still venerated in one of the transepts of St. Peter's at Rome. It is needless to add that their cultus on the 2d of July is anterior to the festival of Our Lady.

During the verse of the Gradual, the Church addresses Mary in joyful strains. The *Virgo Dei Genitrix*, with its quaint and beautiful Gregorian melody, is a portion of a hymn especially popular during the Middle Ages. A twelfth-century manuscript of the monastery of St. Gall combines this verse with *Salve sancta parens*. The Secret and the Post-communion are not really proper to this feast alone, being used in other Masses of our Blessed Lady.

In concluding these notes, it may be said that this festival of our Immaculate Mother unites the whole Church in

prayer for peace and unity. Indeed, it has been shown that for this object the solemnity was especially instituted; the faithful, therefore, who desire to live in union with the life of the Church should endeavor to make these intentions their own. Outside the fold of Peter there are darkness and unrest; many who have hitherto been accustomed to follow the voice of the hireling are dissatisfied and impatient; the help of Our Lady will hasten the time when there shall be but one fold and one Shepherd.

The Crest of the Bodkins.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON.

XLII.—A GRIM TRAGEDY.



IN June the 8th an order was issued for the trial, by court-martial, of Maximilian, Miramon, and Mejia. This court was held in the Iturbide Theatre, the judges occupying the stage. Maximilian was not present, owing to serious illness. Miramon and Mejia were called to plead in person. The judge advocate was Aspiroz, a man of subtle resource and fiery eloquence. The council for the defence were the eminent lawyers, Palacio, De la Torre, Vasquez, and Ortega. The verdict was a foregone conclusion. Only necessary formalities were observed in the proceedings. A verdict of guilty was rendered with indecent haste, and the prisoners sentenced to be shot,—a sentence that was confirmed by Juarez and his council on the day it was announced, the execution being fixed for the 16th of June.

The representatives of the various Powers nobly offered every consideration: pledges that Maximilian would leave the country, and never interfere in its affairs; of alliance and assistance from those Powers; of full indemnity for damages and wrongs inflicted by the Empire; and, finally, threats of fierce vengeance if the execution took place. All failed. Blood

was demanded; and blood the government must have, let the consequences be what they might.

An heroic American woman, wife of Prince Salm-Salm, made preparations for the Emperor's assured escape,—having bribed his guards and every officer whom it was necessary to silence. But Maximilian decided that his honor compelled him to remain and share the fate of his generals.

Maximilian and Miramon and Mejia, who were to die with him, were permitted to spend a part of their last night together, under guard, in a spacious room once used as a hospital by the French garrison. Father Soria, faithful to his trust—as is every priest of God,—remained with them, and spoke those words of consolation that our Holy Mother the Church utters when her children are in direst extremity, and which never fail to nurture the white blossom of hope.

The Emperor wrote several letters,—to his legal advisers, to Juarez; to his brother, the Emperor of Austria; to his mother, the Archduchess Sophia; and to his wife.

The surest witness to his real nobility of character, and which he has left to history, is his letter to Juarez, the man in whose power it lay to give him "sweet, precious life":

"About to suffer death for having wished to prove whether new political institutions could succeed in putting an end to the bloody civil war which has devastated this unfortunate country for so many years, I shall lose my life with pleasure, if that sacrifice can contribute to its peace and prosperity. Fully persuaded that nothing solid can be founded on a soil drenched in blood and shaken by revolutions, I conjure you in the most solemn manner, and with the true sincerity of the moments in which I find myself, that my blood may be the last to be shed; that the same perseverance which I was pleased to recognize and esteem in the midst of prosperity—that with which you have defended the cause which has just

triumphed—may consecrate that blood to the most noble task of reconciling the minds of the people, and in founding in a stable and durable manner the peace and tranquillity of this unhappy country.”

Toward four o'clock the Emperor, who had been striding up and down the room, suddenly wheeled round, and with a dry sob wrote the following letter to his dearly loved wife:

MY BELOVED CARLOTTA:—If God permit that your health be restored, and you should read these few lines, you will learn the cruelty with which Fate has stricken me since your departure for Europe. You took with you, not only my heart, but my good fortune. Why did I not give heed to your voice? So many untoward events! Alas! so many sudden blows have shattered all my hopes; so that death is but a happy deliverance, not an agony, to me. I shall die gloriously like a soldier, like a monarch, vanquished but not dishonored. If your sufferings are too great, and God shall call you soon to join me, I shall bless His divine hand which has weighed so heavily upon us. Adieu,—adieu!

Your poor

MAXIMILIAN.

At 6.30 on the morning of the 19th of June (a three days' reprieve having been gained by the Princess Salm-Salm) three dust-stained, dingy hack-carriages were drawn up at the entrance to the convent. Into the first of these vehicles entered Maximilian, after him Father Soria. The Emperor, pale, composed, dignified, wore a black frock-coat closely buttoned, and a wide-brimmed *sombrero*. From Maximilian's unruffled demeanor a stranger might have readily imagined that he was about to drive to the cathedral to assist at early Mass. At four o'clock Mass had been celebrated and the Holy Viaticum administered. Dr. Basch, the Emperor's private physician, was to have attended; and, missing him, Maximilian sent for him. But the good physician, who could not bear to see his master done to death,

was, at the moment the messenger arrived, prostrated in an agony of grief.

General Miramon, with a *padre*, occupied the second carriage; and General Mejia, also with a *padre*, the third. The military escort was enormously strong; for the Emperor Maximilian was dearly loved, and fear of attempted rescue caused the guard to be out in force. The grim procession was formed thus: five mounted men marched in advance; then followed a company of infantry, composed of eighty men belonging to a regiment known as the "Supreme Powers"; next came the three carriages containing the victims, escorted by a battalion of Nuevo Leon Infantry; and in the rear a guard of two hundred and fifty mounted men—Cazadores de Galeana (or Sharp-Shooters of Galeana).

As the cortége advanced to El Cerro de las Campanas (The Hill of the Bells), the place selected for the work of death, crowds accompanied it,—many shedding tears, many offering up prayers, the large majority holding crucifixes aloft.

About twenty minutes brought the victims to the spot where they were to cast their last glances at God's gracious sunlight. Maximilian stepped lightly out of the carriage, and, removing his *sombrero*, handed it to his faithful body-servant. He wiped his brow with his handkerchief, and directed that hat and handkerchief should be given to his mother. He then stroked his straw-colored beard, and, twisting it a little, thrust it into the breast of his coat, buttoning the coat over it. Then he proudly walked to the spot where he was to be executed, three crosses having been erected to mark the positions to be taken by the condemned. Miramon and Mejia calmly took their places beside him, the Emperor moving Miramon into the place of honor, saying: "Brave men are respected by sovereigns. Permit me to give you the place of honor."

There was an awful silence. Maximilian looked very earnestly about him; then he waved his hand, and in a clear voice, sweet as a bell in the summer air, exclaimed:

"Mexicans! persons of my rank and birth are brought into the world either to insure the welfare of the people or to die as martyrs. I did not come to Mexico from motives of ambition: I came at the earnest entreaty of those who desired the welfare of our country. Mexicans! I pray that my blood may be the last to be shed for our unhappy country; and may it insure the happiness of the nation! Mexicans! long live Mexico!"

Miramón made a short, soldierly appeal to his old comrades in arms; but Mejía, with the stoicism of his race, said nothing.

Three thousand men formed the square. The firing party—consisting of three officers, and three platoons of seven men each—now came into position, at the distance of a few paces.

The Emperor stepped forward, and, handing a gold piece to each soldier, said: "Men, aim well at my heart!" And to the officer who begged forgiveness: "Courage! No forgiveness is necessary. You must obey orders."

The final moment had come. Maximilian's lips moved in prayer. A death-like silence, a ringing order, and eighteen guns were fired simultaneously—six at each victim.

Miramón and Mejía were instantly killed. Maximilian first received four balls—three in the left breast and one in the right; three passing through the body, coming out at the shoulder.

The Emperor fell on his right side, and as he fell he cried out: "*Hombre! Hombre!*" (O man! O man!) Seeing that he still lived, a ball was sent through his heart, and this was the end.

XLII.—HOMEWARD.

The ghastly tidings of the execution of Maximilian came to Arthur Bodkin in New York, and almost drove him crazy. For hours he sat motionless, as though his heart had stopped beating; then he burst into a whirlwind of anger, and then into a torrent of tears. His first thought was to return to Mexico and tackle Benito Juárez and Lerdo de Tejada.

It was several days ere he calmed down to the resolve of repairing to Vienna, if not Miramar, there to learn the details of the grim tragedy, and to rejoin his friends Baron Berghheim and Prince Salm-Salm, and perhaps—meet Alice.

A lovely afternoon in August found our hero in Vienna, and traversing one of the picturesque and narrow streets that led to the Imperial Palace. Arthur's first inquiry was for Rody O'Flynn. The honest fellow had duly arrived, had delivered his dispatches into the "heel of the fist" of the Emperor, and had disappeared.

Arthur bewailed his own stupidity for not telegraphing his arrival at Havre, as, by comparison of dates, he could have held Rody in Vienna. All effort to trace his faithful follower proved fruitless. Could he have returned to Mexico and fallen into the hands of Mazazo? It is needless to say that Bodkin felt anxious, miserable, and worried.

Here Arthur learned that Baron Berghheim was daily, hourly expected; but that Prince Salm-Salm was awaiting the delivery of the late Emperor's body, which the Mexican Government, in a spirit of malignant meanness, still detained.

He also learned from one of the chamberlains that the poor Empress was hopelessly insane, and that she would allow no one near her but her mother and one confidential servant.

"Servant! Miss Nugent?"

"I said *servant*. Miss Nugent is now *en congé*."

"Is—is—she in Vienna?"

"Oh, dear, no! She left for England some weeks ago."

"Or Ireland, perhaps?"

"It might be."

This news disappointed Arthur, who had hoped, with an aching hope, to find Alice if not in Vienna, at Miramar.

The chamberlain informed Arthur that it would be necessary to report his arrival to the Emperor, who was feverishly thirsting for details in connection with the hideous tragedy.

"In fact," said this functionary, "it will be necessary for you to accompany me to Schönbrunn at once."

"I am ready now."

In a few minutes Arthur found himself beside the chamberlain, and whirling down to the palace from whence Napoleon had dictated terms to all Continental Europe.

The Emperor received Arthur with emotion, bade him be seated; and as Bodkin told his tale interrupted him with many questions.

"You stood nobly, sir, by the late Emperor," said Francis Joseph. "What is your rank?"

The Emperor made a note of Bodkin's reply, and added:

"Do you intend to remain in our army?"

"I have not quite made up my mind, sire. Oh, I—I want to go home first—to Ireland."

"An Irishman? I thought so. Be kind enough to leave your address in Ireland with the aid-de-camp on duty. God bless you for what you have done for—" and the Emperor waved Bodkin away.

A telegram from Paris, from Baron Berghem, caused Arthur to start that night; and thirty hours later found the two men literally hugging each other in the courtyard of the Hôtel du Louvre.

"Hey! but I'm a broken-hearted old man!" cried the honest Baron,—*"broken-hearted. I'll never lift my head again. Such a noble fellow! Such honor! Such truth! My God, I heard the guns that murdered him! I hear them every morning; I shall hear them in my coffin."*

Arthur saw the Baron off to Vienna with a sorrowful heart, and prepared to leave Paris. Never did the city look so beautiful, so attractive, so glittering. It was during the height of the Exhibition. Napoleon III. was entertaining his royal brother of Prussia, who within three short years was to receive his sword at the surrender of Sedan. Arthur caught one glance of Maréchal Bazaine, in gorgeous uniform, riding down the Rue de Rivoli *en route* for the Exhibition. He thought

of the fair fiend who was tracking the Maréchal, and wondered if she had yet had sight of him.

Arthur Bodkin telegraphed to Ballyboden, announcing his home-coming, and demanding tidings of Rody O'Flynn.

XLIII.—"BALLYBODEN ABOO!"

The sun was setting behind the Dublin mountains, and throwing up the glorious purple of the heather on Bray Head and the Sugar Loaves, as the steamer "Connaught" spun round the East Pier at Kingstown, and gracefully came alongside her jetty in the harbor. The first passenger to leap from the gangway was Arthur Bodkin, and right into the arms of—Rody, who fairly hugged him like a bear and literally howled for joy, to the astonishment and amusement of the people on the jetty. Bodkin, having tipped the guard, got Rody into the compartment of a first-class carriage, which the railway official duly locked; and for the seven miles to the city the willing and enraptured Rody "discoarsed" to his heart's content; his amiable master bursting in occasionally with ejaculations of joy and uttermost satisfaction.

"Bedad I was heart-scalded intirely the night I left, sir; but a sojer must obey ordhers, and it's not often a sojer gets ordhers from an imperor. I got a packet like a lot of letthers in wan big envelope. And, begob, I sewed the envelope on to the string of me Scapular—the wan that Father Edward gev me, that was blessed by the Pope himself—glory to him!—in Room, no less. I knew that no wan could take it from there, if I was *alive*.—Murdher! but it bates Banagher for to see ye agin, sir!—Well, I had as fine a mount as if ould Casey, Sir Miles Burke's thrainer, put me up on him; and, more betoken, an ordher on the Threasury of Vienna for money, and a belt wid goold in it. So I set out wid every eye in me head wide open; for spies were as thick as pays round Queretaro, and hungry as hawks.—Blessed Vergin! but it raises the

cockles off me heart for to see ye, Masther Arthur *avic!*—Well, sir, I rid all night, and had only wan shot at me—of coorse from behind a bush, sir. ‘Fire away, *ma bouchal!*’ I sez to meself as I rid on, the iligant baste undher me actin’ like a rale intelligent creature. Me instrhuctions were to make sthraight for the say—to Vera Cruz, or any other place where there was a ship. So I held on me coorse all the night, and kem to a soart of sheeben, where I put up, rested, and fed the little baste and meself, shleepin’ wid wan eye open. The same thing that night, and the next, and the next, till I kem to Vera Cruz, to the house of a gintleman thru to the Imperor, who tuk care of me and the baste, until he put us aboard the steamboat that was sailin’ to Marseilles, in France, no less—”

“Put *us!*”

“Yis, sir: sure—sure, the little baste and meself.”

“The horse?”

“Yis, sir. Sure, Masther Arthur dear, I wasn’t goin’ for to lave such a horse to thim Mexicos.”

“And where is the animal now?—where did you leave him?”

“Bedad he’s safe and sound, sir, wid his stomach full of iligant oats, in wan of the loose boxes at Ballyboden.”

“Ballyboden, Rody,—at home?” gasped Arthur.

“At home, sure enough, glory be to God, Masther Arthur!”

“And you have been at Ballyboden,—do you mean it?”

“Bedad I was, sir. I—I had for to run across, sir, and just for a couple of hours. And the leddies is iligant,—your darlint mother and the young leddies. And I seen Father Edward and got his blessin’. He’s lukkin’ like a twenty-year ould. His Riverince was all over Europe, and he seen Miss Nugent, Masther Arthur.”

“Where?”

“Somewhere in Roosia or Proosia, sir; but sure he’ll tell ye himself.—*Musha, musha*, but I feel like leppin’ into the

say, sir, for to see ye agin! The sight left me whin I saw ye.”

Honest Rody did not tell his master that he had rushed over to Ballyboden to place the sum of two thousand pounds—the amount of the order on the Imperial Treasury given him by the Emperor Maximilian, who never did anything by halves—in the hands of the *châtelaine*, assuring the delighted lady that it was prize-money taken from the enemy by her son; and the only cloud on his present happiness was as to how he should excuse himself to his master for taking such a liberty and telling such a “whopper.”

So anxious was Arthur to get home that he took the midnight train from the Broadstone terminus, dining at Burton Bindon’s, for the sake of Rody’s company, and killing the rest of the time at the Stephen’s Green Club, where he encountered “Tom” Nedley, “Charlie” Barry, and a few genial spirits,—all of whom were delighted to see him, and listened with bated breath to his description of the stirring scenes in the land of the Montezumas.

Bodkin found his mother and sisters awaiting him at the station; also Father Edward, who solemnly blessed him on his return; and the entire population of about three baronies, including the lame, the halt and the blind. A thundering cheer went up as he stepped from the carriage, repeated at intervals, the many-headed taking “time” from Barney Branigan, whose leathern lungs were the admiration of the whole country.

When the house party were seated in the conveyance, Father Edward included, with Rody O’Flynn on the box, the horses were unharnessed, and the “boys,” cheering and laughing, drew the vehicle up the avenue and to the hall-door at Ballyboden.

Here Peter McCoy, acknowledged to be the most powerful performer on the cornopean the Galway side of the Shannon, nearly burst his lungs, and the instrument too, with the blowing of “Home, Sweet Home!” followed by “I have Roamed

through Many Lands"; winding up amid thunders of applause, again and again repeated, with "Killarney." Then Tom Casey, who had delivered the address on Arthur's departure outdid himself on the address of welcome home,—his allusions to the direful tragedy in which Bodkin played a part being in exquisite taste, and replete with honest feeling. Arthur's reply was simply a rush of words from his heart.

There was a grand spread in the old yew-shaded yard, where everybody sat down on benches; and, to the intense astonishment and unbounded delight of all present, Father Edward himself joined in singing "The Wedding of Ballyporeen."

"Well, that prize-money came in very handily," laughed Lady Emily Bodkin to her son.

"What prize-money, mother?"

"The money you sent over by Rody."

Arthur wondered very much; and, fearing complication, simply answered:

"Oh!"

"I towld Father Edward, Masther Arthur,—I did, sir, and he absolved me. Sure I daren't touch so much money: it would burn me. Besides, if I *did* earn any of it, wasn't it for the ould place, not for the likes of me?"

Arthur on the first opportunity drew Father Edward aside.

"You met Miss Nugent, Father?"

"I did, Arthur; and, my dear boy, she is yours."

A wave of joy passed through Bodkin's heart, almost stopping its beating.

"Where did you meet her, Father?"

"At Aix-les-Bains. The dear child was very much run down by her ceaseless care of the poor afflicted Empress."

"And is she still at Aix?" demanded Arthur, visions of mail-trains, channel boats, and expresses flashing across his mind's eye.

"No: she left before we did, and I do not know in what direction."

Father Edward's words lit up the face of Arthur with a radiance that was scarcely of the earth earthy. He would seek her

at once—the next day—and learn of his happiness from her own lips.

It was during dinner that a note was handed to one of the Misses Bodkin.

"It is for you, Arthur, and is from Kiltiernan."

"I suppose it's an invitation from the Marchioness," observed his mother. "Is anybody waiting for an answer?"

"Yes, me Lady," replied the servant. "The boy's on the horse at the hall-dure. His orders, he says, is not to dismount, but ride back at wanst."

"It's nine miles from here to the house," said Miss Bodkin.

"Why, it's nearer twenty," retorted her sister; "and—"

Arthur had opened the letter, glanced at its contents, clutched it, read it as if he would swallow every word; and, bounding to his feet, rushed down to the hall-door, where the messenger from Kiltiernan awaited the reply.

"Say," he breathlessly exclaimed,—"say that I shall be over in half an hour! Here." And he handed the astonished lad half a crown. "Fly!"

Can my readers guess why Arthur Bodkin of Ballyboden was so exceedingly agitated upon the receipt of a lavender-colored note from Kiltiernan Castle? His mother could not; his sisters were dumfounded.

Here is the letter that caused our hero to bound from the table as if he had been shot, to rush down the stairs three at a time, to recklessly exploit half a crown when sixpence would have done, and to order Rody to saddle a horse as though to join a sortie:

KILTIERNAN CASTLE,
Tuesday.

DEAR ARTHUR:—Come over as soon as you can, and tell me *all*. O my God, what a terrible *finale!* Such a man! Such a woman! Such a fate!
Your old friend,

ALICE NUGENT.

P. S.—I arrived last night, and only one minute ago learned that you also were at home.

Merrily rang the wedding-bells on the glorious September morning that Father

Edward united Arthur Bodkin of Ballyboden to Alice Nugent. She came to her lover richly dowered; for "Count Nugent and I," Father Edward laughed, "saw to that." The Emperor and Empress of Austria sent presents fit for a reigning prince and princess. Baron Bergheim did not forget them, nor did the Prince and Princess Salm-Salm; while the ladies of the Court, from Carlotta's mother, literally showered gifts on the ill-fated Empress' favorite Maid of Honor. In addition, the Imperial Austrian Treasury forwarded to Arthur, at the order of the Emperor, the sum of twenty thousand pounds—"for distinguished and unflinching services rendered to the Emperor and Empress of Mexico."

"Well, Rody, what about marrying that fair relative of yours?" asked Arthur one day of his faithful friend.

"Begob, sir, I'm just thinkin' she's half a Mexico. I'd rayther have Norah Brady, of Tuppertown beyant, if it goes to that."

Strange to say, Harry Talbot married Mary O'Flynn, having been brought into communication with her on account of her father's property in the mine. Talbot is a very wealthy man; but, although Irish to the backbone and a thorough Nationalist, has never revisited his beloved native land.

Of Mazazo never a word was heard; but of the Señora, his wife, quite too many; as she became a noted person in Paris; and, following Bazaine, was taken prisoner on the disgraceful surrender of Metz.

A beautiful altar of Mexican onyx was erected in Father Edward's chapel by Mr. and Mrs. Bodkin, and at the apex of the exquisite stained-glass window over it shines out in brightest radiance a star: "The Crest of the Bodkins."

(The End.)

THEY who educate children well are more to be honored than they who beget children; the latter only give them life, the former make them well-living.

—Aristotle.

"The Poet of the South Seas."

BY CHARLES PHILLIPS.

THE majority of California's most famous writers have been, after all, only adopted sons and daughters of the Golden West: Bret Harte was born in New York, Mark Twain in Missouri, Joaquin Miller in Ohio, Ina Coolbrith in Illinois; and so it was with Charles Warren Stoddard. He first saw the light of day in Rochester, N. Y., on August 7, 1843. But, like his lifelong friend, Ina Coolbrith, who is to-day the sole remaining one of the oldtime group of California's literary giants, Stoddard went to the Pacific Coast when a mere child, and spent the greater part of his impressionable youth in the country that he was later to glorify by his genius. "I came to San Francisco in 1855, when I was a kid," he once wrote in an impromptu autobiographical sketch (he was scarcely twelve); "and San Francisco has been my only home ever since."

Though he wandered far, even after these words were written, and hung his broad-brimmed hat in many a strange corner of the world, San Francisco still remained his home—at least up to the time of the earthquake of 1906. After that he had a sort of horror of his old home city. To him it had vanished; and the fire-charred remains of it, and the new city that rose over them, gave him "the shivers," as he often put it. Invariably he fled back to his sylvan retreat by the shores of moon-bayed Monterey. It was there he had hidden himself in 1905, when he returned for the last time to California. Fêted by the Bohemian Club, and lionized and hailed by all San Francisco as the prodigal returned, he broke away at last from that hilarious welcome and hied him back to one of the dearest haunts of his youth, Old Monterey, where he had chummed it with Robert Louis Stevenson thirty years before.

The youthful days of so shy and tender

a soul as Stoddard was were bound to be full of the tragedy of childhood. "I was a lonely child," he tells us in "A Troubled Heart." "Blessed with brothers and a sister near my own age; nourished always in the tenderest paternal and maternal love; surrounded by troops of friends, whose affection was won without effort, and whose sympathy was shown in a thousand pretty, childish ways, I was still lonely, and often loneliest when least alone. It was my custom, when my heart was light and my spirit gay, to steal apart from my companions, and, throwing myself upon the lawn, look upon them in their sports as from a dim distance. Their joy was to me like a song, to which I listened with a kind of rapture, but in which I seldom or never joined. Love, intense and absorbing love, and love alone, was my consolation."

Those words reveal the quivering, sensitive soul of one chosen for the heights of poesy; and through all his life the same wistfulness, as of one set apart, was characteristic of the sweet-natured man, despite his cheery ways and his droll wit. It is easy to imagine him (as he pictures himself to us in the opening of his "South Sea Idyls") a lad of fourteen sent back to New York to school in 1857, finding a hidden place for himself in one of the life-boats of the ship, and lying there alone by the hour weeping, often, for he knew not what. And, of course, from boyhood he was an ardent reader. He knew the Bible almost by heart; throughout his writings the note of Scriptural parallelism is pleasantly evident. How beautifully its chantlike measures sound through his matchless "Bells of San Gabriel"!

Two years, then, were spent in California, two years at school in the East, and then once more he returned to the West. He was a tall and handsome stripling by this time. He secured work in the San Francisco bookstore of T. C. Beach—a haven of delight for such a book-hungry lad as he,—and he began to write poetry in earnest. His verses at-

tracted the attention of Starr King, California's foremost citizen in the days of the Civil War,—the man who saved California to the Union in that terrible crisis. And that generous soul patted the young poet on the back, encouraged him, and told him to go to college.

He went, but he was frail; and his studies at the University of California during 1863 and 1864 proved too much for him. Ill health prevented his graduation. It was, however, this same ill health that sent him on the golden quest that was destined to color his whole life and all his writings. He went to the South Seas in 1864, and discovered, once and for all time, those "islands of tranquil delight" which he was to immortalize in English literature, and to which he was to return again and again.

All this time his literary genius had been steadily developing. He had written his first verses when only thirteen ("they were accepted by the old *Waverly Magazine*—to my horrible delight!"); and he had continued in boyhood to compose. At the University, he says, "I fretted and studied and was 'kept in' for my compositions, which I found were a burden because they had to be written in prose." But his first trip to the South Seas, and his success in writing letters thence, gave him his first impetus as a prose writer. When he returned home he felt that he was ready for a journalistic career, and forthwith he took it up.

Journalism, however, he soon found, could hardly pay him bread and butter. His contributions to C. H. Webb's "Alta California" charmed everybody and were eagerly published—but they were not paid for; and so it was then with most of his writings. In a short time things became so desperate with the ambitious young fellow that he determined to throw the whole thing over and try something else. He tried the drama—he became an actor. He made his first stage appearance at the Academy of Music in Sacramento, playing "Arthur Apsly" in "The Willow

Copse." "In two months at that theatre," Stoddard tells us, "I learned more than I shall be able to forget in a thousand years!"

His theatrical experience was a bitter one. He hated it,—his native timidity was never overcome: he suffered agonies. He was soon back at his writing; and before the year 1867 had passed, his first book had appeared. Its simple title was "Poems." In my precious autograph copy of that rare volume Stoddard wrote: "This windfall of verses was gathered and edited by Bret Harte. I am prouder of that fact than of anything in the book."

The year 1867 was indeed a momentous one for Stoddard. It marked not only his formal introduction to the world of letters, but signalized also the most serious step he had ever taken—his happy entrance into the Church, an event which not only changed his whole life interiorly, but eventually altered the entire direction of his energies by leading him into the career of a teacher, at which so many of his years were spent. For two years (1885-1887) he was Professor of English Literature at Notre Dame University, Indiana; and for thirteen years he held the same chair in the Catholic University of America, at Washington. But this is anticipating.

The "Poems" of 1867, taken mostly from the *Overland Monthly*—of which Bret Harte was editor, and with whom, and Ina Coolbrith, Stoddard formed what was called "the literary triumvirate of the day,"—won unexpected praise for the young poet. The success of the book really set him on his literary feet, and eventually resulted in his making a second journey to the South Seas, whither he went to write, and saturate his soul in the tropics. This time he stayed two years (from 1868 to 1870), and during this period he did some of the best work of his career, writing for the *Atlantic Monthly*, the *Century*, *Lippincott's*, the *Galaxy*, the *Overland*, and others. His poem "Lahaina"—

Where the wave tumbles,
Where the reef rumbles,—

praised by Longfellow, and by him chosen for an anthology as a representative poem of the tropics,—was written on this journey. Then in 1872 he went once more to the islands. And in the autumn of the year following, the literary world acclaimed the gathered fruits of those delightful wanderings, in his incomparable book, "South Sea Idyls," a work which at once gave Stoddard an international reputation. It was published simultaneously in Boston by the famous old house of James R. Osgood & Co.; and in London by Chatto & Windus.

In 1873 Stoddard went to Europe. His fame now was such that editors begged for his writings at any cost; and he became the special travelling correspondent of the *San Francisco Chronicle*. He spent five years abroad, not returning till 1878. He travelled Italy "from top to toe," as he was wont to say, spending much time in Rome, Venice, and on the Isle of Capri. During this time he wrote constantly, and wandered from one country to another, in the fashion of a true pilgrim, eschewing the ways of the professional tourist and "getting under the skin" of all the lands and peoples that he visited. He crossed the Mediterranean to Africa, then sailed to Palestine and made a thorough pilgrimage through the Holy Land. The fruits of those busy years of travel and observation "behind the wandering toe" were many and rich. His charming personality, his handsome face and naturally distinguished manner, won him *entrée* into the hearts of all. As if by magic, doors were opened for him that were closed to all other travellers. His smile, his musical voice, his sensitive nature, ever quick to comprehend, were golden keys to many a hidden mystery of those far and ancient lands. His published letters during these years were copied all over this country, and made his name a household word in America. "Mashallah; A Flight into Egypt," and "A Cruise under the Crescent," were the choice results of these travels.

Returning to America, Stoddard spent about two years at home, and then, in 1881, made his final visit to the South Sea Islands. He remained there till 1884, revelling in the life of the tropics into which he so gracefully and joyously fitted, and gathering new material for future writing. That he gleaned fruitfully in those strange and enchanting lands was proven by his successful "Lepers of Molokai," published in 1885, and later by his "Island of Tranquil Delight," which ran into three editions.

The next epoch of Stoddard's life embraces his career as a teacher. For fifteen years he held the chair of English literature in two of the Catholic Universities of this country—Notre Dame, and the Catholic University of America; and, with the exception of one visit to Europe in 1887-8, he took no rest from his arduous labors. The work was not always congenial. It was hard for a man of Stoddard's temperament—and one who had all his life revelled in the freedom of a gypsy, as it were—to tie himself down to the formalities and restraints of the lecture hall. But, on the other hand, there were characteristics of Stoddard that made him particularly successful as a teacher. He loved boys: he understood them; he was one of them. He never grew up: he was at heart a Peter Pan. His influence on the scores, even hundreds, of young men who came under his tutelage was gentle and far-reaching. He taught them more than literature: he taught them the language of the heart.

So it is to-day that among many of the foremost literary men of the country the memory of "Dad" Stoddard is affectionately cherished as would be that of a dear chum of college days. His sweetness of nature, his gentle kindness, made his "boys" his devoted slaves. His helpful criticism was ever at their service. In the generosity of his spirit he gave, gave, gave,—he was forever rewriting theses, polishing off sermons, touching up poems, smoothing over essays or stories for the

flock of friends and devotees that gathered around him. Practically all the great men and women of his day were his friends and admirers; yet he remained always the unspoiled child, with time and love for everyone, no matter how poor or obscure, who came to him for guidance. He freely spent himself for all, and asked only love in return. And even when he criticised, he did it with the most winning grace; and always there was his droll wit and his slow, sweet smile: "You can't swallow the ocean in one gulp," he slyly laughed up at me one day as his fat old purple-blooded pen slashed through a "sea poem" I had submitted to him. He made his victims happy even while he was decapitating them!

Truthfully has it been said that no man of his day enjoyed a wider friendship among the world's great literary folk than Stoddard. Bret Harte, Mark Twain, Joaquin Miller were his intimates. He knew Longfellow, Holmes, Lowell, George Eliot, Charles Kingsley, Stevenson—the list grows interminable. For Stevenson he had a most tender attachment, dating from the days when they shared starvation together in old Monterey and on Rincon Hill in San Francisco,—that eyrie of the crags that Stevenson describes in "The Wrecker" and that is also the opening scene of Stoddard's "For the Pleasure of His Company."

The amount of work accomplished by Stoddard during his arduous teaching years was tremendous. His lectures on English literature, carefully written out, would have easily made two or three handsome volumes. And what treasures they would be to-day,—the story of our literature told in the crystal and golden language of Stoddard! But, alas! when he was done with his teaching, he destroyed those precious manuscripts,—a "bloody deed," I told him many a time, that I could never quite forgive. "Why, why did you do it?"—"The world didn't need that stuff," was his answer. "Many another man has told the story of Eng-

lish literature far better than I could."

During these years of teaching, new books continued to come steadily from Stoddard's pen. In 1885, his famous "Lepers of Molokai," which has seen many editions, was published by THE AVE MARIA; and in the same year, "A Troubled Heart." In 1894 came "Lazy Letters from Low Latitudes"; in 1896, "The Wonder-Worker of Padua," a charming life of the beloved Franciscan friar for whom Stoddard had the most fervent devotion. "A Cruise under the Crescent" (already mentioned) appeared in 1898; and in 1899, "Over the Rocky Mountains to Alaska." In 1902 he again took up his Californian pen and gave us "In the Footprints of the Padres," one of his most successful books: a third edition has been published since his death. In 1903 came "Exits and Entrances," a work which, with his "South Sea Idyls" and "Mashallah," ranks as his best. I do not think we have in all our literature a more charming or more valuable work of literary reminiscences than "Exits and Entrances," with its first-hand pictures (all done in mellow tones and golden tints) of the London of Dickens; of the England of Shakespeare; of memorable hours spent with George Eliot and Charles Kingsley; of recollections of Bret Harte, Joaquin Miller, and others. It is in this book we find the inimitable "Shottery Tryst," and that wistful sketch of the clock-tinker of Bloomsbury, "Old Pendulum."

The same year (1903) saw the publication of Stoddard's only attempt at the novel, "For the Pleasure of His Company," a book that is really an autobiography. ("How I did give myself away in that story!" he once said laughingly to me. "That is Stoddard stark-naked!") For this book we have really to thank his friend Rudyard Kipling, who admired it so much that he induced Stoddard to print it,—though Stoddard had held it back for ten years and more. It was Kipling, too, who christened the story.

To those who have the "key" to this tale it is a revelation; for nearly every character in it is some famous Californian in the disguise of a fictitious name.

Finally, in 1903, Stoddard's most prolific year, so far as publication went, "Father Damien," a sketch, was published; and in 1904, "The Island of Tranquil Delights." This delicious return to his first love of the Golden Tropics was Stoddard's last book; although during the next few years, in spite of failing health, he turned out a great amount of writing, and was not only making ready to publish new volumes, but also was carefully collecting his poems. Besides verse and many short articles, these years saw a fine series of papers in the *National Magazine* of Boston; and a history of the Missions of California, in the *Sunset Magazine*,—a history which, however, was never finished; and also a French edition of "The Idyls." In France Stoddard was called "the American Pierre Loti." Three volumes that Stoddard planned during those years—he himself told me the titles—were: "The Friends of my Youth," "Under Italian Skies," and "The Dream Lady,"—all to be made from his collected writings in the magazines, especially THE AVE MARIA. It is doubtful now if these books will ever see the light. The last of all his books, a new and revised edition of "The Lepers of Molokai," was published in December, 1908, a few months before his death.

Although Stoddard published but one volume of verse during his lifetime, he never ceased writing poetry; and, as I have said, he made a careful collection of it, which is some day, let us hope, to be brought out by Miss Coolbrith, his closest friend and literary executor. His last verses, found by Miss Coolbrith and myself on the floor of his bedroom after his death, were a few pathetic and prophetic lines of prayer for sleep and rest, that, like Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar," proved to be the poet's final utterance.

In that little impromptu autobiography

that Stoddard wrote, to which I have already referred, the poet concluded thus: "I am a Catholic, and may end my days in some Italian monastery—unless my days end themselves before I get there." He had always a great love for the followers of St. Francis. During a visit to Italy, he spent several weeks in one of the quiet retreats of the Order. He was, in fact, a Franciscan himself, being a member of that famous Third Order which the Seraph of Assisi founded for people in the world; his most striking portrait was that painted in Munich in 1875 by Joseph Strong, showing him in his brown Franciscan habit. And though it was his desire at the end to find his last couch within the hallowed walls of Santa Barbara, his dream was not to be realized. In the old town of Monterey that he had always loved, his days, alas! "ended themselves," all unexpectedly, on Friday evening, April 23, 1909, after but a few days' slight illness. With a tile from Serra's beloved Mission Carmelo placed under his head for his last earthly pillow, he was buried in San Carlos' Cemetery at Monterey; and there he lies, his grave, marked with a little marble stone, almost forgotten to-day, and known to very few.

To one who understood the strange and sensitive temperament of Charles Warren Stoddard, the amount and variety of his published work is nothing short of astonishing. Twelve volumes of the choicest writings are to his credit, and a dozen more of uncollected writings. He was one of those who suffered in all that he did. It was not as easy for him to write as one, reading the lucent flow of his cadenced language, might imagine. "Some folks call me lazy!" he exclaimed once to me. "If they only might see the tons of stuff I have written and never published! He was a stylist *par excellence*, and no more sensitive master of perfect prose has ever written in the English tongue than he who penned "A Shotty Tryst" or "The Nautilus." Stoddard wrote English prose "with the godlike gesture,"

yet his fine ear never would permit him to fall into mere metrical phrasing. As in his wistful personality his wit was ever a saving salt, so in his writing that same grace of unsuspected humor ("mustang humor" William Dean Howells calls it in his Introduction to "South Sea Idyls,"—"mustang," no doubt, because it never went in harness, and invariably kicked up its flashing heels without a warning),—so in his writing his humor always saves the page, when sighing sea and perfumed gale, when tropic palm and dusky love, begin to make the brain humid with their languorous beauty.

Stoddard was a shy spirit born for another planet, and, by some gigantic miscarriage of the machinery of the stars, thrust upon this rough and alien earth. But he brought with him, from that undiscovered bourne of his, a sweetness and a gentleness that made him all human. (Jack London in his Alaskan lingo called him "The Love Man.") He was a devout Catholic, and love was the touchstone of his life. Long years ago, when he was wandering in the isles of the Southern Seas, even the native savages would run to him with love and greeting. The world seemed to open its arms to him wherever he might go.

"Oh, but I am a horrible pagan!" he would laugh; yet his pure frankness, the innocence and honesty with which he spoke and wrote, disarmed all criticism. There was absolutely not a drop of prudery in his whole make-up. Beauty and purity were one to him. Mark Twain declares in his Autobiography that Stoddard was not only "refined, sensitive, charming, gentle, generous, honest himself and unsuspecting of other people's honesty," but "the purest male I have known, in mind and speech. An indelicate story," Twain adds, "was a sharp distress to Stoddard."

The prismatic nature of the beloved Stoddard is revealed in a thousand lovely lights in his prose and his poetry. "Everything I have written is autobiographical," he said to me once, when I begged him

to go to work on a volume of memoirs. His books, though they be about everything else in the world but himself, still tell his own story as no one else can tell it. For the biographer, then, after he has set down this brief running account of the poet's life, there remains but this—to speak his word of tribute to the memory of his hero, and be done. But to pay that tribute is to open one's heart to the world, as Stoddard opened his, freely and with the abandon of perfect affection, to all who loved him. My tribute I can utter best in the simple words, "I loved him. I can never forget him." And to those words let me but add the poet's own plea, taken from his little book, "A Troubled Heart." "You who have read these pages," he cries out,—“these pages written from the heart, after much sorrow and long suffering, though I be still with you in the flesh, or this poor body be gathered to its long home,—you whose eyes are now fixed upon this line, I beseech you pray for me!”

Vogel and Binder.

BY A. OSKAR KLAUSMANN.

(CONCLUSION.)

“FOUR months afterward I repeated my visit, when I penitently confessed that I was no opera singer, but a mere prosy Prussian law student, who had gone on that expedition for a benevolent purpose. Mother and daughter were well pleased at this information; though I believe that Paula would have married me even if I had been an opera singer.”

At this his wife bowed her head, and held out her hand with a smile. The Judge continued:

“We had been rambling about the country for two weeks; and, though our expenses were considerable, we always managed to save something, and soon had enough on hand to meet our friend's note. But we had begun to like our rambling life, and perhaps we even thought of

replenishing our own coffers; at any rate, we resolved to travel two weeks longer. Vogel and Binder were growing bolder and bolder, you see.

“Heaven had protected us as long as we were intent on a charitable purpose; but now, when we resumed our travels for mere gain and wanton love of adventure, we narrowly escaped the chastisement which we merited; and it was only the extraordinary impudence—I can call it nothing else—of Ruprecht that delivered us from peril.”

“Here, Judge, I must solemnly protest,” said Ruprecht, smiling. “Our help and escape came to us solely by means of a certain young lady, who for a considerable time past had taken an interest in a certain young limb of the law; else all our impudence would have been of no avail. To all appearances, we should have been ‘plucked,’—that is, dismissed from the career of law. Our president was not a man to be trifled with, still less was Judge Baumgärtner, of the Supreme Court of Appeals. He was known amongst the younger practitioners at the bar as the ‘General Code,’ because he judged everything by the letter of the law. You and mamma,” added the speaker, turning to his wife, “had to swallow many a bitter pill on account of the sternness of papa. But resume your story, my dear Amberg, and pardon the interruption.”

“I have explained,” said the latter, “that our success had made us bold, and it certainly was brazen of us to challenge Fortune to her face by announcing a performance in Flinsberg, a watering-place in the Prussian territory. We were on our way back to Breslau, with our pockets well filled with money, after having enjoyed ourselves to our hearts' content. And what more could we desire? But the sword of Damocles was hanging over our heads.

“Flinsberg at that time was only beginning to be known as a watering-place, and we could not expect to earn much; but we counted rather on the patronage of

the neighboring gentry than on that of the visitors. I remember that, we felt rather melancholy. We were taking leave of our free artistic life, our jolly tramps, and in a few days we were to be transformed again into sedate and respectable Prussian law students.

"The evening was a disappointment: there were hardly thirty persons in the audience. Ruprecht opened the performance on a rather shaky old piano, and I stepped out on the platform. Instinctively I took in my audience; for the confidence that I had by this time acquired enabled me to study them whilst I spoke. That sea of faces, which to the beginner appears to wave to and fro, and in which he can not distinguish a single countenance, was an open book wherein I could read the impression that I made. But it required all my self-command to keep me from breaking down in my declamation when, just in front of me, I recognized the 'General Code.'

"We were personally acquainted with Baumgärtner, and, alas! he was personally acquainted with us too; for he had been one of our professors. That he recognized us I felt no doubt; I could discern it in the peculiar and sinister smile with which he regarded me. He was called the 'General Code' because, as Ruprecht has already explained, he was a rigorous jurist, who would be delighted to see the whole world governed by the prescriptions of the Prussian General Code.

"When the first intermission came, I said to Ruprecht: 'Did you see the "General Code?"'

"And the wretch answered, with the utmost coolness: 'Yes, of course I did. He did not seem to be much gratified, and neither am I.'

"And what do you think will be done in the matter?' I asked my fellow-tramp in alarm.

"Oh!" said he, coolly, 'what more can they do than pluck us? It will be advisable for us to send in our resignation to-morrow from the service of the State,

or we shall hear of the matter in a way that will not be pleasant. Our career in the law is at an end.'

"And you can say that so coolly?' I exclaimed.

"Yes, with all the coolness in the world I can say it. I am not in the least alarmed about the future. What we have just been doing for fun we can do in earnest; and if you only stick to me, let all the judges in creation do their worst, and what need we care? You see that we can make a better living than if we were already on the judge's bench.'

"I must confess that at first I thought this logic conclusive; but when I came to reflect on what my mother would say when she learned that I had become a tramp musician, while she expected to see me a lawyer, a cold shiver crept over me. Most of my family had held offices for generations, and I should be looked upon as a degenerate if I were to adopt Ruprecht's suggestion. Whilst we were discussing the matter a servant brought us a note, written in pencil, to the following effect:

"Papa has recognized you, and is wild. After the concert he intends to call on you and force a confession from you and your friend. Flee at once if you can. Papa has no witnesses, and I would not speak of this matter for the world. Mamma will also be silent.

'ELFRIDA.'

"At the lower left-hand corner of the note was written: 'To Lawyer Ruprecht. Best wishes.'

"Yes, my dear Madam," continued Amberg, laughing, "you should have seen the smile of friend Ruprecht then, as he held the note in his hand and remarked, oracularly:

"It is one of the mysteries of Providence that the most terrible fathers have the sweetest and most amiable daughters. This Elfrida, daughter of the "General Code," is a pearl amongst women. See how anxious she is about us. If the old

gentleman had any hint of it, I believe he would disinherit her.'

"I think it is now my turn to take up the thread of the narrative," said Ruprecht, "as the part to come concerns me and my dear wife; and thus the children may know how it all came about. Will you permit me, my dear Amberg?"

"With the greatest pleasure," answered the visitor, heartily. "I have talked myself dry, and now I shall quietly sip my wine whilst you speak."

Ruprecht hereupon took his wife's hand, which he continued to hold during the rest of the narrative. He then began:

"I had several times met Miss Elfrida Baumgärtner in company, and had begun to take an interest in her. I often reflected that she was more to me than any other woman, and I even fancied that she did not look upon me with indifference. But such a father as the 'General Code' was enough to frighten any young man from seeking the hand of his daughter, especially when that father had the young man under his authority.

"When I received Elfrida's note, I was moved. I felt as if the misfortune into which we had fallen was not so bad as it seemed at first, since I had discovered that Elfrida was interested in my fate. In the note of warning we were indeed both included, but I considered that I had the first place. I saw that Elfrida was interested for both of us, but I persuaded myself that it was more than a friendly interest which she took in me. I tore a leaf out of my note-book and wrote:

"I must speak to you if possible this evening in the garden of the hotel, were it only for five minutes. My heartiest thanks for the kind warning, which I shall never forget.'

"I charged the servant most strictly to give this note to the young lady privately. Then we went on with the second part of our programme, which was received with enthusiastic applause. Immediately after the concert we hastened to our room, and five minutes afterward the servant

brought us a card, with the message that the Judge of the Final Court of Appeals desired to speak to us. We boldly sent back word that we had not the honor of knowing that eminent gentleman; that we were tired out after the concert; moreover, we were not accustomed to receive visits at so unseasonable an hour; but that we should feel highly honored if the distinguished Judge would favor us with his visit next morning.

"That such an answer would not soften the Judge we very well knew. But what of it? Our career was ruined; for the 'General Code' knew no pity, and would denounce us to the president. With any other man we might have had a chance to explain. We would have made known our reasons for starting on our concert tour; we should perhaps have said, '*Pater, peccavi,*' and suggested that as a penance we be sent to some remote provincial town, and the matter would end there. But with the 'General Code' there was no defence and no appeal to be hoped for; although indeed he was a member of the highest Court of Appeals. Fate had confronted us with the one amongst our superiors with whom there was least chance.

"After we had declined the unwelcome visit, I slipped into the garden, and a few minutes later Miss Elfrida came out through the back door of the hotel. Her room was at a distance from that of her parents, and thus it had been possible for her to meet me. We were only five minutes together, but those five minutes determined our lives, and determined them most happily. I was now prepared, if needs be, to suffer the worst blows of fortune. I was the happiest man on earth. I begged her to meet me next morning on the same spot at five o'clock, because I must speak to her again by daylight; and she nodded assent.

"When I returned to our room and saw my dear Amberg sitting there with such a woe-begone countenance, I could not help bursting out into a hearty laugh. My heart was swimming, overflowing

with joy. But here let me beg Amberg to resume the story; for he can better describe the surprise that followed during the next few days."

"You are right," replied Amberg. "It belongs to me to tell of that. I do not know that I was ever so much astonished in my life.

"That Ruprecht had a meeting with Miss Elfrida I knew, but I did not ask him what was the subject of their interview; for at his return he wore a strange look, and did not seem inclined to talk. That he had another interview with her next morning I did not know. Neither did he refer to it during our journey back to Breslau; in fact, we spoke but little on that journey. I once asked him: 'Shall we send in our resignation from the courts as soon as we arrive?' And he answered, with a laugh: 'Not yet; there is time enough.'

"The morning after our arrival in Breslau there appeared in the local newspaper—which was read not only in Breslau, but throughout the entire province,—the following brief notice in the column of family news:

"Elfrida Baumgärtner — Joseph Ruprecht, engaged to be married."

"For a full quarter of an hour after reading this notice, I sat with the paper in my hand, doubting whether I was dreaming. And yet the notice was really there. It could not help being there; for friend Ruprecht had carried it to the printing-office with his own hands, and had paid for its insertion.

"This sudden engagement, of which even Elfrida's parents knew nothing, was one of the strokes of genius by which Ruprecht sought to ward off any proceedings that the 'General Code' might be disposed to take against us. The scene that was enacted next day at Flinsberg, when the notice of the engagement was received, is one that could be described only by the amiable daughter herself. The Judge of the High Court of Appeals stormed at the rascally trick that was

played on him; but when Miss Elfrida told him that the notice was inserted with her consent, and that she insisted on marrying Ruprecht, he nearly became frantic.

"For the first time Judge Baumgärtner met with opposition in his own family, and he very soon discovered that his amiable daughter was possessed of the same spirit as himself. In vain did the mother strive to mediate. For three days he stormed and raved about the house like one deranged; on the fourth he started back to Breslau with his wife and daughter; on the fifth he called on us at our rooms, and on the afternoon of the same day, without a protest, but smiling and dignified, he received congratulations on the engagement of his daughter to such a promising and worthy young man. He had had the good sense to recognize that it would be better for him to yield to the inevitable, approve the engagement, and be discreetly silent as to our musical escapade.

"Ruprecht's genius had triumphed. Two years afterward he stood his final examination, and then married our dear friend. I had passed my examination at the same time, and in fourteen days followed him to the altar.

"And now, children, you can see for yourselves how providential for us was that tramp through Bohemia; and you will understand why I now propose the toast:

"The ladies, Madam Elfrida Ruprecht and Madam Paula Amberg, who proved themselves to be saving angels to us when we were in hard straits: Long life to them, long life to them, and once more long life!"

In Holy Communion.

BY SPEER STRAHAN.

JESU! at last Thy purpose lies
 Revealed more clear than morning skies:
 Wouldst give to me, the sorriest clod,
 Power to be made a son of God.

At Memory's Call.

BY PATRICK J. GIBBONS.

"I CAN'T see why the guide-book praised it so highly," Mrs. Joyce remarked to her husband, as the side-car carried the pair along the road between Achill Sound and Dugort.

The Reverend Mr. Joyce suggested that the scenery was good, although wild, and waved his arm in an explanatory sweep over the rolling stretches of heather, now gilded by the sunlight of a late afternoon in summer, and the blue distant summits rising against the horizon from the plain of Mayo.

"I suppose that must be it," Mrs. Joyce admitted. "There's something wild about it. It makes one feel almost as if one were abroad. I don't think I should like to live here."

"No," her husband agreed; "we should never feel at home here. Somehow, one misses the green fields and the trees and farms. There's a look of comfort at home that is entirely absent in Ireland."

"I was just thinking," Mrs. Joyce continued, "of some of the villages round us,—Midhurst or Revelstoke,—the neat, tidy little houses, and the nice, clean-looking people."

"It is indeed a contrast, my dear!" said Mr. Joyce. "But we must remember that it is not altogether these unfortunate people's fault. I feel very sorry for them when I see the dilapidated cabins they live in and the rags they wear. At the same time I can not help feeling glad that our own lot is cast in Wiltshire and not here."

Mrs. Joyce pretended to shiver a little at the idea that Providence might have allotted to her husband and herself the care of souls on the island of Achill. Then, after a short pause, she pursued her train of thought aloud.

"It seems so very strange," she said, "that you were born in a place that may

have been something like this. Of course, I have never been in Ireland before, so I never knew what it was like. But now, somehow, it's strange to think of you as a child in one of these villages."

Her husband smiled as he reassured her.

"My parents were in a humble position, as you know, dear," he said; "but they were never so poor as the people here. Limerick is a richer county than Mayo; and I thank God that they could always give me good food to eat and good clothes to wear."

"Anyhow," observed Mrs. Joyce, "I'm glad they left Ireland when you were so young. Why, you might have an Irish brogue like that funny clergyman we met in Dublin, or you might have been brought up a Roman Catholic!"

"Very true," said Mr. Joyce. "And then I should never have got my scholarship and gone to the diocesan college or met your father, and we shouldn't be here together now. Indeed I have much for which to be thankful."

He sighed as he spoke and turned to look at a flock of curlew that rose screaming before them, roused by the noise of the vehicle. They had driven some little distance before Mrs. Joyce returned to the subject again. When she did so, her words showed that she was regarding it from a slightly different aspect.

"It's strange, too," she remarked, "that you have never come back before to see the place where you were born. Of course, one wouldn't like to live over here, but one might well come back to see the place."

"Strange in a way, my dear!" replied Mr. Joyce. "But I was so young when we left Ireland that I have scarcely any recollection of our old life in Limerick; and I imagine that I should not have much in common with my relatives who remained. So I have never crossed St. George's Channel till now that we have come on this trip together."

Mrs. Joyce was still a little perplexed.

"But," she continued, "did your father never pay a visit to his old home?"

"No," said her husband, "never. I don't think he liked to be reminded of his life in Ireland. I remember once, when I was quite a little lad (whatever put it into my head), asking him whether he had not been a Roman Catholic once. Some of the boys at school must have told me to ask him. But I shall always remember it, because it was the only time I knew him to be angry with me. He said nothing, but I remember the expression of his face and my mother telling me not to ask questions. Then afterwards I remember seeing her crying, though I didn't know what I had done wrong."

Mrs. Joyce looked solemn, though she felt rather pleasantly mystified.

"How thankful we should be," she remarked, "that they came to know the truth! His religion must have been a great consolation to your poor father in the years after your mother had passed away."

"It seemed everything to him," the clergyman answered, "until the day he went to his Master. I well remember in his last illness how I used to go into his room and find him praying. Sometimes I used to pray with him, but at other times he appeared not to want me. It seemed as though he wished to be alone with the Lord."

The horse was walking, as the road lay uphill; and the driver got down from his seat and walked by its head. Mr. Joyce remarked in a lower voice:

"There was one curious thing. I remember, a few days before he died, as I was going to his room, I heard him making a queer noise, like a child crying. I couldn't make out all that he was saying, but I distinctly heard the phrases, 'Jesus, have mercy!' and 'Mary help!'"

"He must have been delirious," Mrs. Joyce suggested.

"I thought so," said her husband. "But afterwards, when they had taken him away for the funeral, I found some things under his pillow,—some cheap beads like the ones we saw in that shop

in Dublin, and a little medal with a picture on it of the Virgin Mary. He must have kept them for some reason. Of course I burned them."

For some time they drove on without speaking. The sun sank a little lower, and the shadows grew longer upon the hill. A curlew cried in the distance, and a breeze rustled softly among the heather. Then these noises died away into a summer evening's silence. And upon the silence there broke the sound of a bell,—faint, intermittent, tenuous. To Mrs. Joyce it brought the reflection that the bell in the church at home had a fuller and mellower peal; she wondered too, rather vaguely, why the bell was ringing on a Thursday, and what sort of an Evensong Roman Catholics were likely to have. To her husband it brought a different vision,—the vision of a little room with a dresser and a mud floor and sods of turf upon the hearth; of a man whose laughter grew still at the distant sound of a bell, and whose lips moved in words long forgotten; of a woman whose hand stroked a little boy's head as she, too, murmured something. And almost the words rose to his lips, and something stirred in him that he did not understand. In another minute he would remember. . . .

He started as his wife spoke to him, and had to ask her to repeat what she had said.

"I told you, dear," Mrs. Joyce replied, "that, although the evening is warm, the breeze is inclined to be chilly, and you should be careful about leaving your head bare."

The clergyman looked absent-mindedly at the hat in his hand, and replaced it on his head.

"Now, I wonder," he said, "why I did that. I scarcely knew that I had taken off my hat at all."

MEN of genius are often dull and inert in society, as the blazing meteor when it descends to earth is only a stone.

—Longfellow.

The Aim of the Church.

IT has been well said that learned arguments are less needed nowadays than clear and accurate statements of the doctrines, practices, and aims of the Church. The direct exposition of Christianity ruins beforehand all the objections brought against it. Catholic truth is its own best evidence: is more persuasive than any logic with which the human mind is able to reinforce it. "If we follow the preaching of the Gospel from the beginning to the present day," says the Abbé Hogan, "we shall find that clear statement and unhesitating affirmation, supported by the life of the preacher, have done more to implant and spread the faith all over the world than all the arguments and all the miracles which have been put forth in support of it." And Cardinal Newman remarks, "some are touched and overcome by the evident sanctity, beauty, and (as I may say) fragrance of the Catholic Religion. Or they long for a guide amidst the strife of tongues; and the very doctrine of the Church about faith, which is so hard to many, is conviction to them." To believe in the Gospel implies a certain condition of mind—a moral temper fitting the soul to receive, to welcome, and to retain it. "Evidence is not the sole foundation on which faith is built."

If there is one subject more than another on which clear and accurate statement is required in our day, it is the aim of the Church. We have received so many temporal blessings at her hands, she has done so much for art and literature and science, that, unconsciously to ourselves we often act on the supposition that she has a mission to make this world a more comfortable and delightful place to live in; whereas, were it not for some spiritual good beyond them, the Church would never concern herself with material things. Order, tranquillity, popular content-

ment, plenty, prosperity, advance in arts and sciences, literature, refinement, splendor,—this is the elysium of the worldling. And Christ declared that His kingdom was not of this world. The Church, whatever may be supposed to the contrary, has one and one only aim—to save immortal souls.

The office of the Church has seldom been more eloquently and exactly defined than in a sermon delivered in Rome some years ago by the late Archbishop Spalding. We quote the passage as an example of the exposition so much needed in our day and country:

Christ did not send His Apostles to teach all knowledge, but to teach His religion,—to teach the worship of God in spirit and in truth, in lowliness of mind and purity of heart, as men who hunger and thirst for righteousness. In all that concerns the religious life the Church has the office of Christ, represents Him and speaks with His authority; and to enable her to do this with infallible certainty, the Holy Ghost was sent and abides with her. But Christ did not teach literature, philosophy, history or science; and consequently He did not establish His Church to teach these things. He founded a Church, not an academy. . . .

God doubtless might have made known from the beginning all the truths of science; but this was not part of the divine economy. . . . The philosophy and the science of Plato and Aristotle had been in the world for three centuries when Jesus Christ came, but He made no allusion whatever to them. He neither praised nor blamed these great masters of all who know. . . . He came to bring immortal faith and hope and love to man. . . . He denounces greed and lust and indifference and heartlessness; but He does not warn against the desire to know, the desire to upbuild one's being on every side,—to become more and more like unto God in power, in wisdom, in goodness and in beauty.

If he who makes two blades of grass grow upon a spot where only one grew before be accounted a benefactor in his day and generation, what praise shall be commensurate for those who in an age of doubt and yearning for spiritual realities do all in their power to afford clear and accurate statements of the doctrines, practices, and aims of God's unchanging Church?

To the Catholic Laity.

Notes and Remarks.

ON the principle, we suppose, that good advice, in order to be effective, must be frequently repeated, Archbishop Ireland never tires of exhorting Catholics to take part with our separated brethren in all national, moral, intellectual and social movements. He declares that English-speaking Catholics have got into the habit of being very quiet, and that the time has come to assert themselves, and to exert in every way possible the great influence for good which it is now in their power to wield. To quote:

There are thousands of things to be done which priests and bishops can not do. There are thousands of things to be known which priests and bishops alone can not know. You are out in the world. You see what has to be done, and you must do it without waiting to report back to headquarters that here and there some service to religion may be rendered. Do it first and report it after you have done it. By your example you preach a hundred times better to the country at large than we can from the pulpit. Your fellow-citizens will not come to hear us; they will *see* you. And if they find in you the true Christian faith, find in you the honorable man, find in you the true citizen and the devoted patriot, they will say that the Church serves some great purpose.

Wise and true, earnest and timely as are these words of Archbishop Ireland, they are but a repetition of what has often been said by other prelates. Our readers can not have forgotten a famous address by the late Bishop Hedley, in which he said: "It is not so much the weakness of the clergy or mere sin or war or plague that has so often brought stupendous evil on the kingdom of God; but the supineness, the cowardice, the indifference of a laity, who, had they taken counsel and stood firm and showed their teeth, might, over and over again, have stopped the beginning of troubles which afterwards grew to such tremendous proportions." But Bishop Hedley did not fail to insist upon a principle so often laid down by Leo XIII.—viz., that the laity, in their work for the Church, should take their direction from her pastorate.

The right note is struck in the opening paragraph of the latest bulletin (No. 13) of the World Conference on Faith and Order. It reads: "The world-wide interest in the World Conference on Faith and Order, as the best means to prepare the way for constructive efforts for the visible reunion of Christians, is steadily increasing; and more and more clearly it is seen that the task is beyond human strength, and that the immediate need is earnest prayer for God's guidance of the movement." An increase of interest in so praiseworthy a movement, and a fuller realization of the fact that its success can come only from the Source of its inspiration, are matter for rejoicing to all who bear the Christian name. No Catholic in the United States, we feel sure, will disregard the appeal issued by the Commission appointed by the American Episcopal Church "for an outpouring by Christians of every communion and in every part of the world, of prayer that God, through the Holy Spirit, will fill our hearts and minds with the desire for the visible manifestation of our unity in Jesus Christ our Lord; and will so turn our wills to obedience to Him that, in oneness of faith and purpose, we may labor for the establishment of His kingdom of peace and righteousness and love. While our divisions still prevent the bringing together in one place of all the Christians in each neighborhood for united prayer, it would be possible for them all to pray at the same time and for the same purpose."

The Commission requests all who have been baptized into the name of Christ to begin to prepare now for the observance of the eight days beginning with January 18 through January 25, 1918, as a season for special prayer for the reunion of Christendom, "and for the blessing and guidance of all efforts for that end, including especially the attempt to be made in the World Conference on Faith and Order to bring Christians to such an

understanding and appreciation of one another that the way may be open for increased effort in the way of constructive work for reunion."

It is gratifying to note that the words of our Blessed Lord at the Last Supper, when He prayed for unity among His followers, remain the motto (printed in Greek, Latin, and English) of the World Conference on Faith and Order. "That they all may be one; as Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in Us; that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me."

The Knights of Columbus, who did so much last year for the spiritual benefit and comfort of their Catholic brethren in the National Guard on the Mexican Border, have already taken action in the matter of providing recreation centres at all the principal concentration camps, and furnishing support for chaplains to minister to our Catholic soldiers. This second item, as we understand it, means that where the regular military chaplain is not a priest receiving a salary from the Government, a supernumerary chaplain will be provided and his support guaranteed by the Knights. That the executive officers of the Order realize the magnitude of the work and its urgent need is evident from their call upon the members to raise at once the sum of a million dollars. No one familiar with the energy and devotedness that has characterized the Knights in other emergencies will doubt the speedy achievement of their purpose.

* * *

Another important matter of which the Knights of Columbus are unlikely to lose sight is the collection of data showing what American Catholics are doing at this time to prove their patriotism. Statistics of enlistment, instances of practical co-operation with the Government in the execution of war plans, and the like, will be especially valuable. Of patriotic pastorals, printed speeches, resolutions, etc., there is already a superabundance.

The record of what we did rather than of what we said will be most effective when the bigots come forward again after the war—they are in silence and retirement now—and accuse us of un-Americanism, opposition to republicanism, etc. Among these worthies are many whose prejudice is quite as inveterate as their ignorance. With this class of citizens Catholics are naturally under the suspicion of a lack of patriotism, on account of constantly protesting that we are nothing if not patriotic.

The most notable of recent conversions to the Church at home or abroad is that of the Rev. Dr. John C. Cox, F. S. A., one of the most learned archæologists of our time, whose books and other writings have often been referred to and quoted by us. A complete list of them would doubtless be a surprise even to himself. He is a recognized authority in every field where he has labored, and his works are praised as models of industry, honesty, and painstaking. Though particularly gratifying, the submission to the Church of this distinguished scholar is no surprise to us. A long time ago we noted his fairness in dealing with Catholic subjects, and his disposition to "tell the whole truth," regardless of what offence he might give or what blame he might incur. In the learned journals of which he has been editor, or to which he is still a valued contributor, Dr. Cox has repeatedly expressed appreciation of the great services rendered to the cause of historical truth by Cardinal Gasquet, and the new convert's path to Rome was doubtless made clearer by light thrown upon it by his eminent colaborer.

To conserve the food supply "for us and for our Allies, and to reduce the cost of living to our own people,"—this statement embodies the purpose of Mr. Herbert Hoover's gigantic task, for the due performance of which he asks the enlightened co-operation of all American citizens.

Needless to say, the object is a worthy one. The cost of living has advanced so much that the actual law of the land seems about to be invoked to regulate matters. The threat of punishment to the food speculator meets with hearty popular indorsement, but there is another side to the problem which is not likely to be so warmly welcomed. It is this,—that the individual citizen who wastes food is a menace to the general public. On this point Mr. Hoover remarks: "The waste in food amounts at least to fifty dollars a year for every family in America. The waste of a single ounce of food each day in every home means a yearly waste of nearly 500,000,000 pounds of food. The waste of a single slice of bread each day in every home means the daily waste of 1,000,000 loaves of bread. The thousand million dollars of needless waste which thus takes place yearly in the households of America can and should be stopped."

This truth must be driven home to the householder. We can not expect the blessing of a bountiful Providence when we are so reckless with that bounty.

The field for Catholic activities has become notably enlarged by reason of our country's entrance into the Great War. In a hundred and one different spheres of social and religious endeavor there are opportunities without end for doing effective service to such of our coreligionists as have answered the call of patriotism and enlisted in army or navy. A pamphlet by Dr. M. J. Exner, dealing with the social evil in its relation to the army on the Mexican Border, calls attention to the fact that much of the immorality attendant on camp life arises from the loneliness of the soldier. Commenting on this fact the Central-Verein declares:

Now, right here is the key to a most timely and effective means of combating the forces of immorality. We can, all of us, attack immorality by attacking and minimizing this loneliness. In all the cities and communities where our

soldiers will be mobilized or stationed, our Catholic clubs and societies should make it a point to throw open the privileges and social and recreational facilities of their club-rooms or meeting quarters. A little judicious advertising of the fact that their rooms are at the disposal of soldier visitors will bring a goodly stream of the boys.

Lack of sociability among Catholics has more than once been condemned as an all too common error of conduct; but it may well be hoped that such of our people as have the opportunity of aiding soldiers and sailors in this important matter may throw off their lethargy or indifference and develop some genuine zeal in so excellent a work.

The advent of war and the conscription which it has necessitated have given a new application to the homely proverb, "What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander,"—the goose in the present case being man, and the gander money. In this country where conscription is a fact, and in Canada where it promises soon to become a fact, the plain people are reasoning very much as they have been doing for some time in England. The argument is apt to take this form, quoted from the London *Catholic Times*, a journal that will not be accused of socialistic or ultra-radical views:

Men are taken for the war. Why not money? It is glaringly unjust and disgraceful that the Government should allow certain people to make fortunes out of the necessities of the relations of the soldiers who are fighting and dying to protect this country and the property, and wealth of the rich men in this country. What equality of sacrifice during this war is there in the case of a poor man who loses his life in the trenches and a rich man who gains a fortune at home in his office?

That the outcry against this inequality in England has not been without effect is clear from the statement of Mr. Bonar Law, who recently told the House of Commons that, if the war lasted a long time and money could be got in no other way, the Government would not hesitate to conscribe it at once. Similarly, we pre-

sume, should the war endure for yet another year, our own Government will not hesitate to levy on wealth a tax that will bring home to the rich the realization that war means, for them as for poor people, genuine sacrifice.

The example of Luigi Conaro (he of the sober and temperate life), who restricted himself to twelve ounces of food and fourteen ounces of wine daily, and lived to be over ninety, ought to appeal to people nowadays. He inveighed against banquets as disgraceful and fatal as real battles; and used to declare that, after sin, overeating was the greatest evil in the world. His vigor in extreme old age was so great that he was constrained, he tells us, to chant his prayers instead of saying them in a low and subdued tone, as was his custom in feeble youth. And this amiable old Doge of Venice was no idler, spending all his time in the care of his health. Besides being an industrious author, he was a lawyer, musician, architect, and agriculturist, and did much to better the condition of workmen all over the country. He had the reputation of being one of the best of Christians and citizens, a most devoted husband, parent, and friend. He had become famous long before his death, which was mourned as that of a benefactor of mankind.

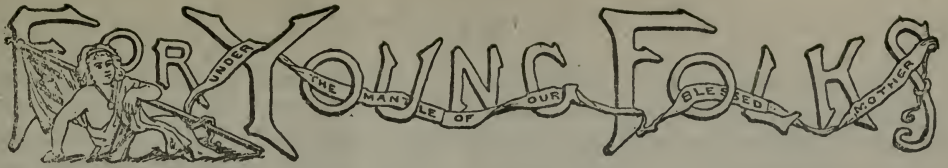
Conaro witnessed the rise and spread of the Reformation, having been long past his prime when Luther burned the Pope's Bull at Wittenberg. He used to say that the three evils of Lutheranism—flattery, drunkenness, and gluttony—had all come into Italy within his memory.

A form of Catholic charity which in the fullest sense "blesseth him that gives and him that takes" is advocated by the *Queen's Work*,—the adoption of Catholic orphans. Not all Catholics who love children are blessed with a family, and many fathers and mothers whose own children have grown up and left their home would be far happier than they are

if childish prattle and laughter made music in the silent rooms. As our contemporary well says: "To have a child in the house keeps one from growing old; and those who adopt a little one find their own youth renewed in watching the budding beauties of its heart and mind. Some good folks are deterred from adopting a child by the fear that it will turn out badly and inherit the faults and vices of its parents. But experience shows that training is more than heredity; and so, if you take a little one when it is an innocent babe, you can form its heart and mind according to the ideals of the Catholic faith."

That the present or the immediate future is likely to prove an especially opportune time for the practice of this excellent charity is an obvious corollary of our being at war; and even if no other destitute children are added to the numbers now enrolled in our orphan asylums, there is abundant scope for the co-operation of the charitable laity.

The sudden, though not unexpected, death of the Rt. Rev. James McFaul will be widely mourned outside of the diocese of Trenton, of which he had been bishop for twenty-three years. A prelate of boundless zeal and indefatigable energy, he never spared himself in promoting the interests of religion; and his death was undoubtedly hastened by his unwearied labors. In respites from routine work he was always busy with his pen; and, besides pastorals, historical and biographical essays, wrote many timely and useful articles for the daily press. An earnest and practical preacher, he never failed to make a deep impression on his hearers. Besides his solicitous care of a large diocese, Bishop McFaul rendered inestimable service to the Church by his labors in behalf of American Catholic Federation, the importance of which he was one of the first to recognize, and the success of which is largely due to his zealous efforts. May he rest in peace!



Come to Me!

THY Visitation, Mother dear!

Ah, wilt thou come to me?

I long like St. Elizabeth
Thy loving face to see.

Across the mountains must thou come
To reach my wilful heart;
And yet at thy dear Son's one word
Those mountains would depart.

The heights of sin and waywardness
Keep thee from me away;
O Mother, ask thy Son's sweet help,
And come to me this day!

Con of Misty Mountain.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XXVI.—WITH GRANDMOTHER AND FRIENDS.



HE great library of Elmwood was flooded with the fading sunlight. It brightened the filmy folds of the lace curtains, fell upon the books, the statues, the tapestries; it trembled through the fragrant shadows of the conservatory, spanned the fountain with broken rainbows, and kindled the smiling face of the boy of the picture into glow and life. But it seemed to pale pitifully as it fell upon the bowed white-haired woman that was seated in the cushioned chair before the portrait, her trembling hands clasped upon the gold-headed cane needed to support her faltering steps. The mistress of Elmwood was not yet seventy, but sorrow and remorse had aged her far beyond her years. The worn, weary face, the sunken, yet restless eyes, were those of one to whom life had grown a burden almost too heavy to bear. She lifted her head at the sound of a footfall beside her,

"Eunice," she said,—*"Eunice, I feared you were gone! You were so long away this morning I grew nervous, I—I am nervous still. Stay by me, child, don't leave me again. I feel as if something was coming upon me,—illness, death perhaps, Eunice."*

"Oh, no, dear Madam!" was the cheery answer. "The doctor was here yesterday, you know, and found you very well."

"The doctor, pouff!" said the old lady, scornfully. "What does he know of the things that kill,—breaking hearts, ruined lives, darkened souls! He can not cure them, Eunice. He can not give back peace and hope and love when they are lost,—forever lost."

"No, he can not, dear Madam!" (Miss Rayson had taken her stand behind the old lady and was gently smoothing her brow and hair.) "But there is One who can."

"Not now, Eunice,—not even if I dared ask Him. It is too late!"

"Ah, dear Madam, no! It is never too late for God's pity and mercy," was the low reply.

"It is too late for *me*," continued the old Madam, harshly. "His judgment is upon me rightly, justly, Eunice. I have been hard, cold, pitiless, unforgiving. I shut love, even the holiest, purest, out of my heart, my life,—a mother's love. And I have been punished as I deserve, Eunice: left lonely, friendless, loveless." She paused, and then went on more calmly: "I—I had a letter from Arthur to-day, asking for money again. It is always money, money! I have been generous, more than generous, to him. I have given him a son's place in the past, in the future; and yet—yet I feel there is no warmth in his heart for me. Why does he stay in a strange land, Eunice? Why does he not return to cheer, to brighten my old age?"

"Because — because he is ungrateful, unworthy!" Eunice broke out indignantly. "Forgive me, dear Madam, but — but it is the truth. He is all undeserving of your kindness and affection."

"Affection!" echoed the old lady, grimly. "We won't call it *that*, Eunice. He is the rightful heir to the Nesbitt fortune, and I treat him as such; but it is not affection, child. I wish it were; I have a soft place in my heart for you; but to all the rest of the world it is dead and cold,—dead, Eunice,—dead with my boy there. How beautiful he looks in the picture this evening! It is almost as if he were living, breathing, smiling at me. O God, if I could have kept him as he is there: no shadow on his young brow, no sadness in his eyes, no words of reproach or bitterness on his lips! If I could have kept him like that, Eunice!"

"Dear Madam, you could not," was the gentle answer. "We all must change, grow old, give place to the children who come after us."

"The children! Ah, yes, the children!" repeated the old Madam, wearily. "I have been listening to their shouts, their laughter on Mrs. Burnett's lawns. How they fill her home and her life, Eunice! If my boy's child had lived, it would have been different here."

"Very different indeed, dear Madam!" The gentle voice hesitated for a moment; then, still soothing with caressing fingers, Eunice continued: "I thought of that to-day, when I heard a story—such a strange story!—of a child who had been lost—lost for long years, like your son's little one,—and was found."

"Lost for years,—for long years!" repeated the older woman, with startled interest. "But, then, it was not like my loss,—the awful wreck, the dreadful fire!"

It was not often the old Madam's gentle guardian allowed these harrowing thoughts, but to-day she kept on:

"This child, too, was lost in a burning railroad wreck, even as yours, Madam,—lost, as all believed, hopelessly, forever."

"Oh, impossible," said the old woman, sharply; for the conversation was stirring the dull ache in her heart to keener pain,— "unless—unless the child was some nameless beggar, without friends or family to look for him."

"He was not a nameless beggar, though this loss made him one," continued Miss Rayson. "He was born to friends, family, fortune, Madam. But he was in the care of one both cruel and wicked, who coveted his inheritance and—"

"You mean—you mean the child was stolen,—stolen from the wreck," said the old Madam, excitedly,— "stolen by one in whose care he was, who coveted his fortune? Eunice, Eunice, what wild story is this you are telling? Whose story, Eunice?"

But a sudden clamor in the silent splendor of the house broke upon the eager question; the rush of young feet down the polished stairs, the sound of a boyish voice in the outer hall—

"I won't!" it cried. "I tell you I won't wear those shoes, you old black granny! They pinch my feet. Mister! Mister! Where is my Mister?"

And through the velvet portières of the library burst Mountain Con, flushed, breathless, shoeless; for the pinch of the satin pumps had stirred him into rebellion. But otherwise he was the "boy of the picture" in all his princely array.

"My God!" exclaimed the old Madam, starting to her trembling feet. "Am I dreaming, dying, Eunice?"

"O dear Madam, no, no!" sobbed Eunice, as she clasped the shaking, swaying figure in her arms, dismayed at this abrupt disclosure of her loving plan.

But the old woman broke fiercely from her gentle hold, and caught startled Con by the shoulders.

"Look at me," she panted,— "look at me, and let me see if you are living or dead! Oh, it is my boy indeed,—my boy's face and eyes and hair! And yet—yet—oh, what are you,—who are you?"

"I—I'm Con," faltered the bewildered boy. "No, no I ain't either: I'm—I'm Charles Owen Nesbitt, the Mister says; and you—I guess you're my grandmother."

"Eunice, Eunice!" (It was Con's strong young arms that caught the tottering form, even as they had caught poor Mother Moll of old.) "Oh, is this true, Eunice? Was it my story you told me,—his—Arthur Nesbitt's? Is this my boy indeed,—my son's lost boy, Eunice? Is this my boy?"

"Dear Madam, yes, yes, this is your son's child, lost to you so cruelly! I thought to spare you the shock; to break the news to you more gently; to let you see him as the boy of the picture, and then question him yourself.—Here is Father Doane, who found him friendless, neglected in the Tennessee mountains, who learned his strange story, who has all the proofs."

"Proofs,—proofs? I need no proofs!" cried the old Madam. "My dead heart leaped into life at the sight of him, at the sound of his voice. This is my boy indeed,—my dead Charlie's lost boy!"

And the old Madam flung her arms about Con and burst into the blessed tears which told that her heart had indeed leaped into love and life.

"There,—there!" said Con! "Don't cry!" And the boyish voice sank into the soothing tone that of old had comforted Mother Moll. "Don't cry, grandmother! I'll be your boy, just as the Mister says. Don't cry! You're all right. I'm here for—for keeps, if you want me." And Con, whose young heart had been kept soft and warm by the one saving touch of an old woman's love, patted the withered cheek as he had patted Mother Moll's of old. "Chirk up,—chirk up, grandmother!"

And grandmother did "chirk up" in a way wonderful to see. It was a straight, alert, wide-awake woman, with fully twenty years dropped from her age, who sat with her boy's hand held tight in her own for the next hour, listening with flashing eyes to the story Father Phil told her,—reading Wilmot Elkins' dying

statement, hearing the testimony of Uncle Bill and Mother Moll; while her eager gaze turned again and again to the boy at her side,—the boy whose face and eyes and hair and smile were living corroboration of his cruel story,—a proof more eloquent than words.

"I believe it all, all, *all, all*, without one shadow of doubt!" she said in passionate decision. "Father Doane, we will burn all these hideous papers with their foul record. As for Arthur Nesbitt," (the speaker tightened her clasp of Con's hand), "I—I will try to forgive him, as you say, Father. God knows I need forgiveness myself. I will not prosecute him. I will send him money to keep him from want; but—but I will never see or hear or, if possible, think of him again. All my life shall be given to undoing the wrong and evil he has wrought, and atoning to my poor boy for his unhappy past."

And that "grandmother" kept her word, none who know grandmothers can doubt. Perhaps the "unhappy past" for which she was trying to atone was not such an unhappy training after all; for it had made Charles Owen Nesbitt a strong, sturdy, sensible youngster, that all a wealthy grandmother's love and indulgence could not spoil. And there was Father Phil to watch, to guide, to lead, in these new ways,—Father Phil, whose tender love and care for his little brother and pal never failed.

But perhaps that first summer as a "little gentleman," the heir and master of Elmwood, might have been rather awkward for Mountain Con if Lil's grandmother had not cleared things up wonderfully. That good lady, with her wide experience of boys and girls, insisted that Susie should spend her long vacation at Oakwood. And, with Susie and Lil, and some dozen more grandsons and nephews, full of kindly and active interest in Susie's "Con," it did not take long for a bright, wide-awake boy like Charles Owen Nesbitt to fit into the situation.

He had his queer little ways, of course, at first; but, as Susie hotly declared when there was any criticism of her protégé, "You'd be queer yourselves, if you had been stolen away when you were babies and had to live with robbers and moonshiners." And then followed narrations of Con's past that lifted him to a pinnacle of heroism which none of Susie's breathless listeners could ever hope to approach.

The "queer little ways," however, were soon smoothed away, and in a little while Master Charles Owen Nesbitt needed no protection or defence. The silent splendor of Oakwood woke into life that rivalled Lil's grandmother's. The velvet lawns were turned into croquet grounds and tennis courts. There was a grey pony in the stable; and Dick, his long, lean frame rounded into fuller outlines, was the pride and boast of the neighborhood. For a while Con's school was a big sunny room in the brightest side of his home, with dear Miss Eunice as his teacher; for grandmother had flung away her gold-headed cane and was as active and energetic an old lady as any of her neighbors.

Afterwards came busier days for Charles Owen Nesbitt,—wider scenes, broader life and usefulness. The friends of his wild past were not forgotten. Peppo and Carita were lured from their gypsy tents into the management of a cattle ranch, where Zila (her old grandmother of the "evil eye" having passed away) and Tony are growing up in Christian ways and in the old Faith, to which the little gypsy mother had returned under Father Phil's guidance.

And Mother Moll? Con has been true to his promise. Up on one of the greenest slopes of Misty Mountain, Mother Moll has a home beyond her wildest hopes and dreams,—a long, low-roofed cabin, with the bright hearth fire, the rag carpet, the cushioned rocker,—all the simple comforts that she asks or needs. Some day she hopes, their punishment done, her wild boys may come back to her. Meantime she walks the pleasant ways of Misty

Mountain, with the fur-trimmed coat and bonnet, equal to Mrs. Murphy's; and boasts to her listening gossips of her lad, who, grand, elegant gentleman that he is now, never forgets her.

And at Christmas! Every Christmas there is high holiday at Misty Mountain. Father Phil is like a son of the Manse now. Uncle Greg has softened with the years; and Con, whose story had stirred the old soldier's heart into hot indignation, blended with not a little remorse, has won a place in it all his own,—a place second only to Susie's. So at Christmas the old Manse flings open wide its doors and welcomes them all back to its hospitable fireside.

And the log cabin is decked again with Christmas greens; and Aunt Aline brings out her treasures of lace and linen for the Christmas altar; and the voices of the singers fill the mountain silence as the Christmas *Gloria* swells out into the night. But the outlawed, hunted boy, that once peered through the window, kneels a white-robed acolyte now at Father Phil's side.

"Who was that fine young fellow serving the Mass so devoutly?" asked a friend who was visiting Dr. Murphy. "He does not look as if he belonged up in your mountain wilds."

"Well, he doesn't now. Nevertheless, he was raised up here, and we claim him as a first-class product," added the Doctor, with a smile. "That is Charles Owen Nesbitt, the young multi-millionaire of N—. Up here, though, we give him another name: it is Con of Misty Mountain."

(The End.)

Mottoes.

A vain man's motto is, "Win gold, and display it"; a generous man's, "Win gold, and share it"; a miser's, "Win gold, and spare it"; a profligate's, "Win gold, and spend it"; a gambler's, "Win gold, and risk it"; a wise man's, "Win gold, and use it."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Under the title "An Appeal to Truth," Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton have published in pamphlet form a letter addressed by Cardinal Mercier and the bishops of Belgium to the cardinals, archbishops and bishops of Germany, Bavaria, and Austria-Hungary.

—The American publishers of "French Windows," John Ayscough's remarkable book on the war, inform us that it is temporarily out of print. A new edition will be ready soon; and the numerous orders sent through THE AVE MARIA will be filled without delay.

—The new (ninth) edition of "The Catholic Dictionary," by William E. Addis and Thomas Arnold, revised, with additions, by T. B. Scannell, has just appeared in London. Kegan Paul & Co. are the publishers, of whom B. Herder is the agent in this country.

—"Guide Right" is the title of a pamphlet prepared by P. G. R. for our soldiers and sailors. It is designed to safeguard them against the temptations that surround the state of life upon which they have entered. It delivers its message, we must say, in very plain language, and it is approved by ecclesiastical *imprimatur*. Published by the Central Bureau of G. R. C. Central-Verein.

—A valuable pamphlet, the first in a series of Catholic Social Guild "First Text-Books," is Virginia M. Crawford's "The Church and the Worker, before and after the Encyclical *Rerum Novarum*." It is a fairly exhaustive treatment of industrial conditions as they have been affected by Catholic thought and action since the immense impulse given to Catholic social studies by the great Encyclical of Leo XIII. on the condition of the working classes. This brochure augurs well for further issues in the series of which it is the initial number. Published by the Catholic Social Guild of London, and for sale in this country by B. Herder. Price, 10 cents.

—The Pohle-Preuss series of works on dogmatic theology (B. Herder) is brought to a close with volumes XI. and XII. The first of the two (volume iv. of the special series on the Sacraments) deals with Extreme Unction, Holy Orders, and Matrimony; the second treats of Eschatology, or the Catholic doctrine of the "Last Things." We have so frequently called attention to the many excellences of the successive numbers in this series that we need say no more of these two concluding treatises than that they are up to the high

standard set by the previous volumes. As a comprehensive statement of dogmatic theology in its various ramifications, thoroughly lucid and authoritatively documented, the work as a whole deserves entrance into the library of every priest in the country.

—"L'Allemagne s'accuse," by Jean De Beer, and "De l'Yser à l'Argonne," by C. Daniélou, are interesting pamphlets in the "Pages Actuelles" series issued by Bloud et Gay, Paris. From the same publishers comes "Dans les Flandres," a brochure of 286 pages, by D. Bertrand de Laflotte,—an exceptionally readable series of notes taken by a Red Cross volunteer in 1914-1915.

—The last of the "Catholic Monthly Letters" to reach us from the British Catholic Information Society leaves, for the moment, the subject of the Great War and deals exclusively with "British Catholic Writers and Artists." That it deals with them illuminatingly also may be inferred when it is stated that the author of this monograph is May Bateman. The Letter is particularly informing to Catholics of the United States, who, owing to the increasing number of converts in England, find it rather difficult to know who's who among their English Catholic cousins.

—The object of "Married Life: a Family Handbook," by Reinhold Willman, M. D. (J. S. Hyland & Co., Chicago), is 'to impart useful knowledge, especially to the married and those who contemplate entering the married state.' A great many important subjects are treated, and, though plainly, no less delicately. The author's desire would seem to be to give his readers the full benefit of his learning and experience, both of which we judge to be exceptional. He is evidently a close observer as well as a deep student and wide reader, and he writes "as one having authority." His common-sense is shown in chapter xxvii, which is short enough to be quoted entire:

From what has been said [in reference to teaching sex-hygiene in schools] it will be plain that those instructions are not fit for the schoolroom. The school can teach morality only in a general way—and, of course, watch children in social and moral conduct,—and see that they observe the ordinary rules of justice and decorum.

The parents are the ones upon whom this duty rests, and who can give children a fundamental training along these lines. The school can assist by teaching them in the ordinary rudiments of life, based upon morality and justice; thus helping and, in a way, perpetuating the work of parents.

Should the necessity arise, however, that children can not be instructed by their parents upon certain subjects, then the services of a physician, or one whom they can implicitly trust, should be sought. The school should be a great

help to parents in the moral training of their children, by teaching them all respect for authority. But sex-hygiene and eugenics are not within the province of the public school; nor should they be taught the youth of any age in class.

The book is an octavo of 430 pages, and is provided with a full index, which renders it eminently useful. It impresses us as being the work of a thoroughly good man and an exceptionally wise physician. Price, \$3, postpaid.

—From the Encyclopedia Press comes "A Memorial of Andrew J. Shipman: His Life and Writings," a substantial octavo of 427 pages, edited by Condé B. Pallen, Ph. D., LL. D. This interesting work is a testimonial of the high esteem in which its subject was held by some three or four hundred of his friends whose names are inscribed in the volume's opening pages. Its contents comprise a frontispiece (a fine portrait of Mr. Shipman), a series of resolutions passed by various societies on the occasion of his death in 1915, a biographical sketch (21 pages) by the editor, and a score and a half of papers contributed to the "Catholic Encyclopedia" and various magazines, with several addresses. No reader of the volume can doubt that Mr. Shipman was a thoroughly equipped and energetic lay apostle, well deserving of Dr. Pallen's characterization—"a Catholic layman without fear and without reproach; a son who proved to the world an illustrious example of the teachings and principles of the Church." Price, \$2.

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.

- "Eschatology." Pohle-Preuss. \$1.
 "The Sacraments." Vol. IV. Pohle-Preuss. \$1.50.
 "The Adventure of Death." Robert W. MacKenna. \$1.50.
 "The Inward Gospel." W. D. Strappini, S. J. \$1.25, net.
 "Life of the Venerable Louise de Marillac." Alice Lady Lovat. \$3.50, net.
 "Household Organization for War Service." Thetta Quay Franks. \$1.
 "Literature in the Making." Joyce Kilmer. \$1.40.

- "The Story of the Acts of the Apostles." Rev. E. Lynch, S. J. \$1.75.
 "French Windows." John Ayscough. \$1.40, net.
 "Our Refuge." Rev. Augustine Springler. 60 cts.
 "The Will to Win." Rev. E. Boyd Barrett, S. J. 56 cts.
 "False Witness." Johannes Jørgensen. 3s. 6d.
 "Hurrah and Hallelujah." Dr. J. P. Bang. \$1.
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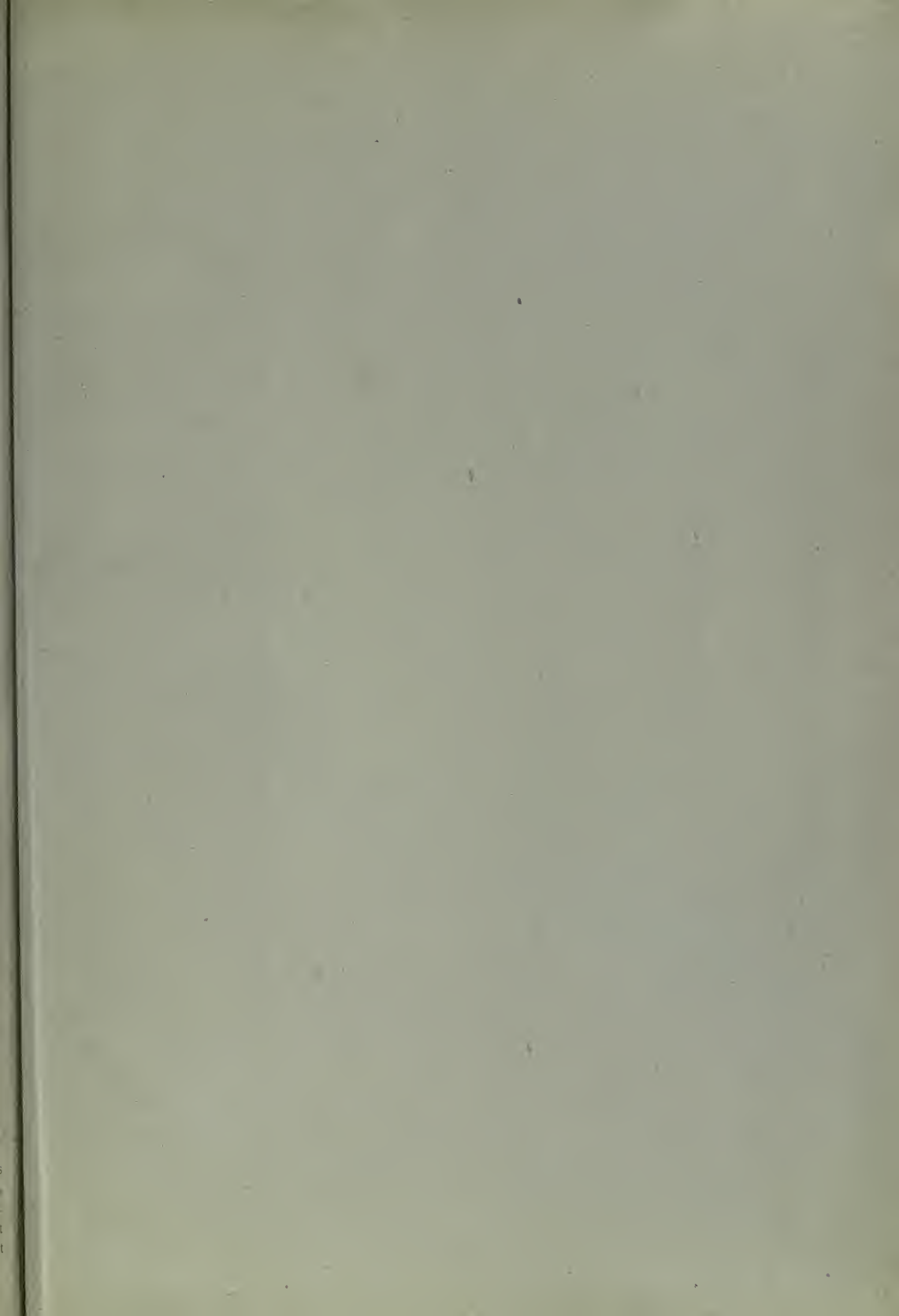
Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

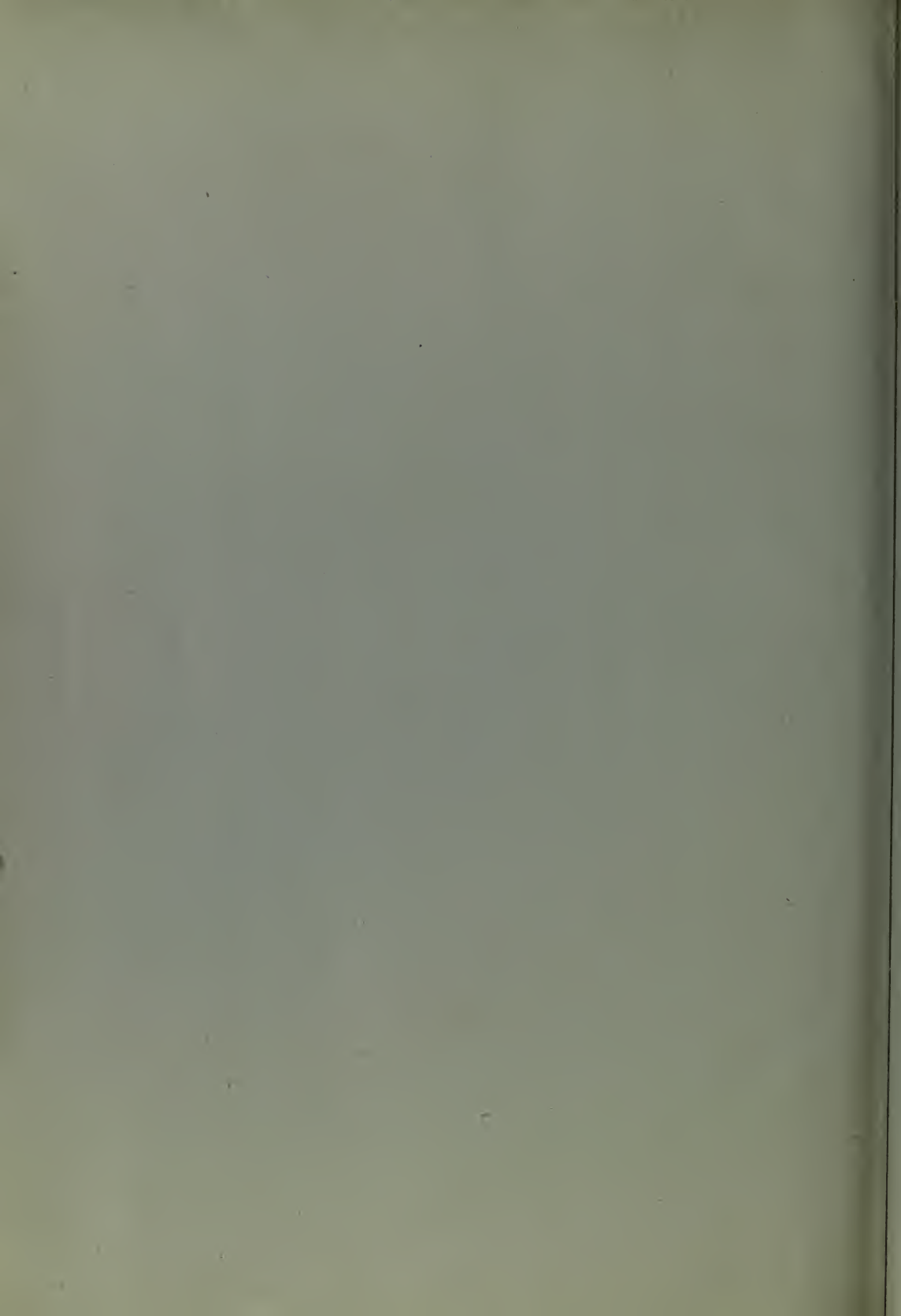
Rt. Rev. Julius Chatron, bishop of Osaka, Japan; Rev. Paul Rosch and Rev. John P. Davis, of the archdiocese of Chicago.

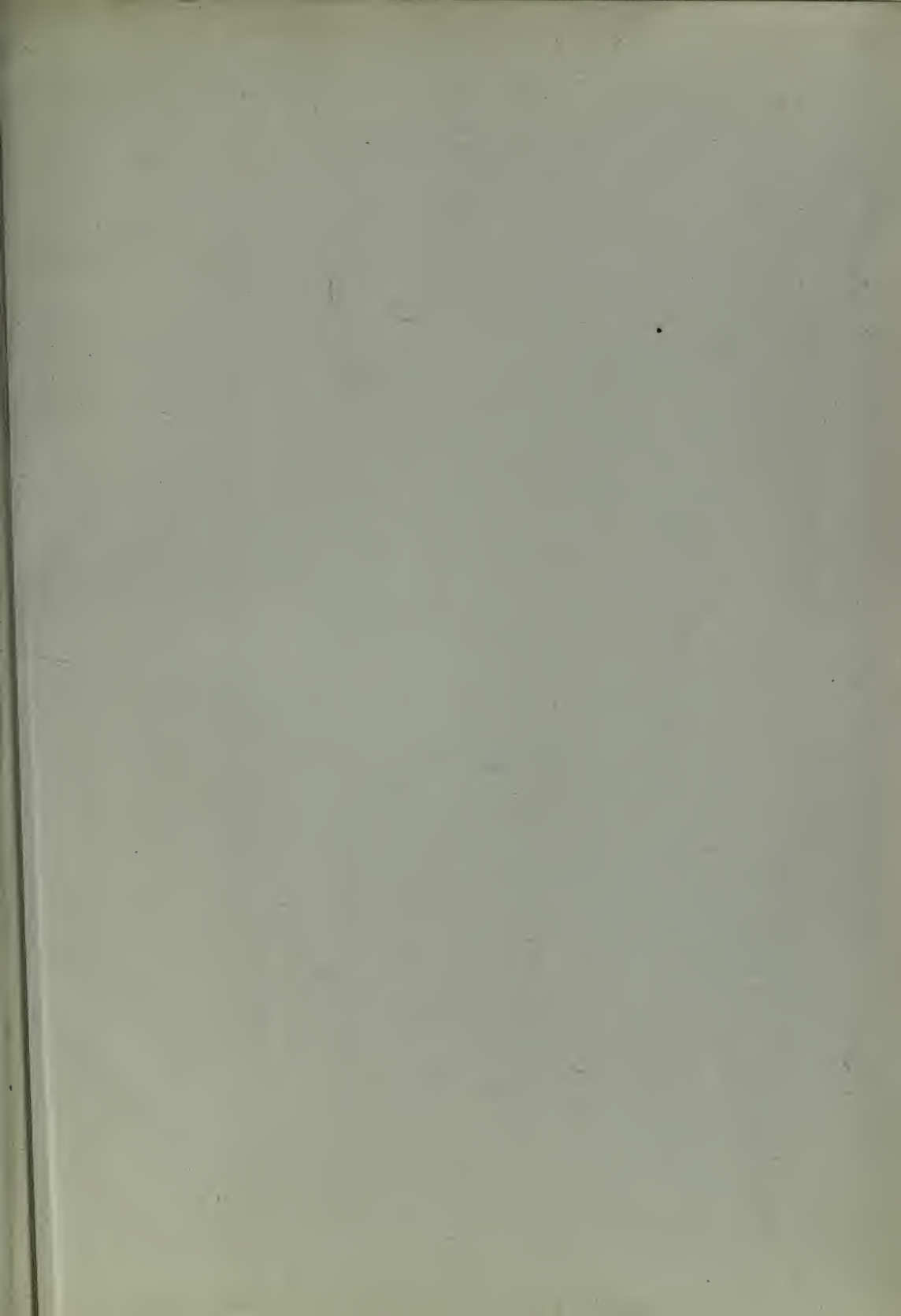
Mother Agnes Gonzaga and Sister M. Ignatius, of the Sisters of St. Joseph.

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









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